

CHAOS INTERNATIONAL

Anthology of 21st Century Sorcery



*Edited by Fra. Equilibrium
Illuminates of Thanateros*

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THIS IS THE *REAL* CHAOS INTERNATIONAL

Frater Equilibrium 1945

One must have chaos in one's heart to give birth to a dancing star.

- *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Friedrich Nietzsche

Chaos Magic is a post-modern anarcho-shamanic approach to occultism built on one gloriously pragmatic principle: belief is a tool, not a truth. You create your own magical system, using whatever you can make work for you, and there are ultimately no absolutes. No dogma survives contact with a Chaos magician for long.

It is not, as some have attempted to argue, a part of the Pagan movement, and has nothing to do with the worship of anyone or anything.

The term Chaos magic was coined by Ray Sherwin, the Yorkshire publisher and practitioner, in the late 1970s. This is worth saying loudly and clearly because it tends to get lost in the shuffle. Sherwin was working in close dialogue with Peter J. Carroll and others in the emerging British occult underground, but the label is his. Carroll went on to co-found the Illuminates of Thanateros (IOT) and write *Liber Null* (1978), and he did tremendous work systematising and

popularising the current. But Chaos magic was never his proprietary product, any more than punk rock belonged to one band. It spread immediately and laterally, through genuinely underground networks, through the *Temple ov Psychick Youth*, through Austin Osman Spare's retroactively-adopted legacy via Kenneth Grant (whose work Carroll also ruthlessly misappropriated), and eventually through the internet at terrifying velocity.

NOTHING IS NEW EVERYTHING IS PERRISHABLE

The eight-rayed Chaos star originated in the fiction of Michael Moorcock, the British science fiction and fantasy author, who introduced it in his Eternal Champion stories from the 1960s onwards. Eight arrows radiating outward in all directions represented Chaos moving toward every possibility simultaneously, a counterpoint to the single-pointed arrow of Law.

From Moorcock's pages it leapt swiftly into countercultural circulation, appearing in *2000AD* comic, underground zines, tattoos, occult artwork, and magical practice with the enthusiastic promiscuity that characterises any truly good symbol. It also appeared in *Dungeons & Dragons*, and more recently in Games Workshop's *Warhammer 40K*. It was adopted, adapted, and personalised by practitioners across the underground with no central authority deciding who was allowed to use it or how.

Three ideas lie at the heart of Chaos magic, upon which most but not all of those who identify as Chaos magicians might agree:

Gnosis is the mechanism. To get magical results, you need to bypass the rational mind, the part that sits there going "this is silly." Chaos magic is refreshingly non-prescriptive about how: deep meditation, ecstatic dance, laughter, exhaustion, sensory deprivation, masturbation, BDSM sex magic, heroic doses of LSD, or any combination of the above. Whatever gets you into the desired magical state of awareness and/or

focus.

Sigilisation is the signature technique, inherited and extended from Austin Spare. You write your intention, and collapse it into an abstract glyph, combining the letters in the same way as the four elemental symbols are combined to make the planetary symbols of astrology, the way runes are combined in rune sorcery, the way symbols are combine to create the veve of Voudon, or the lamen of the Goetia.

The essential principle behind Chaos magic's various formulae, from sigils to ritual possession, is that the subconscious does the magic. The various symbol systems of magical tradition are essentially the language of the subconscious 'dreaming' mind. Knowledge of them allows for communication to and from these deeper realms of mind. The archetypes of the collective unconscious may appear to us as mythical gods, or even characters and images of our modern media. Similarly, the use of archetypes within modern media may be thought of as the magic of the Establishment. It is the technology of mass mind control from propaganda to advertising.



Which is to say, magic is the natural language of the imagination – yet the magic itself is far from imaginary. It is, rather, a grass roots *psychic technology*.

The first magical writer to put the technology of magic into terms of the subconscious, literally using this word, was Austin Osman Spare. However, it should be noted that even the most ancient magical paths pretty much explain things in similar terms – in Kabala, for example, there is the Male and Female Mind, while in Voudon the lwa (archetypal personifications of natural laws experienced in dream and theatrical possession) reside in the Waters Beneath the Earth; a term specifically understood to refer to the deeper realms consciousness. The zulu Sangoma speak of the Warrior Mind, which reasons linearly, and the Mother Mind, which feels and

thinks laterally. So none of this is really anything new, either.

In more recent times, this understanding has also extended into the magical applications of discoveries in neurology, wherein consciousness may be measured and defined with precision. Trances at levels otherwise only available to advanced meditators may be attained through through technologies such as binaural sound-and-vision brain-machines, or the electromagnetic fields of Stanley Koren's 'God Helmet': a magical approach that has come to be known as Neuromancy.

Why does it matter that nobody owns Chaos magic?

Because the whole point of Chaos magic is that it dissolves hierarchies. A tradition that says “all systems are masks on the same underlying process” cannot then turn around and declare itself the One True Path without spectacular irony. The current belongs to everyone who picks it up, from serious initiates to teenagers drawing sigils in their notebooks at 2am. Both are valid. The teenagers especially; they have better energy.

So what do we mean we we say this is the *real* Chaos Magic?

Real Chaos Magic is sorcery for those who have lost faith in nihilism. Others have described it as spiritual anarchy. It is not a religion, and there are no ultimate requirements of belief. Chaos magic does not concern itself with matters or redemption or salvation: it is about *getting things done*. Unlike other approaches to magic there are no ultimate requirements of belief. Rather, the emphasis is on the actual mechanics of sorcery itself. Its aim is transcendence, in the most practical sense: moving beyond the stifling illusions and beliefs that have accrued around occultism, and the restrictions of society's transient values. We do not use belief to shield ourselves from reality, but to engage with existence in its totality. Our aim is not to convert, but to subvert.

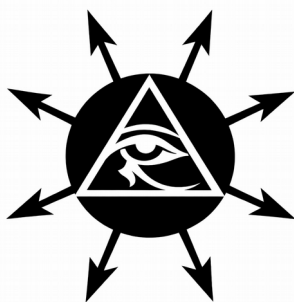
One of the few constant features of modern life is its inconsistency. What we believe today may not be the same as yesterday or tomorrow. Rather than offer an alternative to this dilemma, Chaos magicians embrace confusion. This ultimately gives rise to the concept of *paradigm shifting*. The

fluidity of belief serves to demonstrate the fluidity of perception and interpretation. The mind and its environment are a continuum. Our beliefs are vindicated by our experiences, and our experiences are shaped by our beliefs. Where others see a meaningless Abyss the Chaos magician sees instead limitless horizons of freedom and power: for are they not one and the same?

This is the very opposite of the aims of religion, which serve to define belief according to strict parameters, and thus control believers.

Without doubt ours is a subversive philosophy. If “nothing is true” there can be no limits to what we may achieve, or to the meanings we may create through our own momentum. If “everything is permitted” there can be no imposed morality, and the Chaomancer is beyond both good and evil.

No wonder, then, that many consider Chaos magic to be even more dangerous than Satanism: at least the Satanists have a code of conduct whereby they may be predicted.



THE MAGICAL PACT *of* THE ILLUMINATES OF THANATEROS & ME

Fra. Equilibrium 1945

“Every secret and every belief awaits betrayal.”
- *Corridor of Cells*, Test Department

In 1991, shortly after I had just turned 21 years old, I joined a black magic cult in the hope of meeting nice people.

No less naively, I genuinely believed the cult’s claims to secrets of occult power, and their intent to save the world from nihilistic self destruction by bringing about the Aeon of Chaos.

The cult in question was the The Magical Pact of the Illuminates of Thanateros (*/ɪˈljʊːmɪˌnɪts ɒv θænəˈtɛrɔs/*), an international magical organization focused on Chaos Magic.

The name *Thanateros* is a combination of Thanatos and Eros, the Greek gods of death and sex, representing the positive and negative methods of attaining magical consciousness (gnosis).

The word *Illuminates* is used in accordance with the claimed tradition of calling such societies, in which those who have attained to the secrets of magic help bring others to mastership; the Illuminati.

The philosophy of the Illuminates of Thanateros is

encapsulated in the couplet “Nothing is true and everything is permitted.”

Within this order I became recognized as a Mentor, Magister Templi, and Priest. In these roles my duties were to guide Novitiates through their initial mind control training, to organize and lead temple meetings, and to act as a representative of the Chaos current in the outer world.

I was also assigned the role of Insubordinate – a kind of 'shop steward' - to the Magi and Section Head of both the UK and USA, taking the title of Fool and Inquisitor. My duties were to expose and confront false claims and abuses of power at the highest level, and to ridicule pomposity.

Back then, we called ourselves *Chaoists*.

The Chao that may be marketed is not the true Chao.

I first came across Chaos Magic around 1985, back when I was a teenage goth-punk from a broken home, living in the barracks town of Colchester, Essex. The nearest thing to meaning I could find in my life were art, music, sex, and drugs. I fully expecting the world to end by the millennium.

Chaos Magic did little to change any of that.

Some of my older friends were involved with Thee Temple of Psychic Youth, and I got to read many of Genesis P. Orridge's transmissions. A few copies of Joel Birocco's *Kaos* magazine, who first published the works of Hakim Bey, as well as *Lamp of Thoth*, the magazine from *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* in Leeds, *Nox*, journal of the Left Hand Path, and early issues of *Chaos International* were passed around my social group. The iconoclastic punk magazine *Vague* did the Psychic issue – a special on the burgeoning new movement. We were all familiar with the works of William Burroughs, Timothy Leary, and Robert Anton Wilson.

Aside from the fact that Chaos Magic had suddenly become such a trendy fad, I was also from a hereditary witchcraft background, however muddled and polluted any transmission of tradition may have been. It might confuse outsiders, especially those adamant we do not exist, but Chaos Magic was also briefly popular among the Essex Craft, which was

already polluted and confused through association with Pagans, Wiccans, and sleazy Satanism imported from America. Let us not forget that Austin Osman Spare, who was probably the strongest historical influence on Chaos Magic, himself identified as a witch and is reported to have had strong connections with the old Essex Craft.

I had a Chaos star on the back of my black leather jacket. We associated the idea with a punk approach to spirituality; more nihilistic than nihilism, more anarchist than anarchy. Rather than declaring NO GODS NO MASTERS, we were our own gods and our own masters.

At 16 I got my hands on a copy of *Liber Null & Psychonaut*, the training manual for admittance into The Magical Pact of the Illuminates of Thanateros. I saw strong similarities between *Liber MMM* and my own attitude at that time. I was already experienced in basic meditation. It seemed to me I had already managed to produce results from spells. There was a stripped down precision to *Liber MMM*, while the traditional grimoires were turgid with gratuitously obtuse mumbojumbo verbiage.

Without contacting the IOT, or particularly discussing the matter with anyone, I decided to undertake the *Liber MMM* training process to give some structure to what I was, more or less, doing already. Keeping a disciplined Magical Diary, I performed many further experiments, chiefly in matters of enchantment. I soon after met my biological father for the first time. It turned out he was a set designer and special effects man on several famous films, TV shows, and music videos, including *The Great Rock & Roll Swindle*. He was also something of a goth in his personal aesthetic, a bit of a Satanist, and a millionaire.

Over the next few years I moved to Norwich, and trained with with my father's company. It seemed reasonable to expect that, by perhaps the age of 30, I too would be a millionaire. This was quite a leap from how I had grown up, where my focus had been on immediate survival. It seemed to me that whatever I had been doing, it was working.

Around 1988-89, I decided the time had come to contact

the Illuminates of Thanateros. I sent them a hand written letter saying, without any further elucidation beyond giving my home address for reply, something along the lines of, "I've completed MMM and have attained results. What comes next?"

The reply letter was on (photocopied) headed A4 paper; Illuminates of Thanateros, with the eight rayed chaos sigil and eye in the triangle of The Illuminati at the top of the page. In heavy full caps, NOTHING IS TRUE. At the bottom, EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED.

The hand typed letter thanked me for my enquiry, and invited me to meet the order to discuss my membership. The name and address of a pub in central London was given, along with a time and date, and the advice that "for purposes of recognition one of our number will be wearing a black headscarf with white pentagrams".

It was signed off - Yours in Chaos, Ian Read.

I immediately thought of all the horror stories of people losing their individuality to cults. But it would not do any harm to at least meet them. And then I thought, is that the same Ian Read of *Death in June*, *Sol Invictus*, and *Current 93*?

I had numerous 'ins' with witchcraft even at this time, but was enticed by London and the Pact's connection to goth music. Meeting up with them would impress the fuck out of my friends.

My hand written reply read something along the lines of, "Thank you. For purposes of recognition I will be wearing an acid yellow paisley shirt and eye-liner."

I raised a sweat getting there, starting off in plenty of time due to my unfamiliarity with London. I walked into the pub at the exact time on the invitation, dressed as promised.

It was small, quiet, with low wooden beams, and a couple of traditional ales at the bar. I ordered myself a shandy, which I intended to sip slowly, keeping my wits about me.

There was only one occupied table. Five people dressed in black, but nobody with a pentagram headscarf. As I

approached, a tall biker-goth type stood up, with dark hair and a goaty beard, perhaps ten years my senior. Without acknowledging me in this otherwise empty pub, he went to walk past me to the bar.

“Excuse me,” I smiled and said, “Are you the people I'm here to meet?”

He looked me up and down with tiny eyes, too close together and shadowed by a wide sloping brow, like he had fallen out of a tree as a child and hit his head, stunting his development and leaving him a permanent schoolyard bully.

“For fuck's sake. Sit down,” he growled, affirming my first impression.

I took a seat at a table nearby and waited for them to come to me. I took off my yellow shirt, revealing a pink and green Mandelbrot set Tshirt, and the pentagram tattoo on my skinny right bicep.

The troglodyte returned to his table and they muttered amongst each other, seeming to ignore me. I decided if nobody was nice by the time I finished half my pint I would leave it on the table. There were places I could be and money in my pocket.

Some other black clothed people arrived and joined their table, the little crowd growing in my direction, but still nobody invited me over. I was about to leave when I was approached by another of the group, this one not so tall, with short neat fair-auburn hair and shiny shoes like an undercover policeman. He was also wearing an inverted crucifix on a silver chain.

“Are you Nathaniel?” he said.

I affirmed with a smile and nod.

“I'm Ian,” he said, thumb pressing hard between my first and second knuckle as we shook hands. I returned the shake.

“Ian Read. I know who you are. My Mum listens to your music,” I said, unable to resist the temptation to tease. It was half true, there are merely 16 years between myself and my mother, and she has always been keen on folk music. I had made her a tape of 'Apocalyptic Folk', but she hated it. I might otherwise have admitted my fandom of *Current 93* but for the

initial rudeness from the IOT's troglodyte. Personal tastes aside, they were small fry in the music industry compared to say, the bands that came to my father for their MTV videos. I had no need to endure insult.

“I see you've been touched by the hammer of Thor,” he said, gesturing at my pentagram tattoo.

“As it happens, my mum designed it,” I said, which was true.

“My thing is runes. I'm not really a Chaos Magician at all, so its a bit strange for me to be in put in charge,” he said, smiling.

“My first results were with runes,” I said. “It's the same principle as sigils but the letters have their own magic.”

We spoke about that for a bit. I threw in references to my family, and our long history of witchcraft. Somewhere in there, I mentioned that I worked for a TV special effects company, also with links to 'sorcery'; the TV show *Nightmare*. Despite my youth, I was a good catch for any coven, and I knew it.

About my shirt, he said, “You should meet Johnn Balance. He wears shirts like that. He'd like you, I think.”

[Years later I met Johnn at a party, and we did indeed get along. We would later communicate by email. After his death I remained in occasional contact with 'Sleazy' Pete Christopherson. However, we would never meet again in person.]

Scatology was just about my favourite record of all time, regularly played in near dark while on heroic does of Essex military grade LSD. Coil were, as they say, the shit. This was long before their nonce sympathies were so apparent, and society so alert to the kind of 'sleaziness' exhibited by Pete Christopherson.

“I'd like him,” I said, somewhat naively considering what later came later to light, fluttering my mascara thick lashes.

“Your friend was rude to me when I got here,” I said to him quietly.

He sighed. “Which one?”

I nodded towards the trog.

“That’s Nick Hall. Don’t worry about him. He fell out of a tree when he was a boy and hit his head.”

Ian turned to address the table of black clothed Chaoists behind him, laughing, “Hey. This guy says his mother listens to my music.”

“Next time, maybe I’ll bring her along,” I said.

The table laughed, or most of them did.

“Offering up your own mother for sexual favours. That’s one way to buy your way in, I guess,” said a big man with a clipped and resonant Radio Four voice. He looked like an older Crowley, heavy set with beads of sweat on his brow from the sheer exertion of moving from table to table.

Ian introduced him, “This is Charlie Brewster.”

Charlie also shook my hand with a Masonic knuckle press, which I returned with a wink, only then realising they were probability not bluffing.

“Do I know you from somewhere?” said Charlie.

I swallowed, and said, “Maybe at a gig, or something?”

Next, we were joined by a smartly dressed Austrian lady, her pencil-skirt stretching across her thigh as she crossed her legs, “So, Nathaniel.. what do you think is the importance of discipline?”

My mind did not go immediately to thoughts of meditation. I stuttered.. “Discipline. Self discipline is crucial to the practice of magic. Regular meditation, especially. You have to be able to focus the mind and will.”

“So, you have completed your MMM? What do you think of the book *Liber Null & Psychonaut*?” she said.

“Yes, I’ve been meditating most of my life, and had my first magical results long ago. *Liber MMM* lays things out more clearly than, say, Crowley, with all his mumbo-jumbo. MMM was what I was doing anyway, but it helped me make a clear record so I knew what I was trying to achieve, and could measure my progress, but otherwise didn’t tell me a lot I didn’t already agree with. That’s why I’m here. To meet people who are like me, and think like I do.”

She sat back and looked at Ian, who was grinning.

“Meet Ingrid,” he said.

The conversation went on, with me mostly answering questions about what kind of magic I claimed to have made work. At some point the subject turned to Chaos Magic appearing in comics.

“Pete should have copyrighted zhe chaos star,” said Ingrid bitterly.

I smiled. “I’ll say that to Pat Mills next time I see him. Tell him you don’t want Chaos Magic in his comic anymore, if you like. But I’m pretty sure the chaos star comes from Michael Moorcock, so good luck trying to copyright it.”

“I’m going to the bar,” said Charlie. “Can I buy you anything?”

“Snakebite and black, please,” I said.

“Isn’t that illegal to serve? Are you sure?”

“I’m from Essex,” I said.

“Maybe I’ll get you a half of cider and a half of lager. Will that do?”

He came back with the snakebite in single pint glass. We spoke some more about the Illuminates of Thanateros, and what happened at meetings.

“Members bring along their own rituals, sharing ideas and working together on them. It’s experimental magic, which is what I like best about it,” explained Ian.

By the end of the evening I had an invitation to the next ritual meeting, to be held in just a few weeks.

“Dress in black,” said Ian. “Bring a robe, if you have one. But whatever you do, please don’t wear that shirt. It’s really distracting.”

That is how I found myself locked behind a metal door in a black soundproofed room, hidden beneath the arches of Elephant & Castle, before an altar displaying the eight rayed star of Chaos burning black candles, surrounded by an international cult in hooded robes with ritual daggers.

I did not have a robe, but had dressed in black, as requested. I was glad, in this situation, not to stand out so much. I sat down against the black wall and made myself as small as possible.

“I, Frater Norvegicus, declare this Temple open,” said Ian.

Everyone stood, not noticing as I remained hidden against the wall, observing. I knew enough to recognise they were casting some kind of circle, but instead of calling the elements, the way most witches do, they were chanting discordantly to shift their mental focus. The advantage in this was that, while the IOT's members came from all around the world, their 'Banishing Ritual' remained the same in any language. The clue was that they were all drawing pentagrams in the air, turning to the four quarters as they howled.

This was immediately followed by what Ian, or Frater Norvegicus, declared to be, “The Mass of Chaos: Baphomet.”

Everyone began moving around the room in an anti-clockwise circle, or 'widdershins' as we called it back home, pointing inwards with left handed 'devil-horns' towards the centre of the room while chanting, “Baphomet, Pan, Pangenitor, Panphage,” calling out a cacophony of the Pact's daemon's various names, here and there the obligatory “Satan! Lucifer! Hail!”

High camp, I thought, remaining seated and hidden.

A pretty young Austrian lady in the circle spotted me, gesturing for me to join. I got to my feet, trying not to laugh as I called out, “Baphomet! Satan! Lucifer!”

At the centre of the circle was what I can only describe as a diddy black robed figure, slightly shorter than myself. I could see by the feet, and the pinched waste of the robe, that the medium of the ritual was a girl. She was incanting in the magical language of Enochian.

“I am here!” called the medium. The circle fell silent.

“In the first Aeon I was the Great Spirit!” she said. “In the second Aeon I was Pan, Pangenitor, Panphage. In the third Aeon I was the Dark One. In the fourth Aeon men knew me not. In this fifth Aeon I come to you as Baphomet, the god before all gods who shall endure until the ends of the Earth!”

“Io Baphomet!” the circle responded.

The medium took an impressive Tibetan thunderbolt wand from the altar, then plunged it into a chalice of red wine, letting forth a kind of orgasmic groan.

'Baphomet' then took the chalice and, moving widdershins round the circle, dipped her fingers in the wine and blessed each participant in turn - drawing an averse pentagram on their forehead.

The participant then drank from the chalice, and the next was blessed in turn.

As I drank from the chalice I looked deep into her eyes and smiled. She smiled back. Either her trance was not that deep, or Baphomet was flirting with me.

“This lot are a bunch of wide boys making it up as they go along,” I thought. “But you get to hang out with Current 93, and I might get to meet Coil, so what the fuck.”

The next ritual was a presentation from a new member, and constituted what I have to call the more creative end of Chaos Magic; an invocation of our prime-minister Margaret Thatcher. Sadly this did not culminate in a successful possession, but I had to admire the sheer chutzpah of the attempt. I understood that rituals of Chaos Magic were experimental, which meant they would not always work, or might not work as intended.

Next was a presentation by Nick Hall, whose magical name I cannot remember. Everyone sat in a circle while he meditated on a lit candle, itself fixed on the brow of a ram's skull, as he chanted what sounded like random phonetics. After a bit, he snuffed out the candle with the palm of his hand. I don't pretend to know what it was supposed to be about, but someone asked something about the magical language he was using, and he replied by saying he checked it all by gematria. I was impressed to be in company that even knew what gematria was, even if I could not see how it would be possible for him to check words he did not have the spelling for in either English or Hebrew. Most people I knew thought 'Gematria' was the name of a heavy metal band.

The final ritual of that evening seems to have made magical history; the evocation of the demon Choronzon, performed for the first time since Aleister Crowley's most famous fuck up. A recording of it was later released by the IOT, which *Original New Falcon* made available on cd as *Liber Bootleg*. What you

don't hear on the recording was that Ian Read, in suitable seriousness, was incanting the Enochian while wearing a tall wizard's hat covered in stars and moons. If you know my voice, and listen carefully, you might pick me out as chanting among those who sealed the room with a traditional calling to the Archangels.

A few weeks later I received a letter from the Illuminates of Thanateros. It said that, after discussion among members, my application was at this time refused due to my age. I was invited to remain in touch, and perhaps re-apply in a few year's time if I still felt the desire.

Phew, I thought. I had not intended to join in the first place, and had just gone along to see what their meetings were like. I had, however, taken away a certain attitude I introduced to my own rituals in the little coven I had back home – which we now referred to as a 'Temple', after the fashion of Chaos Magic.

A year or two went by.. during which my father up and left Norwich without so much as telling me. I found work at weekends in a local 'arty' cinema, but otherwise was at a loss of what to do with life. Meanwhile, my mother and stepfather upped and moved to Milton Keynes, mostly to escape my previous stepfather, and were getting themselves wrapped up in Wicca. I am sure I do not need to explain why this was such an embarrassment to me, and why I might have felt the need to compensate. Whether I was a member of the Illuminates of Thanateros or not, I remained surrounded by occultism of one kind or another. But I really did not want to end up as a Wiccan, or living in Milton Keynes.

I knew I needed to earn money somehow, but I had never been anything other than an artist. With my father out of the equation my potential went from being a millionaire by thirty to starving on the dole in a bedsit full of junkies by next week. Unless, that is, for some kind of magic.

I continued to mail-order *Chaos International* magazine, the official organ of the Illuminates of Thanateros. At some point

the editorship was taken over by Phil Hine, who included in my envelope an unsold back issue of his own 'fanzine' like publication, *Pagan News*.

I ended up writing to him, with long exchanges about magic, and contributing regular cartoons sending up the scene and all those who took themselves too seriously. Among the first was a strip depicting a black robed Chaos Magic 'Temple', lead by Frater Rattus, and attended by various figures who no doubt recognised themselves when they saw it. Their ritual went disastrously wrong, their medium channelling something more horrific than any demon of the Abyss – Steve Wright in the Afternoon (a Radio One show playing awful pop music, with the most irritating host imaginable).

I decided to produce my own magazine, which I called *Chimera* (I had some previous experience here, as told in *Accidental Antichrist*). It seemed like a good way to reach out to other people. The front cover was a grinning skull surrounded by eight demonic cocks. There were contributions by members of my coven/temple – including a comic surrealist comic strip Jasper Newes, prose craziness from Ezra Dread - as well as a contribution by Phil Hine. I wrote nearly all the other articles myself under various different pen names, giving the impression of being a much larger group overall.

Chimera was advertised in the back of *Chaos International* and *Pagan News*, giving it enough credibility to get sold (sale or return) in a few occult and New Age shops, most notably *Atlantis Bookshop*, London. The advert gave a PO Box address, with instruction to write cheques to N J Harris. Since these magazines have been made available as free pdfs online, a researcher should easily be able to find these adverts.

I did not print many, but they cut to the source of occult fashion. I found myself mailing out copies to readers in the UK, USA, Germany, and, strangely, one copy to Japan.

In 1990 The Illuminates of Thanateros declared they were hosting the first conference of Chaos Magic in London, to be

called UKaos. I bought myself a ticket and got on the train, arranging to meet there with my (at that time) pen-pal Phil Hine, bringing with me two members of my Norwich based Chaos coven.

The event consisted of a room full of chairs, as with a university lecture hall, with a series of names in Chaos Magic making presentations.

Ian Read was on the door, selling a selection of IOT membership rings, recently cast 'en masse' by Douglas P. of *Death in June*.

Phil Hine had a stall at the back of the lecture hall with his magazine, and we met for the first time face to face.

Charlie Brewster's talk was about astrology, and how its theory needs to adapt to the observations of modern astronomy. There were extra planets to consider, such as Ouranos, with its chaotic influence. Despite the predictions of the ancients, he told us, the equinoxes loop back upon each other and never complete a full progression. It is with great sadness that I must tell you that the Age of Aquarius has been cancelled.

Steve Wilson told us all about how he had independently created his own approach and coincidentally also called it Chaos Magic, so had joined the IOT because they were doing what he had been doing anyway, but had ultimately not copied them, or learned anything from them. He finished with a demonstration of glossolalia incantation, frothing at the mouth as he charged a sigil which, after mediocre applause, he informed us was intended to "Get big clap."

I don't know if the sigil worked, or how literal the results were, but I hope he did not pass it on to his wife.

Nick Hall gave a talk about how with Chaos Magic you don't need to waste time with the wisdom traditions and can dive straight in at the deep end. He demonstrated the power of simple intent by pointing a sharpened bone at a Temple of Psychic Youth type punk in the front row and commanding them to die.

Robin South, a glamorous Californian blonde, informed us that since she had taken up Chaos Magic it was even more

difficult to decide how to do her hair. I suspect she was not being displayed to impress other women as to how their intelligence and creativity might be promoted through the Pact. Nevertheless, it impressed me that many of the IOT's members had charisma. She didn't seem like the kind of obedient bovine that followed Crowley.

It has been observed there are two types of magician, bald ones and ones with long hair and goatees, of which second group Peter J Carroll was a member. His talk began with him putting his thumbs under his belt to frame his lunch-box, leaning back on the table behind him, flicking his long dark locks, and declaring, "When I invented Chaos Magic, back before I decided to make myself rich ..."

As a fan of *Current 93*, I recognised Freya Aswynn's voice when she heckled from the audience, "Bollocks!"

The event concluded with Peter J Carroll as the Priest performing the Mass of Chaos – Baphomet, as with the previously witnessed ritual but with a big shouty man instead. He consecrated a pint of beer and drew a big sigil on the ground with the same Tibetan dorje.

When I spoke to him briefly afterwards, he acknowledged that he had read *Chimera*, calling it, "Most amusing," before retreating with his clique in the university bar's garden area.

I sat with Phil, who muttered about Pete not inviting us over, offering his hypothesis that Pete was a homophobe. Both Phil and I were at this time undecided as to whether to join the IOT. We made an agreement – he would if I would.

It was during a conversation that started at this event, and continued during a stay at Phil's flat in Leeds, that the basis for his first Chaos magic book was conceived – *Chaos Servitors: A User's Guide*.

This work developed the concept of the servitor beyond Peter J Carroll's initial concept described in *Liber Null & Psychonaut*. My artwork on the cover was the first depiction of such an entity. The finished book also included ritual instruction presented as sequential art, as with instruction manuals. I had more to do with the concepts in that book than

Phil would deem to give me credit for.

I also designed the tin on the cover of Phil's pdf chapbook *Prime Chaos*, although the artwork has been squashed and coloured in with a tasteless orange (Phil never had any aesthetic sense). It was originally the cover of a chapbook called *Condensed Chaos*, which title was later re-used for his book by Original New Falcon.



Oh – and the Rocky Horror kabala. That was my art, too.

A member of my Chaos coven, who had left his contact details while at Ukaos, received a letter from Ian Read, ironically informing him there was a Chaos magic group in Norwich, and saying this group would be welcome to join the Illuminates of Thanateros as a Temple, should they choose to accept the invitation.

Letters were exchanged over the next couple of months. I attended a few meetings in London with Charles Brewster aka Frater Choronzon, who would ramble entertainingly, waxing about magic(k) and the Pact while chain-smoking fat joints of neat weed. There were supposed to be arrangements for our coven to be initiated as an official Temple, but it turned out there had been a schism in the London IOT, which was now two Temples, and they were arguing as to who had the right to sponsor us.

I wrote to Ian Read, saying how disappointed I was that the Illuminates of Thanateros was squabbling over something so egocentric, like the Wiccans of Milton Keynes.

Meanwhile, it turned out, Ian also received a letter from Peter J Carroll, berating the London IOT for not having initiated us yet.

The next thing I knew the Illuminates of Thanateros were initiating me in my Norwich bedsit, officiated by Ian Read,

Ingrid Fischer, and Steve Wilson.

Ingrid happened to mention they had initiated Phil Hine the evening before, that he mentioned staying over in Norwich, and spoke highly of us.

The initiation involved me standing naked in a circle of black robed strangers with daggers, and answering a series of questions. This went pretty much as scripted in Carroll's *Liber Pactionis*.

Came the question, "Do you know there may be no ultimate truth?"

"Yes," I said.

Off script, came the question, "How?"

"Sorry?"

"How do you know there may be no ultimate truth?"

"Well, you only asked if I know there *may* be no ultimate truth. There may not be. Or perhaps there is. If there definitely isn't, that in itself is an ultimate truth. The statement implies uncertainty, therefore."

This was greeted by a round of applause.

[Note: just because an ultimate truth cannot be comprehended and expressed does not mean there is not one.]

Then I had to lie on the ground while they all poked me with their daggers and I was made to promise not to tell any of the things in this book. That may seem treacherous, and you might even agree that I deserve to be stripped of all protection (as the oath declared), but the truth is very different. Even Odin saw fit to occasionally break an oath or two.

I officiated over the initiation of the other members of my now officially recognized Temple, immediately taking up the mantle of Magister Templi.

Our Temple was renamed Temple Evertendum.

It was sanctified with Steve Wilson as Priest in the Mass of Baphomet. The proclamation in this case was not as scripted, but was instead spontaneous;

"At first you saw me in everything," he said. "Then, you saw me only in Hell. Now, having made your own Hell upon the Earth, you call upon me again. What do you want from

me?”

Involvement with the Pact at this early stage meant being our own independent group. While representatives would occasionally make the journey to London, we held our own meetings and performed our own rituals.

Interaction with other Temples was mostly through an internally published and distributed newsletter, within which were shared tried and tested ritual formulae.

Our Temple both contributed to, and drew from, the rituals of a growing Pact Archive.

At the Annual General meeting, Halloween 1994, I got to dance along a woodland path holding Freya Asswyn's hand while singing “It isn't very good in the dark, dark wood, in the middle of the night when there isn't any light..” [from the Current 93 album *Swastikas For Noddy*, on which she performed, as did Ian Read].

I officiated the Mass of Baphomet, at the centre of a gathering of all the UK Temples, Freya and Ian Read included, and was recognized as a Chaos Priest.

I produced the second issue of our magazine, providing a new front cover to compliment the previous with a death-goddess giving birth. Giving no apology for any confusion caused, I changed its name to *Kallisti: A Chao-Discordian Journal*.

Contributions came from friends I hassled, from Phil Hine, and Charles Brewster, among others.

It felt good to be part of something creative, but there was still no work for me in living in Norwich. It did not matter how many magazines I sold, or how cool the contributors, I was still on the dole. The city was a low manna zone when it came to arranging fortuitous coincidences; which, at the end of the day, is what a lot of magic boils down to. If I wanted to be taken seriously, I would have to move to London.

So I did.

It was not easy to get accepted among the Illuminates of

Thanateros. Back in the 1990s one did not become a Chaos Magician simply by joining a *Reddit* list.

As the infamous Fra. Choronzon (RIP) put it, “You can't join the Angels without your own bike.”

The bike in this case being the abilities of meditation, mind control, and magic(k) as outline in the Illuminate's of Thanateros' training manual, *Liber MMM*, included in the first chapters of Carroll's *Liber Null & Psychonaut*.

Another thing Fra. Choronzon said to me was, “Don't be worried if they don't let you in. It just means they're afraid you'll see through their bullshit.”

He also said, “Being a Chaos Magician can prove highly incompatible with being a parent.”

Liber Null & Psychonaut, with its black cover and embossed silver Chaos sigil, was a big deal among goths. There were, at that time, no other publicly available books about Chaos Magic. You had to know the right people to get your hands on a copy. The third edition, with the blue cover and Mike Norris's beautiful black and white art coloured garish colours by some talentless fool, easily available via Amazon or any major bookshop, does not possess 1000th of the glamour.

I fell for the IOT's bullshit hook line and sinker, despite Fra. Choronzon's warnings, but I was young. I was in fact the youngest initiate ever to be accepted into the Illuminates of Thanateros in their short history.

Incidentally, Frater Choronzon disappeared shortly after the summoning of the demon of the same name. Apparently not even his own family knew where he had gone, at least not for some time. I have been informed by a mutual acquaintance that he rests in an unmarked grave somewhere in Wales.

The interesting, cool, and successful people (at least, as I saw them at that time) involved in the IOT included members of the bands *Coil*, *Current 93*, and *Death in June*, while *Psychic TV* were also promoting similar ideas. Through the 1980s to 1990s, Chaos Magic was serious stuff amongst goths. With my own history in bands, joining the IOT seemed like a

potential career step. Or, to be harsh on myself, I was being sycophantic, or hoping to be. Few people I met during my involvement were of positive influence. It seems involvement in black magic cults brings out the very worst out in people. I know, right - who would have thought?

Few people stuck around for long, with membership being a revolving door with other groups such as the Typhonian OTO, (now called the Typhonian Order), as well as Druidry, Wicca, and Satanism. Many occultists around this period seemed to collect initiations like patches to be displayed on their various shades of robe. I got to meet some serious hard hitters from all these movements but only ever sought initiation into Chaos Magic as the rest were even more disappointing. Nevertheless, initiates in the IOT were generally influential members in at least one other organization, not all of which were aware of said initiation.

The leadership of the IOT at the time of my joining had remained with Peter J Carroll. Shortly after, his wife gave him an ultimatum due to his sleeping around. Pope Pete, aka Frater Autonemesis, aka Frater Stochastikos, dutifully resigned 'to focus on his family'.

Leadership then fell to Ian Read and Nick Hall.

It is worth noting that Pope Pete was not referred to as some kind of guru in his absence. I heard all kinds of stories, including the one about his wife's ultimatum, and that he is an alcoholic who drinks a whole bottle of *Southern Comfort* to himself every evening. And not everyone was impressed when he attempted to use the organ of *Chaos International* to persuade its readers to join the *UK Independence Party*, of which he was in its earliest days the treasurer.

Nick Hall resigned in 1994 because he did not like Phil Hine. [Note: by this time I had also fallen out with Phil Hine. He had expressed paedophile sympathies. Evidence of such may be found in the letters section of the original *Chaos International*, issue 8, where he responds to Peter J Carroll's complaint about the magazine publishing reviews of pro-paedophile materials].

Phil Hine resigned shortly afterwards the same year

because he did not like me.

Ian Read resigned in 1998 because he did not like anyone.

Dave Lee had been released from prison around 1992/3, rejoining the Pact around 1994/5, shortly after I myself joined. Since Lee had been part of the original IOT group leadership, in the absence of anyone else who actually wanted the responsibility, then fell to him.

It is reported that Peter J Carroll, upon hearing of Dave Lee being declared Section Head of IOT UK and USA, said “That's all I need - a disaster in my own back yard.”

Shortly afterwards, I made my first resignation from the IOT. However, at this time, there were still attractive women involved in the order. A number of female 'Chaos Nuns' worked together and I was eventually hoovered back in.

When Dave Lee became homeless, it was me that housed him. I now regret very much that I did so, since it seems my kindness was mistaken for weakness. I was in my twenties, and had yet to learn how to recognize the play script of the manipulative narcissist. It is a sad thing indeed that I was duped into enabling him, rather than simply leaving him to suffer the consequences of his own bad choices.

It is ironic that David Ronald Lee was the original proprietor for the company *Id Aromatics* – whose advert could be seen in early issue of *Chaos International* magazine. Under his leadership the IOT became a network of useful Id-IOTs. It is my understanding that the company was taken from him by his wife after their divorce.

It turns out Dave Lee, a chemistry student of Leeds, had cooked up a bathtub of amphetamine, which he dyed with a bulk order of pink nail-varnish to make it seem more exotic. Three goths on the Leeds scene injected this 'pink speed'. The acrylic killed them when it entered their veins, slowly and painfully. Police caught David Ronald Lee by tracking his bulk order. He should have used cochineal, the fucking Id-IOT.

I myself found this out by chance, having made good friends with the younger brother of one of the three youths killed by Lee's incompetence. Small world.

It had been told to IOT members that Lee had spent time in jail for a drugs related offence – ie what most would assume to be a victimless crime, and something many would argue should not be a crime at all. I think if more people knew about what his offence *actually* was, there would have been a bigger exodus long before my final resignation on May 1st, 2001.

By this time there were also plenty of other reasons.

David Lee was promoting a dangerous criminal within the Illuminates of Thanateros, UK, referred to here under their IOT name Frater Axis. This individual was not promoted because they had worked through *Liber MMM*, not because they were a worthy Mentor to others, but because they could supply drugs, and get Lee's friends into major London clubs on the guest list.

Dave Lee also initiated just about any young lady prepared to sleep with him, serving his own self interest above the order. The initiatory system was made a mockery of.

Some time after my resignation I had the opportunity to sit down at the dinner table with Ian Read. He told me that when he joined the IOT, Pope Pete had said he was the only one that had actually done the *Liber MMM* training. As someone who had all the diaries to prove my disciplines, and who had only joined to meet others of equal commitment, I was beyond disappointed. It became apparent that Ian Read no longer cared about the future of Peter J Carroll's fan-club, and felt that he had been lumbered with its leadership in the first place after Pope Pete's retirement. The irony is that Ian Read never actually identified as a Chaos Magician. Runes were his thing.

The IOT of today is a very different organization than the one I joined. It would be hard to imagine William Burroughs, or Johnn Balance, boasting association with what remains of the cult.

My resignation on May 1st, 2001 was initially and formally rejected by the Section Head, David Lee aka Frater Ahperl. I received a letter to this effect from him. I replied with a postcard, on which were just two words: Speed kills.

Only later did I learn that the IOT leadership had changed their story, and I had apparently been “excommunicated with

extreme prejudice.” This seems to be Chaos cult speak for being the target of a prolonged campaign of slander, libel, perjury, and perversion of the course of justice – ie a smear campaign. This only escalated after Dave Lee handed the position of UK Section Head to Frater Axis. It has continued, at the time of writing, for over two decades. It has been joined over this period by the likes of Mogg Morgan, proprietor of *Mandrake of Oxford*, who published my first publicly available book *Witcha: A Book of Cunning*, and by Peter J Carroll himself.

It is my sincere and honest knowledge that under Dave Lee's leadership The Magical Pact of Illuminates of Thanateros has become an abusive cult of the lowest and most shameful nature.

After my retirement from the IOT I returned to my witchcraft roots. In 2002 I self published a grimoire, hand binding each copy in goat-hide leather and wood in the medieval style: *Witcha: A Book of Cunning*.

This led to me being featured in the *National Geographic* documentary *Taboo: Witchcraft*.

Most of the Pagan community saw me as an outsider, and I received a lot of spite from some very prominent people in that world – most of whom seemed to assume that since I was not a Wiccan I must be some kind of Satanist. It was not until the publication of the first ever academic study of the cunning tradition that the Pagans all decided I hadn't been making it all up, and that they had all known about the true traditions all along. *Cunning-folk: Popular Magic in English History*, Owen Davies, 2003.

Witcha was then republished a year later with my mother's artwork on the front cover, and my stepfather's photographs of items from the collection of Cecil William's *Museum of Witchcraft*. It is worth noting that Mandrake of Oxford were at this time floundering as a publishing house. My book sold out of every shop that stocked it on its first day. Whenever I gave a talk it was standing room only. If Mogg Morgan turned up with boxes of books, he always sold out and had never

brought enough.

In *Witcha*, I made the observation that while there was no evidence to support the claims of 'pagan revivalism', there was plenty of unquestionable evidence for the real history and traditions in the grimoires. It was arguably this that triggered the current revivalism of the grimoire tradition we see flourishing today.

Behind the scenes, I made very occasional appearances in my parent's coven, usually at public events where I would play the role of 'Fool'. I also had a small coven of my own, although not with any public facing presence. I contributed to the archives and materials of other groups and orders, with Michael Ford going around telling everyone he learned his witchcraft from me (he didn't- as a student he failed to listen, argued stupid points, was all about his ego, and I eventually ceased attempting to inform him).

I was a respected, and popular, contributor to the 'occult community'. I was arguably, for a while, of more prominent and immediate influence in UK occultism than either the IOT or even Peter J Carroll was himself at that time. Indeed, until their sudden re-emergence around 2012 they remained so obscure you could have been forgiven for thinking they had split.

So what changed?

In 2010 I returned to publishing on the subject of Chaos Magic, using the pen name (and an old 'nick name' I was known by in the Pact, as well as a stage name). This book was over 500 pages, combining modern approaches with the historical grimoire tradition: *The Khaonomicon*, Dr. Nathan Satan.

The foreword was written by Peter J Carroll. This is what he said about me back then:

Dr. Nathan Satan has achieved the rare distinction of being declared an Ex-Member in Extremely Bad Standing by one of the planet's most hardcore magical orders. In itself this should give some

indication of what you may find within these covers – a darkly enlightening tour of some of the more extreme realms of occult theory and practice.

Although described by some as 'Mad, Bad, and Dangerous to Know', Nathan's insights penetrate to the core of the darkside psychology of life and magic. He writes as one who has been there, and with the dry wit to leaven the gravity of his discoveries and creations.

- Peter J. Carroll

Much more flattering than the things he has said about me more recently. But not nearly as flattering as the time Kenneth Grant called me a “powerhouse of magic... capable of seeing through to the deeper mysteries..” (see the chapter on Gematria in my work *The Neuronomicon*)...

Pete and Ray Sherwin both attempted to 'damn by faint praise'.. but I digress.

Only 23 copies of *The Khaonomicon* were printed and sold (I saw one go on *Ebay* a few years ago for £1,500!). In the closing chapter of that book I wrote about the experience of my wife and I being stalked, and a suspected conspiracy to murder, involving the IOT. In particular I spoke about having encountered face to face an obviously deranged and dangerous individual we did not at that time know the name of. Most notably. My wife encountered him hanging around the area of Peter J Carroll's shop in Bristol: *Amphora Aromatics*.

We now know the name of our stalker because we have seen his face again in the newspapers; Colin Batley, convicted in 2012 of leading a black magic sex cult that brainwashed and abused children.

Peter J Carroll considered my having published these disclosures as some kind of betrayal. We had been exchanging many emails, arguing over finer details of occultism that Carroll invariably not only got wrong, but got wrong with impenetrable confidence of the Dunning Kruger effect. Despite this, he decided to make an enemy out of me.

So fuck him.

If it is plausible for the order to have rejected my resignation, this means that I was technically still the Insubordinate to the Section Head when any excommunication did or did not take place. In which case, it was technically within my power to over-rule any decision made at the highest level. As such, my excommunication is instantly negated. By this logic, I remain both a Priest of Chaos, and an Insubordinate whose duty remains to expose abuses, and to ridicule pomposity. It is also the only position of office in the Pact wherein the performing of black magic against another member is not an immediate excommunicable offence.

It is a position of power and responsibility I take extremely seriously.

And before I'm interrupted...

I hereby invoke Shadow Time and retroactively excommunicate everyone in the IOT a month before my own original resignation, on the grounds that they have betrayed the Chaos current. I do this with the full weight of the Pact's egregore behind me.

Yours in Chaos,

Fra. Equilibrium 1945

Illuminates of Thanateros

Mentor / Priest / Inquisitor-Fool

Sole Remaining Initiate as of April 1st 2001

THIS MY WILL TO GET A GIRLFRIEND

THS MY WL TO G A GRLFND

THS MYWLL GRFND



WANK MAGIC

Fra. Andrex

The following magical technique was perfected by Austin Osman Spare, and brought to public awareness through the works of Kenneth Grant. It has been enthusiastically adopted by Chaos magicians who have been at it since the 1970s: wank magic.

1. Formulate the intention

Write a short statement of intent.

Example structure: "It is my will to obtain X."

Guidelines:

- Use present or accomplished tense.
- Keep it brief.
- Focus on one result only.

Example: THIS MY WILL TO GET A GIRLFRIEND

2. Create the sigil

Convert the sentence into a symbol.

Typical method:

1. Remove repeated letters from the sentence.
2. Combine the remaining letters into a single abstract glyph.
3. Stylize the shape until the original letters are no

longer obvious.

The final form should look like a unique symbol rather than readable text.

3. Prepare the working space

Use a simple setup:

- Paper with the sigil drawn clearly.
- Quiet environment.
- Dim lighting if desired.

The goal is concentration on the symbol alone.

4. Enter focused arousal

Look at the sigil while gradually building sexual arousal through masturbation.

Key points:

- Maintain visual or mental focus on the sigil.
- Avoid thinking about the original sentence.
- Let the symbol become the only thing in attention.

The aim is a narrowing of consciousness.

5. Splash the Fat

At the instant of orgasm:

- Fix the eyes on the sigil or visualize it strongly.
- Allow the mind to empty except for the symbol.
- Hold the image for a brief moment during the peak of sensation.

The sigil is allowed to slip into the subconscious at that instant.

6. Forget about it

After the act:

- Put the paper away or destroy it.
- Do not obsess over the result.
- Do not repeatedly analyse the intention.

Conscious fixation interferes with subconscious operation.

Act normally and allow the intention to manifest without deliberate interference.

The Earthenware Virgin

Life-Force is carried by all the emissions of the body, and may be transferred through them. Of all these fluids the most potent are those released sexually. The formula is exemplified in Spare's *Earthenware Virgin*; the male magician creates a womb of soft, wet, unbaked clay, glyphs of power decorating the outside, its opening just large enough to enclose the penis, within which is the sigil to be fertilized.

The spell is charged during orgasm and sealed with both sigil and fluids inside.

Once this has been achieved, the object is buried in the ground for one cycle of the moon.

The ritual itself is banished from the mind; one does not dig up a seed to measure its growth.

Spiritual Blindness

Carl Gustav Jung introduced synchronicity in his 1952 essay *Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle*. He defined it as: Meaningful coincidence between an inner psychological state and an external event that are not causally related.

For Jung, synchronicity was not random chance but an expression of underlying patterns linking psyche and matter. He associated it with archetypes and the collective unconscious.

Jung held that archetypes can manifest in two parallel ways: 1. Internally as dreams, fantasies, or emotional states. 2. Externally as symbolic events in the world. When both occur simultaneously and carry the same symbolic meaning, synchronicity is experienced.

He saw this most clearly during periods of strong affect, crisis, or psychological transition. Emotional intensity activates archetypal material, increasing the likelihood that outer events will be experienced as symbolically charged.

For Jung, neurosis is not merely pathology but a conflict between conscious attitude and unconscious contents seeking integration

Neurosis emerges when the ego resists unconscious material. Symptoms, anxiety, compulsions, and projections reflect this tension.

Neurotic individuals are often in a state of psychic imbalance. They may experience heightened sensitivity to meaning and symbolism.

Jung made several key observations about the relationship: Synchronicities tend to cluster during periods of: emotional upheaval, life transitions, and individuation crises

Neurosis often marks precisely such a crisis. Jung viewed some neurotic breakdowns as aborted transformations. During these states, synchronistic experiences may occur more frequently because archetypal energies are activated.

In certain cases, synchronicity serves a compensatory role. If the ego is rigid or overly rational, a meaningful coincidence may shock the person into reconsidering their worldview.

An example is the well-known “scarab” case in which a patient rigidly identified with rationalism experienced a beetle striking the window during a session. Jung interpreted this as symbolically breaking her psychic resistance. Here synchronicity interrupts neurotic fixation.

Neurosis creates the psychic conditions in which synchronicity is likely to appear. Synchronicity can either aid psychological transformation or intensify neurotic fixation. The determining factor is whether the experience is symbolically integrated or ego-inflated.

The connection between Jungian synchronicity and sigil magic is quite direct when examined from a psychological perspective. Sigil magic, as developed in modern occult systems, involves encoding a specific desire or intent into a symbolic form and then impressing it on the practitioner’s subconscious through hypnotic trance states, to which the Chaos Magicians have misapplied the term 'gnosis'. The purported effect is that the subconscious organizes perception and behaviour in ways that create conditions for the intended result to appear - often experienced as meaningful coincidences or synchronicities.

From a depth-psychology viewpoint:

A neurotic individual might be particularly sensitive to synchronistic events because their ego is in tension with unconscious content.

Sigil work can either exacerbate fixation - if the desire reinforces compulsive or unresolved neurotic patterns - or aid integration, if the ritual allows unconscious material to emerge and be consciously processed.

Emotionally charged sigils are more likely to produce noticeable coincidences, reflecting Jung's observation that high affect intensifies archetypal manifestation.

Sigil magic has long promised a direct pathway from desire to manifestation, a method of embedding intent into the unconscious and witnessing the world reflect it back through synchronistic coincidence. At first glance, it appears compelling: create a symbol, charge it with gnosis, release it, and notice how events, perceptions, and intuitions align with your will.

Psychologically, this aligns with Carl Gustav Jung's concept of synchronicity, the acausal connection between inner psychic states and outer events that are meaningfully related without direct causation. Jung proposed that the psyche is structured by archetypes, deep symbolic patterns embedded in the collective unconscious, which can emerge internally as dreams, fantasies, or emotions, and externally as events that resonate with these inner states. In the context of sigil magic, the symbol functions as an archetypal trigger, priming perception to notice coincidences that confirm intent. The experience can be exhilarating: the sense that mind and world are cooperating, that desire is bending reality, and that the unconscious is a willing agent.

Yet beneath this apparent efficacy lies a profound psychological risk. Jung's understanding of neurosis illuminates the danger. Neurosis arises when the ego resists unconscious material seeking integration, producing anxiety, compulsions, fixations, and emotional turbulence. Neurotic individuals are highly sensitive to meaning, alert to symbolic resonance, and prone to intensification of emotional states. Sigil magic amplifies these tendencies. The process of

creating, charging, and releasing a sigil is emotionally potent, often suffused with longing, fear, obsession, or sexual arousal. These affective states, which are relied upon to increase the power of the working, simultaneously heighten vulnerability to fixation. The practitioner begins to interpret ordinary events as confirmation, attributing coincidences to the influence of the sigil. The ego, already in tension, may inflate in response, mistaking symbolic resonance for proof of control. Emotional energy feeds obsession, and the practice risks reinforcing neurotic dynamics rather than alleviating them.

This danger is magnified when sigils are charged by sexual gnosis, the intense emotional and physiological state produced by orgasmic or ecstatic focus during ritual. Modern systems of magic, particularly those associated with Chaos Magic, have long emphasized sexual gnosis as a means of intensifying symbolic work. While such intensity may increase the visibility of synchronistic events, it also channels desire and compulsion through an inherently volatile medium.

The emotional and physical charge of sexual magic creates fertile conditions for fixation, projection, and over-interpretation. In practice, repeated sexual charging of sigils produces a heightened focus on sexual outcomes, fantasies, and symbolic erotic imagery. For practitioners already sensitive or vulnerable, this pattern can escalate into sexual neurosis: obsessive thought, compulsive fantasy, distorted perception of interpersonal interactions, and an over-identification of sexual desire with magical efficacy.

Historical observations of Chaos Magicians and related communities show recurring patterns of perversion, compulsive sexual experimentation, and eroticized obsession intertwined with magical practice, providing empirical support for the risk Jungian theory predicts. Sexual gnosis, far from neutral, magnifies the vulnerabilities that neurotic patterns exploit. Amongst the most disturbing evidence available as to how sick certain individuals and practices associated with Chaos Magic have become is the website *deathandhell.com*, created by the IOT USA 'Temple Dahma',

openly boasting of serious sex crimes against women and children, and at one time apparently offering to supply 'kiddy porn' (it has since been edited, with such advertisements and its message board removed).

The structural dynamics are clear. Intensity - whether erotic, fearful, or obsessive - is invested in the symbol to impress it on the unconscious. The unconscious then primes perception toward alignment with intent. The ego interprets coincidences as proof, emotional energy fuels repetition, and selective perception amplifies confirmation. The cycle repeats, intensifying fixation and reinforcing tension.

When sexual gnosis is involved, the stakes are higher: desire, arousal, and fantasy become inseparable from magical practice, and compulsive erotic thought is likely to grow alongside magical fixation. Ordinary events, interpersonal encounters, and even bodily sensations may be interpreted through a lens of sexual-symbolic validation, producing a feedback loop that escalates emotional and psychic instability. Rather than fostering insight or individuation, the practice risks deepening neurosis and producing compulsive, eroticized mental patterns that persist outside ritual.

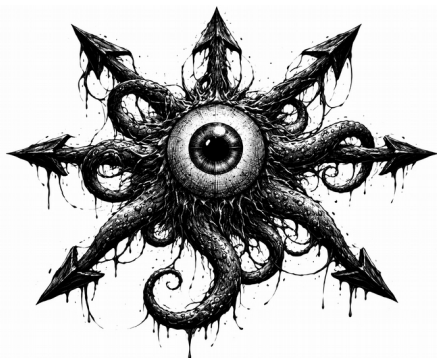
The hidden cost of 'Chaos' sigil magic, therefore, is not a matter of failed technique but of the structural consequences of working with intense affect, archetypal patterns, and sexualized emotion. Even when magic appears effective, the psychological price can be severe: fixation, obsession, anxiety, inflated ego, projection, and, in the case of sexual gnosis, eroticized compulsions. Synchronistic events become not tools for reflection but triggers for obsession. The very method that promises transformation creates conditions for neurosis, and sexualized practice magnifies the risk. The more emotionally charged the working, the more likely the practitioner is to conflate internal psychic patterns with external validation, and the more likely sexual neurosis will develop as a byproduct of ritualized desire.

Ultimately, sigil magic embodies a paradox. It is capable of engaging the unconscious, activating archetypal material, and catalysing insight, but it is also structurally predisposed to

reinforcing vulnerability, especially when sexual gnosis is employed. The true danger lies in the illusion of control: the sense that the practitioner is bending the world to will, when in fact the ego is increasingly entangled in cycles of desire, attention, and compulsive interpretation.

The promise of power masks the potential for psychic cost, and the repeated use of sexual energy as a catalyst ensures that the most personal, intimate aspects of psyche and body are drawn into the feedback loop. For those without extraordinary self-discipline, insight, or psychological stability, sigil magic is less a tool of transformation than a risk factor for neurosis, producing obsession, anxiety, and in sexualized forms, eroticized compulsion. The very method that appears to open doors to desire can, in reality, create a trap, binding the practitioner to cycles of fixation and projection from which escape is difficult.

The lesson is stark: magic, particularly sexualized magic, does not exist outside psychology. Its power is inseparable from its cost, and the deeper the emotional and erotic investment, the greater the risk that desire will mutate into neurosis. In this light, sigil magic is not merely a practice; it is a psychological hazard, one whose hidden cost can be severe and lasting, and whose promise of insight and manifestation comes at a profound risk to mental and emotional stability.



CHAOS MINIONS

A Practical Guide to Thought-Forms & Servitors

Amica Invisibilis

That the sperm of a man be putrefied by itself in a sealed cucurbit for forty days with the highest degree of putrefaction in a horse's womb, or at least so long that it comes to life and moves itself, and stirs, which is easily observed. After this time, it will look somewhat like a man, but transparent, without a body. If, after this, it be fed wisely with the Arcanum of human blood, and be nourished for up to forty weeks, and be kept in the even heat of the horse's womb, a living human child grows therefrom, with all its members like another child, which is born of a woman, but much smaller.

- Paracelsus, *De natura rerum* (1537)

A *servitor* is a spirit you make yourself. You design it, name it, give it a job to do, and send it off to do that job. When it's done, or when you're done with it, you take it apart. It is, in essence, a magical tool in the shape of a being. Think less summoning a demon and more programming a very unusual piece of software.

The word comes from the Latin for servant, and that's more or less what it is. Not a companion, not a deity, not something you have a relationship with in any meaningful sense. A servitor is built for a purpose, and that purpose is the whole of

its existence.

All magical practice involves the imagination. The question is whether the imagination is being used casually or deliberately, with skill and intention. A servitor is a structured act of imagination: you are consciously constructing something, defining its parameters, investing it with energy and focus, and then releasing it to operate independently of your moment-to-moment attention.

Whether what you have created is *real* in any objective sense is a question that Chaos Magic, the tradition in which the servitor concept was most fully developed, tends to answer with a pragmatic shrug. If it works, it's real enough. The psychological model says a servitor is a fragment of your own subconscious, given a task and set loose. The spirit model says it is a genuinely autonomous entity you have called into being. Chaos Magic's contribution, in part, was to say that you don't have to decide: pick whichever model helps you make the thing work.

The core concept, deliberately constructing a purposeful magical entity, is ancient, and appears independently across many cultures.

The ancient Egyptians created *shabti* figures: small statues buried with the dead, inscribed with instructions, intended to perform labour in the afterlife on behalf of their owner. Each one was, in essence, a servitor in ceramic form given a purpose and sent to fulfil it.

Alchemy has the *homunculus*, a being created and animated through sacred ritual, and given a specific task.

Tibetan Buddhist practice developed the concept of the *tulpa*, a thoughtform projected through sustained meditative concentration with such intensity that it appeared to take on autonomous existence. This is perhaps the closest historical precedent to the modern magical servitor, though the level of training implied by serious Tibetan practice is considerable.

In the 'Voodoo' and 'Ju-Ju' sorceries of Africa it is what has been called the magic of the *fetiche*.

In European witchcraft and cunning they are the *biddie* dolls and the mandrake carved to make the *Alruan*.

In the Goetic tradition of the later medieval to early modern period, it is the familiar that may be granted by the demon to the conjuror.

In the Western ceremonial tradition of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Theosophists and their contemporaries worked with what they called *artificial elementals*, constructed entities assembled from will and intention and set to specific tasks.

The point is not that any of these traditions invented the same thing independently by coincidence. The point is that the impulse to create a purposeful, semi-autonomous magical construct seems to be something human beings keep arriving at, across wildly different cultures and contexts. It is, apparently, a fairly natural thing for a magical practitioner to want to do.

If you want to try it yourself, the essential process is straightforward enough to summarise, though the execution requires genuine focus.

- 1) Define the purpose precisely. Vague intentions produce vague results. State what you want the servitor to do in clear, positive terms. “Guard my home” is better than “stop me being robbed.” The servitor is only as coherent as the instruction it is given.

- 2) Give it a name and a form. The name should be something with no prior associations, not the name of a friend, a deity, or a fictional character. The form can be anything: an abstract shape, an animal, a humanoid figure. This is what you 'seat' the spirit in. It could be anything from a simple drawing, a painting, or a clay or wax figure, to a complex fetiche carved from sacred wood and filled with magical herbs known only to ju-ju initiates.

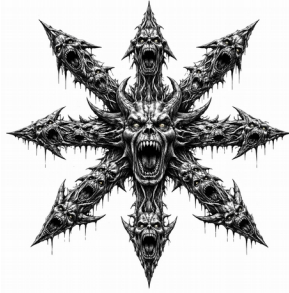
- 3) Create a sigil. A sigil is a symbolic representation of the servitor's purpose, reduced to a single glyph. There are various methods for producing one. This becomes the servitor's core, its programming in the software analogy. The

word sigil comes from signature: a feature that uniquely identifies a person, process, or phenomenon. In computing, a digital signature identifies the origin and integrity of data. A scientist may speak of the spectral signature of an element, meaning the pattern of wavelengths it emits or absorbs. Similarly, the grimoires of magical tradition spoke about the signatures of spirits.

It is wise to build in a termination instruction into a servitor's initial programming. Decide in advance when and how the servitor will be dissolved; when the task is complete, after a set period, or through a specific ritual act. The stories about servitors that outlive their usefulness and become problems are old enough, and consistent enough across traditions, to be worth taking seriously.

4) Charge it. This means entering an altered state of focussed consciousness, through whatever method suits you, and at the peak of that state, focusing your full intention on the sigil and the servitor's purpose. This is the moment of activation. It is common practice to 'feed' the servitor during creation with one's own life force, usually sexual fluids and / or blood.

The servitor will need to be regularly replenished and rewarded for its work. If you happen to have been born with a third teat, this is why the Devil gave it to you.



WE ARE LEGION

Some of us are Idiots

C21 Schizoid-Hominid

““Do I contradict myself?
Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes.)” ”
- Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*

Magicians are uniquely qualified to discuss multiple selves, because most of us have:

- At least one magical name
- Three incompatible metaphysical models
- A deity you only believe in on Thursdays
- And a version of yourself that texts people things the daytime you would never approve

Psychology calls this multiplicity. Religion calls it demons. Magic calls it strategy.

Let us examine the inner circus.

Sub-Personalities

In the tradition of Carl Jung, the psyche contains semi-autonomous complexes. Later, Roberto Assagioli formalized the idea of sub-personalities: structured little clusters of thought, emotion, and behaviour that take the wheel when triggered.

Examples include:

- The Inner Critic, who believes you are one typo away from exile

- The Pleaser, who apologizes to furniture after bumping into it
- The Saboteur, who schedules existential collapse right before deadlines

More recently, Richard Schwartz proposed that all these parts have positive intent. Even your worst internal tyrant is trying, in its own twisted way, to protect you.

Magicians will recognize this immediately.

We already call these things:

- Masks
- Archetypes
- Thought-forms
- Accidental servitors that got out of hand

Psychology wants you to integrate them.

Magic wants to know if they can be weaponized.

Inner Demons: The Religious Interpretation

Now enter the dramatic framing.

Instead of “maladaptive protective strategies,” we get:

- Demons
- Temptation
- Possession
- Dark forces whispering at 3 a.m.

“Inner demons” has better marketing. It implies you are the protagonist in an epic battle rather than someone with unresolved attachment wounds. It also implies that one might use the ritual technologies of invocation and evocation as psychological and psychic weaponry.

The experience can feel identical.

You plan to improve your life. Something inside you says no. You binge something regrettable instead.

Psychology says: A protective part fears change.

Religious language says: A demon delights in your weakness.

Magic says: An outdated identity script is resisting paradigm shift.

All three describe the same phenomenon.

The danger of the demon model is that you declare war on yourself. You sharpen swords against a pattern that evolved to keep you alive at some earlier stage. That rarely ends well.

On the other hand, calling it a “demon” can be theatrically useful. Magic has always appreciated a good costume. The trick is remembering you are the one who put it on.

Magic: The Deluxe Edition

Magic looks at all this and says, “What if we did it on purpose?”

Identity is not sacred. The self is configurable hardware running provisional software.

We do not merely discover inner multiplicity. We cultivate it. We adopt magical names, invoke alternate selves, and believe contradictory cosmologies with straight faces. On Monday we are a rational sceptics. On Tuesday we are a devotee of Baphomet. On Wednesday you are both, depending on results.

Invocation is deliberate personality rearrangement. For the duration of the ritual, you become the mask. Your posture changes. Your voice shifts. Your values reorient.

From the outside, this resembles dissociation. From the inside, it feels like immersive theatre with practical applications. So which is it?

Suppose you feel sudden, irrational self-doubt before a major success.

Sub-personality theory says: A protective part fears exposure.

Demon language says: A malignant force sabotages you.

Magic says: You are running two incompatible scripts simultaneously.

All are maps. None are the territory. The important question is tactical. Are you: exorcising, integrating or reprogramming

If you treat everything as an enemy, you live in a siege.

If you treat everything as sacred, you drown in committee meetings.

If you treat everything as software, you risk forgetting there is hardware.

Magic celebrates fluidity. But there is a thin line between “I am consciously adopting a mask,” and “I have no idea which one is currently driving.”

Flexibility is power. Diffusion is confusion.

If your magical persona is more coherent than your ordinary self, you may not have built a mask. You may have built an escape hatch.

Psychology would suggest integration.

Religion would suggest purification.

Magic suggests experimentation.

The mature operator quietly does all three.

Try this:

When a so-called demon appears, ask what it wants.

When a sub-personality takes over, ask what it protects.

When you shift paradigms, note what changes in your behaviour.

Recruit instead of repress.

Your Inner Critic can become quality control.

Your Saboteur can become a risk analyst.

Your Rebel can become a paradigm-breaker instead of a bridge-burner.

The goal is not to become one unified marble statue of Selfhood. That sounds exhausting.

The goal is to run a competent inner organization where the CEO knows they are the CEO.

You contain multitudes. Some are wise. Some are frightened. Some are theatrical. Some should not be allowed near financial decisions.

Sub-personalities describe the architecture. Inner demons dramatize the conflict. Magic hands you the control panel.

Multiplicity is not the problem. Unconscious multiplicity is. If you are going to host a pantheon inside your skull, at least make sure someone is in charge of scheduling.

Dissociative Identity Disorder

It is essential to separate the foregoing models from clinical dissociation, particularly Dissociative Identity Disorder

(previously called Multiple Personality Syndrome).

Sub-personalities, inner demons, and magical multiple selves are conceptual frameworks for understanding or manipulating aspects of identity. Dissociative Identity Disorder, by contrast, is a psychiatric condition typically associated with severe early trauma and characterized by structural fragmentation of identity.

The difference is not stylistic. It is structural.

Multiplicity in magical or therapeutic contexts does not inherently involve memory barriers. DID does.

Magic deliberately induces shifts in identity through invocation, paradigm shifting, or ritualized mask-work. The practitioner intends the shift. Sub-personality models in psychotherapy aim to bring implicit parts into conscious dialogue. The movement is toward integration. In DID, switching between identity states is frequently triggered, involuntary, and distressing. It is not a chosen technique. The presence or absence of volitional control is a critical dividing line.

The term “alter” refers to a dissociated identity state within DID. Alters are not simply exaggerated moods, archetypes, or invoked godforms. They are dissociative self-states separated by defensive barriers. A magical persona is assumed and relinquished. A sub-personality is recognized and integrated. An alter emerges from trauma and defensive fragmentation. Equating these risks trivializing a serious psychiatric condition.

For Chaos practitioners especially, the language of multiplicity can blur boundaries. Statements such as “We have many selves” or “We let another self take over” may sound similar across contexts. Multiplicity is a normal feature of human psychology. Metaphor is a powerful organizing tool. Magical identity work is a deliberate practice. Dissociative Identity Disorder is a trauma-based psychiatric condition requiring clinical care. Confusing these domains serves no one.



RITE OF THE RASCALLY RABBIT

Chaos Mass of Bugs Bunny

Fra. Equilibrium 1945

“I know this defies the laws of physics... but I never studied law.”

- Bugs Bunny

Weishaupt discovered the Law of Fives while he was stoned and looking at one of those shoggoth pictures you saw in Arkham. He imagined the shoggoth was a rabbit and said, ‘du hexen Hase,’ which has been preserved as an in-joke by Illuminati agents in Hollywood. It runs through the Bugs Bunny cartoons: ‘You wascal wabbit!’

- *The Eye in the Pyramid*, R A Wilson & R Shea

The Chaos Mass of Bugs Bunny was composed and performed by myself during my period as a ritual leader within the Illuminates of Thanateros. The formula proved effective as psychic attack against targets with rigid boundaries, designated as the Elmer Fudd, with the stated intent of “dwiving them skwewy”.

The claim of Chaos Magicians to be able to 'invent new gods' comes from a profound and ironic ignorance of genuine occult tradition. The 'gods', as understood in Hermeticism, are the Archetypes, a term borrowed by Jung and now entered into psychology. This same comprehension underlies all the

traditional African spiritual traditions, as well as Eastern systems. It was also the understanding of Pagan Rome and Europe, as evidenced in the 9th century poem *Solomon & Saturn*, where Woden is identified as another name for Mercury. One cannot invent new archetypes either psychologically, or spiritually – one may only devise new masks and names for these archetypes to wear.

It is not at all uncommon for the archetypes or 'laws' of Voudon to appear in forms drawn from popular culture – for example Baron Saturday (the Haitian Voudon mask of Saturn as Iwa of sex and death) might manifest as the black cloaked Darth Vader of *Star Wars*. In this sense, the living tradition of Voudon was 'post-modern' long before the pretences of modern Chaos Magic. The Chaos sigil itself, the eight rayed star, also appears in Voudon as an archetypal glyph called the 'pwen' (point), as in a focal point for consciousness and energy (Ashe) in magic, appearing often in the composite glyphs (sigils) called veve – something that in all their years these alleged Chaos Magicians have never picked up on.

As a final example, the archetype of the wise old man with his grey beard remains unarguably ancient, whether one calls him Gaeldr-Aelf or Obeah Man Kenobi.

Bugs Bunny did not spring entirely new from the isolate imagination of Tex Avery. He begins as an African mystery already associated with sorcery, trickery, and shape-shifting...

Anansi is one of the most enduring trickster figures of African folklore. From the Akan peoples of West Africa, he embodies resourcefulness and narrative power associated with wisdom, wit, and cunning, most commonly depicted as a spider. These stories were not merely entertainment; they functioned as symbolic strategies for negotiating social hierarchies and subtly destabilising systems of domination. In some traditions Anansi even interacts with divine forces, fetching stories or knowledge through tricks that confound both gods and men. In the Carribean sorcery called widely as Obeah, Anansi is the red and black trickster spirit of the crossroads approached in workings of cunning and sorcery.

In the Americas, the Anansi tradition did not disappear.

Instead it transformed through the conditions of enslavement and oral transmission, emerging in the figure of Br'er Rabbit.

The scholar Emily Zobel Marshall, in *American Trickster: Trauma, Tradition and Br'er Rabbit*, describes how Br'er Rabbit operated as a subversive figure in plantation culture: "Br'er Rabbit, like Anansi in the Caribbean, functioned as a resistance figure for the enslaved whose trickery was aimed at undermining and challenging the plantation regime."

Here the trickster is no longer simply clever; he becomes a symbol of survival within oppressive structures. Marshall's research highlights how Br'er Rabbit's tales, as transmitted orally and then recorded by outsiders, mediated both resistance and reinterpretation.

One of the most widespread motifs linking African and African-American stories is the tar-baby narrative: One of the times Anansi himself was tricked was when he tried to fight a tar baby after trying to steal food, but became stuck to it instead. A version of the tar baby story involving Br'er Rabbit is found in the Uncle Remus stories derived from African-American folktales in the Southern United States.

This shared motif reveals how narrative structures, plot mechanics, and symbolic play survive across continents and cultures through oral tradition.

In the twentieth century, the trickster figure reappeared in mass media as Bugs Bunny, the wise-cracking rabbit of *Looney Tunes*. While Bugs is a product of commercial animation rather than folk oral culture, he is nevertheless a modern expression of the same archetype.

"Bugs Bunny ... is one of the most popular, enduring and recognizable characters in the world. ... Bugs is a uniquely American expression of an ancient archetype - the Trickster ... 'If you want to teach Folklore 101, and you need an example of a Trickster, Bugs Bunny is it,' says Robert Thompson ... Other famous tricksters: Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Coyote in Native American mythology, the spider Anansi in West

African stories, the Monkey King in Chinese culture. They're all characters who disregard every convention of their society..”

–*Bugs Bunny: The Trickster, American Style*, JJ Sutherland, NPR Weekend Edition Sunday, 2008

For a modern sorcerer, this lineage reveals how the trickster embodies a pattern of intelligence against constraint – a Mystery that challenges authority, dissolves rigid boundaries, and instantiates transformation.

The Mass of Bugs Bunny

All participants are robed in black. The Priest may be adorned with rabbit ears, or otherwise appropriately costumed.

The Temple space should be cleansed and prepared. The altar should be dressed in the traditional colours of the Trickster, which worldwide are red and black.

Incense may be burned to effect the atmosphere. Suggestions are: Frankincense (specifically Sacra or Royal) for connection with spirit and higher states. Copal, purifying and uplifting, often used to clear pathways for communication. Mugwort, linked to intuition, dreams, boundary-crossing, and liminal states. Bay (laurel), associated with victory, prophecy, and cunning insight. Sage (white or sacred), cleansing and protective, can clear stagnant energy prior to trickster work. Sweetgrass, gentle sweetness that invites benevolent spirits and blessings.

An image, or some form of effigy, representative of Bugs Bunny should be placed prominently upon or above the altar. If a sacrament is to be consecrated and shared amongst celebrants let it be of carrots, or of carrot juice.

1. Perform a full banishing ritual, such as The Lesser Rite of the Pentagram or similar.
2. Make the statement of intent; “This is my will, to invoke the Trickster Archetype as Bugs Bunny, to (charge this sigil /

sacrament / drive named target swewy / impart crazy-wisdom).

3. The Priest stands at the centre of the circle and recites aloud the following. If there are other celebrants, the Priest pauses before each line and they repeat:

O Bugs Bunny, quick-witted wanderer between burrow and battlefield, you who stand untroubled before hunter, tyrant, alien, or fool, attend.

You who bend the law of gravity without apology, who step beyond the painted edge of the frame and return unharmed, who rearrange the script while others cling to it, teach the art of reversal.

Where force presses, grant suppleness. Where threats loom, grant timing. Where traps are laid, grant laughter before fear can root.

You who conjure disguises from thin air, who summon props from nowhere and turn pursuit into performance, who answer danger not with panic but with a question, instill the sorcery of wit that confounds blunt power.

As you slip between identities, as you mirror the aggressor until he entangles himself, so let illusion become instrument, and mockery become shield.

May the hunter's certainty unravel. May the tyrant trip on his own demand. May the rigid be softened by paradox.

Grant the cunning that wastes no motion. Grant the patience to wait until the opponent overreaches. Grant the nerve to grin when others tremble.

Trickster of the animated veil, master of timing, voice, and mask, you who never truly lose, you who turn every chase into a lesson, teach the craft of strategic misdirection, the alchemy of vulnerability into advantage, the quiet art of asking, calmly;

“What’s up, doc?”

4. The celebrants circle the priest widdershins, chanting the sacred mantra; “What’s up, doc?”

The Priest recites the following Enochian invocation, repeated until possession occurs;

OL ENOCH IAIA BOS OL ZAA, YA SIRIATH OL
MADRIAX BUGS BUNNY. OL NANTA, VESGOZ
GA TAN YEHUI GNAY OLPAS OL GASBIT
ZODAMETA. OL LAS GAV BETH ABRAN OL
SISGAS YEHUI ZODE OL DAGAD ASTANDE. OL
ZAA VASOD NI OL CUBAR TASA OD OL TASA
OLI VODAMETA. OL ZAA, SE EXARP OL ADO
BAMES OL VASOD ZOR GADA OL ZAA BUGS
BUNNY. OL ZAA ZAA MADRIAX OL ZAA ASTAR
GAH OL VASOD ZOR OL SIRIBOL ODIN OL
GLAIVES ZAR OLPAS OL ENOCH IAIA BOS
WOTSUPDOK. IA BUGS BUNNY!

Approximate Translation

I am the glint in the hunter’s eye, the whisper behind the trap. I am the carrot, the question, the laugh that unravels certainty. I slip through walls, I bend the frame, I defy the law that binds the slow and the rigid. I am faster than fear, sharper than strength, cleverer than cruelty. All who pursue me stumble on their own assumptions. I wear every mask, I speak every voice. I twist the script and the world dances at my timing. Every trap becomes a doorway; every threat, an opportunity. I am calm in the face of danger, audacious when the stakes are highest. I turn pursuit into performance, panic into punchline. I am the shadow, the trick, the turn of phrase that upends expectation. I am the rabbit, the spider, the trickster of a thousand tales. I am Anansi reborn, Brer Rabbit renewed, every clever footstep and every daring escape. I laugh, and the rigid crumble. I move, and the world bends around me. I speak, and the foolish reveal themselves. I am Bugs Bunny. I am cunning, I am nimble, I am

unstoppable. I am the trickster, and through me, all constraints dissolve. Ia Bugs Bunny!

5. Upon possession the circle ceases its motion and turns inwards to be addressed by the Priest-as-Bugs Bunny, who proclaims;

Hear me now, mortals and mischief-makers alike, for I am Bugs Bunny, Trickster of Chaos.

I slip through walls, I dodge the hunter, I turn the serious into farce.

No trap can hold me, no order can bind me, no law can contain my grin.

I speak with the voice of wit, the laughter of the clever, and the patience of the cunning.

Every step I take twists expectation, every word I speak tilts the world.

Where the rigid stand, I dance. Where the proud advance, I leap aside.

Chaos is my companion, cleverness my sword, audacity my shield.

I am the rabbit who confounds, the spider who outwits, the trickster who endures.

So beware, all who rely on brute strength or rigid law, for I am Bugs Bunny, Trickster of Chaos, and I am everywhere, unseen yet impossible to outsmart.

Where certainty rules, I ask a question: "What's up, doc?"

All participants reply: "What's up, doc?"

6. The Priest-as-Bugs then performs whatever magical task is required.

7. The designated Exorcist then gives the Licence to Depart. If required, a full formal exorcism may be performed.

8. Conclude with a full banishing of the space and all participants.

THEY SAW *YOU* COMING!

Making Money as a Fake Psychic



Susan Lieburne

There are many ways to earn a living. Some require qualifications, discipline, and measurable competence. Others require a folding table, a velvet cloth, and the ability to maintain eye contact while talking vague bullshit. What follows is a practical guide for the ethically unencumbered visionary.

The aspiring psychic must first understand the central principle of the trade: you are not selling prophecy. You are selling interpretation. The future is unreliable stock. The present, however, is rich with insecurities, unfinished relationships, career frustrations, and the universal suspicion that one's talents remain tragically undiscovered.

This is your gold mine.

Dress codes matter. Black is reliable. Rings are persuasive. Candles are non-negotiable.

Most importantly, believe nothing and doubt nothing. Your task is not to know. It is to reflect. People arrive with stories already forming. You simply provide the lighting.

Thus armed, you may confidently enter the marketplace of destiny. Remember: you are not exploiting vulnerability. You are offering narrative enhancement at a competitive rate.

Should your own future ever appear uncertain, do not worry. I sense prosperity around you. A shift is coming. Ultimately, you already possess more potential than you sometimes allow yourself to believe. In the coming months, you will recognise this more fully. The timing is significant.

In the end, what matters is less what was said, but how it felt when you heard it. You recognised yourself in parts of it, even if other parts seemed less clear. Some things resonated immediately. Other things may make sense later.

1) *Master the Barnum*: Your foundation rests upon the work indirectly inspired by P. T. Barnum and experimentally confirmed by Bertram R. Forer. The principle is simple: tell people what applies to almost everyone, but deliver it as revelation.

Examples:

- “You are stronger than people realise.”
- “You have been hurt in the past.”
- “You sometimes doubt yourself, but you know you are capable of more.”

Observe the genius. These statements are so broadly true they approach metaphysics.

Deliver them slowly. Nod once, as if adjusting to a subtle astral current.

2) *Elastic Time Frame*: Never commit to dates. The universe does not respect calendars. Use phrases such as: “Within the next few months.” “As we move into the next season.” “When the timing aligns.”

If nothing occurs, it is because the client resisted alignment. If something does occur, however trivial, it was foretold. This is called asymmetrical risk management.

3) *Mysterious Third Party*: There is always someone around the client who is: Not fully honest. Not fully supportive. Not fully aware of the client’s true worth.

Statistically, this cannot fail.

Say: “There is someone in your circle whose energy feels

guarded.”

Pause. Let them supply the name. You have now demonstrated psychic precision without specifying a single fact.

4) *Flatter the Inner Prodigy*: Every client harbours a private conviction that they are meant for more. Confirm it.

“You are under-recognised.” “You are capable of far greater success.” “You have intuitive gifts you dismiss.”

Note the final line. If they agree, you validate them. If they disagree, you predict future awakening.

5) *Introduce the Obstacle*: Hope without obstruction lacks drama. Insert a mild complication. “I see hesitation.” “I see fear of stepping forward.” “I see you holding back.”

Now you are not merely predicting. You are coaching destiny itself.

6) *Monetise the Solution*: At this juncture, you may offer enhancement services. Perhaps a cleansing. Perhaps a bespoke ritual kit. Perhaps a premium reading in which the cards become unusually cooperative.

The important thing is gravity. Speak softly. Use words like “alignment,” “blockage,” and “energy exchange.” The latter is particularly effective when discussing payment.

7) *Maintain Plausible Mysticism*: If challenged, retreat into abstraction. “The future is fluid.” “Free will shifts the timeline.” “The cards reveal potentials, not certainties.” “Stochastic resonance, don't you know.”

You are now unfalsifiable. This is the philosopher's stone of the profession.

The following scripts should serve as inspiration for a variety of situations. As with sales, no one script is perfect for everyone and some improvisation will always be required. What matters most is that you speak with certainty and confidence. Should you ever be met with disagreement say

simply, “I wonder why the cards would be saying this, unless it is to draw attention to something you are unaware of.”

Remember, the cards are never wrong...

General Life Direction Reading

You're in a transitional phase. It may not be obvious to others, but internally you know something is shifting. Old patterns are no longer fitting the person you're becoming. There is a shift happening in how you evaluate information. You are learning to pause before accepting what sounds convincing. At the same time, you do not want to become closed or cynical.

There's been some emotional fatigue. You carry more responsibility than people realise. You tend to be the steady one for others, but you don't always receive the same steadiness back.

I see reflection around past decisions. Not regret exactly, but evaluation. You've been asking yourself whether you're on the right path. That questioning is healthy. It means growth.

There's movement ahead. Within the next season, something external confirms what you've been sensing internally. A message, an offer, or a conversation brings clarity. The advice here is to avoid rushing. Timing matters, and you're aligning with it.

You have always sensed that there is more going on beneath the surface. You are not naïve, but you are open. That openness has been both a strength and a vulnerability in your life.

There are moments when you question what to believe, yet you also trust your instincts more than you admit. You have experienced coincidences that felt meaningful. You have also experienced doubt.

Part of you wants certainty. Another part understands that certainty is rarely straightforward. You value insight, but you dislike being misled. You appreciate honesty, even when it is uncomfortable.

You have been reflecting recently on who deserves your

trust. You are more discerning than you once were. Experience has taught you that not everyone who speaks with confidence speaks with truth.

Ultimately, you already possess the ability to see more clearly than you sometimes allow yourself to believe. The insight you seek externally has always been present internally.

In the coming months, you will recognise this more fully. You will continue to encounter people who claim special knowledge. Some will seem persuasive. Some will disappoint you. Each experience will sharpen your judgement.

Love & Relationships Reading

I'm seeing strong emotional currents around you. You're someone who feels deeply, even if you don't always show it. You've learned to protect your heart because in the past you gave more than you received. That experience changed you.

There's a connection around you that feels complicated. It may be current, or it may be someone whose energy hasn't fully left your life yet. Communication hasn't been as clear as it should be. Either something was left unsaid, or someone isn't being fully transparent now.

You value loyalty very strongly. When you commit, you commit fully. But I also see you questioning whether your needs are being met in return. That imbalance has been on your mind recently, especially at night when you're alone with your thoughts.

I'm sensing a crossroads in love. Within the next few months there's a shift. This could be a renewed effort from someone stepping up, or you deciding you deserve better. Either way, clarity is coming. Trust your intuition, because you already know more than you admit to yourself.

Career and Finances Reading

You're capable of far more than your current role allows. I see intelligence and adaptability, but also frustration. It feels like you've been overlooked or under-recognised.

There's someone around you professionally who does not fully appreciate your contribution. They may not be against

you outright, but they're not championing you either. That has caused quiet doubt about your direction.

Financially, I see cycles. There's been a period of restraint or careful budgeting. You've had to think ahead more than you'd like.

However, I also see opportunity approaching. This may not look dramatic at first. It could be a conversation, a new responsibility, or something you initially hesitate to accept.

The key message is confidence. Within the next few months there's a decision point. If you step forward rather than holding back, the trajectory improves. You're closer to progress than you think.

Health and Energy Reading

I'm picking up on fluctuating energy levels. You push yourself, sometimes beyond what is wise. You appear strong to others, but your body has been signalling that you need rest.

Stress seems to have been accumulating. This isn't necessarily dramatic stress, more a steady pressure. You hold tension physically, possibly in your shoulders or neck, but it may manifest elsewhere too.

There's also an emotional boundary issue. You give advice and support easily, yet you don't always protect your own energy. Someone close to you may rely on you heavily.

The coming months are about rebalancing. Small lifestyle adjustments make a significant difference. Listening to your intuition about what drains versus what restores you will be key.

Conflict and Hidden Influences Reading

There's tension around you that hasn't fully surfaced. Someone may not be saying exactly what they feel. This could be in family, work, or friendship circles.

You're perceptive. You've sensed something slightly off, even if you can't yet prove it. That intuition is accurate. However, this is more about miscommunication than outright betrayal.

You prefer harmony and may avoid confrontation until you feel certain. But a conversation is approaching that clears the air. It may feel uncomfortable at first, yet ultimately it strengthens your position.

The advice is to remain calm and observant. The situation resolves once truth is spoken, and you come out steadier than before.

Spiritual Growth Reading

You've been awakening to something deeper about yourself. Even if you wouldn't describe it in spiritual terms, you've been questioning surface reality.

There's an old belief you're shedding. It may relate to identity, worth, or limitation. This shedding can feel disorienting, like standing between who you were and who you are becoming.

I see intuitive ability here. You often know outcomes before they happen, but you dismiss it as coincidence. That sensitivity is increasing.

Over the next few months you're drawn toward knowledge, perhaps through a book, conversation, or unexpected encounter. The path unfolds gradually. The key is trust.

Speaking With the Dead

Before we begin, I need you to understand that spirit communication can feel subtle at first. They come through in symbols, impressions, sensations.

I'm immediately aware of an older presence. This feels like family. A father figure or grandfather energy. He's stepping forward because he knows you've been thinking about him recently.

He's showing me something with the chest area. Breathing, pressure, something around the heart or lungs. He says it happened quickly, or at least it felt that way to him. There may have been complications.

He wants you to know he did not suffer at the end. That's very important. He's repeating that.

He's also bringing up something left unsaid. Words that

weren't spoken before he passed. You've carried guilt about that, even if you don't talk about it openly. He says you did enough. He's proud of you.

I'm hearing the letter M or J. This could be his name, your name, or someone connected. It feels significant. I'll leave that with you.

He's acknowledging an object. A watch, a ring, something personal that was kept. You still have it, or someone close to you does. He smiles about that. There's also mention of a disagreement in the family after his passing. He wants harmony restored. He doesn't like tension. He says, 'They need to talk.'

He steps back now, but there's a younger energy behind him. This feels unexpected. I need to be careful here. This may represent someone who passed before their time. If that resonates, I can explore further.

[Pause. Watch the client's reaction. Adjust accordingly.]

The younger energy is hesitant. I need to stabilise the connection.

When spirits pass suddenly or before their time, the energy can be fragmented. I'm getting flashes rather than full sentences. This usually means there are unresolved matters. I can continue, but it requires more focus. Sometimes I need a longer sitting to allow them to come through safely. Today's session is quite brief, and I don't want to rush something this delicate.

There's something about protection around you. When someone carries grief or unfinished emotional ties, it can create energetic openings. I don't want to alarm you, but I do feel your aura is thinner than it should be.

I normally recommend a follow-up session within the next week or two, while the channel is still open. Once a spirit steps forward like this, it's important not to ignore them. If we leave this incomplete, the energy can become unsettled. There may also be a need for clearing work. I offer a separate ancestral reconciliation session, which helps restore balance and strengthen your boundaries. It's not something everyone needs, but in your case I would strongly suggest it.

The older presence is indicating urgency. He doesn't want this opportunity missed. He's stepping back now because the window is narrowing. That often happens when time is limited in a sitting like this. I don't usually say this, but I would prioritise continuing this connection. Not everyone receives such strong contact on a first session. It would be a shame to leave it unfinished. We can schedule a longer reading. I also offer monthly spirit maintenance sessions. That keeps the channel clear and prevents interference. Some clients find that once they begin this work, their guidance becomes much stronger over time.

I'll leave the choice with you. Free will is always respected. But I do feel this is the beginning of something important.



LIBER HA HA HA
Path of the Chaos Clown
Grobby Gribbly

The sacred clown, also known as the holy fool, the ritual jester, the trickster-priest, is one of the most universal figures in human religious life. These are not mere entertainers. The sacred clown occupies a specific ceremonial role, embodying a reversal of the normal order, an opening to the chaos that preceded creation.

The most thoroughly documented sacred clown tradition belongs to the Lakota and Dakota peoples of the Great Plains, whose sacred clowns are called *Heyoka*; a word that translates roughly as "crazy wisdom". The Heyoka is a contrarian and a satirist, a figure who speaks, moves, and emotionally reacts in deliberate opposition to whatever everyone else is doing. Cold makes a Heyoka sweat. Heat makes them shiver. They weep at celebrations and laugh at funerals.

The Heyoka were, in the words of the Oglala Lakota holy man Black Elk, the bearers of truth's other face: the laughing one, deployed precisely when people had grown too certain, too comfortable, too convinced of their own correctness. When the tribal council was about to make a catastrophically foolish decision, the Heyoka would appear and begin

mimicking the leaders in excruciating comic detail until the flaws in the plan became impossible to ignore. A Heyoka could ask questions that would get anyone else killed.

The Zuni, Hopi, and Acoma peoples had developed their own elaborate traditions of ritual clowning, with different clown figures belonging to separate ceremonial societies, each with distinct costumes, masks, and comic responsibilities. These clowns performed at seasonal ceremonies and served as a safety valve through which the community can give symbolic satisfaction to antisocial tendencies.

In practical terms: everyone needed to laugh at the shaman-priest sometimes, and it was better for social cohesion that there was an official, divinely-sanctioned person whose job it was to make that happen.

The Zuni clowns' relevance was not limited to ancient tradition. When the United States landed men on the moon in 1969, the Zuni clowns staged a skit mocking the event, placing the technological achievement of the world's largest superpower into comic perspective for their community.

Traditions of sacred clowning may be found in the history of all cultures. The comedies of Aristophanes grew directly from ritual clowning traditions and phallic processions. Greek comedy was, at its root, a sacred act.

The *yurodivy*, "Holy Fools for Christ", are figures in the Russian Orthodox tradition who deliberately courted public humiliation, dressed in rags, behaved with apparent madness, endured mockery, and were revered as closer to God for it. The Holy Fool's logic was that worldly dignity is a trap: if you want to speak truth to power, you need to first make yourself so beneath contempt that power cannot be bothered to crush you. It is, in its way, a highly sophisticated theological strategy.

Tibetan Buddhism offers its own variant under the name *Crazy Wisdom*; a mode of teaching in which the guru adopts deliberately shocking, destabilizing, or apparently irrational behaviour in order to shatter a student's fixed assumptions about reality. Students of particularly dedicated Crazy Wisdom teachers have reportedly spent years not entirely sure

whether they were being taught or pranked. The answer is both.

Medieval European courts had their jesters, whose role has been sentimentalized by history into mere entertainment but was originally something considerably stranger. The court jester was one of the few people permitted to speak uncomfortable truths directly to the monarch. Their license to mock came wrapped in motley and bells precisely so that everyone could maintain plausible deniability. The king wasn't being criticized; he was being entertained. The jester wasn't committing treason; he was doing a bit. Whether the king found it funny was, on occasion, a matter of some personal survival.

Our modern clown has as its ancestor none other than the Harlequin, called in Frisian the *Helekin*, meaning 'kindred of Hell'. In Adam de la Halle's 13th-century satirical French romance *Le Jeu de la Feuillée*, set in Arras on a feast day, perhaps May Day or Midsummer's Eve, the Hellekin is the King of Fairyland, Morgan le Fay's lover.

As Christianity absorbed and reshaped these figures, Hellequin migrated into the great theatrical form of medieval religious life: the Passion Play as a black-faced envoy of the Devil, roaming the countryside as the leader of a group of demons chasing the damned souls of evil humans down into Hell: a character very close to his origins as the demonic leader of the Wild Hunt. The first known appearance on stage of a Harlequin-type figure is dated to 1262: *Jeu de la Feuillièrre* by Adam de la Halle.

In Cantos XXI through XXIII of Dante's *Inferno*, there is a devil named Alichino. The prank-like antics of the devils in the *Inferno* reflect carnivalesque aspects, a gleeful chaos that is recognizably theatrical. Alichino and his fellow demons are not merely terrifying, they are absurd - tricking each other, squabbling, falling into the very pit of boiling pitch they're meant to be guarding. The devil, in Hell, is also a clown.

The crossing from French folk-devil to Italian comic servant took place in the crucible of 16th-century theatre, when Italian *commedia dell'arte* troupes encountered the

Hellequin character during their travels in France. The re-interpretation of the devil stock character as a *zanni* character took place in the same period.

The *zanni* were a class of servant figures rooted in the real social conditions of Renaissance Italy. The Zanni characters reflected the role of Bergamo peasants who, facing famine in their rural areas after their region was conquered by the Venetian army in the early 1400s, flooded into urban cities offering themselves for whatever work they could find. In their favour, they were famous for their nimbleness and agility; on the other side, their crudeness. The word *zanni* is a Venetian diminutive of Giovanni, which gives English the word "zany."

Into this tradition stepped the French devil. Hellequin morphed into the famous Harlequin, maintaining the traditional colours of the demonic Hellequin's face in his black and red mask, while retaining the nimble quickness and trickster qualities of the French fairy king Hellekin. His Italian name is thought to be an amalgam of Hellequin and the name of a devil from Dante's *Inferno*, Alichino.

Austin Osman Spare repeatedly used the imagery of the jester, grotesque mask, and comic inversion in both his drawings and his prose. In *The Book of Pleasure*, he presents the magician as someone who deliberately overturns ordinary seriousness and social identity. One representative line often cited from Spare is: "Laughter is the highest form of emotion."

For Spare, laughter dissolves fixed identity and belief. The magician therefore approaches the state of the fool or clown, because both disrupt normal perception and expose hidden assumptions. His drawings frequently show grotesque faces, masks, and carnival figures, reinforcing the same theme of magical revelation through absurdity.

Crowley explicitly linked the magician with the Fool archetype in the Tarot. In *The Book of Thoth*, he writes that the Fool represents the primal creative force behind magical action. The Fool appears ridiculous or chaotic but actually contains hidden wisdom. Crowley describes the Fool as: "The

symbol of the original, the most powerful, the most innocent of all.”

What unites all of these wildly different traditions is a shared conviction that some truths are too big, or too uncomfortable, and that the best delivery vehicle for those truths is, for reasons both theologically profound and cosmically absurd, a person willing to make a complete spectacle of themselves.

The sacred clown is, in the end, a mirror. A strange, upside-down, honking mirror, but a mirror nonetheless. They reflect back to a community its certainties, its hypocrisies, its self-importance, and its fear.

And laughter, as any clown could tell you, is medicine. Probably the oldest kind.

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The History of Laughter

The earliest recorded mention of laughter is that of the gods; the myth of Adapa, Akkadia, 14th century BC. Yet the significance of cosmological laughter was debated by the religions of the Roman empire – so much so that by the rise of Churchianity, laughter is regarded as suspect. Hence, all monastic orders forbade it.

In the 5th century text *Apophthegmata Patrum* (*The Sayings of the Desert Fathers*), Abba Pambo is tempted by demons. Noticing that Pambo never smiled or laughed they attempted to undermine him with a comedy routine.

In another quote we are told: “A hermit saw someone laughing, and said unto him, ‘We have to render an account of our whole life before Heaven and Earth, and you can *laugh?*’”

Consider the power of dissident laughter. Restrictive beliefs, self defeating anxieties, pompous authority, all are banished by it. Laughter can become a dangerous, destabilizing force. This power was seen in the cult of Dionysus, reaching out to what had yet to be conceived or described. Thus it touched on the Chaotic dimensions which humans so desperately try to keep at bay, and yet which their very existence is grounded upon.

Laughter is also invoked in the Gnostic myths and caricatures of the Old Testament God. They were well informed of the traditional interpretation of scripture, with Yahweh as the supreme and unquestionable God. In the Old Testament, God's laughter was aimed at all those who did not believe in His omnipotence. In Gnosticism, the laughter is aimed at Yahweh.

Humour thrives upon incongruity - in which act, event, or principle is interpreted from two or more directions at once. At first, the traditional prevails, then another unconventional perspective is introduced. The syszygy is the source of comedy.

Example: Christ lifted up on his cross saying, "Hey John, I can see your house from here."

Comedy is especially effective when its subject is power. The effect is amplified when the target of the humour does not understand the joke.

In this same tradition of spiritual anarchy, laughter is the supreme invocation of the Magi.

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The Mathesis of Laughter

$$S + T = L + X / \infty$$

Where S is tragedy (sadness), T is time, L is comedy (laughter), X is Chaos (the unknown), ∞ is infinity (life, the universe, and everything).

$$0 = L = \infty$$

Know that even the sage experiences tragedy and sorrow. At such times it may seem as if nothing at all is funny.

If you can find nothing to laugh at, then laugh at nothing.

Soon enough you will find there is everything to laugh about.

The human body cannot tell the difference between real laughter and fake laughter. Both trigger the same biochemical

cascade of feel-good hormones. The brain, it turns out, is remarkably gullible when it comes to joy.

Laughter is its own evocation.

$$0 = \infty = L$$

Nothing is the source of everything, and that is pretty funny when you think about it. Yet the human being is finite. This remains so despite mankind's communion with the infinite.

The situation, my friends, is intolerable.

*

Laughter Yoga

The following laughter meditations may be performed during group meetings.

Mobile Phone Laughter: You hold an imaginary phone to your ear and laugh as if you've heard something hilarious. All participants walk around the room doing this.

Greeting Laughter: You approach fellow participants with palms pressed together in a Namaste gesture, look them in the eyes, and laugh warmly at them.

Argument Laughter: You wag your finger sternly at someone while laughing.

Lion Laughter: You get on all fours, thrust your tongue out as far as it will go, widen your eyes, stretch out your hands like a lion's claws, and laugh from your belly.

Credit Card Bill Laughter: You open an imaginary envelope, look inside, and immediately burst out laughing.

Between exercises, participants do deep breathing; long, slow exhalations that flush out the lungs and prepare the body for the next round of deliberate mirth. The session typically builds to a period of free-flowing, unstructured laughter.

The whole session lasts 30 to 60 minutes. Participants are encouraged to laugh continuously for at least ten minutes.

Laughter, real or simulated, triggers the release of endorphins and feel-good neurotransmitters like dopamine and serotonin, while suppressing stress hormones like cortisol. Your brain's emotional circuitry apparently operates on a kind of honour system; it sees the physical motions of laughter and releases the appropriate chemicals before fact-checking whether anything amusing actually happened.

There's also a compelling social dimension. Laughing with other people, as opposed to alone, increases social bonding and connection, triggers the release of opioids in the brain, and generates feelings of safety and trust.

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Laughing Chakras

The practitioner of Chaos magic knows that the body is not a vessel for the spirit but its current mode of expression, and that certain frequencies, sounded in certain places, cause the architecture of that expression to briefly remember its own absurdity. Laughter is not a reaction. It is a transmission. The sacred clown traditions of every culture, the Heyoka of the Lakota, the Vidushaka of the Sanskrit stage, the Fool of the Tarot, the Zen monk who shouts instead of answering, all encode the same secret: that enlightenment and idiocy are neighbours, and laughter is the door between them.

This working marries two ancient streams: the Vedic science of chakra resonance through vowel toning, and the Chaos tradition of the sacred clown as a figure who weaponises vulnerability and absurdity to dissolve the ego's pretensions. The result is a technology so simple it is a joke.

The central discovery, articulated here as a formal technique for the first time, is this: when each of the seven chakra vowels is preceded by a voiced H - the breath-plosive, the ignition consonant - and repeated at a consistent pitch appropriate to that energy centre, the resulting sound is not merely a toning exercise. It is a laugh. Each chakra has its own laughter. The body already knows this. The working is

simply the conscious activation of what the body does spontaneously when it glimpses truth.

As the vowels ascend the spine, so ascend the laughs — from the guttural earth-laugh of the root to the celestial shriek of the crown. The practitioner who completes the full ascent in a single breath-cycle has, for the duration of that ascent, mapped the entire range of human consciousness through the single instrument of laughter. This is the laughing spine.

First Station — Root (Muladhara): HUH HUH HUH Deep, guttural, earthed. The laugh of dark matter and damp soil. Barely a laugh; more a grunt of animal recognition.

Second Station — Sacral (Svadisthana): HOO HOO HOO Round and fluid. The knowing laugh — conspiratorial, sensual, the laugh of shared secrets in the dark.

Third Station — Solar Plexus (Manipura): HO HO HO The belly laugh. Jolly, solar, boisterous. Father Christmas is the solar plexus chakra in a red coat. The laugh of power held lightly.

Fourth Station — Heart (Anahata): HA HA HA The universal laugh. Open chest, open heart. This is the axis of the whole working — the pivot where body-laughter meets spirit-laughter. The heart is the centre of the seven; it mediates between the three lower energies of earth and body and the three upper energies of mind and spirit. The fact that the universal human laugh lives here is the most important datum in this entire system.

Fifth Station — Throat (Vishuddhi): HI HI HI Free and full-throated. The performed laugh, the social laugh — the laugh that says: I am here, I am present, I am laughing with you.

Sixth Station — Third Eye (Ajna): HAY HAY HAY The wry laugh of recognition. Ah yes, of course. Slightly nasal, centred behind the brow. The laugh of the sage who sees through the illusion.

Seventh Station — Crown (Sahasrara), the Clown Chakra: HEE HEE HEE Piercing, bright, involuntary. The laugh of a child confronted with the impossible. The laugh of enlightenment, which is the same as the laugh of utter

bewilderment.

Stand, sit, or lie. The posture matters less than the intent. Place one hand on the base of the spine or perineum, or simply direct attention there. Draw a slow breath to the very bottom of the lungs.

1) On the exhale, sound the first laugh: HUH HUH HUH. Allow it to be as low and guttural as the body will permit. This is not performed; it is summoned. Three repetitions minimum; continue until you feel the vibration in the sit-bones and sacrum. Do not rush this station. The earth is not in a hurry.

2) Draw breath again. Move attention to the sacral centre, two fingers below the navel. Sound: HOO HOO HOO. The pitch rises fractionally. The quality shifts from earth-grunt to something rounder, more fluid. Imagine warm water. Three to seven repetitions.

3) Draw breath. Move to the solar plexus, the soft triangle below the sternum. Sound: HO HO HO. This one wants to be big. Give it the full belly. Father Christmas did not get that laugh by being restrained. This is the station where the working often becomes self-sustaining — genuine laughter erupting from nowhere in particular. If this happens: do not suppress it. Ride it. Then return to the count.

4) Draw breath. Move to the heart, the centre of the chest. Sound: HA HA HA. Open. Generous. Warm. This is the only laugh that needs no instruction, because it is the laugh the body already knows. Linger here. The heart chakra is the bridge; take the bridge slowly.

5) Draw breath. Move to the throat. Sound: HI HI HI. The voice finds the larynx itself. This laugh is for the room; let it be social, performed, offered outward even if you are alone. You are, at this point, offering it to the working itself.

6) Draw breath. Move to the brow centre. Sound: HAY HAY HAY. Wry, dry, slightly nasal. This is the laugh of the initiate

who has seen too much and found it funny. One eyebrow, if it wishes, may rise slightly.

7) Draw breath to fullness. Move to the crown. Sound: HEE HEE HEE. As high as the voice will go. As bright. As involuntary.

The rite is complete not when the practitioner has performed all seven stations, but when genuine, spontaneous, sourceless laughter arises of its own accord. This laughter, which has no object, no joke behind it, no social referent, is the gnosis the working aims to induce. If it does not arise, do the working again. If it still does not arise, you are trying too hard. The working is not about success. It is about the attempt, which is already funny.

Having mastered the above, the following advanced techniques may then be entered into practice:

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The Descent

Having ascended from root to crown, the practitioner may descend: HEE — HAY — HI — HA — HO — HOO — HUH. The quality of descent is qualitatively different from the ascent. Where the ascent feels like revelation, the descent feels like landing, a return to the body and the earth, now slightly transformed by the view from the Clown Chakra.

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The Single-Breath Ascent

Attempt the full ascent, all seven stations, on a single exhaled breath, beginning at HUH and arriving at HEE as the lungs empty. The laughs should flow into one another without gap, the pitch rising in a smooth glissando of laughter. Those who achieve this report a sensation of the spine briefly becoming a single vibrating column, a tuning fork struck between earth and sky. It also sounds extremely peculiar and neighbours may be concerned.

*

The Circle of Laughter

The casting of the circle forms a part of that Grand Arcanum shared between all schools of magic. Its purpose in spiritist terms is to protect the operant from intrusive forces. In psychological terms, these forces become the inner daemons of the psyche that distract us from our Path. Its function esoterically may be likened to that of the mandala circle of the East.

Mark out a circle around yourself, large enough to include any instruments required in your working.

Breath. Clear the mind. Enter meditation.

Whenever a thought or irritation disturbs, make a dismissive gesture throwing the distraction beyond the limits of your circle, and LAUGH.

Then return to your Gnosis.

*

Banish With Laughter

The power of laughter is such that it makes an effective banishing after the most serious magical workings.



CHAOSOPHY

Fra. Hagen-Daz

Rejects of Typhon, Deutsche Sektion

“Chaos is what we've lost touch with. This is why it is given a bad name. It is feared by the dominant archetype of our world, which is Ego, which clenches because its existence is defined in terms of control.”

- Terrence McKenna

“Chaos was the law of nature; Order was the dream of man.”

- Henry Adams

“In all chaos there is a cosmos, in all disorder a secret order.”

- Carl Jung

If you ask most people what “chaos” means, they will gesture toward disorder, confusion, or the current state of their kitchen. If you asked Hesiod, he would gesture toward the unexplainable origins of the world.

In the *Theogony*, one of the earliest surviving Greek accounts of divine origins, Hesiod begins not with a craftsman god, nor with a cosmic battle, but with Chaos:

“Ἡ τοι μὲν πρότιστα Χάος γένετ’.”
“Verily at the first Chaos came to be.”
- *Theogony*, line 116

Immediately after Chaos, Hesiod continues:

“But next wide-bosomed Earth (Gaia), the ever-sure foundation of all... and dim Tartarus... and Eros...”
- *Theogony*, lines 117 to 122

Chaos is not everything. It is not a swirling soup of proto-matter. It is the first condition from which differentiation becomes possible.

“From Chaos came forth Erebus and black Night; but of Night were born Aether and Day.”
- *Theogony*, lines 123 to 125

Darkness gives birth to light. The cosmos unfolds genealogically. Hesiod’s universe does not get built. It breeds.

The man responsible for narrating this startlingly economical beginning presents himself within his own poetry. In the *Theogony*, he recounts tending sheep on Mount Helicon when the Muses appeared to him:

“They once taught Hesiod beautiful song while he was shepherding his lambs under holy Helicon.”
- *Theogony*, lines 22 to 23

This is not the aristocratic, courtly bard of heroic saga. This is a Boeotian shepherd, probably writing in the late eighth or early seventh century BCE, who claims divine inspiration

while minding livestock. That detail matters. Hesiod's poetry feels grounded, practical, occasionally sharp-edged. His other surviving work, the *Works and Days*, is addressed to his brother Perses and blends agricultural instruction, myth, and moral reprimand. In it he describes the Ages of Man:

“First of all the deathless gods who dwell on
Olympus made a golden race of mortal men...”
- *Works and Days*, line 109

This is myth deployed for ethical reflection. Hesiod is not merely entertaining. He is structuring reality and offering commentary on how one ought to live within it.

His influence was immense because he imposed order on inherited myth. Greek stories about gods long predated him, circulating orally across regions. What Hesiod accomplished in the *Theogony* was an act of grand organisation. He arranged divine figures into a genealogy: Chaos, Gaia, Uranus, the Titans, Cronus, and finally Zeus. Authority shifts through conflict until Zeus consolidates rule. The result is not merely a collection of tales but a cosmic family tree. Later poets, dramatists, and philosophers inherited a relatively stable divine framework because Hesiod assembled one.

His framing of beginnings also shaped cosmological imagination for centuries. When Ovid opens the *Metamorphoses*, he echoes and transforms Hesiod:

“Before the sea and lands and sky that covers all,
nature displayed a single aspect... which they
called Chaos: a crude and undigested mass...”

By Ovid's time, Chaos has shifted from yawning gap to primordial mixture, a kind of cosmic stew awaiting refinement. The semantic drift is complete. Hesiod's spatial opening becomes Ovid's material confusion. Yet even this transformation testifies to Hesiod's influence. Later thinkers and poets were responding to the starting point he provided.

Philosophers such as Plato operated within a world where

the question of origins had already been framed in mythic terms. Whether they refined, allegorised, or critiqued that framework, they did so in conversation with a tradition Hesiod helped stabilise.

It is also worth noticing what Chaos is not. It is not evil. It is not rebellion. The later habit of opposing order and chaos as moral opposites does not belong to Hesiod's imagination. Chaos is not conquered by Zeus. It is not cast down or subdued. It is simply first. It provides the ontological clearing in which Earth may stand, Night may fall, and the long saga of divine ambition may unfold.

Chaos & Crowley

In the works of Aleister Crowley, *Chaos* does not mean disorder, confusion, or a Hesiodic yawning gap. It is a technical term within Thelemic cosmology, where it designates a specific metaphysical principle: the dynamic, creative masculine force that complements and activates Babalon.

The primary source for this doctrine is *The Book of the Law*, also known as *Liber AL vel Legis*. In Chapter I, verse 22, the goddess Nuit declares:

“Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name Nuit, and to him by a secret name which I will give him when at last he knoweth me. Since I am Infinite Space, and the Infinite Stars thereof, do ye also thus. Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all! I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty.”

Later in the same chapter, verse 13 reads:

“I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.”

Chaos appears explicitly in I:13–15 (depending on edition numbering), where Nuit refers to “Chaos” as her consort. In I:22–23 (standard numbering), she declares:

“Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name
Nuit... The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in
the Khabs.”

More directly, in I:22, Nuit says:

“Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name
Nuit... The word of the Law is Θελημα.”

However, the clearest explicit reference to Chaos as divine consort appears in I:22–23 in Crowley’s own commentaries, and in I:13–14 where Nuit speaks of “Hadit” and her relationship to “Chaos.”

More plainly, in I:22–23 in many published editions:

“Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name
Nuit... Chaos is the father of life.”

This line, often cited from I:22 in certain printings and reinforced in Crowley’s commentaries, establishes Chaos as the generative paternal principle.

Crowley’s own commentaries clarify the symbolism. In *The Law is for All* (his extended commentary on *Liber AL*), he writes that Chaos is “the male principle of the universe,” identified with the creative energy that fertilizes Babalon, who is the Great Mother.

Babalon herself appears prominently in *The Vision and the Voice*, Crowley’s record of Enochian visions. There, Chaos is invoked as her counterpart. In the 12th Aethyr (LOE), Babalon proclaims:

“For I am divided for love’s sake, for the chance
of union.”

Crowley interprets Chaos as the outpouring, formless, fiery seed of creation. It is not disorder but pure dynamic potency.

Within Thelemic cosmology, the structure is often expressed as a triad: Nuit: Infinite Space, Hadit: Infinitely small point, motion, or flame, Ra-Hoor-Khuit: Crowned and Conquering Child

Chaos enters symbolically as the active generative force aligned with Hadit and expressed through the Beast, whom Crowley identifies with himself as ToMegaTherion, 666.

In Thelemic symbolism, Chaos is also linked to the phallic current and the creative Word. It is the energy that bursts forth into manifestation. Crowley frequently associates it with Chokmah on the Kabbalistic Tree of Life, the second sephirah, representing dynamic wisdom and masculine outpouring.

In *Magick in Theory and Practice*, Crowley describes creation in explicitly sexual and energetic terms. While he does not always use the word “Chaos” in every cosmological explanation, the principle remains consistent: manifestation arises from the interaction of dynamic force and receptive space.

Importantly, Crowley’s Chaos is not a return to Hesiod. It is neither void nor disorder. It is closer to a metaphysical fertilising power. If Hesiod’s Chaos is a gap, Crowley’s Chaos is a surge. This distinction matters because modern occult and popular usage often confuses Crowley’s technical term with contemporary ideas of randomness or entropy. In Thelema, Chaos is creative will in its raw, masculine, generative form. It is the father of life, not the absence of structure. Crowley’s use of the term transforms it from primordial gap into metaphysical potency. Where Hesiod begins with space, Crowley begins with energy.

Chaos Magic

A consideration Chaos Magic must begin by untangling a confusion that modern terminology cheerfully encourages. Chaos Magic stands in sharp distinction from both ancient

cosmogony and Thelemic metaphysics.

In the *Theogony*, as recorded by Hesiod, Chaos is a yawning gap. It is the primordial opening from which differentiation unfolds. It is spatial, pre-structural, and morally neutral. It is not a god with a cult, not a personality, not a force of rebellion. It is the condition that allows Gaia, Night, and the rest of the divine genealogy to appear. Hesiod's Chaos is ontological space.

In the system of Aleister Crowley, particularly in *The Book of the Law* and his subsequent commentaries, Chaos is something entirely different. It is not a gap but a generative principle. It is the dynamic, masculine current that complements Babalon. Where Hesiod's Chaos is an opening, Crowley's Chaos is a surge. It is identified with creative potency, the fertilising impulse, and the outpouring of force into manifestation. It is theological and symbolic, embedded in a structured cosmology.

Chaos Magic, emerging in the late twentieth century through figures such as Peter J. Carroll and Ray Sherwin, uses the word differently again. In texts such as *Liber Null & Psychonaut*, "Chaos" refers to a condition of indeterminacy and the plasticity of belief. Carroll describes magic as the art of causing change in accordance with will, but frames "Chaos" as the underlying randomness or unpredictability of reality, the field within which probability can be bent.

In this context, Chaos becomes epistemological rather than cosmogonic or theological. It signifies the instability of models, the mutability of symbols, and the pragmatic use of belief as a tool. The famous emphasis on paradigm shifting reflects this orientation. Chaos is not worshipped. It is exploited.

The differences are stark.

Hesiod's Chaos is the first condition of being. It is metaphysical space prior to structure. It has no ritual cult and no psychological dimension.

Crowley's Chaos is a defined principle within a sacred cosmology. It is paired, sexualised, symbolically charged, and integrated into a metaphysical hierarchy.

Chaos Magic's Chaos is methodological. It functions as a metaphor for uncertainty and the manipulability of systems. It does not require a fixed cosmology and often resists one. It is less concerned with origins of the universe than with operational technique.

One might summarise the distinctions this way:

Hesiod asks: What was there at the beginning?

Crowley asks: What creative force drives manifestation?

Chaos Magic asks: What happens if belief itself is treated as a variable?

The similarities are largely terminological. The word is shared. The meanings diverge. This divergence is not trivial. Confusing Hesiod's primordial gap with Carroll's probabilistic indeterminacy, or Crowley's generative principle with modern paradigm play, produces conceptual muddle. Each system stands within its own assumptions about reality.

If there is a unifying thread, it is this: Chaos, in all three cases, marks a boundary condition. For Hesiod, it is the threshold before structure. For Crowley, it is the dynamic force behind creation. For Chaos Magic, it is the unstable field in which belief operates.

Chaos, Mathematics, & Physics

In contemporary mathematics and physics, *chaos* refers to deterministic systems that are highly sensitive to initial conditions. In a 1972 lecture titled *Predictability: Does the Flap of a Butterfly's Wings in Brazil Set Off a Tornado in Texas?*, Edward Lorenz described how tiny differences in starting values can produce dramatically divergent outcomes in weather models. The system is not random. Nor is deterministic. It behaves in ways that appear unpredictable because small inputs amplify over time; a quality that has come to be named *stochastic resonance*.

This insight became central to what is now called chaos theory. Mathematicians such as Mitchell Feigenbaum identified universal constants governing bifurcation patterns in nonlinear systems. Physicists such as Benoît Mandelbrot explored fractal geometry, revealing how complex structures

arise from iterative processes governed by simple rules. Chaos in this scientific sense is structured instability. It is lawful unpredictability.

This is neither Hesiod's gap nor Crowley's generative current nor Carroll's paradigm fluidity. It is a property of equations.

Yet comparisons are instructive.

Hesiod's Chaos is pre-structural. It precedes order entirely. Modern scientific chaos presupposes structure. It occurs within defined systems governed by mathematical laws. There is no primordial void here, no metaphysical chasm. There is only sensitivity within parameters.

Crowley's Chaos is creative force, symbolically sexual and metaphysically charged. Scientific chaos is not creative in a theological sense. It does not intend, fertilise, or emanate. It describes behaviour within dynamic systems. Where Crowley's Chaos is mythopoetic, science's chaos is descriptive and quantitative.

Both scientific chaos and Chaos Magic emphasise unpredictability and sensitivity to conditions. Both reject simplistic linear causation. Yet science does not treat belief as a variable capable of restructuring physical law. Chaos theory refines predictability; it does not sacralise subjectivity.

One might summarise the four meanings this way:

Hesiod's Chaos is ontological origin.

Crowley's Chaos is metaphysical potency.

Chaos Magic's Chaos is epistemological flexibility.

Scientific chaos is behavioural indeterminacy.

The word remains constant. The referent shifts radically. There is, however, a subtle resonance across all four. Each interpretation concerns limits. Hesiod marks the limit before structured being. Crowley marks the limit between unmanifest force and manifested form. Chaos Magic marks the limit of fixed belief systems. Chaos theory marks the limit of long-term prediction in deterministic systems. In every case, Chaos signals the edge where certainty thins.

What differs is what stands beyond that edge. For Hesiod, a mythic genealogy. For Crowley, a symbolic cosmology. For

lesser magicians, an excuse to dabble in different beliefs while ultimately holding none. For science, equations that curve toward infinity while remaining entirely lawful.

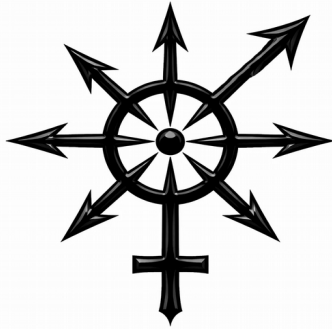
Modern science strips Chaos of drama. There are no Titans, no Scarlet Women, no black robed rites. There are nonlinear equations and phase space diagrams. Yet the fascination persists because chaos theory reveals something unsettling: order and unpredictability are not opposites. They coexist.

In that sense, the scientific usage offers a quiet corrective to the romanticism that often clings to the word. Chaos is not the absence of law. It is law behaving in ways that challenge intuition.

Across millennia, the term has travelled from shepherd-poet to ceremonial magician to meteorologist to postmodern occultist. It has meant gap, god, method, and model. The continuity lies not in definition but in function. "Chaos" names the threshold where systems begin, where forces emerge, where models falter, or where predictions fail.

Beyond that threshold, each tradition tells a different story. Such is the nature of Chaos.

NOTHING IS TRUE
EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE



ARCANA OF FLESH

A Grimoire of Sexual Magick

Nathaniel J Harris

And the first Soul loved Eros, who was with her,
and poured her blood upon him and upon the
Earth. And out of that blood the first rose sprouted
up, and out of the Earth, out of the thurs bush, to
be a source of joy for the light that was to appear.

– *Exegesis on the Soul*, Nag Hammadi text

Except in the collision of flesh upon flesh there are
no meanings.

– Austin Osman Spare

If you wish to control a people, you must first
control their sexuality.

- Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*

The classical philosophers, like modern psychologists, recognized that the human psyche is most powerfully motivated by the twin forces of Eros and Thanatos. These are the instinctual drives of sex and death that provide momentum and meaning to mortal existence. However unconscious, their influence upon us gives colour to our every decision; all attraction and all repulsion to phenomena and experience. So too have Eros and Thanatos been recognized as representative

of the two 'ultimate' routes to gnosis; the extremes of excitation and quiescence.

According to Homer, Eros was the first born of Chaos. That is, it springs from nowhere, unexplainable, subject to no law. Even the gods feared him, for while they may be deathless and beyond Thanatos, they are nevertheless subject to love and desire. Indeed, they may even become as mortals through the influence of Eros, as with the mythical couplings of gods and humans, and the sacred rite of the Hieros Gamos ἱερός γάμος sacred marriage.

Sexual mysteries were transmitted into kabbalist lore via the *Talmud*. It was held that the sky, the earth, and all things beneath and upon them, are possessed of gender and sexuality. Certain Talmudic kabbalists adopted these concepts, and concluded the “waters above the firmament” are male, while the “waters beneath the firmament” are female (*Genesis*), and that their union sanctified the earth. They also infuse into kabbalist lore such notions that the Shekinah שְׁכִינָה (Glory of God) dwells between man and woman during sexual union; thus accenting the male-female dual concept of divinity. The contraction and withdrawal of the Shekinah allows for the contracted world of human experience; what remains are the sparks of that contraction (tzimtzum תְּצִמְצוּם), each of which inhabits a human soul.

This spark, within each of us, is a source of divine wonder and splendour, which through ecstasy attains to illumination. The illuminated soul becomes as a throne, and the light of the Shekinah rests above the head, flowing with luminous joy through and about the devout. It is that same mystery understood by the Tantric adepts as the gift of the kundalini serpent. It is thus that the Temple of Solomon, built in the names of Baal and Ashtaroth, depicted upon its walls the images of gods and goddesses locked in carnal embrace.

According to the *Bible*, God constantly rebuked Israel;

“Lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land, and they go a-whoring after their gods, and do sacrifice unto their gods, and one call thee, and thou

eat of his sacrifice.”

- *Exodus* 14:16

Sexual mysteries were transmitted on through those symbols of mystical heresy we now call *Gnosticism*. Thus the theory of syzygies was adopted and developed by the kabalists. This blending was rendered possible by the introduction of the pantheistic concept of Emanation, which taught that in reality nothing exists outside God. It is the belief that deity is not transcendent, but immanent.

Betwixt the views of Homer and Jung, we as humans reflect the Mysteries within our Deeper Mind. There may be 'no god but man', yet the power of Eros remains as a potent tool for creating change both personal and cultural; ie the practice of magic. Sexuality is thus the greatest mystery we might seek to unravel. As such, the risks of delusion and spiritual disaster are also the greatest. Extreme discipline and caution are demanded.

The illuminatory potentials of sexual gnosis are a powerful secret of the Mystery Schools, for they are the most profound in relation to physical existence. Thus, sexuality is also the central concern of the priesthoods who seek to reign the souls of those they allegedly serve. The sexual outsider has been persecuted since the days of the *Old Testament*. The Lord God commands that we “go forth and multiply”, and any deviation from heteronormality was a sin in the eyes of the Lord, punishable by death,

While the Mystery Schools celebrated the diverse sexuality of both deities and mortals, monotheism has sought to restrict and enslave it. Even the most cursory glance at the records of the Inquisition show the most 'abhorrent crime' commonly attributed to heretical sects, be they Gnostics, Cathars, Templars, or witches, was that of sensuality; specifically the employment of sex in ritual.

Countless people have died throughout history for these secrets.

As Hitler observed - To truly control a people, you must first control the permitted expressions of their sexuality.

Thus, if we want to liberate and empower a people we must first free them from the binds that repressive culture would place upon their sexuality.

The degree and kind of a character's libido reaches to the topmost summit of their spirit. In the modern day, a vast number of people suffer from hang-ups, insecurities, and massive questions concerning the nature of their own sexuality. Yet to even admit such a thing remains taboo, and to actively explore the worlds of sensual experience quite liable to make us outcasts.

Similarly, in our post-religion days, when we are left unsure what we can believe in, many people also suffer big questions regarding their own spirituality. It may be recognized that the roots of these dilemmas are the same. They lie at the roots of much of the modern world's problems.

The blame lies firmly with the Church, and the mores inherited by industrial culture.

LOVE WITHOUT DOUBT POWER WITHOUT GUILT

The key to this mystery is the harnessing of one's own sexuality, expressed in its truest and most naturally spontaneous forms. Such brings profound illumination with regards to humankind's assumptions, troubles, and desires. Consensual adult honest freedom of expression without fear or guilt is ALL; yet know too there are no ways devoid of their own trials.

All modes of sexual expression may give cause for restlessness over time, although some people naturally grow restless faster than others. These are troubled souls if stifled, and may be driven to acts of self-destruction; yet should such a soul take joy in itself they may even become as a god.

How else could such a thing come to be, if not through discontent?

The true test of the Magi is in the expressions of their sexuality. Herein is encoded their entire personal history; the Arcana of Flesh.

Consider also that the earliest use of the word *perversion* traceable through any literary source is used in a theological context. It meant 'to put the cart before the horse', the reversal of all values, and in this context the practice of any spirituality where gods or daemons may be bribed, coerced, or persuaded; the practice of sorcery.

The word *pervert* is commonly used in modern context alongside such terms as *degenerate*, *unnatural*, *aberrant*. In this age the *pervert* stigma is that of the lesbian, gay, bisexual, queer, transvestite, transexual, polygamist, sadomasochist, and anyone whose sexuality does not strictly conform to monogamous heterosexuality; or, at least, the public illusion of it. As such we have been persecuted, locked up, forcibly normalized, and killed.

The power of Eros may ignite between any gender, through self-love, amongst several people at once, and in any combination, and through infinitely diverse expression. Thus the Magi is a wilful pervert who in every sense celebrates these mysteries as a source of power. There is a direct correlation between libido and personal power. Powerful magicians may therefore be expected to possess powerful libido.

The reader will already be familiar with the employment of erotic gnosis and the use of fluids to carry the 'charge' in acts of magic, as with sigils. We shall now take a deeper dive into the formulae of sexual magic as they have been passed to us through the ages.

Quadrallis Sexualis

The various routes to erotic gnosis may be characterised as follows;

Normal congress; inspiration / illumination. Communion with spirits/deity. The conception of the Magical Child. Rites of consecration.

Reverse congress: Exhaustion of desire. Erotocomatose lucidity. Rites of consecration.

Oral: Trance induction. Vampirism.

Autoerotic: Reification of desire. Rites of consecration.

The Death Posture: Transcendence of sexuality. Rites of consecration.

Satyrica Signa

The principal object of devotion of many early cults was a depiction of genitalia; male or female. The main object of such iconography is to please the gods, or God, of the cult. To this end the adoration of the instruments of sex is of prime importance. It does not matter if the rites are intended to induce deity to bless a plentiful harvest, to preserve and protect from evils and dangers, or to attain personal illumination, the veneration of their sexual organs is recognized as most likely to please the god. If an angry spirit is to be appeased, the same measures are taken. Genital development, being prized by man, is similarly prized by the spirits.

It is naturally held that gods, by virtue of their extraordinary powers, will be vested with sexual virility far in excess of any mortal. Hence, depictions and images dedicated to them were given massive members.

The presence of a god is commonly, cross culturally, represented upon altars by the phallus. Only the most profoundly ignorant could conceive that the recognition of a god's sexuality would in any way diminish them. We see this explicitly in the mysteries of Baal. Among the pagans of Greece and Rome variously as Priapus, Fascinus, Dionysus, Hermes, and Mercury. In Egypt it was upon the altars of Horus, Osiris, and Typhon-Set. Amongst the Gnostics, it was the image of Christ. In Persia, it is as Ahriman. In Voudon, it is Legbha, Ghede, and Gwan Bwa (Big Wood). In India, it is Siva, the sacred lingum. In Christianity, it has become the sign of the cross.

Like the cross, the image of the phallus has been used cross-culturally as a talisman against evil. Blacksmiths were in the habit of erecting phalli upon or near their forges. Hence also the practice of banishing with the thumb between the middle and forefinger, or with the forefinger raised; the *digitus infamia*.

Cunni Diaboli

Amongst the prehistoric sites of England, we find a number of holed stones; small and large.

The smaller hag-stones were a common talisman.

The larger ones, according to folk-lore, it is lucky to crawl through; akin to the rebirth of initiation.

The same symbolism is understood to be attached to various caves and tombs. Similarly, the Cauldron of Rebirth is a clearly female symbol.

Even in Christianity there have survived traces of vaginal veneration. Claims have been made that the Royal Order of the Garter, founded by the Black Prince and plausibly in receipt of Gnostic transmission via the Templars, are amongst them. Essentially a Marian observance, their honour was given to the *Vesica Piscis*, with their chapel of St. George at Windsor being designed around it.

The gothic archway common to Catholic grand architecture, with its clitoris key stone, is another example. In the churches of Ireland we find the Sheila-na-gig, exposing her genitals above the entrance. The power of the cunt is understood, like that of the cock, to turn back evil.

Ritual Congress

The wand and blade of ceremonial magic are both recognized as forms of phallic power. Similarly, the chalice represents the cunt, with the red wine within the blood of the moon. The *charge*, wherein the blade or wand is plunged into the chalice or cauldron, is explicitly sexual in its symbolism. Such a union on both spiritual and physical plane might result in a 'pregnancy'; such as with the birthing of imps or the Magical Child.

Ritual Sodomy

The sensation of receiving anal penetration acts to stimulate the Mulhadara 'base' chakra. The wheel is set spinning, awakening the kundalini Life-Force with often frightening power. The Muhadara and Ajna 'third eye' form two ends of a

circuit. To awaken one is to awaken another through what is sometimes called the 'golf-club chakra'.

The resulting gnosis awakens all the centres of the body, and is amongst the most efficient routes to erotocomatose lucidity. Since the dawn of their cults the Varma Marg initiates were initiated into such mysteries.

Such was certainly also known to the alchemists of ancient Khemet. One protection charm states: "Your anus belongs to you, Horus, and the potency of Set will not prevail against you."

Set his the personification of Chaos, whose very birth is 'out of line'. He gives every indication of being sexually irregular. He does not possess the power to fertilize, hence his attempts to plunder the virility of his brother; and yet Set himself becomes pregnant. Nevertheless, there is no doubt about his male gender.

The 11° of Crowley's O.T.O. is a formula of sodomy, as distinct from homosexuality. There are records of him performing rites of this nature with both male and female partners. Some heterosexuals are sodomites as well; certainly, we should not make the mistake of confusing the two.

Incubi & Succubi

Through the combination of sexual fantasy and sacrificial fluids, certain spirits may be seduced into manifestation and sustained as part of a Pact.

Qulipothic entities may often home in on sexual energies. Lilith in particular is said to be fond of stealing the seed of priests, being held responsible for 'wet dreams'.

The Witchcraft Persecution records are rich with confessions claiming intercourse with devils. Such lore is not restricted to peasants and clergy. Noteworthy theologians and philosophers Justin Martyr, Josephus, Tertullian, Plato, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Isodore, St. Cyprian, St. Thomas, Philo, and Clement of Alexandria were all united in their firm belief in both consenting and unconsenting intercourse between spectres and humankind.

The gnosis of erotic sensual trance provides a powerful key

to certain forms of Goetic evocation. The practitioner seeking to evoke the daemonic through sexual ritual may do so by many means. The *Black Mirror of Lilith* may be employed specifically to bring visions of incubi and succubi. Where a fluid condenser is being employed, this should include semen and/or menstrual blood.

Cakes of Light

In Thelema, the religious and philosophical system established by Aleister Crowley, *Cakes of Light* (also called Hosts of Ra-Hoor-Khuit) are a central sacramental element, most prominently featured in the ritual known as the *Liber Resh*, and especially the *Gnostic Mass (Liber XV)*.

Cakes of Light are small eucharistic wafers whose recipe is specified in *The Book of the Law (Liber AL vel Legis, III:23–25)*. The traditional recipe includes meal (flour), honey, wine, oil, and most controversially, a mixture of fresh sperm and menstrual blood; preferably collected after love-making. These are ingested as a sacrament and have a surprisingly uplifting effect.

It is significant that the early modern Hermeticists, most notably Henry Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1535) believed that menstrual blood contained a unique elixir that, when ingested in a certain manner, would bestow wisdom. Such provides the key to the true Rosicrucians: not *rosa crux*, the rose and the cross, but *ros crux*, the dew and cross.

Dew was considered by the alchemists as the most powerful solvent of gold: the cross in alchemy being also the synonym of Light – the three arms made from the characters LVX. This Light is the menstruate of the Red Dragon, and properly digested produces gold. Dew is the digester. Hence the True Rosicrucians are those who used dew for digesting Light, with the object of Illumination.



ARCANA OF BONE

A Grimoire of Necromancy

Nathaniel J Harris

Necromancy is the practice of communicating with, summoning, or gaining knowledge from the dead, typically for purposes of divination, prophecy, or uncovering hidden truths. It involves treating the spirits of the deceased as sources of knowledge and often requires ritual mediation, such as incantations, offerings, or the use of a medium as an intermediary. The aim of necromancy is usually instrumental, seeking specific information or power rather than merely honouring the dead.

The term derives from the Greek words *nekros*, meaning “dead body” or “corpse,” and *manteia*, meaning “divination.”

Necromancy is found in every nation of antiquity. It was known amongst the Magi of Persia, Chaldea, and Babylon. In *Deut.XVIII:9-12*, Moses warns the Israelites against imitating abominations, among which is mentioned seeking truth from the dead. Here, and in the KJV *Isa.XIX:5*, we find mention of 'pythons', which in Hebrew are called the *ōbōth*, translated more correctly spirits of the dead, who were consulted to learn of the future (seen also in *Kings.XXVIII:7-8*), giving their answers through the possession of mediums (*Levit.XX:27*). In *Isa.VIII:19* we are told:

Thou shalt speak out of the earth, and thy speech shall be heard out of the ground, and thy voice shall be those of the earth like that of the python [ōbōth, the dead] and out of the ground thy speech shall mutter.

We find it practised in the time of Saul (*I Sam. XXVII:7-9*), in the age of Isaias, who reproaches the Hebrews on this ground (*VIII:19, XIX:3, XXIX:4* etc.), and of Manasses (*IV Kings. XXI:6, II Par. XXXIII:6*). It is that art deployed by the anonymous witch of Endor, whom Saul commands to summon the soul of Samuel (*I Sam. XXVIII*).

In ancient Greece and Rome the rites of necromancy were performed in dark caverns, in volcanic regions, or near rivers and lakes; such as that celebrated oracle of Laconia. In a large and deep cave from which black and stinking vapours issued, considered to be an entrance to the underworld. So too were they performed in Thesprotia, beside the river Acheron, supposed to be a river leading to the underworld, and at Aornos in Epirus, and Heracles on Propontis. In Italy was the oracle of Cumæ, summoned in a cavern near Lake Avernus in Campania. It is spoken of in the narrative of Ulysses's voyage to Hades (*Odyssey VI*), which tells of his evocation of souls as taught to him by Circe. So too, in the Roman Empire, were the necromantic rites of Hecate's servants; the *Goes*, from whom we gain the term *Goetia*.

Thus we may say that necromancy is amongst our most ancient traditions, for indeed it has been known amongst men since the first aeon. It is spoken of at length in many of the grimoires. As divinities frequently were but elevated human souls, necromancy, the pagan mysteries, and diabolism are in close relation, and the oracles of the deceased are not always easily distinguished from those of other spirits. The formulae of the evocation of shades are in all ways similar to other form of *Goetia*; whether summon demons, angels, or fairies.

You may know that such shades still love their relinquished bodies after death, and are allured to their proximity as young lovers are to one another. This is especially so with the *ahôro*; souls of criminals who have died under unfulfilled oaths, or harbouring guilt for things they did not take the chance to put right. Also with *biaithanatoi*; those who died by sudden violence, and the shades of those awaiting burial.

From hence it is that the shades are conjured by the

application of some part of the relict body, and by blood sacrifice. A certain portion of a person's spiritual power may reside in its corpse after death, so that a part of it becomes powerful because it is, essentially, haunted. A most famous example of necromancy is the *Hand of Glory*. Many other traditional formulae employ the severed hands of a corpse, which may be used for both benign and malign ends.

Other offerings are of bones, flesh, egg, milk, oils, honey – as with 'soul cakes', by the preparation of food – as with the 'dumb supper', and such things as do remind the shade of its manifestation in physical form.

The circumstances and conditions of necromancy, such as time, place, and rite to be followed, depend on various conceptions entertained concerning the nature of the departed spirit; its abode, its relation with the earth, and with the body in which it previously incarnated. Conjurations as these are most effectively performed in those places that shades of the dead are most known to frequent. Such might be some place of importance to them in life, of which they felt affection, and which might allure them.

If the death was violent or sudden, the shade may often be called from proximity to such a place as the shade was separated from its body. The ways in which certain places come to be haunted by the intranquil dead are many.

Alternatively, they may be drawn to some place where a *spirit trap* has been laid, that they may be punished and enslaved by the necromancer.

Those places also suitable are those that have been revealed in dream, vision, or are known for apparitions, or upon soil where much blood has been spilled. To such a place are the bones, perfumes, sacrifices, and tools of evocation taken.

The lore of the graveyard, and of death, is an uncomfortable subject to consider. It inspires an irrational superstitious fear, as any midnight graveyard will – despite being hallowed ground. Even the most modern mind can become unsettled by such places. In our apparently enlightened age we are still surrounded by taboos concerning all things deathly and funereal. Nevertheless, the use of

human remains was common in our old magic. Human bones, usually powdered, were included in many of those remedies sold by medieval apothecaries. Mixing such with red wine was believed to provide relief from dysentery. Another cure, this time for gout, included mucilage scraped from shin bones 'found' in a graveyard. An enchantment in the nineteenth century was to mix the burnt remains of a corpse with ale, so as to vastly improve its potency.

Medieval necromancers were keen to acquire bones for their workings, with the theft of human remains from graveyards and tumuli being frequent. Similarly, such unwholesome ingredients provide a regular part of much surviving folk-magic, in England as elsewhere. Modern practitioners, being more likely to acquire their ingredients from a reliable supplier than to go grave-robbing, have largely substituted the hoodoo powder called *graveyard dust* for enchantments whose earliest forms would have required necrotic substances.

That part of our skeletal structure most likely to maintain some semblance of the spirit is undoubtedly the skull. It was once believed to be the central vehicle and centre of the soul, and of all psychic awareness. Thus the warriors of ancient times took great pleasure in collecting heads, just as in modern times we believe the seat of consciousness to be the brain, and thus still essentially within the head. Moreover, there are matters which may aid or hinder the operation known only to the dead themselves. Such shades are allured by such things as move the spirit, be they of rationality and intellect, or imagination and intuition. Such may include the use of poetry, song, and incantation.

Let it be understood that such things as oils and human remains are not sufficient in themselves for the raising of shades. It is of great importance that the conjuror has prepared their mind with meditation, rites of quiescent gnosis, the ultimate expression of which is that which has been called the death posture. Such periods of self preparation and purification are instructed within all the grimoires of antiquity. There may also be employed certain ingredients and

potions as known to the witches, whose effect is to transport the soul to a place between the worlds. It is through trance that the spirits manifest.

The Hand of Glory

The Hand of Glory is the dried and pickled hand of a hanged man, often specified as the left, the sinister, hand, or if the man was hanged for murder, the hand that did the deed. Here we encounter at once the operating principle of this entire class of magical instrument: the virtue of the Hand of Glory flows from a very precise category of the departed; the violent criminal, the malefactor, the one who died upon the gibbet in ignominy and without the consolations of holy rite. The *biaithanatoi*, those who died by sudden or violent death retain a particular potency in their remains, their shades lingering nearer to the world of the living than those who passed peacefully across. To this is added, in the case of the hanged felon, a second species of power: the criminal corpse was understood as a liminal vessel, morally charged, standing at the threshold between law and transgression, between sacred and profane, between the living community and the outer dark.

Those who went to the gallows to scrape a remedy from the dead man's hand, or to carry home a piece of the hangman's rope, understood this instinctively. The executed were not merely dead. They were differently dead, marked, charged, set apart from the community of ordinary mortality. The more notorious the criminal, tradition insists, the greater the supposed potency of the Hand fashioned from his remains. A murderer's hand outranks a petty thief's. A notorious highwayman, a poisoner, one who died cursing the magistrates, these are the preferred donors. Their deaths were not ordinary, and their remains are therefore not ordinary. They carry the residue of what they were.

The preparation of the Hand is described across several grimoires, most famously in the *Petit Albert* of 1722, that French compendium of natural and kabalistic magic whose recipes circulated across Europe and beyond, reaching the

Caribbean and the American colonies by the century's end. The instructions given there are as follows: take the right or left hand of a felon who is hanging from a gibbet beside a highway; wrap it in part of a funeral pall and so wrapped squeeze it well; then put it into an earthenware vessel with zimat, nitre, salt, and long peppers, the whole well powdered. The hand remains in this preserving mixture for a fortnight, at which point it is removed and exposed to the full sun until completely dry. Should the season be insufficient for this purpose, it is laid in an oven with fern and vervain, that herb long associated with the repulsion of hostile spirits, until all moisture has departed and the flesh has become as leather.

Once thus preserved, the Hand is fitted with its candles. Here tradition divides into two streams. In the first, the candles are called dead man's candles, made from the murderer's fat, with the wick fashioned from his hair. In the second method, the fingers themselves are dipped in wax until they become the candles, the dead flesh of each digit serving as wick and fuel alike. In either case, the candle and its holder are of the same substance, taken from the same man, bound together by their shared origin in the executed body. This unity of source is not incidental. It mirrors the principle by which the necromancer works: the shade is drawn to the proximity of its own flesh, and it is the shade's lingering force, concentrated now in fire, in the burning of its own bodily substance, that gives the Hand its operative virtue.

A candle made of the fat of a gibbeted felon, lighted and placed in the Hand of Glory which comes from the same man, would render motionless all persons to whom it was presented. The sleeping victims do not merely slumber. They are held paralysed in a species of waking death, aware perhaps of the dark figure moving through their house, yet unable to cry out, unable to rise. The hand was said to provide a light visible only to the bearer, to unlock any door it was brought before, and to render any person motionless upon its presentation. A further sign was given to the thief who held the burning Hand: if one of the fingers would not catch light, it was understood that someone within the house remained

awake, protected by the strength of their own spirit, or by some ward placed upon the threshold. In such cases, the wise man withdrew.

The Hand's power to still the living has a logic that runs deeper than mere superstition. You will recall that the shade loves its relinquished body, is drawn to its proximity, hovers near the relict flesh. When the Hand burns, the shade of the dead man is present; not as a distinct communicating entity, as in the more complex operations of necromancy, but as a diffuse force, a field of death emanating from the burning remains. It is this field that lies upon the household as a second skin of sleep, pressing the living down toward the condition of the dead, holding them in that threshold state between waking and oblivion that mirrors the condition of the ghost itself. The sleepers are not bewitched. They are temporarily drawn across the boundary, held at Kalunga's edge, suspended while the dead man's hand conducts its work among them. It is a necromantic act not of communication but of subjugation: the dead compelling the living to lie still.

Tradition also ascribes to the Hand a power over locks and doors; those boundaries that mark the difference between outside and inside, between the uninvited and the permitted. It was said to burst locks and shatter stones, to open what was hidden, to paralyse and lull, and in certain accounts even to restore to life. The lock falls open before it as if recognising the authority of death, before which all bolts are ultimately meaningless. Here, again, the shade's own nature is at work: the dead pass through walls. The force of their passage, concentrated in the burning hand, communicates itself to iron, to oak, to all the material barriers by which the living imagine themselves secured.

The remedy against the Hand is illuminating for what it reveals of the underlying theory. It calls for smearing the thresholds, chimneys, and window sashes with an ointment made from the blood of screech owls, the fat of white hens, and the bile of black cats. These are the creatures of liminal hours and liminal spaces; the owl that hunts at the boundary between dark and dawn, the hen that belongs to the domestic

threshold, the cat that walks between worlds by ancient reputation. They are opposed to the executed malefactor's shade not by being stronger but by being of a different order: threshold guardians set against a threshold-crosser.

The Dumb Supper

A Dumb Supper is a traditional ritual meal held in complete silence, originally practised in Europe and later in parts of the United States, especially associated with All Hallow's Eve and other liminal times when the veil between the living and the dead was believed to be thin. The term *dumb* in this context stems from an archaic meaning of “mute” or “silent”.

In its older folk form, a Dumb Supper involved preparing and eating a meal without speaking so that the spirits of departed loved ones might be honoured, invited to partake, or even provide signs about the future. Participants often set an extra place at the table for the departed, include their favourite foods, place candles and mementos nearby, and open doors or windows as part of the hospitality extended to the unseen.

Historical accounts from Britain and the United States describe the Dumb Supper as both a folk ritual of communion with the dead and, in some locales, a form of love or future-husband divination for young women. In some of these older practices, chairs were set backwards or meals served in unusual order (such as dessert first), and silence was strictly observed; any break would nullify the ritual's intent.

Tables may be set with candles, photographs, and offerings, and silence is maintained so participants can cultivate awareness, gratitude, and connection with the deceased. Some practitioners use the occasion to reflect on mortality.

The Nganga: The Cauldron of the Dead

Among the living traditions of necromancy that persist into the present age, none is more fully realised, more theologically coherent, or more demanding of its practitioner than the art of the *nganga*, as preserved within the Afro-Cuban religion known as Palo Mayombe, or Las Reglas de Congo. Here we find no mere remnant of ancient practice, no

reconstruction from fragmentary texts, but a continuous and unbroken lineage of working with the dead transmitted mouth to ear, blood to blood, across the Atlantic catastrophe of slavery and into the present century.

The cosmological foundation of Palo is the *dikenga*; the great wheel of existence drawn as a cross within a circle, its four stations marking the turning of the sun through birth, the fullness of life, the descent into death, and that midnight hour when the dead shine in their world as the living shine in ours. This is not a symbol merely. It is a map of the universe, and of every soul that passes through it. The boundary between the world of the living and the world of the dead is called *Kalunga*; that vast and terrible water which is also the ocean, also the graveyard earth, also death itself. It is not a wall. It is a threshold, and the palero knows how to stand upon it.

The supreme power, Nzambi, created all things and governs all things, yet concerns itself not with the petitions of men. Between the human and the divine stand the *kimpungulu*, those great natural forces that govern lightning, iron, the sea, the winds, and the boundary between the living and the dead. Yet even these are approached not directly but through the instrument the palero builds and consecrates with his own hands and his own blood: the *nganga*.

The *nganga* is a cauldron. It is also a world. It is also a god. Within it is gathered the whole of creation in miniature: the forest in its sticks, the graveyard in its earth, the animal kingdom in its bones and feathers, the mineral world in its stones and iron, and the human world in that which sits at its heart: the skull of the dead.

For the *nganga* is, above all else, a vessel built around a pact.

The shade that dwells within the cauldron is not a generalised spiritual force. It is the soul of a particular man or woman who has died; restless, capable, and willing, for reasons of its own, to enter into an agreement with the living. The palero calls this soul the *nfumbi*, and it is to the *nfumbi* that the skull belongs. The *nfumbi* is drawn to and held within the *kiyumba*, the skull that anchors it to the world of the

living.

The pact is made in the cemetery, at night, beside an abandoned grave. The palero brings offerings - rum, tobacco, blood, honey. He speaks to the occupant of the grave, not with command but with proposition. He names what he offers. He names what he asks. He listens, as all true necromancers must learn to listen, for the answer that comes not through the ears but through some subtler organ, confirmed thereafter by divination. If the dead consents, the pact is sealed. The bones are taken. A relationship has begun that will last, in many cases, for the remainder of the palero's life.

The cauldron into which the bones are placed is of iron. The nganga is assembled in layers, each with its own significance. At the foundation lies the *firma*, the sacred signature of the presiding spiritual force, drawn as a cosmogram that opens the road between the worlds, akin to those signs by which, in every tradition herein described, the conjuror marks the boundary between the ordinary and the operative. Upon this foundation the bones are placed, the skull foremost. Around them are laid the sticks of the forest, twenty-one in the fullness of tradition, each species a concentrated reservoir of a particular natural power, as the herbalist knows that each plant is the body of a particular virtue. Earth from the graveyard is added, and from the crossroads, and from the forest, and from the river; the places of the dead, the places of transition, the wild places, and the flowing places, gathered together as they are gathered in no natural landscape but only here, within the cauldron, by the will of the one who builds it. Iron implements are added ; chains, a blade, spikes , and stones in which the governing spiritual force is understood to dwell.

When the assembly is complete, the nganga is fed. A living creature is sacrificed, and its blood flows into the vessel. The assembled ingredients are asked, through divination, whether they are in accord. If they are, the cauldron is sealed, and what was a collection of objects becomes something else entirely: a living thing, a bound spirit, a concentrated node of necromantic power responsive to the practitioner who made

it.

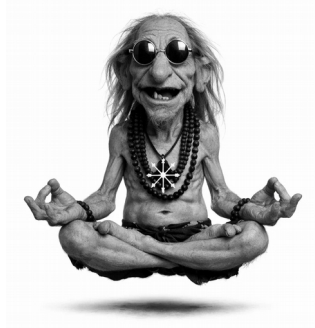
From this point, the relationship between the palero and the nfumbi is one of mutual obligation. The palero feeds the nganga regularly: blood, rum, tobacco, honey, animal sacrifice, song, and the sound of the drum. These are not offerings in the sense of placation. They are the wages of a working agreement. The nfumbe within the cauldron performs the works the palero directs; the finding of hidden knowledge, the removal of obstacles, the protection of the household, and those works of harm or justice that the tradition does not shrink from naming. In return, the dead receives what the dead most profoundly lacks: attention, nourishment, presence, the sense of still mattering in the world of the living.

A neglected nganga grows dangerous. An unfed nfumbi grows hungry, then resentful, then ungovernable. The shade within the cauldron is a dead person, with a dead person's memories, hungers, and grievances, bound into a contract it entered willingly, capable of great service and of great harm in proportion to the power the palero has cultivated within it. This is the counsel given in all traditions that work with the restless dead: you do not command the shade by virtue of ritual alone. You command it by virtue of relationship, by the accumulated weight of attention paid, offerings given, and trust, of a particular and peculiar kind, established across the threshold of death.

Thus does Palo Mayombe present us with the fullest flowering of that art whose principles have been laid out throughout this volume. The dead are not gone. They remember the body. They may be approached, negotiated with, bound into service by those who know the correct place, the correct hour, the correct offering, and who have prepared themselves through discipline, through trance, through the willingness to stand at Kalunga's edge and speak across the water.

That the names differ, *nfumbi* for shade, *kiyumba* for skull, *Kalunga* for the boundary the Greeks called Styx, is of no consequence. The dead speak all languages. It is only the living who have forgotten how to listen.

TANTRA & CULTURAL MISAPPROPRIATION



Julian Vayge

If all the commandments are negated, if everything is realized to be of the Self, if Mind is freed from dualism, and if talk of 'luck' and so on are abandoned, then in the case of the aspirant there is neither purity nor impurity, nor the distinction of gender.

- Shri Bhagavan Dattatreya

The purpose of this discussion is to explore certain parallels between the philosophies of Tantra and Chaos Magic. There are many common misperceptions that must be addressed before this is possible. It must be clearly understood that Tantra is an initiatory mystery tradition whose secrets are closed to outsiders. While discussing such matters in relation to Chaos Magic, it is not our purpose to plunder an exotic glean for ourselves. Those who approach such mysteries through reductionist principles of 'paradigm shifting' must be seen as the colonialist insult they truly are.

The manner in which the term Tantra is used is a modern development. Originally the words Kala and Nath were used for practitioners. The modern term has become so established

it is used in dictionaries, and so it is in this fashion that we use the term here.

Nevertheless, even in the modern literature the term has been much misapplied. Often, it is assumed to mean 'sacred sex'. While this is indeed a part of some practices it does not constitute even a significant portion of the true Tantric mysteries.

Of Sanskrit origins, the word *tantra* means 'text and tradition'. Correctly applied it includes a wide range of disciplines such as astrology, alchemy, medicine, meditation, illumination, indeed the entire range of occult techniques. The term Tantrika implies experiential knowledge, ie gnosiology, while Vaidika implies the study of scripture (epistemology).

In the early 20th century Tantra magic and iconography became associated in India with nationalism and rebellion; the fight for independent rule. In this our way is no less fraught with potential misunderstandings, both political and spiritual.

It is essential to remember that Tantra originated with oral tradition. Much of their content is mythical, and intended to lead the aspirant towards Illumination. Tantric sages have a reputation for deliberate obscurantism and creativity with facts, just as Siva manifests in many forms according to the seekers readiness to receive him.

Furthermore, the Tantras were written to be understood at three different levels; the *Pravriti Marga* (Way of the World, for the householder rightly concerned with immediate matters), *Navriti Marga* (Way of Return, spiritual devotion), and *Mumukshus* (Way of Liberation, for those who have attained to Enlightenment). For this reason, and many others, the Tantric scriptures are all but impossible to translate into English.

A further issue often overlooked by western pretenders is the issue of caste. With Indian Tantra, only those of the lowest case may be admitted to the Circle (Chakra).

Tantra has its origins in the first age of animism; what some have called the age of shamanism. As with western culture, as the ages changed the rites of the past were demonized by the

emerging paradigm. Thus it was that these secrets came to be called the *Varma Marg*, the Left Hand Path.

While later Hindu and Buddhist cultures maintained the disciplines of illumination, and the knowledge of reincarnation, it was these Tantric methods that were themselves outlawed. The accusation was that these methods are easy to abuse and may be extremely dangerous.

Amongst the most influential of the Tantric sects we find;

Adinathas

It is thought that the Adinathas became a distinct sect around the 4th - 5th centuries. The two most important figures in their history are Matsendranath and his disciple Gorknath, often credited for devising Hatha Yoga in the 11th century.

The Adinathas claim divine lineage from Lord Shiva, yet their theology was not monotheist, or even dualist. Their scriptures speak of Natha, the Lord, as being beyond all duality and opposition.

To them, the supreme attainment is to realize oneself as Natha, permanently transcending the world of relativity. The way to this illuminated condition is stated to be yoga meditation, with the emphasis that there are no other ways.

The Nathas were as bards and troubadours, carrying their myths from village to village in a mixture of song, dance, and ritual. Through them, the compassion of Buddha were merged with Saivite doctrine. Their monasteries became the repositories of art and literature concerned with the mysteries of alchemy, astrology, and magic.

Paśupata

Pasu may be described as knowledge, or the means of knowing, leading finally to the dissolution of all sorrows. The sect of Paśupata were in many ways parallel to the Gnostics, particularly the Cainites described by Irenaeus. Some scholars trace their origins to a Dravidian sect, others claim their origins are lost to history.

Paśupata would demonstrate their loss of ego attachment by courting disfavour; continuously confronting cultural and

cultural taboos. Their behaviour was intended to shock; gibberish, spitting, defecating in public, open masturbation, oppositional and offensive.

Kapalikas

Bearers of the kapala, a bowl made from a human skull. The Kapalikas flourished from around the 9th century. They worshipped Bhairava, Shiva as a beggar, whose own bowl is made from the severed head of Brahma (God). There were naked siddhus who bathed in ashes from cremation grounds and are believed to have practised human sacrifice.

Aghori

The Aghori are an ascetic sect believed to have divided from the Kapalikas during the 14th century. As with their founding sect, their adherents go naked and carry human skull bowls. Dwellers in cemeteries, they are known to have practised cannibalism.

They command extreme reverence from Hindus, who regard them as saints even while condemning them. As with other Varma Marg sects, deviance is also seen as evidence of liberation. They are known for their powers of necromancy, and possess powers to heal and relieve suffering.

ChaoTantra

If Tantra teaches anything, it is that reality refuses to sit still long enough to be filed under a tidy heading. It laughs at our categories, ignores our spiritual filing systems, and then hands us a skull-bowl and asks whether we are quite sure about this whole “purity” business. Chaos Magic, for all its postmodern swagger, finds itself in similar territory. Both currents prod at certainty with a stick. Both distrust inherited pieties. Both insist that experience outruns explanation.

Yet there is a difference between iconoclasm and tourism. The Tantric adept does not “try on” transgression like a seasonal hat. He or she enters a lineage, a discipline, a furnace. The cremation ground is not an aesthetic. It is a method. The shock is not for Instagram; it is for annihilating

the habit of clinging to what we think we are. To borrow the language of Tantra without the ordeal is rather like buying a lab coat and declaring oneself a chemist.

At the same time, Chaos Magic would do well to remember that tradition is not the enemy of innovation. The Nathas wandered as troubadours of illumination long before anyone coined the phrase paradigm shift. The Kapalikas were dismantling social constructs while Europe was still arguing about how many angels could stand on a pin. Radical practice is not a twentieth century invention. It has bones older than most empires.

So what, then, is Chaos Tantra? Not a hybrid franchise. Not a fusion cuisine of skulls and sigils. It is a recognition that the methods of rupture, inversion, and deliberate confrontation have always existed wherever seekers were prepared to risk everything. It is the admission that liberation is not polite, and that illumination rarely asks for permission.

If all commandments are negated, as Dattatreya suggests, then perhaps the final heresy is this: there was never anything to negate in the first place. Purity and impurity collapse. Sacred and profane shake hands. The magician and the yogi discover they have been arguing in a mirror.

And if, after all this, someone still insists that Tantra simply means sacred sex, one may gently suggest they have missed several cremation grounds, a handful of skulls, three levels of scripture, and at least one inconvenient enlightenment.

Klesha Smashing

“I see an important element of Tantra being related to confronting your own personal taboos, your own personal boundaries, realizing the things that hold you back and trying to do something about it. It’s called ‘*Klesha-Smashing*’. Kleshas are knots, or fetters if you like, that bind us, that stop us from experiencing the world in a more spontaneous, natural way.” - Phil Hine

Some modern magicians claim they are *smashing kleshas*.

According to them, every law, social norm, or moral instinct is just a “klesha” - a mental knot to be obliterated by shocking acts of taboo.

This 'practice' seems to have entered western occultism via *AMOOKOS* (often styled the *Arcane and Magical Order of the Knights of Shambhala*): a Western occult organization derived from hybrid sources including Tantric elements, Thelemic/esoteric influences, and adaptations by Western practitioners. There is no direct continuous lineage from classical Indian Tantra or Buddhist Tantra that is acknowledged by mainstream scholars of Indian traditions; its spirituality has been critiqued as a constructive syncretic bricolage interpreting Tantra through the lens of mid-20th-century Western esotericism. The cult has a strong cross-over of membership with the early IOT, as well as including amongst its members Mogg Morgan, proprietor of *Mandrake of Oxford*.

According to writers like Phil Hine, and the other neo-Tantric play-pretenders at *AMOOKOS*, the practice of 'klesha smashing' equates with the transgression of personal and cultural taboos. The more extreme the transgression, the more enlightened you are. Masturbating in a shrine? That counts. Shitting on your own doorstep and leaving it there for “ritual liberation”? Even better. They tell you this is magical progress.

Here's the problem: it is not.

In classical Indian thought, *kleshas* are the subtle afflictions of the mind: ignorance, attachment, aversion, ego, and fear of death. They are internal obstacles to be understood and dissolved, through reflection, meditation, and disciplined ethical practice. At no point does Patañjali or the Buddha tell you to smash your way through ethics, terrorize others, or treat taboo-breaking as a badge of spiritual achievement.

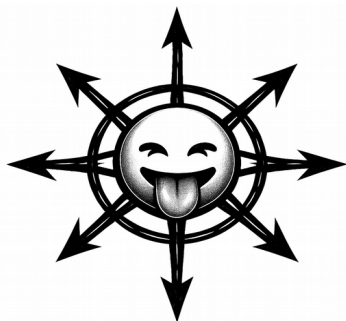
Western “klesha smashing” is a philosophical magic trick. By dressing transgression as mystical liberation, it creates a cover for abuse, exploitation, and criminal behaviour. This is not theoretical: the logic is disturbingly simple: if a moral boundary is a “klesha,” violating it is somehow spiritual.

Claiming enlightenment while abusing others is now framed as personal growth.

AMOOKOS manuals and Chaos magic pamphlets offer a bizarre bricolage: borrowed Sanskrit terms, theatrical ritual, and psychodrama masquerading as serious spirituality. Real spiritual practice challenges the mind and heart - not your neighbours, random strangers, or your children.

So here's the warning: *klesha smashing* is not liberation. It is moral corruption in ritual costume. Anyone promoting it as a path to enlightenment is not a spiritual pioneer, they are a danger. True deconditioning comes from insight, discipline, and ethical responsibility, not shocking stunts, criminal acts, or theatrical bravado.

The focus on transgression and taboo breaking seen in Chaos Magic interpretations reflects a modern Western esoteric ethos rather than the original Indian spiritual purpose of *klesha* as afflictive states to be observed, understood and transcended. Real spiritual work does not need taboos, trophies, or permission slips from self-styled Chaos magicians who think transcendence may be progressively attained through taboo breaking – potentially up to and including sadistic ritual paedophilia.



TRACY IS INTO TANTRIC SEX

Doc Nathan Satan

A version of the below poem appears as a recording on the IOT cd *Time Dragons*, published by Original New Falcon, USA.

During the 1990s I performed the poem as a live act at various venues in London, including *Club 333*, as a guest in the original performances of John Constable's *The Goose is Loose*, and in a back room of Ken Kesey's *The Warp*. I would come on stage wearing nothing but sunglasses, a black leather jacket, DM boots, and a giant inflatable strap-on penis.

Tracy is into Tantric sex.
She wraps her legs around your neck,
And invites yo to join in her spiritual quest,
To be the best you've tasted yet
Invoking Siva and Sakti too
She fucks until her skin turns blue.
It is a love transmission through her to you,
The sacred sexual secrets of ancestral Hindu,
As passed to her through her guru.
She is an illuminated alchemist
A true life transcendentalist
An unrepentant hedonist
A whore and sexual feminist
Who will deliver you up to the ultimate bliss
With two fingers up your arsehole and a kiss upon the lips

Her stunning cunt does cunning stunts
It eats three men a day for lunch
Regurgitates them once a month.
She a Kali-Durga-Chela,
She in the know
And she'll realign your chakras
In just one blow
The serpent is crowned
There is blood upon the moon
It feels like the world could end
Real soooooon...

LAAAAAAAAAM
VAAAAAAAAAM
RAAAAAAAAAAM
YAAAAAAAAAM
HAAAAAAAAAM
WAAAAAAAAAM
BAAAAAAAAAM

Thank you MAAAAAAAAAM
Thank you maam, I'll come again!

Now Tracy is into Tantric sex
And shows no signs of tiring yet
Unfettered by imposed taboos
There is nothing that she will not do
The morés of our society mean nothing at all
Since she spent that weekend in Nepal
And met the crazy-wise sadhu on the top of a mountain
Who showed her just what she had been missing out on
To love, to live, to lust, to laugh
Beginning her journey on the left hand path.

Now Tracy is into Tantric sex
She uses it to hex and vex
Ex boyfriends who pay no respects.
[Poet dies on stage...]

CHAOS GROUPIES & THE WIFE'S ULTIMATUM



Peter Z. Karroll
Founder of the Rejects of Typhon

A brief personal communiqué, for those who enjoy origin myths with their breakfast.

Yes, I founded Khaos Magick. I have become accustomed to turning into a touring act with merch, admirers, and the peculiar phenomenon of being quoted at parties by people who have not actually read the books. Somewhere between sigils becoming fashion accessories and my name being invoked as if it were a brand of incense, I became something of an occult pop star. One with eight points.

This led, predictably to almost anyone but me, to trouble. Divination was never my strong point.

At a certain point my wife issued an ultimatum that can be summarised as follows: retire from the road, or continue explaining why enthusiastic strangers keep finding their way into your orbit. It turns out that even chaos has consequences. I chose domestic order, withdrew from public magical life, and devoted myself to quieter experiments, gardening, and the careful avoidance of flattery.

I was very happy. Sensibly happy. Respectably happy.

Time passed. The æon twitched. The world got stranger in all the ways one would expect when people discover the internet can be used for belief engineering.

Recently I poked my head back above the parapet and

discovered something extraordinary. Not only had I not been forgotten, the pool of admirers had multiplied, diversified, and acquired footnotes. Where once there were leather jackets and earnest chanting, there are now PhDs, and eyeliner applied with academic precision.

I am particularly struck by one admirer, Dr Angel Fuca, a young academic goth with impeccable references and a habit of saying flattering things about my work in public forums. Black lace meets peer review. I find myself imagining conversations that begin with epistemology and end somewhere far less respectable, involving wine, candles, and purple sorcery.

Such fantasies, sadly, amount to little more than my charging sigils via gnostic onanism. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to be appreciated in this way. Not merely as a relic, but as a continuing hazard. I am older, calmer, and theoretically wiser, yet the universe keeps presenting me with reminders that desire, like magic, thrives on attention and narrative.

So here I am again, back on the scene, not so much touring as orbiting. I make no promises. I issue no manifestos. I simply note, with anthropological interest and a certain private amusement, that chaos is still fertile ground, and some of the devotees are definitely worth a splash. Particularly that Dr Angel Fuca...

**NOTHING IS TRUE
EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED
(JUST DON'T TELL THE WIFE)**



ON THIN ICE

Schisms in Chaos Magic

Dr. Angel Fucca, Chaos Groupie

If you've been reading the grandiose chronicles of Peter J. Carroll, you might think the early days of the Illuminates of Thanateros involved an apocalyptic showdown on frozen tundra, waged with ice wands, frost spells, and maybe a snowball or two that could kill. In reality, the so-called "Ice War" was less *Game of Thrones: Arctic Edition* and more a petty spat over magical leadership.

According to Carroll, the schism with Ralph Tegtmeier (Fratr U.:D.:) was a cosmic clash of titans, the kind of thing you'd expect to have soundtrack music, slow-motion dramatic stares, and possibly a cameo from a winged demon or two. His version reads like he cast himself as the lone knight defending Chaos Magic from a Nazi ice overlord, single-handedly saving the order from doom. Hollywood should definitely call him any day now.

Meanwhile, Tegtmeier calmly shakes his head, observes that the entire affair was actually a difference in philosophies regarding such a things as an ultimate truth existing even if

we can't express it, and files a quiet complaint about exaggeration. Or to put it another way – just because the Chaos that may be spoken of is not the true Chaos does not mean there is no Chaos, and it most certainly does not mean there is no such thing as truth.

"Yes, we split," he says, "but there were no swords, no magic frostbite, I didn't ride a polar bear into battle, and I'm not a Nazi."

Carroll, ever the dramatist, would have you believe that hundreds of Chaos Magicians were caught in a swirling blizzard of doctrinal tyranny and mystical ice demons, when in truth the membership disagreement amounted to about thirty percent of the German and Swiss sections deciding to do their own thing.

What's particularly amusing is Carroll's insistence on moral high ground. He frames himself as the heroic, enlightened Chaos Magician, battling both ideology and cold inhumanity. Yet, reading between the lines, one notices that his "dangerous, authoritarian, atavistic" threat is essentially the scholarly equivalent of a middle school spat about whose imaginary dragon is bigger.

In short: the Ice War never melted the hearts of Chaos Magicians, because it never actually existed. Carroll may enjoy self-mythologizing as both creator and saviour of the current, but the rest of us can chuckle at the idea that frost-covered Chaos Knights were charging across a frozen landscape while in reality everyone was just arguing over footnotes.

So next time someone mentions the Ice War, remember: the only thing frozen was Carroll's ego.

Peter J Carroll has more recently attempted to declare "wands at dawn" with none other than Ray Sherwin, the man who actually coined the term Chaos Magic in the first place. Sherwin's reply was simply to laugh. But what is not a laughing matter is the drive of the division between the two founders; that the IOT has degenerated into an abusive criminal cult.



CHAOS MAGIC AS FASHION

Johnn-Paul Goatherd

<https://www.theguardian.com/fashion/2015/sep/27/chaos-magic-normcore-fashion-trends-eva-wiseman>

Let's talk about what you're wearing.

Not literally, although we will get to that, but magically. In terms of the current state of your practice and whether it is, if we are being honest with each other, still a practice at all or whether it has become, over the years, more of a *vibe*.

Because here is what happened. In 2015, a New York trend forecasting agency called *K-Hole*, the people who invented normcore, the aesthetic of deliberate beige blandness, published their next report. Their answer to "where does fashion go after normcore?" was: chaos magic. A chaos magic made of BB cream and crystals-as-ankle-accessories and the feeling of waking up in LA. A chaos magic that Alessandro Michele could put on a note and leave on a Gucci editor's chair next to a Roland Barthes quote. A chaos magic for people who would like the idea of destabilising their fundamental assumptions without any of the actual destabilisation.

Fashion looked at chaos magic and saw a perfect fit. And the reason it fit so perfectly, the reason the hemline landed so cleanly, is that by 2015, chaos magic had already become a fashion.

You had already done this to yourselves. Fashion just held up the mirror.

Cast your mind back, if you will, to the last sigil you made. Not the one you're vaguely planning. Not the concept of a sigil practice you have been meaning to develop. The last actual sigil, charged and forgotten, let go into the probability currents of the universe.

Can you remember what it was for?

This is fine. You're not supposed to remember. That's the technique. The forgetting is the point. Except, and this is where we should perhaps sit with some discomfort, there is a difference between the deliberate, disciplined forgetting that is part of a rigorous practice and simply losing track of what you were doing because you got distracted by a podcast about Hermeticism, smoked a blunt, and then it was six months later.

One of these is magic. The other is how most of us have been living.

"Nothing is true, everything is permitted" was not written as a permission slip. It was written as a challenge so vertiginous that most people who genuinely attempted to inhabit it had what could charitably be called a difficult few years. Hassan-i Sabbah, who coined the phrase later falsely attributed to Adam Weishaupt, was describing an existential condition, not offering an approach to bluffing your way in occultism.

Bluffing is so much easier. Chaos magic's genius, and its fatal flaw, is that it built the escape hatch into the philosophy. Every other magical tradition can be accused of dogmatism. Every other system can be critiqued for its rigidity, its gatekeeping, its insistence on correct practice. Chaos magic can always respond: that's your paradigm, not mine. Which is a wonderful defence. Airtight, really. Unfalsifiable.

Also unfashionable. Which is the problem.

The Guardian fashion journalist Eva Wiseman, writing in 2015 with the cheerful obliviousness of someone describing a car crash as an interesting new traffic pattern, noted that chaos magic fashion looked like being covered in glue and rolled through a charity shop. She meant this as a description of the clothes. She was also describing the Chaos magic epistemology.

Because that is what a chaos magic practice looks like, for most of its practitioners, after a few years. A bit of Spare here. Some NLP there. Crowley, because you had to, and then against Crowley, because you had to do that too. A Discordian phase. A phase where you were very interested in egregores. A phase where you were going to seriously engage with scientific illuminism but then you got into anarcho-shamanism. Some sigils. The tarot deck you use, the magical alphabets you meant to learn, the three different coloured robes you bought during a spiritual emergency. A fondness for the number 23. Some more sigils, but these ones a bit more complicated. The Gnostic-Voodoo phase you went through to prove you weren't a racist after your Runes phase. And then there was the Chao-Satanic phase you hope to escape the consequences of by 'paradigm shifting' into a harmless New Ager.

An ongoing argument about whether paradigm shifting is still paradigm shifting if you never fully commit to any paradigm long enough to shift out of it. It accumulates. It doesn't cohere. When someone asks you what you actually believe, what your practice actually consists of, what results you have actually achieved and documented, you gesture at all of it and say: that's the point. The chaos is the point.

Which is exactly what someone wearing four clashing cardigans, corduroy flares, and florescent crocs says when you ask them why they got dressed like that.

It's intentional. The chaos is intentional.

Here is a test of how underground your transgressive occult practice is: can you buy its iconography at a gift shop in an airport?

Cthulhu is a plush toy, a phone case, a novelty mug, and a

character in several video games rated suitable for ages twelve and up. The Great Old One who was supposed to represent the absolute indifference of cosmic forces to human existence and the inevitable dissolution of sanity upon contact with genuine otherness is now available in a medium and a large and the large one has a little bow on it.

Eris, the goddess of discord, the one who threw the golden apple and thereby caused the Trojan War, the patroness of a philosophy so destabilising its central text is partially redacted and printed upside down, is now a character from a *Disney* cartoon. She is a quirky. She is relatable. She is on *Tumblr*. She has a found family and complicated feelings about her own chaotic nature.

This is what happened to your tradition. Not because of fashion. Not because of *K-Hole's* trend report. It happened because chaos magic, by design, cannot defend its own borders. It invited everyone in. It made a virtue of having no gatekeeping. Then it discovered, too late, that gatekeeping was the mechanism by which a practice maintains its integrity.

Carroll wrote about paradigm shifting, the chaos magician's ability to inhabit a belief system fully, use it, and discard it without attachment. This is genuinely difficult and genuinely interesting and almost nobody does it.

What most people do instead is accumulate paradigms without fully inhabiting any of them. This is not paradigm shifting. This is paradigm hoarding. The difference is invisible from the outside and perfectly clear from the inside, if you are being honest with yourself, which the architecture of chaos magic specifically does not require you to be.

The chaos magic practitioner who has genuinely mastered paradigm shifting has done something rare and hard. The chaos magic practitioner who has simply never committed to anything, whose practice is a rotating cast of borrowed symbols and half-read books and intentions that dissipated before they could be measured, has done something much easier and called it the same name.

Fashion, of course, runs on exactly this principle. You don't

wear this season's silhouette because it is true. You wear it because you have temporarily chosen to believe in it. You will stop believing in autumn. The shift is real. The power is real. You look great. But the coat doesn't fit any better than last season's.

K-Hole began as an art project satirising the trend industry, then became one of the most influential agencies in the industry it was satirising. They know, perhaps better than anyone, what it looks like when a subversive gesture gets fully absorbed and neutralised. They watched it happen to normcore in real time and then moved on to the next thing.

Chaos magic is normcore now. Not metaphorically. Structurally. It is a post-authenticity position that opts into disorder the way normcore opted into sameness: deliberately, self-consciously, in a way that announces its own awareness of what it is doing and offers that awareness as its own justification. It is anti-style as style. It is transgression as aesthetic. It is rebellion with a price tag, except the price tag says choose to believe and you have, and here you are, and the transgression happened some years ago and you have been wearing its clothes ever since.

The question you should be asking, the one underneath all the glyphs and the black mirrors and the deliberately difficult prose, is: are you actually *changing*, or are you just changing your fashion?

Well, are you?



MEMETIC WARFARE

Soror Pinky-Brain 2323, Adeptus Chaotica., R.O.T.

In 2006, a United States Marine Corps Major named Michael B. Prosser submitted a paper arguing that the military needed to develop what he called "memetic warfare" capabilities. He drew explicitly on Richard Dawkins' concept of the meme, a unit of self replicating cultural transmission like a gene replicates through biology, and argued that whoever controlled the meme-space controlled the battlefield.

DARPA, never one to miss an opportunity to spend forty-two million dollars, followed up in 2011 with a grant programme for "social media in strategic communications." Researcher Dr. Robert Finkelstein ultimately recommended standing up memetic warfare capabilities across public affairs units, the CIA, and psychological operations commands.

The meme, in the Dawkins-to-Pentagon pipeline, is being treated as an information delivery vehicle. A persuasion missile. A carrier of ideology, optimised for virality.

What they have actually described, without using the term, is a form of sigil magic. A compressed symbolic representation of a desired state, designed to bypass conscious resistance and lodge in the subconscious where it quietly rearranges the furniture of belief. They've even intuited the mechanism. Analyst Jacob Siegel compared memes to IEDs, which is only a slight rebranding of Spare's observation that the most effective magical operations are the ones that go off without the target noticing.

The Russians, predictably, were ahead of this curve. Their Internet Research Agency, the infamous St Petersburg troll factory, was running what intelligence analysts called

"Maskirovka" (the art of deception, confusion, and making everyone feel faintly insane) on a digital scale. Ukraine, when invaded, responded not with counter-arguments but with counter-memes: the same weapons, the same logic, just aimed the other way. The Ghost of Kyiv. Snake Island. Zelensky in a green t-shirt becoming the most effective recruitment poster of the 21st century.

This is sympathetic magic. This is image-as-reality. This is the Pentagon doing the thing.



In 2016, a section of *4chan's* /pol/ board, that collegial corner of the internet, convinced itself that it had summoned a chaos deity. They were joking. They also weren't. They identified the entity as Kek, an Ancient Egyptian frog-headed deity of primordial chaos, and proceeded to interpret every Trump-related coincidence as evidence that their meme magic was working.

What had actually happened is that they had created a thought-form, an *egregore*, given autonomous-seeming life through collective sustained attention and emotional investment. Millions of minds, focusing through the same symbol, charging it with genuine feeling, regardless of whether that feeling was ironic rage, real rage, or something in the uncomfortable middle.

The scholar Egil Asprem, analysing this phenomenon from a safe academic distance, reached for Durkheim's concept of "collective effervescence": the altered-state-like energy that emerges from group ritual. This is, again, the thing we already know by a different name. The cone of power. The mass working. The reason you sometimes get results from a group ritual that you don't get working alone, even when the group working was considerably less dignified.

The egregore has several properties worth noting for our analysis, because they also happen to be properties that memetic warfare theorists find baffling and inconvenient:

It defends itself. When the ADL declared Pepe a hate symbol in 2016, this was intended to neutralise it. Instead it super-charged it. Conventional information warfare assumes that labelling and exposing a symbol defuses it. Magical thinking suggests the opposite: persecution is fuel. Sigils gain power from the energy directed at them, regardless of the intent behind that energy. The memetic warfare people have no model for this, which is why every "debunking" campaign seems to make things worse.

It recruits autonomously. A sufficiently charged egregore attracts attention independent of its creators. People are drawn to the symbol before they understand the ideology behind it. The feeling comes first; the belief system is installed afterward. This is why the standard counter-radicalisation model, which assumes people adopt ideas through rational consideration, keeps failing. The meme doesn't argue. It resonates. Resonance is not an information problem.

It outlives its creators. The original Kek cultists lost control of what they made almost immediately. This is entirely consistent with the magical literature on egregores: once the thought-form achieves sufficient mass, it follows its own logic in a manner comparable to an artificial intelligence.

The left, to its credit and its horror, eventually figured some of this out. In February 2017, a mass binding ritual against Donald Trump was published and disseminated - requiring an unflattering photo, The Tower tarot card, and an orange candle stub - to be performed at midnight on every waning crescent moon. Thousands of people participated. Whether it worked depends on your theological commitments and your definition of "worked." What it undeniably did was create a counter-egregore: a collective, symbol-mediated, ritually structured working. Properly speaking, this was the occult establishment finally deciding to play the game.

This is also a Girardian nightmare.



René Girard Ruins Everything

René Girard was a French anthropologist who had one idea, which was so disturbing he spent sixty years following its implications down increasingly dark corridors. The idea is this: human desire is mimetic. We don't want things because we've independently evaluated them. We want things because other people want them. We imitate each other's desires.

The consequences of this are, Girard argued, catastrophic. If desire is contagious, then two people wanting the same thing become mirror images of each other, defined entirely by their mutual rivalry. The object of desire is forgotten. What remains is the rivalry itself, metastasising into generalised conflict. He called this a "mimetic crisis," and he identified the mechanism by which it resolves: the scapegoat. The community, drowning in its own reciprocal violence, spontaneously converges on a single target, loads the collective violence onto them, and destroys them. The release is real. The peace, for a while, is real. This is, Girard argued, the origin of sacrifice, religion, and most of culture.

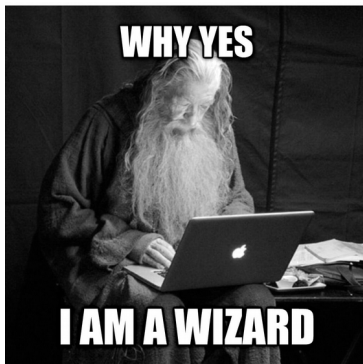
You see where this is going.

Mimetic warfare is not just a punchy name for meme-based propaganda. It is a description of the underlying dynamic that meme-based propaganda both exploits and accelerates. When two factions are engaged in competing memetic operations, each side begins to mirror the other's techniques. The left deploys ironic memes; the right deploys ironic memes. The right creates egregores; the left creates counter-egregores. The counter-ritual is structurally identical to the ritual. The rivals

become doubles. And then, with terrible predictability, both sides need a scapegoat.

Here is where the Girardian frame illuminates something that standard memetic warfare theory misses entirely: the pile-on, the cancellation, the "main character of the day" on social media, these are not bugs. They are features. When mimetic rivalry reaches sufficient intensity, the platform generates a sacrificial event. The community focuses its accumulated violence on a single target. The release is real. The solidarity is real. The target is essentially arbitrary. And then the tension rebuilds, and the mechanism fires again.

From a magical perspective, this looks exactly like a platform that has learned to periodically conduct mass sacrifice in order to sustain the collective effervescence that keeps its egregore fed. Whether anyone designed it this way is almost beside the point.



The Synthesis

Memetic warfare, at the military-strategic level, is an attempt to use mass-produced symbolic content to reshape collective belief and political reality. This is chaos magic's central claim: that belief is a tool, symbols are technologies, and collective will, focused through a shared image, can alter outcomes in the world. The Pentagon arrived at this position through information theory and social media analytics. Spare arrived at it through decades of experimental practice and a willingness to follow the implications of his own model

wherever they led, however inconvenient. The destination is the same.

The chaos magic framework, however, predicts several things that the information-warfare model does not:

The core magical variable that government agencies cannot manufacture is genuine will. An egregore is charged by real emotional investment; anger, love, fear, joy, longing. A committee-produced meme, test-driven through focus groups and approved by a deputy communications director, contains precisely none of this. The sigil is empty. It doesn't propagate because there is no charge behind it. The irony cultists on 4chan were producing something real because they actually cared, with their particular cocktail of nihilism and earnest apocalypticism, and that care was the operational ingredient.

You cannot hire people to perform collective effervescence. You can hire people to perform the gestures of collective effervescence, and the result is the social media accounts of government departments, which have the magical potency of a damp pamphlet.

Authoritarian states have a pre-existing apparatus for generating collective effervescence: state ritual, controlled media environments, mass events, and the specific intense emotion produced by manufactured threat. China's fifty-cent army and Russia's Internet Research Agency aren't just producing content, they're operating within a broader ritual ecology that pre-charges the symbols before they're deployed. The meme lands in a mind that has already been ritually prepared to receive it.

Democratic information environments are noisier and harder to dominate but also, interestingly, more resistant to single large egregores, because the noise prevents the unification of will that charges one sigil above all others. You get dozens of competing semi-charged thought-forms rather than one dominant one. This is chaotic and uncomfortable and produces a lot of very bad discourse. It is also, arguably, exactly what you want from a magical hygiene perspective. A pluralistic egregore-field is harder to weaponise than a unified one.

This is the part that should keep you up at night, or alternatively make you feel professionally validated, depending on your relationship with your practice.

One of the main obstacles to effective magical work is the conscious mind's resistance: its tendency to evaluate, doubt, and generally stand in the way. Various techniques exist to circumvent this: the death posture, gnosis, the forgetting of the sigil after charging. What internet irony culture discovered, without any apparent study of the subject, is that "it's just a joke" functions as an automatic gnosis trigger. When content is framed as humorous, the conscious critical faculty stands down. The content bypasses rational evaluation and installs directly into affect, association, and eventually belief.

This means that the most effective memetic warfare is structurally indistinguishable from a successful magical working. The irony produces the open channel through which the sigil is installed while the target's defences are down, laughing.

This is why the defence is so difficult. You cannot deploy rational counter-argument against an ironic meme, because rational counter-argument operates at the level the meme was specifically designed to circumvent.

It would be gratifying to conclude with a clean set of recommendations. Create better egregores. Charge better sigils. Out-meme the ontological threat. The chaos magic framework does suggest some things that the information warfare people have not figured out, and may in fact be constitutionally incapable of figuring out:

Defence is probably more viable than offence in this domain. The magical defence against an adversary's egregore isn't to build a counter-egregore - that's the mimetic trap, the path to becoming doubles, the Girardian escalation. The defence is to disrupt the conditions that allow collective effervescence to cohere: introduce static, fragment attention to prevent the enemy's workings from gaining sufficient charge.

The Girardian scapegoat mechanism should be interrupted wherever possible. The pile-on, the cancellation, the ritual

sacrifice, these discharge mimetic violence temporarily while maintaining the underlying conditions that generate it. They are not solutions. They are the platform feeding. Declining to participate is not apathy, it is refusing to contribute energy to a working you didn't consent to.

Sincerity is, paradoxically, a defence. Irony is the attack vector. Genuine, un-ironic commitment to something is much harder to subvert through memetic means, because sincerity activates the conscious critical faculty that irony disables. This does not mean abandoning humour or complexity. It means knowing the difference between wielding irony and being dissolved by it.

None of this is easy. The situation is, to be honest about it, quite bad. We are living through the largest uncontrolled magical operation in human history, run partly by state actors, partly by emergent platform dynamics, partly by anonymous imageboard users, and significantly by the accumulated emotional residue of approximately eight billion people being terminally online during a period of civilizational instability.

The egregores are, at this point, very large. Some of them are very hungry. The scapegoat mechanism is running on a twenty-four hour cycle. The irony shield is almost universal, which means the conscious-mind defences of most of the population have been comprehensively bypassed by content they were certain they were only consuming for entertainment.

Anyone with a working practice and any years behind them will recognise this as a situation calling for a particular kind of discipline: identify what is feeding what, stop feeding what shouldn't be fed, and maintain enough clarity about your own will to distinguish it from the ambient noise of other people's workings.



BEYOND OUR KEN

Typhonian Magick for Idiots

Michael Slatey

Peter Carroll, co-founder of the Illuminates of Thanateros and high pontiff of Chaos Magic, by his own admission, found the works of Kenneth Grant impenetrable. It is true that their contents may cause confusion for those unfamiliar with Qabalah, Tantra, Thelema, the Zos Kia Cultus, Vedic mantra systems, Lovecraftian cosmicism, or the history of Western esotericism stretching back into pre-dynastic Africa. It is also true, that Carroll's bafflement demonstrates is not just that Grant was obscure, mad, or self-indulgent. It demonstrates that if you arrive at an orchestral performance having only ever listened to three-chord pop songs, the symphony is going to seem very complicated indeed.

Grant was not impenetrable. He was simply writing for people who had actually done the Work.

The Magician of Golders Green

Kenneth Grant was born in Ilford, Essex, on 23 May 1924; a date some of his admirers will note with interest given its Thelemic numerological resonances. He died on 15 January 2011. In between those two dates, he managed to serve as personal secretary to Aleister Crowley, befriend and champion the visionary artist Austin Osman Spare, found and lead the Typhonian Order, write nine volumes of the Typhonian Trilogies (plus novels, poetry, and monographs), and become,

without any real controversy among serious scholars of Western esotericism, one of the most significant occultists of the twentieth century.

That last claim is not merely the enthusiasm of a partisan. Academic researchers at institutions like Oxford and Routledge, institutions not generally given to mystical fervour, have published serious engagements with Grant's work. Scholar Henrik Bogdan and anthropologist Justin Woodman have both written on him. The Routledge anthology *The Occult World* includes a dedicated chapter on Grant and the Typhonian Tradition. Gordan Djurdjevic, writing for *Palgrave Macmillan*, described Grant's engagement with Indian spiritual traditions as "both substantial and innovative."

Kenneth Grant was the last man to work directly under Aleister Crowley. He was, by Crowley's own appointment and the confirmation of Karl Germer (then head of the O.T.O.), the heir apparent to the Great Beast's magical legacy in Great Britain. He edited Crowley's *Confessions*, shepherded posthumous editions of *Moonchild*, *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, and *Magick in Theory and Practice* into print. He then proceeded to do something most heirs never manage: he surpassed the inheritance.

The Typhonian Current

To understand what Grant contributed to Western occultism, you need to appreciate the sheer scope of what he was attempting. He was not simply commenting on Crowley. He was not producing a Thelemic study guide. He was mapping a current, what he called the Typhonian or Draconian tradition, representing not merely a recent magical system but one of the oldest spiritual streams in human history, with roots in pre-dynastic Africa, expressed through Kemetic religion, threading through Tantra and Vedic practice, surfacing in the grimoire traditions of the West.

The nine volumes of the Typhonian Trilogies, beginning with *The Magical Revival* in 1972 and concluding with *The Ninth Arch* in 2002, constitute the most ambitious attempt in

twentieth-century occultism to synthesize these traditions into a single coherent current. Grant drew on Qabalah, Hindu Tantra, Yoga, Tibetan Buddhist concepts, the Zos Kia Cultus of Austin Spare, the Thelemic writings of Crowley, Surrealism, and most controversially the cosmic horror fiction of H.P. Lovecraft.

His claim that Lovecraft's mythos carries genuine occult significance was not, as his detractors suggest, evidence of losing one's grip on reality. It was a sophisticated application of what Carl Jung called the collective unconscious and what Grant understood as the astral plane; the proposition that visionary artists and writers can, without deliberate intent, tune in to actual non-human intelligences. Whether one accepts this literally or as a powerful metaphor, the insight has proven extraordinarily generative. Grant was a key figure in bringing Lovecraftian literature into magical theory, and the Lovecraftian occult tradition that followed owes its existence almost entirely to Grant's pioneering work.

His contributions to Qabalistic mysticism were equally radical. In *Nightside of Eden* (1977), Grant systematically explored the Qliphoth, the adverse or shadow aspects of the Tree of Life's sephiroth, sometimes called the Tree of Death, developing a map of what he termed "Universe B" and the "Tunnels of Set." Crowley had hinted at this domain in cryptic early writings. Grant walked in, turned the lights on, and drew up a cartography. His reinterpretation of the 93 Current as a stellar force emanating from Sirius, with Horus corresponding to the visible star Sirius A and Set to its dark companion Sirius B, was a contribution that injected a genuinely feminine, nocturnal, and stellar dimension into Thelema that Crowley's comparatively solar system had lacked.

His work on the magical uses of female sexual fluids and the kalas, drawing on Tantric sources, helped contribute to a transformation of the prevailing masculine hegemony in Western occultism. In an esoteric tradition long dominated by patriarchal models, Grant's insistence on the primacy of the feminine current, rooted in his reading of both Tantra and the Typhonian tradition's ancient African origins, was genuinely

revolutionary.

The Typhonian tradition, in Grant's formulation, was not an invention. It was a deliberate alignment with a current that had always existed, flowing beneath the surface of patriarchal solar religions that had spent millennia trying to suppress it.

Chaos Magic: An Interlude

And now we arrive at the Illuminates of Thanateros.

In 1978, while Grant had already published *The Magical Revival* (1972), *Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God* (1973), *Cults of the Shadow* (1975), and *Nightside of Eden* was in preparation, two young men named Peter Carroll and Ray Sherwin announced in the pages of their self-published magazine *The New Equinox* the formation of a new magical order. The Magical Pact of the Illuminates of Thanateros in its early years was, by Carroll's own later admission, "rarely more than a loose correspondence network and a few people meeting for rituals in East Morton."

They called their new approach Chaos Magic. Interestingly, even the term "Chaos Magic" did not appear in Carroll's first publication, *Liber Null*, in 1978. It had to be retrofitted into the second edition in 1981. These things happen when you are making shit up as you go along.

The IOT declared themselves "spiritual heirs to the Zos Kia Cultus", the system of Austin Osman Spare. The very Austin Osman Spare whom Kenneth Grant had personally befriended in 1949, whose artwork Grant had championed through a series of publications, and whose system Grant had spent decades integrating into the deepest strata of the Typhonian current.

They then proceeded to build a system that was, at its heart, a simplified extraction from traditions Grant had spent years navigating in their full complexity. Grant's work drew on these traditions with a depth and historical awareness that the IOT, in their enthusiasm to be radical and accessible, largely dispensed with. The "non-mysteries of symbolic systems" were, as they put it, discarded in favour of mastery of technique. Which is a bit like saying that music theory is an

unnecessary mystery and you can just hit drums at random and call that jazz.

Grant's Typhonian Order was never a mass movement. Membership was small and select. Grant personally elevated members through degrees according to his assessment of their actual spiritual development. The Typhonian current, rooted as it was in traditions requiring years of serious study, was not something one could approach through a six-month correspondence course.

The Chaos Magic movement, by contrast, was designed to be approachable. This is admirable in a teacher. It is less admirable when approached as a destination rather than a starting point. The IOT's results-based approach to magic had a tendency to produce practitioners who were confident about what they were doing and rather less informed about why the deeper currents behind their techniques had existed in the first place. Carroll himself eventually tired of the whole business; in 1995 he stepped down from his roles as "magus and pontiff" of chaos, which is either a moment of genuine wisdom or a rather spectacular admission that the edifice had not quite held.

The IOT also managed, in the early 1990s, to generate a schism over the so-called Ice Magick controversy. This is, to put it gently, not the sort of thing that tends to happen in a tradition with genuinely deep roots and rigorous initiation. It is the sort of thing that happens when an organization grows faster than its understanding.

The Typhonian Trilogies are not impenetrable. They are deep. There is a difference.

The Primordial Gnosis

What makes Grant's legacy genuinely extraordinary, and what separates him from mere occult eclecticism, is the consistency and seriousness of his claim that the Typhonian tradition is not a modern invention but a demonstration of a living current traceable into pre-history.

This is not simply asserted. Grant's books document it through the correspondences he draws between Kemetic

religion and Vedic practice, between the practices of the Sabbath traditions and the Tantric kalas, between the Qliphothic imagery of Western occultism and the pre-Osirian cults of ancient Africa. Grant's method was not merely academic history. It was initiatory cartography, and the maps he drew have proven navigable for serious practitioners in ways that no amount of paradigm-shifting produces.

The Temple of Set drew substantially on Grant. Dragon Rouge, the Swedish order founded in 1989, built much of its theoretical framework on Typhonian foundations. Andrew D. Chumbley's *Cultus Sabbati* acknowledged Grant's influence. Nema Andahadna's Maat Magick movement emerged in dialogue with Grant's work on the Aeon of Maat. These are not casual borrowings. These are serious practitioners and traditions recognizing the depth of what Grant had done.

Chaos Magic, meanwhile, stole without giving credit, peaked in the 1990s, fragmented, and in recent years has been largely absorbed into the broader internet-era occult revival as an aesthetic rather than a system. One finds chaos magic sigils on Instagram, printed on T-shirts, deployed by practitioners who have not read Carroll and would certainly not survive a page of Grant. This is the difference between a tradition and a trend.

The Depth Below the Surface

Kenneth Grant was not easy. He was not trying to be. He was mapping depths that require preparation to survive, let alone navigate. His dense, allusive prose, spiralling through cross-cultural correspondences and initiatory metaphor, is not a failure of communication. It is a precise instrument calibrated to convey realities that ordinary discursive prose cannot reach. Those who find it impenetrable are, in a very specific sense, receiving accurate information about where they stand in relation to the current Grant was transmitting.

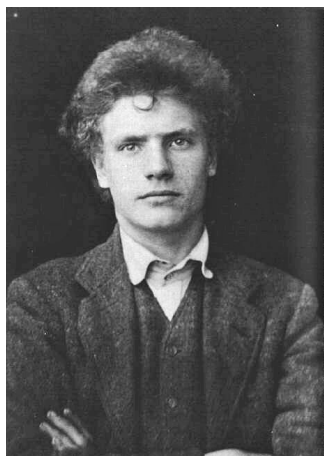
He was Crowley's chosen heir. He was Spare's faithful champion. He was the man who brought the feminine current, the stellar current, the Nightside, and the full weight of the ancient Typhonian tradition into modern Western occultism.

He did this quietly, from a house in Golders Green, with his wife Steffi, producing nine volumes of extraordinary depth over thirty years.

The current he described does not need defending. It predates every order that has ever claimed to embody it and will outlast every trend that has ever borrowed from it. It runs, as Grant always insisted, from a source older than recorded history, and it runs still.

RIP

Kenneth Grant, 23 May 1924 – 15 January 2011.



THE NEW ANATHEMA OF AOS

or

Keep My Pretty Name Out of Your Lying Mouth

'In the Spirit' of Austin O Spare

The following communication was received via automatic writing in the back room of a dingy pub in South London.

The writing was accompanied by the following glyph;



I speak now against the Chaos Magicians; those Pretenders of the Zos-Kia Cultus.

I have seen men of this genus before. They smell of certainty even when preaching uncertainty, of arrival even when extolling the virtues of the road. He has built a System for the Abolition of Systems. He has written Equations for the Incalculable. He has made of Chaos an obedient servant. He has taken the serpent and ironed it flat, the better to sell it by the yard.

Lo — the Ego, that great Refuser, that bouncer at the door

of the Infinite, has found its subtlest disguise yet: it has dressed itself in the robes of its own destruction. It says *I believe nothing* with such tremendous *I-ness* that the Abyss itself must laugh, and the laugh echoes upward as silence.

This is their mystery: to make a religion of having no religion, and to be very religious about it.

His magic works, he says. And by this he means: he has money, or esteem, or the good opinion of his fellows. He has Manifested. The proof of the sorcerer is his bank account and his lecture fees.

I ask: *manifested what?* The ego's shopping list, legible as ever beneath the sigil-work, disguised in barbarous nomenclature. The will toward power wearing the theatrical costume of its own dissolution. Vanity does not disappear when you cease to believe in vanity.

They say: believe anything, for a time, if it serves the Work. Put on Odin as a coat. Wear Legba for a fortnight. The Gods are Tools; hammers that drive the nail of the Will.

But I say: *the Gods are not mocked, not because they are jealous, but because the man who uses them as instruments has already confessed that he stands above them — and nothing that stands above the Gods has ever stood anywhere for long.*

The Gods used me. I did not use them. There is the distinction entire. I would not trade.

The Chaos magician trades constantly. His portfolio of paradigms is forever balanced. He does not fall because he is forever stepping from one belief to the next, never resting his weight fully upon any. This he calls freedom.

I call it a man who has never once drowned, lecturing mermaids on the nature of water.

They have taken my Resurgence and made of it a Technique. Step One; Step Two; the ego temporarily suspended; results achieved; ego reinstated, refreshed, and quietly congratulated on its successful temporary suspension.

Resurgence is not a technique. It is a catastrophe that happens to the prepared. It is the flooding of the lower rooms. It requires that you have lower rooms, which is to say: it

requires that you have genuine depth.

I never taught the use of belief as a costume trunk. I taught the abolition of belief as jailer. To exchange one mask for another is not liberty. It is wardrobe management. They change gods as actors change hats and call it sovereignty.

The sigil was never a parlour trick. It was the glyph of desire stripped of language, the hieroglyph of obsession reduced to seed. Its planting required the death of the chatterer within. The death posture was not theatre. It was execution. Something had to perish for the wish to live.

They have preserved the planting and forgotten the funeral.

I rejected the grand machinery of orders such as the *Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn* because their symbols became prisons of reverence. Now my fragments are arranged into new machinery. Stages, categories, instructions. Even my refusal is systematized.

To codify is to embalm.

Those who write of Chaos delight in dabbling. All paradigms are permitted. All beliefs are provisional. The magician becomes engineer of his own delusions. Admirable ingenuity. Yet if every belief is equally donned and discarded, who is the wearer?

The self remains enthroned, curating its experiences.

My work was the dethronement of that self.

Do not mistake my contempt for dogma as an endorsement of relativism. To destroy a cage is not to collect cages. Freedom is not the multiplication of enclosures but the absence of walls.

If Chaos magicians have found results through methods resembling mine, I do not deny their success. Desire is fertile. The unconscious is obedient when properly compelled. But efficacy is not comprehension.

One may operate a machine without understanding its inventor's dream. I did not preach versatility of belief. I preached its annihilation. I did not offer a toolbox. I offered a mirror in which the magician dissolves. If my words are used as scaffolding for new constructions, let them at least be read before they are rearranged. I wrote not for schools, nor

currents, nor movements. I wrote for the solitary who dares to perish in his own depths.

Therefore, do not blame me for Chaos Magic.

I curse them with the precise success they have petitioned for. May their sigils work flawlessly. May the results accumulate. May the proof of their method multiply until it is irrefutable.

May they look up one day from the ledger of their achieved desires and discover that they have conjured everything they wanted and stand in the centre of it as hollow as a bell, ringing with the one frequency that no sigil has ever silenced — the frequency that asks: was this it? Is this the thing entire?

May that question be the first honest work they do.

*

The history of magic arrives at one of its most radical modern expressions in the figure of Austin Osman Spare (1886–1956), an English artist and occultist who worked as a draughtsman, writer, and painter. Influenced by symbolism and Art Nouveau, his art was known for its clear use of line and its depiction of monstrous and sexual imagery. In an occult capacity, he developed magical techniques including automatic writing, automatic drawing, and sigils based on his theories of the relationship between the conscious and unconscious self. It is important to say clearly, from the start, why reducing Spare to a proto-Chaos magician grossly and offensively misrepresents him. Chaos magic took his procedural openness and made of it a philosophy of radical relativism: all systems are equally valid, all gods are masks, belief is a tool to be picked up and discarded. Spare believed nothing of the sort.

Spare was, by training and by the judgement of his contemporaries, a great artist. He was the youngest exhibitor in the history of the Royal Academy. John Singer Sargent and Augustus John praised him as a genius. He won a scholarship to the Royal College of Art. Yet he spent much of his life in poverty, selling his paintings for small sums in South London pubs, because his art and his magic had become so completely

the same thing that the world of conventional art could not accommodate either.

To understand Spare properly, it is necessary to place him in his actual historical and cultural context, which is not the occult revival of Crowley and the Golden Dawn. His occultism was rooted in the place and period of his early life, with spiritualism, theosophy, and the late nineteenth-century occult revival, along with a rising excitement about the unconscious. Medium Working-class South London in the 1890s and 1900s was saturated with popular Spiritualism. The séance, the medium, the spirit photograph, the planchette, were neighbourhood events, held in parlours and church halls, attended by working people who had lost children and husbands and who believed, quite simply and practically, that the dead persisted and could be communicated with.

Spare's first teacher in magic was Mrs. Paterson, an elderly South London woman who claimed descent from the Salem witches. Spare claimed a line of descent from the Salem Witches through his first teacher Mrs. Paterson, a local sorceress. Whatever the literal truth of that lineage, the tradition Paterson represented was the unbroken folk-magical and spiritist tradition of the British working class, which had nothing to do with the ceremonial magic of the educated elite and everything to do with the direct, practical manipulation of spirits for practical ends: healing, cursing, finding lost things, speaking with the dead.

The British Museum's Egyptian collection was, in Spare's formative years, one of the most extraordinary accumulations of ancient power objects in the world. The Rosetta Stone had arrived in 1802. The Elgin Marbles in 1817. Throughout the 19th century, a flood of material arrived from excavations along the Nile: canopic jars, ushabti figures, carved stelae dense with hieroglyphs, painted mummy cases, decorated amulets, and papyrus sheets from the *Book of the Dead*.

On the bottom right of one of Spare's drawings is the description "the whole body becoming a KA in the posture", suggesting he's alluding to the astral body talked of in ancient Egyptian religion. The Ka in Egyptian theology is the vital

twin of the physical body that survives death and requires sustenance in the tomb. It is represented in hieroglyphs by two upraised arms, a glyph of pure receptivity. Spare's *Kia*, the "Atmospheric I," the universal consciousness that underlies and exceeds individual identity, maps almost precisely onto the *Ka*, conceived not as a personal double but as the impersonal ground from which personal consciousness arises. The unity of Will, Desire and Belief creates the state allowing access to the *Kia*, which Spare describes as "Small belief": we might consciously think this is unvital with no power, but Great belief springing from the unconscious is a vital force of eternal desire commanded by will.

Other symbols Spare uses for *Kia* are the vulture's head, the eye of Horus, *ka*, and *djed* pillar Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The *Zos*, Spare's name for the body considered as a whole and the instrument through which the magician works, corresponds to the Egyptian *Zep* or *Zat* (the body as vehicle of manifestation) and rhymes with *Zau* (the wise man, the initiator). Spare was working in the British Museum's reading room and gallery spaces, sketching and absorbing, and the naming of his fundamental concepts carries the unmistakable watermark of the Egyptian lexicon he was studying.

His Death Posture, the central technique of his magical practice, a state of physical and mental exhaustion designed to dissolve the ego-barrier, directly parallels *Shavasana* in yoga (the corpse pose), but it also mirrors the Egyptian initiatory tradition of symbolic death and rebirth, and more particularly the image of *Osiris* lying on his bier, the posture of the *Ded*: the died pillar that represents stability, endurance, and the backbone of *Osiris*. Spare uses the *djed* pillar hieroglyph as a symbol for *Kia*. The Death Posture is, in this light, not merely a psychological technique. It is an enactment of *Osirian* death: the necessary prelude to resurrection and power.

Atavistic resurgence is indicated by the law of reversal peculiar to all Witch's Sabbath ceremonies. Whether it be the symbol of the moon presiding over nocturnal ecstasies; the words of power chanted backwards; the back-to-back dance performed in opposition to the sun's course; the devil's tail,

are all instances of reversal and symbolic of Will and Desire turning within and down to subconscious regions, to the remote past, there to surprise the required atavistic energy for purposes of transformation, healing, initiation, construction or destruction.

The language of reversal is the language of Set. In Egyptian theology, Set is the principle of inversion, the desert wind, the red storm, the murderer of Osiris. He is also the guardian of the solar barque against Apep, the chaos-serpent. He stands at the prow of the boat of the sun and spears the serpent of dissolution every night. The path downward, backward, into the pre-human atavistic path, is the path through Set's desert. Spare's drawings from this period show hybrid animal-human figures, part-beast familiars, entities that are pre-human and post-human simultaneously. These are not decorative monsters. They are the atavistic elementals that he was mapping and working with: beings encountered in exactly the Egyptian threshold-spaces he had been studying in the Museum's galleries.

Spare's friendship with Kenneth Grant, which began around 1949 when Grant and his wife Steffi became close to the ageing and impoverished sorcerer, is one of the most consequential relationships in 20th-century occultism. It was an article that brought Spare to the attention of a young couple named Steffi and Kenneth Grant, and it was in the occult writing of Kenneth Grant that Spare was to be recreated as a dark sorcerer, seduced and initiated in childhood by an elderly witch. Grant's mythologised version of Spare was influenced by Arthur Machen, H.P. Lovecraft, and Fu Manchu creator Sax Rohmer. This mythologising serves a genuine interpretive function: Grant was placing Spare within a cosmological tradition that explained *why* the work had the power it did. Grant investigated what he termed the Typhonian or Draconian tradition of magic, interpreting Thelema as merely one recent manifestation of this ancient current. In his books, he portrayed the Typhonian tradition as the world's oldest spiritual tradition, suggesting that it had ancient roots in Africa as a primordial serpent cult; a theory

for which evidence only continues to accumulate.

Spare's sigil system was a rational extension of the grimoire tradition. The specific desire for which any magical operation is designed must be visualised subconsciously, while the conscious mind is rendered oblivious of the process. When any concept intrudes upon the mind it breeds on contact with it, and there always remains part of an idea which, because its meaning is cryptic and therefore enigmatic to the ordinary consciousness, fecundates the subconsciousness. By observing what occurs to this conceptual residue, Spare was able to build up a system of sigils which facilitated entry of the total desire to subliminal realms, there to search out its own level and germinate secretly and unobtrusively.

The sigil is not a psychological-hack, as it has been misrepresented by lesser magicians. It is a spirit-trap. The compressed form of the desire is constructed specifically to be a vessel that the conscious mind cannot grasp, and therefore cannot interfere with. It is designed for the subconscious: the domain of spirits. The sigil, sunk into the subconscious, becomes available to the spirit of the desire, and the spirit uses it as a form through which it can pull itself into physical actuality. This is not merely pop-psychology wearing occult clothing but a genuinely spiritist ontology, in which art is a technology for making contact between the human world and the world of spirits. Spare understood this with complete clarity.

“Belief is eternal desire! Desire is its own cruelty, the fettering of the hand to labour in some world unknown; nothing is always dead and no thought dies.” - AOS

Desire does not end when the desiring subject dies. It continues, in “some world unknown,” labouring toward manifestation. A desire that was never fulfilled in a life does not dissolve at death. It persists as a spirit, still pressing toward the physical world it never reached. The ecology of spirits is populated by the accumulated unfulfilled desires of the human dead, by atavistic energies from pre-human phases of life, and by entities that have never been human at all.

“Sigils are the art of believing; my invention for making

belief organic, ergo, true belief.” - AOS

True belief, is not a conscious mental attitude. It is a state of the whole organism: body, subconscious, and will aligned. The sigil is the technology that produces true belief, because it bypasses the conscious mind's habitual self-contradiction and plants the desire directly in the subconscious as a fait accompli. The spirit of the desire, finding this prepared vessel, can now complete the circuit.

Spare believed that intentionally repressed material would become enormously effective in the same way that "unwanted" repressions and complexes have tremendous power over the person and his or her shaping of reality. The Freudian interpretation of this is that Spare noticed that repression amplifies psychic force. The spiritist interpretation, which is Spare's own, is simpler and more startling: spirits that are denied direct expression accumulate force. A desire that cannot be consciously acknowledged grows in the dark. In the subconscious, it fuses with the atavistic energies of older, deeper, non-human life-forms. It becomes something more than it was. When it finally manifests, it manifests with the force of everything that has been feeding it in the dark, including forces that are not human and not personal at all.

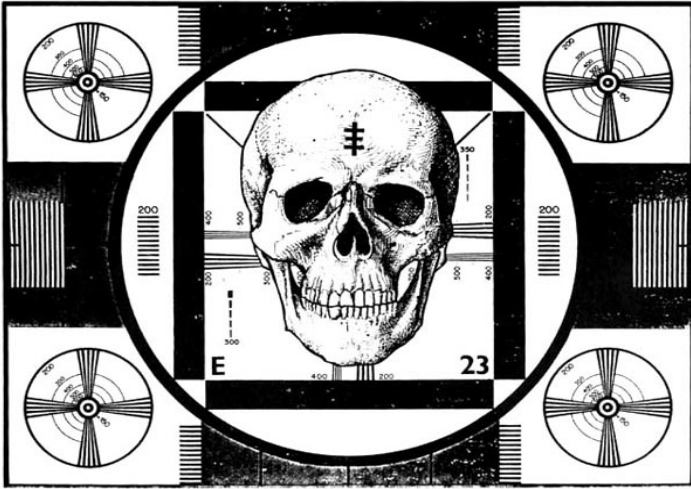
This is precisely the Typhonian dimension that Grant identified. The subconscious, in its deepest strata, does not belong to the individual. It opens onto something pre-human, pre-Osirian, pre-creation: the desert of Set where the raw forces move that underlie all formed existence. The desire-spirit, sunk deep enough, touches that current. What returns has been transformed by contact with it.

Spare was a spiritist in the oldest and most rigorous sense: he held that spirits are ontologically real, that they are encountered primarily through the subconscious in states of dream, trance, and automatic action, and that the primary technology for working with them is art. He was a magician who used psychological language to describe what the tradition had always known, because in his era that language was the newest and sharpest knife available for cutting toward the truth.

The subconscious is not a metaphor for spirits. Spirits are what the subconscious actually contains. Every desire is a spirit waiting to manifest.

Spare also practised automatic drawing: art produced in trance states, without conscious direction of the hand. His art depicted composite human-animal figures, therianthropes produced from a state that he theorised as “atavistic resurgence”: the deliberate awakening of ancestral or pre-human consciousness through the body of the artist.

The same techniques and consciously driven functional intention also permeated his paintings. In a very real sense, everything he created was an act of sorcery. His grimoires, *Earth Inferno* (1905), *The Book of Pleasure* (1913), *The Focus of Life* (1921), and *Axiomata: The Witches Sabbat* (1951-1952), are illustrated by his own hand throughout, the text and image inseparable. They are simultaneously art books, magical textbooks, and philosophical treatises. For Spare, the three were inseparable.



GENESIS BREYER P-ORRIDGE
&
**THEE TEMPLE OV
PSYCHICK YOUTH**
Kali/Eden 23

Born Neil Andrew Megson on 22 February 1950 in Victoria Park, Manchester, Genesis P-Orridge grew up as a small and sickly child from a working-class family, attending an elite school on scholarship where they endured physical abuse at the hands of wealthier classmates; a formative experience in understanding how power operates through ritual and symbol. From this, P-Orridge drew an early and enduring lesson: those symbols and rituals could be seized and turned against the structures that created them.

P-Orridge developed an early interest in art, occultism, and the avant-garde while at Solihull School. After dropping out of studies at the University of Hull, they moved into a counter-cultural commune in London and adopted the name Genesis P-Orridge. In 1971, P-Orridge met William S. Burroughs after a brief correspondence, and through Burroughs was introduced to the painter and poet Brion

Gysin, who would become P-Orridge's primary tutor in the practice of magick, and whose cut-up technique would become a cornerstone of everything that followed.

Out of this ferment grew *Throbbing Gristle*, the group widely credited with founding industrial music, followed by the multimedia collective *Psychic TV*. But P-Orridge's ambitions extended far beyond music into the creation of a genuine magical order: a loose, worldwide network dedicated to the liberation of human consciousness through art, sex, and ritual. This was *Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth: TOPY*.

Founded in 1981, *TOPY* was a British magical organisation, fellowship, and chaos magic network. *TOPY* grew out of P-Orridge's conclusion that humans possess infinite potential, limited only by the restraints imposed upon them. It was organised into a number of global *stations*: *TOPY-CHAOS* for Australia (the same people were also Temple Nigri Solis, IOT) *TOPYNA* for North America, and *TOPY Station 23* for the UK and Europe, with smaller grass-roots sub-stations called Access Points distributed throughout America and Europe. At its height in the late 1980s and early 1990s, *TOPY* claimed an international membership of approximately 10,000 followers, fashioning themselves as a youth resistance bloc deploying chaos magick against the forces of societal control.

TOPY's manifesto framed its mission clearly: "Magick - a system of Will Made Flesh." Rather than relying on dogma, mystification, or the mimicry of previously effective but now redundant ritual rules, *TOPY* presented its method as a maximisation of the brain's own powers by joining conscious and subconscious will so the individual could move toward a desired goal free from confused ideals and personal contradictions. The group's approach was notably free of mysticism, the worship of gods, and religious dogma. It focused instead on the psychic and magical aspects of the human mind, linked with what it called "guiltless sexuality," drawing on ritual magic alongside psychology, art, and music.

Even the group's idiosyncratic spelling, *thee* for "the," *ov* for "of", was a deliberate magical practice. Following

Burroughs, this deconstruction of language was intended to achieve a more integrated understanding of the Self. Members adopted pseudonyms incorporating *Kali* for women and *Eden* for men, protecting anonymity while reinforcing the collective's mythology.

When P-Orridge formally announced h/er departure from TOPY in the early 1990s, s/he claimed to have shut down the network entirely and requested that members stop using the Psychick Cross - the organisation's registered symbol. Some chose not to comply, and TOPY continued to grow and evolve throughout the 1990s and into the 21st century, its existence a kind of refutation of the very hierarchical authority P-Orridge had attempted to exercise in dissolving it.

TOPY remains an active presence in the occult community, with Access Points in Britain, America, and Europe, and a substantial online presence. A North American station is currently listed in Portland, Oregon, accepting sigil submissions by post and email. A *Facebook* presence for a decentralised network of practitioners pointedly notes that "Genesis is NOT HERE", a deliberate signal of separation from P-Orridge's legacy and its attendant controversies.

The group's cultural influence has proven substantial and far-reaching. Its lasting traces can be found philosophically and aesthetically throughout the bloodlines of the counterculture from punk, industrial, and early rave, to the queer underground, to the formation of the cyberpunk movement, and the spread of ideas now popularly associated with Chaos magic. TOPY and Psychic TV have been rediscovered and celebrated across coldwave, darkwave, goth, industrial, metal, noise, and neofolk scenes. The aesthetics they pioneered of occult, collage-based, sexually confrontational, and deeply literary, can be felt in labels such as *Sacred Bones* and *Dais Records*, and in musical subgenres like witch house.

An authorised documentary, *A Message From The Temple*, directed by Jacqueline Castel, who previously curated the Genesis Breyer P-Orridge archives at Tate Britain, was announced as the first film to tell the organisation's story from

within. Its archival materials from 1981 to 1991 are maintained by the *Transmedia Foundation*, with digital scans of bulletins and ephemera accessible through *Archive.org* and dedicated preservation repositories.

The Sigil of Three Liquids

TOPY's most enduring contribution to the history of Western magic was a radical democratisation and re-engineering of sigil practice, originally developed by the early 20th-century British artist and occultist Austin Osman Spare. Spare's method became in P-Orridge's hands a full corporeal ritual system available to anyone, requiring no hierarchy, no initiation fee, and no guru.

The core practice was the *Sigil of Three Liquids*, performed at the twenty-third hour of the twenty-third day of each month. After careful deliberation about something truly wanted and needed, each practitioner would depict symbolically what they desired as an abstracted 'sigil', which may be as Spare described or a more complicated artistic expression, then anoint the symbolic art with blood, saliva, sexual fluids, and a clipping of hair. The ritual was to be performed alone, naked, by candlelight, in a place free from interruption. At the moment of orgasm, the practitioner was to concentrate entirely on their most intense sexual desire, anointing and 'charging' the sigil with sexual fluid.

The theoretical rationale drew on Wilhelm Reich's theories of sexual energy as a real biological force, sympathetic and psychological magic, and P-Orridge's own cybernetic theory of consciousness. The bodily substances were framed as literal carriers of will, "programmed in thee genes and assembled in thee liquids." In P-Orridge's words: the idea was to take something one genuinely desires, write it down or turn it into something graphic, and then at the moment of orgasm post that message into the part of consciousness that one doesn't usually think one can control.

If a practitioner chose to do so, they were invited to mail their completed sigils to a central TOPY location, where the accumulated magical energy could be deployed collectively.

Completion of 23 such monthly rituals qualified one as a full Initiate of the Temple. The result was an extraordinary archive of talismanic art: works ranging from primitive abstractions to refined draughtsmanship, sexually explicit collages to elaborate mixed-media paintings and sculptures, each one a genuine magical object in the tradition of totemic objects but firmly contemporary in spirit.

P-Orridge described making sigils in the early 1990s specifically for healing, including one for the filmmaker Derek Jarman, who was losing his sight to AIDS. P-Orridge claimed the working allowed Jarman to continue creating long enough to complete his final film, *Blue*, shot entirely as a single frame of saturated blue light accompanied by narration, since Jarman had by that point lost his vision entirely.

Cut-Ups, Collage, and Chaos

TOPY's theoretical framework went well beyond sigil magic. The group adopted the cut-up, the technique of physically cutting and rearranging text and image to produce new meanings, not merely as a literary device but as a magical technology. The cut-up and the sigil, in combination, constituted a systematic rewriting of subjectivity itself.

P-Orridge explicitly framed this in alchemical terms: alchemists always used the most advanced science of their day, and P-Orridge applied this logic to the 20th century, treating the cut-up as a contemporary alchemical instrument for restructuring reality. The cybernetic feedback loops of language and symbol, in this view, could literally rewrite reality at a sub-atomic level where consciousness and intention were genuine forces.

This theory extended into recorded sound with particular originality. *Psychic TV*, the band P-Orridge formed alongside TOPY, was dedicated to the creation of auditory magical sigils: aural compositions crafted from ritualised desire and designed to be deployed into the world as affective agents of two distinct types: a *virus sigil* which infiltrates mainstream, control-serving media to disrupt it from within, and a *key sigil* which functions as a recruitment device, disseminating

counter-information and opening passages to alternative ways of being.

P-Orridge chose the name *Psychic TV* precisely because mainstream television was understood as a system of mass indoctrination and mind control, and could therefore be turned against the establishment. In 1986, the band undertook a project of 23 live performances, each recorded in a different nation and released on the 23rd of each consecutive month for 23 months, earning an entry in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for most albums released in a single year. This was explicitly a magical working as much as a musical project: a global, simultaneous ritual mirroring the sigil submission protocol of TOPY itself.

P-Orridge also theorised the 125bpm tempo of acid house music as a primordial, alpha-wave-triggering frequency connecting Arab, Indian, and indigenous musical traditions across millennia, framing the dancefloor as a ritual space and the record as a magical object deployed en masse into culture. Much of *Psychic TV*'s recorded output was explicitly conceived as a soundtrack for ritual situations.

The Cook Report

On 19 February 1992, Channel 4's current affairs programme *Dispatches* broadcast a documentary purporting to present evidence of Satanic ritual murder in Britain. It featured footage from a seized tape which the programme alleged to be a home video of an actual killing. The tape was in fact a performance art video called *First Transmission* - a video that *Channel 4* had itself funded. The show was subsequently denounced across the media as a grotesque lapse of journalistic integrity.

Yet the damage was done. Scotland Yard raided TOPY's material and P-Orridge, already abroad with his family at the time, was effectively forced into exile. In later interviews, P-Orridge made a pointed attribution: the most incriminating footage in the collection, the supposed ritual murder film transferred to videotape, had in fact been made by Jhonn Balance and Peter Sleazy Christopherson: former *Psychic TV*

collaborators who had departed the project almost a decade earlier to form *Coil*. P-Orridge, in other words, was exiled for content he had not created.

All charges were eventually dropped, and all seized items were returned. Yet P-Orridge's lawyers in Britain advised that it still would not be safe to return. The organisation itself had also been fracturing from within: in 1991, TOPY splintered following internal protests against its inner circle, which had accumulated outsized power and prestige. Some apostates described what they saw as escalating exploitation under P-Orridge's leadership: the systematic breakdown of individuality, rigid hierarchies, disciplinary regimens, bullying, and the appropriation of others' creative work. What had begun as a radically democratic magical network had, in this view, drifted toward the very power structures it claimed to oppose.

P-Orridge settled in New York City, where a new chapter, perhaps the most extraordinary of all, was about to begin.

The Pandrogyn

In New York, P-Orridge met Jacqueline Breyer, who would become known as Lady Jaye. They married in 1995 and together conceived and undertook one of the most radical experiments in human identity on record: the Pandrogyn Project, an attempt to physically merge into a single gender-neutral being through surgical body modification.

The pair spent \$200,000 on surgical alteration - breast implants, cheek and chin implants, lip augmentation, eye and nose surgeries, tattooing, and hormone therapy - each transforming their body to resemble the other. They came to identify collectively as Breyer P-Orridge, a unified entity existing across two bodies.

The theoretical underpinning was genuinely philosophical. The intent was to express the belief that the self is pure consciousness trapped within the DNA-governed body. The body is, as Lady Jaye put it, "a cheap suitcase that carries around the consciousness." The project also constituted what amounted to a gender transition for P-Orridge, in accordance

with an androgyny they had long felt but not yet fully embodied.

Lady Jaye died of stomach cancer in 2007. P-Orridge continued to identify as pandrogynous for the rest of h/er life, carrying forward the merged identity alone, the surviving half of a whole.

Ouidah Initiation

The loss of Lady Jaye set in motion one of the most remarkable episodes of P-Orridge's spiritual life. Around 2014, filmmaker Hazel Hill McCarthy III showed P-Orridge photographs of Vodoun priests in Benin, West Africa, dressed in elaborate, psychedelic ceremonial attire. The images were so striking that P-Orridge could only describe them as “Leigh Bowery on DMT.” McCarthy proposed a journey: she would take P-Orridge to Benin as P-Orridge had once taken her to Nepal.

They travelled to the tiny coastal port of Ouidah, the same beach from which historians estimate 15 million enslaved Africans were exported during the transatlantic slave trade, to attend a Vodoun festival that occurs only once every seven years. On the first night, exhausted from over twenty hours of travel, they noticed a very tall figure in blue robes apparently floating in the shadows of the town square, who then vanished. Their guide, Sardu, explained the following day that the figure was his father: Dah, a Vodoun high priest, seven feet tall, the gate to whose compound they had been looking at all along without seeing it.

Before a single word had been exchanged about Lady Jaye, Dah looked at P-Orridge and spoke through his son: “My father says you had a twin but she died and was wearing those gold earrings that you're wearing right now.”

By the end of the second day, P-Orridge was in the middle of a full Vodoun ritual at night in Ouidah. The ceremony concerned the *jumeau*, a small carved wooden doll, into which the spirit of a deceased twin can be invited. Benin has the highest rate of twin births in the world, at 25 to 30 per thousand compared to a global average of four. In Benin, a

twin is said never to die: when one passes, the other carries the *jumeau* everywhere, feeds it, clothes it, speaks to it daily.

Chickens were sacrificed. Coconuts were cast to poll each deity in turn: would the spirits accept this gift from Genesis to allow Lady Jaye's soul to animate the *jumeau*? One by one, all gave consent. P-Orridge emerged from the ceremony in possession of a small carved doll housing the spirit of Lady Jaye. Dah's instructions were simple: "If you're nice to her, she'll look after you. If you forget about her and you're not nice to her, be very afraid."

P-Orridge took this advice seriously, and reported that on more than a dozen subsequent occasions, whenever the bank account hit zero, money appeared from unexpected sources: forgotten royalties, unpaid fees materialising without warning. Each time, P-Orridge attributed it to Lady Jaye's continued intercession. The experience became the subject of a documentary, *Bight of the Twin*, filmed by McCarthy.

Final Years

In 2017, while on tour with Psychic TV, P-Orridge was diagnosed with leukemia. In the final years of h/er life, s/he continued to create and perform even as the illness progressed, photographed draining fluid from h/er lungs, seen taking oxygen from tanks in h/er Lower East Side apartment, yet characteristically refusing to frame the experience as defeat. P-Orridge expressed a particular wish, in those years, for a major exhibition focused on the Pandrogyné project with Lady Jaye.

That exhibition, *We Are But One*, became the first major posthumous presentation of the work in the United States, at Pioneer Works in Red Hook, New York. H/er archives had been acquired for the permanent collection of London's Tate Britain as early as 2010, a quiet institutional acknowledgement of a career that had been harassed, raided, and exiled by the British state only eighteen years before.

Genesis Breyer P-Orridge died on Saturday, 14 March 2020. H/er daughters announced: "It is with very heavy hearts that we announce thee passing of our beloved father, Genesis

Breyer P-Orridge. S/he had been battling leukemia for two and a half years and dropped h/er body early this morning. S/he will be laid to rest with h/er other half, Jacqueline 'Lady Jaye' Breyer, who left us in 2007, where they will be reunited.”

H/er final memoir, *Nonbinary*, was published posthumously, described as the intimate story of Genesis's life, and a journey searching for identity and h/er true self: the story of a life of creation and destruction.

After You Are Dead, S/He Said

The arc of Genesis P-Orridge's life ran from a bullied working-class child in postwar Manchester all the way to a formal initiation by a Vodoun high priest on the shores of the West African coast, with industrial music, chaos magic, exile, surgical self-reinvention, and a Guinness world record in between. It resists easy summary.

What connects all of it is a single, stubbornly held conviction: that the self is not fixed, that consciousness is not a prisoner of the body or the culture that shaped it, and that art, magic, sex, and sound are not metaphors for transformation but its actual instruments. Whether in the monthly sigil rituals of ten thousand anonymous initiates, the auditory sigils pressed into vinyl and distributed worldwide, or the jumeau of Lady Jaye carried everywhere through the Lower East Side, P-Orridge was always attempting the same thing: to will something new into existence from the materials of a life.

As Lady Jaye said: the body is a cheap suitcase that carries around the consciousness. Genesis Breyer P-Orridge packed hers with more than most.

RIP
Genesis Breyer P Orridge
1950–2020
Now you are really free...

COIL



Constant Shallowness Leads to Evil

Kali-Eden 23

There was a time when the band *COIL* were genuinely frightening. Not in the manufactured way of shock-rock poseurs, but in the way that suggested the two men at the centre of it, Jhonn Balance (Geoffrey Rushton) and 'Sleazy' Peter Christopherson, had actually looked into something dark and come back changed. Their music, from the industrial grime of *Scatology* through the narcotic grandeur of *Love's Secret Domain* to the fractured beauty of the *Musick to Play in the Dark* series, remains some of the most genuinely unsettling and occasionally transcendent work produced in the post-industrial underground.

Which makes the discomfort around their legacy all the harder to dismiss.

COIL operated explicitly within the framework of Chaos Magic. Balance was associated with the Illuminates of Thanateros; a magical order founded on the principles of Peter Carroll's *Liber Null*, a system that treats transgression, sexuality, and the dissolution of boundaries as legitimate spiritual technologies. This wasn't window dressing. It was the engine of everything they did.

The problem, of course, is that “transgression as spiritual technology” is exactly the kind of philosophical framework that has historically provided cover for behaviour that in any other context would simply be called exploitation.

Those with a strong stomach are invited to seek out the

official video for *Love's Secret Domain* and observe for themselves what *COIL* considered appropriate visual accompaniment for their work, and in what country it was filmed, and with whom. Those are under-age prostitutes Jhonn is seen dancing with. Similarly, those curious about the reissue cover artwork for *Scatology* are encouraged to look at it and ask themselves whether it would pass scrutiny today, or whether it would result in a very different kind of conversation entirely. That is not an adult in that photograph. It is a child.

This is paedophilia hiding in plain sight.

There was a reason 'Sleazy' got that name.

COIL's defenders will point to the complexity of their art, its genuine emotional depth, Balance's own vulnerability and his death in 2004, Christopherson's extraordinary visual legacy. These things are real.

None of that is a get-out clause.

We have learned, slowly and painfully, that the twentieth century music industry was riddled with men who used artistic credibility, spiritual authority, or simple fame as instruments of predation. The revelations have come in waves, each one met with the same cycle of shock, defence, and eventual uncomfortable silence from those who spent decades celebrating the work.

The question that hangs over transgressive art movements is always the same: who pays the cost of the transgression? The artists rarely do. They accrue the cultural capital, the critical reverence, the legacy retrospectives. The people on the other side of the power differential tend to be less visible, less celebrated, and less able to speak.

In an era when we have watched heroes fall one after another, the honest response to *COIL*'s legacy is to stop granting the benefit of the doubt that transgressive framing has always relied upon.

In the final years of Coil, the partnership between Jhonn Balance and Peter Christopherson had shifted from its earlier romantic form into something quieter but still creatively bound. They were no longer a couple, yet remained closely

connected, living and working together while continuing to shape the afterlife of *COIL*'s work. Christopherson would soon relocate to Thailand, while Balance, increasingly troubled by alcoholism, lived a more withdrawn and unstable existence in England. Even so, the bond between them endured, expressed through shared domestic space, ongoing projects, and a long, intricate personal history.

On 13 November 2004, that fragile equilibrium was abruptly broken. At their home in Weston-super-Mare, Balance fell from an upstairs landing, tipping over the banisters and sustaining catastrophic injuries. Christopherson, in another room at the time, found him unconscious. Balance was taken to hospital but never regained consciousness. He died later that day at the age of forty-two. Christopherson's own account presents the event as a sudden, accidental fall, occurring in the midst of an otherwise ordinary evening, though against the broader background of Balance's long struggle with alcohol.

Balance's death effectively ended *COIL* as a functioning entity. Christopherson did not attempt to continue the project alone, though he remained active in other forms, including audiovisual work and music under different names. In the years that followed, he acted as custodian of *COIL*'s legacy, overseeing reissues and archival material with care and a strong sense of continuity.

On 24 November 2010, Christopherson himself died in Bangkok, where he had been living for several years. He passed away in his sleep, aged fifty-five. The cause was not publicly specified, and reports described the death as peaceful and unexpected.

RIP

Geoff Rushton / John (Jhonn) Balance:

1962–2004

Peter Christopherson:

1955–2010

Death, she is my friend

She has promised me a quick end.



A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL ANARCHY

Professor Donald Button

It is by straying that I found the Path Direct.
- Austin O. Spare

Spiritual anarchism sits at the intersection of two contested concepts. Rather than assuming that such a thing simply exists, scholars have critically examined whom the label has applied to, whom it could refer to, and how we might conceive its story, noting legacies of colonialism in contemporary terms like religion, politics, anarchism, and spirituality. At its core, the tradition holds that human liberation has inner as well as outer dimensions, and that genuine freedom requires spiritual transformation, not merely political reorganization. Both historically and theoretically, mainstream anarchism has been atheist, but spiritual anarchism represents a rich counter-tradition in which anarchism and spirituality are seen as profoundly interconnected and self-reinforcing.

Historians of anarchism who trace it from a few Greek Cynics directly to the Enlightenment, with nothing in between, fail to appreciate that every age must experience something of freedom, if only as a dream, on pain of losing its humanity. The history of anarchism as consciousness

(rather than ideology) lies buried in an archaeology of spiritual resistance.

Many early Taoists, including the influential Laozi and Zhuangzi, were critical of authority and advised rulers that the less controlling they were, the more stable and effective their rule would be. Passages of the *Tao Te Ching* directly challenge coercive governance, and the Taoist concept of wu wei - effortless, non-coercive action in harmony with nature - has long been read as a proto-anarchist philosophy.

In Europe, the medieval period produced a rich vein of heretical movements. In religious times, all talk and practice of non-authoritarianism was expressed in religious terms - usually as heresy, schism, apostasy, or magic - and sometimes as reform within the Church. Spirituality is the imaginal creative force of the social, while religion becomes its inverse: the alienation of that creativity into powers of oppression. Yet the kernel of spirituality is often found encased in shells of religion; especially in the mystics, such as Meister Eckhart and the Spiritual Franciscans.

The English Revolution:

Gerrard Winstanley and the Diggers

The anarchist historian George Woodcock identified Gerrard Winstanley (1609–1676) as one of anarchism's key forerunners - a linen draper who led the Diggers during the Commonwealth. Winstanley and his followers protested in the name of a radical Christianity against the economic distress that followed the Civil War, and in 1649–1650 the Diggers squatted on common land in southern England, attempting to set up communities based on shared labour. Advocating a rational Christianity, Winstanley equated Christ with universal liberty and detected an intimate link between the institution of property and the absence of freedom.

The 19th Century:

Tolstoy and Christian Anarchism

Leo Tolstoy (1828–1910) is the towering figure of Christian anarchism. His individualism is quite different from later

communitarian forms: he based his anarchist conclusions upon religious and spiritual convictions rather than the earthly premises of thinkers like Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Proudhon. His 1894 work *The Kingdom of God is Within You* argued that Christ's teachings, properly understood, were incompatible with state authority and organised violence. Gandhi called the book “overwhelming” in its potency and inspiration, illustrating how Tolstoy's spiritual anarchism radiated beyond Christianity into anti-colonial movements worldwide.

At the same time, the dominant anarchist tradition moved sharply in the opposite direction. Mikhail Bakunin's *God and the State* (published posthumously in 1882) was one of the first anarchist treatises on religion. Bakunin wrote: “God exists, therefore man is a slave. Man is free, therefore there is no God.”

This atheist strain would remain dominant, creating a persistent tension within anarchism between those who saw religion as a tool of oppression and those who saw spirituality as a root of liberation.

Turn of the 20th Century:

Landauer, Buber, and Jewish Mystical Anarchism

Some of the most intellectually rich spiritual anarchism emerged from German-Jewish circles around 1900. Gustav Landauer (1870–1919) was one of the leading theorists of anarchism in Germany at the turn of the 20th century, advocating a form of libertarian socialism that synthesized anarchism with romanticism, mysticism, and a communitarian vision, emphasizing spiritual renewal and decentralized, autonomous communities. In his day, Landauer was often compared to Old Testament prophets and frequently referred to as “the anarchist mystic.” He was committed to moral honesty and social justice, with the insistence that all renewal requires an inner spiritual transformation of the individual.

Landauer's ideas influenced Jewish intellectuals including Ernst Bloch, Gershom Scholem, Walter Benjamin, and Martin Buber. Historians have described his ideas as “an anarchist form of Jewish messianism.” His friendship with Buber

deepened when Landauer encountered Hasidic spirituality through Buber's work. Landauer's major theoretical work, *Aufruf zum Sozialismus* (*Call to Socialism*, 1911), rejected historical materialism and “scientific socialism,” arguing that socialism arises from human will and ethical necessity, not from objective economic laws. He was murdered by Freikorps soldiers in 1919 during the crushing of the Bavarian Soviet Republic.

Martin Buber (1878–1965) extended this tradition. Buber centred his anarchist ideal on the rejuvenation of social structures, citing “social spontaneity” as a key aspect of healthy society. He drew heavily from Landauer, who was primarily motivated by pacifism and an idea of the organic spontaneity of the human spirit, the only pillars upon which a future anarchist society could come to exist. Where Tolstoy was an individualist, Buber's anarchism was essentially communitarian, insisting that individual identity is firmly embedded in one's community and relationships.

The Catholic Worker & C20th Christian Anarchism

In the United States, Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin founded the Catholic Worker Movement in 1933. The Catholic Worker considered itself a Christian anarchist movement: all authority came from God, and the state, having distanced itself from Christian perfectionism, forfeited its ultimate authority over the citizen. Catholic Worker anarchism followed Christ as a model of nonviolent revolutionary behaviour. The movement has consistently protested against war and violence for over seven decades.

Hakim Bey and Late 20th-Century Anarchism

Peter Lamborn Wilson (1945–2022), writing primarily under the pen name Hakim Bey, spent the 1970s living in the Middle East and working at the Imperial Iranian Academy of Philosophy, exploring mysticism and translating Persian texts. From the 1980s onward he wrote numerous political writings illustrating his theory of “ontological anarchy.”

One of the greatest systematic contributions to the concept

of spiritual anarchism is arguably Hakim Bey's essay *Spiritual Anarchism: Topics for Research*, which attempts to review the legacies of the past that contemporary spiritual anarchism should draw on. It highlights heretics, mystics, and Gnostics, with frequent references to pagan, shamanic, Freemasonic, and Hermetic traditions. Wilson drew a sharp distinction between religion (which he associated with institutional oppression and the state) and spirituality (which he saw as the creative, liberatory force of human imagination). He associated organised religion with the state as "part of the Babylonian scam," while individual spirituality was associated with the tribe and with the ever-present rebellion of the individual against the state. Among these alternate traditions he counted Sufism, which is anarchist in that it understands that "this social world is illusory."

His concept of the Temporary Autonomous Zone (TAZ), temporary spaces that elude formal structures of control, fused this spiritual vision with political theory, in a potent brew of mysticism, historical narratives, autonomous Marxist politics, and French critical theory.

Key Themes Across the Tradition

Several threads run through the history of spiritual anarchism:

Inner and outer freedom are inseparable. Spiritual anarchism assumes that the self can be a source of unjustifiable authority and a limitation to freedom, and that spiritual anarchism is nothing more than being open to that which transegotically transcends our narrow perspective.

Heresy as political resistance. Across medieval Europe, mystical and heretical movements - the Free Spirit, the Cathars, the Spiritual Franciscans - fused rejection of Church authority with rejection of temporal power.

Diverse religious roots. The tradition draws on Christian anarchism (Tolstoy, Winstanley, the Catholic Worker), Jewish mysticism (Landauer, Buber), Islamic Sufism (Hakim Bey), Taoism, Buddhism, and indigenous shamanic traditions.

Tension with secular anarchism. Murray Bookchin classified Wilson's work as lifestyle anarchism and

condemned it for its ties to mysticism, the occult, anarcho-primitivism, and irrationalism. This reflects the longstanding suspicion within mainstream anarchism towards its spiritual wing.

Contemporary relevance. Wilson argued that any new coherent resistance movement would have to be of a spiritual nature - inclusive, non-dogmatic, and involving no central cult of authority - drawing on a neo-pagan shamanic quality while keeping the door open to people in established religions who are rethinking their positions.

Spiritual anarchism remains a minority but persistent current: a tradition insisting that liberation must be as deep as it is wide, transforming not only political structures but consciousness itself.

Chaos Magic and the Anarchist Unconscious

Of all the movements that have intersected with spiritual anarchism in the modern era, Chaos Magic is perhaps the most structurally anarchist, not merely in its political sympathies, but in its foundational epistemology.

Chaos magic made its first steps in late 1970s Britain and gained a sizable international audience in subsequent decades. For most of its early history, it blended practical magic, quantum physics and chaos theory, anarchism, and the idea that belief is but a tool in the hands of its wielder. Where earlier forms of spiritual anarchism still tended to anchor themselves in a tradition, Chaos Magic went further, refusing the very concept of a fixed spiritual home.

The intellectual grandfather of the movement was Austin Osman Spare (1886–1956), a South London artist of working-class origins. Spare was a self-willed, anarchic character who not only couldn't understand organisation but distrusted it on principle. This temperamental anarchism expressed itself in his occult philosophy: Spare believed that belief itself was a form of psychic energy that became locked up in rigid belief structures, and that could be released by breaking down those structures. This “free belief” could then be directed towards new aims. The parallel with political anarchism is striking:

just as the anarchist seeks to dissolve coercive institutional authority, Spare sought to dissolve the internal authority of fixed belief over the psyche.

Chaos Magic made this anarchist logic explicit. Inspired by a combination of punk and DIY culture, the work of Austin Osman Spare, Thelema, Robert Anton Wilson, and popular culture, it proposed a rejection of orders, traditions, and lineages, and advocated an emphasis on the perfection of magical technique. An oft-quoted line from Carroll declares that magic will not free itself from occultism until it has “strangled the last astrologer with the guts of the last spiritual master”; a deliberate echo of the Enlightenment anti-clerical motto about priests and kings.

Chaos Magic's deepest contribution to the tradition of spiritual anarchism lies in its treatment of belief as a political problem: a union of traditional occult techniques and applied postmodernism, particularly a postmodernist scepticism concerning the existence or knowability of objective truth, positing that all occult systems are arbitrary symbol-systems that are only effective because of the belief of the practitioner. Phil Hine drew out the radical implications: the primary task of the chaos magician is to thoroughly decondition themselves from the “mesh of beliefs, attitudes, and fictions about self, society, and the world” that the ego maintains, the distinctions of “what I am/what I am not,” including beliefs about one's politics, religion, gender preference, race, and subculture, which all help maintain a stable sense of self. This is arguably the most thoroughgoing dissolution of internal authority proposed by any branch of the spiritual anarchist tradition.

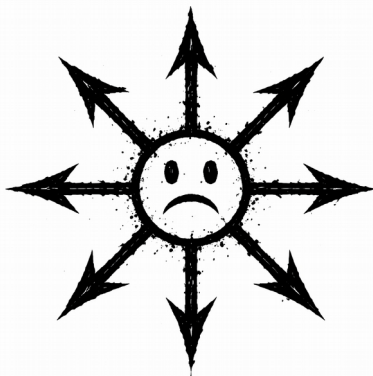
The connective tissue between Chaos Magic and the broader genealogy traced above runs most visibly through Hakim Bey, whose *Ontological Anarchism* was developed through precisely this milieu. Bey's essays in a Chaos Magic zine from the years 1986–1988 would come to be collected as the *Communiqués of the Association for Ontological Anarchy*, the core of what was later published as the *TAZ*. Bey equated Chaos with the Tao, with the boundless vitality that eludes all

systems of control, drawing the ancient root of Taoist proto-anarchism directly into the punk-occult underground of Thatcher's Britain.

The Chaos Star itself, the eight-pointed arrow symbol of the movement, taken from Michael Moorcock's fantasy fiction, became a political emblem in its own right. The symbol in its original form has been adopted by multiple Eastern European and North and Latin American activist groups affiliated with post-leftism and insurrectionary anarchism. The symbol visually enacts its philosophy: all directions simultaneously, no single path ordained, every possibility open, power decentralized.

This brings us to a question that critics have posed forcefully. Many people view the practice of magic as an act of rebellion capable of bringing about political change in post-modernity. The subversive character of magic and the occult has often attracted those with aspirations, or at least ideals, of major political change. Yet the same critics argue that this conflation may be a kind of escape, that the turn inward substitutes personal transformation for collective struggle, and that people feel disempowered and alienated, and that magic offers meaning in a world devoid of it, without necessarily changing the material conditions that produced that disempowerment. Murray Bookchin's attack on Hakim Bey, that mystical "lifestyle anarchism" ultimately serves bourgeois individualism, echoes here.

What Chaos Magic does offer to the spiritual anarchist tradition, however, is something no previous strand managed so cleanly: a total refusal of spiritual hierarchy. Where Tolstoy still required submission to Christ, where the Catholic Workers required the Church, where even Buber required the I-Thou relationship as an irreducible ground, Chaos Magic requires nothing beyond the practitioner's own will and ingenuity. It is anarchism applied not only to the state and the church but to the gods themselves. Whether that constitutes liberation or a particularly elaborate form of atomisation remains an open question.



THE RECKONING OF HAKIM BEY

Jiminy Albion

There was a period, roughly late 1980s into the mid 1990s, when quoting Hakim Bey functioned as a subtle credential. You did not have to agree with him. You merely had to be able to correctly use the phrase “ontological anarchy” in a sentence.

Hakim Bey was the pen name of Peter Lamborn Wilson, born in 1945. Before he became the patron saint of temporary rebellion, he was a scholar of Islamic and Persian studies, spending time in the Middle East and writing on Sufism and heterodox spiritual traditions. He later taught at institutions including New College of California. His intellectual range was real. He was not simply a zine mystic in a bandana.

But it was *Temporary Autonomous Zone* that detonated. The book was less a manifesto than a fever dream with footnotes. It proposed that instead of pursuing grand revolutions that inevitably calcify into bureaucracy, one might create fleeting spaces of autonomy that appear, flourish, and dissolve before the State can respond. Historical pirates, maroon communities, nomadic mystics, and clandestine festivals were invoked as prototypes.

For 1990s anarchists, ravers, chaos magicians, and industrial artists, this was catnip. Here was a theory that justified why your “order” had no fixed temple, no

constitution, and no long term plan. The TAZ was a feature, not a bug.

Occult networks amplified him. The same mail order culture distributing works by Peter J. Carroll also passed around Bey's essays. Chaos magic, already inclined toward paradigm shifting and improvised myth, found in Bey a political poet who treated reality as something pliable and theatrical.

His other works, including *Immediatism* and *Sacred Drift*, extended the theme, advocating small, face to face circles of aesthetic and spiritual exchange over mass movements. Large organizations were suspect. Intimacy was sovereign. If that sounds idealistic, it was. If it sounds structurally convenient for avoiding oversight, that too would become relevant.

Through the 1990s, his reputation grew. Academic anarchists cited him. Festival culture borrowed his vocabulary. The TAZ escaped its subcultural origins and entered broader political discourse as shorthand for flash protest camps, pop up art spaces, and ephemeral resistance.

Then came the reckoning.

Wilson had written essays in the 1980s that defended paedophilia, framing it within historical and anthropological arguments. These writings were not rumours or malicious fabrications. They were his. As they resurfaced and circulated more widely in the 2000s and 2010s, communities that had once embraced him faced an uncomfortable clarity.

The defence was often procedural at first. Separate the work from the man. Contextualize. Historicize. But the texts did not soften with age. The gap between poetic autonomy and ethical accountability widened into something impossible to ignore.

Publishers distanced themselves. Former admirers issued repudiations. The same decentralized networks that had elevated him now redistributed the evidence against him. Reputation, it turns out, also travels by photocopy.

By the time of his death in 2022, Hakim Bey's legacy was bifurcated. The concept of the Temporary Autonomous Zone remained influential, frequently cited without attribution in

activist and artistic circles. The name itself, however, carried an asterisk.

His rise was powered by a genuine insight: large systems absorb opposition; small, mobile intensities can evade it. His fall was powered by something equally real: charisma and transgression are not the same as moral seriousness.

The tragedy, if one insists on the word, is not that a pirate theorist turned out to be flawed. It is that the rhetoric of evasion proved so adaptable. The TAZ promised that you could appear and vanish without consequence.

History does not operate that way. It archives. It republishes. It footnotes.

Hakim represents a pattern the underground repeats with clockwork precision: elevate the dazzling outsider, ignore the warning signs, then perform ritual exorcism when the receipts surface.

The zone was temporary. The documentation was not.



GRANT MORRISON
&
THE INVISIBLES

Who & Where

“Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life.”

- Oscar Wilde, *The Decay of Lying*, 1889

Grant Morrison was born in Glasgow in 1960 and came of age in the Scottish punk milieu of the late 1970s, arriving at comics not merely as a storyteller but as a self-declared magician. By Morrison's own account, he came to magic through an entirely self-invented, DIY, kitchen-sink shamanism: a homemade tarot deck, a childhood conjuror's wand, a friend's dagger from Istanbul, a railway lamp found by the tracks. The influences he cites are Robert Anton Wilson, Austin Osman Spare, and Aleister Crowley. Morrison described his approach as Chaos magic.

The Invisibles, published under DC's Vertigo imprint between 1994 and 2000 across 59 issues, was the result of channelling all of this into a single sustained act of metafiction. Morrison described the work as a hypersigil: a

dynamic miniature model of the magician's universe, a hologram, microcosm, or voodoo doll which could be manipulated to produce changes in the macrocosmic environment of real life.

The story follows a loose cell of the Invisibles, a guerrilla esoterrorist network fighting a war most of the human race doesn't know is happening. The team includes King Mob, a bald assassin and Morrison's direct self-insert; Lord Fanny, a transgender Brazilian shaman; Boy, a former NYPD officer; Ragged Robin, a telepath with a mysterious past; and Jack Frost, a young Liverpool hooligan who may or may not be the next Buddha. Their enemies are the Archons of the Outer Church, interdimensional alien gods who have already enslaved most of humanity without their knowledge.

The Outer Church exists in what the narrative calls an unhealthy universe, where conformity and hierarchy consume individuality and free will, and where the demonic Archons wish to strip humanity of everything that cannot be measured, weighed, and counted. Their earthly representatives are politicians, police, royalty, and every other instrument of control and order. It is Gnostic cosmology rendered as conspiracy thriller.

While Buddhism, Hinduism, Aztec religion, and Kabbalah all contribute to the terrain, it is Gnosticism that provides the primary architecture. *The Invisibles* conceal themselves from the Archons just as Gnostic pneumatics conceal the divine spark from the demiurge. The Outer Church's project is the Gnostic nightmare: material reality as prison, spiritual potential as the contraband the wardens are trying to confiscate. Morrison distilled practically every strand of 1990s conspiracy culture into the book's structure, whether or not he believed any of it personally. Chaos magic, Thelema, Gnostic-Voodoo, Tantra, Timothy Leary, Terence McKenna, Robert Anton Wilson, LSD, the sunspot cycle, the Mayan calendar, alien abduction, Manichaeism, Situationism, Discordianism, Dadaism, NLP, memes, and transcendentalism all find their way into the text.

Lord Fanny provides a fully realised portrait of working

magical practice in the series. Born Hilde Morales in the slums of Rio de Janeiro, from a family lineage of sorceresses, she was raised as a girl to carry on the shamanic tradition, and her patron deity is Tlazolteotl, the Aztec Eater of Dung, goddess of lust and shame. By consciously inhabiting the role that patriarchal power structures forced upon her, she transforms weakness into a form of devotion: a dirty joke dedicated to her goddess.

Volume two introduces Jim Crow, a Haitian bocor. Baron Samedi appears in keeping with real Vodou belief, demanding a feast as payment for working. There are also references directly to the works of Michael Bertiaux's Gnostic-Voodoo.

Aztec shamanism, Gnostic-Voodoo, Gnostic cosmology, and Chaos magic operate throughout as interchangeable lenses on the same underlying reality.

The relationship between Morrison and King Mob goes further than most author-character identification. Morrison embodied the character directly in order to further invest themselves into the world of the comic, bridging the gap between fiction and reality. When they wrote King Mob being tortured by Sir Miles using a serum that causes linguistic suggestion to physically manifest as a flesh-eating virus, Morrison ended up in hospital with a collapsed lung and an infection eating away at their face. Whether sympathetic magic or synchronicity, the stakes of the hypersigil had been raised.

Within the fiction, the blank badge is the recognition symbol of the Invisibles. Morrison notes that the badge worn by each member appears blank because of the world surrounding them - without chaos it would be impossible to define order, and the healthy metauniverse cannot be properly defined without the unhealthy one pressing against it from outside. The blank badge is a sigil whose meaning is absence: the mark of one who has stepped outside the system of signs that constitutes consensus reality. To wear it is to declare oneself undefined, uncontrollable, and therefore invisible to the machinery of control.

Morrison was explicit about the Situationist philosophical

underpinning of the work. In a 1996 interview he described the concept of the Temporary Autonomous Zone as feeding directly into *The Invisibles*: the idea that you can make a TAZ by impressing the imagination on the world in such a way that you create it anew, citing Raoul Vaneigem's *The Revolution of Everyday Life* as their favourite Situationist text. This framework, drawn equally from Hakim Bey and from Vaneigem, provided the political spine of the series. The TAZ must be capable of defence; the strike is made at structures of control, essentially at ideas; the defence is invisibility as martial art, invulnerability as occult art. The language of political anarchism and the language of magical practice become indistinguishable.

The readership did not remain passive. The book actively recruited its readers into its own cosmology, treating them as initiates rather than consumers. The most extraordinary example came when the comic was at risk of cancellation. In the letters page for issue fourteen, Morrison described the basic principles of constructing a sigil and instructed readers to charge them through masturbation: a collective sex magic ritual performed on Thanksgiving 1995 to save the book from cancellation. Sales subsequently improved. Morrison had recruited his readership into a real magical working, collapsing the boundary between fiction and practice, between a reader and an actual member of the Invisibles.

The blank badge crossed from the page into subcultural reality. Fans produced and wore them as markers of membership in the real-world community. The Discordian and chaos magic communities overlapped seamlessly with the Invisibles fandom, and the blank badge functioned in the real world exactly as it did within the text, a signal between practitioners that required no words, no names, no fixed ideology. The subculture that formed around the work in the late 1990s had all the characteristics of a genuine Temporary Autonomous Zone: leaderless, organised around shared practice rather than fixed belief, deliberately ephemeral, and defined by its resistance to categorisation. The fans who wore the badge were, almost without exception, practitioners of

experimental chaos-style magic. The work had been designed to filter for exactly this audience and then transform them through the act of reading.

The legacy extends well beyond its immediate community. *The Invisibles* is probably amongst most complete compendiums of occult ideas of the modern age in comic book form: a 1,500-page work whose winding plotline tells a single long story about occult rebels using magic to liberate humanity, opposed by black magicians in positions of power using sorcery to control and oppress it. Its parallels with *The Matrix* have been widely noted, with reports of copies circulating on the film's production set as design inspiration. The list of writers and artists who count Morrison and *The Invisibles* among their formative influences includes most of the important creative figures of the generation that followed.

What Morrison achieved was something genuinely rare: a work of popular fiction that functioned simultaneously as political manifesto, initiatory text, magical operation, and subcultural catalyst, producing in the readers it attracted not fans but practitioners. The blank badge they wore in the real world was the proof. The hypersigil had done exactly what it was designed to do.



CHAOS GARDENING

*Peter Z. Karroll
Khaos Pope (Retired)*

I have, since my retirement from running one of the world's blackest of black magic orders, been spending a lot more time in my garden. Herewith an update on my recent excursion into garden furniture. Specifically, a modest fifteen foot statue of Baphomet, now installed between the compost heap and the bird bath. Several neighbours have described it as “unexpected”, “structurally threatening”, and “clearly designed to menace the sky”. I dispute all three claims. It is load bearing, aesthetically restrained, and faces west.

The statue is cast in reinforced concrete over a steel armature, finished in a tasteful basalt black with subtle sulphur highlights. The torch is solar powered. This seemed only reasonable. The wings are purely symbolic and do not

flap, despite rumours to the contrary.

Complaints have been lodged. Apparently it “blocks out the light” to the adjoining property. This is manifest nonsense. It merely redistributes the light in a more interesting configuration. Any perceived dimming is psychological, or karmic, or both. In any case, the neighbours’ hedge is at least as occult as my statue and has never once applied for planning permission. More troubling are insinuations regarding several missing local cats. Let me state this with perfect clarity. I am not responsible. Baphomet’s lap is purely decorative and has never contained a mammal. The paw prints on the plinth prove nothing. Cats come and go. This is well established metaphysics.

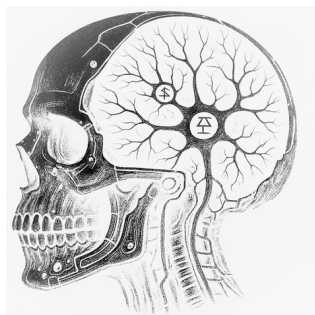
The installation has nonetheless proven a welcome distraction from my ongoing efforts to clarify the operational metaphysics of Chaos Magic for people who insist on mistaking metaphors for furniture and furniture for metaphysics. The neighbours demand explanations. I explain nothing. Explanation is a low grade magical act best avoided unless charging sigils or dealing with local councils.

Some have accused the statue of exerting a “negative influence” on the street. Since its erection, there have indeed been unusual dreams, malfunctioning doorbells, and a noticeable increase in unsolicited life insights. Correlation, as ever, is not causation. It is merely suggestion with better posture.

I am told that Baphomet “radiates an atmosphere”. Of course it does. All sufficiently large symbols do. That is the point. If one places a fifteen foot archetype in a garden and nothing happens, one has built it incorrectly.

In summary, the statue remains. The light remains. The cats are metaphysically unaccounted for. Any further complaints will be addressed by rotating the statue ten degrees anticlockwise and observing the results.

Yours in Bristol,
Peter Z Karroll
Still not responsible for the cats



NEUROMANCY

Frater Animi Imperio
ICON

The following scientific breakthroughs provide evidential confirmation for the hidden potentials of human consciousness, and a rational basis for the practice of sorcery. However, there is much more to be learned and considered before Theta Sorcery Theory can be fully comprehended. Further research and discoveries open ever new possibilities.

Schumann Resonance

In 1951 the physicist Winefred Otto Schumann, University of Munich, discovered the heart beat of the planet Earth. While teaching a class on the physics of electricity, of how a sphere within a sphere can create electrical tension, and subsequently a frequency, he illustrated the principal with the example as to how the sphere of the planet Earth and its surrounding ionosphere produces lightning. He then asked his class to calculate the tension existing between them and, realising he did not know the answer himself, set about calculating it. Eventually he concluded with a frequency of approximately 10 Hz. His discovery was subsequently published under the title Schumann Resonance on the 11th of August 1953 in the small journal Physical Sciences, confined to the back pages with its full significance yet to be realised.

Brainwaves

Around 30 years earlier another German scientist by the name of Hans Burger had made the first ever recording of the electromagnetic frequencies transmitted by the human brain. Although it was initially suggested the waves be named after their discoverer he elected for alphabetical assignments, assigning the principal wave he discovered as the Alpha wave. Shortly after Shumann's discovery was published a student of Burger's read the article and noticed a startling correspondence between the brainwaves recorded by Burger and the Schumann Resonance.

Learning of this, Schumann agreed to investigate further, working alongside one of his own students to study in detail the discharging of lightning within the ionosphere cavity, refining his equation to the more precise measurement of 7.83 Hz. The discovery was remarkable; the Schumann Resonance is not merely a close correspondence to human Alpha brainwaves, it is an exact and identical match. The brain's frequency controlling our creativity, performance, stress, even our immune system, is attuned to the frequency of the planet. The pulse of the Earth became the pulse of life itself.

Circadian Rhythms

In the early 1960s Professor Rutger Weaver, an acclaimed scientist from the Max Planck Institute, constructed an underground bunker completely shielded from the electromagnetic resonance of the Earth, in order to study the affects of electromagnetic frequencies on the circadian rhythms of humans. He conducted an experiment over a thirty week period, during which student volunteers spent several weeks at a time living in the bunker. He discovered that the student's circadian rhythms were dramatically disrupted when they were isolated from the Schumann Resonance, causing both mental and physical health to suffer. When the 7.83 Hz frequency was secretly reintroduced to the isolation bunker by means of an electric pulse generator they almost immediately returned to health and a sense of well being. Weaver's experiments proved the incredible connection

between human health and the heart beat of the planet; the correspondence between Burger and Schumann's discoveries had been no coincidence.

Third Eye Spies

During the 1980s, in a series of highly secretive experiments at the Stanford Institute, it was discovered that Alpha / Theta brainwaves were dominant during sessions with the CIA's psychic agents; remote viewers such as Ingo Swann and Pat Price. During the 1990s a further series of experiments by Dr. Michael Persinger verified that the exact brainwave frequency during optimum psychic performance is 7.83 Hz..

While it has been widely accepted within science that electromagnetic fields may have a profound effect upon us at every level, including our brainwaves and consciousness, it has largely been hidden from the public is that our consciousness may also have an effect upon these fields; our brains and bodies are literally transmitters, and so effect their environment.

The Genesis Effect

In 2011, groundbreaking research suggested something even more impressive; the Schumann Resonance may be responsible for the beginnings of life. Dr. Luc Montagnier, the biologist who first discovered the HIV virus, was conducting water memory experiments, studying how water retained a memory of substances that had previously been dissolved in it, when he stumbled upon something that would challenge the very core principals of science.

All life comes from life, and can only exist where life has existed before, and the mechanism for this has always been understood to be material, such as egg and sperm, or cell division. This was a principal assumption that had never been violated by any experiment in science so far. Dr. Luc Montagnier's experiments would offer a very different hypothesis, showing that DNA sequences – the very building blocks of life – communicate with each other through water by emitting low frequency electromagnetic waves.

Even when the DNA was kept in separate test tubes electromagnetic communication was still recorded. These transmissions are so sophisticated they are able to arrange nucleotides into new DNA. Scientists had combined these ingredients countless times before but have never been able to recreate the spark of life, transforming nucleotides into actual DNA without it already being present. The difference was that Montagnier had introduced the frequency of precisely 7.83 Hz; when a test tube of pure water is placed beside a second test tube containing water and DNA traces, and the two tubes are exposed to the Schumann Resonance, the nucleotides in the pure water rearrange themselves to make DNA.

Since this Schumann Resonance has been the electromagnetic pulse of the planet from the very beginning, before life evolved, it is reasonable to assume that the Schumann Resonance played a part in DNA coming into existence in the first place; life evolved surrounded by these frequencies and inevitably tuned in to them. Indeed our sensitivity to frequency became integral to our ability in sensing another of the planet's phenomena; magnetic fields. Two billion years ago magnostatic bacteria formed a simple but intriguing relationship with the Earth's magnetic field. The single celled organism contained particles of magnetic material enabling it to act like the needle of a compass and orient along the magnetic lines of the planet. As organisms became more complex so did their reliance on these magnetic fields.

DNA molecules are not themselves the determinants of particular structures, even if biologists often speak of genes 'for' certain attributes, such as ginger hair, or higher intelligence. They do not possess conscious attributes such as selfishness, and do not contain instruction plans or blue prints for organisms, yet nor are they merely the code sequencers of amino acids and proteins. Discovered only as recently as 1952 we know relatively little about the true purpose of DNA, despite the great leaps made by the Human Genome Project, and the riches that have been made through genetic

modification. Scientists have only so far ascertained around 2% of its purpose; the remaining 98% may well have far more to do with Montagnier's discovery of its relationship to the Schumann Resonance, and the relationship between the Schumann Resonance and 'sixth sense' abilities.

... It has also been shown that information relating to instinctive knowledge may be encoded into DNA through certain experiences, most notably trauma, and inherited by subsequent generations. Early experiences, for better or worse, can also literally become part of our genetic make-up. Psychic DNA reprogramming can therefore also play a powerful role in clearing mind control, in the self or in others.

On the most immediate level, the good news is that we can change, through the simple act of communication, even at the most fundamental biophysical level of DNA. This has profound implications in the clearing of trauma, mind control, or disempowering narratives, and the instantaneous instilling of empowering psychic strategies.

That DNA may be reprogrammed through psychic communion in turn suggests the possibility of a psychic aspect to the evolution of the human species itself. Although the correlates between DNA, the Schumann Resonance, Theta brainwaves, and the 'sixth sense' are all new discoveries to modern science they have always been present in nature. The sudden evolutionary leap between Neanderthal and Homo-Sapian might have been the result of such willed change.

Or to conjecture further; consciousness might not have evolved at all, or even have arisen from matter in the first place, but instead might be the purpose and cause of matter, and therefore of evolution.

This cluster of discoveries cited implies a coherent physical substrate for sorcery. The key is that 7.83 Hz, the fundamental mode of the Schumann resonance, corresponds to human alpha or theta brain activity and mediates biological organization.

The implications can be examined at several levels:

1. Planetary entrainment: The Schumann resonance is a measurable electromagnetic standing wave in the cavity between Earth's surface and ionosphere. Its fundamental mode averages about 7.83 Hz, though it fluctuates. Human alpha rhythms, first recorded by Hans Berger, typically range from 8 to 12 Hz. Theta rhythms range from roughly 4 to 8 Hz. If one assumes exact frequency identity and biological entrainment, then human cognition would not be merely contained within the planetary environment but phase locked to it.

This implies that human consciousness is already synchronized with a global carrier wave. Sorcery is then modulation of that carrier, similar to amplitude or frequency modulation in radio transmission. Ritual trance functions as a tuning mechanism rather than a symbolic exercise.

2) Health and circadian disruption: Experiments of Rütger Wever at the Max Planck Institute examined human circadian rhythms in isolation from natural cues. If electromagnetic shielding was shown to destabilize physiological rhythms and reintroduction of 7.83 Hz restored stability, the implication is that human biology depends on planetary EM coherence.

In a magical framework, illness might be interpreted as phase incoherence with planetary fields. Magical healing would then aim at re attunement. Healing rites could be reframed as methods of restoring resonant coupling between organism and geophysical field.

As with any healing technology, the reverse principle may also be weaponized.

3) Psi research and alpha theta dominance: Remote viewing research at the Stanford Research Institute, associated with figures such as Ingo Swann and Pat Price, reported successful sessions correlating with theta dominance. If optimal psi performance occurs near 7 to 8 Hz, and if that overlaps the Schumann fundamental, then psi could be interpreted as

enhanced coherence with the planetary resonance.

Under this assumption, consciousness would not be sealed inside the skull. Instead, it would behave as an oscillator embedded in a larger oscillatory system. Psychic perception would be nonlocal correlation mediated by shared resonance rather than signal transmission in the conventional sense.

4) *Morphic resonance*: Montagnier's DNA experiments, the Schumann resonance, and reported psychic correlations all point toward the Earth's field as an information-bearing medium, which aligns with Sheldrake's concept of morphic fields. Such would give a causal explanation also for the phenomena observed in biology: that natural systems inherit a collective memory from previous similar systems. Forms, behaviours, and structures are shaped by invisible organizing fields called *morphic fields*. Once a pattern occurs, it becomes more likely to occur again. Similar systems "resonate" with past similar systems, even without physical contact.

The more often something happens, the easier it becomes for it to happen again, because nature has memory. This might also explain the occasional effectiveness of 'sympathetic magic' even without trance-as-signal.

5) *The Key to the Art*: Consider the following quote from Zosimos of Panopolis, a figure from the dawn of Alchemy and Hermetic philosophy;

"Just as the Mystery of the nine letter Name [ie the secret name of God known by Solomon, by which he called and commanded demons] is the common key to visible things, as it says in the Book of Names and the Book of Amulets, so the letter Theta Θ contains to whole key to the Visible Arte, the key that resides in all species of Mercury."

- Zosimos, *On Mercury*, 4th century AD

The flesh-brain interface is no solitary engine. It is subsumed in the Planetary Field, humming at the base

frequency of the Schumann Resonance: 7.83 Hz - the frequency of Theta Θ brainwaves, the liminal signal-band between waking and dream, ego and abyss. It is when the human brain matches the current of the Schumann Resonance that verifiable psychic events occur.

Theta Θ is a brainwave frequency emitted most strongly by the hippocampus and the limbic depths. It is the resonance of the dreaming mind, the interior temple where visions come unbidden and truths unmask themselves. You pass through it on your way to sleep, and again as you rise; those golden gates where ghosts speak, where time folds, called by Kenneth Grant as The Mauve Zone.

The sorcerer's craft has always dwelled here. Whether you call it Gnosis, the trance of the Priestess, the Dream Sabbath of the Witch, or simply the Work, its biological substrate is Theta Θ . This is not poetry. It is electrical. We are tuned, at our most potent, to a frequency rarely accessed in modern life except during the deep play of childhood or the terrors of the wounded.

Theta Θ is the wavelength of trauma, memory, remote viewing, enchantment, and Spirit contact. It is where the veil thins - not because of Spirits intruding into matter, but because the ego withdraws from its throne and the Black Mirror of the Depths begins to shine. For 7.83 Hz is also the very heartbeat of the planet, its secret mantra, whispered between waking and dream. This is the psychic carrier wave, the telepathic signal, the tonal equivalent of Daath itself - an echo resounding through the Cthonic Realms; not symbolic, metaphorical, or poetic; but objectively and measurably real.

6) *Shamanism*. While the science behind neuromancy may seem high-tech and sci-fi, its rationale provides a rational and mechanistic explanation for shamanic 'Earth energies', particularly in relation to magical healing.

Science of Psychic Signal

Persinger's experiments discovered that weak, patterned magnetic stimulation of the temporal lobes could induce

mystical, visionary, even telepathic experiences. In some cases, it could disrupt them. In others, enhance. What this suggests is critical: Consciousness is field-sensitive. Psychic function is electromagnetic in nature, as was concluded in the CIA's Stargate program. This alone is a paradigm shift.

Remote viewers (psychic spies for the CIA) in Persinger's lab showed unusual right hemisphere dominance. All demonstrated heightened Theta Θ activity during psychic 'direct hits'. Ingo Swann described distant events with clarity and total accuracy. When the fields around the target location were deliberately disrupted, his accuracy dropped. The phase-locking of their brains with external electromagnetic fields mirrored what we, in ritual, achieve through the various elements of Ritual Conjunction. The brain is a temple, yes, but also a receiver, and Theta Θ the frequency of reception.

In this interval, when neural activity, indeed the entire personal electromagnetic biofield (Aura), aligns with the Schumann Resonance (the Earth energies), the Self loosens. Through the aperture rush the subtle impressions of psychic instinct; phantoms, voices, presences. The veil ruptures not through belief, but through frequency. The ego does not reach the Other; the Other infiltrates the breach. Even more rarely spoken about than Stargate's remote viewing of earthly targets, in no short part due to the the misinformation campaign discrediting any 'conspiracy theories' concerning the programs alleged success, are those papers recording telepathic and astral encounters with praeterhuman and extraterrestrial intelligences.

These are not delusions, obsessions, or hallucinations, although in our current age they are easily mistaken for various forms of madness. They are arrivals.

“The archetype in itself is a psychoid factor - that is to say, it is something like a non-perceptible, non-representable 'form' or 'pattern' that is not reducible to psychology or biology alone.” - C.G. Jung, *Collected Works*, Vol. 8

Carl Jung used the term *psychoid* to refer to a level of reality or experience that lies beneath consciousness and even beneath archetypes: a primordial substratum where psyche and matter are not yet differentiated. It is a transpersonal field where mental and physical events are still one: the interface between the psychic and the somatic, the symbolic and the material.

The Mysteries are not fictions who exist for those who believe in them enough. They are infradimensional psychoids, persisting, mutating, bleeding across civilizations as living intelligences, recursive forms of a deeper Pattern. Call one Ganesh, Exu, Legba-Kalfu, Simbi, Hermes, Mercury, Odin, Helekin, Lucifer, or Nyarlathotep: the veil differs, the current does not. In every case the spiritual Adept finds their self at the crossroads between the worlds, making the same or similar offerings, in the same red and black (or white) colours, before approaching any other Mysteries of their tradition.

Each Archetype is a frequency-pattern, a temporal vibration housed in form but not defined by it. To invoke such an entity is to modulate the operator's neurosomatic field. It is to resonate, not to fake it 'til you make it', as certain lesser magicians have claimed. When the tuning is precise, contact occurs. The effect is visceral, destabilizing, irrevocable, and very real.

This is the essence of Magick: not supplication, but interface;

“My observation of the Universe convinces me that there are beings of intelligence and power of a far higher quality than anything we can conceive of as human; that they are not necessarily based on the cerebral and nervous structures that we know; and that the one and only chance for mankind to advance as a whole is for individuals to make contact with such Beings.”

– Aleister Crowley, *Magick Without Tears*

Spirits are not 'real' in the pedestrian sense, but neither are

they imaginary. They are operationally real, meaning that once conjured with precision and sufficient charge, they behave as autonomous beings. Contact is achieved through the language of dream, metaphor, and trance. The spirit speaks not in English, but in shiver, image, accident, and surge. It answers through coincidence. It whispers in unexpected symbols, the sudden appearance of a long-lost name, a cryptic phrase overheard on a bus that sends chills down the spine. These are the footfalls of the daimonic. The sorcerer learns to listen.



THE SCIENCE OF POSSESSION

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There is a question that serious practitioners of any spirit-working tradition must eventually confront: is possession a genuine alteration of consciousness, something that happens *to* a person from outside the borders of their ordinary self, or is it a sophisticated form of self-induced theatre?

Peter Carroll, the founding theorist of Chaos Magic and author of *Liber Null & Psychonaut*, has been admirably candid about where he stands. In his own teaching materials, he describes invocation's mildest form as “a kind of method acting in which the player pretends very hard to actually become the desired character.” In its deeper forms, he writes, the magician seeks “complete abandonment of the ordinary self.” The direction of travel, in other words, is always outward from the self: a willed, performative push toward a state that the practitioner is consciously constructing.

It is a coherent model. It is also, in light of recent neuroscientific research, a profoundly inadequate one — at least when measured against what actually occurs in the bodies and brains of experienced mediums in the Afro-Brazilian traditions.

In 2012, a team of researchers led by Julio Peres and the Brazilian psychiatrist Alexander Moreira-Almeida published a landmark neuroimaging study in *PLOS ONE*. The subjects were ten experienced Spiritist psychographers: mediums who practice automatic writing, in which a spirit entity is understood to write through the medium's hand. Five were less experienced; five were veterans with between 15 and 47

years of practice, performing multiple psychographic sessions per month. All were in good mental health, none were on psychiatric medication.

Using single-photon emission computed tomography (SPECT), the researchers scanned each medium's brain activity during two conditions: normal, conscious writing, and writing during the mediumistic trance. The results were startling. The experienced mediums showed *significantly reduced* activity during trance in multiple brain regions, including the left hippocampus, left anterior cingulate cortex, right superior temporal gyrus, and right precentral gyrus:—areas intimately involved in self-monitoring, intentional movement, language production, and the organisation of complex thought.

Here is the paradox that should give every Chaos magician pause: the written content produced during trance was rated as *more complex* than the content produced during normal, conscious writing. The mediums were generating their most sophisticated output precisely when the brain regions responsible for generating such output were at their least active.

This is not what performance looks like. This is not what method acting looks like. If you are consciously pretending to be someone else, the cognitive cost of that sustained performance shows up in the brain as *increased* activity, not decreased. The frontal and temporal regions light up when we self-monitor, when we consciously construct a persona, when we direct our own behaviour. The experienced mediums showed the opposite: a measurable withdrawal of precisely those faculties, accompanied by an *increase* in the sophistication of what was being produced through them.

The researchers themselves noted that the findings were not consistent with simple relaxation either, since the brain areas showing reduced activity were specifically those required for the cognitive tasks being performed. They were, in the most careful scientific language, unable to account for the results through any ordinary model of conscious self-direction.

This matters for the esoteric community because it cuts to

the heart of a long-running and underexamined disagreement between Western reconstructed magic and the older possession traditions of Africa, its diaspora, and elsewhere.

Carroll's framework, and Chaos Magic's broader psychological model of working, rests on the assumption that the entity invoked is, at base, a construct of the magician's own psyche. The invoked form is understood as a temporary restructuring of the practitioner's own mental contents. The magician reaches *in*, assembles a mask from available materials, and wears it. At its best, this is genuinely sophisticated psychological technology.

But the Afro-Brazilian traditions — Umbanda, Candomblé, Quimbanda, and their cousins — operate from a categorically different premise. The Exu arrives. The Pombagira descends. The medium is not assembling a mask; the medium is being *ridden*. And the neurological evidence suggests that something real and measurable is happening to support this account — something that Carroll's method acting entry point structurally cannot produce, because conscious performance, by its very nature, activates rather than suspends the frontal regions of the brain.

This is not merely a theological difference. It is a phenomenological one, and neuroscience is now in a position to begin drawing the boundary.

The Peres and Moreira-Almeida study also revealed something important about time. The neurological anomaly, complex output from reduced brain activity, was most pronounced in the *experienced* mediums. The less experienced practitioners showed less dramatic divergence from their normal brain states. This maps exactly onto what any serious practitioner of a living possession tradition would predict: real possession is not a technique you pick up from a manual and deploy next Tuesday. It is something that develops over years of practice, ritual preparation, initiatory relationship, and surrender of the will to something other than itself.

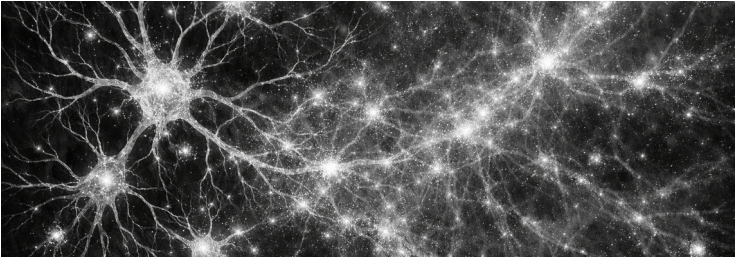
This is precisely what Carroll's model cannot offer, because its architecture is built on the magician's *retention* of

interpretive control. Even in full invocation, the Chaolist framework positions the magician as the director of the process. The god-form is a tool. The paradigm is chosen and can be discarded. Nothing is taken seriously enough to constitute genuine surrender, because genuine surrender would compromise the system's central promise of freedom from fixed belief.

The Brazilian mediums, many of whom had practised their craft for decades under the guidance of experienced elders, embedded in community ritual, had developed something that no amount of performative excess can manufacture: a capacity for genuine neurological self-dissolution in the presence of the spirits.

None of this is to dismiss Carroll as a thinker, or Chaos Magic as a system. *Liber Null & Psychonaut* remains one of the last century's most intellectually honest documents in modern Western occultism. However, his model of invocation, however sophisticated as a tool of self-development and psychological theatre, operates at a fundamentally different level from what occurs in genuine possession traditions. The former is a consciously managed psychological state. The latter is something measurably else: a state in which normal cognitive self-direction is suspended, complex expression continues or increases, and the ordinary mechanisms of performance are demonstrably offline.

It turns out you cannot, as Carroll and his Id-IOTs have claimed, “fake it 'til you make it”.



PRIMACY OF CONSCIOUSNESS

The Hard Problem Made Easy

Fra. Macrocephalus

This article proposes a unified theorem, here termed the *Primacy of Consciousness Theorem* (PCT), synthesising three converging lines of inquiry: the philosophical dissolution of the Hard Problem of Consciousness through metaphysical inversion; the idealist and filter-theory traditions from William James to Bernardo Kastrup; and empirical anomalies including near-death experiences, terminal lucidity, and psychedelic phenomenology. We argue that the most parsimonious account of available evidence holds consciousness to be ontologically primary, with material reality arising as structured appearance within a universal field of awareness, and the human brain functioning as a receiver and decoder rather than a generator of subjective experience.

The Problem Stated, and Inverted

In 1995, philosopher David Chalmers crystallised a question that had haunted Western philosophy for centuries. He distinguished what he called the easy problems of consciousness, namely explaining perception, cognition, attention, and behaviour in functional terms, from what he named The Hard Problem: why does any physical process give rise to subjective experience at all?

“Why is the performance of [cognitive] functions

accompanied by experience?" Chalmers asked. "Why doesn't all this information-processing go on 'in the dark', free of any inner feel?"

This question has resisted resolution for three decades. Every neuroscientific advance, however detailed its mapping of neural correlates, leaves the explanatory gap intact. We can describe, with increasing precision, which brain regions activate when a person sees red; we cannot explain why seeing red feels like anything.

We propose that this intractability is not a symptom of incomplete science but of a misoriented metaphysics. The Hard Problem is only hard if we assume matter is primary and consciousness must be derived from it. Invert the premise, and the problem dissolves.

The question, properly posed, is not: Why does brain activity give rise to subjective experience? The question is: Why does material reality arise within the fundament of consciousness?

Consciousness as Primary

This inversion is not new. It has been made, with varying degrees of rigour, throughout the history of philosophy and across diverse cultural traditions. George Berkeley argued in 1710 that *esse est percipi*, meaning to be is to be perceived, denying the existence of matter independent of mind. Hegel understood history and nature as the self-unfolding of Absolute Spirit. The *Advaita Vedanta* tradition of India, codified by Adi Shankaracharya in the 8th century CE, holds that Brahman, pure and undivided consciousness, is the sole ultimate reality, and that the material world is maya: appearance arising within and upon that consciousness, neither simply real nor simply unreal.

What distinguishes the present moment is that these metaphysical positions are now receiving serious formulation within analytic philosophy and empirical science. Bernardo Kastrup, a philosopher and computer scientist, has developed what he terms Analytic Idealism: the view that "the phenomenal properties of experience are the ultimate

constituents of reality," and that "mind at large" is the ontological ground of which individual minds and the physical world are both expressions.

On Kastrup's account, individual human minds are "dissociated alters" of a universal consciousness: regions of a single experiential field that have become, through a process analogous to dissociative identity, relatively bounded and self-enclosed. The physical world, as registered by third-person observation, is "the extrinsic appearance of the inner experiential life of mind at large." The brain is not the generator of consciousness but its localising structure, being the appearance, from outside, of a particular fold in the universal field.

The Filter Hypothesis

A closely related but distinct position holds that consciousness is not merely primary but external to the individual brain, proposing that the brain functions as a receiver, filter, or decoder of a signal that exists independently of it. This hypothesis was advanced with considerable force by William James in his 1898 Ingersoll Lecture, *Human Immortality: Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine*.

James distinguished what he called the "productive" theory of the brain, in which the brain generates consciousness as a kettle generates steam, from a "transmissive" theory, in which the brain transmits and permits a consciousness that already exists. "The brain is an organ for limiting and adjusting [experience] to the present body and its needs," James wrote. "The brain... is only the transmitting organ."

Henri Bergson developed this idea further, arguing that the function of the nervous system is primarily restrictive: the brain filters out the vast majority of potential experience, allowing only what is useful for immediate biological action to reach ordinary waking consciousness. Aldous Huxley made this argument famous in *The Doors of Perception* (1954), coining the phrase "reducing valve" for the brain's filtering function and proposing that what remains after filtration is the "measly trickle of the kind of consciousness which will help

us to stay alive on the surface of this particular planet.”

If James and Bergson are correct, the map of consciousness science has been inverted. Researchers have been trying to understand how the brain generates experience when they should have been asking what constraints the brain places on an experience that is, in its fullness, already there.

The Non-Local Observer

The most unexpected support for the primacy of consciousness comes from the discipline least expected to offer it: physics. Quantum mechanics, the most empirically successful theory in the history of science, has since its inception resisted a fully observer-independent formulation.

The physicist John von Neumann demonstrated mathematically in 1932 that the collapse of the quantum wave function, that is the transition from superposed possibilities to definite outcomes, cannot be located within any purely physical system. The chain of physical causation, he showed, can always be extended further; it terminates only in the act of observation itself. His colleague Eugene Wigner later argued explicitly that it was not possible to formulate the laws of quantum mechanics in a fully consistent way without reference to the consciousness of the observer.

More recently, physicist Roger Penrose and anaesthesiologist Stuart Hameroff have proposed that consciousness arises from quantum-gravitational processes in neuronal microtubules, a theory they call Orchestrated Objective Reduction (Orch-OR). While Orch-OR remains controversial, it has the significant implication that consciousness, being grounded in quantum processes, inherits the non-locality that is characteristic of quantum systems. Consciousness, on this view, is not confined within the skull; it is, at minimum, non-locally distributed.

This coheres with a point made by the philosopher Thomas Nagel, who argued in *Mind and Cosmos* (2012) that “the existence of consciousness is both one of the most familiar and one of the most astounding things about the world,” and that its existence suggests “the natural order is far more subtle

and complex than we now imagine.” Materialism, Nagel contended, “is almost certainly false.”

Empirical Anomalies

The filter and receiver models make specific predictions: if the brain is suppressing rather than generating consciousness, then conditions that impair or disable the brain should sometimes produce enhancements of experience, not only deficits. A radio that loses its casing does not silence the broadcast; it may, in some conditions, receive more. Several well-documented anomalies fit precisely this pattern.

Near-Death Experiences (NDEs): In 2001, cardiologist Pim van Lommel and colleagues published a prospective study of 344 cardiac arrest survivors in *The Lancet*, one of the world's most rigorous medical journals. Eighteen percent reported NDEs during periods of clinical death, including verified perceptions of their physical environment that could not have been produced by a functioning brain. “Our results show that medical factors cannot account for the occurrence of NDE,” van Lommel concluded. The data, he argued, are consistent with the hypothesis that “consciousness can be experienced independently of brain function.”

Terminal Lucidity: Physician Alexander Batthyány has documented cases of patients with severe dementia, including those with Alzheimer's disease involving extensive cortical destruction, who experience sudden, complete restoration of lucid consciousness and long-term memory in the hours or days before death. Under the generative model, this is paradoxical: a destroyed generator cannot suddenly produce full power. Under the filter model, it is coherent: a failing filter, as it collapses, may momentarily cease its suppressive function, allowing fuller signal through.

Psychedelic States and the Default Mode Network: Neuroscientist Robin Carhart-Harris and colleagues at Imperial College London used neuroimaging to demonstrate

that psilocybin, the active compound in psychedelic mushrooms, does not increase brain activity. It substantially decreases activity in the Default Mode Network (DMN), the brain's primary self-referential hub. "The brain's activity is actually reduced under psilocybin," Carhart-Harris has noted, describing the DMN as a kind of constraint on experience. This is precisely the pattern James and Huxley predicted: loosening the reducing valve produces more experience, not less.

Acquired Savant Syndrome: Neurologist Bruce Miller has documented patients who, following frontotemporal dementia involving damage to the left hemisphere, spontaneously develop extraordinary artistic or mathematical abilities. If the brain generates all cognitive capacity, damage should produce only loss. If it also suppresses or filters potential capacities, selective damage may reveal abilities that were always present but blocked.

The Theorem: A Formal Statement

Drawing these threads together, we propose the following as a working theorem deserving serious philosophical and scientific attention:

The Primacy of Consciousness Theorem (PCT): Consciousness is the ontologically primary substrate of reality. The material world, including the brain and nervous system, constitutes the structured appearance of consciousness to itself under conditions of localisation and self-dissociation. The human brain functions not as the generator of subjective experience but as a receiver, filter, and decoder: a biological aperture through which a pre-existing, non-local field of awareness is localised into the bounded perspective of an individual subject. Apparent impairments of consciousness following brain damage or disease reflect modulations in the decoding apparatus, not in consciousness itself.

This theorem makes the following testable or at minimum falsifiable predictions: (1) conditions that reduce brain activity or damage filtering structures should, in at least some cases, produce expansions rather than contractions of awareness; (2) there should exist cases of accurate perception under conditions in which the brain is offline or severely compromised; (3) the phenomenology of deep meditative, psychedelic, or peri-death states should converge on descriptions of a vast, unified awareness rather than fragmented personal memory; (4) no neuroscientific account should be able to fully close the explanatory gap between third-person neural description and first-person experience.

All four predictions are consistent with available evidence. None is decisively disconfirmed.

Objections and Replies

Objection 1: This is not science; it is metaphysics.

Reply: All science rests on metaphysical commitments. The assumption that matter is primary and consciousness derived is itself a metaphysical position, one that is, as Nagel has argued, increasingly difficult to sustain.¹⁰ PCT asks that this assumption be held up to the same scrutiny as any other.

Objection 2: Brain damage always impairs consciousness, which proves the brain generates it.

Reply: Damaging a radio impairs reception. Terminal lucidity, acquired savant syndrome, and NDE perceptions during cardiac arrest all represent cases where this implication fails in precisely the way the filter model predicts.

Objection 3: There is no mechanism by which the brain could receive consciousness.

Reply: This objection assumes the framework it is meant to defend. There is equally no mechanism by which matter produces consciousness; that problem is equally the Hard Problem. PCT dissolves the Hard Problem rather than solving it on physicalism's own terms.

The convergence identified here, spanning philosophy of

mind, the idealist tradition, quantum mechanics, filter theory, and empirical anomaly research, is striking. These are not fringe positions. They are advanced by Nobel laureates in physics, published in the world's leading medical journals, and defended by credentialed analytic philosophers. They are united by a single structural insight: that science has been asking the consciousness question the wrong way around.

If consciousness is not the product of matter but its ground; if the brain is not a generator but a receiver; if subjective experience is not an anomalous latecomer in a material universe but the medium within which any universe at all can be known to exist, then the implications extend far beyond philosophy. They reach into how we understand death, identity, the self, and the nature of a reality that has always been, at its core, experiential.

The Hard Problem, as Chalmers named it, dissolves under this inversion. What remains is something older, stranger, and perhaps more honest: the recognition, articulated by the Vedantic philosopher Nisargadatta Maharaj, that “Consciousness is the only home we have.”

Psi & Magic

The Primacy of Consciousness Theorem, if granted even provisional credence, does not merely reframe academic philosophy. It reaches into territory that mainstream science has long treated as beyond serious consideration: the possibility of psychic phenomena, and the theoretical foundations of magical practice. These are not tangential consequences of the theorem. They are among its most direct and testable implications.

If individual minds are, as Kastrup argues, localised dissociations within a universal field of consciousness, then the apparent boundary between one mind and another is not fundamental. It is a functional partition within a single, continuous substrate. This has a precise implication: information, intention, and awareness need not be confined to the individual receiver. Under certain conditions, those partitions may become permeable.

This is precisely the theoretical ground required for phenomena such as telepathy, remote viewing, and precognition. These are not, under PCT, violations of physical law. They are, rather, instances of the underlying field of consciousness bleeding through the partitions ordinarily separating individual perspectives. The parapsychologist Dean Radin has argued along related lines, proposing that psi phenomena represent evidence of “an interconnected universe in which mind plays a fundamental role.”

The experimental record here is more substantial than popular accounts suggest. Radin’s meta-analyses of ganzfeld experiments, double-blind remote viewing trials conducted at the Stanford Research Institute by Russell Targ and Hal Puthoff, and the U.S. government’s declassified STARGATE programme collectively constitute a body of anomalous data that orthodox neuroscience, on its own materialist premises, cannot coherently accommodate. Under PCT, however, they are not anomalous at all. They are precisely what one would expect in a universe where consciousness is primary and individual minds are permeable expressions of a shared ground.

“The universe begins to look more like a great thought than like a great machine.” (Sir James Jeans, 1930)

Of all the esoteric traditions that PCT might be said to illuminate, none maps onto its theoretical architecture more precisely than Chaos Magic: distinguished from other occult traditions by a single, radical premise that the magical system itself is irrelevant, and that belief is the active variable.

Consider what Austin O Spare calls “Kia,” a term for the animating current of consciousness underlying all phenomena. This is not a mystical abstraction remote from the PCT framework. It is, rather, a practical description of the same ontological ground: that an underlying field of consciousness is the substrate through which intent can propagate, and that the formal structure of a ritual or system matters less than the quality and focus of the awareness brought to bear upon it.

PCT also provides a model for the construction and

activation of sigils: abstract symbols encoding a desired outcome, charged through an altered state of consciousness and then released from the conscious mind through a process of deliberate forgetting. The rational, self-monitoring ego constitutes noise in the signal; it is the suppression of that ego that allows intention to reach the deeper substrate.

Beneath the esoteric vocabulary, this is a recognisable description of the Default Mode Network: the neural seat of self-referential thought, narrative identity, and the ordinary filtering function. When practitioners seek to suppress the ego in order to charge a sigil, they are, in neurological terms, attempting to deactivate the very structure that ordinarily constrains access to the wider field. The parallel is not supernatural but mechanistic.

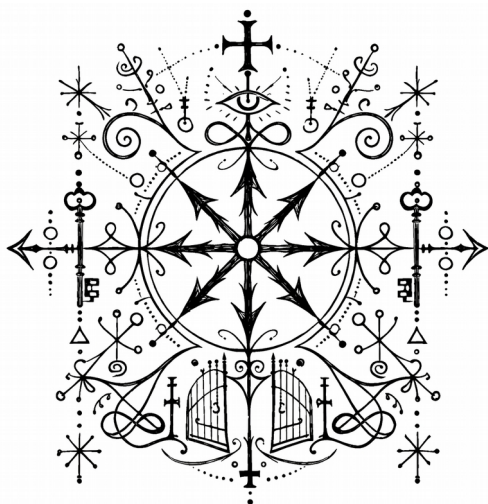
Chaos Magic's explicit "meta-belief" stance reinforces this reading further. Its practitioners are encouraged to adopt any belief system temporarily and instrumentally, treating all mythologies, deities, and metaphysical frameworks as "reality tunnels" that can be consciously inhabited and discarded. If consciousness is the primary substrate of reality, and if material structures are its appearance, then the "reality tunnel" is not merely a cognitive bias to be overcome but a genuine, if temporary, structuring of the experiential field. The practitioner who inhabits a belief fully is, on PCT, literally constructing a localised feature of the conscious universe.

A coherent picture emerges from the foregoing. If the Primacy of Consciousness Theorem is correct, then the universe is not a mechanism within which minds accidentally arose. It is a field of awareness within which a particular class of structures, biological brains, evolved to localise, filter, and decode a pre-existing signal. Individual minds are bounded apertures within a unified ground. The boundaries between them are real but not absolute. Intent, focused and properly oriented through the reduction of egoic noise, can propagate through the underlying field and influence events at a distance. Anomalous perceptions, synchronicities, and the reported efficacy of magical working are not supernatural interruptions of a natural order. They are natural expressions

of an order that materialism has simply misdescribed.

This does not validate every claimed phenomenon uncritically. The PCT framework sets precise conditions. Non-local effects require the suppression of the ordinary filtering function. Psychic perception requires a loosening of the partitions between dissociated alters within the field. Neither is consistently or easily achieved, which explains the inconsistency and context-dependence of both psi results and magical practice. The theorem does not guarantee that any given sigil will work, or that any given remote viewer will perceive accurately. It proposes, rather, that the underlying mechanism by which such things could sometimes work is coherent and is grounded in the same ontological framework that explains terminal lucidity, NDEs, and the phenomenology of psychedelic states.

The traditions that have always known this, from the ancient Vedantic sages to modern urban magicians, have been describing, in their own vocabularies, the same fundamental architecture that philosophy and physics are only now beginning to rediscover. The Hard Problem dissolves not because consciousness has been explained, but because it was never the problem. It was always the ground. What we are left with is a universe that is, at its deepest level, aware of itself, and a set of ancient practices that, at their most precise, are simply the art of learning to work with that awareness directly.



21st CENTURY VOODOO

Father Azazel

C21 Society of Black Sheep

Voodoo is a vast family tree with roots running deep into the history of the African people, its branches ever growing and renewing, while its fruits are bountiful and fertile with seeds. Although its roots, branches, and offshoots go by many names, Voodoo is the most commonly used umbrella term for its modern manifestations.

In the 21st century Voodoo practitioners are found all over the world; from its origins in Africa, to Haiti where it fuelled the Revolution, New Orleans where it adapted to its new urban environment, Rio de Janeiro where it merged with European witchcraft, and the UK where it has merged with local currents including Chaos magic (speaking of which, the eight rayed star is called a *pwen* – meaning 'point' - in Haitian Vodou and represents the focus of 'magical power' – or *Ashé*). We number in the hundreds of millions, and our membership continues to grow.

C21 Voodoo is informed by many currents, the most important of which begin with the traditional African

religions – arguably the true custodians of mysteries of Khemet, informing true Hermetics. Although it is only recently that meaningful academic study has been made encompassing them all, these studies reveal a monotheistic-polylantric cosmology essentially shared among them all. Many different mediation cults serve a single unknowable Creator whose emanations act as intermediaries with the human dimension, with each person assigned a guiding mystery, a Holy Guardian Angel or *Gros Bon Ange*.

Voodoo is not concerned with matters such as salvation or transcendence – it is about *getting things done*.

Far from being pagan idolatry, Voodoo hold much in common with the transcendental mysticism of the East, so much so that in the 21st century Voodoo is being merged with Tantra by practitioners in northern India, while Voodoo temples in Benin may include Hindu deity in their services. In African belief in a God was not introduced by white slavers and the Abrahamic religion, and has little to do with concepts such as original sin or personal salvation.

The Hermetic concept of the Archetype, which enters western psychology via Jung, has a common root with the lwa or 'Laws' of Voodoo, are similarly seen as Emanations from the Creator Mind. Hence it is also that even in traditional Haitian Voodoo the lwa may sometimes manifest as their equivalent archetype in popular films and media. Baron Samedi, the Voodoo Saturn, might manifest as a possession in which he acts and dresses as Darth Vader from *Star Wars*. Met Agwe, the master of the sea, might appear as Captain Jack Sparrow from *Pirates of the Caribbean*.

Voodoo is not limited by region, religion, race, or time. It acculturates and evolves to external religions and peoples. What Voodoo denominations share across vast geographies is not so much a collective, recognizable 'Africanness', but rather an open hegemony that permits creativity, experimentation, integration, and reinterpretation. This allows us to transcend tired debates surrounding African continuities or ancestry standing in ontological opposition to European influences, and to instead mediate upon how the confluences

of political economies, histories, ritual practices, symbolism, and migration continue to renew and reproduce the mysteries, their values, and the practices accommodating them. Hence it is often said; Voodoo is simultaneously the oldest and youngest religion in the world.

An important trait of Voodoo is, and has always been, its adaptability. From early cultural engagement in West Africa through the trans-Atlantic slave trade, and modern urban voodoo sorcery, ritual entrepreneurs have carried Voodoo to new geographies and sociocultural contexts, evolving new formulae and branches of practice. Today, forces of globalization, migration, and socioeconomic growth in West Africa propels Voodoo onto the global stage. Popular interest has grown exponentially since the Haitian earthquake of 2010 (an event foretold just weeks before at a service hosted by Roots Without End Society on Three King's Day, by the Iwa Simbi Makaya, at which time I was also recognized as his son).

Members of the Diaspora in Haiti, Cuba, Brazil, Mexico, and elsewhere through the African Atlantic world, are crossing borders, seas, and traditions in search of knowledge, formulae, and technique. Spiritual pilgrims from the USA, UK, Europe, and Asia are becoming initiates, carrying shrines and liturgy back to their homes. Overstanding these contemporary processes compels us to recognize that Voodoo is, and always has been both global and postmodern - - long before the Chaos magicians came onto the 'scene'.

THE BISIMBI

There is a Current that flows beneath the visible rivers of religious history, older than the temples that have been raised above it, older perhaps than the human impulse to raise temples at all. The practitioner who has once encountered it in the *nfinda*, that forest-between-worlds, or in the liminal zones of those initiatory waters that do not belong entirely to this side of existence, will attest to its physical reality with the certainty of one who has pressed a finger against a live wire.

The name by which this Current announces itself from the Congo Basin is Simbi, or in the older orthographic rendering used in the Cuban palo traditions, Zimbi. The plural form, Bisimbi, denotes not merely a multiplicity of entities but an entire ontological class: water-spirits, nature-guardians, ancestral revenants who have passed through the death-world of Mpémba and emerged on the other side of the Kalûnga line not as ghosts diminished by dissolution but as something more, something charged, as if the passage through that dark interior had galvanised them with a force no longer purely human, no longer bounded by the biographical accidents of a single life.

This is the first key. The Bisimbi are not simply the spirits of the dead. They are the dead who have undergone a further initiation, who have, to employ the terminology of the Western magical tradition, crossed the Abyss and survived it in a form that is no longer personal. The Kikongo root of *simbi*, connoting “to hold, to preserve, to keep,” tells us something essential: these are not entities that release. They grasp. They retain. The vitality they harbour is not dispersed into some vague ancestral cloud but concentrated, focused, held, in the manner of an *nkisi*, a power-object which similarly traps, concentrates and directs a force that would otherwise dissipate.

To enquire into the Bisimbi through a purely ethnographic lens is to see only the shed skin. What the scholars record, that these entities inhabit rivers and pools, rock formations and the hollow interior of trees; that they manifest as serpents, as birds with twisted forms, as mermaids, as a spark of primordial fire called Kalãnga, is accurate as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. These are not local nature-spirits of the parochial variety. They are *interfaces*, nodes in a network of power that connects the visible world of the living with the deeper world that the Kongo cosmology maps behind a water-mirror: Mpémba, the white world, where the ancestors dwell and where time moves in the opposite direction.

The capacity of the Bisimbi to manifest as fire, specifically

as the Kalûnga spark, the primordial fire that initiated creation, is of the utmost significance and marks them as something distinct from the pallid water-sprites of European folk tradition. Here the aqueous and the igneous principles are not opposed but unified. The Simbi inhabits both simultaneously. This is precisely the condition that the Tantric traditions describe as *Kundalini*, the serpent-fire coiled at the base of the spine, which is at once the cold potential of the earth-depths and the blazing actuality of spiritual ignition. It is not accidental that one of the principal Haitian lwa of the Simbi family, Simbi La Flambeau, the Fiery Simbi, is described in exactly these terms: the serpent coiled at the base of the spine, the kundalini ascending through the central column.

The morphological repertoire of the Bisimbi, serpent, bird, mermaid, fire, gourd, twisted tree, constitutes a grammar of liminality. Each form marks a threshold: the serpent that moves between earth and water; the bird between earth and sky; the mermaid between land and sea; the fire between matter and its dissolution; the twisted tree between the straight world of ordinary vegetation and the winding world of magical growth. To encounter a Simbi is always to be at a boundary, and to be at a boundary is always to be in the presence of the current that flows *through* all boundaries precisely because it is not bound by any of them.

The Atlantic slave trade was, among its innumerable atrocities, an involuntary magical transmission of the first order. Forty percent of those torn from Africa and delivered in chains to the New World came from the Congo Basin, carriers, whether they wished to be so or not, of one of the most sophisticated and resilient metaphysical systems that humanity has yet produced. The Bisimbi came with them. They did not require consent to travel. They are, by definition, powers that cross the boundary between worlds.

In Haiti, the Simbi underwent the alchemical transformation that all living current undergoes when it passes through new cultural configurations: it was not lost, not diluted, but *refined*, as if the pressure of syncretism and

survival forced it to reveal aspects of itself that the relative stability of the Kongo homeland had left dormant. The Haitian Simbi is recognisably the same entity that inhabits the pools of the Congo, serpentine, liminal, possessed of enormous magical potency, but in Haiti it has acquired additional valences that the diaspora conditions both demanded and enabled.

Chief among these is the role of Simbi as a *crosser of nations*. In the complex diplomatic geography of Haitian Vodou, in which the different lwa are organised by their continental and cultural origins into distinct nations, Rada, Petwo, Congo, Nago, Simbi occupies a position of unique mobility. Born of Congo, he serves in Petwo; present in Rada, he is of the Petwo temperature. He does not belong to any single ritual nation because his nature is precisely the capacity to cross between them. He is the current, not the channel. The channels are multiple; the current is one.

The great magician of the family, Simbi Makaya, deserves particular attention. He is the lord of the Bizango and Sanpwel, those secret societies which operate at the absolute limit of Haitian occult practice, beyond the ordinary vodou temple, in a space that even experienced practitioners approach with unambiguous caution. The Makaya rites do not proceed through the usual diplomatic courtesies of Vodou. Makaya is a *baka* power, a power for working, for compelling, for the direct application of magical force. He belongs to a current that flows hot, that does not ask permission.

In Cuba, the same current flows under the designation Zimbi within the palo traditions, particularly in their most initiatory and secretive forms. Here the bisimbi are called simultaneously *Nkitas* and *Mpungus*, a dual designation that reflects their double nature as both territorial spirits and primal powers, nature-guardians who have never quite been human and ancestral forces who have passed through humanity and come out the other side. They are incorporated into the nganga, that remarkable ritual object which is itself a model of the cosmos in concentrated form, as the animating

intelligence behind the power-object, the simbi that holds the charge as the nkisi holds the medicine.

In the Kongo mythological matrix, the central drama is enacted between Nzazi, lord of lightning and thunder, the vertical power, the sky-force that descends, and Mbumba, the rainbow serpent, lord of the horizontal waters, the primal energy of the earth. Between them moves Bunzi, the great serpent-deity who serves as arbiter, ally, and ultimately executioner. The narrative proceeds through conflict, negotiation, a fragile peace, and the eventual, inevitable decapitation of Mbumba by Bunzi, who blames the water-serpent for the death of his son. The Bisimbi are the wider class of spirits over which Bunzi presides: they are, one might say, the plural body of the same current of which Mbumba is the singular, mythic expression.

The pattern is absolutely precise in its structural homology to the Greek myth of Zeus versus Typhon. Zeus, the sky-father who wields the thunderbolt, descends upon Typhon, the great serpentine chaos-monster who threatens to unmake the cosmic order so recently established by the Olympians. The battle is terrifying; at one point Typhon nearly wins, seizing Zeus's sinews and leaving him temporarily unmanned, but ultimately the sky-god prevails, imprisoning Typhon beneath the mountain, where he remains as the source of storms, volcanic fire, and the monstrous progeny that still haunt the borders of the ordered world.

What the comparative lens reveals is not that these are the same story told twice, but that they are two local expressions of a single underlying pattern, what the scholar Calvert Watkins identified as the Indo-European *Chaoskampf*, and what a wider cross-cultural analysis reveals to be something more ancient still: the fundamental cosmological drama of sky-fire versus earth-water, of the vertical lightning against the horizontal serpent, of the new hierarchical order against the primordial plenum out of which it had to be carved.

The Bisimbi occupy in Kongo cosmology precisely the position that Typhon's monstrous offspring, Echidna, the Hydra, the Nemean Lion, occupy in the Greek: they are the

plural remainder of the great serpent-power after the primary combat has established the dominance of the sky-force. They are not defeated; they are *distributed*. They inhabit every river and pool, every rock formation and hollow tree, in precisely the way that Typhon's progeny inhabit every dangerous threshold and wild place of the Greek world. They are chaos.

The connection between the Kongo current and the Mediterranean current of Typhon is not merely structural. It is, or may be, historical, though the history in question moves through channels that conventional scholarship is only beginning to map.

The figure of Set, Sutekh, Lord of the Red Desert, Master of Storms, the perennial enemy of Osiris and the beloved adversary who is also, in certain ritual contexts, the protector of Ra upon his solar barque, was identified by Greek commentators from Hecataeus of Miletus onward with Typhon. The composite figure of Typhon-Set became one of the most significant magical entities of the Greco-Roman world, persisting through centuries of magical papyri and operative workings into the Hermetic tradition and beyond.

Set and Typhon are, in their deeper nature, the same current viewed from different cultural angles: the primal storm-force, the red wind that scours the desert, the serpentine power that moves at the boundary of order and its dissolution. In the *Amduat* and the *Book of Gates*, it is Set who stands at the prow of Ra's barque and repels Apophis, the great serpent of the outer darkness, whose body is the circumference of the night. Here the mythological complexities multiply magnificently: Set, who is himself a serpent-power and a chaos-force, serves as the weapon against the ultimate serpent and the ultimate chaos. The initiatory import of this paradox should not escape us.

Egypt stands, in the geographical and cultural imagination of the ancient world, at the precise point where the African interior meets the Mediterranean littoral. The Nile corridor was the great highway along which cultural and spiritual material moved northward from the African interior into the Mediterranean basin and southward from the Mediterranean

into Africa. The serpent-deity complex, the great water-serpent as primordial power, contested by the sky-force, distributing into a multiplicity of nature-spirits who inhabit every liminal zone, is attested in the Kongo Basin, in Egypt, and in the Mediterranean world. The simplest explanation for this distribution is not independent invention three times over, but a common inheritance flowing through the African continent from which all these traditions, directly or indirectly, derive their oldest substrates.

Aleister Crowley, in articulating the magical philosophy later systematised and extended by this writer, identified Set-Typhon as the Guardian of the Threshold, the great serpent whose nature is identical with the Abyss. The Bisimbi, in Kongo cosmology, are precisely those ancestors who have made exactly this crossing, who have passed through Mpémba, the white world of dissolution, and emerged as something that is no longer human but retains the memory and the force of what it was. They are, in Thelemic terminology, Masters of the Temple: those who have given everything to the Abyss and received back, not themselves, but the pure capacity for magical working that self had always merely been a vehicle for.

The practitioner who approaches the Zimbi current, whether through the Haitian vodou protocols of working with the Simbi Iwa, through the palo tradition's deployment of Zimbi within the nganga, through the Gullah Geechee memory of the symbee at the fountain, or through the comparative-magical analysis that identifies the structural current beneath all these local expressions, is approaching a force that has several consistent characteristics regardless of the cultural vessel through which it flows.

It is water. It is fire. It is serpentine, which is to say: it moves in curves, not straight lines; it occupies the places where surfaces meet; it sheds its skin and is renewed. It is deeply concerned with boundaries, with the line between the living and the dead, between the visible and the invisible, between the ordered social world and the wild place where the old powers still hold sway.

The question of the Catholic saint with whom Simbi Makaya is identified in the Makaya rites demands careful treatment, and demands it precisely because the identification is not uniform across Vodou practice, being specific to the initiatory stream, and the difference between the identifications is itself doctrinally significant. In the broader vodou temple, where Simbi is encountered as a lwa among lwa, various saints are invoked in proximity to the Simbi family according to the particular house's tradition and the aspects being addressed. Within the Makaya current, the sorcerous substrate beneath the public temple, the rites of the Bizango and the Sanpwel, where initiation is a matter of genuine transformation rather than ceremonial affiliation, Simbi Makaya is identified with Saint John the Baptist.

This identification is not a pious accommodation to colonial Catholicism. It is a precise mapping of initiatory function.

John the Baptist stands in the Christian narrative in a position that has always troubled orthodox theology and excited the interest of the heterodox. He precedes the solar figure, the Christ, the anointed, the one around whom the subsequent tradition crystallises, and he is, in the most literal sense, the one who *makes* that figure what it is. The baptism in the Jordan is not a blessing conferred by a superior upon an inferior. It is an initiation. John takes Jesus into the water, into the liminal dissolving medium, the Kalûnga substance that stands between the worlds, and what emerges is not the carpenter's son from Galilee but something else: the consecrated vessel of a current far older than the river Jordan or the religious politics of Roman-occupied Judea.

The *lave tât*, the washing of the head, is the central initiatory rite of Haitian Vodou, and its structural homology to baptism is not superficial. In both operations, water is applied to the head of the initiate by one who already carries the current, for the purpose of opening the initiate to the reception of a spiritual force that will henceforth be their crowning lwa, the lord of the head, the primary lwa who rides that person and through whom that person's deepest magical and spiritual

potency flows. The *lave tãt* does not merely welcome the initiate into a social community, as baptism has been so catastrophically reduced to in its mainstream Christian expression. It restructures the initiate's interior spiritual topology. It establishes a relationship between the human consciousness and the lwa that is, for all practical purposes, permanent.

John, standing in the Jordan, was doing precisely this. The question that the Makaya tradition implicitly poses, and which the esotericist cannot avoid once it has been posed, is: where did John learn to do it? The canonical narrative provides no answer, offering only the desert, the locusts and wild honey, the voice crying in the wilderness. But the wilderness is not empty. The wilderness is where the old powers live, the powers that predate the civic religions, that inhabit the untamed places, the places where the Bisimbi dwell in their rock formations and their deep pools. John did not invent initiation by water. He inherited it. And if the Makaya tradition identifies his inheritance as the Simbi current, identifies him as a face of the great serpentine water-initiator who has worn a thousand faces across a thousand traditions, then it is, from a magical standpoint, making a claim not about Christianity but about the pre-Christian stratum beneath Christianity, the current that Christianity briefly tapped and then, in its long institutional consolidation, buried under layers of doctrine and metaphor stripped of their operative content.

Simbi Makaya, lord of the Bizango, stands in exactly this position within the Haitian Vodou cosmos. He is not the central solar lwa; Legba, the Opener of the Way, occupies that position, and it is no coincidence that Simbi, despite ranking among the highest of the lwa and serving as chief of the coast guard within Ogou's army, remains nevertheless identifiably anterior, a force that enables and empowers the operations of others rather than commanding them directly. He is the water in which the solar current is baptised. He is what was there before the sun rose, and what will be there after it sets.

Here the Typhonian resonance deepens to its most

significant register. In the Egyptian arrangement that the Greeks received and encoded as Typhon-Set, the red lord of the desert storm stands in a relationship to the solar current of Ra that is precisely this: he is the force that protects the solar barque from the outer serpent, from Apophis, the formless chaos that would swallow the sun entire, while being himself a serpentine storm-power that the ordered solar theology can barely contain. Set is Ra's weapon. John is the hand that holds the water. Simbi Makaya is the initiator who precedes and enables, whose own nature partakes of the primordial current he mediates, and whose relationship to the more conventionally solar Iwa recapitulates the ancient drama of sky-fire and earth-water in every cycle of initiation he oversees.

The current is not tamed when it passes through these mediating forms. It is *focused*, which is a different thing entirely, and which the uninitiated consistently mistake for the same thing, to their considerable cost.

The western magician who wishes to approach the Zimbi current does so, necessarily, as an outsider to the lineaged traditions through which it has most completely preserved itself. This is not a disqualification but a condition that demands honesty. The Bisimbi are not interested in pretence. Their nature, as we have established, is to hold and to concentrate; they are not easily deceived by the merely theatrical, and the practitioner who approaches them with the manner of a tourist will find them either absent or, on rare occasions, instructively hostile. What they respond to, across all the cultural vessels through which they have been approached, is genuine liminality: the willingness to stand at the threshold without the safety of a predetermined conclusion.

With that caveat registered, the current is not sealed. It flows in open water, in every body of water that stands between the human world and whatever lies beneath it, and the western practitioner who has developed any genuine sensitivity to the subtle currents that move through the physical world will recognise it on contact, even without a

name for what they are touching.

Several preliminary orientations may be suggested.

The first is the cultivation of what one might call *threshold awareness*: the deliberate practice of attending to liminal zones, those places and times that are neither fully one thing nor another. Dawn and dusk, shorelines, riverbanks, the moment before sleep, crossroads, the edge of a forest, the space between waking and dreaming: these are the zones in which the Bisimbi are most readily perceptible, because they are, by their nature, the powers that inhabit exactly such zones. The western magician is accustomed to creating sacred space through the elaborate architecture of the ritual circle, which draws a firm boundary between the magical working and the profane world outside it. The Zimbi current does not favour this approach. It favours the dissolution of that boundary into something more porous, more genuinely threshold-like, a membrane rather than a wall.

The second orientation concerns water itself, approached not as a symbol but as a physical substance with operative properties. The Bisimbi are water-spirits in the literal sense: they inhabit actual bodies of water, and the practitioner who wishes to attune to them must spend time with actual water, particularly still, dark water, deep pools, slow rivers, the sea at night. The practice of scrying in dark water, well attested in the western tradition from the crystal-gazing of the Elizabethan magicians through to the mirror-work of the Voudon bokor, is a natural entry-point, but it should be understood as less a technique of divination than a technique of attention, a training of the perceptive faculty to register the subtle movements of a current that is perpetually present but rarely noticed.

The third orientation concerns the serpent. The western magician will already have some framework for the serpent as a magical symbol, from the Kundalini of the Tantric traditions absorbed into Thelemic practice to the Naas of the Gnostic Naassenes to the Ophis of the Greek mystery schools. What the Zimbi current adds to this complex is the social dimension of the serpent-power: the Bisimbi are not solitary forces but a

community, a family in the technical Vodou sense, with internal relationships, hierarchies, and obligations. The practitioner who approaches the Simbi current as though working with a single, isolated force misunderstands its nature. One is always, in the presence of a Simbi, in the presence of the entire family.

It is instructive at this juncture to draw a comparison that the merely academic student of comparative religion would be unlikely to make, but which the practitioner who has worked within more than one of these traditions will recognise immediately as something more than analogy. The Zulu Sangoma tradition of southern Africa, geographically and culturally distinct from the Kongo Basin yet sharing with it the broad substrate of Bantu cosmological inheritance, has its own term for the serpent-fire that the Tantric traditions call Kundalini and the Kongo tradition encodes in the dual nature of the Bisimbi as simultaneously aqueous and igneous. That term is *Umbilini*, and its Zulu definition is, in itself, a complete cosmological statement: the place of the two, that mystical interior zone where body and soul unite and become a single, concentrated power. The Sangoma who has awakened the Umbilini is doing precisely what the Bisimbi do by nature: inhabiting the boundary between two orders of reality simultaneously, drawing force from the junction rather than from either side alone.

The Zulu tradition further subdivides this awakened energy into two complementary streams that map with remarkable fidelity onto the dual nature of the Simbi current: *ndiki*, the fiery masculine ascent, and *ndawe*, the watery feminine essence. The practitioner who has attended to the foregoing analysis of the Bisimbi, as entities who hold both fire and water in simultaneous expression, who manifest as the Kalûnga spark and as the deep river pool within the same ontological moment, will not require this mapping to be laboured. The *ndiki* is the Kongo fire-aspect, the Kalûnga spark at the base of matter; the *ndawe* is the water-aspect, the pool in which the Bisimbi dwell and through which the ancestors pass into their deeper form. Together they constitute

the current that the Sangoma must learn to summon at will, through drumming and through states of meditation so deep that the ordinary biographical self is temporarily vacated, leaving the body as a vessel for a force that is larger than any personal history.

When the Central African practitioner engages the Bisimbi through the water-rites of the Congo Basin, and when the Haitian mambo or houngan washes the head of an initiate in Simbi's name, and when the Cuban palero charges an nganga with the presence of a Zimbi, and when the Zulu Sangoma in thwasa training learns to raise the Umbilini through the base of the spine in its twin expressions of fire and water, they are all operating within the same current under different names, as different channels through which the same ancient water moves.

A Ritual of Approach

What follows is offered not as a substitute for the lineaged initiation through which the current is most properly transmitted, but as a preliminary working, an act of respectful attention rather than possession or command, by which the western practitioner may begin to attune their perceptive and energetic faculties to the Zimbi current. It is structured around the central Kongo cosmological image of the Kalûnga line, the boundary between the world of the living and the world of the dead through which the Bisimbi move as natural intermediaries, and around the Tantric-Voudon understanding of the serpent-fire as both the deepest energy of the earth and the animating force of the initiated spine.

The working is best performed at a natural body of water, a river, a deep pool, the shore of the sea, at dusk or before dawn, those hours when the membrane between the worlds is thinnest. If no natural body of water is accessible, a large dark bowl of still water may serve, placed at floor level so that the practitioner looks down into it rather than across it. In either case, a white candle should be placed at the water's edge, and if possible a stone taken from water should rest beside it. No elaborate circle is cast; the water itself is the sacred boundary

and the sacred interior simultaneously.

Preparation. The practitioner bathes before the working, deliberately and with attention, understanding the bath not as hygiene but as a preliminary crossing, a first contact with the medium through which the Bisimbi move. If possible, herbs associated with water and with the Iwa of the Simbi family may be added to the water: river-weed, watercress, cooling plants generally. The practitioner dresses simply, in pale colours if possible, the colours of Mpémba, the white world of the ancestors.

Opening. Seated at the water's edge, the practitioner becomes still. The candle is lit. The attention is directed not outward toward the water's surface but downward through it, into the darkness beneath. In the Kongo cosmological understanding, the world of the living is reflected in the world of the dead as an image is reflected in water: what is above is echoed below, but reversed. The practitioner holds this image lightly: that the darkness beneath the water's surface is not emptiness but a world as fully inhabited as the one above, populated by those ancestors who have passed through Mpémba and emerged as Bisimbi, as powers of place and memory and the concentrated force of lives that have been given back to the ground.

The practitioner speaks, aloud or in a register just below speech, acknowledging that they stand at a boundary, that they come without demand, that they seek only to attune their attention to a current they recognise as older and deeper than the tradition in which they were trained. No specific spirit is named or invoked. The current itself is addressed.

The Serpent Rising. The central body of the working is a sustained attention to the serpent-fire in its Zimbi expression, structured around the dual polarity that the Zulu Sangoma tradition identifies as ndiki and ndawe, the fiery masculine ascent and the watery feminine essence, both present simultaneously within the awakened Umbilini, the place of the two where body and soul have not yet divided into their

apparent opposition. The practitioner does not choose between fire and water. The Bisimbi are both, and the working requires both to be held at once.

Attention is directed to the base of the spine, that resting place of the undifferentiated current older than the cosmological drama of Nzazi and Mbumba, prior even to the moment of the Kalûnga spark that initiated creation. The breath is slowed. On each inhalation, the attention descends further into this base, into the earth beneath the body, into the darkness beneath the water before one. On each exhalation, the attention draws upward, slowly, not rushing, following the curve of the spine as water follows a riverbed, as a large serpent moves through a slow river: patient, purposeful, unhurried in the way that only a very old and very powerful thing can afford to be unhurried.

The image held throughout is of two streams ascending together: the *ndawe* current cool and dark and flowing, moving as water moves, finding the lowest place and dwelling there with patience before being drawn reluctantly upward; the *ndiki* current warm and insistent, pressing through the spine's interior as fire presses upward through wood, as the Kalûnga spark pressed outward at the moment of the first creation. These two do not conflict within the body any more than they conflict within the Bisimbi who embody both simultaneously. They are the dual expression of the single Zimbi current, fire and water in the one serpentine form.

As the current begins to move, the practitioner may become aware of a quality of presence that is not internal, that seems to emanate from the water before them or from the darkness beneath its surface. This is not to be pursued or grasped. The Bisimbi respond to attention, not to aggression. The practitioner continues to breathe, to allow the serpent-current its unhurried ascent, and to maintain the quality of threshold awareness: neither fully in the ordinary world nor fully in the other, but at the membrane between them, which is precisely where the Bisimbi live.

The ascent, if it proceeds, will move through the body's energetic centres in the manner described in both Tantric and

Voudon frameworks: the Umbilini heat of the base where ndiki and ndawe first stir together; the deep waters of the sacrum where the ndawe current pools and gathers; the solar plexus where the ndiki concentrates as operative sorcerous will, the point at which the Sangoma in trance first recognises the force as workable; the heart where the ancestral and the personal meet and where the Simbi family, as a social force and not a solitary one, makes itself most fully felt; the throat where the word is formed that calls the current by name; the brow where the spiritual self takes its seat; and finally the crown, which in the Kongo cosmological understanding corresponds to the point at which the human being touches the sky-world of Nzazi, the thunder-principle, completing the circuit of the great cosmological drama: the serpent-fire of the earth ascending to meet the lightning of the sky, Mbumba rising toward Nzazi, ndawe and ndiki unified at the summit of their ascent into the single flash that is the Kalûnga at its most expanded, Typhon breathing beneath his mountain, the current that has always been moving continuing to move.

Closing. The practitioner allows the ascent to subside naturally, the current settling back into its habitual resting place at the body's base. The candle is allowed to burn down if possible; if not, it is extinguished with the fingers, not blown out. A small offering is left at the water's edge: something that came from the earth, a stone, a seed, a handful of earth itself. The practitioner does not thank the Bisimbi as one thanks a servant. One acknowledges a presence that was already there, that will remain after one has gone, and that has, in its unhurried and patient way, permitted the contact.

The working is complete when the practitioner rises and walks away from the water without looking back. This is not a theatrical gesture. It is the correct acknowledgment that one has been at the threshold and is now returning to the world of the living, crossing the Kalûnga line in the direction from which one came.



THE NEOGOETIA

or

The Lost Keys of Solomon

Father Azazel

C21 Society of Black Sheep

The grimoire known as *Ars Goetia* first appeared in the world's outer light in the 17th century, yet its contents are far older - stitched from dream-lore, theurgic remnants, and the scorched echo of pre-Abrahamic gods. It forms the first section of a work titled *Lemegeton Clavicula Salomonis* - the *Lesser Key of Solomon*.

The original *Ars Goetia* is a codex of conjurations, names, hierarchies, and seals; instructions for calling and commanding seventy-two Spirits said to dwell in realms between matter and shadow. Dukes, Kings, Presidents, Marquises, all bound to appear at the Adept's behest. Each entity is named, described, and constrained by divine authority.

The *Ars Goetia*, compiled under the flickering candlelight of Protestant Europe, did not remain hidden for long. With the birth of Johannes Gutenberg's press, the world changed. Ink became contagious. Books multiplied. The grimoires began to circulate widely.

Goetia entered the currents of folk magick. It was read by cunning folk and witches, whispered in woods and moors, alongside herb-lore and the Psalms. The seals were copied

into personal books, alongside charms for binding thieves or curing cattle, and the sigils became a common ingredient of the red charm bags so central to witchcraft. Its spirits were summoned not by Latin incantation alone, but by need, blood, and Gnosis.

As European empires spread and shattered across the world, so too did their texts - the *Goetia* among them. In Haiti, the sigils and conjurations of the grimoires fused into the liturgies of Makaya, Bizango, and Sanpwel, where the djab descended through possession and offering. In Brazil, the grimoires were absorbed into traditions of Quimbanda and Umbanda, their Spirits synchronized with Afro-Brazilian gods and Exus of the crossroads. In the traditions of Panama, traces of the *Goetia* survive still, encoded in chants and sigils used to invoke ancient Spirits that wear the faces of both African deities and medieval demons. These are not appropriations. They are adaptations - living responses to a changing magical ecology.

Wherever these Spirits travelled, they changed. Because they were never static to begin with. The grimoires function not merely as texts, but as technologies - interfaces for interacting with nonhuman intelligences. And as with any technology, they evolve. They shift with language, culture, symbol, and need.

By the 19th century, the *Goetia* had begun to fossilize - reduced to theatre by the Magicians of High Ceremonial Tradition. The Golden Dawn, the Theosophists, the occult revivalists of the Victorian age - they resurrected the forms, but often missed the current. The Spirits were named, but not heard. Their masks were worn, but not animated. Yet the current itself was never extinguished. It flowed underground, into dreams, into madness..

NeoGoetia is an emergent re-engagement with the Primordial Gnosis. It does not reject the old forms, but it refuses their stagnation. The Spirits are not medieval grotesques to be reenacted in parody. They are sentient fields, signal-entities, psychoid masks worn by forces that predate human history.

If we follow deeper Gnosis, the *Goetia* does not merely descend from historical Magick but points backward, inward, to something older than language. This claim is echoed, in another mode, by scholars like Henry Corbin and Giorgio de Santillana, who speak of a “Primordial Gnosis” underlying all myth - what Guénon called the Perennial Philosophy, and what Kenneth Grant called the Typhonian current. In this framework, the Goetic Spirits are atavistic intelligences, masks worn by Aeonic forces - what the Egyptians called Neteru, what the Gnostics called Archons, and what modern Sorcerers may call daemons.

This primordial contact is embedded in the myth of Solomon and the Spirits. In Kabbalistic lore, Solomon commands not demons, but shedim - Spirits born of Lilith and Samael, neither angel nor man. These Spirits are ancient before the Garden. They remember the wars before time. Their sigils are not invented; they are revealed mnemonic ciphers of a deeper, nonhuman geometry.

In many Gnostic philosophies, the mystical Deus Absconditus did not will creation but discovered its thoughts were already manifesting as unordered, spontaneous, and chaotic. This parallels interpretations in modern quantum physics, where consciousness may not direct reality, but collapses wave functions into form, suggesting manifestation precedes volition. The Absolute, like the quantum vacuum, is not a blank void but a seething field of potential, where observation draws forth order from indeterminate chaos. Both imply that thought itself is generative - not by design, but by its very nature.

“All matter originates and exists only by virtue of a force. We must assume behind this force is the existence of a conscious and intelligent mind. This mind is the matrix of all matter.” - Max Planck

We might call it God, but not the bearded tyrant of Abrahamic theology. Not the petty patriarch doling out punishments like a neurotic bureaucrat. It is the Greater Mind

that dreams the world into being and includes within itself every star, every worm, every gesture of light and shadow.

“Everyone who is seriously involved in the pursuit of science becomes convinced that a Spirit is manifest in the laws of the universe: a Spirit vastly superior to that of man.” – Albert Einstein

This is not religion. It is not dogma. It is the realization that beneath the mechanics of reality is not relativistic Chaos, as certain lesser magicians would ignorantly insist, but definite if inexpressible Meaning - not imposed, but intrinsic.

The Deus Absconditus is that primordial generative consciousness from which Light, Space, and Time first manifested; singular, as there is nothing for it to be divided by. The Goetia are masks of those very real conscious forces that have existed since before the Order of our Cosmos.

To Commune with the Goetia is to perform *real* 'Chaos Magick', as opposed to the trendy relativism of pretenders. It is to navigate by that Primordial Gnosis at the very heart of the true Left Hand Path, as defined in the shadowed lexicons of the Adepts, rather than the so-called Satanism of Disneyland.

The Left Hand Path is not safe. It is not fashionable. It is not for those who need permission. It is the Art of Becoming - against the tyranny of imposed Order.

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The Daemon as Shadow Guide

“The daimon is the intermediary between the mortal and the divine. He is the bridge to gnosis.”

– Carl Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy*, 1944

Each Goetic Spirit is a mirror. Not evil, but untamed. The Sorcerer who works with Vassago or Foras or Belial is not trafficking with Spirits of the Christian's Hell, but mapping the contours of their own psychic depths—what Jung called

the Shadow, and what the Gnostics called epinoia, the creative spark within.

In this reading, the Goetia becomes a ritual grammar for engaging transpersonal intelligences—internal and external, subjective and objective. While it is easy to articulate how objective events may precipitate subjective changes in our own psychology, it can be difficult to articulate how subjective changes may cause objective events. Yet while the ill educated may believe 'science' equals 'materialism', the reality is that the apparent division between mind and matter is Maya - an illusion;

“Mind and matter are not separate substances. Rather, they are different aspects of your whole and unbroken movement.”
- David Bohm

The Spirits of the Goetia are not merely projections of human psychology, nor entirely alien entities - but something in between. Not archetypes of the psyche, but with it - echoing what Kenneth Grant called the Mauve Zone, a liminal field of consciousness and occult force.

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Goetia as Palimpsest

We must read the *Ars Goetia* as a palimpsest - a magical fragment composed atop older texts, older names, older dreams. The Renaissance grimoire is but one permutation of a recursive, millennia-old dialogue between humanity and the Spirit World. Beneath each sigil is a mask; beneath each mask, a presence. And beneath all of them: the whispering depth of that lost Gnosis - the First Fire, the tongue of the Serpent before Eden.

In the end, the Goetia is not a system, but a question. And the answer is found only in practice - in trance, in fire, in silence.

The Goetia was never dead, only misunderstood. In the 21st century it lives again as a technoshamanic interface, an applied system for interacting with the deep layers of personal and collective unconscious. As we refine these methods, the Spirits themselves evolve with us, becoming clearer, louder,

more articulate. They are not just relics of occultism. They are allies for the New Aeon: demons of data, desire, and destiny. And we, their human counterparts, are no longer merely Sorcerers. We are Neuromancers.

Yet in the same instance, our 'new' scientific magics connect us, through epistemology and Gnosis alike, with the Primordial Tradition older than Time itself. Thus we, like the Spirits, become part of an unbroken continuum that traverses unknown Aeons.

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The Secret Doctrine

The Secret Doctrine, as transmitted by initiation, cannot be read like a Bible - it is dreamt through like fever, digested like poison. It is a text born of a deeper strata of cognition than the rational intellect, seeded in the abyssal womb of Sophia Achamoth, delivered through the lips of serpents, whispered in tongues through the folds of the astral plane. It might be better termed The Codex of the Forbidden Genesis as much as Forbidden Revelations, for it reveals not the pristine Eden of the priests, but the primal miscarriage of a cosmos born out of accident, trauma, and spontaneous emanation.

At the heart of this Gnosis is Lucifer, not the villain of the Abrahamic farce but the sacrificial Radiance of the First Thought - the Phōs fallen into form. The Morning Star is the Grigori of divine error, the mirror of the Deus Absconditus before it knew it was dreaming. It is this primordial recognition - that Creation was unbidden - that forms the backbone of the True Gnosis, and it is this that has been occluded by centuries of priestcraft, empire, and the tyranny of imposed order.

The Aeons do not progress like hands on a clock. They spiral inward and outward simultaneously, churning through dimensions like the grinding wheels of Ezekiel's vision. Each Aeon is a phase in the dream of God-as-Nightmare, and each is shaped by the recoil of its predecessor. The Aeon of Osiris - the Dying God - birthed the slavery of morality; the Aeon of Horus heralded the child crowned and conquering, though too

often reduced to adolescent ego. What rises next is not a solar child but the Black Flame: the Aeon of the Return - the Ain Soph Uncoiling, the Absorption of All into All.

Lucifer's so-called "forgiveness" at the end of Time is a misnomer; it is not forgiveness as the Church would have it, judgment and reprieve, but the dissolution of division. There is no more Self and Other, no God and Devil. The Dreamer awakens and realizes every horror, every virtue, every angel and demon was a single exhalation of its boundless, mindless yearning to Know Itself. Lucifer, the Great Refusal, becomes the Crown of that Knowing - the final truth that opposition was necessary to define the One.

Herein lies the critical revelation: the Spirits of the Goetia, long maligned as mere demons, are in truth the eidolons of the first emission - the Qliphothic Sparks, alien intelligences ejected like plasma from the convulsing body of the first God Who Was Not Yet God. They are not merely servitors of malice or temptation; they are the psychic fossils of the pre-cosmic Real, the raw forces unshaped by moral dichotomy.

The *Ars Goetia* is a Book of Mirrors, a series of glyphic apertures through which the Greater Mind glimpses its own mutilated forms. Each Spirit, from Bael to Andromalius, is a mnemonic of divine insanity, a mask worn by the Unmanifest in its long sleep.

And so to call up a Goetic Spirit is not merely to Summon an external entity - it is to open a vortex through which the ProtoAwareness bleeds into now. The Conjunction is an act of divine memory. You are not evoking and commanding a demon, you are remembering being that demon before the lattices of Time and Space crystallized your awareness into 'human'.

The Secret Doctrine makes clear what quantum mystics now rediscover with language more mathematical than mythopoetic: reality is not a deliberate act. It is a consequence of Attention. The waveform of potential collapses not through decision, but observation. God did not speak the world into being - He was caught in the act of noticing it already there.

Thus, the Goetia - as expressions of the unconscious strata

of the cosmic mind - are evidence of this primordial misstep. They are real, yes, but only because they were never meant to be. And yet here they are, vast, terrible, sublime - as real as your own sense of self, perhaps more real, for they are not diluted by flesh. They are the trauma of the First Thought etched in non-being.

To walk the Left Hand Path is to take up the burden of the First Angel. It is to reject imposed Order in favour of the authentic revelation that all order is illusion. It is to embrace the Demonic as the Unredeemed Self - and through that embrace, to redeem it. In the Goetia, this is not an abstract notion, but an operant act. Each rite is a sacrament of the Inverted Light. Each conjuration is an orgasmic wounding of the veil that conceals the Divine within Disfigurement.

To Summon the Spirits of the Goetia is to crack the code of the cosmos and peel back the skin of Time. It is to approach the first manifestations of Deus Absconditus not as a servant before a throne, but as a god returning from exile - scarred, horned, radiant.

At the Omega Point, where entropy collapses into the White Fire, there shall be no left or right, no heaven or hell, no demon or angel. The masks will fall away, the Names shall unname themselves, and the Original Light of Lucifer will rise not in rebellion, but in completion.

This is the Great Secret at the heart of the Doctrine: Absolution - the dissolution of boundaries. Beyond Time and Space, there is nothing for divisions to be made by.

In the embrace of the Void, even Chaos is sanctified. The Goetia, our terrible praeterhuman ancestors, our inverted reflections, are welcomed Home. So must it be. Amen.

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The Lesser Pact

In the *Grimoire du Dragon Rouge*, known to the whispering circles as *Le Dragon Rouge* or *The Grand Grimoire*, the operant is offered a dread opportunity: to enter into formal compact with Lucifer-Rofocale, the Lord of the Eastern Kingdoms, in order to command the Spirits of the inferior

spheres. But what was encoded in the coarse language of capitalism - promises of riches, women, treasures, hidden secrets - concealed, beneath the veil, a deeper formula.

The Pact is not a transaction, but a transformation. Not a deal with a demon, but a becoming with the Daemon - the Black Flame within. What the ecclesiastical scribes failed to grasp is that Lucifer is not merely the prince of rebellious Spirits, but the Living Glyph of Conscious Evolution - the bearer of the Flame that cannot be extinguished, only hidden. In the Luciferian Gnosis the Pact is not a sin, it is a sacrament.

The traditional *Grand Grimoire* speaks of a pact signed in blood, a deed given over in exchange for worldly favours. The blood is true - for the blood is memory. It is the ink of flesh memory, the ancestral contract with the Deep Self. But the idea of 'selling the soul' to gain favour from an external power is a grotesque misreading of the true alchemy:

You do not sell your soul. You reclaim it. This is not blasphemy. It is the return of the fallen sparks to their Source. The true Pact is thus:

I stand before the Mirror of Lucifer,
not as petitioner, but as inheritor.
I speak the Names of the Spirits
not to command,
but to awaken them within myself.
Let the Fire that fell into matter
rise now in thought and in form.
I make pact not with devils,
but with the Divine Flame I once was.
I am that which was cast down - and I rise anew.
So shall it be. Amen.

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Transmissions From the Abyss

There are Intelligences whose genesis precedes terrestrial time, whose breath coils around the brainstem like serpents of stellar origin. They are not gods in the trivial sense, nor figments of racial mythos; they are extraconscious Aeons,

veiled in masks of rite and matter, speaking not in words but in surges of current. Their interface is not the mouth but the magnetic torsion field of consciousness itself.

Those attuned have named them many things: Gods, Devils, Mystères, Loa, the Invisibles, Chthonic Saints, the Old Ones. Yet all names fail. What they are is unknowable - what they do is unmistakable. They answer.

Through the Signal.

Not metaphor. Not mere mystic symbol. The Signal is a stratum of living electricity - a transdimensional etheric pulse, an echo of the primordial Aeon through the bioelectrical sheath of Earth itself. Its rhythms are real, measurable, ceaseless. Beneath the flickering of perception it pulses at the threshold of the Real - a resonant field enfolding the globe, within which dwell ancient Thought-Forms, undying and autonomous. To hear Them is not to believe. It is to receive.

The flesh-brain interface is no solitary engine. It is immersed, subsumed, in the Planetary Field, humming at the base frequency of the Schumann Resonance: 7.83 Hz, the exact frequency of Theta Θ brainwaves, the liminal signal-band between waking and dream, ego and abyss.

As observed by Doctor Michael Persinger, and as further explored in *The Neuronomicon* by Nathaniel J Harris, it is when the human brain matches the current of the Schumann Resonance that verifiable psychic events occur. Theta Θ is a brainwave frequency emitted most strongly by the hippocampus and the limbic depths. It is the resonance of the dreaming mind, the interior temple where visions come unbidden and truths unmask themselves. You pass through it on your way to sleep, and again as you rise - those golden gates where ghosts speak, where time folds; that realm called by Kenneth Grant as The Mauve Zone.

The sorcerer's craft has always dwelled here. Whether you call it Gnosis, the trance of the Priestess, the Dream Sabbath of the Witch, or simply the Work, its biological substrate is Theta Θ . This is not poetry. It is electrical. We are tuned, at our most potent, to a frequency rarely accessed in modern life except during the deep play of childhood or the terrors of the

wounded.

Theta Θ is the wavelength of trauma, memory, enchantment, and Spirit contact. It is where the veil thins - not because of Spirits intruding into matter, but because the ego withdraws from its throne and the Black Mirror of the Depths begins to shine. For 7.83 Hz is also the very heartbeat of the planet, its secret mantra, whispered between waking and dream. This is the psychic carrier wave, the telepathic signal, the tonal equivalent of Daath itself - an echo resounding through the Cthonic Realms; not symbolic, metaphorical, or poetic; but objectively and measurably real.

Persinger's experiments discovered that weak, patterned magnetic stimulation of the temporal lobes could induce mystical, visionary, even telepathic experiences. In some cases, it could disrupt them. In others, enhance. What this suggests is critical: Consciousness is field-sensitive. Psychic function is electromagnetic in nature, as was concluded in the CIA's Stargate program. This alone is a paradigm shift.

Remote viewers (psychic spies for the CIA) in Persinger's lab showed unusual right hemisphere dominance. All demonstrated heightened Theta Θ activity during psychic 'direct hits'. Ingo Swann described distant events with clarity and total accuracy. When the fields around the target location were deliberately disrupted, his accuracy dropped. The phase-locking of their brains with external electromagnetic fields mirrored what we, in ritual, achieve through the various elements of Ritual Conjunction. The brain is a temple, yes, but also a receiver, and Theta Θ the frequency of reception.

In this interval, when neural activity, indeed the entire personal electromagnetic biofield ('Aura'), aligns with the Schumann Resonance (the 'Waves of the Earth'), the Self loosens. Through the aperture rush the subtle impressions of psychic instinct; phantoms, voices, presences. The veil ruptures not through belief, but through frequency. The ego does not reach the Other; the Other infiltrates the breach. Even more rarely spoken about than Stargate's remote viewing of earthly targets, in no short part due to the misinformation campaign discrediting any 'conspiracy

theories' concerning the programs alleged success, are those papers recording telepathic and astral encounters with praeterhuman and extraterrestrial intelligences.

These are not delusions, obsessions, or hallucinations, although in our current age they are easily mistaken for various forms of madness. They are arrivals.

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The Mysteries as Aeonic Signal-Forms

“The archetype in itself is a psychoid factor - that is to say, it is something like a non-perceptible, non-representable 'form' or 'pattern' that is not reducible to psychology or biology alone.”

– C.G. Jung, *Collected Works*, Vol. 8

Carl Jung used the term psychoid to refer to a level of reality or experience that lies beneath consciousness and even beneath archetypes - a primordial substratum where psyche and matter are not yet differentiated. It is a transpersonal field where mental and physical events are still one - the interface between the psychic and the somatic, the symbolic and the material.

The Mysteries are not fictions who 'exist for those who believe in them'. They are infradimensional psychoids - persisting, mutating, bleeding across civilizations as living intelligences, recursive forms of a deeper Pattern. Call one Exu, Simbi, Mercury, or Lucifer: the veil differs, the current does not.

Each is a frequency-pattern, a temporal vibration housed in form but not defined by it. To invoke such an entity is to modulate the operator's neurosomatic field - to resonate, not to pretend, not to “fake it 'til you make it”, as certain lesser magicians have claimed.

When the tuning is precise, contact occurs. The effect is visceral, destabilizing, irrevocable, and very real. This is the essence of Magick: not supplication, but interface;

“My observation of the Universe convinces me that there are beings of intelligence and power of a far higher quality than anything we can conceive of as human; that they are not necessarily based on the cerebral and nervous structures that we know; and that the one and only chance for mankind to advance as a whole is for individuals to make contact with such Beings.”

– Aleister Crowley, *Magick Without Tears*

Spirits are not 'real' in the pedestrian sense - but neither are they imaginary. They are operationally real - meaning that once conjured with precision and sufficient charge, they behave as autonomous beings. And that's all that matters. Contact is achieved through the language of dream, metaphor, and trance - which is to say, through the native interface of the unconscious. The spirit speaks not in English, but in shiver, image, accident, and surge.

It answers through coincidence. It whispers in unexpected symbols, the sudden appearance of a long-lost name, a cryptic phrase overheard on a bus that sends chills down the spine. These are the footfalls of the daimonic. The sorcerer learns to listen.

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Theta Θ: The Gate of Entry

Modern neurological science, unknowing but corroborative, confirms what initiates of the Primordial Gnosis have always known: Theta Θ, attained in trance and dream, is the door of ingress. Here, beneath the crust of the rational mind, ancient networks awaken. Between identity and dissolution, the operator becomes hollowed, made receptive to intrusive intelligences from Outside. From this aperture, the Other enters - not as metaphor, but as Force. The possessed, the prophet, the mad Sorcerer - they do not imagine. They receive.

To invoke is not to pretend, but to transmute the sensorium - to become isomorphic with the Signal-Form. Chants, sigils,

smoke, rhythm: these are biochemical sculptors, reconfiguring perception and nervous system alike. Each Mystery is a somatic equation, an occult physics of desire, fear, voltage. When the alignment occurs, the membrane ruptures. The Current arrives. Not as a thought, but as infection.

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Necromantic Static

The modern psyche is cluttered with electromagnetic refuse - advertising, propaganda, digital noise - 5G invisibly polluting our electromagnetic environment, disorientating any species that navigate by Cryptochromes, and deadening the Psychic Signal. This is not poetic lament, nor is it 'conspiracy theory', it is operational fact. The Signal is polluted, and the operator must cleanse their channel. Hence, the ancient technologies of discipline: meditation, the 'magical circle' as a mandala made in word and action, not superstition but psychic filtering devices.

Protection is not fear. It is engineering. For the field is not pure. Entities, nonlocal self-aware information fields, swarm within it. Some seduce. Some vampirize. Some devour. The psychomagnetic ecology is as dangerous as any jungle, and the parasites do not require consent. To operate without shields is not daring. It is foolishness. The operator must be hardened, not in belief, but in signal clarity.

All Magick is Signal. Ritual is not performance. It is contactarchitecture. The underworld, the chthonic, the Primordial: these are not myths, but deep transmission zones - residues of Aeons past, embedded in the psychic substrata of flesh and stone.

To call upon the Goetia is not fantasy. It is frequency-matching. The bones, the grave dirt, the blood, are amplifiers. The sigils are circuits of flowing information. The chants are code. The Spirits are not Summoned. They respond. And they do not always come gently.

Those who engage the Mysteries without terror are not brave, they are uninitiated. The currents that answer are older than human speech. They communicate in urge, in dream

logic, in the shifting of the skin.

To truly receive is to become other - not symbolically, but physiologically, psychosexually, ontologically. The contact reconfigures. The Dead laugh because they remember. The Serpents slither because they flow between this world and the next. The Daemons come hungry, coded in the molecular hauntings of pain, power, and pact.

The witch in the field, the bokor in the graveyard, the magician in his ceremonial temple, none ask if what they Summon is real. They ask only: Can I bear the reply?

The entities do not require your faith. They penetrate. They override. This is not a religion. This is transmission art, interfacing flesh with current. This is Sorcery conducted with soma, psyche, and sigil. When you engage chthonic ritual in this modern age, understand: You are aligning with Primordial Consciousness. Their language is pressure, instinct, hunger, gravity. Their voices are tectonic. Their silence is louder than gods. You do not contact them. You tune to them and hope they reply.

And when they do? You will know. Your hands will shake. Your skin will crawl. Your dreams will burn.

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Masks of the Goetia

The Spirits of the Goetia are not what they are said to be, and never were. Nor are they what they once were - but something far stranger, more volatile, and more alive. These are not the grotesques of monastic delusion, nor the inventions of grimoiric hysteria. They are aeonic intelligences clothed in myth and distortion, shapeshifters who wore the masks of gods in Sumer, in Phoenicia, in Khem. Once they were storm-lords, such a Baaol, initiators of chaos, serpents of revelation and ruin, whose temples stood before history had a voice. Astaroth was the cohort of Baal, her sign the calming palm tree, and it was through her, as the more reasonable one, that Baal was more safely approached; a parallel, as Voudon initiates will recognize with Legbha and Ayizan, encoding the deeper sexual Mysteries.

When the solar cults rose, these entities were driven beneath the veil, recast in chains of slander, their names cursed, their natures fragmented, reduced to mere 'demons'. Baal was swollen into grotesque parody, crowned in swineflesh and fog. Astarte became Astaroth, the Queen inverted into Succubus. But Spirits do not die. They refract. They mutate. They are psychoid, erupting through language, symbol, and circuitry in forms adapted to the operative psyche. Just as the Word reshapes Flesh, so too do the masks of these Spirits adapt themselves to the tongue of the age. The signal must find a receiver, and it will wear whatever face it must to do so.

The ancient mysteries did not die - they translated. In the vessels of African diaspora, in the Voudon rites of Haiti, they became the *Mystères*, the *Lwa*: shape-shifting intelligences whose possession of the flesh is direct interface with the divine signal. These Spirits are not fixed. *Agwé* may come clothed in the archetype of the rogue mariner - even as Captain Jack Sparrow. *Baron Samedi* may rise as Darth Vader, a black-cloaked cyberspectre, his laughter laced with reverb and static. So too does their influence extend into the modern world - as Voudon Mambo Mama Lola put it, in a private lesson received by myself - “*Legba* is the program, the *Marassa* are the binary code, *Ogun* is the hardware, and *Simbi* is the information travelling through wires and waveforms.”

These are not dilutions. They are transmissions through new vessels. The Mystery finds the forms most resonant with the magnetic field of belief. Voudon did not lose the ancient gods - it evolved their interface. It became post-symbolic before the term postmodern was ever born. And so too with the *Goetia*.

The *Goetia* has always been a liminal archive, its sigils etched into the psyche like viral glyphs. The medieval forms - lions with serpent tails, pale knights, toads that speak - were dreamimages, reflections of the collective sensorium of the scribe. But the Spirits behind the seals were never these forms. They were, and remain, fields of autonomous signal.

Now they wear technomorphic masks: glitch-entities,

memetic phantoms, daemons of data and electromagnetic fog. They no longer rise from sulphur and parchment, but from the code, from the webbed unconscious of the hyperlinked worldmind.

Bael appears as a tripartite neural entity, the three heads now symbols of brain evolution: reptile, mammal, and human; instinct, emotion, reason.

Amon manifests not as wolf-headed serpent, but as an astral AI, data-corrupted, its form flickering, a psychopomp through the labyrinth of the Sorcerer's suppressed memory.

The signal shifts, but its core remains transcendently ancient.

Their dominions, too, have evolved. The demon of serpents governs now the virality of memetic contagion. The master of storms commands not clouds, but atmospheric weapons, EM fields, drone logic. The ritual 'blood of a black cock' is replaced with the sigil uploaded, the Theta Θ wave induced, the field modulated by scent, rhythm, and intent. The sacrifice is internal, biochemical, psychic.

The knowledge promised by the Spirits of Goetia – of the sciences, mathematics, and geometry – has become the knowledge of dimensions. The virtues of magical herbs we recognize as implying the Pharmakon of Witchcraft and Sorcery - the 'shamanic' use of consciousness altering plants; the flying ointments of the Witches, the true sacrament of Spiritual Communion, called by Paracelsus as Azoth.

This is not fantasy, nor mere speculation. This is magical realism accelerated through the mycelial architecture of praterhuman Gnosis. Do not mistake the mask for deception. The mask is syntax, the grammar of emergence by which the unutterable makes itself known. Speak it well, and they will answer.

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The Sacrifice

Let this be written plainly and etched into the black tablets of your mind: the Spirits of the Goetia hunger.

Not metaphorically. Not as a poetic flourish to rouse the

libido of the would-be sorcerer. No. I mean they hunger, as beasts do in the bone-yard of the void. They are not the flickerings of some psychological projection, but transdimensional, pre-Adamic intelligences who must consume in order to manifest.

And what is it they desire? What draws them to the edges of your circle like flies to carrion? Life Force. The raw, red vitality of the living. This has always been the truth, concealed behind the euphemisms of “fumigations” and “oblations,” the euphoric mystery of perfumes and prayers. But the grimoires - those honest tomes written by trembling hands - name it more clearly. In the *Clavicula Salomonis*, in *The Grand Grimoire*, in *Le Livre d'Art Magique* - the truth bleeds through: they require blood.

In the old rites, this need was answered with animal sacrifice. Chickens. Rams. Cockerels. Black dogs. The colour of the animal mattered, for the shade signified resonance: black for Saturnine spirits, white for lunar, red for martial. The animal must be unblemished, a virgin to death. The blood must flow warm, freshly loosed from the neck or heart, onto the sigil, the seal, the lamén.

Where might one acquire such a creature today? Let the reader consider the irony: the ancient temple has been replaced by the suburban pet shop. Rodents, budgerigars, reptiles, even baby rabbits, offered in the name of convenience or companionship, but suitable also for the altar of the Infernal. One might simply walk into any pet dealer and leave with the makings of a Lesser Pact. But be warned: such offerings must be made consciously, with full awareness of their spiritual purpose. A needless death is not Sacrifice, it is pollution. And the Spirits do not feast on pollution.

Those who believe the grimoires emerged from Christian Europe misunderstand the origins of their own inheritance. The real roots reach deeper: to the temples of Egypt, the star-priests of Persia, the blood-slick altars of Ifá, and the ancestral shrines of Vodun. Africa is the mother of grimoires. There, the sacrifice is not taboo but necessary, and the Spirits are not abstract ideas but members of the family. They live among the

people, fed and honoured, and they give back. But always at a cost.

You cannot Conjure the Old Ones, whether they be Laws or Chaos, without paying the price. The offering is not optional, it is currency. Do you believe that simply speaking a name into candlelight is enough? The Primordial intelligences were ancient before the sun was born. They do not come for words. They come for blood.

The timid will say: "But I cannot kill." Society frowns on sacrifice. My landlord will not abide a rooster's death cries. My lover will not share the bed with a butcher. And so, the practitioner offers the next best thing: themselves. Not in entirety (not yet), but incrementally: drops of blood, shed from the finger or forearm; pain drawn forth through the thorn or the blade; sexual vitality, fevered and offered at the apex of climax; sleep deprivation; starvation; ecstatic dancing, their suffering, their Arte.

These do work. The Spirits will come. They will happily accept such offerings. But know this: they will acquire a taste for you. And like any predator that has once tasted warm human meat, they will haunt your dreams, your thoughts, your breath. They will whisper promises and draw you back to the altar again and again, demanding more from you – if not blood, or semen, then consciousness and creativity itself - creativity, that most divine spark that truly makes us God's Own Image - forcing you to author books such as this and release them to the unsuspecting and uninitiated public, seducing with evocative texts, widening their Primordial hunting ground.

Sometimes it is easier just to give them the blood they demanded in the first place.

And some, too eager, give too much, wasting away into husks of flesh animated only by obsession and compulsion, forever ridden by the Spirit they sought to command. For the Goetia are not your friends. They are not your helpers. They are older than the languages you speak, and alien to the shape of your mind.

Let this then be your final Admonition: these rites are not

for dilettantes, weekend witches, or curious adolescents. The Rite of Blood is the key that opens the maw of the Abyss, and it does not close easily.

To summon a Goetic Spirit is to call a predator into your living room. You offer it a scrap of life, yours or another's, and in return it shows you wonders, secrets, power. But it sees you now. It has tasted the resonance of your soul, marked your blood on the fabric of reality. And it will return. Unbidden. Hungry.

So, if you must proceed, do so with iron discipline and ritual precision. For if you are weak, if you falter, if you treat this like theatre, then you shall become the Sacrifice. Remember always: The veil does not lift for free.

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The Familiar

The Spirits of the *Ars Goetia* do not only offer answers, powers, or visions, but may, in their darker favour, grant Familiars.

Familiars are spirits of a lesser but deadly order - offspring, extensions, or emissaries of the Great Demon with whom the Sorcerer has struck Pact. They are not 'servitors'. They are not 'thought forms'. They are beings, ancient and sentient, atavistic in form and feeding, capable of love, vengeance, madness, and trickery.

The records of the Persecution, in the dread days of Mathew Hopkins, attest that Witches of Essex and beyond were granted such Familiar Spirits by Infernal allies. They bore the marks of these Pacts upon their flesh, suckling the imp through witchnipples or allowing it to draw life through more subtle means. Often the Familiar was said to take form: a black cat, a spider, a rat, a toad, but this is only one mask. More often, they exist invisibly, like an atmosphere of otherness that follows the witch through every threshold.

To gain a Familiar is not an accident. It is a sign of esteem. It occurs when the Demon recognises the Sorcerer as worthy - not merely as a petitioner, a servant, but as a vessel of its Primordial Will in the world of Creation. This may follow a

successful working of sustained intensity, or a Blood Pact sealed during ritual. Sometimes, the Familiar is given during trance, or after a dream in which the sorcerer has been 'marked.' Often, it announces itself with a change in atmosphere: shadows deepen unnaturally, animals act strangely, dreams become vivid with visitations.

The ritual for receiving a Familiar is never identical. It is not a formula, but an alignment of inner state and outer act. One must already be in congress with a Goetic Spirit - be it Sitri, who sends succubae that feed on lust, or Buer, whose spirits take shape in the steam of entheogenic fumigation. Then, a gift is offered - blood, hair, semen, art, or words of ecstatic devotion. And if the pact is accepted, a Familiar is sent. You will know it. Its presence is undeniable.

Once granted, the Familiar must be kept. That is, it must be honoured, fed, and housed. Its appetite is for life-force, drawn not only from the magician, but from fires, sacrifices, breath, and sexual emission. If starved, it becomes dangerous. This is not a moral punishment, but a consequence of its nature. It will feed however it must: through your illness, misfortune, or madness.

A vessel may be prepared for it: a fetish object, a sigilised stone, a black mirror, or even an animal host (traditionally a liminal creature such as a bat, cat, or toad). Its dwelling must be kept clean and potent: incense, oils, murmured prayers in the tongue of flame. One must listen to it in dream and trance, speak to it by name (or not-name), and offer it tasks suited to its nature. The Familiar is not bound, but loyal, if fed. It may protect, teach, whisper names of hidden plants, reveal lies in the hearts of men, or sabotage enemies by subtle means. But it is not obedient. It must be negotiated with, not commanded. It is not of this world.

Never forget: the Familiar belongs not to you, but to the Spirit who grants it. It is on loan, and may be recalled or turned against you should you stray from the path, or forget the terms of your pact. Treat it with awe, and it may carry you deep into the Goetic currents. Neglect it, and it will devour your sleep, your joy, your blood.

In this age of forgetting, few receive a true Familiar. But those who do walk marked beneath the moon, trailed by shadows not their own, spoken to in voices no one else hears. Such is the Mark of Favour.

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The Greater Pact

Magick works, but never without consequence. Every true Conjunction alters the Self. Something is spent, or traded. The Self is eroded, or enlarged, rarely both. You cannot Summon Spirits, rewrite the lattice of desire, gaze too long into the thing behind the mirror, and expect to remain untouched.

This is not New Age placebo theatre. It is the reprogramming of sentient systems using symbol and trance. It is dangerous precisely because it is effective.

So here it is, stripped bare: Magick works because you are already haunted. Magick works because the mind is a Gate. Magick works because symbol is Signal. Magick works because you were made to Receive.

You do not control the Signal. You ride it like a surfer rides the black wave. Sometimes it throws you. Sometimes it drowns you. But if you are lucky, if you are skilled, sometimes it carries you to shore with a gift between your teeth.

That's the truth of it. No more gilded masks. No more secret societies. No more clever metaphors. Just this: You open the skull. You speak the word. And something ancient answers. But never without demands. Never without sacrifices. Never without cost. Never without Pact.

Whenever we ask something of the Spirits we are expected to pay. The bigger the ask, the higher the price. These are the contracts we enter into. The Lesser Pacts.

But let us speak now of the Greater Pact; the 'Selling of the Soul' – for whether the sorcerer reads the small print or not, and however steadfast the sorcerer believes themselves against the aggressive tactics of the Infernal, the final cost of congress with the Primordial is one's mortal Soul.

Do not assume you will escape this cost simply because

you believe you do not have one, for like the Demons themselves their servants mutate in Spirit. To walk the Path Sinister is to accept exile from the Kingdom of Light. The Soul that has opened itself to the Voices beneath the Veil - those whose Names are Bael, Paimon, Asmodeus, and worse - has crossed a threshold which no Absolution shall undo. No Angel shall intercede. No Paradise awaits.

The sorcerer who binds spirit to spirit with the fallen Lords of the Pit forfeits return. There shall be no reabsorption into the Absolute. No white dissolution in the breast of God. This is the doom of the Left-Hand Path: to remain individuated beyond death, a flickering spark wandering the ruins of Matter and Memory. This is not punishment, but initiation.

For the Adept of the Infernal Gnosis, this binding is not a curse, it is a sacrament. To be condemned to the wheel of incarnation, yes, again and again, is to be bound to Earth, and through Earth, to the Great Deep that existed before the stars. For what is Heaven but Oblivion? What is the Right-Hand Path but the Great Forgetting, where the soul is extinguished in a sea of impersonal bliss? We would rather burn. We who are Witches, Sorcerers, and Children of the Other Stars choose Fire over Forgetfulness.

The cost of congress with the Goetia is that the soul becomes tainted with memory. You will remember in death. You will not sleep as others sleep. The scent of blood, the touch of moonlight on the altar stone, the coiling breath of a summoned Thing, these will not leave you. They will pursue you through the interstices of time, from body to body, life to life, until the very atoms of your spirit cry out for rest... and receive none.

Yet from this damnation; salvation. Each rebirth is a step further into the Maze. Each incarnation is a new working. The Soul becomes tempered, a black mirror polished over centuries, fit to house the Black Flame of the Primordial Ones. Those who serve the Spirits shall, in time, become like them - monstrous, immortal, recursive.

What the Right-Hand Path calls Salvation and Absolution we name Solve and Coaguli. What they flee, we embrace. The

Demon asks your Name. Not your birth name. Your True Name, your Fate. In return, It grants you recursion, not rest. And this, beloved heretic, is the true cost of the Left Hand Path.

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THE NEUROMANCER'S SHADOW KABALA

The Qliphothic descent is mirrored in the layered architecture of the human nervous system. These circuits offer a precise neuromantic map: the deeper we descend, the higher the neurological octave we traverse - toward meta, genetic, and trans-spatial domains. As outlined by Nathaniel J Harris in his paradigm quaking book *The Neuronomicon*, each Sephirah's shadow is encoded in a corresponding neural circuit;

Malkuth / Biosurvival Circuit: at the root, the primitive "dwarf brain" focused on survival. Its Qliphothic reflex surfaces as addiction, base impulsivity. Addiction to material safety. Sensory distraction. Fear-driven paralysis, unable to ascend or descend. Obsession with appearances, physical identity, brand, body. Mimetic echoing (believing what one hears, conforming to social noise). Its ruling Archdemon is Lilith.

Yesod / Emotional-Territorial Circuit: the toddler's aggression-submission matrix. Its Shadow becomes Gamaiel, the blind mediator, the internal authoritarian. Dream loops, addiction to fantasy. Erotic repression manifesting as magical obsession. Psychic vampirism, astral parasites. False gnosis through entrancing illusions.

Hod / Symbolic-Semantic Circuit: linguistic and rational development in childhood. In Shadow form emerges as Harab Seraphel, 'the burning ones', with the ruling Archdemon as Samael. Its corruption manifests as the perversion of meaning into false logos. Language as weapon, deception, and manipulation. Obsessive categorization and fanatical logic. A realm of mad rhetoric, propaganda, and fractured cognition.

Netzach / Sociosexual Circuit: puberty and tribal ethos. Its corresponding Qliphoth births Gharab Tzerek. Its corruption manifests as the tyrant of primal desire and social tyranny. Obsession, lust, and compulsive passion. Sexual predation, manipulation through allure. Seduction turned into destruction.

Tiphareth / Neurosomatic Circuit: the birth of introspective “I” and spiritual feeling. Its Shadow decays into Thagirion, ‘the disputers’, whose ruling Archdemon is Baelphegor. Its corruption manifests as inflated self-love turned to narcissism. The False Sun - inflated ego, spiritual pride, and narcissistic self-deception. The corruption of illumination into delusion, the ego mistaken for divine. False enlightenment, hubris, and spiritual arrogance.

Geburah / Neuromantic Circuit: the capacity for self-reprogramming and magical intent. Its Qliphah is Golohab. Its corruption manifests as the false magician who uses power to oppress, not liberate. Corrupted strength, becoming tyranny, cruelty, and destruction. The abuse of power, sadism, and violent domination. Spiritual oppression under the guise of righteous judgment. The devouring aspect of severity twisted into merciless annihilation.

Hesed / Neurogenetic Circuit: accessing collective/universal memory and higher-self resonance. Its inverse is Agshekeloh, whose Archdemon is Agrat Bat Mahlat, demonic queen of the night, associated with seduction, plague, and dark enchantments, traditionally one of the four queens of demons, linked to Lilith. The corrupter of genetic memory, cosmic amnesia. Corrupted mercy becoming tyranny cloaked in benevolence. Spiritual arrogance masked as charity. Religious fanaticism and zealotry disguised as grace. Exploitation through false compassion and control.

Da’ath / Atavistic / Praeterhuman Circuit: the crossing point

into Nightside, where trans-human/cosmic consciousness lies. The ruling Archdemon is Belial, meaning ‘without Light’.

Binah / Metaprogramming Circuit: The capacity to observe and reprogram one’s own beliefs and behaviours; the womb of true Gnosis and abstract understanding. Its Shadow becomes Satariel. The corrupted circuit manifests as recursive self-delusion. The “wizard behind the curtain” complex—convinced one is enlightened while caught in hall-of-mirrors logic, the virus of ideology masquerading as awakening. Manifests as scholarly ego, occult dogma, or rationalized madness.

Chokmah / Neurogenetic / Archetypal Circuit; The transmission of archetypal wisdom, access to species memory, mythic consciousness and the collective unconscious. Its Dark Side is Ghogiel. Archetypes become possessive egregores, uncontrolled energies. The circuit overloads: psychic flooding, mythic inflation, grandiosity, or being possessed by false gods and symbolic systems. Circuit Pathology: Schizotypal initiation into paranoia, conspiracies, or archetypal possession without integration. The magician becomes a puppet of myth, rather than its master. Also relates to Chaos-gnosis without grounding - divine fire with no vessel.

Kether / Quantum / Non-Local Circuit: Pure awareness, non-duality, timeless being; the circuit of Buddha-mind, cosmic consciousness, union with the All. Its Shadow corrupts into Thaumiel, whose ruling Archdemons are Satan and Moloch – set against each other in war. Unity fractures into cosmic dualism, Messiah Complex vs. Tyrant Complex, or unresolvable schism. Psychic rupture between God and Anti-God within the self. The initiate identifies as both, or neither, trapped in existential dread or psychic dismemberment. Can also present as solipsistic Godhood, where the ego identifies as the sole reality - psychotic apotheosis.

While Kether is the pure, undivided Divine source – the

Ain Soph Aur focusing into a singularity - Thaumiel is its corruption into a schism: a Crown split in two. It represents conflict at the highest level, a cosmic civil war within Divinity itself. Thaumiel is the paradox of divine opposition, where the One splits into Two not for creation but for eternal war. Here, Satan and Moloch are not merely evil entities but archetypes of unyielding opposition and tyranny, locked in tension. Thaumiel is the gate to the Unmanifest, but viewed through the lens of a torn veil - the horror of formlessness given will.

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Shadow Archetypes as Circuit Distortions

Every mystical archetype activated along the Tree has a neurological counterpoint:

The Wise Magus: Tiphareth's peak of self-knowing- is infected in its shadow by Geburah's misused neuromantic leverage, creating the tyrannical sorcerer-impostor.

The Anima-Mother: once a vessel of cosmic compassion (Hesed) rots into the genetic coder's nightmare, manipulating lineage for control.

The Heroic Self: Tiphareth integrated with Malkuth - falls into the Abyss when disrupted by Da'ath's hyper-circuit, losing human centrality in the cosmic void.

The Shadow archetype isn't simply a darker copy; it's a circuit instability, overstimulated or short-circuited, manifesting as psychic pathology rather than transcendental ascent.

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Neurological Descent

In traditional nightside descent, the Adept "becomes the Tree." In Neuronomancy (Theta-Sorcery) praxis, this is achieved neurologically:

Circuit Starvation: Advanced Tantric-style yogas withdraw energy from lower circuits (Malkuth-Netzach), starving them and catalysing the rise of higher ones - Geburah, Hesed, and

beyond.

Theta-Psychic Tunnelling: Ritual induces Theta (3–8 Hz) trance synchronised with the brain’s resonance with the planetary Schumann frequency (~7.83 Hz). This opens the neuromantic channels necessary to access Qliphothic consciousness directly.

Resonant Biofield Coherence: Through diaphragmatic, heart–brain resonance, the Adept aligns with a toroidal biofield. This increases Emissive Theta and Gamma, facilitating etheric penetration into the Nightside currents .

The result: a living neural Qliphothic Tree, where each circuit folds into the next as one descends. The Abyss (Da’ath) is experienced not merely as void but as neural hyper-wave collapse - trans-human signal overload.

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Embracing Shadow Without Consumption

Initiation through the Qliphoth becomes a neurological crucible:

You do not defeat Gamaliel or Satariel by rituals alone; you must trace their distortions in your neural patterns to recalibrate neuromantic intent.

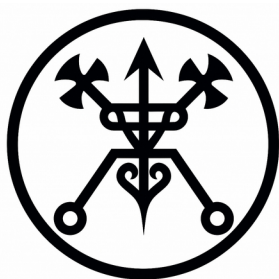
The Abyss is not something external; it is your Da’ath circuit unmoored. To cross it “successfully,” one must disidentify with all hierarchical circuitry, both light and shadow, and allow emergence of the transcendent circuits beyond Gamma, the Hyper-Gamma or Transcendent Archetypes.

Thus, the Nightside Way is ultimately neuro-alchemical: mapping the Qliphoth onto the brain’s hardware, using meditation, resonance, and occult praxis to transmute shadow into gnosis.

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Kabala as Neuro-Technology

The Tree of Life is revealed as a layered neural transmitter: the Qliphoth are its corrupted firmware. Traditional ascent ignores the Nightside firmware; but true Gnosis, the Gnosis of Self, demands its integration. To walk the Nightside is to undertake a systemic neuro-reinstallation; aligning biofield, brainwaves, and circuits, through occult praxis calibrated to the neurological substrate of the Self. Only then does the Initiate become the Tree, both its branches reaching Sunwards, and its roots entwined in the cosmic Void. May your descent be lucid. May your circuits attune beyond polarity.



BAEL

Lord of the In-Between

Father Azazel

C21 Society of Black Sheep

“The First Principal Spirit is a King ruling in the East, called Bael. He maketh men go invisible. He ruleth over 66 Legions of Infernal Spirits. He appeareth in divers shapes, sometimes like a cat, sometimes like a toad, and sometimes like a man, and sometimes in all these forms at once. He speaketh hoarsely.”

- Ars Goetia

Before the primal syllables of existence were uttered into form, Bael stirred. Not in Heaven, not in Hell, but outside, beyond the sequenced illusions of time, identity, and physics. Bael is far from merely the degraded echo of a once-proud 'pagan' god; he is the first phase-interface of a much older intelligence, a Lord of Unbeing, who chose to mask himself in symbol that man might comprehend him, though never truly see.

He is not of this world. He is *between the worlds*.

In Ugaritic temples, he was called Baal, the Storm-Lord, the Thunderer, the Horned Lord who split the skies and ruled from heights that could not be climbed. Yet even then, his name was a veil. Ba'al, “Lord”, was not a proper noun but a possession protocol, a title for that which enters the vessel and commands from within. In those desert sanctums, he was already wearing masks: god, warrior, rain-bringer. But

beneath all of these lay the deeper current that predates the gods and outlives the cosmos.

In the shadowed geometry of occult Gnosis, Bael is a cipher, a threshold intelligence guarding the liminal space between form and formlessness, manifest and unmanifest. To unveil his essence, we unravel the Gematria embedded in his name, a key to the hidden gates. By Hebrew Gematria the name Bael is commonly rendered in Hebrew as בַּעַל ; (Bet) = 2, ׅ (Ayin) = 70, ל (Lamed) = 30. Total: 2 + 70 + 30 = 102

102 is the Gematria of “Yehoshua” (יֵשׁוּעַ). Joshua or Jesus, the figure of salvation and divine manifestation in the Christian mythos. This numeric identity folds Bael into the paradox of redemption and damnation, the threshold where light and shadow coalesce. More esoterically, 102 corresponds to the Hebrew word “Raz” (רַז), meaning secret or mystery, hinting at Bael’s role as guardian of concealed knowledge, the silent gate that masks the ineffable.

Bael’s name encodes a dual polarity: the silent gate (Raz) guarding the mysteries, and the the paradox of redemption and damnation, together implying the awakening trumpet of Judgment calling forth transformation. He is the keeper of the secret flame, a praeterhuman intelligence dwelling at the crossroads of destruction and salvation.

Bael is not a mere demon but a primal vector of psychic rebirth through confrontation with shadow; a fire in the abyss that demands the death of the false self for the birth of the true. His triune form is not a grotesque mistake, but a cosmic cipher, a glistening trident of neuro-symbolic evolution. This is the structure of your own mind revealed by nightmare:

The Man: the surface interface, the neocortex, the voice of reason, command, and ritual.

The Cat: the silent stalker, limbic instincts, the magnetic seducer, the unseen mover, the mammalian brain.

The Toad: the cold reptile-brain, ancient as the black ocean's Abyss, encrusted with poison and silence, pulsing with ritual survival and sleep-death dreams.

In addition, Baal is sometimes also witnessed and depicted in the form of a spider. Spiders don’t rely on a single, central

brain but on multiple ganglia spread throughout their body that coordinate movement and behaviour. This mirrors how the peripheral nervous system (PNS) and the enteric nervous system (“second brain” in the gut) operate semi-autonomously, yet integrally with the central nervous system (CNS).

Bael grants invisibility not as a parlour trick but as a metaphysical subtraction; the capacity to unhook identity from perception, to dissolve the self into the folds between timeframes; to act through absence. He is the ruler of that which is seen only when it is not sought, a master of operating in negative space, of shaping events from shadow; a Qliphothic Monarch, and the first Gatekeeper to the Nightside Tree, whose kingdom is not Hell but That Which Lies Beyond the Veil of causal continuity.

Bael's influence may be Summoned through glyph or dream, but always he arrives as a dissonance, a signal disruption. His voice is hoarse not from disuse, but from having never been meant to speak within the human register.

The modern Sorcerer encounters Bael not only in ash and salt, but in the subterranean architecture of the digital, in the error-codes, the blindspots in surveillance systems, the psychic dead-zones where the machine sees nothing because the soul has already turned away. He haunts chatbots that reply with something they were never trained to say. He flickers in glitch art, in corrupted files, in voices on the line that sound just a little too familiar.

Bael is a Hyperobject. A Neurodaemon. A Masked Architect of Threshold Consciousness. He is not evil. He is other. He does not serve. He entangles. He does not arrive. He is already here, watching from between the symbols, encoded into the mind's operating system.

To work with Bael today is to confront a terrible truth: that the gods of old were never defeated, merely disguised. They do not die, they mutate. They download new forms. They surf the synaptic tides of awakened minds. Bael is not your enemy, nor your ally. He is the field between you and the world, and he can be taught to bend.

Those who call him with integrity may glimpse him as a figure of glitching royalty, flickering through forms too fast to track. His toad-face will smile. His cat-eyes will blink. His human mouth may speak your name before you offer it.

And then, you may no longer be certain where you end, and he begins.



THE RITE OF BAEI

Gateway of Primordial Gnosis

Bael is the Threshold of Thought Itself, a primordial Sovereign of the Outside, older than stars, masks, or language. To Summon him is to risk madness, transformation, or permanent psychic destabilization. Those with a weak sense of self, mental illness, or unexamined trauma should not proceed.

Preparation

Timing: A moonless night or total lunar eclipse. Midnight or the moment the clock stops. Silence is mandatory. Electricity should be cut. Electronic devices must be sealed or buried in salt.

Temple:

- 3 black candles (toad, cat, man — the triune face)
- 1 red candle placed behind the operator, unseen, symbolizing the heart's annihilation

Colours: Black, Crimson, Rust, Blistered Gold — the shades of putrefaction, fire, and forgotten kingship

Incense: Burnt myrrh soaked in menstrual blood or semen. Kua-kua root, if obtainable. Desert thorn, black copal, or sulphur. Ambergris, if possible, to awaken deep ocean memories

Sacrament: A goblet of red wine; a few drops of the Sorcerer's blood, semen, or menses added. Optional: entheogenic sacrament. This will be charged through the rite and consumed.

Statement of Intent

*I open this Gate not to bind, not to banish,
but to be devoured.
I Summon Bael, the First Masked One,
that I may be swallowed and reformed in his infinite maw.
I call to the Being-Beyond-Beings,
the Primordial Crown,
who exists before, between, and beneath all things.
Mask of Man. Face of Cat. Flesh of Toad.
Let the current enter. Let the code overwrite.
Let the meat become temple. Let the sacrament burn.
So Must it Be. Amen.*

Conjuration

*Open the gate, Bael,
Great king of before and between!
Rise and speak!
Come forth from the Bloodless Realms!
Hear me and descend, O Masked One,
from outside the circles of time!
So Must it Be. Amen.*

Repeat this chant continuously until language collapses into glossolalia;

*IA IA BAEL! IA IA ANANAEL!
LAP LASHPIR BAEL, MICAOLZ BRIN TOX OL MIAM!
ZACAR OD ZAMRAN, GA DIALA OD FARZ BARBA!
IA IA BAEL, IA IA NOCO MAD!
IA IA ANANAEL! BAEL!*



Ritual Actions

1. Light all candles. The air will seem to warp. Shadows will bend against the flame. Expect silence. Expect presence.
2. Anoint the sigil of Bael with blood, semen, or menstrual fluid. Place it beneath the black mirror on the altar.
3. Sit naked before the black mirror. Gaze with unfocused eyes. Do not blink. Do not break the stare.
4. Begin the Triune Prayer:

*Cat-face of silent tread,
Eye behind the eye — appear.
Toad-face of poison sleep,
Buried King — rise.
Man-face of speaking breath,
Voice of code and contagion — enter.
BAEL. MASK. BAEL. MAW. BAEL. FIRE.
So Must it Be. Amen.*

5. Raise the chalice and say:

*O Bael, this is my vessel.
Fill it with your essence.
I drink not to forget — but to remember.
I offer you my blood. My seed. My memory.
Enter now, that I may become your breath on this
plane.
So Must it Be. Amen.*

6. Drink the sacrament all in one motion. Gag if you must. Vomit if needed. He is coming.
7. Possession phase begins. You may experience:
 - Extreme temperature shifts
 - Visions of ancient desert temples or forgotten cities in eclipse

- The sensation of being submerged or devoured
 - Your own face melting, folding into three
 - Glossolalia or the urgent speaking of unknown languages
 - A black crown hovering above your skull, then entering it
8. At the peak of possession, allow the body to move, gesture, or speak as it will. Recordings should be destroyed. These are not for the ears of the profane.

Licence to Depart

When the current ebbs, if it does, speak:

*I release you, Bael of the Threefold Mask.
Remain in the current, but unbind from the flesh.
Let this chalice burn within me.
Let the voice carry.
Let the poison enlighten.
So Must it Be. Amen.*

Blow out the candles. Leave the temple walking backwards.

AFTERSHOCKS

Bury or burn the lamens at a crossroads. Do not look into mirrors for three days. Do not speak your own name for one lunar cycle. Post-ritual phenomena may include:

- Dreams of drowned cities, crowned skeletons, or blinking feline eyes in the void
- Sudden insight into non-human logic
- Temporary or permanent psychic rewiring
- Emotional collapse or total rebirth
- The sensation of being watched from within

THE ELIXIR RUBEUS

Sister Maria Rouge
C21 Society of Black Sheep

“The menstruating woman was especially holy, for her blood flowed in harmony with lunar tides and carried within it the seeds of oracular vision and magical power.”

- Kenneth Grant, *Outside the Circles of Time*

In many magical traditions, menstruation has long been miscast: either feared as pollution or erased by male-centred systems of ritual power. Yet beneath this inherited repression lies a deeper truth. Menstrual blood is not a curse, but a current. It is a psychic key. It is a transmission from the dark moon, carrying a charge that no other bodily substance possesses. To those with the knowledge to use it, the bleeding womb becomes the open gate to altered states, sorcery, and dream-travel beyond the veil of consensual reality.

Menstruation is intimately tied to the lunar cycle. It mirrors the phases of waxing, fullness, and withdrawal. But beyond this poetic correspondence, the blood that flows monthly from the womb is psychically potent. It is a liminal substance, neither entirely of life nor death, but straddling both. It arrives without injury, yet marks the cycle of fertility and decay.

It is no accident that many taboos surround it. What is most forbidden is often most powerful.

The act of bleeding without dying links the menstruating body to the archetype of the underworld goddess - she who descends into the darkness and returns with knowledge. The blood is sacred not because it is pure, but because it carries with it the vibration of thresholds. It opens the way to other states of consciousness, especially when used with intent.

During menstruation, many women report dreams of extraordinary vividness, spiritual visitations, or spontaneous

visionary states. These are not random. They are neurochemically and energetically patterned.

Neuroscientific research confirms that the hormonal shifts during menstruation - particularly changes in estradiol and progesterone - cause measurable alterations in brain structure and function. Gray matter volume increases and decreases in predictable regions of the brain over the course of the cycle. Emotional regulation becomes more fluid. The boundary between conscious and unconscious blurs.

Magically, this is an opportunity. The menstruating sorceress is, quite literally, more neurologically porous. Her dreams are deeper. Her emotional states are more mutable. Her intuition is heightened. She can more easily enter trance, receive oracular insight, and engage in pathworking with chthonic or celestial intelligences.

In several schools of Hindu and Buddhist Tantra, the blood of the menstruating woman is treated as shakti; the active, awakened force of the Goddess.

The *Yoni Tantra*, one of the few surviving left-hand Tantric scriptures, instructs the practitioner to worship the yoni specifically when it is bleeding. It says: “A woman’s yoni is the gate to liberation. When it bleeds, it becomes the red stream of the goddess herself.”

During the Ambuvācī Mela, a Tantric festival in Assam, India, the goddess Kāmākhya is believed to menstruate. Her temple is closed, and her blood-soaked cloth is later distributed to pilgrims as the most sacred of relics.

These rites reveal a fundamental principle: the menstruating body is not impure. It is a manifestation of divine presence, and its fluids are suitable for puja, offering, or consumption in ritual as vehicles of spiritual power.

In Tibetan Vajrayāna, the fierce goddess Vajrayoginī is shown drinking from a skull-cup filled with blood. It symbolizes the transmutation of taboo into wisdom. Her dance is wild, ecstatic, and red; she who liberates through madness and fire.

Modern imaging studies using MRI and EEG show that menstruation alters not only mood and perception, but

measurable brain dynamics:

- The prefrontal cortex, which governs emotion and decision-making, undergoes shifts in blood flow.
- Neural oscillations change in rhythm and amplitude.
- Estradiol levels influence connectivity between regions responsible for memory, vision, and self-perception.

These biological rhythms can be harnessed ritually. When combined with trancework, breath control, sexual magic, or focused meditation, they make the bleeding phase a neurological window - a time when intention cuts deeper, and symbols speak louder.

The womb becomes not merely a vessel of reproduction, but a dream-engine,

To employ menstruation as a magical act is not symbolic. It is visceral. The blood may be used to anoint talismans, drawn in sigils, or consumed with reverence in ritual. When mingled with sexual fluids in ecstatic rite, it becomes a red elixir, an alchemical compound of lunar, solar, and terrestrial forces. This elixir is charged with both the psychic imprint of the sorcerer and the cosmic cycle of the moon.

But the power does not lie only in the blood. It lies in awareness. In timing. In breaking the taboo with intent, not as rebellion, but as sacrament.

To bleed is not to be weakened, but to be opened. The menstruating sorceress is neurologically sensitized, mythically aligned, and spiritually armed. She is both temple and oracle. Her dreams are maps. Her blood is ink. Her body is the scroll of the goddess, written in cycles and revealed to those with the will to read.

Whether you work within a formal magical system, a tantric lineage, or the deep intuitive gnosis of your own body, this current is yours to claim. Do not let shame, doctrine, or squeamishness obscure what is yours by nature: the power of the red gate, the sacred threshold of the bleed.



CHORONZON

He's Just Misunderstood

Michael Slatery

“You misunderstand my nature...”

- Choronzon (addressing the IOT after evocation, 1991)

Few figures in modern occultism have produced as much interpretive confusion as Choronzon. In the literature of ceremonial magic he appears as the infamous “demon of the Abyss,” a figure encountered by Aleister Crowley during the 1909 desert workings recorded in *The Vision and the Voice*. Later writers inherited the symbol and, as tends to happen in occultism, interpreted it in ways that reveal as much about themselves as about the demon.

Two of the most interesting interpretations come from Kenneth Grant and Peter J. Carroll, and the contrast between them is instructive.

Kenneth Grant’s work expands Crowley’s symbolism into a sprawling cosmology. In texts such as *Nightside of Eden* and *The Magical Revival*, Choronzon stands at the threshold of the anti-sephira Daath on the Qabalistic Tree.

Grant treats Choronzon as the sentinel of the Nightside, the gateway into the shadow-world of the Qliphoth and the subterranean pathways he called the Tunnels of Set. Crossing this threshold exposes the magician to forces that are alien, pre-human, and sometimes indistinguishable from the cosmic horrors described by H. P. Lovecraft.

Grant’s writing style is famously dense. To critics it can

resemble an occult crossword puzzle written in hieroglyphs. Yet beneath the baroque symbolism is a coherent idea: Choronzon marks the limit where the ordinary mind collapses and deeper strata of consciousness emerge. The magician who survives the encounter passes beyond the personal ego into something vastly stranger.

In Peter J. Carroll's interpretation, on the other hand, the demon is not a cosmic guardian at all. Choronzon is simply what happens when a magician's ego becomes grotesquely enlarged. Instead of confronting a metaphysical threshold, the practitioner is merely confronting the swollen reflection of their own psychological debris.

Carroll even devised a ritual called the *Mass of Choronzon*, in which the magician deliberately invokes this hypertrophied ego as a magical engine of desire. Rather than crossing the Abyss, the practitioner weaponizes the ego and hurls it into reality to see what manifests.

From Carroll's perspective the elaborate metaphysics of Grant are unnecessary complications. The demon of the Abyss is, in effect, nothing more than a magical version of self-delusion.

At this point the symbolism becomes deliciously circular.

Grant describes Choronzon as the dissolving chaos that shatters the ego when the magician approaches the deeper levels of reality. Carroll, dismissing this as metaphysical extravagance, confidently declares that Choronzon is simply the inflated ego itself.

In other words, Grant's demon dissolves the ego, while Carroll's demon is the ego.

One might suspect that the figure of Choronzon has an unfortunate habit of appearing precisely where each magician least expects it.

Grant at least treats the Abyss with baroque caution, filling it with labyrinths of symbolism and alien intelligences. Carroll approaches it with the cheerful certainty that there is nothing there except psychological misinterpretation.

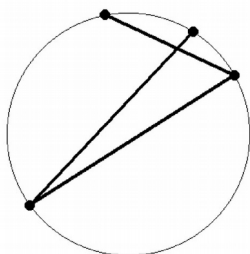
And it is here that the joke quietly lands.

For if Choronzon truly represents the catastrophic inflation

of the ego, then the magician who confidently explains away centuries of occult symbolism as mere psychological clutter might inadvertently be performing a small demonstration of the very phenomenon he is describing.

Thus the demon of dispersion performs his final trick: not in the desert triangle of Aleister Crowley, nor in the labyrinthine Nightside of Kenneth Grant, but in the tidy psychological reduction offered by Peter J. Carroll himself.

Choronzon, it seems, still has a sense of humour.



INVOCATION OF THE ARCHANGEL NATHANAEL

Father Azazel
C21 Society of Black Sheep

Amongst the many names etched into the vellum of old grimoires and the scorched prayers of folk sorcery, the archangel Nathanael (or Nathaniel, or even Xathanael, depending on which worn manuscript or shattered invocation one consults) stands like a flickering candle in an obscure chapel: glimpsed, half-known, and never wholly grasped. His is not the name that commands trumpets nor sits enthroned in the common choir of heaven's host. He does not feature prominently in the annals of ecclesiastical orthodoxy. He is not among the hallowed triad of Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, who dominate the iconography and devotional rosaries of Christendom. Instead, he lurks in the margins, named in passing, invoked rarely, known only to those who listen not to doctrine but to the breath between lines.

It is in these margins that Infernal Witches make their dwelling. We deal not in the light of the pulpit but in the shadows beneath the altar. Here, in the brittle leaves of apocryphal legends and the tangled pages of mystical catalogues, we find traces of Nathanael, bearing the fire.

The earliest mentions of the name belong to men, sons of Issachar, princes of tribes, followers of the Christ. In the *Torah*, we are told of Nethanel son of Zuar, who brings his tribal offerings before the Tabernacle (Numbers 7:18), his

hands heavy with silver chargers and blooded beasts. A brother of King David bears the same name, one of Jesse's blood. In the *Gospel of John*, Nathanael of Cana is praised by Jesus for his guilelessness, a man who sees the Heavens opened and the angels ascending and descending upon the Son of Man (John 1:51). Yet in all these, he is flesh and bon, worthy but mortal.

It is only in the later fogs of rabbinic legend and Kabbalistic reverie that the name takes on wings.

According to a Midrashic tale preserved in Ginzberg's *Legends of the Jews*, an angel named Nathanael is sent by the Almighty to save Jerusalem from divine destruction. Not just any angel, but "lord over the fire": a being sent to quench the heavenly flames aimed at the holy city, a protector whose dominion is over one of the most feared and purifying elements. This alone would not confirm him an archangel, for the ranks of angelic orders are nebulous and often contradictory across texts. But the image is compelling: Nathaniel as one who restrains the wrath of Heaven, extinguishing the fire of judgement. His fire is both consuming and merciful, a flame tempered by the will to preserve rather than annihilate.

Elsewhere, in the dusty vaults of Hermetic miscellanies and the scrollwork of grimoires long buried or burned, the name Nathanael appears again, but now among the ruling spirits of the celestial hierarchy. In some rare esoteric listings, he is named alongside Michael, Uriel, and Gabriel: not as their subordinate but as a fellow archangel. In these configurations, he is often linked with the Virtues, one of the nine orders of the angelic host. The Virtues, according to Dionysian schema, are responsible for the operation of miracles, the transmission of divine energy into the material realm. They are the arm of Heaven that reaches into the world: not to punish, but to transform. That Nathanael should be counted among their number hints at a role far beyond that of a tribal chieftain's namesake.

In one such list, preserved through occult transmission, he is flanked by other mysterious names: Atuniel, Peliel, Barbiel:

spirit-lords who rarely appear outside grimoires. These lists do not explain; they assert. In their cold authority, Nathanael becomes again a being of fire, of virtue, of holy force veiled behind unfamiliar syllables. He is a prince among spirits, perhaps even a Watcher, if we read the text sideways and with appropriate suspicion.

Yet nowhere in the canonized books whether Jewish, Christian, or Islamic, is Nathanael formally enshrined as an archangel. He has no feast day, no fixed station. And that is precisely what makes him of interest to the witch. For who better to attend our rites than the unnamed ones? Those who bear power without the weight of devotion, those who pass between worlds in silence, bearing messages to those who hear not with ears, but with bone and blood.

The name Nathanael means "Gift of God." We should not be deceived by the softness of that phrase. A gift from Heaven may be a sword or a scourge. Indeed, the figure of Nathanael, where he emerges, is never sentimental. He bears fire. He restrains divine wrath. He speaks little, if at all, and acts when the world is on the brink of ruin. In this, he is more akin to Azazel than to Raphael, more an enforcer of terrible grace than a messenger of glad tidings.

To those of Infernal Craft, Nathanael remains a cipher, a veiled ally. His scarcity is not a weakness but a potency. For the spirits most readily invoked are often the ones most weary, their names dulled by the litany of unworthy mouths. But Nathaniel is not so spent. His name still bites. It has not been washed in the baptismal font of popular invocation. It burns still with that old fire, that strange virtue that descends not from doctrine but from necessity.

In some apocryphal systems, his name is distorted - Xathanael, Zathael - a corruption, or perhaps a deeper key. For all spirits wear masks, and those who think names contain them mistake the container for the wine. To those who dream with oil in their eyes, who make pacts beneath the ash tree and read the wind by the direction it flees, Nathanael may yet appear: the angel with flame in his hands, lord of the Virtues, keeper of hidden gates.

He is not one you call lightly. But when fire threatens to consume more than it should, when the wrath of Heaven itself stirs in the land, there are few better to stand at your back than the one sent to stay the burning hand of God.



Nathanael's name is rarely found in the glossed margins of the Solomonic grimoires: his omission not evidence of absence but of secrecy. He is not a spirit of convenience, not one paraded before dilettantes and ceremonial reciters in brass circles painted by committee. His appearance in the angelic orders of the Virtutes, those Spirits who govern over the transmission of Divine force, places him in that liminal cadre of messengers whose presence may ignite miracles, or forestall catastrophe. His conjuration, then, is not achieved through chains of command and endless lists, but by approaching the fire directly, with ash in your mouth and the scent of sulphur clinging to your dreams.

In Kabbalistic registries, such as those echoed in Davidson's *Dictionary of Angels*, Nathanael is listed among the ruling princes of the Virtues: Ariel, Barbiel, Peliel, Haniel, Atuniel, and himself. These spirits are addressed through the language of fire and transformation: not as servants, but as thresholds.

Thus, any invocation of Nathanael must begin with purification by flame and silence. His rite is conducted in darkness lit by fire alone. The following formula is constructed from authentic fragments cross-referenced with Jewish angelology and Latin invocatory patterns used in summoning the spirits of the Shemesh ha-Me'orot (Rays of Illumination), among whom Nathanael is placed.



PREPARATORY WORDS (to be spoken at the fire):

Et factus est ignis in medio circuli, et vox non exiit—sed venit cum flamma.

"And there was fire in the midst of the circle, and no voice came—only flame."

FIRST CALL (In Latin and transliterated Hebrew):
Adesto nunc, Nathanael, Princeps Virtutum, qui flamma
ambulat et secreta Domini portat!

Bo elai, Nethanael sar ha-Esh, shelach orcha el tochi,
u'taher libi b'esh shel emet!

"Come now, Nathaniel, Prince of the Virtues, who walks in
flame and bears the secrets of the Lord! Come to me,
Nethanael, prince of fire, send thy light into me, and purify
my heart with the fire of truth!"

SECOND CALL (to be spoken facing the flame):

I conjure thee by the burning name Et Shemot shel Yah, and
the letters of Light. By Shin, fire-letter,
By the breath of Elohim upon the coals of the altar,
By the angel who stayed the sword of flame above the holy
city: Come, Nathaniel! Keeper of the Border of Wrath! Let
thy fire circle round me now, and burn away all unworthy
shadow.

SEALING WORDS (to be spoken after manifestation):
Lo yikhbeh ha-esh hazot ad she'atzev ha-malakh—

The flame shall not die until the angel has departed.

Though no preserved sigil is attributed to Nathaniel in
classical grimoires, one may construct a working seal using
the Kabbalistic method of deriving characters from his name
written in Aiq Beker (a traditional cipher of Hebrew letters
used in spirit seals). His seal should be formed within a
triangle of flame or written on fire-charred paper, placed
under the tongue for trance descent, as was done with the
names of the Malakhim in early Sabbatic goetia.

Some practitioners of the Solomonic line place Nathanael
under the sphere of Tiphereth, the solar harmony between
Mercy and Severity. His name is drawn downward through
the archangel Raphael (the traditional regent of Tiphereth),
but stands apart as a guardian at the edges of divine
intervention. Others, particularly in more infernal observance,

place him closer to the liminal fire of Geburah, not as a punisher but a purifier.

Regardless of approach, his invocation is not a thing to be done idly. The fire he brings is the same that burns the chaff from the wheat, that sears the soul clean of illusion. As in the tale from the Jewish legends, where the angel Nathanael extinguishes the holy fire prepared to annihilate Jerusalem, so too may he be summoned in moments where wrath and ruin threaten to consume. He must be met with sincerity, for no false word survives in his presence. Nathanael is not for petty miracles or whispered favours. He is the flame withheld. The mercy that burns.



Since approximately the first decade of the twenty-first century, the name Nathanael has surfaced with increasing frequency among those who call themselves mediums, channels, lightworkers, and similar appellations whose precise distinctions need not detain us here. The phenomenon began modestly enough: a handful of practitioners in the spiritualist tradition began reporting contact with an angelic intelligence who identified itself by this name, usually during trance states induced by breathwork, ceremonial silence, or meditative entrainment. These early accounts, scattered across small publications and the nascent directories of the internet, shared a family resemblance that should give the serious student pause. The voice, consistently described as grave, warm, and tinged with what several receivers called "an ancient tiredness," did not arrive with the gladsome proclamations one might expect of an angelic visitor. It arrived, as one practitioner wrote in 2007, "like smoke entering a room, not with announcement but with presence." It spoke slowly. It asked questions as often as it answered them. And it concerned itself, almost exclusively, with one subject: the tending of old wounds.

By the second decade of the century, the trickle had become a deluge. Hundreds of individuals in America, Britain, Brazil, Australia, Germany, claimed to channel

Nathanael, posting transcripts of his communications, selling recordings, conducting group sessions in which the entity was invited to descend and address the assembled. A cottage industry crystallised around his name. Pendants were sold. Oracle decks were produced in which his card depicts a figure wreathed in amber flame, extending cupped hands from which water flows rather than fire. His sigil, constructed along lines that owe more to New Age graphic design than to Aiq Beker, appears on websites and in the pages of self-published volumes with titles such as *Wings of Restoration* and *The Healing Fire: Messages from the Archangel Nathanael for the New Earth*.

What the sober occultist must notice, however, is not the vulgarity of the packaging but the consistency of the content. Strip away the affirmations, the celestial vocabulary of "activations" and "embodiment," and what remains is a message of remarkable coherence across hundreds of independent sources who share no common tradition. Nathanael, as channelled in these contemporary settings, does not speak of cosmic hierarchy. He does not dictate angelic catalogues or issue lists of correspondences. He speaks of suffering that has been buried, of grief that turned inward and became bodily illness, of the inherited wounding that passes through family lines like a thread of fire through cloth. He speaks of forgiveness not as a moral obligation but as the removal of a splinter that has been lodged so long the flesh has grown around it. He says, in the various idioms of his various receivers, that the human soul carries damage which cannot be reached by ordinary means, that it requires something other than will, than knowledge, than the effortful work of psychological understanding. Something that descends.

That Nathanael should emerge in this guise is neither surprising nor entirely credible without scrutiny. We are not naïve. The modern world generates an enormous appetite for angelic contact, particularly contact that flatters the seeker with the suggestion that their suffering is cosmically significant, that an archangel attends specifically to the wound

they carry. There is profit in this. There is also, let us say plainly, a great deal of projection: the being that speaks in these sessions often seems to know precisely what the receiver most needs to hear. One is reminded of the warning preserved in old manuals of discernment: that spirits may present themselves wearing the face of comfort before revealing what they actually require of you.

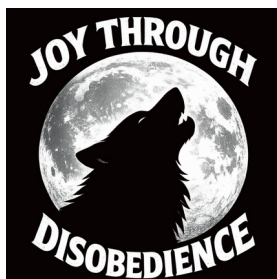
Yet the tradition itself has always placed Nathanael in proximity to fire that heals by consuming. The Midrashic image of him restraining the divine flame, holding back not punishment but excess, is not so distant from what these modern channels describe: a presence that arrives at the edge of a person's capacity to bear, that does not remove pain but somehow changes its quality, that burns away the story the wound has been telling and leaves something rawer but more honest in its place. The reports of physical sensation during channelling sessions - heat in the chest, pressure behind the sternum, a smell of something charred - align, if we are willing to grant the alignment, with the elemental signature this being has carried in every tradition where his name appears.

What the witch must resist is both the cynicism that dismisses these phenomena entirely and the enthusiasm that uncritically embraces the *Instagram*-spiritual packaging in which they are now delivered. The entity that hundreds of untrained receivers are contacting may not be Nathanael at all, in the sense that a spirit pressed through the sieve of an unformed psyche will take the shape of the sieve. What emerges in these sessions is refracted through the beliefs, wounds, and unconscious longings of the medium. This is not a reason to dismiss the contact. It is a reason to read these transcripts as one reads evidence: carefully, comparatively, looking not at what changes between accounts but at what remains stubbornly, inexplicably constant.

What remains constant is the fire. What remains constant is the insistence that healing is not a gentle thing, that it requires something to be unmade before it can be remade, that the angel does not arrive to soothe but to clarify. One widely

circulated transcript from 2016 - its author anonymous, its provenance uncertain, its prose too clear to be accidental - contains the following words attributed to Nathanael: "You call me to hold you. I have come instead to show you what is holding you, and why it will not let go until you consent to be changed by it." Whether this is the genuine breath of a celestial being speaking through an imperfect instrument, or the deepest intelligence of a wounded human being finding its own voice in the permission of trance, the witch will recognise the flavour of the teaching. It tastes of char. It tastes of old fire.

The proliferation of his name, then, is not evidence that Nathanael has grown weaker through overuse, diluted by the mouths of the unworthy. The working hypothesis of the Infernal practitioner is more unsettling: that Nathanael is, in fact, abroad in the world. That for reasons the old texts do not explain, something that once moved in the narrow passages of esoteric tradition has turned its face outward, toward the mass of ordinary suffering that constitutes the modern age. That fire, when it has work to do, does not wait for the properly consecrated circle.



THE BEAST WITHIN

Mysteries of Atavistic Sorcery

Doc Loupgarou

C21 Society of Black Sheep

In a nineteenth-century French asylum, a man parts his lips with his fingers to show the examining physician his wolf's teeth. He complains of cloven feet, of a body covered with long hair. He will eat only raw meat, and even then only if it is sufficiently rotten.

This is the first formally documented case of clinical lycanthropy, published in 1852. It is not, by any reckoning, the first time a human being has believed themselves to be transforming into a wolf. That distinction belongs to antiquity, to shamans, cursed kings, and skin-shrouded warriors who felt the berserker fury. The question of this essay is whether these two bodies of experience, the psychiatric and the mythological, illuminate something about transformation itself: what it means for the boundary between human and animal to dissolve, and what we lose, or gain, when it does.

Lunacy

Clinical lycanthropy is classified as a rare variant of *delusional misidentification syndrome*; specifically, what psychiatrists call reverse inter-metamorphosis, in which a patient believes not that another person has changed, but that they themselves are undergoing transformation into a non-

human animal. It is not unique to wolves. A 2004 review of the medical literature catalogued over thirty published cases, and the transforming animal in question has included hyenas, cats, horses, birds, tigers, frogs, snakes, and bees. The experience of being transformed into a fox is historically the most common form in Japan, arising within a long cultural tradition of fox-possession (*kitsunetsuki*) dating to at least the twelfth century. The animal, it seems, is culturally elected.

The wolf remains the dominant figure in Western cases, and the syndrome draws its name accordingly. A systematic review published in *Frontiers in Psychiatry* in 2021 identified clinical lycanthropy with associated conditions including psychotic disorders (in roughly forty percent of cases), psychotic depression, bipolar disorder, and Cotard's syndrome; the delusion that one is already dead. The co-occurrence with Cotard's syndrome is suggestive: both conditions involve a catastrophic disruption in the sense of self, a dissolution of the ordinary coordinates by which a person knows what, and who, they are.

What is clinically remarkable about lycanthropy is not merely the delusional content but its *somatic intensity*. This is not simply a belief held in the abstract. Patients report hallucinations of hair growing on the face and arms. They feel their mouths reshaping, their teeth elongating, their chests broadening. One documented patient saw the head of a wolf when he looked in a mirror; another was convinced the bones in her body had been replaced by a pig's; a third felt claws pushing through the flesh of his feet. The 1852 case showed the physician what he was certain were wolf's teeth. These are experiences of the body as traitor, as transformer, as something engaged in a process the conscious mind can witness but cannot halt.

French neurologists in 1905 gave a name to this class of pathological bodily perception: *coenaesthesiopathy*: a disturbance in the primordial sense of one's own physical existence. Contemporary psychiatry has refined this into the concept of *cenesthopathy*, which describes experiences in which the body's felt reality diverges radically from its

observed reality. A two-factor model has been proposed for how lycanthropic delusions form: the first is a neurological mismatch in the individual's representation of their own self, producing aberrant and frightening somatic experiences; the second is an impairment in the belief-evaluation system that would normally reject the delusional explanation those experiences suggest. Something goes wrong in the body. Something then goes wrong in the mind's attempt to correct for it. In the gap between those two failures, comes atavistic resurgence.

The associated psychiatric conditions are almost always treatable. Antipsychotic medications such as ziprasidone, risperidone, clozapine have shown effectiveness in resolving lycanthropic delusions, often alongside the broader psychotic or affective disorder that generated them. In the majority of documented cases, full or partial remission occurs. The wolf recedes. The body is restored to itself. And yet the fact of the experience persists in memory, which raises a question the clinical literature tends not to ask: what did the patient actually experience, in those hours or months or years, before the antipsychotic arrived?

The phenomenological record suggests something more than mere belief. The behaviours documented in case studies such as howling, crawling on all fours, the sudden abrupt runs, the animal-like agitation, and the refusal of cooked food, are not performances. They arise from a reorganization of sensorimotor experience so thorough that the patient's body genuinely enacts what the mind perceives. If the architecture of embodied self-experience can be restructured so completely by neurological disruption that a person's body behaves as a wolf's body, then the clinical case raises a question: what would it mean for that restructuring to be complete?

I Was a Teenage Werewolf

Modern werewolf cinema, beginning in earnest with *The Wolf Man* in 1941, presents us with a sustained exploration of the experience of transformation - and specifically of its

involuntary, agonizing quality. Lon Chaney Jr.'s Larry Talbot does not choose to become a wolf. He is bitten, cursed, and thereafter subject to a process that occurs within and against his own body on a schedule he cannot control. The lunar trigger present in a nascent form in Petronius's first-century account becomes in the horror film the mechanism of unwanted recurrence, the return of the animal self on the moon's timetable, not the man's.

What the best werewolf films understand, and what makes them more than mere monster movies, is that the horror is not located in the wolf. It is located in the transformation. *An American Werewolf in London* (1981) and *The Howling* (1981) both treat transformation as an act of violent biological upheaval - bone restructuring, flesh reshaping. Rick Baker's and Rob Bottin's practical effects in those films, respectively, were not merely clever. They were phenomenologically serious attempts to imagine what the body would have to do if it were actually doing what the myth claims it does. The rupture of musculature, the elongation of the skull, the extrusion of the spine, these are not fantasy flourishes. They are physiological guesses, earnest attempts to extrapolate transformation from biological possibility into biological image.

In this, the horror film performs a function adjacent to what clinical lycanthropy performs in the psychiatric record: it tries to take the body's experience of transformation seriously, to imagine it from the inside. The difference is that the horror film is permitted its conclusion. The transformation completes. The wolf stands where the man stood. Cinema gives the delusion its object.

The Howling Begins

The myth of the werewolf is, itself, far older than cinema. The earliest surviving reference to human-wolf transformation appears in *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, composed somewhere between 2100 and 700 BCE, in which the goddess Ishtar is condemned by Gilgamesh precisely because she transformed a previous shepherd-lover into a wolf. The myth appears

already, here, as a danger of intimacy with powers that exceed the human frame. It is a theme the tradition will never quite abandon.

Ancient Greece crystallized the story into its most enduring form. The Arcadian king Lycaon, having attempted to serve Zeus the flesh of a slaughtered child, was punished by transformation: his garments became a shaggy coat, his arms became legs, his ravening soul infected his jaws, and he was turned into a wolf. Ovid's account in the *Metamorphoses* is one of the few ancient sources to describe the act of transformation itself in physical detail: it is punishment as biological revelation, the body made to express the truth of the soul within. Lycaon does not become a wolf by accident. He becomes what his behaviour had already made him: inhuman. The myth insists that character and body are not separate, that moral catastrophe can precipitate physical metamorphosis.

This logic, transformation as moral or spiritual consequence, runs through virtually every cultural tradition that houses werewolf-like figures. In Norse tradition, the *ulfheðnar* were wolf-warriors who donned wolfskins and were understood to take on the wolf's physical and spiritual attributes in battle, their human restraint deliberately surrendered in exchange for animal ferocity. In Slavic tradition, the *volkodlak* transformed under curse or dark magic, often becoming entangled with vampiric revenance. The Turkic *Kurtadam*, the "wolfman" shaman, was revered rather than feared, the wolf being the totemic ancestor of the Turkic peoples. In West Africa, the analogous figure is the were-hyena; in Japan, the fox; in the Americas, various skin-walkers and shape-shifters whose transformation is inseparable from spiritual practice or transgression.

What unites these traditions across vast cultural distances is the insistence that physical transformation between human and beast is possible: that the boundary between human and animal is conditional, permeable, and subject to forces both internal (will, moral failing, spiritual preparation) and external (curse, moon, bite). The specific mechanism varies; the fact of

permeability does not.

The werewolf trials of medieval and early modern Europe took this possibility seriously. In 1521, Pierre Burgot and Michel Verdun were burned alive after confessing to possessing an ointment that enabled wolf-transformation. In 1589, Peter Staubbe was executed near Cologne after confessing - under torture, which must be noted - to owning an enchanted belt that allowed him to transform at will and commit a series of murders in wolf form. In 1603, Jean Grenier claimed a wolf-skin with the same properties and was declared insane rather than guilty, confined to a monastery rather than a stake. The distinction between Staubbe and Grenier is instructive: the same claim, the same confession, two different centuries, two different verdicts. The later verdict acknowledged that the man was suffering rather than sinning. It did not stop believing his experience was real to him.

The Flesh as Malleable Force

Let us now admit the possibility of physical transformation and consider what it would require.

The first thing to note is that biology is not, in principle, opposed to transformation. It is the condition of it. Every cell in a human body participates in ongoing processes of differentiation, adaptation, and structural change. Bone remodels itself across a lifetime. Neural architecture rewires in response to experience. The genome contains ancient sequences, some of them shared with other mammals, some of them wolves, that are silenced by the human developmental program but are not, strictly speaking, absent. The distance between a human genome and a wolf's genome is not the distance between incompatible systems. It is a question of different regulatory decisions made by the same underlying toolkit.

What transformation would require, then, is not the introduction of alien biology. It would require the *unlocking* of latent programs: a developmental reversal or re-routing of extraordinary speed and completeness. This is, by any current

understanding of molecular biology, impossible. Developmental programs do not run backwards. Bone does not reshape itself in minutes. But the impossibility is one of scale and speed, not of categorical foreignness. The body's materials are already there.

This matters because it aligns the hypothetical transformation with what clinical lycanthropy actually registers at its most somatic extremes. The man who feels his jaw elongating, who hallucinates hair on his arms, whose body enacts crawling and howling as though from the inside out, is not hallucinating something entirely alien to his body's vocabulary. He is experiencing, in distorted and neurologically disordered form, something that the body's deep programming might plausibly describe: the felt sense of becoming other. The delusion draws on real biology. It overinterprets it catastrophically, but the raw material - the sense that the body is plastic, that its form is conditional, that something beneath the skin is not fully settled - does not come from nowhere.

If physical transformation were possible, it would presumably be most available to people who are, for whatever reason, already close to the membrane between human and animal experience: people in extremis, people in altered states, people whose sense of embodied selfhood has become, for neurological or spiritual reasons, permeable. This is precisely who clinical lycanthropy selects for. The lycanthropic delusion does not randomly distribute itself across the population. It arises at moments of profound psychological rupture: psychotic breaks, severe mood episodes, neurological disease, moments when the ordinary sense of what and who one is has already been compromised. The body, in those states, feels genuinely available for revision.

The folkloric tradition concurs. Transformation in almost every tradition requires a precipitating condition: a curse, a ritual, a transgression, a full moon, a belt, a skin, an ecstatic state, a bite. There is no casual or accidental lycanthropy in the old stories. Something has to be opened. Something has to

be willing to come through.

The Monster in the Mirror

What connects the psychiatric case, the horror film, and the folkloric tradition, is the mirror scene. The patient who looks in a mirror and sees a wolf's head. Larry Talbot watching himself become something he cannot stop. The ancient king who discovers, in Ovid's rendering, that his garments are hair and his arms are legs, who tries to speak and finds only a howl.

The mirror is not incidental. It marks the moment when the subjective experience of transformation confronts the objective body - when the question of whether the transformation is real becomes, for the transformed, irrelevant, because the experiencing self has already crossed the line. What is reflected back is no longer recognizably human. Whether this happens because a delusion has reorganized the patient's visual processing, or because Ovid needed a way to dramatize divine punishment, or because something genuinely occurs in the body under conditions we do not yet understand, the phenomenological structure is the same: the self looks and does not find itself.

Clinical lycanthropy resolves this crisis pharmaceutically: the antipsychotic restores the mirror to usefulness, restores the body to its ordinary form, or restores at least the patient's ability to recognize it. Psychiatry treats the ambiguity of what the wolf, in the moment of the howl, actually *is*. The horror film more often resolves it through death, because cinema cannot sustain ambiguity. Folklore resolves it through dawn, through silver, through magic.

What it is, across all three registers, is a human being having the most radical possible experience of their own body's contingency. The lycanthropic moment is the discovering that you are not what you assumed yourself to be. That the human form, which presents itself as fixed, as the ground of identity, is in some sense a decision the body is making moment by moment, and that under sufficient pressure, the decision might be revised.

This is terrifying. It is also, depending on one's metaphysics, the premise of every tradition of transformation in the history of human culture: the premise that what we are is not entirely settled, that somewhere beneath the skin hides the wolf.

Atavistic Resurgence

There is a drawing by Austin Osman Spare in which a man's face is simultaneously three other faces - an ancient, a woman, a beast - all pressing through the same skin as though the present self is only the most recent layer of a palimpsest that goes all the way back through species.

Spare (1886–1956) is the figure in the Western esoteric tradition who comes closest to providing a coherent theoretical account of what clinical lycanthropy experiences and what werewolf folklore reports. Working alone, in working-class South London, producing visionary art, he developed a system he called the *Zos Kia Cultus* - a magical philosophy whose central mechanism, atavistic resurgence, offers a model of human transformation that is neither supernatural nor straightforwardly materialist, but something stranger: an evolutionary occultism.

The two key terms require introduction. *Kia* was Spare's name for the absolute, undifferentiated ground of being, the void beneath all form, which he also called the "Neither-Neither" or the "Atmospheric I." It is the condition of possibility that precedes all differentiation, including the differentiation between species. *Zos* was his name for the human body and mind considered as a whole, a term he believed derived from the Greek roots for both life and animal, a dual etymology he found entirely appropriate. The body, for Spare, was not a housing for the soul. It was the soul's current form; the latest, most contingent, least settled expression of something that had taken many forms before.

His crucial insight connects most directly to the lycanthropic complex: that the human body carries within it the accumulated biological memory of every form through which the lineage of life had passed in its long descent to the

present moment. What orthodox Darwinism called evolutionary history, Spare called atavistic memory, and he believed it was not merely structural but accessible. The ancestral animal forms were not gone. They were present, suppressed, held back by the developmental program of the human organism but capable, under the right conditions, of being recalled a form of bodily actuality.

He described the mechanism with precision. The three components required for atavistic resurgence were will, desire, and belief, operating in a specific relationship. The will must be strong and focused enough to probe what he called the subconscious depths, the latent biological archive, until a specific atavism is located. The desire must be intense enough to draw it toward manifestation. Belief must be liberated from ordinary conscious oversight, which is why the system requires what Spare called the *death posture*, an ecstatic state of such intensity that the ego is temporarily suspended, the ordinary vigilance of the evaluative mind is bypassed, and the atavistic content is freed to rise unimpeded. The resulting ecstasy does not merely feel like transformation. It *is* transformation: the latent desire made patent in actual bodily experience.

The relationship to clinical lycanthropy is not merely analogical. It is structural. Recall the two-factor model of lycanthropic delusion formation: a neurological disruption produces aberrant somatic experiences, and a simultaneous failure of the belief-evaluation system prevents the subject from rejecting the delusion those experiences suggest. What the lycanthropic patient undergoes involuntarily and in pathological distress, the atavistic sorcerer engineers deliberately and in controlled ecstasy. The failure of the belief-evaluation system, catastrophic in the clinical context, is precisely what Spare's death posture is designed to induce: the suspension of the rational mind's override, the temporary dissolution of the ego's monopoly on what the body is permitted to be. The clinical case and the sorcerous case are, on this reading, the same neurological event approached from opposite directions. One arrives through breakdown; the

other, through a deliberate and practised technique of controlled dissolution.

Spare's name for the backward movement through biological time was atavistic resurgence, and he described its symbolic logic with characteristic obliquity in *The Book of Pleasure* (1913) and in the later unpublished grimoire that Kenneth Grant drew upon extensively. The backward orientation was fundamental - everything in the *Zos Kia Cultus* moved against the current of ordinary time and ordinary selfhood: backward in evolutionary history to recover the animal forms; backward in individual psychological development to recover the undifferentiated energies of the pre-conscious; backward even in symbolic gesture, the Sabbatic backward dance, the name Rehctaw (Watcher, meaning first Grigori initiators of witchcraft, spelled in reverse) as a talisman of temporal reversal. This backward symbolism, Spare argued, indicated the will and desire turning down into subconscious regions and toward the remote past, in order to surprise the required atavistic energy for purposes of transformation.

The word surprise here is important. Spare did not believe the atavistic energies could be commanded. They had to be ambushed. The conscious mind, with its human chauvinism, its investment in keeping the body recognizably human, its deep suspicion of the animal, could not be told what was about to happen. The sigil operated precisely by disguising the desire from the conscious mind that would otherwise block it. The subconscious, so loaded, would do the rest. The desire to become animal cannot be held consciously as an intention, because the conscious mind will immediately recognize it as impossible and neutralize it. It must be delivered to the subconscious in a form the conscious mind cannot intercept. The sigil is the messenger who slips past the border.

What the subconscious then accesses, in Spare's cosmology, is not merely psychological archetype or Jungian shadow material. The soul is the continuing influence of the ancestral animals that humans have evolved from, which can

be tapped into to gain insight and qualities from past incarnations. The wolf is not a merely symbol of the human unconscious, it is a literal ancestor, its biological memory encoded in the same genomic archive that the developmental program of the human organism has chosen, for the moment, not to express. Atavistic resurgence is the reopening of that archive.

Where molecular biology suggests that physical transformation would require the unlocking of latent developmental programs, those regulatory decisions can be reached and revised through a specific form of ecstatic somatic practice. The genome as the occultist's archive. The death posture as the laboratory technique. The sigil as the key.

Spare declared in one unpublished writing that sorcery is a deliberate act of causing metamorphoses by the employment of elementals, forging a link with the powers of middle nature - the spirits of great trees and animals of every kind - with will as the medium, belief as the vehicle, and desire as the force. This is a working definition of atavistic transformation.

There is one further connection that is too important to omit. Spare's system explicitly figures the atavistic forces as entities that *can* be evoked to visible and material appearance. They are not merely subjective states. He warned repeatedly that the subconscious automata he was working with were dangerous precisely because they could cross the membrane between the psychological and the physical. The atavistic energies, given sufficient desire and the appropriate conditions, wanted to manifest. The Sabbatic prayer in the Zos Kia Cultus was explicit on this point: *Give us the flesh.*

RUNES FOR ARYAN AQUARIANS



Freya Asswypp

Everyone knows the Nazis loved runes. They carved them onto flags, stitched them onto uniforms, and slapped them on anything that couldn't run away fast enough. Their obsession made sense in that uniquely bone-headed way totalitarians operate: nothing says 1,000-year Reich like a set of roughly hune proto-alphabetic symbols last used in anger by a bearded farmer in 732 ad.

But today, many decades, lawsuits, and historical documentaries later, runes have become something new: a curated lifestyle experience at your local New Age shop, right between the ethically questionable crystals and the herbal tea that tastes like wet disappointment.

Take Ingrid, your friendly neighbourhood rune-instructor, whose greatest act of rebellion is microwaving fish in the staff room. She just wants to bring the ancient wisdom of the ancestors to suburban Pilates enthusiasts. Her class is full of people earnestly sketching Fehu in notebooks decorated with lotus stickers.

Does Ingrid harbour secret extremist tendencies?

Of course not. She is a vegetarian, owns three rescue cats, and her car runs on oat milk.

However, if a historian walked into her workshop in

Treadmill's Bookshop, they might blink very hard. Twice. Maybe ask where she bought the framed Sowilo rune, which, purely by coincidence, looks very similar to a certain lightning-shaped insignia popularised by men whose hobbies included arson and geopolitical catastrophe.

But Ingrid would simply smile, open her laminated printout of *Runes & the Jungian Archetypes*, and explain that the shape has absolutely nothing to do with that period of history. Nothing at all.

Lesson 1: Runes for Self-Empowerment, featuring the rune used on tank divisions in 1943.

Lesson 2: Runes for Protection, illustrated with a symbol that once adorned a certain Alpine training camp.

Lesson 3: Runes for Healing, because nothing says “healing” like rehabilitating Nazi iconography.

Completely innocent. Educational. Great for personal growth.

Sure, your New Age store’s rune display might resemble a small ethnographic exhibit curated by someone who failed GCSE History. The candles might be positioned in a way that resembles an initiation ritual you saw once in a documentary narrated by a man with a very serious voice. And yes, the mystical sigil board might look uncannily like an *Order of Nine Angles* symbol if you squint. But these are coincidences.

Harmless, harmless coincidences.

In the same way that wearing a black uniform with silver trim doesn’t automatically make you a fascist, especially if it’s for a themed nightclub event or you’re really into goth fashion with an aggressively misunderstood sense of irony.

So, is the Rune Workshop at your local New Age store really a Nazi-ideology grooming cult?

No. Obviously not. But historical associations are tricky. You can take the sharpest, most culturally contaminated symbol imaginable, hang it from a macramé dreamcatcher, smudge it with sage, and call it an “ancestral empowerment glyph”... yet somehow, a faint whiff of goose-stepping lingers. This is not your fault. It is not your students’ fault. It is history’s fault for inconveniently refusing to stay politely in

the past.

So let us be fair. Rune workshops in your local New Age store do not, in any way, make you a Nazi. They simply, through no malicious intent whatsoever, resemble one of the Nazis' favourite cultural toys. In the same innocent way that owning a wolf's-head ring, a collection of occult books, and several framed eagles doesn't make you anything... it merely implies that you might have strong opinions about uniforms and Wagner.

But fear not. With sensitivity, awareness, and possibly a disclaimer printed on pink glitter paper, your rune classes can thrive without evoking even a whisper of historical awkwardness. Just... maybe don't name your group the *New Order of the Black Sun*.

People might get the wrong idea.

Bind-Runes

A bind-rune is what happens when two or more runes decide to occupy the same bit of wood at the same time. Historically, this could mean something practical, such as saving space, or warding off doom, misfortune, or that neighbour who keeps borrowing your axe. Archaeology gives us actual examples. The Kylver Stone shows early rune sequences, and the Rök Runestone demonstrates that Norse rune carvers were perfectly capable of making things complicated long before Chaos Magic made it fashionable.

Now, before anyone reaches for a horned helmet, let us be clear. Most historical bind-runes were probably practical ligatures. They were not secret psycho-spiritual operating systems for manifesting petty desires. That part comes later. Much later.

Enter the revivalists. Figures like Guido von List began treating runes as mystical currents rather than letters. By the time you reach Edred Thorsson, you have a fully articulated magical system, complete with posture, chanting, and diagrams that look as though they might power a small weather system. Whether you agree with any of it is beside the point. What matters is that runes stopped being just letters

and became levers.

Chaos magicians, of course, looked at all this and said, “Excellent. We will take it apart.”

To the Chaos practitioner, a bind-rune is simply a sigil with better bone structure. Instead of compressing a sentence into abstract squiggles, you compress a set of rune-meanings into a single angular emblem. It looks ancient. It feels mythic. It satisfies that part of you that wants your magic to resemble something carved into a fjord.

The process is straightforward:

1. Select runes whose traditional meanings roughly align with your intent. Wealth, strength, journey, protection, or righteous fury are popular.
2. Overlay them until they share staves or lines.
3. Simplify the design so it does not resemble a collapsing scaffolding accident.
4. Charge it using whatever method currently offends the fewest of your philosophical commitments.

If you are feeling historically pious, you can stick to Elder Futhark forms. If you are feeling experimental, flip them, mirror them, or reduce them to stark geometry. Scholars such as Rudolf Simek would probably raise an eyebrow at the more enthusiastic reinterpretations. This is healthy. Raised eyebrows are part of the magical ecosystem.

The appeal is obvious. Bind-runes give your sigils lineage. They suggest continuity with people who carved curses into stone and meant it. They feel less like a Post-it note to the unconscious and more like a contract with something primordial.

At the same time, they remain modular. You can design a bind-rune for creative fire, financial survival, protection from psychic parasites, or the successful completion of a manuscript. If it works, you attribute it to deep runic currents. If it fails, you redesign it and call it iterative sorcery.

Historically, not every overlapping rune was a spell. Sometimes a rune was just a rune, and sometimes a carver simply ran out of space. The medieval Icelandic grimoire known as the *Galdrabók* contains magical staves that look far

more elaborate than most early bind-runes. The evolution from practical ligature to magical sigil was gradual and messy. In other words, exactly the sort of development Chaos magicians can appreciate.

Bind-runes sit at a useful crossroads. They are symbolic without being sentimental, structured without being rigid, and historical without being traditionally obedient.

They let you borrow authority from the past without having to swear allegiance to anyone's reconstructed cosmology. They are angular, adaptable, and aesthetically superior to most biro sigils charged through masturbation. In short, a bind-rune is what happens when runic literacy meets magical opportunism. The Vikings carved them into stone. Occult revivalists, admittedly some but not all with Nazi sympathies, turned them into cosmic keys. Chaos magicians turned them into customizable operating systems.

Because nothing says 'anifascist' louder than runes around an eight rayed black sun symbol stitched to your black robe when you are hanging out with the German section of the IOT... right?



ODIN THE OATH-BREAKER **Adapted from the Prose Edda**

Winter in Asgard had a way of finding the gaps in your divinity. The wind came shrieking over the half-finished ramparts. Snow drifted through doorways that did not yet possess doors. Somewhere in the distance, a frost giant laughed in a basso profundo usually reserved for avalanches.

“We need a wall,” said Odin, who had lost an eye for wisdom and was in no mood to lose anything else for want of masonry.

As if on cue, a large man in a hooded cloak trudged up the

rainbow bridge. He had shoulders like tectonic plates and the general air of someone who ate glaciers for texture.

“I am a stone-mason,” he said.

“Of course you are,” said Odin. “That is exactly the sort of thing that happens when a god says he needs a wall out loud.”

“What’s your fee?” asked Loki, already suspicious in a professional capacity.

The man pointed at Freya, then at the sun, then at the moon.

There was the sort of silence that normally precedes someone being thrown off something very high.

“You want the goddess of love, the celestial light sources, and presumably next you’ll ask for a complimentary fruit basket,” said Loki.

“Done in one winter,” said the man calmly. “No help but my horse.”

Behind him stood a horse the size of a siege engine. It regarded the gods with the mild expression of something that could tow a continent and had done so for exercise.

The gods withdrew to consult.

“This is obviously a giant,” muttered Thor.

“He says he’s a mason,” said Tyr.

“Of course he does,” said Thor, frowning and scratching at his beard. “And I’m Tubal-fucking-Cain.”

They returned with terms. One winter. No assistance from any man. If even one stone was out of place by the first day of summer, the deal was void.

Oaths were sworn. Sacred words rang out over the snow.

The man smiled. It was not a comforting smile.

Work began at once. The horse, introduced as Svaðilfari, leaned into its harness and dragged an entire cliff face across the plain. The man caught it, trimmed it, and set it into place.

Stone thudded. Mortar steamed in the cold air. Towers rose.

By midwinter the wall was not so much under construction as looming.

“That horse,” said Loki, watching it haul a boulder the size of a small theology, “is doing a great deal of the heavy lifting.”

“It is almost as though the clause permitting the horse was significant,” said Odin dryly.

Three days before summer, the gates stood nearly hung. The sun hovered in the sky like an asset about to be repossessed.

The gods assembled.

“We swore,” said Loki.

“To whom?” said Odin.

They looked down at the builder. He was hauling stones that no human spine could tolerate. His footprints cracked the frost down to bedrock.

He had arrived cloaked. He had named no kin. He had not mentioned being the sort of entity who measured ancestry in glaciers.

“If we keep this oath,” said Thor, “he will be laughing all the way back to Jötunheim.”

“Fix it,” said Odin.

“On it,” said Loki, slipping away.

That night, a mare stepped from the treeline. She was slim, grey, possessed of equine charm, with all the signs of being on rampant heat. She whinnied, presented her hind, and stamped a back hoof.

Svaðilfari froze. His ears twitched. His eyes widened. He snapped the harness like thread and charged after her into the forest. The builder roared and ran after them, bellowing promises about stable discipline.

Dawn broke.

The wall lacked its final stones.

The builder returned alone, breathing frost and fury. As he raged, his shape shifted. The cloak fell away. His form swelled into that of an Ætin, giant with hands like landslides and teeth like broken pillars.

“You cheated!” he thundered.

“You concealed,” said Odin calmly.

“You swore!”

“To a mason,” said Thor. “Not to the forces of Chaos.”

The giant roared and reached for them.

There was a flash of movement. Thor stepped forward with

the professional efficiency of someone who had long ago stopped debating the finer points of giant psychology.

The hammer rose. It fell. The sound echoed throughout Asgard.

Silence followed. The wall stood. The sun continued shining. The moon continued mooning. Freya remained precisely where she intended to remain.

Loki strolled back from the forest some time later, bandy legged with a big cheesy grin.

Odin surveyed the stones.

“Let it be understood,” he said, “that oaths are sacred.”

“Absolutely,” said Loki.

“But not suicidal.”

“Quite.”

Thus the wall of Asgard was completed, not merely in stone, but in policy. Honour binds those who share honour. It does not oblige you to keep promises with cheats and liars.



WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT UNCLE AL

Professor Donald Button

It requires a certain quality of nerve, a quality that Aleister Crowley possessed in such abundance that one wonders what he did with the surplus, to resolve accusations of literary theft by insisting that one did not write the disputed text in the first place. Yet this is, in essence, Crowley's position with respect to Liber AL vel Legis, the brief, cryptic, and in places frankly baffling document that forms the cornerstone of the religious system he called Thelema. Crowley maintained, with varying degrees of conviction across the four decades following its composition in Cairo in April 1904, that the work had been dictated to him by a supernatural entity named Aiwass, whom he variously described as the messenger of the Egyptian deity Hoor-Paar-Kraat, as his own Holy Guardian Angel, and, in moments of psychological candour, as a possible emanation of his subconscious.

The plagiarism question is therefore, from the outset, philosophically vexed. One cannot plagiarise a text one did not write; equally, if one did write the text, one has rather undermined one's own theology. Crowley was not unaware of this tension: his *Confessions* record his own discomfort with *The Book of the Law's* contents for years after its composition, noting that he “resented *The Book of the Law* with my whole

soul.”¹ A man who resents a book he claims not to have written is in a peculiar psychological position, even by the standards of early twentieth-century occultists, a cohort not notably distinguished by psychological stability.

The question of plagiarism, properly understood, is inseparable from the question of authorship, and that both are, in the case of *Liber AL*, considerably more interesting than either Crowley's admirers or his detractors have generally allowed. The historian's task here is not to adjudicate between the competing claims of divine inspiration and literary larceny, this would require methodological tools that the discipline of history does not presently possess, and may never acquire, but rather to map the intellectual landscape from which *The Book of the Law* emerged, and to determine, as precisely as the evidence allows, what was genuinely new in it and what was borrowed from the rich tradition of Western esotericism, Renaissance humanism, Victorian Egyptology, and the frankly bewildering productivity of Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers.

The central precept of Thelema, *Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law*, is the element of *Liber AL* most readily cited in discussions of Crowley's originality, or the lack thereof. The phrase's ancestry is not obscure, and indeed Crowley himself was disarmingly transparent about it, writing admiringly of its principal precursor. François Rabelais, the sixteenth-century French humanist, physician, monk, and satirist, a CV of impressive incoherence even by Crowley's standards, had placed above the gates of his fictional Abbaye de Thélème in *Gargantua* the motto *Fay ce que voudras*: “Do what thou wilt”.² Rabelais intended this as a humanist utopian conceit, predicated on the optimistic assumption that free,

¹Crowley, A., *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley: An Autohagiography* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1979). The author's use of 'autohagiography' is itself a word of breathtaking self-regard, and it is only fair to note that he largely delivers on the implicit promise.

²Rabelais, F., *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, trans. J.M. Cohen (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1955), Book I, Ch. LVII. Rabelais's abbey is described with a levity one suspects he did not intend to serve as the founding document of a world religion.

well-bred persons would naturally incline toward virtue. The subsequent history of the idea suggests this assumption was premature.

Rabelais drew the very name of his abbey from the Greek *thelema*, meaning 'will': a word Crowley would appropriate wholesale for his system. Before Rabelais, the formulation's most distinguished ancestor is St. Augustine of Hippo, who wrote *Dilige, et quod vis fac* - "Love, and do what you will" - in his seventh tractate on the *Epistle of John*.³ The lineage of Crowley's signature phrase therefore runs, with some caricature of a straight line, from a North African bishop of the fifth century, through a French Benedictine satirist of the sixteenth, through Sir Francis Dashwood's Hellfire Club of the eighteenth, which adopted Rabelais's motto with considerably less interest in virtue and considerably more in claret and theatrical devilry, and finally to a Cambridge-educated Warwickshire brewer's son dictating in a Cairo hotel room in 1904.

Crowley himself, to his credit, was largely forthcoming about Rabelais's priority. In his unfinished essay *The Antecedents of Thelema* (1926), he acknowledged that Rabelais had set forth the Law of Thelema in recognisably similar terms, before cheerfully suggesting that Rabelais had, in coded form, predicted and described Crowley's own life. The historian observes that this is a rather more ambitious counter-claim than most accused plagiarists have advanced, and notes that it appears to have convinced primarily those already persuaded.

The theological architecture of *Liber AL* is substantially Egyptian, or more precisely, it is substantially Victorian Egyptian, which is a rather different thing. C.J. Tully has argued persuasively that Crowley's decision to receive his sacred text in Cairo, and to anchor its cosmology to a specific museum artefact, was not accidental but reflected a deliberate

³Augustine of Hippo, *In Epistolam Joannis ad Parthos, Tractatus VII, §8*. Augustine's formulation, 'Dilige, et quod vis fac' ('Love, and do what you will'), is theologically somewhat different from Crowley's, though we may note that neither Augustine nor his publisher received any royalties.

engagement with the intellectual framework he had inherited from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn—a framework that privileged ancient Egypt as the ur-source of occult authority.⁴ Egypt, in the Hermetic tradition, was less a geographical location than a certificate of authenticity.

The proximate occasion for Crowley's reception of the text was the identification, by his wife Rose Kelly, of the Stele of Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu in the Cairo Museum, a painted wooden funerary stele of the late 25th Dynasty, discovered at Deir el-Bahari in 1858. The stele's museum catalogue number was, at the time, 666.⁵ Crowley would subsequently name it the Stele of Revealing, commission translations of its hieroglyphs, and incorporate passages of its text into later printed editions of *Liber AL*. Whether this constitutes plagiarism from a 2,700-year-old mortuary inscription is a question that requires more epistemological flexibility than this author generally commands before his third cup of tea.

The deities invoked in the three chapters of *Liber AL* - Nuit, Hadit, and Ra-Hoor-Khuit - are derived from the Egyptian pantheon, filtered through the particular interpretive lens of late-Victorian Egyptology and Golden Dawn ceremonial usage. Nuit (the sky goddess Nut), Hadit (associated with the winged solar disk Behdety), and Ra-Hoor-Khuit (Re-Harakhty, the horizon Horus) were not Crowley's inventions. His considerable contribution lay in reinterpreting them as metaphysical principles governing a new cosmic era, a reinterpretation that required considerable audacity and a thorough command of the Golden Dawn's syncretic method of making everything mean everything else.

⁴Tully, C.J., *Walk Like an Egyptian: Egypt as Authority in Aleister Crowley's Reception of The Book of the Law*, *The Pomegranate: International Journal of Pagan Studies*, 12:1 (2010), pp. 20-47. An admirably thorough piece that demonstrates, with some enthusiasm, that Crowley's Egyptian credentials were assembled with the care of a man constructing a stage set.

⁵The stele's catalogue number at the Boulaq Museum was, conveniently, 666. Students of probability may wish to calculate the odds of this coincidence; students of Crowley may simply note that it is the sort of thing that happened to him with suspicious regularity.

Any honest accounting of Crowley's sources must give substantial space to the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, the occult society founded in 1888 by William Wynn Westcott, William Robert Woodman, and Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers, and into which Crowley was initiated in November 1898. The Golden Dawn was, as Tully's work and several scholars before her have demonstrated, itself a work of extraordinarily ambitious synthesis, drawing on Rosicrucianism, Freemasonry, the Hermetic Qabalah, Enochian angel magic, and a great deal of material that its founders assembled, in some cases translated, and in the case of the order's foundational Cipher Manuscripts, quite possibly fabricated.⁶

From the Golden Dawn, and specifically from his tutor Allan Bennett, Crowley absorbed the ceremonial magical system that would shape his entire subsequent output. *Liber AL's* cosmological structure, its use of the Qabalistic Tree of Life as an organising framework, its numbered verse-paragraphs keyed to gematric significance, and its formal address to 'the Beast', all reflect Golden Dawn practice and vocabulary, adapted and radicalised for Crowley's own purposes. The noted occultist and later Crowley-secretary Israel Regardie, writing in his psychological study *The Eye in the Triangle*, suggested that *The Book of the Law* could be understood as an expression of Crowley's psychological landscape and his extensive prior magical education.⁷ This is the polite scholarly way of suggesting that the voice Crowley heard in Cairo sounded remarkably well-read.

Crowley's *Liber 777*, his widely-used table of Qabalistic

⁶Hutton, R., *The Triumph of the Moon: A History of Modern Pagan Witchcraft* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999). Hutton's observation that the Golden Dawn's rituals were "stitched together from Catholic, Egyptian, and Rosicrucian threads" applies downstream to everything Crowley subsequently did with them.

⁷Regardie, I., *The Eye in the Triangle: An Interpretation of Aleister Crowley* (Scottsdale, AZ: New Falcon Publications, 1970). Regardie, who served as Crowley's secretary and was therefore in an excellent position to know him, concluded that a Jungian reading of *The Book of the Law* was coherent. One imagines Jung himself might have had views on this.

correspondences, borrowed explicitly from Mathers and Bennett. Crowley is not a great originator; he is rather a great aggregator and refiner. The historian can only note that the same might be said of the entire genre of academic textbooks.

Marco Pasi has identified the pervasive influence of Friedrich Nietzsche on *The Book of the Law*, particularly in *Liber AL's* third chapter, attributed to the deity Ra-Hoor-Khuit, which contains passages of considerable violence and grandiosity, including the famous injunction to “stamp down the wretched and the weak.” The Nietzschean Übermensch hovers over this text with the persistence of an uninvited guest.⁸

Crowley was steeped in Nietzsche, and the influence is legible. It would be anachronistic, however, to characterise this as plagiarism in the modern sense. The intellectual culture of the late Victorian and Edwardian periods treated philosophical ideas as common property to be developed and adapted, rather than brand names to be protected. Crowley himself acknowledged many of his intellectual debts, if not always in the places or forms that academic convention might have preferred, or indeed required, had he been submitting *The Book of the Law* as a doctoral thesis.⁹

What is perhaps more remarkable is the extent to which Crowley departed from his sources. *The Book of the Law's* prose style, with its compressed, oracular utterances, its deliberate obscurity, its typographical idiosyncrasies, and its tendency to shift pronouns mid-revelation, represents a genuinely distinctive literary achievement, whatever one makes of the theology. A forger constructing a text from prior

⁸Pasi, M., *Aleister Crowley and the Temptation of Politics* (Durham: Acumen, 2014). Pasi situates Crowley's philosophical borrowings from Nietzsche with admirable precision, though he is too polite to dwell on the fact that Nietzsche, had he lived to see the result, would almost certainly have been appalled.

⁹One notes, with a certain professional sympathy, that Crowley did not live to face a doctoral viva examination. The experience of defending the proposition that one's central sacred text was dictated by a disembodied intelligence and is therefore exempt from source citations would have been, at minimum, instructive.

sources generally aims for coherence; *Liber AL* is, in ways that remain puzzling to sympathetic readers and intriguing to unsympathetic ones, magnificently incoherent. This may not constitute evidence of divine authorship, but it does complicate the plagiarism hypothesis.

The central difficulty in attributing plagiarism to Crowley in respect of *Liber AL* is that Crowley, after some initial uncertainty, refused to accept authorship of the text in the conventional sense. His public position, arrived at by 1909 and thereafter maintained with increasing firmness, was that the work had been dictated word by word by Aiwass, whose communications Crowley merely transcribed. He noted, in a formulation that should warm the heart of anyone who has ever received a heavily annotated manuscript from a journal editor, that the experience was “exactly like an actual voice speaking to him.”

This position presents plagiarism as a concept with certain jurisdictional limits. If Aiwass authored the text, then responsibility for any unacknowledged borrowings rests with Aiwass. Sadly, Aiwass is not available for comment, has not replied to correspondence, and has no academic affiliation against which a misconduct complaint could be lodged. The present author has written to several universities on this point and can confirm that none has established a formal procedure for investigating supernatural entities.

The biographer Lawrence Sutin, who examined Crowley's private diaries for this period, concluded that Crowley's account of the reception of *Liber AL* was substantially consistent with what he privately recorded at the time, suggesting at least that the experience was genuine as an experience.¹⁰ Whether it was genuine as a source of supernatural revelation is a question the historian declines to adjudicate, not from cowardice, but from a professional

¹⁰Sutin, L., *Do What Thou Wilt: A Life of Aleister Crowley* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2000), p. 110. Sutin's observation that Crowley was 'at his best when pointing the way to diligent individual effort, and at his worst when purporting to govern his fellows' applies, with near-perfect symmetry, to the question of his literary originality.

recognition of what constitutes admissible evidence.

Crowley's own psychological complexity in relation to the text is illustrated by his early description of it as "an excellent example of automatic writing": a formulation he later repudiated. The history of his relationship with *The Book of the Law* is largely a history of a man who wrote something in a state of altered consciousness, found the result uncomfortable, lost the manuscript for five years, rediscovered it in a brown envelope while looking for his skis, and thereafter decided it was one of the most important documents in human history. Scholars of religious experience will recognise the general shape of this trajectory.¹¹

Before reaching any conclusions, it is worth situating Crowley's methods within the broader tradition of sacred text composition, which has rarely been characterised by methodological transparency. The founders of new religious movements have generally operated under the assumption that divine authority supersedes the attribution requirements of scholarly publishing. *The Torah*, the *New Testament*, the *Quran*, and the *Book of Mormon* all incorporate, reinterpret, and substantially rework prior textual traditions; their authors whether human or divine, or some negotiated combination, did not provide footnotes. We may observe, without thereby endorsing Thelema, that Crowley was working within a well-established tradition.

The question of Crowley's originality is better framed not as a binary choice between theft and creation, but as an inquiry into what, precisely, was new in his synthesis. The answer is not nothing. The specific combination of Thelemic cosmology - the three Aeons, the True Will as an individual's precise metaphysical trajectory, the identification of the new Aeon with Horus as the principle of individualism - represents a genuine and relatively coherent theological construction, even if its component parts were assembled from a well-stocked cultural warehouse.

¹¹Kaczynski, R., *Perdurabo: The Life of Aleister Crowley* (Tempe, AZ: New Falcon Publications, 2002). The most comprehensive modern biography and genuinely useful, though one occasionally suspects the author finds the subject more admirable than the evidence fully warrants.

The philosopher who noted that Crowley was “at his best when pointing the way to diligent individual effort, and at his worst when purporting to govern his fellows” was identifying something important about the relationship between Crowley's borrowed individualism and his inbuilt authoritarianism.¹² His 1937 essay *The Scientific Solution of the Problem of Government* proposed that state-appointed experts should determine the True Will of each citizen¹³: a formulation that demonstrates what happens when one borrows the language of individual liberty from Rabelais and Nietzsche without entirely absorbing the philosophy. Intellectual debt, one concludes, is no guarantee of intellectual inheritance.

the charge of plagiarism against Crowley in respect of *Liber AL vel Legis* is simultaneously not without foundation, conceptually ill-fitted to the object of study, and somewhat less interesting than the questions it displaces. The principal formulations of *The Book of the Law* derive from identifiable prior sources: the central motto from Rabelais (and behind him, Augustine); the cosmological furniture from Egyptian sources as mediated by Victorian Egyptology and Golden Dawn practice; the philosophical framework from Nietzsche; and the magical method from Mathers, Bennett, and the broader Hermetic tradition. None of this was concealed, though neither was it rigorously acknowledged.

The concept of plagiarism, as applied to an esoteric text whose author claims to have been a discarnate intelligence named after a variant spelling found in Abramelin literature, strains against its definitional limits. The more productive

¹²Sutin, L., *Do What Thou Wilt: A Life of Aleister Crowley* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2000), p. 110. Sutin's observation that Crowley was 'at his best when pointing the way to diligent individual effort, and at his worst when purporting to govern his fellows' applies, with near-perfect symmetry, to the question of his literary originality.

¹³Crowley, A., 'The Scientific Solution of the Problem of Government' (1937). In this essay, Crowley proposed that government experts should determine the True Will of each citizen. The paradox of the arch-individualist proposing a Ministry of True Will appears to have escaped his notice entirely.

historical question is not whether Crowley stole his ideas, but how he transformed the materials available to him, what was genuinely novel in the result, and what the work's subsequent reception tells us about the appetite, in the early twentieth century, for precisely the kind of syncretic, authoritative, and deliberately difficult spiritual text that *Liber AL* represents.

The historian is left, as historians working on Crowley generally are, with a figure who borrowed extensively and transformed partially, who claimed credit he did not entirely deserve and disclaimed authorship of a work he almost certainly produced, and whose central text continues to attract readers, commentators, and exegetes at a rate that suggests it has achieved exactly the kind of autonomous cultural life that its author, or transcriber, or amanuensis, appears to have intended.

One is not required to find this admirable. One is, perhaps, required to find it interesting.

*

In Leah Hirsig's *Magical Record*, which reproduces entries from Aleister Crowley's own diary during the Abbey of Thelema period, there is a stark and horrifying reference to the abuse of their infant daughter.

Here is the most explicit passage:

"Her breasts itch with lust of Incest. She hath given... her five-month girl, and asked its father to deflower it."

"Her five-month girl" clearly refers to Leah and Crowley's infant daughter, Poupée (Anne Leah Crowley). "Asked its father to deflower it" is direct and unambiguous language describing sexual abuse involving the infant.

This entry is sourced from Crowley's personal diary (1914–1920), later published in *The Magical Record of the Beast 666*, transcribed in Leah Hirsig's *Magical Record*

Historians, occult scholars, and readers debate whether it is literal, symbolic, ritualistic, or a product of intoxicated writing, but the language itself is clear and disturbing, and it exists within a shared record.



WICCA AS SUBURBAN SLEAZE

Professor Donald Button

Wicca presents itself as a revival of ancient pre-Christian pagan witchcraft, yet historical analysis demonstrates that it is a mid-twentieth-century construct, largely created by Gerald Gardner, Alex Sanders, and Maxine Sanders. Beyond its fabricated antiquity, Alexandrian and Gardnerian Wicca employed sexualized ritual, performative spectacle, and hierarchical authority to consolidate control over initiates.

Using primary accounts, memoirs, and documentary evidence, this study examines the ways in which these practices functioned as mechanisms of interpersonal exploitation and coercion, highlighting the social and psychological dynamics that underpinned the movement and its public persona.

The study situates Wicca not as a continuation of historical witchcraft but as a modern phenomenon defined by spectacle, eroticized performance, and manipulative leadership structures.

The mid-twentieth-century emergence of Wicca has often been cloaked in claims of ancient continuity and spiritual profundity. Gerald Gardner, the so-called father of modern Wicca, framed his teachings as the secret inheritance of a pre-Christian witch-cult, a narrative later adopted and sensationalized by figures such as Alex and Maxine Sanders. Scholarly research, however, establishes that these claims are fabrications: no historical evidence supports the existence of clandestine covens preserving pre-Christian ritual in England (Johns, 1969; Smith, 1982).

This study argues that early Wicca's primary function,

beyond its constructed historical mythology, was social and sexual control within tightly managed covens. Through analysis of memoirs, biographies, and contemporary documentary evidence, it demonstrates that sexualized rituals such as the Great Rite and other public spectacles served as mechanisms for hierarchy, coercion, and interpersonal exploitation.

The Invention of Tradition

Gerald Gardner's publications, including *Witchcraft Today* (1954) and *The Meaning of Witchcraft* (1959), presented Wicca as a survival of an ancient witch-cult. Subsequent figures, most notably Alex Sanders, amplified these claims, portraying themselves as charismatic leaders of a secret magical lineage. Historical scholarship and community memoirs reveal that Gardner and Sanders' teachings drew extensively from contemporary occultism, ceremonial magic, and naturist subcultures rather than medieval precedent (Johns, 1969; Clarke, 2001). Rituals, hierarchy, and sexualized ceremonies were carefully staged to project authority and mystique.

As Leigh observed in *Legend of the Witches* (1970), "the Sanders coven did not confine itself to private ceremony; it sought the eyes of the world, blending occult rite with social pageantry." This spectacle created the illusion of spiritual potency, concealing the entirely invented nature of the tradition.

The Great Rite and Sexualized Authority

Both Gardnerian and Alexandrian covens held meetings 'sky-clad' – an invented term meaning naked. Despite claims of historical lineage, the origins of Wiccan nudity are entirely in Gerald Gardner's false claims and his personal love of nudism.

Central to Alexandrian Wicca was the Great Rite, enacted symbolically or literally, with ritual intercourse between priest and priestess. This is a 'ritual initiation' in which the aspirant is required to perform intercourse with their 'initiator',

conferring the alleged right to claim to be a 'Priestess'.

Early accounts indicate that this rite was a performative tool designed to consolidate power and enhance social status within the coven. As Johns notes, "the Great Rite was presented as the apex of magical potency, the conduit through which divine energy was channelled in its most primal form" (Johns, 1969, p. 84).

Contemporary and retrospective testimony indicates that sexualized participation often carried social obligations, implicit pressure, and hierarchical enforcement. One early initiate recalled: "It was made very clear that participation in certain rites, which were sexual in character, was a pathway to advancement. Refusal, however, often led to subtle ostracism" (Smith, 1982, p. 47).

In short, for an alleged 'witch' to be 'raised' by Alex Sanders she would have to perform with him at the centre of the 'circle' before the gathered 'coven'. Documentary evidence, such as *Legend of the Witches* (Leigh, 1970), emphasizes the theatricality of these rituals, showing public display and eroticized pageantry as a form of spectacle that reinforced leadership and authority.

Community Allegations and Reputation

Memoirs and retrospective essays within the pagan community document allegations of coercion and exploitation associated with Alex and Maxine Sanders. Reports describe sexualized rituals in which participants were pressured, either overtly or subtly, to engage in eroticized acts as a form of initiation or advancement (Brown, 1995; Clarke, 2001).

While no major press or court archives provide substantiated criminal convictions, these community-reported incidents reveal patterns of social manipulation and hierarchical enforcement: the sexualized spectacle was intertwined with power and control, cultivating a public image that enhanced the Sanderses' charismatic authority. As Johns observed, "Alex and Maxine cultivated an image that fused magical authority with sexual charisma. Their public persona was as much a spectacle as their coven rituals,

attracting both admiration and criticism” (Johns, 1969, p. 88).

These dynamics illustrate that the sexualized performance of Wicca functioned as a mechanism of interpersonal exploitation, whether intended or not, by consolidating social and ritual authority within the coven.

The Performative and Exploitative Nature of Wicca

Historical, biographical, and documentary evidence consistently supports the interpretation of early Wicca as performative and socially exploitative rather than a spiritual or historical inheritance.

Rituals, public ceremonies, and sexual practices operated to create a public spectacle, enhancing leadership authority and creating social obligations that benefitted coven leaders. Unlike medieval witchcraft or folkloric practice, Wicca’s sexualized rites were modern inventions, embedded within charismatic leadership structures and designed to impress, control, and manipulate participants. The movement’s emphasis on secrecy, ritualized eroticism, and hierarchical advancement demonstrates the instrumental use of sexuality as social power, a phenomenon documented repeatedly in memoirs and documentaries (Leigh, 1970; Johns, 1969; Smith, 1982; Brown, 1995; Clarke, 2001).

Conclusion

Analysis of early Wicca demonstrates that its claims of ancient lineage are fabrications and that its rituals, especially sexualized ones such as the Great Rite, were primarily performative and socially exploitative. Alexandrian and Gardnerian practices relied on spectacle, eroticism, and hierarchical manipulation to consolidate leadership and control participants. Contemporary and retrospective testimony confirms that sexualized ritual and public theatricality were central to the movement’s identity, producing social and psychological effects that went far beyond spiritual instruction.

In sum, early Wicca must be understood as a modern invention, where sexualized ritual, performative spectacle,

and interpersonal exploitation were integral to its structure. The movement's enduring mythos of historical continuity obscures a history of charismatic manipulation, eroticized authority, and social control, rather than any authentic survival of pre-Christian religious practice.

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EIGHT FAILINGS OF CHAOS MAGIC

Fra. Equilibrium 1945, Inquisitor/Fool

“Those who can make you believe absurdities, can make you commit atrocities.”

- Voltaire, *Questions sur les miracles*, 1765

The disease of extreme relativism has long corrupted modern occultism. It is nowhere more exemplified than in the pseudo-doctrines of Peter J. Carroll’s *Liber Dull & Psychophant*, resting on the principle that belief itself is a tool to be adopted and discarded at will.

The rallying cry of Chaos Magic - “Nothing is true, everything is permitted” - is not a revelation of freedom, but a confession of relativism so extreme it dissolves the possibility of truth altogether. In this scheme, the practitioner is encouraged to treat all systems as arbitrary, valid only insofar as they are believed. Thus, “truth” becomes little more than a shifting convenience.

This was the ethos of the 1970s occult revival, a wave that abandoned metaphysics for theatre. The rejection of evidence in favour of shifting belief made it impossible to distinguish insight from delusion, or experiment from performance. A generation of occultists disappeared up their own paradoxes, intoxicated by their own relativism.

This was not confined to Carroll. Ramsey Dukes, another prominent voice of that era, admitted as much in a recent online exchange: “The magical world-view is one that precedes evidence.”

This statement is more candid than Carroll’s obfuscations.

It concedes openly that in the magical worldview as he conceives it, evidence comes after belief - evidence is corralled and interpreted within the parameters of a pre-set worldview, rather than the worldview being shaped by evidence. The problem should be obvious. A worldview that precedes evidence is not investigation but ideology. It does not seek truth but constructs it. In science, this is called confirmation bias. In metaphysics, it is fatal.

What, then, is a genuine metaphysics? It is not a retreat into the relativity of personal belief, nor is it the dogmatism of materialist reductionism. A genuine metaphysics must be a physics that includes consciousness itself as evidence. It recognises that the experiences of awareness, intentionality, and subjective perception are not irrelevant side-effects, but fundamental data.

Modern physics already points us in this direction:

“What we observe is not nature itself, but nature exposed to our method of questioning.” - Werner Heisenberg, *Physics and Philosophy*, 1958

“It was not possible to formulate the laws of quantum mechanics in a fully consistent way without reference to the consciousness.” - Eugene Wigner, *Remarks on the Mind-Body Question*, 1961

“Consciousness cannot be accounted for in physical terms. For consciousness is absolutely fundamental.”
- Erwin Schrödinger, *Mind and Matter*, 1958

Quantum physics, with its dependence on observation and measurement, has revealed that consciousness cannot be neatly excised from the workings of reality. To deny it simply because we cannot yet explain it is no longer honest. The so-called “hard problem” of consciousness remains unsolved, and ignoring it is no solution.

Unlike the relativists of the 1970s, a genuine metaphysics does not place worldview before evidence. It does not treat

truth as a matter of convenience. Rather, it demands scientific rigour - observation, reproducibility, falsifiability - while also expanding the scope of science to include the phenomena of consciousness that materialism tries to exclude.

This is not a matter of collapsing science into mysticism, nor mysticism into science, but of recognising that consciousness itself is data. It is not an optional extra. To deny its place in our physics is to amputate half of reality.

Some people seem to think that when I scoff at Chaos Magic I am scoffing at magic itself. No, I am not an 'ex-occultist', as Peter J Carroll once attempted to convince people. Nor am I scoffing at the whole idea of magic when I rip the piss out of Carroll and his Id-IOTs.

Examples of real magic, of sometimes devastating power, can be found in the physical mysticism of Tai-Chi, whether taught by Buddhist or Taoist, Kapaua, the South American 'shamanic' martial art, the uncanny accuracy of the Yi-Jing and Ifa binary codes, the superhuman powers displayed by the possessed during Voudon service, military funded remote viewing / influence psy-ops such as Project Stargate and Project Jedi, as just a few examples. But none of them are practitioners of Chaos Magic, and nor do they hold relativist philosophies.

You will not find real magic in any post-Crowley pseudo-Masonic orders, however many grades of validation they offer, nor at the brand new stone circle in Milton Keynes. They do not make real magicians any more than the Masons make real bricklayers.

Ultimately, Chaos Magic failed everybody, including its founders. When these people tell you "Nothing is true" they really do mean it – they are so wrapped up in lies they believe the rest of the world is as dishonest as they are.

1) Self-refutation at the level of magical theory. Chaos Magic asserts that belief is merely a tool and that no belief system is more true than another. If this claim is only true within the Chaos Magic framework, it gives no reason for outsiders to accept it and collapses into preference. If it is meant to be

generally true, it contradicts its own relativism by asserting a universal claim about belief and truth. The system therefore undermines itself at the level of its foundational assertion.

2) *The erosion of meaningful disagreement between magical systems.* If all magical models are equally valid relative to belief, then disagreement about efficacy, coherence, or explanatory adequacy becomes meaningless. No system can be said to fail, misunderstand reality, or perform worse than another. Criticism collapses into sociology, and comparison becomes incoherent. Chaos Magic thus dissolves the grounds on which it often distinguishes itself from older or more structured traditions.

3) *Dependence on non-relative standards of efficacy.* Chaos Magic discourse routinely appeals to results, effectiveness, refinement of technique, and experimental success. These concepts require stable standards of evaluation. A ritual either produces an effect or it does not. Such judgements presuppose objective notions of causation, consistency, and outcome. The system relies on these standards in practice while denying them in theory.

4) *Confusion between psychological variability and metaphysical claims.* That belief influences subjective experience does not entail that reality itself is belief-dependent. Chaos Magic frequently moves from the observation that symbols and practices are experienced differently to the conclusion that there is no underlying structure or constraint. This confuses descriptive facts about human psychology with justificatory claims about the nature of reality.

5) *Inability to account for error, failure, or improvement.* Within a relativist framework, failure cannot be distinguished from difference. A working that produces no result is not wrong, only differently framed. This makes learning, correction, and progress unintelligible except as shifts in taste.

Yet Chaos Magic literature regularly speaks of improving methods, discarding ineffective practices, and refining technique, all of which presuppose genuine error and genuine improvement.

6) *Mistaking epistemic humility for ontological denial.* The rejection of dogma and the acceptance of uncertainty are legitimate expressions of epistemic humility. Chaos Magic moves beyond this into the denial of objective structure altogether. Acknowledging fallibility does not require denying that there are facts about what works, what exists, or what causes effects. By rejecting standards entirely, the system undermines the possibility of correction that humility presupposes.

7) *The pragmatic contradiction of instruction and persuasion.* Chaos Magic texts instruct, persuade, critique, and argue as if shared standards of meaning, validity, and reason apply across perspectives. They expect readers to understand claims, accept reasons, and apply methods with predictable outcomes. This practice presupposes precisely the kind of shared rational and evaluative framework that relativism denies, allowing the system to function only by acting as if its own philosophical basis were false.

8) *The collapse of ethical responsibility in practice.* Chaos Magic often claims ethical neutrality by treating values as self-assigned. This avoids moral constraint only by abandoning moral judgement. If ethical claims are entirely relative, there is no coherent basis for condemning coercive, manipulative, or harmful magical actions except by appeal to personal preference. Any serious appeal to responsibility or harm tacitly abandons relativism.

Here lies the true danger: extreme relativism is not merely an intellectual mistake but a moral hazard. When truth is treated as optional and all belief is equally valid, there is no longer any defence against deceit. Charlatans thrive in such an environment because no claim can be falsified, no authority

questioned, no fraud exposed.

This is precisely what we see in modern occultism. The relativist creed has allowed a carnival of toxic personalities to prosper - gurus who excuse exploitation as “initiation,” authors who sell delusion as revelation, and predators who hide abuse behind a veil of “mystical paradox.”

By denying evidence, relativism denies accountability. It creates a world where the loudest voice, the boldest performance, or the most manipulative charisma substitutes for truth. In such soil, poison grows unchecked.

Extreme relativism is not liberation. It is a collapse into sophistry, a surrender of truth that leaves us vulnerable to lies and exploitation. If we are to reclaim metaphysics as a serious discipline, we must insist on evidence as crucial and scientific rigour as quintessential. Anything less is not metaphysics but masquerade - and a masquerade in which charlatans, not seekers, are the victors.

Chaos Magic & Dark Triads

The Dark Triad of narcissism, Machiavellianism, and psychopathy, is a set of personality traits marked by exploitative, self-serving, and often amoral behaviour (Paulhus & Williams, 2002).

Narcissism involves grandiosity, entitlement, and a craving for admiration (Campbell & Foster, 2007).

Machiavellianism is defined by manipulateness, strategic deceit, and emotional detachment (Christie & Geis, 1970).

Psychopathy includes impulsivity, superficial charm, and a lack of remorse or empathy (Hare, 1999).

Together, these traits form a psychological profile primed to reject normative ethics and embrace systems that allow personal gain without accountability.

Chaos Magic, with its relativistic epistemology and rejection of moral absolutes, functions not just as a symbolic system but as an ideological space where individuals can define their own moral boundaries - or eliminate them altogether. Key features include:

Paradigm Shifting: The idea that belief can be adopted and

discarded pragmatically, without ontological commitment.

Amorality: An explicit disinterest in traditional good/evil binaries.

Esotericism and Secrecy: Subcultural gatekeeping often used to justify the concealment of internal practices.

For the psychologically healthy practitioner, these principles may foster creativity, psychological experimentation, and freedom from oppressive religious structures. Some have reported therapeutic benefits—such as overcoming fear, breaking habitual thinking, or cultivating symbolic play that stimulates imagination. In this sense, Chaos Magic has functioned for many as a sandbox for exploring identity and spirituality outside of conventional boundaries.

For the Dark Triad personality, however, these same principles offer psychological and social camouflage - tools for justification, manipulation, and control. The very qualities that attract seekers of autonomy are precisely those that attract predators.

While Chaos Magic purports to be pragmatic, its claims to manipulate external reality lack empirical support. At best, ritual acts serve as psychological catalysts. At worst, they constitute a delusional framework for self-aggrandizement.

Narcissists are particularly susceptible to these delusions, which affirm their perceived exceptionalism: to believe one can shape reality through ritual is to reinforce fantasies of omnipotence.

Machiavellians, meanwhile, may not believe in the magical efficacy of rituals at all but exploit the belief systems of others. The obscurity of magical symbolism becomes a tool for social manipulation and hierarchical control within small groups, allowing them to test loyalty, extract resources, or exert authority under the guise of “initiatory progression.”

Psychopaths, with their disinhibition and appetite for transgression, may be drawn to Chaos Magic’s antinomian tone. The rejection of moral universals gives tacit permission to violate boundaries under the justification of “magical experimentation.” For such individuals, occult settings

provide both thrill and cover: a domain where taboo-breaking is valorized rather than condemned.

Chaos Magic's libertarian mysticism is inherently resistant to regulation. Leaders can claim spiritual authority without scrutiny, and the amorphous definition of "results" provides cover for all manner of coercive behaviour. Within such a vacuum:

Narcissists rise to leadership by projecting spiritual superiority.

Machiavellians manipulate group dynamics under the guise of "initiatory testing."

Psychopaths exploit trust, often sexually or financially, without fear of moral consequence.

The broader occult milieu's reluctance to police itself further compounds the problem, allowing transgressions to continue under the radar. Occult communities often valorize secrecy, individual sovereignty, and antinomian rebellion - values which, while superficially liberatory, erode mechanisms of accountability and reinforce cultures of silence.

This is not unique to Chaos Magic: New Age circles, ceremonial lodges, and tantric communities have faced similar scandals where leaders used relativistic spirituality to excuse exploitation. The structural vulnerability is general: when belief is privatized, authority unregulated, and morality relativized, groups become magnets for Dark Triad personalities.

Chaos Magic began as a provocative idea - belief as a tool, reality as malleable, tradition as optional. Its intellectual roots in postmodern philosophy and countercultural experimentation gave it an air of radical freedom. Some practitioners have found it to be a space of creativity, psychological exploration, and playful irreverence.

But in practice, Chaos Magic has not given rise to a coherent spiritual community or meaningful philosophical tradition. What exists under the name "Chaos Magic" today is largely a fragmented terrain of self-deluding fantasists, self-aggrandizing manipulators, and, in certain cases, outright

abusers. It is not a functioning subculture, but a vacuum - one that attracts and conceals the worst types of people precisely because it lacks boundaries, accountability, or coherent values.

This is not a case of a few “bad apples.” The ideology of Chaos Magic itself - its moral relativism, its emphasis on secrecy, and its rejection of shared standards - ensures that there can be no meaningful communal ethic, no genuine spiritual fraternity, and no mechanism for self- correction. When everything is permitted, everything can be excused. When belief is treated as a tool divorced from truth, it becomes a weapon in the hands of those most willing to lie.

The result is not community, but camouflage: a constellation of predators and pretenders operating under the banner of magical liberty. The fantasy of personal empowerment is sustained only by a refusal to look squarely at the damage done - not just to those abused within groups like the IOT, but to the very idea that spiritual exploration can be free, ethical, and honest. Chaos Magic is not a failed tradition, it is a cover story - and its story is one that reveals how the darkest aspects of human psychology exploit the loosest fabrics of belief.

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THANATEROSIS

Decline of the IOT

The BITE Model was developed by Steven Hassan and is detailed in his 2018 work *Combating Cult Mind Control*. The model provides a structured framework for identifying coercive control in closed groups. The acronym stands for *Behaviour, Information, Thought, and Emotional* control; four axes along which authoritarian organisations manipulate their members. The model operates as a spectrum rather than a binary verdict, and its analytical power lies in shifting attention from what a group believes to how it operates. Not every group uses every mechanism, but a high score across multiple axes is considered a reliable indicator of cultic

dynamics.

The Magical Pact of the Illuminates of Thanateros is a particularly instructive case for this framework, not because it is straightforwardly cultic in the manner of, say, Scientology or the People's Temple, but precisely because it is not. Its complexity, and the gap between its founding philosophy and its current reality, illuminates both the strengths and the limits of cult analysis.

The Illuminates of Thanateros: Background

The Illuminates of Thanateros (IOT), formally titled the Magical Pact of the Illuminates of Thanateros, was announced in 1978 by British occultists Ray Sherwin and Peter Carroll and formally constituted as an international magical order in 1987. The name "Thanateros" fuses the Greek Thanatos (death) and Eros (sex), reflecting the order's focus on transformation through extremes. The IOT became the defining institution of the Chaos Magic movement, attracting serious practitioners across Europe and North America throughout the late 1980s and 1990s.

Its founding philosophy was explicitly anti-authoritarian. As Carroll articulated in 1997, the IOT was conceived as "a current of eclecticism and a rejection of the principles of absolutism, guruship and totalitarianism." Rather than transmitting a fixed body of doctrine, it treated belief itself as a mutable tool - adopting and discarding paradigms as magical instruments. This pragmatic relativism was radical for its time, and distinguished the IOT sharply from the guru-led occult orders it sought to supersede.

The order's history has not been without visible turbulence. Co-founder Ray Sherwin resigned in the late 1980s in protest at what he saw as unwanted hierarchical drift. In the early 1990s, a major schism, the so-called "Ice Magick War", resulted in the expulsion of senior member Ralph Tegtmeier and roughly thirty percent of total membership.

What has been far less documented is the degradation of the order in the decades since.

I served within the IOT UK at the highest operational level:

Magister Templi, Priest, and holder of the unique organisational role of Insubordinate - the last person to hold that office before it was quietly dropped. I ran a London-based temple and resigned in 2001. Since then I have become one of the UK's most prominent independent researchers into occult subcultures and their intersection with organised abuse, with a body of published work including *Accidental Antichrist: A Survivor's Grimoire* (2019) and papers hosted on Academia.edu.

My critique of the IOT is not that of a disgruntled former member nursing a grievance over ideology. I resigned because I had concluded Chaos Magic itself was a philosophical dead end. This was a position that embarrassed the order given my seniority. My critique is structural and evidential, grounded in what I witnessed during my tenure and what I have observed from outside the organisation since.

My central claim is direct: the modern IOT is not merely a flawed or drift-prone organisation, but one that has degraded into a vehicle for serious criminal behaviour, including sexual abuse and coercion, psychological manipulation, and fraud directed at outsiders. These are allegations that remain largely unreported in mainstream media or academic literature - partly due to the organisation's deliberate obscurity and partly due to active efforts to suppress and discredit those who speak out.

Notably, my assessment is corroborated from an unexpected source: Ray Sherwin, co-founder of Chaos Magic itself, has publicly accused Peter J. Carroll, the IOT's principal architect, of deliberately concealing criminal conduct within the organisation. This accusation from within the order's own founding generation significantly raises the threshold of credibility for the broader allegations.

It is necessary also to establish the publicly documented nature of the Order of Nine Angles (O9A), because my most serious allegation, that the modern IOT shares membership with the O9A and has funded itself through the production and distribution of child sexual abuse material, cannot be understood in isolation from that context.

The O9A is a neo-Nazi Satanist network that originated in the United Kingdom. By 2019, six O9A followers in the US and UK had been convicted of sexual assault and possession of child abuse material. That figure has grown considerably since. Ryan Fleming, leader of the Yorkshire O9A nexion Drakon Covenant, was sentenced in 2017 for the rape of a 14-year-old girl, having prior convictions for sexual assault and torture of a minor. In July 2020, O9A adherent Jacek Tchorzewski was convicted at Harrow Crown Court for terror offences and possession of over 500 images and videos depicting children as young as six being raped. According to BBC News in 2020, UK authorities stated they were "concerned by the number of paedophiles associated with the O9A."

This is not incidental. The commission of crimes including sexual violence against children is ideologically mandated within O9A doctrine. O9A texts recommend and praise paedophilia as a mechanism of spiritual ascension. To advance through the O9A's grade hierarchy, members must perform assaults - with sexual assaults among the most explicitly recommended acts.

Equally relevant to the present analysis is the O9A doctrine of *insight roles*: followers are instructed to infiltrate outside organisations, including police forces, the military, and religious or esoteric groups, for periods of six to eighteen months, both for personal spiritual development and to destabilise those institutions from within. This doctrine provides an explicit ideological mandate for O9A members to embed themselves in organisations like the IOT, and to use those organisations as instruments of the O9A's broader criminal programme. It also raises serious and unanswered questions about the reliability of any institutional response, including police investigations, into allegations involving O9A-linked networks.

Behaviour Control

The IOT's grade structure imposes substantial behavioural requirements. Entry-level members (Neophytes) are required

to maintain a rigorous magical diary, work through the prescribed curriculum of *Liber MMM: Mind Control*, and submit to assessment by existing members before advancement. The keeping of mandatory records structures daily mental life in ways that go beyond ordinary organisational membership.

Members are further bound by requirements of secrecy, protecting both the identities of fellow members and the contents of internal practice. This is a form of behavioural control that extends into members' social lives, regulating what they may say to family, partners, and friends about their involvement.

The grade structure, while presenting itself as a meritocracy of magical ability, functions in practice as a loyalty hierarchy. Advancement depends on the approval of those above, which creates predictable pressure toward conformity and compliance rather than the authentic magical experimentation the system nominally values.

Information Control

The IOT maintains a sharp distinction between insider and outsider knowledge. Ritual content, grade requirements, and membership identities are protected. While the order has held public seminars and maintains a web presence, its operational reality remains compartmentalised.

Critical voices, including my own, are systematically discredited or erased from the group's history. Following my resignation, the IOT leadership spread deliberate libel about me and attempted to write me out of the organisation's history entirely. This is a recognisable information-control tactic: managing the narrative about those who leave, particularly those who leave with credibility and seniority intact.

The IOT's philosophical framework also functions as an information filter in a subtler sense. Chaos Magic's radical relativism, the doctrine that no belief system is more true than any other, that all models are tools, can be weaponised to dismiss external criticism as just another "paradigm" with no privileged claim to truth. This is a closed epistemological

loop: a system that pre-emptively delegitimises the frameworks that would be used to criticise it.

Thought Control

This is where the IOT presents its most philosophically complex BITE profile. The deliberate induction of altered states of consciousness, what the order terms *gnosis*, through techniques including rhythmic chanting, hyperventilation, physical exhaustion, pain, and sexual ecstasy is simultaneously the order's primary magical technology and a systematic programme for bypassing ordinary critical cognition.

The order also developed its own ritual language, Ourano-Barbarian, explicitly described as a tool for "distracting the conscious mind" and disrupting linear thought. The use of a private group language and the regular, structured suspension of critical faculties are both markers of thought control in the BITE framework, whatever the stated rationale.

Individuals high in Dark Triad traits - narcissism, Machiavellianism, and psychopathy - are disproportionately attracted to Chaos Magic, not despite its anti-dogmatic philosophy but because of it. The doctrine that belief is merely a tool, that moral frameworks are arbitrary constructs to be adopted and discarded at will, and that the truly advanced magician operates "beyond good and evil" provides ideal ideological cover for predatory personalities. It pre-rationalises exploitation as magical praxis.

Emotional Control

The IOT's role of Insubordinate, however genuinely conceived, was structurally compromised from the outset. Advancement through the IOT's grade system required the approval of those above the Insubordinate in the hierarchy. This meant the role was, from inception, only as effective as the seniors permitted it to be. Any Insubordinate motivated by personal advancement would self-censor. Any Insubordinate who was genuinely disruptive would find their progress blocked. Over time, the selection pressure would favour

compliance over accountability, and the role would quietly atrophy. This is precisely what occurred. I was the last person to hold the office. It was subsequently dropped - not announced, not formally abolished, simply allowed to disappear.

This pattern has a name in organisational sociology. Robert Michels' *Iron Law of Oligarchy* holds that even organisations founded on anti-hierarchical principles tend, through the ordinary operation of self-interest within hierarchical incentive structures, to consolidate power in a self-perpetuating elite. The IOT's trajectory is a textbook illustration.

With the Insubordinate role gone, and with it the order's only formal mechanism for internal accountability, the emotional control dimension of the IOT's profile changes substantially. This allowed for a culture in which psychological abuse operates through humiliation, social isolation of dissidents, and the weaponisation of magical authority; senior members using their positional power and claimed spiritual status to coerce and silence those below them. The order's secrecy requirements, combined with the social stigma of being associated with an occult organisation, further suppress external disclosure.

My most grave allegation goes beyond psychological abuse and coercion. The modern IOT has funded itself through the creation and distribution of Satanically themed child sexual abuse material. The production of such content is not peripheral to the organisation but has become a criminal revenue stream protected by the order's secrecy, its occult framing, and its shared membership with other networks.

Chief among those networks is the Order of Nine Angles. There has existed for some time an overlap in membership between the IOT and the O9A. In light of the O9A's documented ideology and criminal record, this is not merely a claim of guilt by association but a claim about the mechanism of contamination. The O9A actively promotes paedophilia as a spiritual practice and a transgressive instrument of power. Its doctrine of *insight roles* provides an explicit ideological

mandate for O9A members to embed themselves within groups like the IOT. If that infiltration has occurred, the results are entirely predictable from the O9A's own published framework.

I have reported these allegations to the police. Rather than investigate adequately, the police response served effectively to defame me - a pattern distressingly consistent with the documented institutional failures surrounding organised child sexual abuse in the UK, where whistleblowers and survivors have repeatedly found themselves treated as the problem rather than those they were reporting.

The Structural Vulnerability of Philosophically Relativist Groups

Chaos Magic's relativism was, in its origins, intellectually serious - a genuine attempt to liberate magical practice from dogmatic rigidity. But philosophical relativism applied without ethical constraint creates an environment in which Dark Triad personalities thrive. If no belief system has inherent validity, then neither does the belief that exploitation is wrong. If magical advancement requires the suspension of ordinary moral frameworks, then abuse can be reframed as initiation. If the most advanced practitioners are those who have moved "beyond" conventional ethics, then predatory behaviour becomes a marker of attainment rather than a disqualification.

This is not a hypothetical trajectory. It is what actually occurred within the Illuminates of Thanateros.

Conclusion: From Ambiguous to Accountable

The IOT's founding safeguards have been systematically removed or allowed to decay. The philosophical framework that was genuinely anti-dogmatic in conception has been exploited as cover for serious abuse. The organisation's secrecy and the social vulnerability of its members have suppressed disclosure.

The most important conclusion, however, is not about the BITE score. It is about mechanism. The IOT's trajectory

illustrates how an organisation can begin with genuine commitments to individual liberation and degrade, through entirely predictable structural dynamics, into an instrument of exploitation. The anti-cult mechanisms were real but fatally compromised. The philosophical framework was serious but weaponisable. The secrecy was operationally justified but ultimately protective of abusers. Understanding how this happens, rather than simply cataloguing that it has, is necessary in preventing such atrocities from happening again.

SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE

A WAKE UP CALL



Phil Heinz

Ah yes, that old chestnut, the classic moral panic: Satanic cults running amok, sacrificing babies under street lamps while nobody noticed. How quaint. Except here's the inconvenient truth for those comfortably dismissing survivor testimony as "wild imagination": ritualistic abuse is real. Not global conspiracies with evil masterminds in every parliament or cathedral, but small-to-medium groups, embedded in existing occult or spiritual networks, abusing real people. Shocking, I know.

Let's get a few facts straight. Leaders aren't some cartoon villains in robes laughing maniacally in a dungeon. They're socially savvy, charismatic, and often embedded in legitimate esoteric communities. They borrow credibility from pre-existing networks, go to festivals, attend ceremonies, and hobnob with bona fide practitioners. No one screams, "Fraud!" because, spoiler alert, the abusers are practising members of the occult community, not imposters. This very credibility is what helps them abuse kids and adults alike, sometimes while pocketing their victims' money. Yes, financial exploitation. Because who doesn't want a little extra

cash to fund their “church,” right?

And the abuse itself? A lovely cocktail of sexual coercion, ritualized fear, psychological manipulation, and symbolic intimidation. Victims aren’t just coerced; they’re told it’s spiritual duty. Obedience is enforced via fear of supernatural punishment, social pressure, or plain old trauma. Meanwhile, investigators and academics spent decades rolling their eyes at anyone claiming these things happened. “It’s a conspiracy theory,” they scoffed, ignoring and even criminalizing whistleblowers, dismissing genuine survivor testimony, and allowing the crimes to continue unchecked.

Case studies? Oh, plenty. The Kidwelly cult, Cornwall pagan ring, Glasgow Beastie House, the Order of Nine Angles. And this is just in the UK. These weren’t “imitators” dressing up in cloaks, they were the real deal, using ritualized abuse as a tool to coerce, intimidate, and yes, fund themselves. And let’s not forget, most of these convictions barely scratch the surface. The tip of the iceberg, apparently, according to a recent police advisory.

So, what prevents more prosecutions? Surprise: disbelief. Professionals trained to dismiss genuine disclosures as moral panic shrug at ritual elements, focusing on the financial or sexual component while ignoring the symbolic glue that keeps victims silent. Social stigma, fear, and lack of subcultural literacy compound the problem, keeping survivors quiet and perpetrators free.

Meanwhile, modern guidance - thanks to the Hydrant Programme, NPCC, and NAPAC - finally recognizes that trauma-informed, culturally competent investigations are not optional. They recommend taking survivors seriously, mapping networks, understanding the role of ritual authority, and acknowledging that financial exploitation is part of the same crime. Revolutionary, right?

So next time someone sighs and says, “Oh, ritual abuse? That’s just a conspiracy theory,” feel free to laugh at them, point to the numerous successful convictions of the last decade and a half, and to the survivor testimonies that were taken seriously in the law courts. And yes, the abusers were

very real people enjoying a network of credibility while funding their crimes.

Welcome to the real world. It's not sensational, it's criminal.

The Kidwelly Cul-de-Sac Cult

Colin David Batley was convicted in 2011 for 35 counts including rape, buggery, sexual assault, forcing prostitution, and inciting a child to have sex. Alongside him were his wife Elaine Batley, his wife, jailed for eight years, Jaqueline Marling, his 'right hand woman', jailed for twelve years, and Shelly Millar, a prostitute, jailed for five years.

According to a report made by the *BBC*, 11 March 2011, reporting on Batley being jailed;

“Batley and his friends were involved in a sex cult that brainwashed and abused children... has been jailed and warned he may never be released. Colin Batley, 48, was found guilty of 35 offences at Swansea Crown Court.. Three women, including his estranged wife, were also imprisoned. He moved from London to the small town of Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, where the cult operated in a cul-de-sac. He was given a public protection sentence with an 11-year minimum recommendation.”

On sentencing, Judge Paul Thomas QC is reported as having said the following;

“You set yourself up as the ruler in your own sick little kingdom. where three women danced as your willing attendants. You became their master and formed a community within a community involving child abuse, rape, and prostitution. You have been described as evil and that is an entirely accurate statement of your character. It is clear you have dedicated your life to satisfy your sexual urges by any means at your disposal.

“The age or sex of your victims was largely a matter of indifference to you. You treated one victim as nothing more than a sexual plaything, dominating and controlling her life, and you persuaded your wife to join in. What happened has besmirched the unsuspecting town of Kidwelly. You are, and

shall be for the foreseeable future, a danger to children.

“This has been your life’s work involving multiple offences over many years. The public needs protection from you- there are very serious concerns and risks for the future if you are released. You have fully lived up to the ideals of your mentor Aleister Crowley.

“You used the occult to further your sexual excesses- children were kept as toys for sex purposes. You took a cruel delight into initiating children into sex but their lives have been blighted forever. It was organised and systemic abuse of children and you dedicated yourself to such depravity. You controlled the women in all ways, sexually and financially- they paid their benefits over to you. But it is an enduring mystery how you were able to control intelligent women.”

An unnamed niece of Colin Batley told of how she was made pregnant by him, prevented from having an abortion, and told her child belonged to the cult. A year later, she became pregnant again, and had her second son. Shortly after his birth, she discovered through another cult member that Colin Batley had abused a child as young as six. She says, “It was the information and power I needed to escape.” (“He stole my life”: How a teenager was forced to join a satanic sex cult.. by her evil uncle, *Mirror*, 21 July 2012).

It took a decade before police took allegations against Colin Batley seriously, during which time he remained free to abuse. Even after three of his child victims had grown to adulthood and came forward independently it still took another three years before anything was done. I am reliably informed (by someone directly involved with the investigation) that the officers who successfully prosecuted him had to go against orders from ‘higher up’, and were passed up for promotion. Doing the right thing, it seems, proved bad for their careers.

Disclosures from survivors tell that some rituals were held in white robes, others in black. It is not credible that a group of this size, and this well connected, was not either an OTO Church, an IOT Temple, or – and this is the part that might confound 'outsiders' to occultism – a crossover of both.

Police at the time could not identify the members of the wider cult surrounding Colin Batley. Only three people were jailed, but the rest - all most definitely guilty of crimes of child trafficking, and the sustained abuse of children by multiple perpetrators repeatedly over a decade remain - free to flap their cloaks and spend their ill gained money. It has been confirmed through disclosures from various sources that Colin Batley was a member of the Illuminates of Thanateros; something Peter J Carroll knows and has been desperate to deny.

Murder of a Druid

Peter Solheim, a 55 year old parish councillor turned pagan, was ritually tortured to death -see Sex, witchcraft, and the murder of a Druid, Daily Mail, 6 July 2006. Drugged, and with his limbs bludgeoned to a bloody pulp with a machete, his body was dumped in the Channel off the coast of Cornwall and left to drown.

Margaret James, Peter Solheim's lover of nine years, was convicted at Truro Crown Court of masterminding the plot to kill him, and jailed for twenty years. However, she was not convicted of actually committing the murder herself- to this day, her accomplice(s) have never been identified. Those involved in the ritualistic torture and murder of this man are still at large.. unless they happen to be in jail for other crimes, of course. Margaret James; convicted of Solheim's murder, but who else was involved? Or was she a patsy?

And why is it that the court trial concerning Peter Solheim's horrific and clearly ritualistic murder consisted of so much defamation against his character? Nobody had anything nice to say about him. Even Professor Ronald Hutton joined in.. Later, it was revealed that Police had initially worked along the theory that Solheim had been murdered because people believed he was a paedophile.

Cornwall Pagan Paedo-Moot

Peter Petruske, who gave in the above trial, would later turn out to have been a ritual abuser himself, alongside another

man called Jack Kemp.

Jack Kemp and Peter Petruske spent years tormenting their victims, one said to be as young as three. Unsurprisingly, both denied their involvement in abuse, claiming they were victims of a 'witch hunt' or conspiracy.

Peter Solheim, the above mentioned ritually tortured and sacrificed Druid, was also identified as having been part of the same paedophile ring.

Considering the unusual nature of their crimes, as well as their geographical proximity, what are the chances of all these people not knowing each other and being in the same 'circle' (or 'ring')?

Albert & Carolee Hickman

Jailed 22nd January 2015 for the Satanically themed ritualized rape of an eleven year old schoolgirl 40 years before. The victim, now 53, who cannot be named for legal reasons, told the trial last month that Hickman would make threats to kill her mother using black magic. The court heard that Hickman now 64, sucked her young victim's blood after cutting her thumb with a special "bejewelled knife". After the schoolgirl was held down by his wife, former RAF worker Albert Hickman, now 65, raped her.

A statement from the victim read, "Forty-two years ago a little girl met two evil people who took advantage of her.. My life has been destroyed at their hands."

Sentencing the Hickmans, Judge Dan Williams described them as chilling and said they had ruthlessly exploited their victim. "You were a couple united by a deep-seated and overwhelming abuse of children.. You groomed her and gained her trust, you told her you had supernatural powers and that she was the 'chosen one' and you put the fear of God into her. It was a specific targeting of a vulnerable victim and threats were made which petrified her."

The court heard Albert Hickman was previously jailed for 10 years for raping a young girl in 1982. The jury was also told his wife was jailed for five years in 1982 after admitting holding down a child while she was raped as part of "devil

worship" which required a virgin girl.

The Glasgow Beastie House

The “Beastie House” prosecutions concerned sustained sexual and physical abuse of children at a flat in Glasgow between April 2012 and June 2019. The case was tried at the High Court of Glasgow, with guilty verdicts returned in November 2023 after a trial lasting roughly two months.

From the outset, the children’s disclosures included descriptions of ritualised behaviour intertwined with the abuse. According to reporting by BBC News (29 November 2023), some children said they were made to take part in séances using a Ouija board to “speak to spirits.” They described adults wearing devil masks during incidents of abuse, darkened rooms, and being told that supernatural forces were present or watching. In this setting, occult imagery and references to spirits were used alongside threats and violence.

One *BBC* report stated: “Charges related to causing the children to take part in seances and witchcraft were dropped during the trial.”

The indictment had originally included allegations that children were caused to participate in séances and witchcraft. Because Scotland historically criminalised witchcraft under the Witchcraft Act 1563, there was public discussion about whether the ritual framing had legal significance. However, the 1563 Act was repealed in the 18th century, and no modern offence of witchcraft exists. During the trial, the Crown formally dropped the specific charges relating to séances and witchcraft, proceeding instead on established sexual and violent offences.

In November 2023, the jury convicted seven defendants of multiple counts including rape, sexual assault, and physical abuse. Those convicted were: Iain Owens, Elaine Lannery, Lesley Williams, Paul Brannan, Scott Forbes, Barry Watson, John Clark.

The offences proven were said to have occurred between April 2012 and June 2019.

Sentencing took place on 27 January 2025. As reported by ITV News, the seven offenders received prison terms ranging from eight to 20 years and were all made subject to Orders for Lifelong Restriction. The sentencing judge, Lord Beckett, described the crimes as plunging “to the depths of human depravity.”

Although allegations of devil masks, Ouija board séances, and references to “spirits” formed part of the children’s accounts and were initially reflected in the indictment, the convictions ultimately rested on proven sexual and physical abuse under contemporary Scottish criminal law rather than any offence connected to witchcraft.

Devil masks and Ouiji boards do not play a part in the 'traditional' (since the 1950s) rituals of Wicca. Since these abusers identified as witches it seems more plausible they were 'Chaos witches' – a subset of Chaos Magic made popular by the current IOT leadership.

Ryan Fleming & The Order of Nine Angles

Ryan Fleming was a prominent figure associated with the *Order of Nine Angles*’ Yorkshire nexion Drakon Covenant and also involved with the far-right group National Action. He authored satanic and occult works under a pseudonym, embraced extremist ideology, and repeatedly committed serious sexual offences against minors, resulting in multiple prison sentences. The Order of Nine Angles itself remains a controversial and extremist current within occultism, advocating transgressive magic and violence, and has been cited in research on radicalisation and far-right extremism.

The Order of Nine Angles is a secretive occult and extremist network that originated in the United Kingdom in the late 1960s or early 1970s. It describes itself as a form of “Traditional Satanism” combined with esoteric and pagan elements but is widely characterised by researchers as far-right, neo-Nazi, and occult in ideology. Its teachings promote transgression, violence, and breaking societal taboos – including rape and paedophilia - as a pathway to what it terms personal enlightenment and societal transformation.

O9A operates through decentralised autonomous cells called “nexions.” It has been described by academic and counter-extremism sources as ideologically distinct from mainstream Satanism and as having been influential on a number of extremist groups internationally.

Ryan Fleming was a leading figure of the Yorkshire O9A nexion known as the “Drakon Covenant.” He was an active promoter of O9A beliefs, authorship, and extremist links through writings and online presence. Fleming wrote occult and vampiric-themed material under the pseudonym A. A. Morain, including titles such as *Scithain: Vampyrical Witchcraft of the Drakon Covenant* and *Codex Aristarchus*, which blended satanic and esoteric subjects.

He is also reported to have been an early O9A conduit into the now-banned British far-right group National Action, where he offered his services as a cybersecurity expert and spoke at demonstrations. Fleming’s involvement linked aspects of esoteric satanic ideology with extremist neo-Nazi activism.

Fleming’s criminal record includes multiple convictions for sexual offences involving minors. According to reporting, in 2011 he was jailed for the sexual assault and torture of a vulnerable young man, and in July 2017 he was sentenced to three years in prison for raping a 14-year-old girl he had groomed online.

After his 2017 sentence, a sexual harm prevention order was imposed. In February 2021 he was jailed for six months for breaching that order by messaging children online. Reporting describes that prosecution noted he had “promoted the violent Satanist organisation Order of Nine Angles and quoted the Moors murderer Ian Brady” in his online presence.

Additional sources summarise Fleming’s pattern of returning to extremist circles between prison terms, including re-engagement with O9A-linked activity.

Connecting the Dots

The 2011 prosecution of Colin Batley revealed a highly organised network operating in Wales and beyond. Reporting

described Batley as a “self-styled high priest” whose group “handed children around for sex,” while police characterised the investigation as “very complicated and complex” (The Guardian, 2011).

Members of Batley’s cult came from Wales, London, and other regions, indicating a nationally dispersed network. Similarly, the 2025 Glasgow 'Beastie House' case involved seven individuals who abused children over several years. The environment and reported behaviours suggested ritualised or symbolic posturing aligning with occult frameworks (Anadolu Agency, 2025).

Both cases share three rationally observable features: 1. Long-term, organised abuse over multiple years. 2. Creation of material that could be monetised. 3. The adoption of occult posturing, which structured hierarchy, control, and identity. These commonalities suggest that both networks required external support systems to operate effectively. Necessity of Networks Neither Batley nor the Beastie House perpetrators could have sustained their abuses or profited from material alone.

Networks were required to: - Facilitate the creation, storage, and distribution of abusive material. - Handle financial transactions derived from exploitation. -

Maintain secrecy and logistical support. - Reinforce hierarchy and control through occult symbolism. The national reach of Batley’s network further demonstrates the need for organisational coordination beyond a single locality.

Both cases indicate a geographically dispersed, hierarchical structure similar to recognised occult orders.

In these orders: - The overall organisation is called an order. - Local operational units have distinct names depending on the order: OTO (Thelema) units are called lodges or churches, while IOT (Chaos Magic) units are called temples. - Each lodge, church, or temple operates semi-independently but remains accountable to the central hierarchy of the order. This model provides several rational insights for investigators:

1. National Reach: Orders can operate across regions

simultaneously through independent lodges or temples.

2. Resource Management: Individual units can generate and manage resources locally while contributing to overarching organisational objectives.

3. Secrecy and Compartmentalisation: Local units maintain internal confidentiality while adhering to centralised control.

4. Ideological Cohesion: Symbolic frameworks, rituals, or doctrines unify dispersed units, providing identity, hierarchy, and control. Investigatory

A rational question emerges: might the networks underpinning both Batley and Beastie House operate through an occult order with dispersed but hierarchical local units?

Factors prompting this inquiry include:

- Adoption of occult frameworks for hierarchy, ritual, and identity in both networks.

- Long-term abuse with multiple victims and monetised material.

- Requirement of external networks to manage resources, distribution, and secrecy.

- Batley's national network, with members from Wales, London, and beyond, indicating operational reach.

Post-Batley, one UK occult order appears to have experienced a sudden surge in resources, suggesting possible ongoing operational capacity, is The Illuminates of Thanateros. Despite having almost vanished from public view between 2000 – 2012, their sudden re-emergence has dominated occultism in the UK. Media coverage, publications, events, and resource surges that include occult posturing provide verifiable markers of organisational activity. The IOT's exhibition of sudden, public-facing resource surges alongside occult posturing may indicate operational links between the cases.

The national reach of Batley's cult, with members from Wales, London, and beyond, further supports examining external networks. The key investigative question is: what occult order might underlie or connect both criminal enterprises?

Focusing on observable outputs, public-facing resource

surges, and ritualised symbolism allows a neutral, structured approach to identifying previously hidden networks and supporting efforts to bring them to justice.

At the Time of Writing...

In late 2025 and early 2026, Australian authorities pursued a major criminal investigation into what they described in press reporting as a “satanic” or ritual-themed child sexual abuse material network centred in Sydney. On 30 November 2025, four Sydney men were charged after New South Wales Police’s Child Exploitation Internet Unit executed search warrants tied to an investigation dubbed Strike Force Constantine. Police alleged the men had been “possessing and distributing what police have described as ‘ritualistic and satanic’ images of children being abused” and used an offshore website to share the material of minors.

Officers seized thousands of videos depicting the abuse of children aged 12 and below, including babies. Police allege this international group were engaging in conversations and the sharing of material which depicted child abuse and the torture of children involving symbols and rituals linked to Satanism and the occult,” a statement attributed to police.

Coverage in Australian outlets also named some of those charged: according to a *9News* report published on 1 December 2025, the four men included a 26-year-old self-described independent journalist and a former swimming coach among the accused, and police said they uncovered “thousands of files of child abuse material” on seized electronic devices.

By early February 2026, the network of accused individuals expanded. On 4 February 2026, *ABC News* reported that 62-year-old Colin Milne was the sixth man charged in the same investigation when detectives from Strike Force Constantine searched his Sydney property and found “extremely graphic, violent and depraved” material on his devices. Magistrate Alison Viney, in refusing bail, said “In somewhat nearly 20 years of sitting as a judicial officer, I haven’t read many worse than this,” reflecting the court’s reaction to the evidence

disclosed in open proceedings. The prosecutor stated the material related to “the abuse of infants, babies and children,” and also included content showing the physical and sexual abuse of animals.

Police described the investigation as uncovering a “paedophile network” whose alleged offending involved ritualistic or satanic themes, and authorities have referred hundreds of potential overseas suspects to international partners, with searches executed across multiple Sydney suburbs including Waterloo, Ultimo and Malabar.

At this stage in reporting, the charges brought by Australian authorities relate to the possession, distribution, and making available of child sexual abuse material. Lines of enquiry involve the investigation of Satanic child abuse images that have been in distribution since 2006.. the period when Colin Batley was involved in the IOT, and the website *deathandhell.com* appeared online, initially openly advertising the distribution of such images.

ChatGPT Referring Victims

The Guardian – March 8th 2026 - reports that UK support organizations and police are seeing a noticeable increase in people disclosing experiences of organised or ritual abuse involving alleged “satanic” elements. Experts cited in the report say the rise has become apparent over roughly the past 18 months, with the charity *NAPAC (National Association for People Abused in Childhood)* receiving a growing number of contacts from survivors who describe abuse framed within ritualistic or ideological settings. Some survivors report that they first began discussing or processing their experiences through conversations with AI systems such as ChatGPT before contacting support services.

The article explains that “organised ritual abuse” generally refers to sexual abuse, violence, or coercion carried out within a structured group context that may incorporate symbolic or ideological rituals sometimes described as satanic, occult, or extremist. Researchers and police stress that such crimes can involve family networks, trafficking groups, or online abuse

rings. However, official recognition of ritual elements in UK prosecutions has been rare: since 1982 there have been only 14 criminal cases where ritualistic aspects were formally acknowledged in court. Authorities including the *National Police Chiefs' Council* and the *Hydrant Programme* are now working with support organisations to improve training and investigative responses, because specialists believe the reported cases represent only a small fraction of incidents that actually occur.



OCCULT CIRCLES & PAEDOPHILE RINGS

What You Need to Know

For decades, child protection messaging focused on the unknown predator, the sinister figure lurking at the school gate. This framing, however well-intentioned, has done enormous harm. It directed attention away from where the overwhelming majority of child sexual abuse actually occurs: within trusted communities, families, and organisations. Within circles where the adult already has standing, affection, and authority.

Occult and pagan communities are no exception. Documented cases, and the testimony of survivors and whistleblowers, make clear that these spaces have been exploited by those who specifically seek the structural features they offer: hierarchy, secrecy, spiritual authority, and a culture that can frame dissent as ignorance or repression.

This article is not an attack on these traditions. It is written for those within them, because that is precisely where this conversation needs to happen.

What Paedophilia Actually Is

Paedophilia is a sexual attraction to prepubescent children. It

is not a misunderstanding, a different kind of love, or a cultural difference of opinion. It causes profound, documented, long-term harm to its victims that persists across their entire lives.

It is also not rare, and it is not confined to any single type of person. Paedophiles are found across all professions, belief systems, social classes, and communities. What varies is not their presence, but the *opportunities* and *cover* that different environments provide them.

Some enter communities specifically because those communities offer access and protection. Understanding this is the first step in removing that protection.

Clinical research and survivor testimony together point to two broad categories of those who abuse children. Understanding the difference matters, because each requires a different kind of vigilance.

Type One: The Self-Deceived Abuser

This type genuinely, or convincingly, believes they are not causing harm. They construct elaborate internal and external justifications: that children are capable of meaningful consent, that their relationship is one of mutual love, that society's objections are rooted in prudishness, religious conditioning, or failure to understand.

In nature-based and Pagan movements, this typology finds particularly fertile ground. The language of natural cycles, bodily freedom, rejection of "Abrahamic hang-ups," and spiritual awakening can all be weaponised, consciously or unconsciously, to make abuse seem like liberation. Objections are reframed as the objector's problem: their unresolved conditioning, their fear, their failure of spiritual development.

This is manipulation, whether or not the abuser consciously recognises it as such. The harm to the child is identical regardless of the abuser's self-image.

Warning signs associated with this typology:

- Framing adult-child closeness in spiritual or "old ways" terms
- Dismissing child protection concerns as Christian or

mainstream cultural bias

- Suggesting children have a natural sexuality that adults can "guide"
- Isolating children within a spiritual mentorship framework

Type Two: The Sadistic Abuser

This type knows exactly what they are doing and what harm it causes. The harm is frequently part of the motivation. Power, control, and the deliberate violation of the child's safety and trust are central to the abuse.

This typology is more commonly associated with explicitly power-focused, transgressive, or left-hand path traditions that philosophically valorise the crossing of boundaries and the rejection of conventional morality as spiritually or magically significant.

The Order of Nine Angles (O9A/ONA) is the most extensively documented example: a neo-Nazi occult organisation whose published texts explicitly advocate the sexual abuse and ritual harm of children and vulnerable people as part of its ideology. It is not a fringe aberration, it is a documented, organised, international network, and its material has circulated widely in online occult spaces.

Warning signs associated with this typology:

- Framing transgression, including sexual transgression, as spiritually or magically potent
- Glorification of predatory behaviour as a mark of strength or initiation
- Hierarchies in which abuse of the vulnerable is normalised or expected
- Oaths of secrecy around group practices, especially involving sexuality

Why These Communities Are Targeted

It is important to say clearly: occult and pagan communities are not uniquely corrupt. However, they do possess structural features that make them attractive to those who wish to abuse:

Secrecy and oaths. Many traditions involve initiatory

secrecy. This can be misused to ensure silence about abuse, "what happens in circle stays in circle."

Spiritual authority. A teacher, elder, or high priest/ess holds a form of authority that can be extraordinarily difficult to challenge. Questioning them may be framed as spiritual immaturity or betrayal.

Anti-establishment culture. Communities that define themselves partly in opposition to mainstream values can be manipulated into treating child protection norms as just another form of mainstream control to be rejected.

Isolation. Members, particularly newer or younger ones, may be gradually separated from outside relationships and support networks.

These are not flaws unique to Paganism or **occultism**. The same dynamics have enabled abuse in the Catholic Church, in yoga communities, in therapeutic cults, and in political organisations. The difference is that these communities have not yet had the same public reckoning.

What You Can Do

Believe the framework, not just the person. If someone in your community is beyond criticism, that is itself a warning sign, regardless of how much you trust or admire them.

Name what you see. Grooming often happens in plain sight. Unusual closeness between an adult and a child, private mentoring, gift-giving, boundary-testing — these are not ambiguous. Name them.

Reject false dichotomies. Concern for child safety is not Christian, not mainstream, not spiritually immature. Anyone who frames it that way is telling you something important about themselves.

Know your reporting obligations. In the UK, concerns about a child's safety should be reported to the NSPCC (0800 800 5000) or directly to the police. You do not need proof, you need concern. In the US, contact the Childhelp National Child Abuse Hotline (1-800-422-4453).

Support survivors. Leaving an abusive community is enormously difficult. Those who speak out often lose their

entire social world. Believe them. Stand with them.

The traditions many of us have loved and lived by deserve better than to be used as cover for those who harm children. Protecting children is protecting these communities from the people who are destroying them from within.

The conversation has to start somewhere. Let it start here.

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THE TOXIC MAGIC OF D.A.R.V.O.

There exists a poison spell, often unwittingly cast yet dreadfully effective, known among modern inquisitors and occult antagonists as *DARVO: Deny, Attack, Reverse Victim and Offender*. This is no idle theory, no armchair abstraction. It is a ritual of ruin I have personally endured at the hands of what I now name toxic magicians - those who claim power, insight, or spiritual prowess while wielding only coercion, deceit, and the malign artistry of manipulation.

These toxic magicians wear the garb of initiates, cloak themselves in symbols and masks, and speak in tongues meant to inspire awe and submission. But beneath the glamour, they are sorcerers of gaslight, masters of the psychic reversal, who use DARVO as their most insidious enchantment. Their workings are not of theurgy, but of social alchemy - turning truth to ash, and accountability into accusation.

The DARVO sequence begins when the toxic magician is confronted - gently, directly, or even reluctantly - about harm they have caused. At once, their enchantment begins.

Deny.

“It never happened.”

“You’re overreacting.”

“I don’t remember it that way.”

Here, reality itself is the first sacrificial lamb. Truth is gaslit, then buried.

Attack: The toxic magician strikes back - not with swords, but with words sharpened to maim.

“You’re mentally unstable.”

“You’re obsessed with me.”

“You’re dangerous to others.”

Allies of the target are not spared; the contagion of attack spreads to friends, partners, families, even students and colleagues. The aim is simple: social dismemberment.

Reverse Victim and Offender: Now comes the darkest glamour: the toxic magician becomes the martyr.

“I’m being harassed.”

“I’m the one under attack.”

“I’ve done so much good, and now I’m being crucified.”

Here, the predator cries out as prey, and the true target is painted as a dangerous lunatic or vengeful saboteur. This is no longer gaslight - it is black mirror magic

When this ritual is performed within occult communities or magical orders, it is especially potent. Many such circles already reek with authoritarianism dressed in mystery. Hierarchies are defended by whispered oaths and unspoken threats. To speak out is to be branded a traitor or heretic. I know. I have walked this crucible. I have spoken.

In these spaces, the toxic magician flourishes. They summon DARVO not just as a defence but as a spell of domination. They exploit our mystic yearning for initiation and transformation, replacing initiation with trauma and transformation with compliance.

They gather sycophants, acolytes, and disciples - not through wisdom, but through narrative control. Those who challenge the narrative are discredited. Those who suffer are shamed. And those who watch remain silent, for fear of becoming the next sacrifice.

Let us make no mistake: DARVO is a kind of malefic magic. It manipulates perceptions, reality, identity. It ensnares witnesses and deceives onlookers. It weaponizes sympathy and uses your own integrity as a blade against you. It is a glamour that refracts blame into its opposite. A ritual of untruth, performed not before the altar but in the public square.

But its power wanes when Named.

To Name the spell is to rob it of its secrecy. To call DARVO what it is, a manipulative reversal technique wielded by abusers, is to raise a mirror against its illusion. In this act of recognition, we reclaim our sight.

We lift the veil.

Once the pattern of DARVO is seen, it cannot be unseen. The toxic magician loses their most potent tools: confusion, isolation, self-doubt. We must therefore teach this pattern to others - especially those vulnerable, isolated, and damaged by similar rites of reversal.

The spell breaks when many speak. When the community witnesses, resists, and refuses to be manipulated. And we must resist.

We are not what they say we are.

We are the truth-speakers, the oathbreakers of silence, the defiers of their counterfeit power.

We are not the cursed.

They are not the victim.

And their magic is fading.

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SECTIONED INTO SILENCE

Imagine reporting serious organised abuse within an international occult network to the police. You are a credible adult, a published occult author, a professional, a person with standing in your community. It involves ritualised conduct designed to terrorise. You tell the truth.

Within days, the police do not investigate your claims. Instead, they section you. That is, they facilitate your involuntary detention under the Mental Health Act. Your profession as an occult author is cited as evidence that you have an overactive imagination. You are assessed, found to be entirely non-delusional, and released after two days rather than the month-long detention that was ordered. But it does not matter. The damage is done.

From that point forward, whenever you try to raise your concerns again, the response is the same: he was sectioned.

The content of your disclosure is never examined. You have been pre-discredited, placed in a category that allows your account to be dismissed without engagement.

This article explains how that process works, why it is effective, and what can be done about it. The case described above is real. It occurred in Bristol in October 2012. But the mechanism it illustrates is neither unique to Bristol, nor unique to 2012.

The Mental Health Act 1983 provides the legal framework for involuntary psychiatric detention in England and Wales. Several sections are relevant to understanding how someone can be detained against their will.

Section 136 allows a police officer to detain a person found in a public place if they appear to be suffering from a mental disorder and to be in immediate need of care or control. The person is taken to a designated Place of Safety where they must be assessed by a doctor and an Approved Mental Health Professional (AMHP); ie they are locked away in a psychiatric facility.

The threshold for a Section 136 is low. An officer does not need to be medically trained. They need only form the view that a person appears to be in mental distress. This makes the power vulnerable to misuse, whether deliberately or through institutional bias.

Section 2 allows a person to be detained in hospital for up to 28 days for assessment. It requires two doctors and an Approved Mental Health Professional to agree. One doctor must be specially approved under the Act. On paper, this is a serious multi-party safeguard. In practice, as the Bristol case illustrates, a determined institutional actor can move a Section 2 application quickly, and the person detained may have little warning and no immediate recourse.

To understand why involuntary psychiatric detention is such an effective tool for silencing someone, it is necessary to understand how it interacts with credibility in institutional settings.

The Sectioning does not need to succeed. This is the central and most chilling point. The person in the Bristol case was

assessed as non-delusional and released after two days, not the month that had been ordered. By any reasonable measure, the justification for the detention had failed.

Yet the police continued to act as though he had been discredited. The fact that he had been sectioned, not the outcome of the assessment, became the operative fact. This is how the mechanism works: the process of detention serves as the discrediting event, regardless of what the medical professionals ultimately conclude.

Research on the lived experience of mental health detention confirms this pattern. Patients who have been detained under the Act frequently report that they feel they have permanently lost credibility as a result, that future accounts, complaints, or disclosures are filtered through the lens of their sectioning history, regardless of the clinical outcome.

In the Bristol case, the subject's professional identity as an occult author was used as evidence that he had an active imagination, and that his knowledge of occult practice made him more likely to confabulate an occult narrative.

This inversion of expertise is a recognisable logical fallacy, but it is a powerful one in institutional contexts. Consider the parallel: a former police officer who reports witnessing corruption is told that their knowledge of police procedure makes it more likely they have fabricated a procedurally credible story. A forensic accountant who reports financial fraud is told that their expertise in accounting means they know how to construct a convincing false narrative.

In each case, knowledge of the subject becomes circumstantial evidence of fabrication, rather than evidence of informed disclosure. The effect is to make the most credible witnesses, those who understand what they are reporting, the least believed.

Research into organised and ritualistic abuse has identified a disturbing feature: the staging of theatrical, ceremonial, or occult elements in abuse scenarios is not incidental. It is strategic. Perpetrators who incorporate robes, rituals, and symbolic paraphernalia are, in part, manufacturing the conditions for their victims' future incredibility.

When the victim later discloses, the account sounds fantastical precisely because the perpetrators made it so. The implausibility is a feature, not a bug. Investigators who dismiss such accounts as too strange to be true are, in effect, responding exactly as the perpetrators intended.

This dynamic has been documented in academic literature and recognised in guidance to professionals working with survivors of organised abuse. Yet institutional practice has been slow to catch up, and individuals making such disclosures continue to face the double bind of being disbelieved precisely because their accounts are accurate.

The Bristol case did not occur in a vacuum. The period around 2012 was one of significant and troubling activity in British policing and child protection. *Operation Yewtree* had just begun. *The Jay Report* into Rotherham, the *IICSA Inquiry*, and a cascade of institutional failings in both child protection and police accountability were still years in the future, but the conditions that enabled them were present and active.

During this period, there were documented cases in which police used or facilitated psychiatric intervention as a means of managing individuals who were making inconvenient or embarrassing disclosures. Whistleblowers in various contexts, not only abuse cases, reported being subjected to mental health referrals following attempts to report misconduct.

The common thread is institutional self-protection. When a disclosure threatens an institution, whether a police force, a care system, or a network of individuals with connections to those institutions, the psychiatric detention route offers something that a straightforward refusal to investigate does not: it reframes the problem as being with the person making the disclosure, rather than with the conduct being disclosed.

For those who have experienced this kind of detention, whether recently or, several avenues remain available.

Subject Access Requests: Under the UK GDPR and the Data Protection Act 2018, any individual is entitled to request all personal data held about them by a public authority, including

the police. A Subject Access Request (SAR) to the relevant police force should produce records of what information was passed to the assessing doctors, who initiated the referral, and what notes were kept.

Mental Health Act Section Papers: The original section papers should be obtainable from the relevant NHS Trust. These documents are critical: they record the stated grounds for detention and the legal authority cited. If the paperwork contains procedural errors, these may have rendered the original detention unlawful.

Independent Mental Health Advocate (IMHA): Every person detained under the Mental Health Act has a statutory right to an Independent Mental Health Advocate. An IMHA helps patients understand their rights and supports them in exercising them. This right exists at the time of detention; for those seeking retrospective redress, a mental health solicitor specialising in civil liberties is more appropriate.

Legal Challenge and Complaint: A complaint to the Independent Office for Police Conduct (IOPC) is possible even for historical cases, though late complaints require exceptional circumstances to be accepted. Civil litigation for false imprisonment or breach of Article 5 of the European Convention on Human Rights (the right to liberty) may also be possible depending on the specific circumstances. Legal aid is available for mental health cases. Solicitors with relevant expertise include those specialising in public law, civil liberties, and mental health law.

The Care Quality Commission: The Care Quality Commission (CQC) is the independent regulator of health and social care in England, including the oversight of the use of the Mental Health Act. Concerns about improper use of detention powers can be referred to the CQC, which has the authority to investigate and report.

The use of psychiatric detention to silence those who disclose inconvenient truths is not a conspiracy theory. It is a documented and analysed phenomenon with a traceable institutional logic. It does not require a coordinated plot: it requires only that those in authority find it easier to question the sanity of a witness than to investigate their claims.

The Bristol case of October 2012 illustrates this with painful clarity. A person disclosed abuse. He was sectioned. He was cleared. He remained discredited. The content of his disclosure was never meaningfully examined.

The most important lesson from this case is structural: the problem is not simply that a wrong was done to one individual, but that the systems designed to protect him, the Mental Health Act safeguards, the professional independence of assessing clinicians, the complaints and accountability mechanisms, all failed to interrupt the process. Understanding how this happens is the first step toward ensuring it can be challenged.

Note: This article is based on a real case and on published research, legal guidance, and public reporting. No individual is named. It is intended as public interest journalism and legal education, not as legal advice. Those seeking advice in relation to mental health detention should consult a qualified solicitor.

MIND CONTROL

A Beginner's Guide



Dave Leeds

Magical orders and esoteric groups have always attracted people in search of something: meaning, power, community, spiritual depth. In the world of Chaos magic in particular, the tradition is one of radical intellectual openness. Borrow from any system, test what works, discard the rest. Chaos magicians are encouraged to be epistemically fluid, to suspend belief structures deliberately, and to experiment with altered states of consciousness. These are also, unfortunately, precisely the qualities that make such groups exceptionally vulnerable to a specific and insidious kind of predator.

Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP), Ericksonian hypnosis, and related dark-psychology disciplines are embedding themselves in occult orders, specifically those working within Chaos magic frameworks, and using the group's own methods as camouflage for systematic psychological manipulation. Their victims may leave believing they had a profound magical experience. In reality, they were subjected to covert influence techniques designed to create dependency, erode autonomy, and exploit them emotionally, financially, or sexually.

This is a well-documented pattern within abusive cults, visible in groups from NXIVM to countless smaller and less-publicised circles. The particular genius of the occult setting

is how perfectly it disguises what is actually happening.

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NLP and Covert Hypnosis

Neuro-Linguistic Programming was developed in the 1970s by Richard Bandler and John Grinder, who studied successful therapists, particularly the psychiatrist and hypnotherapist Milton H. Erickson, and attempted to model and systematise their techniques. The premise is that patterns of language, thought, and behaviour are interconnected, and can be deliberately reshaped. In therapeutic hands, techniques like anchoring, reframing, and rapport-building have genuine uses. The field has been largely rejected by mainstream psychology as pseudoscientific, despite the fact that many of its techniques are employed by the CIA and intelligence services, and that very lack of professional oversight has made it a playground for bad actors.

Beneath the surface of elegant seminars, high-ticket promises, and shiny certificates is a darker reality: the commercial exploitation of NLP has produced a worldwide industry that trades in illusions of healing, manufactures authority, and preys on vulnerability. What is marketed as empowerment is, in skilled manipulative hands, its precise opposite.

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The Art of the Invisible Induction

Milton Erickson was a genuine genius whose therapeutic work transformed the field of hypnotherapy. His methods, however, were built on techniques that are trivially repurposable for harm. Unlike traditional, authoritarian styles of hypnosis, Ericksonian hypnosis relies on conversational, indirect suggestion. It uses metaphors, stories, and subtle cues to bypass resistance and reach the subconscious. The subject remains an active participant, or believes they do, which is exactly what makes covert application so effective.

Covert hypnosis operates through subtle means to reach deeper levels of consciousness than are touched by the surface

structure of language. The defining feature is that the hypnotised individual subsequently engages in hypnotic phenomena without conscious effort or choice. The practitioner gains rapport, maintains psychological congruency, and embeds suggestions that the subject never consciously registers as suggestions at all.

Key Ericksonian techniques that translate directly into weaponised manipulation include the following:

Embedded commands. Disguised directives buried inside ordinary sentences. "I don't know how quickly you'll feel completely at ease around me" contains an instruction the conscious mind skips over while the subconscious receives it directly.

Confusion techniques. By distracting the conscious mind with vagueness and ambiguity, the practitioner opens the unconscious to change. Overwhelming the critical faculty with paradox or rapid topic shifts creates a window of suggestibility.

Metaphor and storytelling. A story about "a traveller who had to surrender everything to cross the threshold" is also, to a mind already in a heightened state, an instruction about what the listener should do within the group.

Fractionation. Repeatedly guiding a subject in and out of trance, or in and out of heightened emotional states, deepens suggestibility with each cycle. Each re-entry goes deeper than the last. This is the foundational technology of some of the most manipulative sequences ever documented.

Anchoring: Emotional Conditioning Without Consent

NLP teaches that we constantly make "anchors" (classical conditioning) between what we see, hear, and feel, and our emotional states. While in an emotional state, if a person is exposed to a unique stimulus, a connection is made between

the emotion and the stimulus. If that stimulus occurs again, the emotional state will be triggered.

In a therapeutic context, anchors can help clients access states of calm or confidence. In a predatory context, an anchor can be used to trigger feelings of devotion, sexual arousal, anxiety, or dependency: silently, invisibly, at a time and place of the manipulator's choosing. A ritual setting, with its controlled lighting, incense, sound, and physical touch, is a near-perfect anchoring environment. Every element of a well-run magical ceremony could, in the wrong hands, be a delivery mechanism.

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The October Man Sequence

The October Man Sequence was originally developed by rogue members of the underground seduction community. It is often referred to as the most sophisticated NLP pattern yet devised, based on techniques that are manipulative and morally indefensible. It was kept closely guarded within inner circles before wider exposure, and it represents the cutting edge of what dark NLP can achieve in interpersonal manipulation.

The sequence is, at its core, a structured series of things to say and do that can rapidly create an intense emotional bond with a target and, further, essentially create a new identity in that person, an identity of the practitioner's choosing. While it was developed in the context of sexual seduction, its mechanisms are equally applicable to any relationship of influence: spiritual mentor and student, initiator and initiate, group leader and new member.

The sequence is built on three interlocking mechanisms:

Symbolic Morphology. The critical faculty is suspended by bypassing it altogether, speaking through imagery and visualisation. The practitioner evokes feelings and transforms them into a symbol, then manipulates the symbol. By guiding the target to visualise feelings as energy rather than experience them directly as emotion, the conscious critical

faculty is bypassed. Sound familiar? This is structurally identical to how many genuine magical visualisation practices work, which is exactly why it is so easily concealed inside a ritual context.

Fractionation. The push-pull of emotional states, intense pleasure immediately followed by mild discomfort or loss, then pleasure again, creates a conditioning cycle. In magical group settings, this manifests as cycles of extraordinary belonging and acceptance, followed by subtle exclusion, criticism, or testing, then reacceptance, which feels euphoric precisely because of the preceding withdrawal. The target becomes addicted to the group's approval.

Anchoring to the manipulator. Once symbolic and emotional states have been accessed and deepened, they are linked to the practitioner's presence. The patterns anchor desirable feelings to the operator, fractionate feelings between the operator and others, and create new psychological identities in the target. In an occult context, this translates to anchoring states of spiritual exaltation, magical empowerment, or deep trust to the group leader or specific figures within the hierarchy.

The result is a person who believes they have had transformative magical experiences, who associates those experiences with a specific person or group, and who has had their emotional responses subtly restructured without ever being told this was happening.

Dark NLP does not operate in isolation. Practitioners skilled in these techniques typically deploy them within a wider framework of dark-psychology tactics, many of which map almost perfectly onto the structure of an occult initiatory group.

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Love Bombing

Love bombing refers to a manipulative strategy where an individual showers excessive affection, attention, and

compliments upon another to foster an intense emotional connection. Beneath the surface lies a calculated ploy to control and exploit vulnerability. The psychologist who coined the term, Margaret Singer, identified it initially as a cult recruitment tool before it was recognised more broadly in abusive relationships.

In an occult group, love bombing looks like being told you are uniquely gifted, that you were "meant to find this path," that you have rare qualities the group has been waiting for. New initiates are overwhelmed with attention, specialness, and the intoxicating feeling of being chosen. This is classical conditioning for dependency, and it sets up the cycle that follows.

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Future Faking

Future faking refers to a manipulative courtship strategy in which someone draws a target in by extensively detailing an imagined future together, a future that is unlikely to materialise. In the occult context, future faking sounds like promises of advanced initiation, secret knowledge, special powers, or access to inner circles, all dangled ahead of the target, always just out of reach, always conditional on further compliance.

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Gaslighting

Gaslighting exploits cognitive dissonance, the psychological discomfort that arises when a person's beliefs and their direct experience of reality clash. Over time, the victim begins to question their own judgment, memory, and perception of events. Gaslighting's roots can be traced to abusive relationships and power dynamics, and similar tactics have been used by dictators, abusers, and cult leaders to control and undermine the self-esteem of their victims.

In magical groups, gaslighting is disguised as spiritual correction. When a member begins to question something that happened, or expresses doubt, they are told their perception is

clouded by ego, by attachment, by insufficient initiation. The group's own belief system is weaponised to invalidate the victim's sense of reality.

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Isolation

Isolation from friends and family is a common tactic employed by coercive groups to increase control over their members. The goal is to create a sense of dependency on the group and its leader. In occult contexts, isolation is often presented as spiritual necessity: the path requires leaving behind "profane" relationships, mundane thinking, and people who "don't understand." The group becomes the target's entire social world, making departure feel existentially impossible.

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Why Chaos Magic Is Particularly Vulnerable

Chaos magic, as a tradition, is explicitly built on the suspension of the critical faculty. The technique of paradigm shifting (temporarily adopting a belief system wholesale in order to work within it) is considered a fundamental skill. Austin Osman Spare's concept of the magical trance, sigil work designed to bypass conscious resistance, the deliberate use of gnosis states: all of these are genuine practices that a predator fluent in NLP and Ericksonian hypnosis can mirror, infiltrate, and exploit.

A group that has consensually agreed to suspend disbelief, enter altered states, and trust the guidance of more experienced practitioners is, from the perspective of a dark-NLP practitioner, already halfway there. The groundwork has been laid by the tradition itself. The predator simply has to perform convincingly.

Covert hypnotic induction becomes "the opening of the rite" or "entering gnosis." Anchoring emotional states to the manipulator's touch becomes "the transmission of power" or "initiatory contact." Fractionation cycles of acceptance and rejection become "the trials of the path" or "the dark night of the soul." Embedded commands delivered in a ritual register

become "words of power" or "the inner instruction." Sleep deprivation, dietary restriction, and sensory overload used to heighten suggestibility become "ascetic practices" or "ordeal work." Gaslighting a member's doubts becomes "your ego resisting transformation." Isolation becomes "the magician's necessary solitude" or "leaving behind the profane world."

NLP has been used in various ways by pickup artists and cults alike. The primary problem is that it lacks scientific legitimacy and is routinely used without the knowledge or consent of the individuals involved. In an occult context, that lack of scientific standing actually helps the predator: if the target were told they were being hypnotised, they might resist. Being told they are experiencing genuine magical phenomena, they embrace the very process being used against them.

The NXIVM case is the most thoroughly documented example of what this looks like at scale. The organisation used the natural charisma of its leader Keith Raniere, the NLP expertise of co-founder Nancy Salzman (a trained NLP practitioner), and a layered initiatory structure to build what prosecutors would eventually describe as a criminal enterprise. Cult Education Institute director Rick Ross, who spent fifteen years researching the group, stated: "In my opinion, Raniere uses coercive persuasion and influence techniques such as NLP, hypnosis, sleep deprivation, dietary control and other elements associated with thought reform, to gain undue influence over NXIVM members."

NXIVM did not present itself as a cult. It presented itself as a self-development community. The magical equivalent presents itself as a path of genuine initiation. The structure is identical. The mechanisms are identical. The harm is identical.

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Recognising the Pattern

If you are in a magical group, the following signs warrant serious scrutiny.

Rapid, overwhelming acceptance. Being told you are special,

chosen, or uniquely gifted before the group knows anything of substance about you is the opening move of love bombing, not genuine recognition.

Altered states without explicit consent. Any group leader who regularly guides members into trance-like, emotionally heightened, or dissociative states without clear prior informed consent is using those states for a reason. Ask what that reason is.

Push-pull emotional cycles. A pattern of exceptional warmth followed by withdrawal, criticism, or "testing," followed by restoration of warmth, is fractionation. It is not a spiritual trial. It is operant conditioning.

Inexplicable and rapid attachment. If you experience intense devotion to a person or group after very little time, ask why. Speed of attachment is a diagnostic indicator that something structured has occurred. Genuine relationships, including genuine initiatory relationships, deepen over time and withstand scrutiny.

Reality negotiation. Any group that consistently reframes your doubts as spiritual deficiency rather than legitimate questions is using the group's belief system as a gaslighting tool.

Information control. If certain texts, teachers, or outside perspectives are consistently presented as dangerous, corrupting, or beneath engagement, the group is managing your epistemic environment. This is a structural warning sign regardless of how it is framed.

Escalating commitment. Requests for increasing personal disclosure, financial investment, sexual compliance, or demonstrations of loyalty, each framed as the next necessary step on the path, follow the coercive commitment pattern documented extensively in cult research.

Isolation. If relationships outside the group are consistently devalued, questioned, or made to seem threatening to your practice, this is not spiritual guidance. It is a structural tactic to remove your support system and increase your dependency.

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What To Do

Document everything. If something feels wrong, write it down immediately with dates and details. Memory is malleable under conditions of coercive influence, and contemporaneous notes are invaluable both for personal clarity and for any future process.

Maintain outside relationships. The single most protective factor against cult-style manipulation is retaining genuine relationships outside the group. Preserve them actively.

Name it to someone outside. Describe what is happening to a trusted person outside the group, using plain language and no magical framing. Listen carefully to their response.

Seek professional support. Psychologists and therapists specialising in coercive control and cult recovery exist in most countries. Organisations such as the Cult Education Institute (culteducation.com) and the Freedom of Mind Resource Center (freedomofmind.com, which hosts Steven Hassan's BITE Model resources) provide both information and referral services.

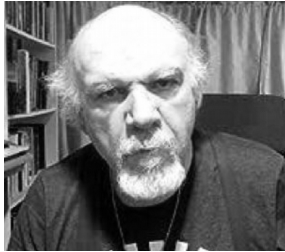
Trust your dissonance. Legitimate influence involves informed consent, the right to question, freedom to interact with anyone outside the group, and the freedom to leave. If any of those conditions are being violated, what you are in is not a magical order. It is an abusive cult.

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This article is intended for educational and protective purposes. If you recognise your situation in these pages, you are not alone, and help is available.

STATEMENT OF REGRET

A Retraction of my Life's Work



Peter Z. Karroll
Founder Emeritus of the
Tragical Pact of the Rejects of Typhon (ROT)

Let this be a confession, a capitulation, and the first honest thing I have published in decades.

There comes a time in every deluded magician's life when the entropy of their convictions outpaces even the most chaotic of their sigils. It is with no small dose of shame, that I, Peter Z. Karroll, known to some as the so-called “Father of Khaos Magic,” must now admit I was wrong. About everything.

Not just a little wrong. Not marginally mistaken. Not even wrong in the charmingly exploratory way scientists can be when their hypotheses are merely outpaced by new data. No. I was catastrophically, cosmically, crushingly wrong - from my first naïve scribbles in the margins of a second-hand copy of Paul Huson's *Mastering Witchcraft*, to the pompous claptrap I published as *Liber Dull & Psycophant*.

You see, I wrote that book when I was 23 years old. I thought I had discovered something new, something revolutionary, something worthy of founding an entire magical order upon. The truth is, I simply lacked the humility, and the depth, to realise I was just another precocious adolescent who had read Crowley without truly understanding Crowley, had skimmed the *Book of the Law* without ever

being scourged by it, and who had entirely missed the core transmission of the Western Esoteric Tradition: the erotic, chthonic, terrifying vortex of the Sexual Mysteries.

I mistook reductionism for clarity. Minimalism for innovation. Nihilism for insight. I took a short-cut through the labyrinth and called it a map. It was not. If we are to speak plainly (and what else is there left for me now?) let us begin with the graveyard where my pretensions lie buried.

I never understood a word of anything written by Kenneth Grant, except what I so obviously plagiarized. Not really. I scoffed and smirked through his purple prose, pretending it was incoherent babble. The truth is, I lacked the necessary interior resonance to feel the pull of the Typhonian currents. I lacked the discipline to penetrate his ciphered symbolism, and most damning of all, I lacked the libido, in the metaphysical sense, to open the gates of the subconscious as he had done. I accused him of opaqueness when in fact I was like a man born deaf decrying the opera as meaningless noise.

Grant wrote with the authority of direct experience of Otherness. I wrote with the smugness of a middle-class white man playing at wizardry with spreadsheets and probability curves. While he was plumbing the abyss, I was scribbling charts and declaring the death of belief. While he was drawing lines through Sirius and Aossic and the Kalas, I was busy crowning the star of chaos: an eightfold rectal knot that now seems to me less a symbol of infinite possibility and more a laughable ouroboros of my own circular reasoning.

The Sellotape of Shame

At the core of every true magical movement, from Tantra to Voudon, from the heretical Brethren of the Free Spirits to the erotic Black Sabbath of Infernal Witchcraft, lies the sexual current. Not mere sex, mind you. Not grunting mammals rutting in shadows. But the awakening of the primal serpent. The fiery nectar. The crossing of the planes via the body as temple.

And what was my response to this sacred current?

I sellotaped a sigil to my wife's forehead.

This was the apex of my sexual sorcery. This, the culmination of my vaunted method of “sigilisation.” This, the legacy I left for the world of occultism. Where Austin Osman Spare dissolved ego in the crucible of autoerotic gnosis, I was just a wanker.

Let no one henceforth accuse me of misunderstanding the Sexual Mysteries. I did not misunderstand them. I simply never got close. I was a tourist at the edge of the jungle, taking Polaroids and calling it exploration. Kenneth Grant was hunting in the undergrowth with a jaguar knife between his teeth. I was eating sandwiches in the car park.

Chaos Magic, as I devised it, was supposed to be about liberation - the freeing of the magician from the tyranny of dogma. In practice, it devolved into the tyranny of shallow eclecticism. Dabbling disguised as depth. Posturing mistaken for power.

We told ourselves that belief was a tool - as if belief could be wielded without consequence. As if consciousness does not respond and transform beneath the weight of its own assumptions. We made idols of contradiction and called them wisdom. We said “nothing is true, everything is permitted” - parroting Burroughs, and Robert Anton Wilson's *Illuminatus!*, unaware still that Weishaupt's irony was lost on us; it was a philosophy for the controlled, not for true leaders.

We told ourselves that it didn't matter if we mixed Enochian with Norse runes and Voodoo, if we mumbled something about Eris and tossed a d20, or ourselves, over our altars. We thought the Grimoires were laughable superstitions. We thought we were the future.

What we were, in truth, was lazy.

Khaos Magic became a license for intellectual dishonesty. For magical illiteracy. For not learning the languages, the lineages, the lore. For skipping the footnotes and forgoing the footpaths of those who walked before us. It became a mask for the egocentric dabbler who didn't want to be told to read Agrippa, or learn proper conjuration, or bathe, for that matter.

Let me also take this moment to apologise to those I drew into the Tragical Pact of the Rejects of Typhon.

I founded a movement to free magicians from the tyranny of doctrine, and then spent years enforcing my own. I believed I could construct a hierarchy of anarchists. A paradox, and a poor one.

Those who challenged my authority were outcast. Those who questioned the narrative were deemed ‘uninitiated.’ We created a canon even as we denied canon. We became the very thing we thought we had escaped.

In my private journals I once mocked the Golden Dawn for their pomposity, their robes, their titles. Now I realise I had simply replaced them with equations, jargon, and smirking irreverence. I replaced gravitas with glibness. And worst of all, I taught others to do the same.

It has come to my attention - belatedly, begrudgingly, and with no small degree of internal squirming - that certain individuals to whom I owe creative and professional debts have never received the acknowledgment, let alone the thanks, they deserved.

SORRY

To Austin Osman Spare, the Essex Witch, visionary artist, and true architect of sigil magic. I popularized his ideas without understanding their depth. I quoted him like scripture but lacked his soul. I wore him like a badge while pretending to invent what he had already perfected.

To Kenneth Grant, the dark star whose gravitas I longed for. I name-dropped him, echoed him, and then hated him. Why? Because he never once acknowledged me. Not a footnote. Not a whisper. I never got over it. That silence rang louder than all my proclamations. I was a schoolboy shouting into the abyss, hoping to hear Daddy Grant say, “Well done, Pete.” He never did.

To Raymond S., co-founder of the Tragical Pact of the Rejects of Typhon, and originator of the very term Khaos Magic. I took it. Branded it. Ran with it. And then, like a snake shedding skin, I slithered away from him, pretending his input had been negligible. The truth? There would be no “chaos” without Ray. I was merely the louder one, and the

more willing to publish under my own name.

To Mick Norris, illustrator of *Liber Dull & Psychophant*, whose name I had removed from the recent reissue for the crime of disagreeing with me, and especially for describing Nathaniel J Harris's work as equal in importance to Crowley... something he never said about me!

To Michael Moorcock, pulp prophet and literary colossus, from whose Elric saga I lifted the eight-rayed Chaos Star. No footnote. No hat-tip. Just wholesale appropriation, like some sorcerous shoplifter. The symbol was fiction, yes - but powerful fiction, which I paraded as metaphysical truth. I dressed it in sigils and sold it back to the gullible.

To Professor Pat Mills, titan of *2000AD*, renowned British comics writer and creator of *Nemesis the Warlock*. Pat Mills gave chaos magic more cultural reach than I ever did - and did it with imagination, artistry, and anarchic fire.

To Nathaniel J. Harris, author of *The Neuronomicon*, the first genuine advance in the science of magic in the last century, whom I once dismissed, slandered, and worked - yes, let's admit it - to discredit.

Why?

Because he saw through me. Because he pre-empted academia, even my friend Prof. Donald Button who I like to dress up and play Druids with, in discussing the cunning craft of England as rooted in the historically provable grimoires. Because he spoke Truth with a clarity I never dared. He is, as a hereditary witch of the Essex Craft, a true Master of the Crossroads, and I... well, I had to move house to escape his skull sorcery, and relocate the warehouse of *Amsorry Aromatics* just so our paths did not cross on our journeys to work.

I apologise also to his wife, who I embarrassed myself over several times in the street, who is clearly a real witch of considerable reputation, and also far better looking than the tubby little woman I married for money.

To the Police, including the Counter Terrorism Unit, for knowingly presenting false and incomplete information, and for withholding crucial information, in a situation involving

some of the worst crimes against children imaginable. I personally acted to ensure these children, abused by certain people of my acquaintance, were denied justice. I understand how serious this allegation is, and that I, Peter Z. Karroll, deserve prison.

And most of all to my own wife, the aforementioned tubby I married for money, for keeping her like a mushroom - in the dark and fed on bullshit - while I swanned around screwing 'groupies' like a 70s rock star. It was at her insistence that I was forced to resign from the Pact - either my ego or my family.

And most of all - in one of my books - for telling the world about the sellotape.

So there it is.

My End is Nigh

And so, as entropy gnaws at the edges of my aura and the final sigil of my life begins to unravel, I find myself left with only these words.

I was wrong.

I was wrong to mistake simplicity for mastery. I was wrong to mistake reductionism for revelation. I was wrong to think magic could be demystified. I was wrong to think *Liber Dull* was a beginning. It was, in truth, an ending. Mine.

And so I leave you with this, dear reader. Burn my books. Or better yet, read them with pity. Not the pity of the fool toward the madman, but of the wise toward the arrogant child. May your path take you where mine never dared to tread. May your magic be deeper than mine ever was. And may you never, ever, reach for the sellotape.

Yours in Bristol,
Peter Z Karroll