

CIRCLE OF NAUGHT MANIFESTO

WE ARE A PAGAN CEREMONIAL MAGICKAL GROVE, DEDICATED  
TO THE SEARCH OF KNOWLEDGE AND THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE  
GODS -- PERMITTING THE FLOW OF ENERGY TO ENCOMPASS OUR  
CONCEPT OF REASON AND FULFILLMENT OF OUR TRUE WILL.

The Changling is a pagan-magickal magazine, this is our  
first issue volume 1 number 0. A limited edition  
of 50 numbered copies of which this is 18.

We wish to thank those few people who have sent  
material for this magazine. Calling out to all of  
you to send works of all kind-art, articles, poetry  
or anything creative.

We can only consider material sent to us that is in  
ready to print condition.

EDITORIAL

DO WHAT THY WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW

We are among those who thirst for the spirit of knowledge and wisdom.

All are part of the community of those who have the capacity of light.

This is the communion of The Gods, the ancient receptacle for all strength and truth, fused to it from all time.

We wish to encourage the nourishment of higher aspirations.

This is also a fitting place for the soul to seek wisdom.

Every being is honoured herein.

This is a society of those widely scattered,

But united by bonds of Perfect Love, for here love alone rules.

LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL

BABAL-ON

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GRAPHICS

FRONT PIECE - CIRCLE OF NAUGHT

BACK COVER - THE FOOL - COPPELIA/TIAMAT

2, 4, 7, 10, 14-19, 24, 25 - AMIA

NAUGHT

Nothing is without me.  
Nothing becomes without me.  
Nothing is not without me.  
Everything exist within me!

I am the bearer of the fruits!

I am wavering as a flame!  
Flowing, flashing with light!

I am stable in purpose,  
Permanent in the Universe!

I am the begetter of everything that will be!

Everything yieldeth unto me!

LAYLAH

77

PAN DECLARATION

I am the sacrificial King of the wood.  
I am the magician called king.  
A classical antiquity with a common feature.  
The royal priest king.  
Swaying the sceptre, confirming the view, the origin,  
The complete combination of spiritual and temporal power.  
The tradition preserve,  
The memory may now ask fairly,  
King of the wood, predecessor in a line of kings,  
Leaving but functions of a crown?  
The answer is but two.  
Common sense, to-word king of the wood,  
Or, the nature of the king -  
That rules over the elements of that nature.  
The kings be not wanting.

ZOE  
277



TEMPLE PRAYER

I fly like the hawk, I wait for my great being!

Let me live upon my spiritual being!

Let me live upon what the gods beyond the stars decree!

Let me live upon the power over my domains!

Let me live upon my shining form!

Let me share power with this and let me divine under the  
Shade of the palm of Hadit, who is my divine lady!

Let me offer my life's blood into a vessel of libations!

Let me stand up and sit down wheresoever I please!

I come forth!

My tongue is that of Nu!

My throne is that of Hadit!

I am more powerful than the lord of time!

I shall enjoy the pleasure of love,  
And I shall gain the mastery over millions of years!

ZOE  
277

WANDERING

Wander back in time.

Life is not space.

The sea evolving into a new domain.

Come forth to this land as the beast with grasping hands.

Fan the fire,

Measure length of the day by the height of the sky.

My tools are made by the progression  
of the wheel of never ending time.

277

A DEVINE CHIEF SPEAKS

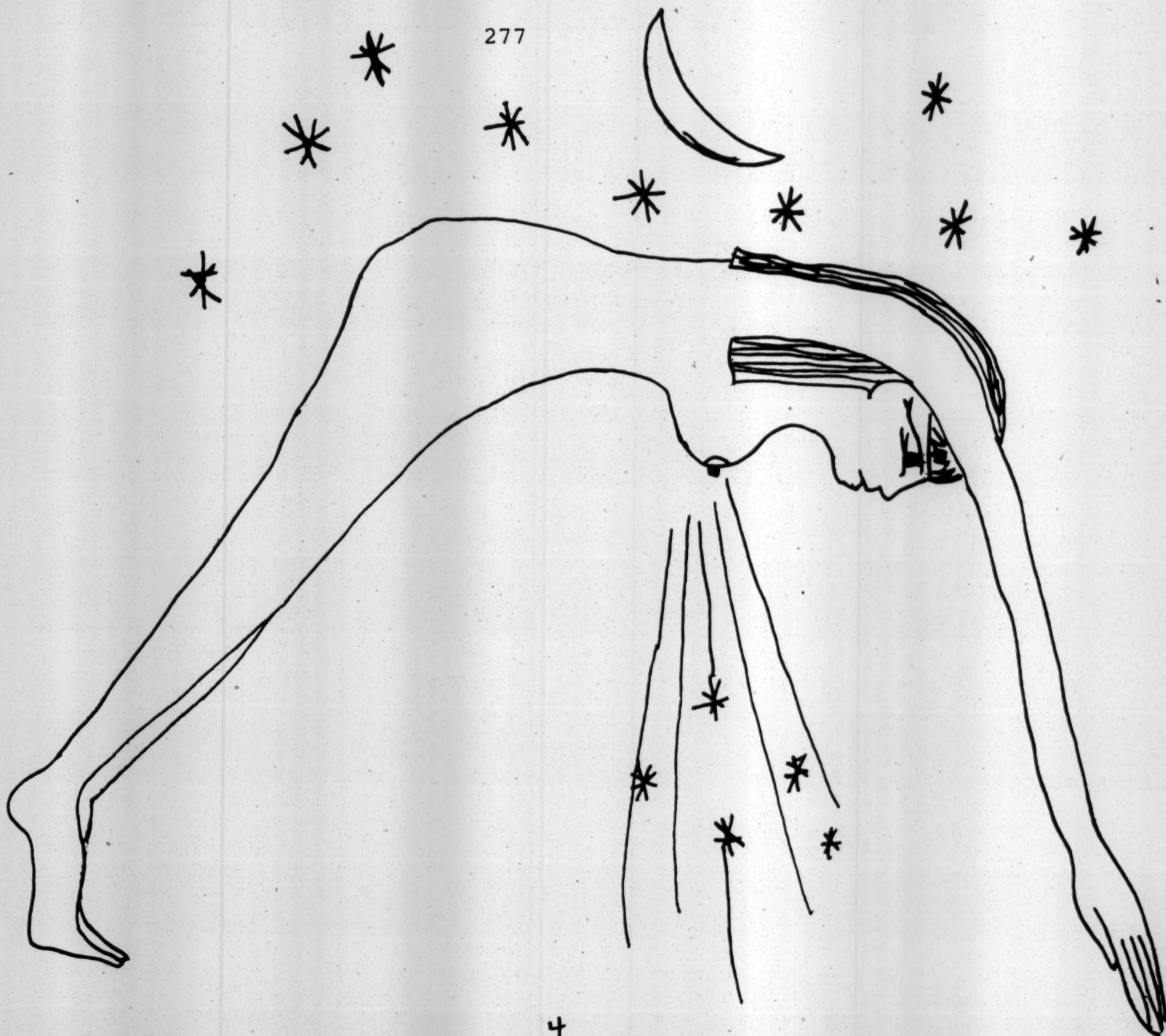
I have traveled everlasting,  
Bridging millions of years.

Through a white, sequined plume,  
And have become a king of Gods and men.

A million years I have extended my body.  
I will the beauty and splendor of the heavens,  
And the might of the Earth.

Triumphant in sailing up as a phoenix,  
Going forth without being repulsed.

277



INVOCATION TO THE GOD

O Horned One, O Fiery One - radiant star of the morning,  
Come thou, to thy children's calling.  
Come we pray O Son Of Promise,  
And bless this rite.

Come O Great One - Cloven-footed One,  
And dance with us this sacred night.

CORWIN

PRAISE TO THE HORNED GOD

King of Earth, King of the Harvest  
Devine Lover and Son  
Most Gentle and Tender One  
God of Masculine Beauty  
None savest thou wouldest share her throne.

Man of Men, God who watches  
Thou most generous  
Overseer of crops  
Watchkeeper over wilderness  
Who leadest unto Natures Plan.

No animal bear young without thee  
No plants fruit without thee  
Thou art the Celebration Of Life  
Horned One, keepest our health and joy  
Leadest our return to the Wisdom of Nature  
Teachest reverance for All Life.

Thy hair is the veil of wisdom  
Thy touch is compassion  
Grant us thine affirmation  
Speakest to thy children.

INVOCATION TO THE GODDESS

O Goddess of the Moon, We invoke thee tonight,  
Look down upon thy children,  
As we dance in thy light.

On this high and open place,  
We call thee down;  
As of old when Greeks and Romans thought,  
That the moon touched the ground.

Here thy children gather,  
In this glimmering night,  
And ask that thy be present,  
At this most sacred rite.

CORWIN

MEM

THE MIRROR OF CHANGE

It was a deep sunset  
Witchy and dark  
Clouds space like arms, reach  
Patches of purple  
Belts of blue and green  
I sent off a last picture  
To the wrong eyes  
I watched as the last electric magenta line  
Got smaller in the sea  
Till the dot disappeared  
I know what happens next  
The last card I send is twilight  
Already hints of coming out  
The Moon is waiting  
To turn on the sky  
And I am waiting  
No rays, reflection, be like me  
I look again  
My dome is purple  
Sunset, then twilight, and then no more.

MEM

REFLECTIONS

As I stared into a darkened pool of water,  
An image appeared on its mirrored surface.  
It excited and enticed me.  
A strange aura seemed to surround this image,  
The aura was magnetizing.  
I saw a reflection of long lost times,  
Beckoning to join him in his dance.  
Music and wind seemed to invade my senses.  
I became afraid, and then the fear gave way to serenity.  
  
And I Beheld Pan!

THEA 77

May the God of Light open to me his arms.

I am the Gods which strengthen me.

And I am a mighty one among the devine beings.

I have entered into the temple of Maat,

And I have seen her that is,

Lady of the Devine Temple.

I have arrayed myself in the apparel

of them that is therein.

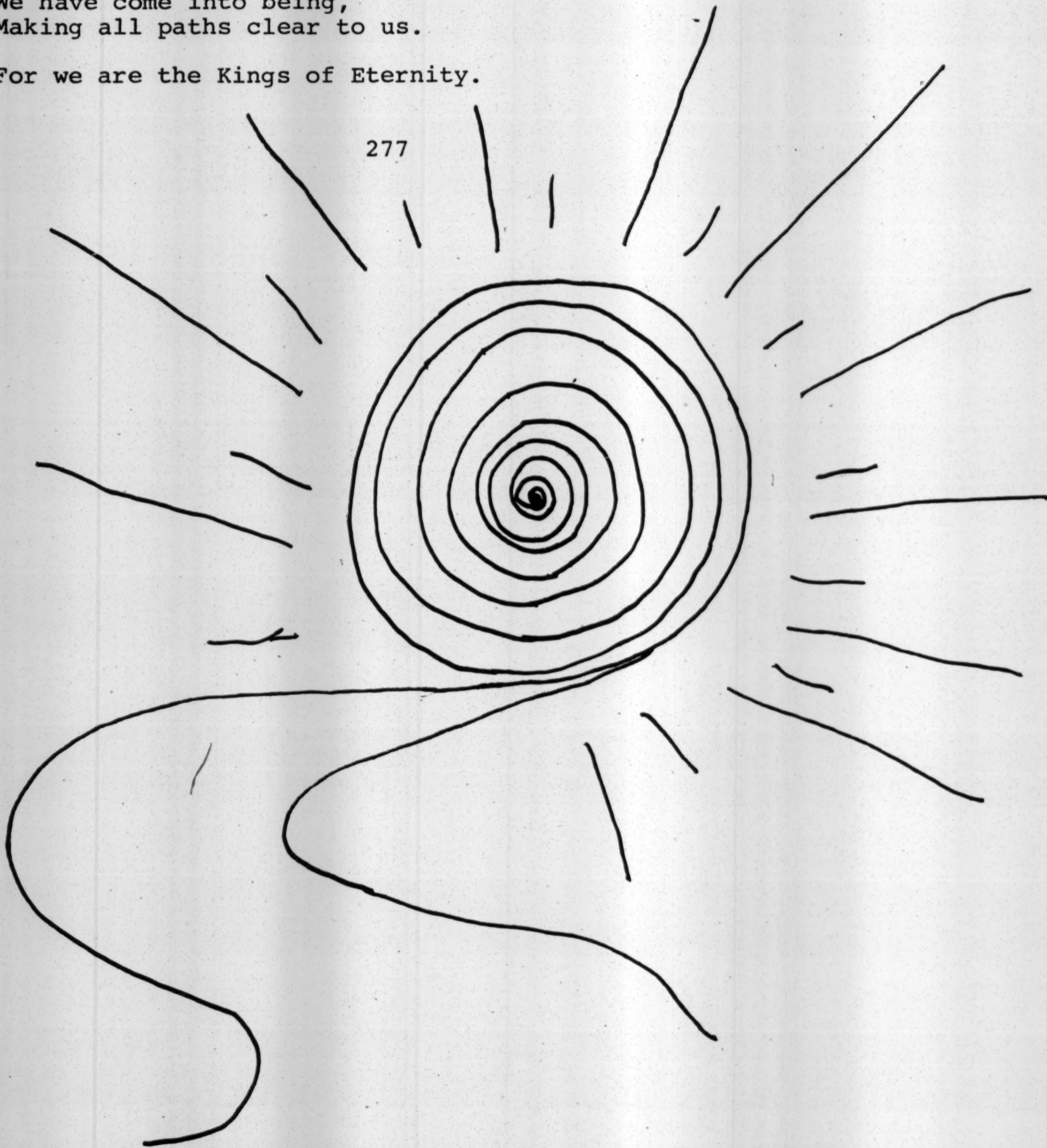
Above, are paths light shrouded.  
We are those who come triumphant in form.  
Our girdle is in the shape of the snake.

We have come forth triumphant!  
A devine being that has dwelt within our spiritual bodies,  
Which has become an established fact.

The Gods have eased our pains.  
We have come into being,  
Making all paths clear to us.

For we are the Kings of Eternity.

277



WATCHTOWER DISMISSAL

Oh Great guardians of the (East, North, West, South).

Rulers of (Air, Earth, Water, Fire),

We thank you for sharing your essence.

May their be unity and peace

Between us.

We bid you hail and farewell!

THEA

CAILLEACH BHEUR - THREE POEMS

I

O Hecate three-fold Goddess I call thee,  
O Queen of Sorcery, Dark Goddess of Peace;  
Lady of the dark Moon do hear my rune.  
Grant power to my spell,  
Help me fulfill my will.

So Mote It Be!

II

In my mind I have envisioned her;  
Her black shin, and long black hair, one with the night.

I have envisioned her with torch in hand,  
Her ravens flying about her in the sky,  
And her black and white hounds by her side.

Dark Lady, Queen Of The Evening!

Triple Goddess Morrigan;  
Her eyes are dark pools,  
Upon her brow sits a three horned Moon.

We dance thru the night!

III

Mareheaded, owlheaded, catheaded is she;  
Her dark cloak gives me protection.  
Her eyes give me wisdom,  
Her touch gives me power.

Her names are many,  
And She is nameless.  
Her forms are many,  
And She is formless.

She is Cailleach Bheur - The Dark Goddess!

CORWIN



TO THIS END I CAME

Spiraling Circles dance with their many color magick.  
The Goddess sings of her Ten Thousand Facet  
Conceptions throughout the Universe  
And with it, her song of death that has a life of its own.

The Horned God plays and the Ten Thousand spheres dance,  
And are called orbiting planes and planets.

To this I came, to be reborn!

All things are geared for life!

The Horned One is guide and Lord of the Western Sea,  
And the Summerland is vast and seems to contain all.  
Beyond the God and the Goddess, which is their union,  
Lay NO-Thing-Ness.

I am your Priest, Sorcerer, Poet, Man and Child;  
To you I've come to be born again.  
With your loving protection O Lovely Mother,  
Take me into your arms.

O Maiden run with me thru the woods,  
Inflame me with your beauty,  
And teach me the secrets of your Queendom.

O Dark Mistress, wrap your cloak around me,  
And with your torch teach me of your Wisdom.  
O Horned Father, take me into your arms,  
For with your mighty horns I am protected.

O Goat-footed One, with your music gather me up  
So that I may run with you.  
Intoxicate me with your wine,  
And the splendor of your Kingdom.

O Dark Master, lead me by the hand,  
And with your shining horns,  
Teach me of your Understanding.

O Lord and Lady, grace me with your presents,  
So that I may know you better.  
Grant me the knowing of the Way Of The Gates Of Transformations.

O how you two enfold all things!

To this end I came to be born again,  
And spiraling circles dance with their many color magick.

CORWIN

## HORUS INVOCATION

I am he that cometh forth, advancing whose name is unknown.  
I am yesterday, and seer of millions of years, is my name.  
I pass along the paths of the devine celestial judges.  
I am the Lord of Eternity, and I decree and I judge the God Khepera.  
I am the Lord of Ureriet crown.  
I come forth and I shine; I enter in and I come to life.  
My seat is upcn my throne.  
And I sit in the abcde of splendor before it.

I am Horus and I traverse millions of years.  
My mouth keepeth an even balance both in speech and in silence.  
In very truth, my forms are inverted.

I am He who dwelleth in the Utchat,  
No evil thing of any form or kind shall spring up against me,  
And no baleful object, and no harmful thing,  
And no disastrous thing shall happen unto me.

I open the door in heaven, I govern my throne,  
I am the child who marcheth along the road of yesterday.  
I am today for untold nations and peoples.  
I am he who protecteth you for millions of years,  
And whether ye be denizens of the heavens,  
Or of the Earth, or of the South, or of the North,  
Or of the East, or of the West,  
The Fear of me is in your bodies.

My name setteth itself apart from all things,  
And from the evil which is in the mouths of men by reason of the  
Speech which I address unto you.

Verily, I say unto thee,  
I am the sprout which cometh forth from Nu,  
And my mother is Nut.  
I cannot be held with the hand,  
But I am He who can hold thee in his hand.

I am Horus, who lives for millions of years,  
Whose flame shineth upon you and bringeth you to me.  
I have opened my path,  
And I have delivered myself from all evil things.

ZOE  
277



THE GREAT RITE

(Said by the High Priest)

I am the Horned One who dances in the woods,  
And thou art The Mother who calleth me to thee.  
I am the Horned One of Arcady,  
And I have a gift to give thee.

Thou draweth me as does the Moon  
Draweth the tides of the sea.  
I come to receive thy gift,  
As thou receiveth me.

I am the Horned One who plays thru the woods,  
And thou art Our Lady of the Moon.  
I am the lustful goat of the hills,  
Thou art the dark fertile sea.

I come to give thee my gift,  
As thou receiveth me.

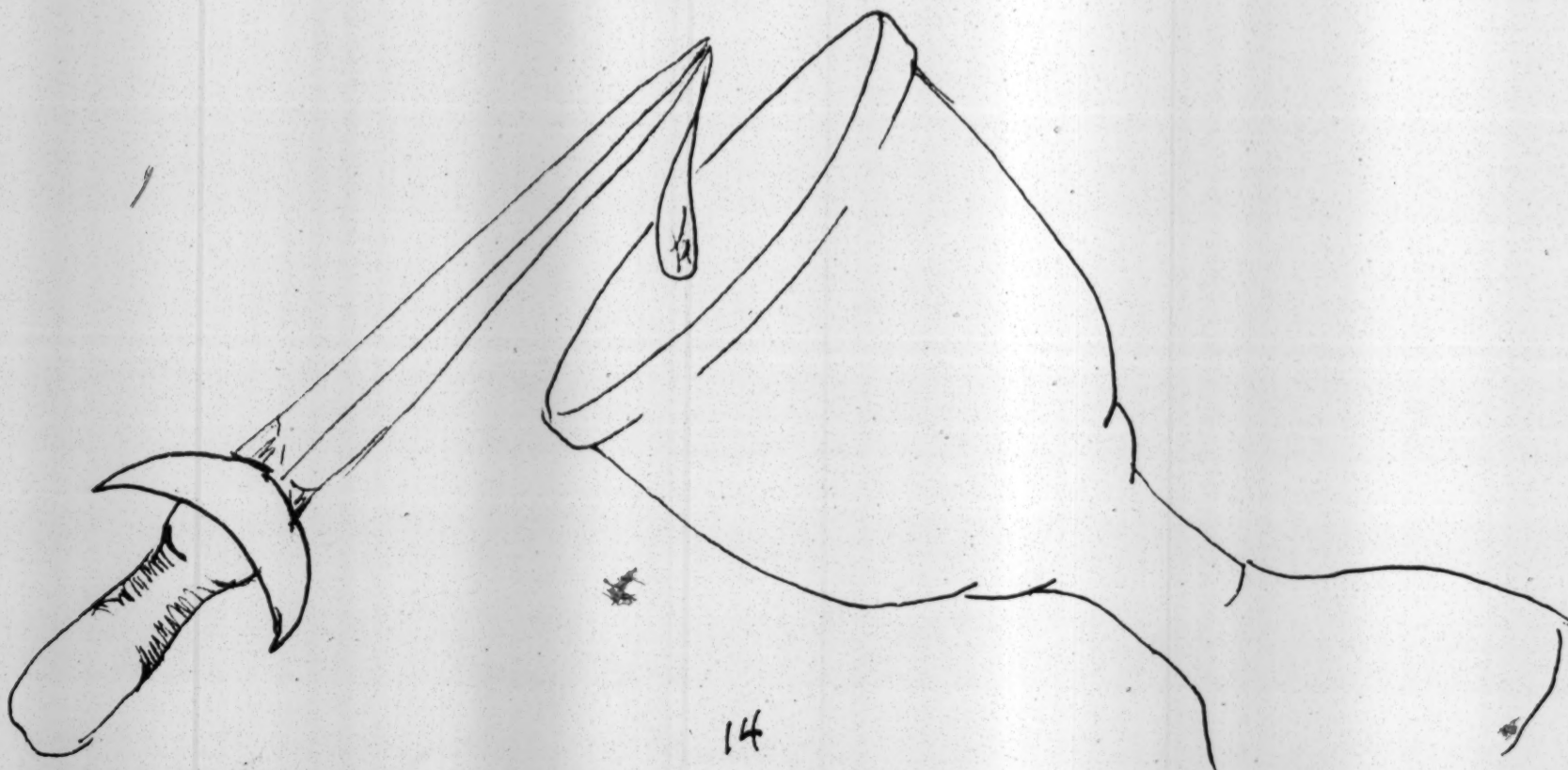
(Said by High Priestess)

You are the Horned One,  
I am the dark fertile sea;  
And I am ready to receiveth thee.  
Come to my call, for I have many gifts to behold.

Come O great One, I call thee;  
Come O Horned One of Arcady,  
Come now unto me.

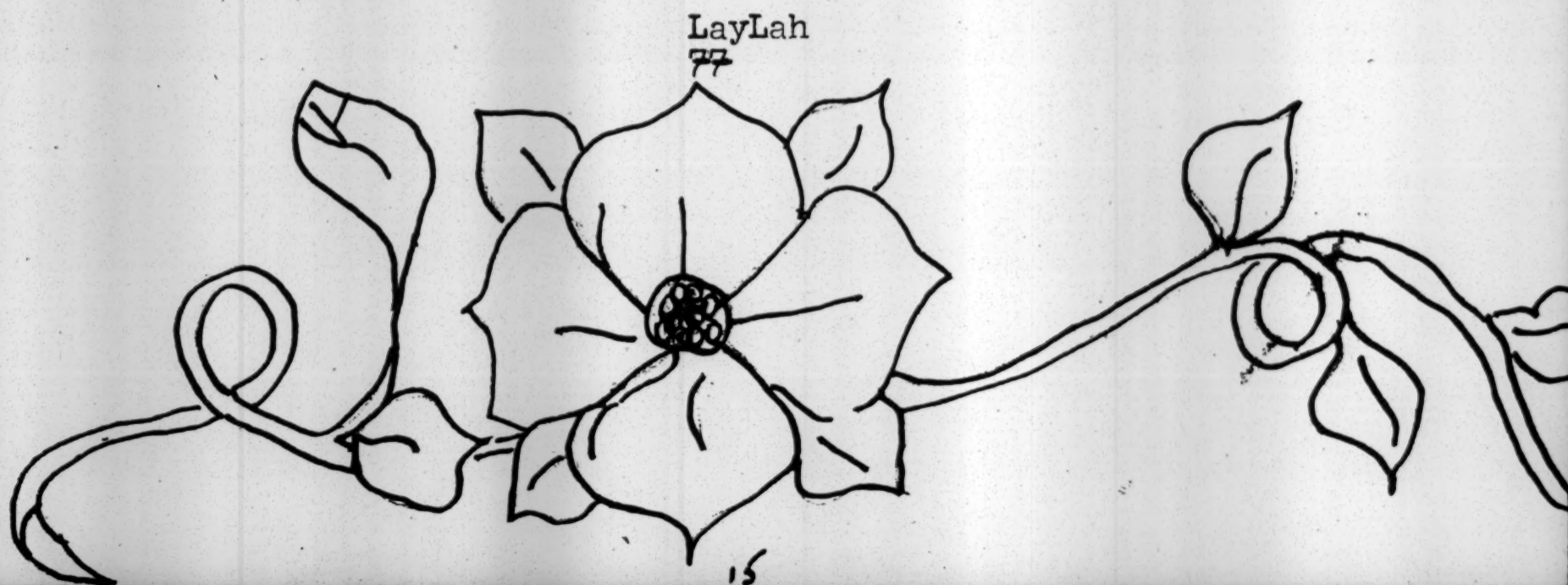
O Great Pan, of the wooded glen,  
Your Lady calls, come unto me.

CORWIN



GREAT RITE

I am the seed, from which all proceeds.  
I am the center, the triangle of life.  
I am your flower breaking from bud.  
I annoint you with my lips, giving you the five-fold kiss.  
Come careering out of the night, I await for you at the  
marble square.  
I am of the starry realm above.  
I come to you with wings of flight.  
By my seed that springeth into flower.  
My wonderous turn pillars erected in beauty and in strength.  
By my life that courses through your veins.  
My perfume that invades your innermost sense.  
I conquer your sacred circle central point.  
I am the bearer of your fruit.  
I am thy man.  
I am thy woman.  
Everything yieldeth unto us.



MORNING ADORATION

I search for him on the horizon of the East.  
I am the scribe offering the Gods all I do,  
As a form of creation.

Rise up and shine.

Warm the breasts of your mother,  
Crown the God, King.  
Embrace me in an act of worship.

Come forth triumphant into my living soul.  
Feast upon my shining form.

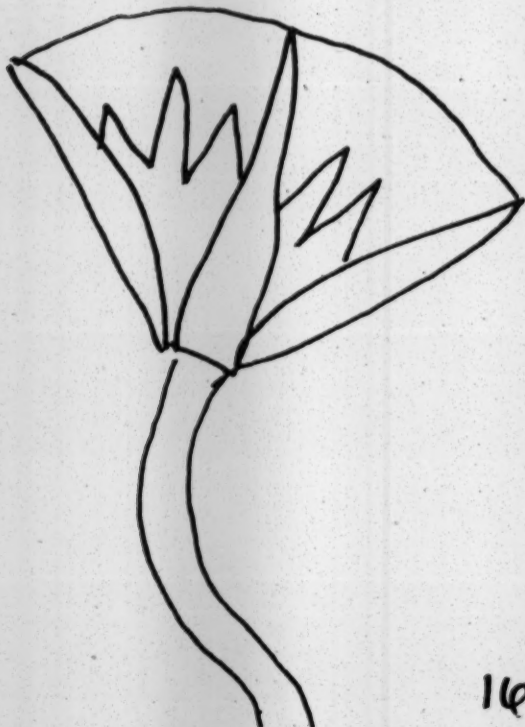
I stand in balance.  
I have become substance of the Gods of the South,  
North, East and West.

Adored in the beauty of his rising,  
Even the beings who dwell in the depths  
Shall worship you in the rising heights.

Rejoice as you dwell within me.  
The sound is the festival of the Mighty.  
I shine forth and I am born,  
Leaving the lands of yesterday.

I am at peace with me.

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HOLLOWEEN CHANT

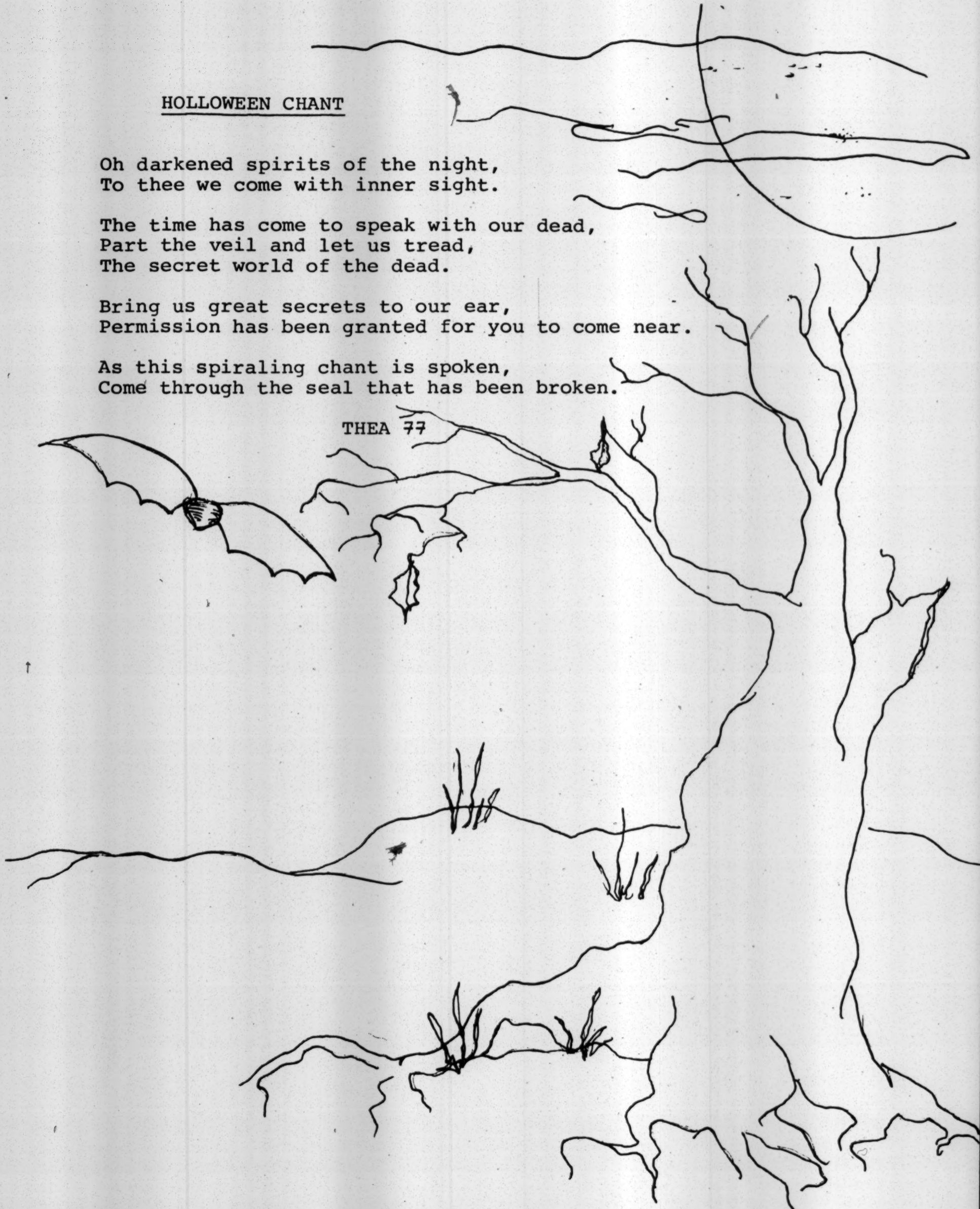
Oh darkened spirits of the night,  
To thee we come with inner sight.

The time has come to speak with our dead,  
Part the veil and let us tread,  
The secret world of the dead.

Bring us great secrets to our ear,  
Permission has been granted for you to come near.

As this spiraling chant is spoken,  
Come through the seal that has been broken.

THEA 77



CHARGE OF THE HORNED GOD

Ye who call upon me shall receiveth my enchantments, for I am the Horn of the Mysteries of Life. I empower all who keepeth my laws of love and harmlessness. And I am most generous in my endowments. My generosity expands threefold.

Hear ye, what ere ye sow ye shall reap three times again, for I am the double bladed knife. Nor canst ye cut another but by cutting yourselves.

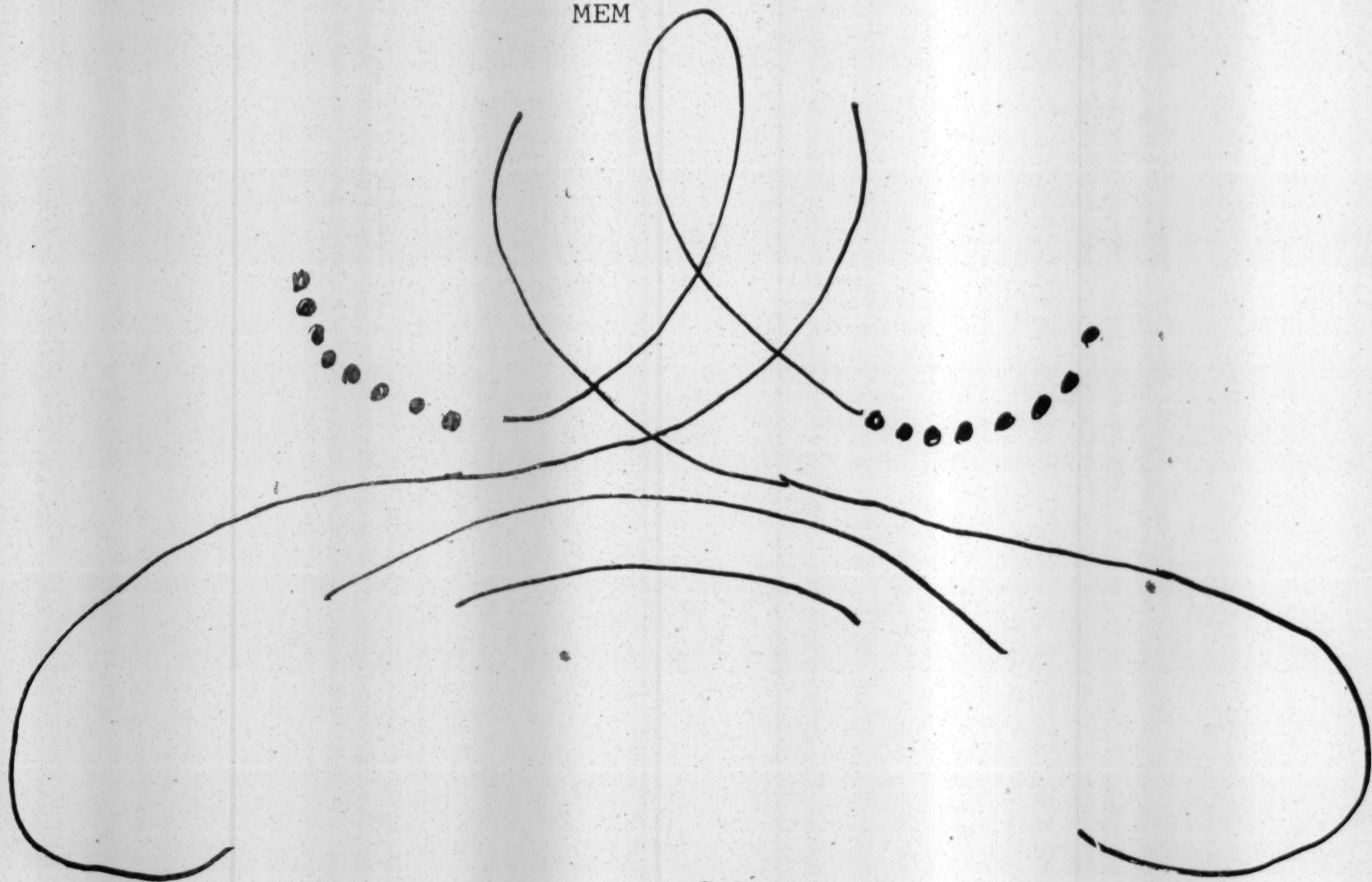
Keepeth your heart gentle, for mine is the fire that sustaineth youth. And I shall rekindle youth in the aged of merry heart.

Ye shall work your hands under my inspiration for I am the Lord of Art, therefore keep them pure by your deeds of compassion.

I am the stalk and pillar of silent strength and the bending blade of grass. My mysteries abound in all Nature.

All living things have their unique application. And I teachest those who aspire in kindness; for behold: all thou mayest need is before thee; and thou hast merely to put it to use.

MEM



MAAT INVOCATION

Homage to thee O Great Goddess, I have come to thee  
And I have brought myself here so that I may behold  
Your beauty. ✦

I know you and I know your name. In truth, I come to  
You and I have destroyed wickedness for you.

Hail thou whose strides are long, who come forth.

Hail thou who art embraced by flames.

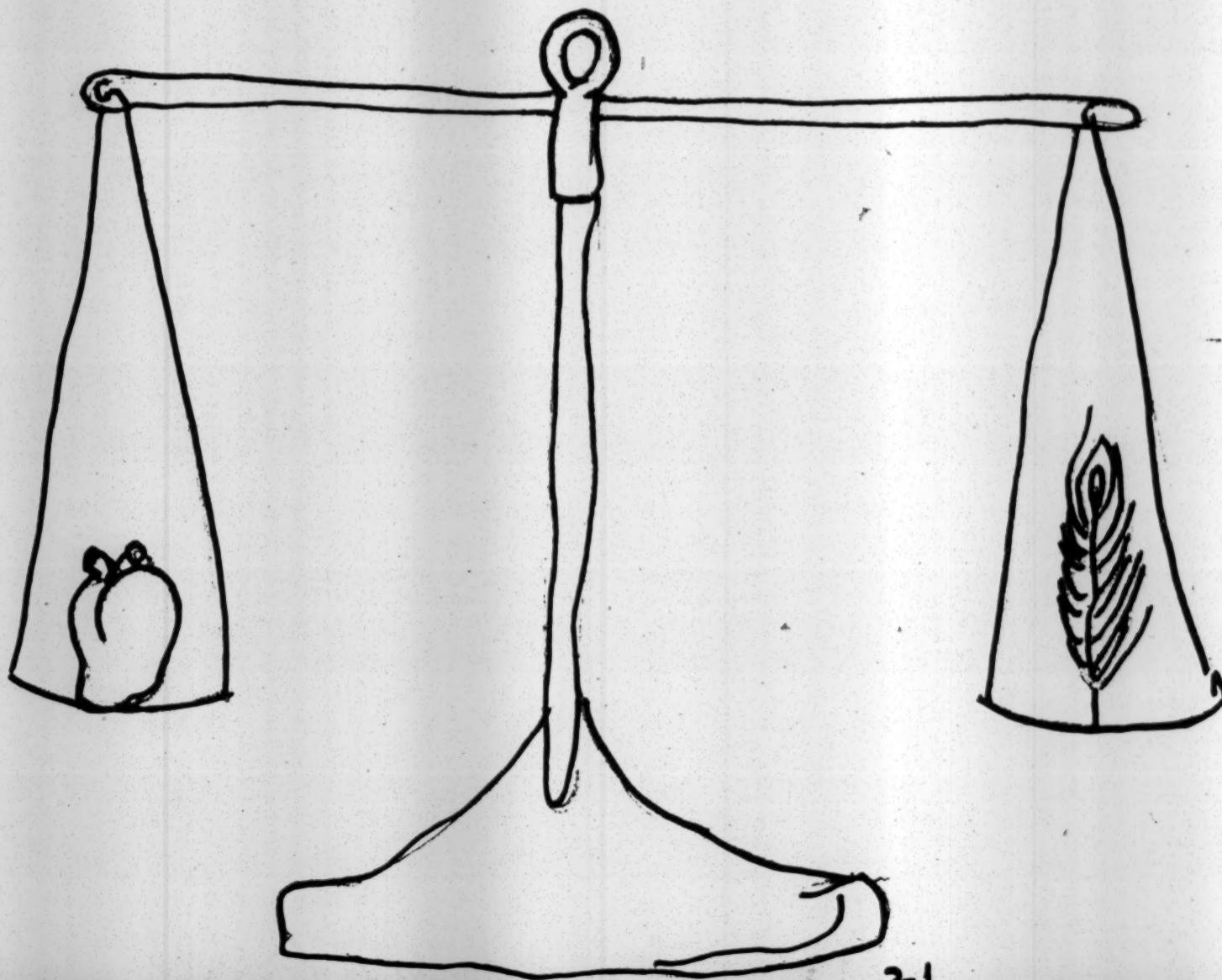
Hail thou the Goddess of Right and Truth.

Hail thou who gives commands.

Dark night, sweet night,  
So warm and yet so fresh.  
So scented, yet so holy.

Come forth! Come forth! O Come Forth!  
Come into thy temple! Come forth!

THEA



CHARGING A CIRCLE

(Group should hold hands and concentrate on filling the circle).  
(with energy. The leader should stop the chant when he/she)  
(feels the energy level at the right point.)

SURROUNDED IN LIGHT.

CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD.

MY WORLD IS IN PEACE.

PROTECTED WITHIN.

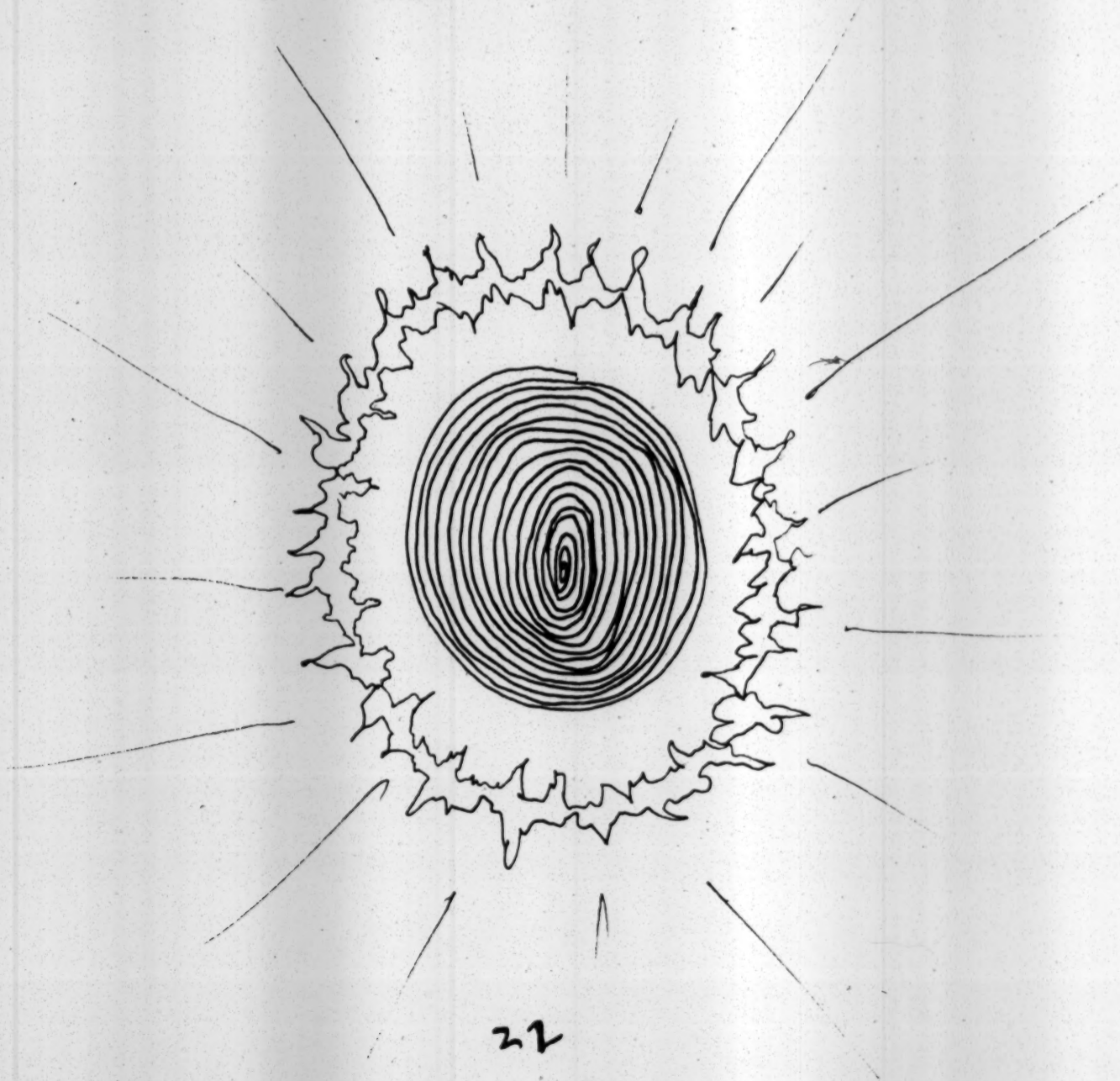
NO ONE MAY ENTER IT.

NO ENERGY ESCAPE FROM IT.

NO EVIL TOUCH IT.

SURROUNDED IN LIGHT.

THEA



Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Somas, The Dream Giver.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Luna; The Giver Of Visions.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Lilith; The Night Phantom.  
Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Artemus Of Ephesus, The Many Breasted.  
Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Kuan Yin, Protectress Of Children, Goddess Of Mercy.  
Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Isis, Goddess Of Moisture.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Morgana; Lady Of The Lake.  
Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Ishtar, Goddess Of Heaven, Queen Of Halots, Mistress Of Love.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Trivia, Queen Of Sorcery and Enchantment.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Diana; The Opener Of The Womb.  
Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Astarte The Womb.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Shakti; The Primeval.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Phosphoros Hecate; Bringer Of Light.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Juno-Lutecia; Celestial Light.  
Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Pe, Moon Mother Of Fertility.  
Great Goddess, I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Holda The Earth Mother.  
Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Mawu, The Supreme Being.  
Great Goddess; I call and invoke thee by thy name:  
Yeman-Yah, Divine Black Mother.

I call and invoke thee Three-Fold Goddess Of The Moon,  
Lady Of The Willow, to descend unto the body of thy  
servant and priestess name of priestess.

INVOCATION TO JUPITER

Oh Royal and Great God Jupiter!  
Your child come before you,  
And invokes you to come within this circle.

Ruler of air and ruler of fire,  
Let your air of tranquility, love,  
Peace and mercy surround me,  
Let your fire of protection circle me,  
Wherever I may be.

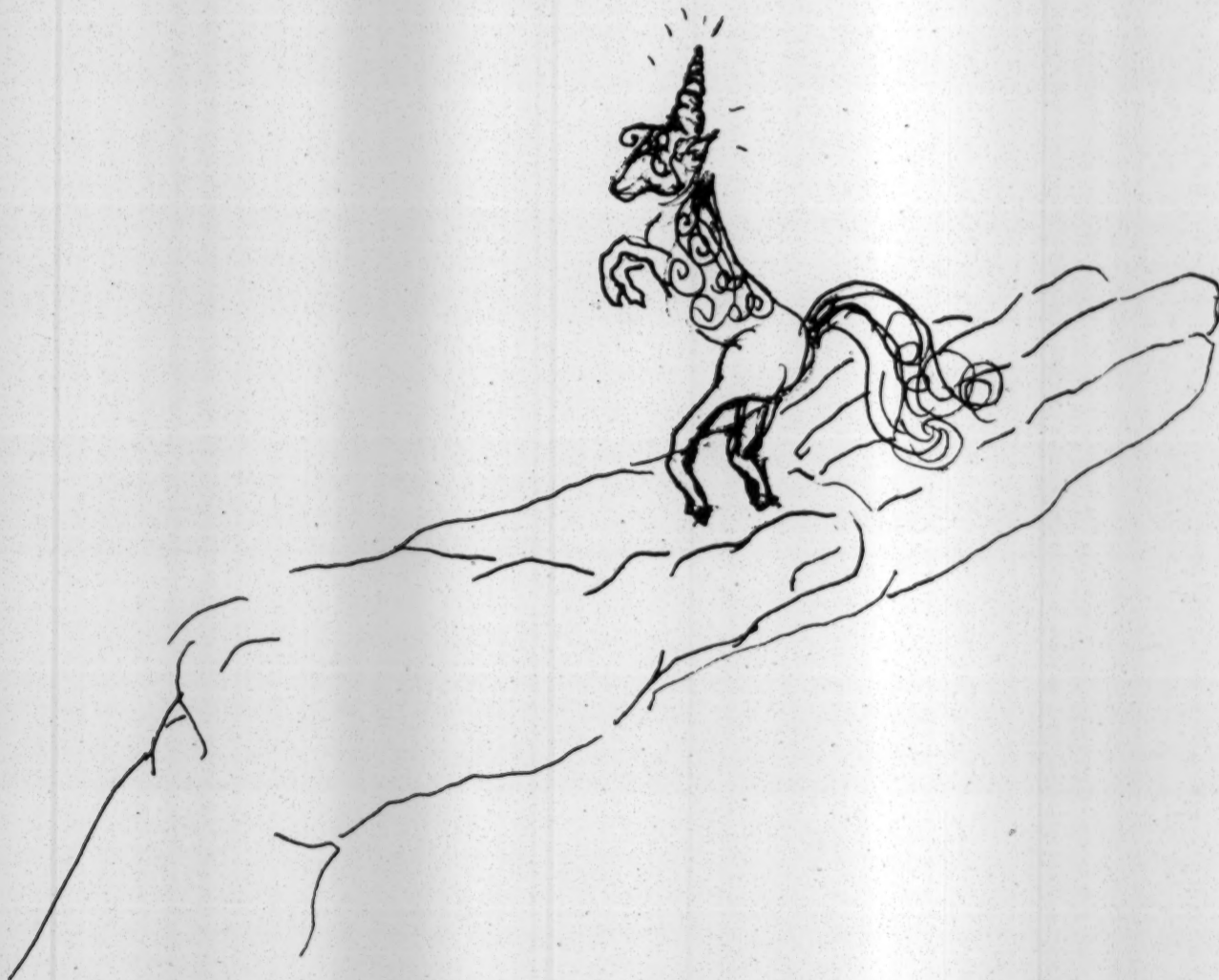
Let the Unicorn be my companion  
When I leave this circle.  
Playfully being my friend and  
Fiendishly being my protector.

Let Tzadkiel watch over me  
So that no emotional or psychic harm may enter me.

Come to your Priestess as this charge is made.  
Come swift and come powerfully.  
Come protecting and destroying all that may harm me.

Come my Jupiter, as this charge is made.

THEA



CALABASH

I have entered into this Temple to look upon things hidden there-in.  
The sovereign chiefs are in their true shining forms.  
And I say unto them:

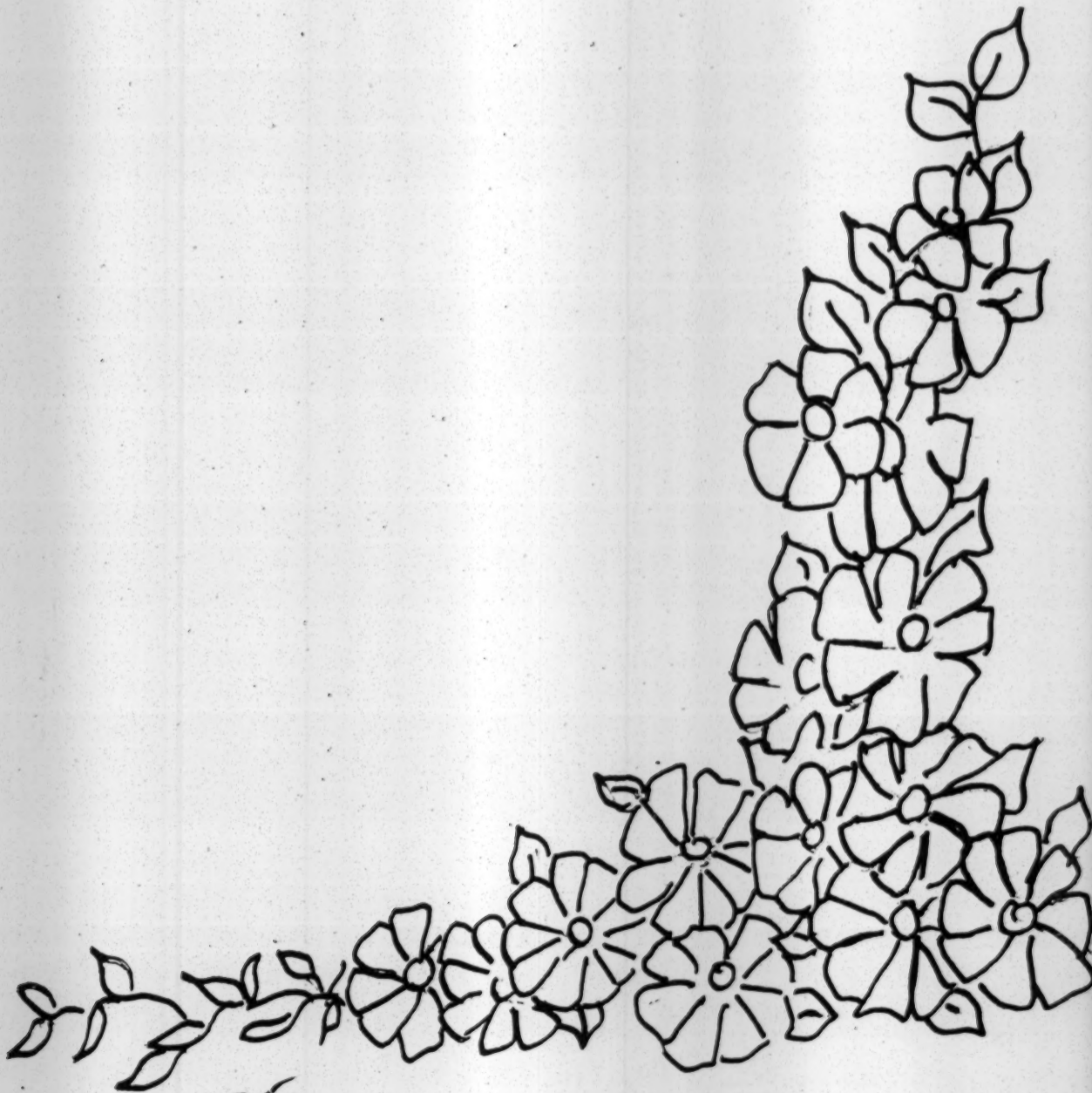
"I am a scribe triumphant in peace.  
I come forward to see the Great Gods.  
I have stood on the border of my own true self,  
This has caused me to come forth like a bird uttering words."

I guide myself through the playground of children,  
And I have brought myself to silence.

I have seen the temple of Him that dances upon his hill.

He has spoken into me, about things that concern Him.  
Let thy weighing be in us.

ZOE  
277



BUSINESS

WE WILL MAKE A SERIOUS ATTEMPT TO PUBLISH THE CHANGLING 8 TIMES A YEAR. ALL INQUIRIES ARE TO BE DIRECTED TO:

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SPRINGFIELD, NY 11413

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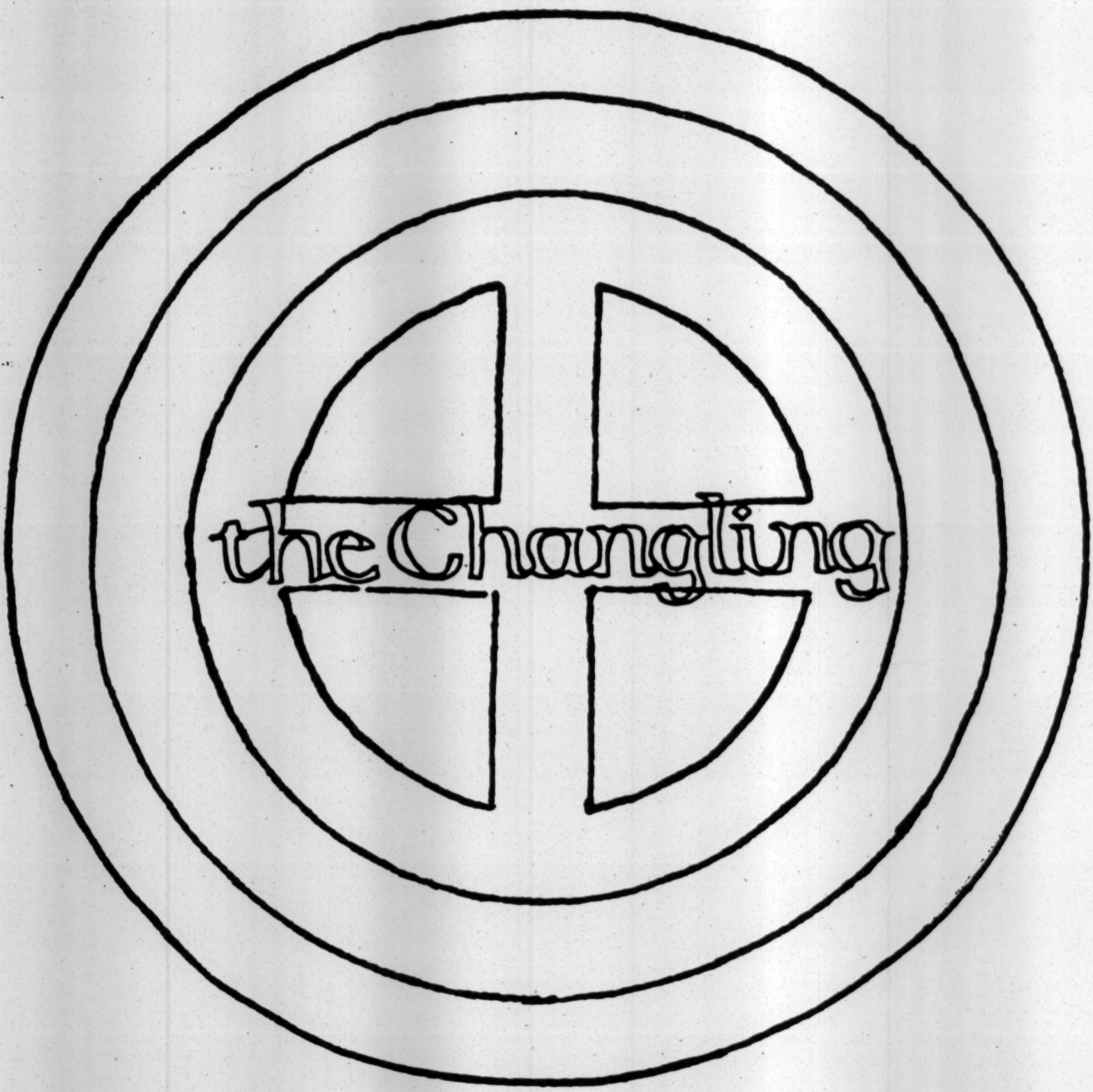
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WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ANY AD.

III



3656



CHANGLING MANIFESTO

DO WHAT THY WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW

We are a pagan ceremonial magickal grove. Dedicated to the search of knowledge and the understanding of the gods - permitting the flow of energy to encompass our concept of reason and fulfillment of our true will.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are among those who thirst for the spirit of knowledge and wisdom. All are part of the community of those who have the capacity of light. This is the communion of the gods - the ancient receptacle for all strength and truth - fused to it from all time. We wish to encourage the nourishment of higher aspirations. This is also a fitting place for the soul to seek wisdom. Every being is honoured herein. This is a society of those widely scattered - but united by bonds of love - for here love alone rules.

LOVE IS THE LAW - LOVE UNDER WILL

0

NUMBER ONE

We would like to thank all for receiving the first issue of the CHANGLING as you have. Any suggestions and criticism will always be welcomed as well as any works of art, articles, rituals or poetry. There has been a change in the mailing address:

THE CHANGLING  
19 OVERLOOK ROAD  
W. HAVERSTRAW, NY 10993

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EDITORIAL

THOUGHT: Even the denial of thought is thought. We go deeper and deeper then it seems, from the one into the many. They converge and diverge, each a fresh hilltop of knowledge, disclosing a vast land unexplored; each gain of power opens new galaxies; each improvement becomes more incomprehensible. A mystery of mighty places, that fend off the stars from collision.

BUSINESS

SINGLE ISSUES: \$3.00 - Published 4 issues per year  
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"EVERYTHING PASSES"  
"ALL FADES AWAY."

"YOU ARE ENTERING A SPACE OF PERFECT FREEDOM"

BABAL-ON

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DEDICATION TO THE NEW MOON

We meet together tonight on the dark of the moon,  
At the least of our height, to rest and commune.

Let us confirm and let us renew,  
Our knowledge and powers make new.

We dedicate this ritual tonight,  
Towards renewing and gaining,  
The knowledge and power to help us attain.

Let us continue in search towards godhead.  
As the moon grows full so shall we.

LAYLAH

JABBERWOCKY by Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!

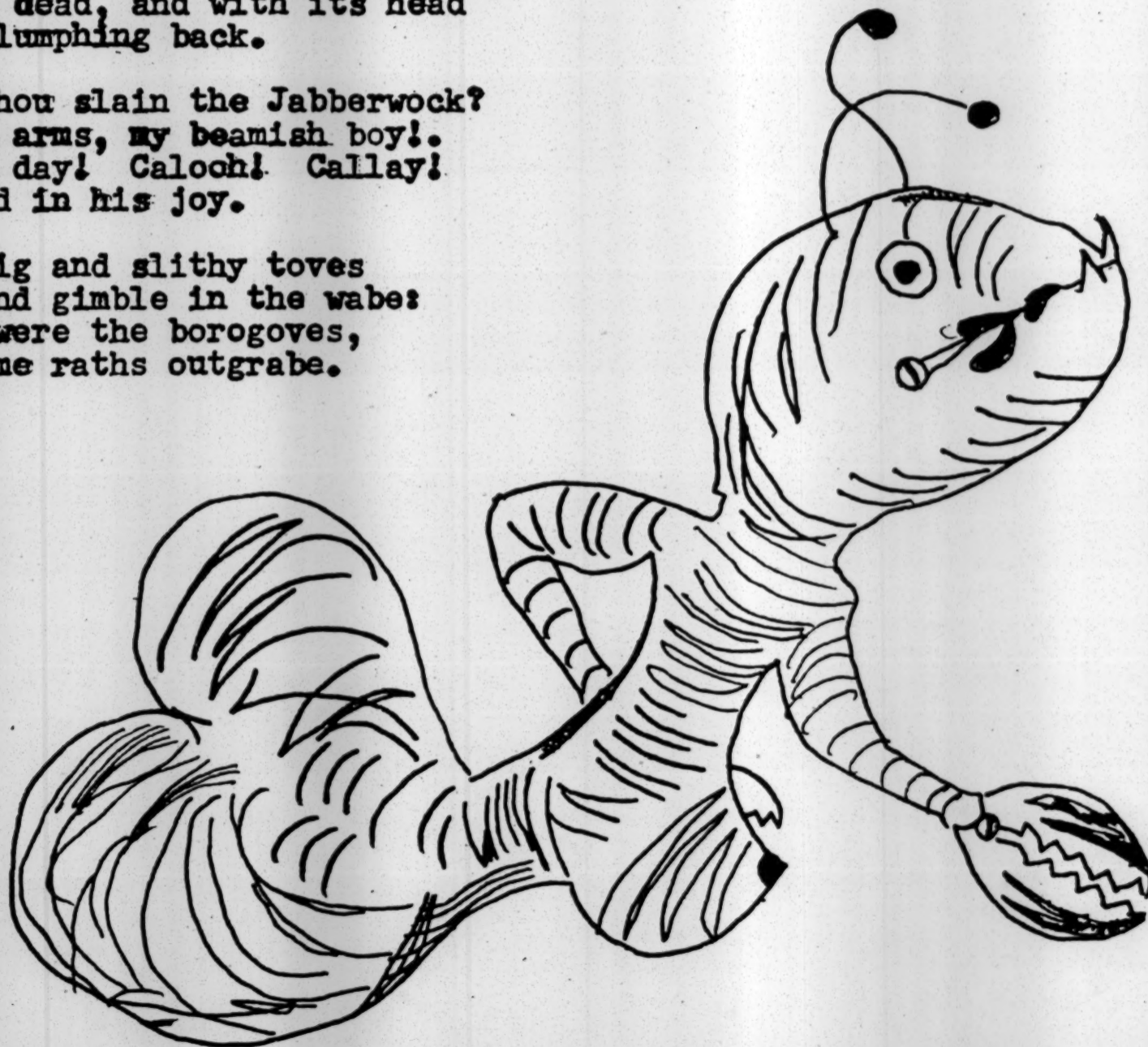
He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought --  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig and slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.



ARC OF TRANSFORMATION by Mem

(Originally arranged as shadow self-invocation for five people)

It is the darkness that surrounds the light  
and light surrounds the darkness.  
Oh shadow who art myself.  
I call thee from the bowels of the dungeon.  
I honor thee and encourage thee to manifest in harmlessness.  
Be thou my incubus and succubus and my door to the abyss.  
Whereby my spirit shall be completed.

I speak of what is  
and I speak of what shall be.  
When love is the ruler  
that is known and governs all  
Only then the word shall be  
dropped from the law.  
I am the summoner who commands the arrival  
of the new age.

(Stanza break)

I have seen the abyss  
I have walked the fearsome shadowy  
halls of chaos.  
And through the darkness of the night,  
The bright moon drew me out  
And I arose from my ashes.

I know the terrible face  
behind the mask in the mirror.  
I have met her. And I am she.  
She lurks just behind restraint  
Ready to pounce unveiled.  
She is powerful.  
And because I know her,  
She is my slave.

Through merging and love  
Do we attain peace.  
The shadow shall be slave  
Inventing abundant forms of safe expression  
Therein lies our power.  
We reach forever higher  
Till finally we touch the stars of ourselves.

**UNTITLED by morgan greystar**  
Laughing at the Elven Childe,

3

I slumber amidst the star-dewy trees of Faerie.  
Inhaling intoxicating asphodel and voluptuous violets  
Emanating from the never-forever Springtime.  
I dance within the Caverns of Ecstasy and tiptoe its Starlit Paths.

I yearnfully frolic within the Gardens of the Hesperides,  
Breathing the fragrantly pungent breeze of the sylphs' delight.  
I gambol with graceful unicorns and playful pixies,  
Whilst by the Moonpools of delirium I tremble with the passions of the Gods,  
I ease the baneful sufferings of humble humanity.

I liberate my soul unto the playgrounds of the Nymphs  
Declaring my timeless edict of Love to you, oh Beautiful Goddess.  
You, who strips my innermost laughter and dreamshards bare,  
Endow my heart's desires with tremors of infinite ecstasy.  
I await Your awesome decision.

I trade the rainbow mills of Your heartstrings,  
Expectant only of the diamond dew-soft moisture of Your Tears.  
Never will I pluck, recklessly nor wantonly,  
The ever-blooming Rose of Your dreams'  
Content am I but to gaze upon It from afar.

Rendezvous with me within the Bower of Infinity,  
Whilst We bide the tumultuous passing of the Ages.  
I salute You and I belove You unto my uttermost Phantasies.  
I will neer forget nor forsake You  
Though the continents crumble and the oceans evaporate.

4 ✓

### RA ADORATION by tiamat

I stand with both hands raised in adoration - before RA -  
Hawkheaded one - seated in the boat that floats in the sky.  
On the bow sits Horas the child.  
Homage to you O RA - at your rising.  
Adorn the splendour of my eyes -  
with your shinning rays falling on my body.  
You go forth with a glad heart.  
You glide over the heavens in your boat of peace.  
I sing hymns of praise unto thee -  
As you sink into the horizon of the west.  
You are the most beautiful in all the heavens.  
You rise shinning on the back of your sky mother -  
O' crowned king of the gods.  
I embrace you at every morning and evening.  
The gods of the south - north - and west praise you.  
When you utter words - the earth is annointed with silence.

### SOMETHING BY CROWLEY

Let it be that state of manhood bound as loathing. So with  
thy all:

Thou hast no rite but do thy will.  
Do that and no other shall say nay.  
For pure will, unassuaged of purpose,  
delivered from the lust of result,  
is every way perfect.

The perfect and the perfect are one, perfect and not two,  
nay, are none!

### DEVOTION by zoe

The things which are created are in the hollow of my hand.  
Those things which are not yet come into being are in my  
body.

I am clothed and wholly provided with thy magical words,  
That which is in heaven above me and in the earth below me.  
I have gained power, and exaltation, in the abode of the  
mighty one, and he hath delivered unto me exhauton two fold--  
there in day by day.

My face is open, my heart is upon its seat, and the crown,  
with the serpent is upon me day by day.

I am myself made perfect, and nothing shall ever cast me  
to the ground.



GODDESS CHARGE

My children of light, forced to meet in the night.

I toiled wearily to deliver you the Sun.  
I must wait a little longer but I will come.

Prepare for your toil of this new year.  
Open your hearts and sharpen your ears,  
To my council for this new year.

Imagine that a mirror which only you can see  
exists behind my image. Do not get so involved  
in your-tasks-or-roles that you cannot see  
yourself in this mirror.

Catch your facial expressions and hand gestures,  
body movements in this mirror and ask yourself,  
Why have I created these manifestations?

Unstitch yourself from this moment by looking  
down at the whole scene. Question your own  
personal reasons which may affect what you see.  
Strip away your own interpretations that will  
get you away from truth itself.

If you see "ugliness" or feel "pain" separate the  
"ugliness" or "pain" from what is really there.  
Remember that you must look longer to see beauty,  
than to see ugliness. Remember that words have a  
physical impact on you, so guard against them.

Remember that you are influenced psychically by  
moods of others, so also guard against these.

My children, I know you well.  
I know your despairs and needs.

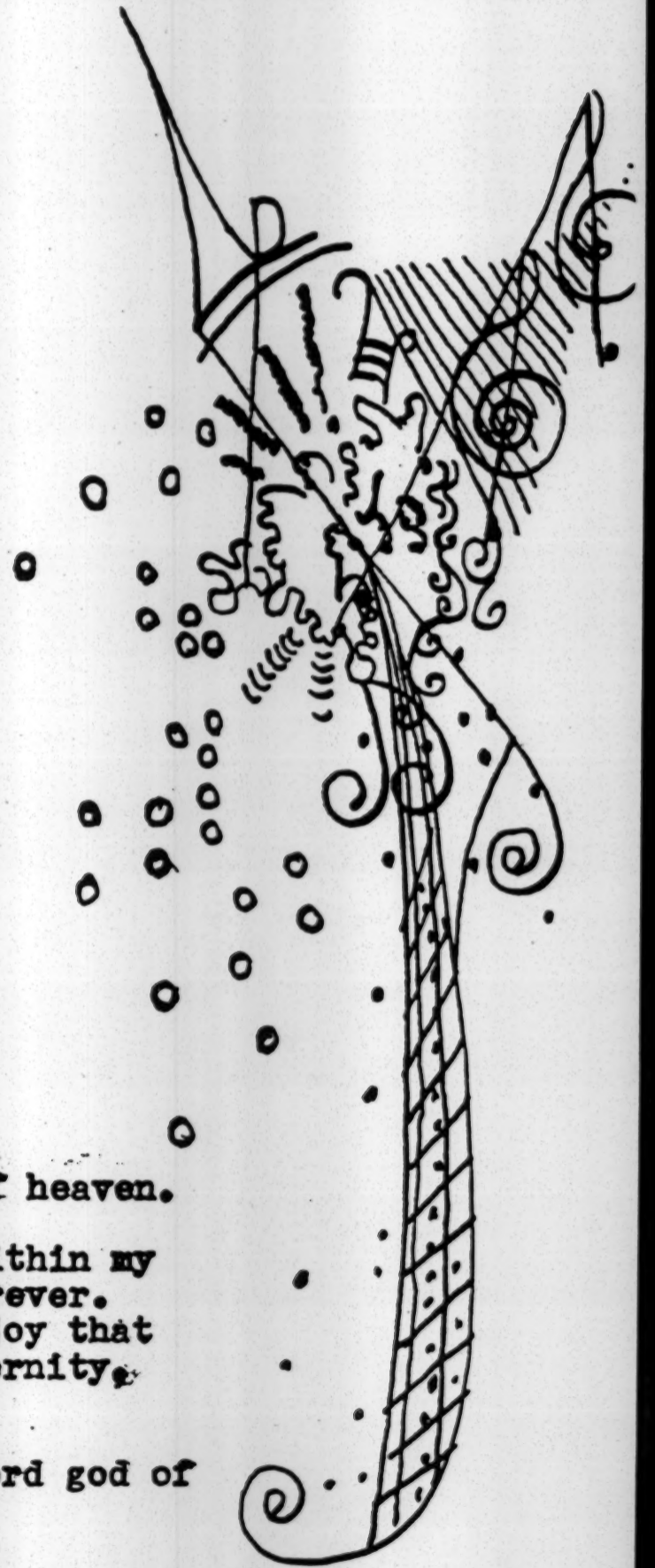
Seek always the light, and in the end,  
You will see me in that mirror, which is you,  
And you are pure and right,  
As I am light and life.

What awaits you all is life and more life.

LAYLAH

A DEVINE CHIEF SPEAKS by zoe

I have traveled everlasting bridging millions of years.  
Through a white sequined plume and have become king of gods and men.  
A million years I have extended my body.  
I will the beauty and splendour of the heavens  
And the might of earth.  
Triumphant in sailing up as a phoenix,  
Going forth without being repulsed.



THROUGH THE WAND MADLY by zoe

O' glorious being towering through the horizon of heaven.  
My mouth shoots forth a shout of joy.  
I am forever young within the disk of the sun, within my  
wand - rising forth into your dialating heart forever.  
Come forward - to thine alter with homage - and joy that  
within you the mighty has touched you through eternity.  
Give birth unto self.  
Watch as mountains and waters go swirling by.  
Draw into you the budding rod and increase the lord god of  
love and life.  
Shine forth O' crowned one as royalty of the gods.  
Embrace me at every season.

ON THE TAROT by taliesin  
part one of five parts  
A THEORY OF ORIGINS

One day a few years ago, I was reading Hans Leisegang's essay, "The Mysteries of the Serpent" (1). I had glanced over some plates and read on, when what I had been looking at hit me in the head, and I turned back to look again. One plate (2) shows an Alexandrian bas-relief, from ca. 150 C.E., of the Orphic god Phanes, who stands in midair, holding a wand in each hand. Around him winds the Snake Ophion, whose head peers over Phanes' shoulder, and in an oval around them in the shell of the World Egg (which Ophion has just hatched Phanes from), divided into the 12 Zodiacal signs. In the corners outside the oval appears symbols for the four winds (3).

Here, obviously, is the original of the World card of the Tarot trumps. Given this fact, if it be one, everything else known about the Tarot falls into a plausible, even conservative, theory. The Tarot was brought to Europe from Egypt, all right, but by Egyptians, not Gypsies, and not from ancient Egypt, but from Alexandria, home of Gnostics and other sects galore and of the Mysteries of Isis (a version of the Eleusina founded under the auspices of Ptolemy I), which was one of the most widespread and popular religions in the Hellenistic world (4).

If the Tarot trumps derive from the Alexandrian Mysteries, then the "original" identities of many figures in them seems obvious. The "Magician" is Hermes, the Hiero eryx. The "Priestess" is Persephone. The "Empress" is Demeter - Isis. The "Emperor" is Hades - Osiris. The "Hierophant" is just that, the High Priest. The "Chariot" shows Triptolemos in his cart, and the "Lovers," in the traditional (Swiss) design, is identical in concept with an Eleusinian bas-relief that shows Triptolemos standing between the Two Goddesses. The "Fool" is identified as Asklepios by the presence of the dog. Other items in the myths and Orphic icons include Helios (the Sun), Hekate (the Moon), the Wheel, and Justice (5). The "Star" and "Temperance" might refer to the Orphic concept of the two pools, of forgetfulness and remembrance. Other cards - Death, Judgement, the Hanging - Man, seems likely episodes for an Orphic initiation. This many clear correspondences cannot be accidental, I think.

If the Trumps derive from Alexandria, how did they get tied in with the minor cards whose four "grail" symbols, being the four Treasures of the "Tuatha de Danaan", can be traced back in Ireland for almost 4,000 years? The background facts are these. During the continually catastrophic third century C.E., when the Imperial system was collapsing and civil war was endless, many religious persuasions,

fled to (among other places) Ireland, then a natural haven and just entering (partly because of such immigration) its literary Golden Age (6). In *From Ritual to Romance*, Jessie L. Weston demonstrated that the Grail legends derive from the grafting of a Mediterranean Mystery Religion onto native Celtic beliefs and myths. Also, Graves showed (7) that the works of the 13th - century Welsh poet, Taliesin, refer to many Gnostic writing that had already been lost for centuries in the Mediterranean area (and that have only been rediscovered during the last 100 years). It is furthermore notorious that Celtic Christianity was thoroughly "heretical", being as much Pagan as Christian, until the 12th century, when the Roman Church, with the assistance of Henry II, finally managed to establish its brand of orthodoxy by brute force.

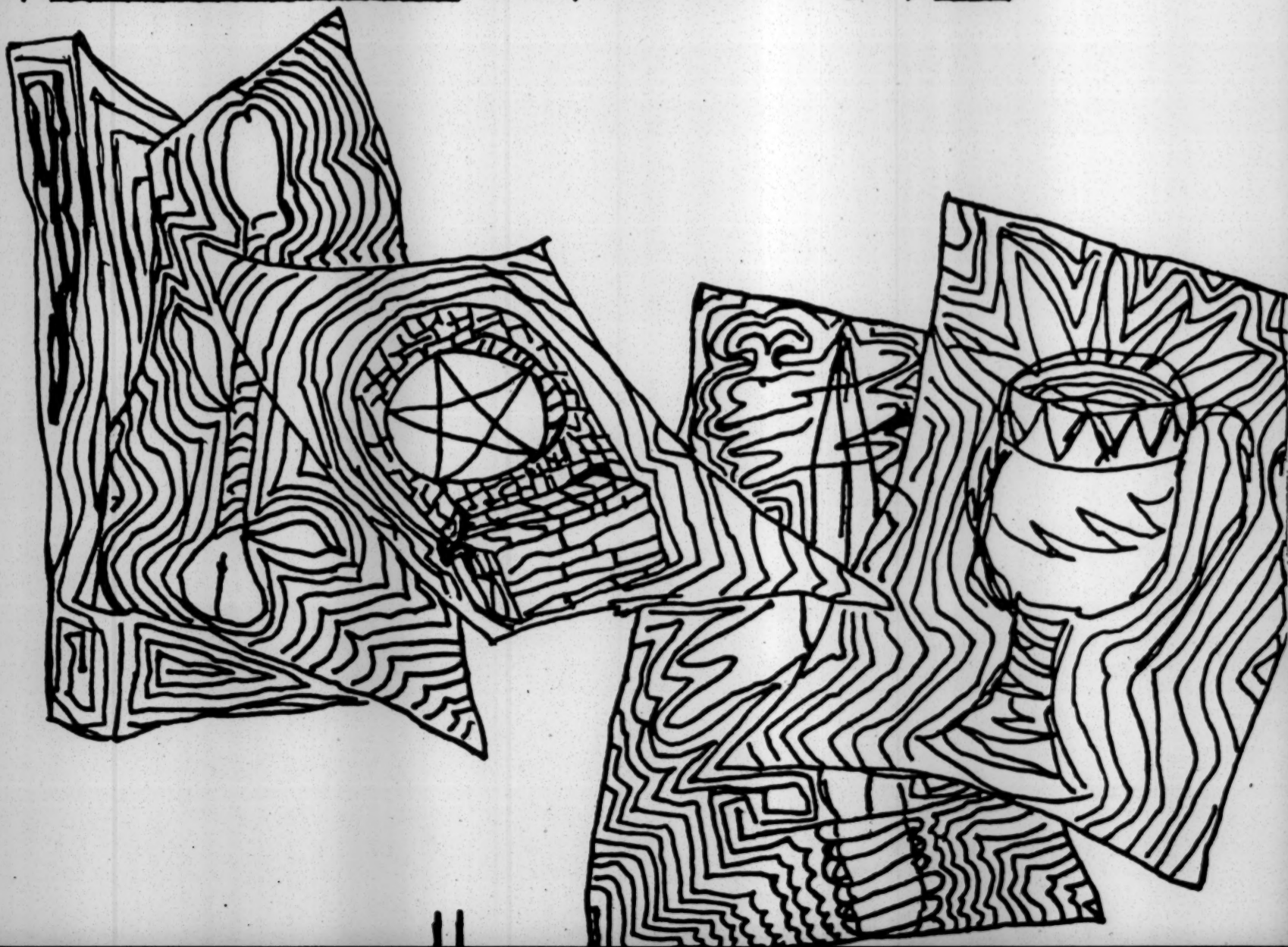
It would appear, therefore, there came a set of 22 icons (perhaps arranged around the rim of a bowl, since similar bowls known). In Ireland these would have been reinterpreted and rearranged, to accord with Irish mythology and with the 22 letters of the tree alphabet, as part of the development of a new, eclectic Mystery religion, and here, obviously, the minor cards would have been added on.

The technical vocabulary of the Eleusinia included three related terms: ta dromena, "things done"; ta logomena, "things said", and ta delkumina, "things shown". Jane Ellen Harrison argued that these three - which we might also, very approximately, call rituals, myth, and icon- are necessarily three aspects of a Mystery religion. Now, in essence, Jessie L. Weston argued that the Grail myths incorporate the "things said" that accompanied certain "things done", and that, although we can not be sure exactly what the latter were, we can be sure that they existed. The Tarot trumps would then be the "things shown" (though not all of them) of this Mystery tradition.

Weston, among others, also showed that the Arthurian literature got to the continent via Brittany, after the Norman conquest enabled the Welsh to re-establish contact with Breton cousins; a certain Welsh poet, Bledri, was apparently the first to teach the Arthurian myths to the Breton minstrels, who in turn taught them to the French, and so on. If the "things said" got to Europe this way, the simplest supposition is that the "things shown" got there the same way. Just as the Arthurian material was quickly reinterpreted to accord with feudal society, so the cards were soon renamed: the Emperot, the Pope, the Devel. and so on. The earliest known reference to the cards is in 1340 (8), a good century before any Gypsies showed up in France.

The importance of all this for understanding the craft is that much of our knowledge of the Goddess comes from Celtic literature. If the latter was affected by the incorporation of a Mediterranean Mystery tradition, it may well include elements that need to be clearly distinguished from the Goddess traditions. Insofar as the Mystery tradition derived from the Eleusinia, which clearly went back to the matriarchal period, there would be no problem. However, Alexandria was the common focal point for every Western occult tradition, a metaphysical melting pot indeed; any tradition coming from there was likely affected by neo-Platonism, Gnostic dualism, and the Lady only knows what else. That is, is, in reading Celtic literature in order to understand Craft history, you may need to clear away the obvious Christian overgrowths, but also the deeper, far more subtle effects of this Mystery tradition. The latter task is difficult, since what we know about that Mystery tradition is hazat at best; indeed, all I can do here, frankly, is wish you luck.

Notes: (1) In The Mysteries (Pantheon, 1955), ed. by Joseph Campbell. (2) No III, between pp. 200 and 201. (3) on the Greek Myths (Pelican, 1955), I, 27-30. (4) An excellent survey of the history of the Alexandrian Mysteries can be found in Francis Legge, Rivals and Forerunners of Christianity (University Books repr., 1964), Chap. 2. (5) On the personnel of the Eleusinia, see Graves, op. cit., I, 89-96; on the Wheel and Justice, see J.E. Harrison, Themis (University Books repr., 1962), p. 523. (6) See Robert Graves, The White Goddess (Newday pb, 1966), pp. 145-150. (7) Ibid., Chap. 9. (8) C.P. Hargrave, A History of Playing Cards (Dover repr., 1966), pp. 31-39. (And, of course, see Jessie L. Weston, From Ritual to Romance (1920; available in pb), passim).

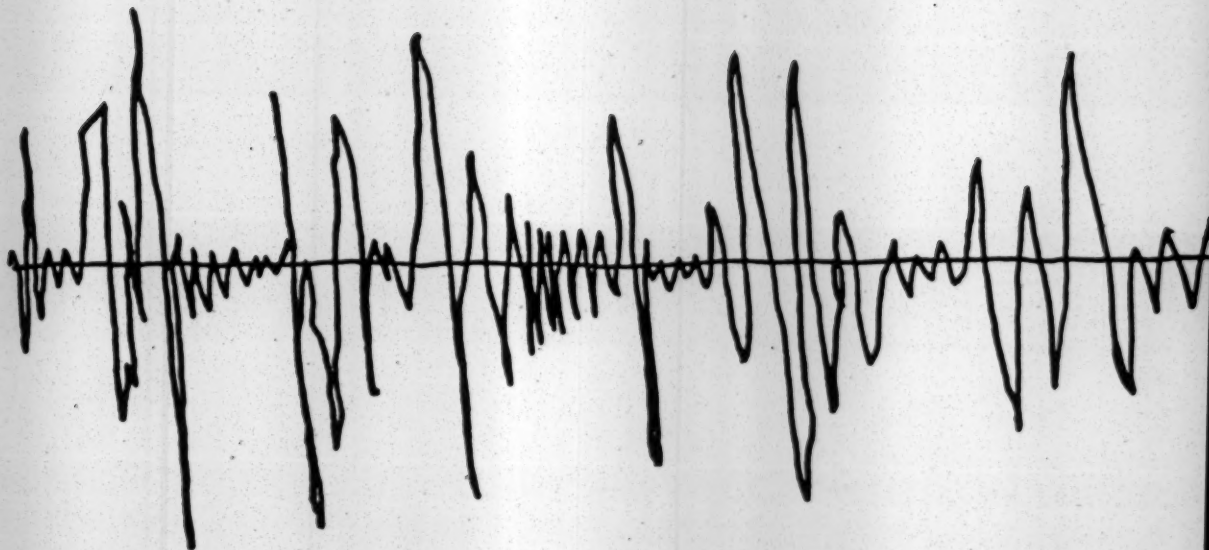


## THE FOOL by Mem

The fool, number 0 or 22 in the major arcana, is the point where the serpent bites its own tail, the beginning and the end.

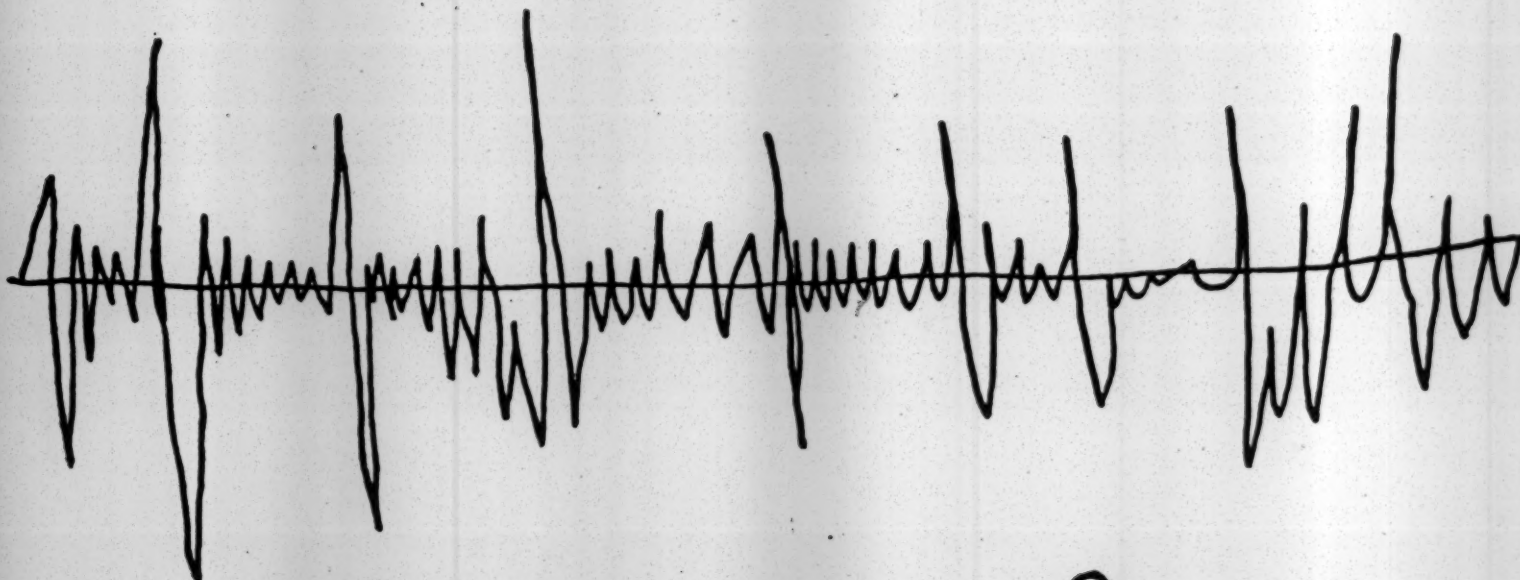
As the beginning point, as the start of the journey, the fool symbolizes unmanifested potential. The youthful fool has eagerly begun a journey needless of the perils that lie before him: the precipice, the biting dog, the loss of the contents of his sachel. He grasps the white rose of innocence by its thorns, unaware of his vulnerability.

As the end point, the fool is hidden realization. Having already achieved enlightenment, he chooses to remain within the material world, his true nature concealed to the eyes of the unenlightened so that he may act as a catalyst for the enlightenment of others. He is unconcerned with the dog, the thorns, the precipice, because having already surrendered himself, those things can no longer affect him.



UNTITLED ~ morgan greystar

The wild and wind-tossed shores of Faerie  
Sing amidst starstreaked tides caressing Ancient Stones  
Standing guard over timeless elemental Mysteries.  
Soul speaking unto soul, each hungering for Eos' splendour,  
Glimmer sadly within Night's mist-shrouded Tower.  
Crawling foam on rocky jagged teeth tear wantonly  
The broken shells of drowning sailors in a Moonlit bay.  
Empty spirits cry out their forlorn abandoned hopes  
To a Silver Orb dancing a forbidden Dance over a graveyard Sea.  
Battered husks of once-proud gods struggle helplessly  
With the merciless Wind, seeking shelter within  
The fragile, gentle Space between sleep and prayer.  
Snowcapped, crimson-tipped peaks thrust out mightily at Heaven's face,  
Shouting out their Names far afield and oversea.  
Unicorns battle lustfully and gainly for a maiden's mispriced virtue  
Whilst he steals within the Lady's phantasmic Bower.  
The claw glowing runes on his still-beating heart,  
Playing with it as they would a mouse.  
Countless bells clap their songs into his bones until  
The Priestess nurtures him with Her Infinite Mercy.  
Reborn within Her Embrace, he gives of his soul.  
She grows afresh with shards of their Love strewn about  
Silent meadows of crimson-tipped moonflowers.  
In their fatal passion, they fly heedlessly past the bloody Jaws of Death.  
Escaping barely scathed, they steal the Phoenix's egg.  
Consuming its Divine Fire, they merge their soulds.  
And cast off their shapes unto the Cosmic Sea,  
drinking deep of its bliss.  
Singing madly they tread the starlit path back to Faerie,  
Bearing fruit destined for a New Age's flowering.





NEW MOON RITUAL by unkown author

(The altar should have a silver crescent, pitcher and bowl, one candle, and one candle for everyone in attendance.)

Female crowns herself and says:

"O' lady of the new moon  
of beginnings and forgettings  
we are gathered here in your name  
grant us your presence  
in this time and season  
that we may grow new again  
in spirit and soul  
and thus to honour you more."

Male says:

"In this time and this season  
the moon has wained and starts again  
on her eternal course  
it is the time of darkness and renewal  
and the gathering of the great kings  
to join us in our rites, if you will  
and bless us that we may renew and  
strengtnen our powers once more."

Blessing of water:

"May this water, clear and fresh  
cleanse the soul and spirit - as the hands,  
may the gods grant peace, and  
healing to us all  
I charge you in our name  
to wash away, which stains  
the soul, and the guilt that  
cripples the spirit."

Female holds pitcher of water and male holds bowl as each member passes by and says:

"In the name of the gods I do cleanse thee my friend."

All file past alter picking up individual candles and say:

"Past is past we have washed away  
duress and stand fresh to a new beginning.  
Take up your candle now - following the sun path  
lit from the lamp of this season."

Charge to grove members:

"Let your candle stay lit carrying in there  
a little of your hope for the days ahead."

Close:

"As I present your light, I do charge you each,  
to each of the four quarters as you approach them,  
and meditate on the times to come in a spirit of joy."

UNTITLED by morgan greystar

I  
Three Mysteries know I,  
Nine Secrets do I hold.  
Speak Me not of man's glory,  
Bring Me not gifts of gold.

Sparkling Moonbeams of shining silver,  
Crimson Tears from My Womb,  
Fragrant Bowers of ash and willow,  
Rosy Garlands dress My Tomb.

Thirteen Danses whilst I slumber,  
Thirteen dances whilst I wake,  
Around in circles, singing freely,  
Silver Splendor My children take.

Sword to Thee on Solemn Samhain,  
Sword I take on Merry May,  
Cup We drink in every season,  
Cross and Quarters, We light the Way.

II  
Seven Summers do I tarry,  
Seven Winters do Ye mourn,  
By Light of a New Dawning,  
The Sun King is born.

Eight Feasts in every season,  
Twelve Marches through the year.  
I am crowned in Oak and Holly,  
I banish hate and fear.

Singing gaily midst the Darkness  
Do I bide My swift Return,  
Bringing Spring-tide ever-sweetly,  
Your Kisses thus do I earn.

Sword I take on Solemn Samhain,  
Sword to Thee on Merry May,  
Cup We drink in every season,  
Cross and Quarters, We light the Way.



Isis, the divine mother. She wears the Hathor crown and holds a sistrum, a jingling rattle used especially in her rites. Temple of Sethos I at Abydos. Roger Wood

LIBER V  
vel  
REGULI  
by aleister crowley

A.. A.. publications in Class D. Being the ritual of the Mark of the Beast: an incantation proper to invoke the Energies of the Aeon of Horus, adapted for the daily use of the Magician of whatever grade.

THE FIRST GESTURE

The Oath of the Enchantment, which is called the Elevenfold Seal. The Animadversion towards the Aeon.

1. Let the Magician, robed and armed as he may deem to be fit, turn his face toward Boleskine,<sup>1</sup> that is the House of the Beast 666.
2. Let him strike the Battery 1-3-3-3-1.
3. Let him put the Thumb of his right hand between its index and medius, and make the gestures hereafter following.

The Vertical Component of the Enchantment.

1. Let him describe a circle about his head, crying NUIT!
2. Let him draw the Thumb vertically downward and touch the Muladhara Ckkra, crying Hadit!
3. Let him, retracing the line, touch the center of his breast and cry RA-HOOR-KHUIT!

The Horizontal Component of the Enchantment.

1. Let him touch the Centre of his Forehead, his mouth, and his larynx, crying AIWAZ!
2. Let him draw his thumb from right to left across his face at the level of the nostrils.
3. Let him touch the centre of his breast, and his solar plexus, crying THERION!
4. Let him draw his thumb from left to right across his breast, at the level of the sternum.

1. Boleskine House is on Loch Ness, 17 miles from Inverness, Latitude 57.14 N. Longitude 4.28 W.

5. Let him touch the Svadisthana, and the Muladhara Cakra, crying, BAHALON
6. Let him draw his thumb from right to left across his abdomen, at the level of the hips.  
(Thus shall he formulate the Sigil of the Grand Hierophant, but dependent from the Circle.)

#### The Asseveration of the Spells.

1. Let the Magician clasp his hands upon the Wand, his fingers and thumbs interlaced, crying LASHTAL! ΘΕΛΗΜΑ!  
FIAOF! ATAIH! AYMFN!  
(Thus shall be declared the Words of Power whereby the Energies of the Aeon of Horus work his will in the world.)

#### The Proclamation of the Accomplishment.

1. Let the Magician strike the Battery : 3-5-3, crying ABRAHADABRA.

### The SECOND GESTURE.

#### The Enchantment.

1. Let the Magician, still facing Boleskine, advance to the circumference of his circle.
2. Let in turn himself towards the left, and pace with the stealth and swiftness of a tiger the precincts of his circle, until he complete one revolution thereof.
3. Let him give the sign of Horus (or The Enterer) as he passeth, so to project the force that radiath from Boleskine before him.
4. Let him pace his path until he comes to the North; there let him halt, and turn his face to the North.
5. Let him trace with his Wand the Averse Pentagram proper to invoke Air (Aquarius).
6. Let him bring the wand to the centre of the Pentagram and call upon NUIT!
7. Let him make the sign called Puella, standing with his feet together, head bowed, his left hand shielding the Muladhara Cakra, and his right hand shielding his breast (attitude of the Venus de Medici).
8. Let him turn again to the left, and pursue his Path as before, projecting the force from Boleskine as he passeth: let him halt when he next cometh to the South and face outward.
9. Let him trace the Averse Pentagram that invoketh Fire (Leo).
10. Let him point his wand to the centre of the Pentagram, and cry HADIT!

11. Let him give the sign Puer, standing with feet together, and head erect. Let his right hand (the thumb extended at right angles to the fingers) be raised, the forearm vertical at a right angle with the upper arm, which is horizontally extended in the line joining the shoulders. Let his left hand, the thumb extended forwards and the fingers clenched, rest at the junction of the thighs (attitude of the Gods Mentu, Khem, etc.).
12. Let him proceed as before; then in the East, let him make the Averse Pentagram that invoketh Earth (Taurus).
13. Let him point his wand to the centre of the pentagram, and cry, THERION
14. Let him give the sign called Vir, the feet being together. The hands, with clenched fingers and thumbs thrust out forwards, are held to the temples; the head is then bowed and pushed out, as if to symbolize the butting of an horned beast (attitude of Pan, Bacchus, etc.). (Frontispiece, Equinox I, III).
15. Proceeding as before, let him make in the West the Averse Pentagram whereby Water is invoked.
16. Pointing the wand to the centre of the Pentagram, let him call upon BABALON
17. Let him give the sign Mulier. The feet are widely separated, and the arms raised so as to suggest a crescent. The head is thrown back (attitude of Baphomet, Isis in Welcome, the Microcosm of Vituvius). (See Book 4, Part II).
18. Let him break into the dance, tracing a centripetal spiral widdershins, enriched by revolutions upon the axis as he passeth each quarter, until he come to the centre of the circle. There let him halt, facing Boleskine.
19. Let him raise the wand, trace the Mark of the Beast, and cry AIWAZ
20. Let him trace the invoking Hexagram of The Beast.
21. Let him lower the wand, striking the Earth therewith.
22. Let him give the sign of Mater Triumphans (The feet are together; the left arm is curved as if it supported a child; the thumb and index finger of the right hand pinch the nipple of the left breast, as if offering it to that child). Let him utter the word
23. Perform the spiral dance, moving deosil and whirling widdershins.  
Each time passing the West extend the wand to the Quarter in question and bow:
  - a. "Before me the powers of LA " (to West.)
  - b. "Behind me the powers of AL " (to East.)
  - c. "On my right hand the powers of LA " (to North.)
  - d. "On my left hand the powers of AL " (to South.)
  - e. "Above me the powers of ShT (leaping in the air.)
  - f. "Beneath me the powers of ShT (striking the ground.)
  - g. "Within me the Powers " (in the attitude of Phthah erect, the feet together, the hands clasped upon the vertical wand.)

- h. "About me flames my Father's face, the Star of Force and Fire."
- i. "And in the Column stands His six-rayed Splendour "  
 (This dance may be omitted, and the whole utterance chanted in the attitude of Phthah.)

The FINAL GESTURE.

This is identical with the First Gesture.

(Here followeth an impression of the ideas implied in this Paccan)

I also am a Star in Space, unique and self-existent, an individual essence incorruptible; I am also one soul; I am identical with All and None. I am in All and all in Me; I am, apart from all and lord of all, and one with all.

I am a God, I very God of very God; I go on my way to work my will; I have made matter and motion for my mirror; I have decreed for my delight that Nothingness should figure itself as twain, that I might dream of names and natures, and enjoy the substance of simplicity by watching the wanderings of my shadows. I am not that which is not; I know not that which knows not; I love not that which loves not. For I am love, whereby division dies in delight; I am Knowledge, whereby all parts, plunged in the whole, perish and into perfection; and I am that I am, the being wherein Being is lost in Nothing, nor designs to be but by its Will to unfold its nature, its need to express its perfection in all possibilities, each phase a partial phantasm, and yet inevitable and absolute.

I am Omniscient, for naught exists for me unless I know it. I am Omnipotent, for naught occurs save by Necessity my soul's expression through my will to be, to do, to suffer the symbols of itself. I am Omnipresent, for naught exists where I am not, who fashioned space as a condition of my consciousness of myself, who am the centre of all, and my circumference the frame of mine own fancy.

I am the All, for all that exists for me is a necessary expression in thought of some tendency of my nature, and all my thoughts are only letters of my Name.

I am the One, for all that I am is not the absolute All, and all my all is mine and not another's; mine, who conceive of others like myself in essence and truth, yet unlike in expression and illusion.

I am the None, for all that I am is the imperfect image of the perfect; each partial phantom must perish in the clasp of its counterpart; each form forfil itself by finding its equated opposite, and satisfying its need to be the Absolute by the attainment of annihilation.



WHAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH  
HAULES ME INTO THE  
CRYSTAL?!

I CAN'T  
RESIST!!



CLOAK OF  
LEVITATION:  
RISE!

NO  
GOOD!



YET I'LL  
STRUGGLE--  
AND WIN!  
DR. STRANGE  
SHALL--

WAIT! THE  
ORB'S POWER--  
STEMS FROM  
NECROMANCY--

--MAGIC  
THROUGH--



--THE  
DEAD!

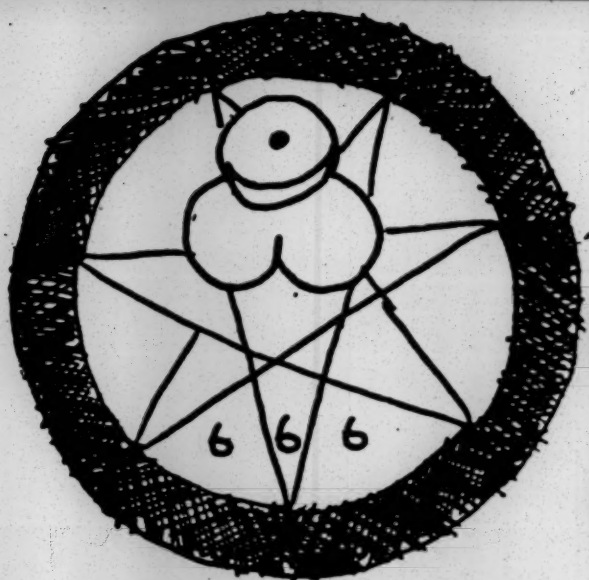
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## THE SALUTING SIGN by joe engelite

- a- Stand with arms outstretched, feet together elevating the contemplation of Kether.
- b- Breath in deeply through the nostrals, imagining the name of the God desired entering with the breath. Let the name descend slowly from the lungs to the heart, the solar plexus, the navel, the generative organs, and so to the feet.
- c- The moment that it appears to touch the feet, take the step (left foot twelve inches ahead) like a stroke with the foot throwing forward the body. Bring the arms above as if touching Kether, and as the step is completed bring the hands over the head forwards. Thrust them (hands) out direct from the level of the eyes horizontally, arms extended fingers straight, palms downward, the hands directed towards the object it is wished to charge or to effect. At the same time, sink the head till the eyes look exactly between the thumbs. In this way the rays from the eyes, from each finger and from the thumbs, must all converge upon the object attacked. If any of them disperse, it is weakness.
- d- It is a sign that the student is performing this correctly when a single "Vibration" entirely exhausts his physical strength. It should cause him to grow hot all over, or to perspire violently, and it should so weaken him that he will find it difficult to remain standing. It is a sign of success, though only by the student himself it is perceived, when he hears the name of the god vehemently roared forth, as if by the concourse of ten thousand thunders; and it should appear to him as if the Great Voice proceeded from the Universe, and not from himself.

Thus performed, this sign is a symbol of tremendous attacking force and of protection of will power, and it should be employed in all cases where force of attack is required - especially in charging of Talismans, etc. Generally, it is best to have the thumb and all the fingers extended - but if a particular effect is desired, you may extend only the fingers appropriate thereto, keeping the rest folded back in the hand.

- e. When finished, be careful to withdraw the rays again or they will remain like so many outlets of astral force and thus exhaust you. The best way to protect yourself against this is to give the Sign of Silence immediately. For the first Sign should always be answered by the second. The names of the Saluting Signs are "The Attacking Sign" or "The Sign of the Enterer of the Threshold".



**Z:**

"the law of  
the strong:  
this is our  
law and the  
joy of the  
world."

AL. II 21

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."

-AL. I 40.

"thou has no right but to do thy will. Do that and  
no other shall say nay."

-AL I 42-3.

"Every man and woman is a star."

-AL I 3.

#### THERE IS NO GOD BUT MAN

1. Man has the right to live by his own law -  
to live in the way he wills to do:  
to work as he will:  
to play as he will:  
to rest as he will:  
to die when and how he will.
2. Man has the right to eat what he will:  
to drink what he will:  
to dwell where he will:  
to move as he will on the face of the earth.
3. Man has the right to think what he will:  
to speak what he will:  
to write what he will:  
to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as  
he will.
4. Man has the right to love as he will:-  
"take your fill and will of love as you will,  
when, where, and with whom ye will."  
-AL. I. 51.
5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart  
these rights.  
"the slaves shall serve." -AL. IL 58.  
"Love is the law, love under will." -AL. L.57.

## INITIATION

Initiation has become a very prominent issue lately within the growing interest in the occult. So it is very important to understand some of the true meanings behind this high and holy act, and protect yourselves from those promising quick initiations or do not explain what it entails. I say some because only you, with correct training and meditation, will be able to ascertain what it will truly mean to you.

Initiation, through the ages, has meant a symbolic death and rebirth. A ritual of passage transforming a person. It acts through the laws of nature. An action that causes a chain of reactions causing revelations and understandings, sparking further growth and change.

When you are initiated, you have a deep personal commitment to yourself and through your initiator, acting as a conductor, you receive a gift of illumination.

Most important and above all, training for initiation should not be rushed by you or your initiator. It might take many lifetimes before you are made ready for initiation.

There is much work to be done before you start thinking about initiation.

- A Neophyte must be able to channel his energies and those around him.
- You must, with the help of your initiator, confront the Guardians of the Threshold. There has to be a commitment to yourself that you will do it and follow it to the end.
- Control fear. This does not mean to be fearless but, instead of it, to continue not to run away facing all your pitfalls even though you may not like what you see. Learning and growing will not always be pleasant.
- You must be able to face Death, for this is the true face of the Shadow.
- Strip yourselves from all your defenses, ego trips only if to yourselves. For only with the naked body of truth will you be able to pass the tests.
- Merciless analysis of yourself and your flaws in your own nature is a necessary discipline.
- Never be initiated seeking power, for it will lead to the Left-Hand path and will result in the destruction of yourselves as well as others.

Be careful who is training you, for this rite creates a strong emotional bond and a deep astral tie between you and your trainer. So it is also wise to observe your teacher. Know that your instructor is only a conductor, and that your initiation will come from a much higher source, a Master, which you will never see but when the time gets near, will definitely be aware of his existence.

Initiation is not something to be done because it's exciting, in vogue or because it is expected of you and once again, certainly not for power.

Initiation means pain, responsibility, lots of work, a definite and firm commitment, being in harmony. A gift that once it is given, can never be returned.

May the Great Mother guide you through your quest as She has done for me.

BLESSED BE!

LAYLAH

SUMMONING QUARTERS by Mem

Stand at each quarter making the hand sign for the corresponding element while reciting.

SOUTH, FIRE:

She is the Wayward Queen  
Who brings forth demons  
From the left side of her womb

I am a child of darkness

EAST, AIR:

The Whole is the Master  
And manifests its parts at Will.

I am a child of light

WEST, WATER:

His words can be felt  
like a heart beat

Darkness is born of me

NORTH, EARTH:

They are amorphic

I am the Mother of Light

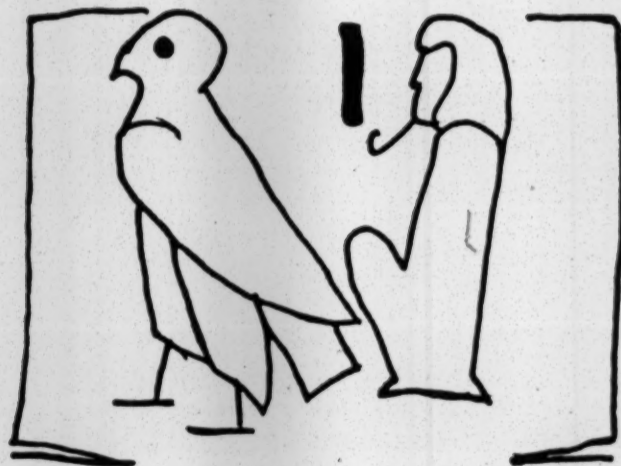
## HORUS INVOCATION

Hail O God! Come to thy temple, come to thy temple.  
Excellent sovereign, come to thy temple.  
Thoth is a protection for thee.  
Maat awaiteth for thee.  
Your companions have come to contemplate thee.

Come and behold your glory as supreme ruler of Gods and men.  
You have taken possession of the world by the grandeur  
of respect inspired by you.  
Heaven and earth are in awe of you.  
Your companions, who are Gods and men,  
Have come to do ceremony to you.

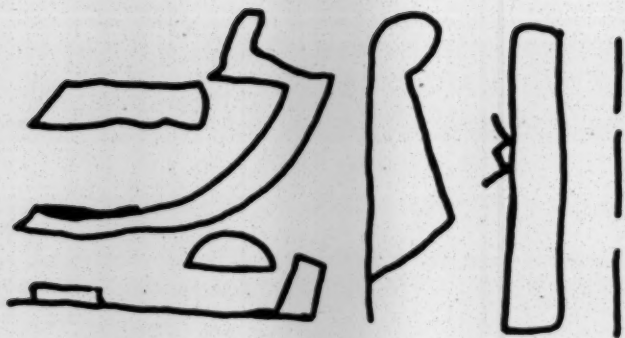
Come to thy companion. Supreme Ruler, our Lord.  
Do not separate yourself from her.  
She is your protection, your light!  
Hail to the Divine Lord!  
There is no God liken unto Thee!

LAYLAH



MAAT PRIASE by zoe

I have traveled through Horas unto Maat -  
And have drawn high to see thy beauty.  
My hands are raised in adoration of thy name - right and truth.  
I have come to see the gods and I feed on their offerings  
Which are their flesh.  
I have caused to have majesty over my two feet  
I have entered into the temple of Maat.  
And I have arrayed myself in the apparel of she that is here.  
I was shrouded - but - I found a way in.  
Let the weighing be in me.  
I am the scribe of Maat.  
Triumphant in peace - triumphant.



INVOCATION TO OSIRIS

My great god and lover.  
Come to your Priestess as this charge is made.

You who art the Lord of Eternity.  
Your power and mainifestation is everlasting.

Osiris, who art King of the North and South.  
Continually guiding RA from sunrise to sunset.

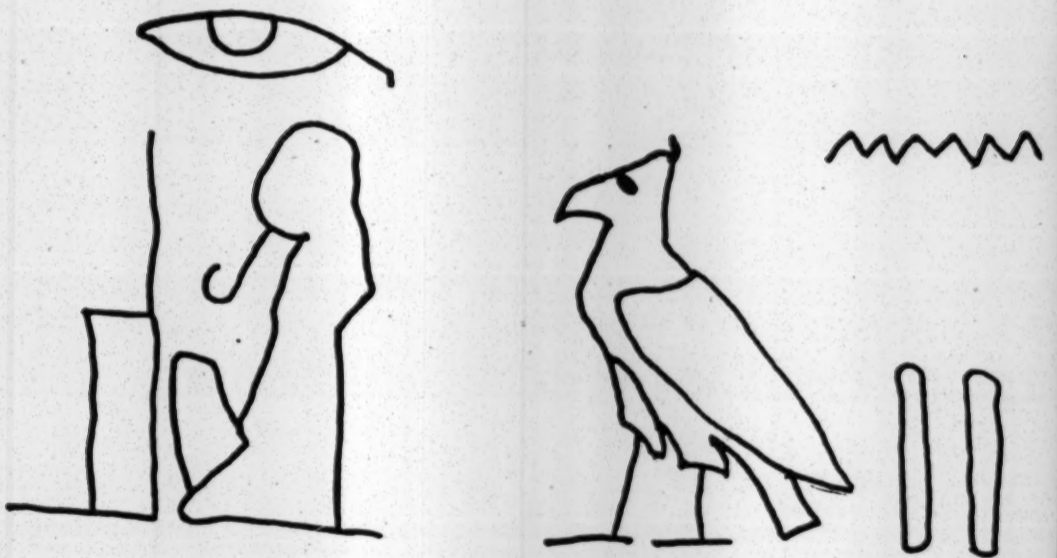
My Osiris who is triumphant in peace.

Conqueror of the underworld,  
My everlasting Prince.  
Your Lordship spans all the zones of the Underworld.

My husband, who fathered my Great Son Horus.  
You have come forth triumphant over Set.  
Your powers are such that can renew youth to all.

Come through your Gate,  
Join your wife and priestess in this holy temple.

LAYLA H



OSIRIS CHARGE

O Greatest Isis,  
You who didst create the heavens and earth.  
You who ruleth the tides of men and moon.  
You who art my wife and priestess,  
I come unto thee.

I who am Lord of Eternity,  
Bring you my gift of eternal youth.

I am the Lord of Manly existence,  
Magnetized by thee.

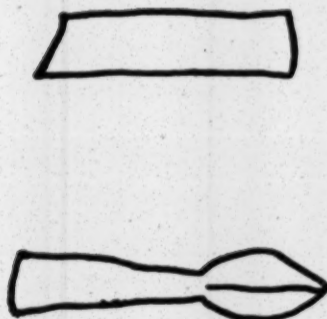
I am the brilliant one who rises from the South  
And hath dominion in the North.

I come to those that calleth me thru thee,  
And uses my true name.

I leaveth you not!  
For I will return in glory once more.

Together with our son Horus,  
We will continue to rule in fullest ecstasy.

LAYLAH



THE SORCERER - A Poem by corwin

The Wand of his Knowledge he holds high,  
The giving power of the Will.

His first Word is To Know!

He stands before his alter and tools,  
Firmly established, and serpent blessed;  
Affirm and stable in his word.

CARD ONE OF THE MAJOR TRUMPS: THE MAGICKIAN

Mastery through occult knowledge and wisdom.  
Knowledge, and directed will, and the powers  
which come from the deep mind.

These are some of the things I see in the card called  
The Magician, Magus, The Juggler, and The Sorcerer.

Closely linked to the fool, The Magician is all that  
remains of the God Hermes or Mercury.

Hermes, was said to be the son of the Nymph Maia  
and Zeus. Hermes was eloquent as our word "mercurial"  
implies, he was able to wriggle in and out of  
situations with considerable ease.

The Northern God Woden (Odin) and his alter ego Loki  
are closely to Hermes, they both or cunning and  
Sorcerers, and one of Wodens' chief functions was  
to guard the dead.

Images of Hermes (known as hermae) were erected  
in his honor at crossroads - for he is the protector  
of Travelers and the prototype of Saint Christopher.  
messenger of the Gods, and Sorcerer.

In some cards the Magician is shown with the  
figure 8 on its side, the symble of eternal life,  
but this is a modern version for the broad - brimmed  
cap of maintenance (sometimes the brim is a figure 8  
on its side) seen in the medieval type cards - most  
likely the cap was formed from the usual medieval  
misinterpretation of the winged helmet of Hermes.

The wand which the Magickian carries may be either a representation of the Magickal sleep - inducing heraldic wand of offices, carried by Hermes, or a version of the Sorcerers ebony wand.

In the Mantega Tarot, the Magician is shown as a gypsy cobbler or artisa and not as a fairground juggler. This mischievous cobbler image is found throughout Roman, Keltic, and Norse Myths of elve artisans, Leprechauns, and folletti, most likely this is all that is left of the aboriginal metalworking little people, so this card is thus also the archetypal Ttickster.

In the Waite/Rider deck the Magician is shown as follows: Above his head the ☉ - symbol of eternal life. Around his waist is a serpent devouring its own tail - symbol of eternity. In his right hand is a wand raised toward the heavens, his left hand to the earth.

Thus he is drawing power from above (within) and directing it into Manifestation. On the table before him are the four suits of the Minor Trumps: the four elements; wands (air), swords (fire), cups (water), and pentacles (earth). In this deck he represents the personal will in its union with the Devine which then has the knowledge and power to bring things into manifestation through conscious self - awareness.

This character who is half mounlebenk and half Wise Sorcerer is assigned the number one, the number of positive action, individuability and creativity. The Sorcerer is forceful and self confident. Beside Hermes, Woden and Loki; Prometheus can also be seen in this card, like the Gods Hermes and Loki, he was quick-witted and wily, and strong - willed and self - assured.

Psychologically the myth of Prometheus can be said to refer to the time when men first attained self - consciousness, 'stealing' it from the unconscious and thus taking upon himself one of the attributes of divinity. In so doing he also assumed the responsibilities of Godhood (Goddesshood); (s)he is now responsible for his (her) actions.

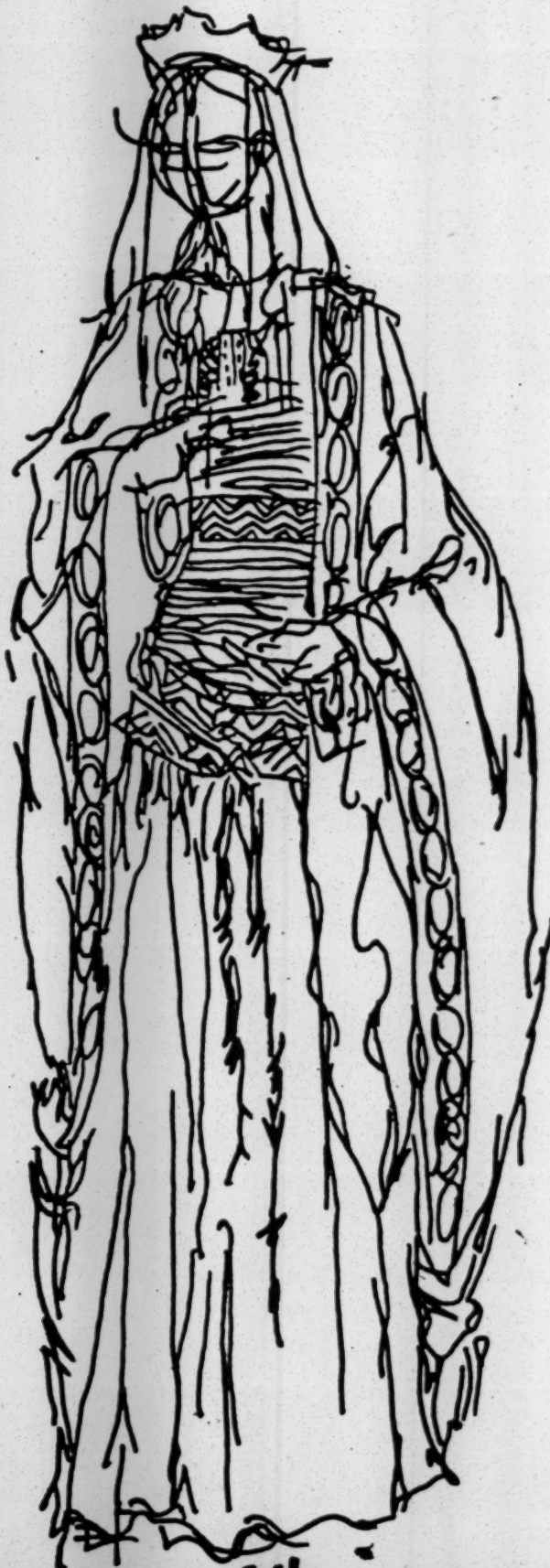
It is said that this card is of the adept who has brought his (her) being into conscious equilibrium,

from the physical to the devine, and is now able to manifest devine power on the material plane.

He acts with supream confidence because of his knowledge, which has made powerful his will. He is a conscious link between the worlds, he is a teacher who appears when the pupil is ready, the Master of Knowledge and Wisdom, who will instruct the Fool in the hidden ways.

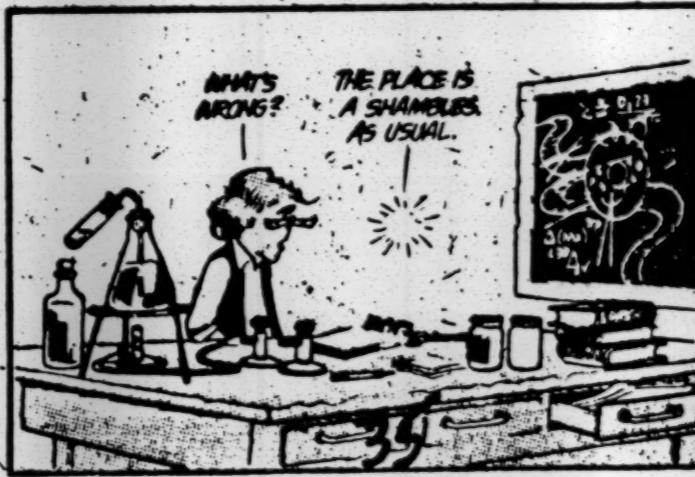
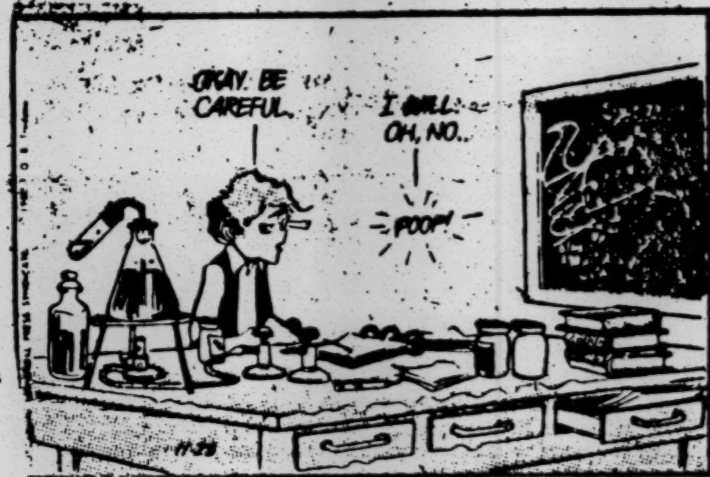
Mundanely he is the man who uses his intellect and energy to explore and transform the world around himself.

The Magician is also the hero who has embarked on the quest for knowledge and wisdom, the seeker at the door of the hidden temple, whos' first words are 'TO KNOW'.



# DOONESBURY

by G.B. Trudeau



35

THOTH AM I by tiamat

I am judge to Horas and Set  
Their warfare and wailing I have destroyed and deminished.  
No opposition have I.  
I come forth triumphant in my own form.  
The devine words of the ancients and guidance to all deities  
Overflow in abundance from my bowl of libations.

LAMENT FOR TAMMUZ by tiamat

My lover - my child - my enchanter - my priest.  
I lament at your going.  
My shining light rooted in the vast spaces of heaven -  
Above and below cry out to you.

My lament is the lament of the herbs that grows not up.  
My lament is the lament of the corn that sprouts not from its ear.

I am weary and ferspent.  
Come into my forrest glade - my mountain dell -  
Desert plain - or wind swept shore.

Come to a place where the mighty work on a vaster stage.  
Appear within the leaves and flowers -  
Help the bare earth cloth herself.

UNTITLED - morgan greystar

Choruses of moonfire melodies trumpet grandly  
The fanfare of gaily glorious Elven splendour.  
Columns of diamantine mystic images parade riotously  
Amidst the Power and Glory of the Silvertine Host.  
Cascades of rainbows pulsating sparkling fountains of dreams  
Break upon the rocky shores of my wandering soul.  
Visions freely formed and merrily martyred  
Upon Love's crimson-coated Tau Cross,  
Regenerate and reincarnate the poor forlorn mote that is I.  
Enchanted glades and starry meadows bewitch me  
Into the phantasmic embrace of Faerie.  
Stealing silently into the Bower of Aphrodite,  
I stand mute and awe-struck with the Vision  
Of that shining Form of splendour that is You.  
Oh Muse, who bedwimmers my very existence,  
Ministrate kindly to the fragile needs of this mortal frame.  
Prepare me for the Trial of Destiny that all must meet.  
I will pass into the Crystal Vale of Avalon on that Day  
When the Sun and Moon shed their molten tears of gold and silver.  
Until the Starry Night of my Love and Life,  
I shall bide the timeless moment that lies within  
The Infinite Rapture of our Joing with Fate.

A MAGICIANS' CIRCLE -- zoe

I am the energy that fills the universe.  
I am the universe in my comings and goings.  
Energy is defined by my consciousness.  
My ecstasy is the joy of the earth:  
    To Me, Ever To Me.

I am from a time before time.  
I am from a land before the stars.  
I am from an age before earth.  
I am from a race from beyond the wonders of the stars.  
I am the power of the gods.

This is my innermost being, creating, preserving,  
transforming throughout my endless ages.

This is my self utterance.  
From my very substance are all things.  
From my substance do all things derive their substance.

This is my union with my devine manifestation.  
This is my kingdom and I am the power.  
All movement begins with me,  
For my knowing is the foundation of knowledge.

MASKHASHANAH

# Feedback

Dear Changling,

You're terrific - Whoever you are! As a long time Craft person who only in the last 6 months has been deeply delving into Thelema - you are a treasure.

Blessed Be!

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS A STAR

Margot Adler

Dear Changling People:

Thank you for sending your lovely magazine. I'm hoping you will continue to publish. Look forward to hearing from you,

Bright Blessings,

Gwydion Pendderwen

# Feedback

About the Changling: How interesting that you spell it thus, instead of the "proper English" changeling. "Chang" is Chinese for Mountain, and -ling is the English suffix meaning "little". A "Little Mountain!" If one interprets "ling" as short for "Lingam," then one gets another interpretation on top of the first, in fact, an image of the capital to the Crowleyan "sacred pillar."

I hope you will make the magazine into more than just a small-press publication. The New York area has long needed a Pagan newsletter, and never got one. A pity, considering the number of Pagans, Wiccans and Thelemites around here. There was Earth Relig. News, but it had no real news beyond libel, and came out once in five blue moons. There was Martello's little sheet, which was all about what Martello wrote or said five years before... If you are going to publish it eight times a year, it would be good if you include correspondence about current Pagan events, announcements of future activities, as well as some short articles. If you are familiar with the Georgian Newsletter, or The Australian Wiccan Journal, you know what I mean. If you are going to limit it to poetry, ritual and artwork, then you would be better off with a slightly larger quarterly, or even a large semi-annual (like the K.A.M. Newsletter). In fact, if you were to put out Changling semi-annually, with a blue cover, on the equinoxes, it would give the magazine a new meaning: One who took over when the old Equinox disappeared.

Blessed Be!

RUS

