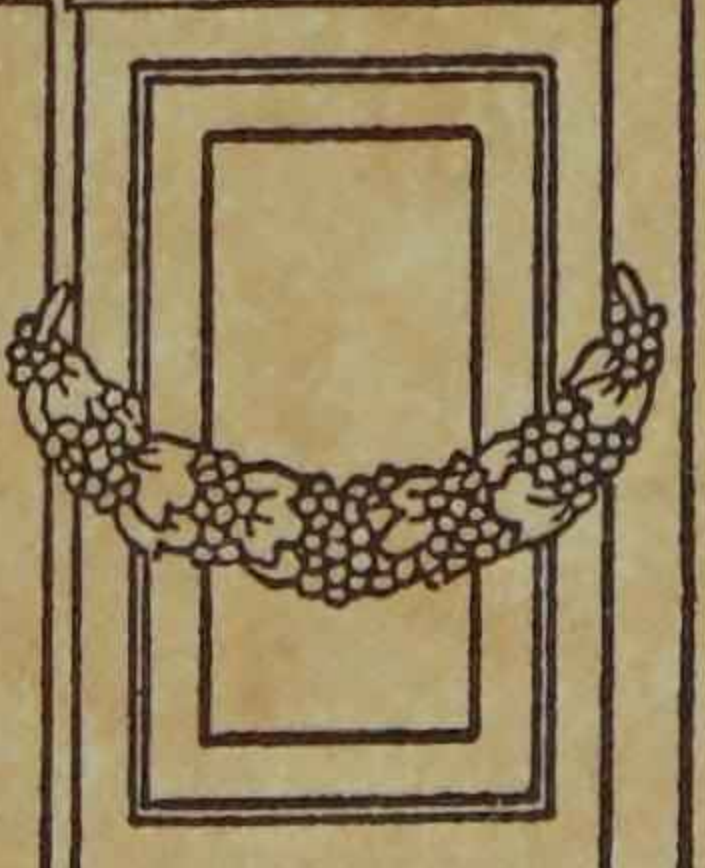
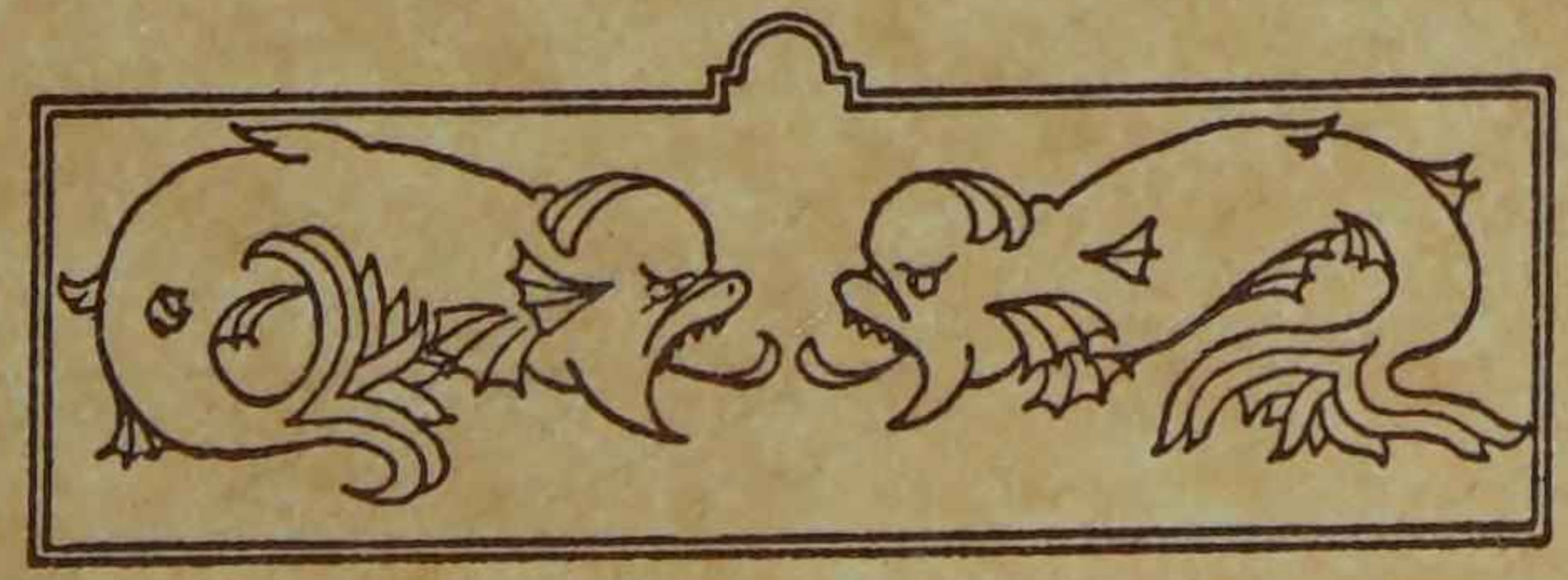
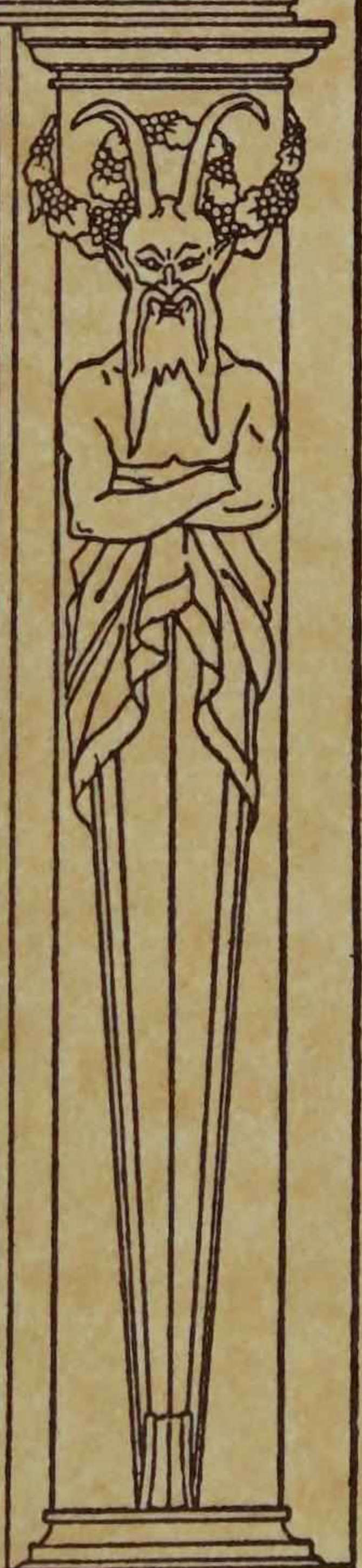
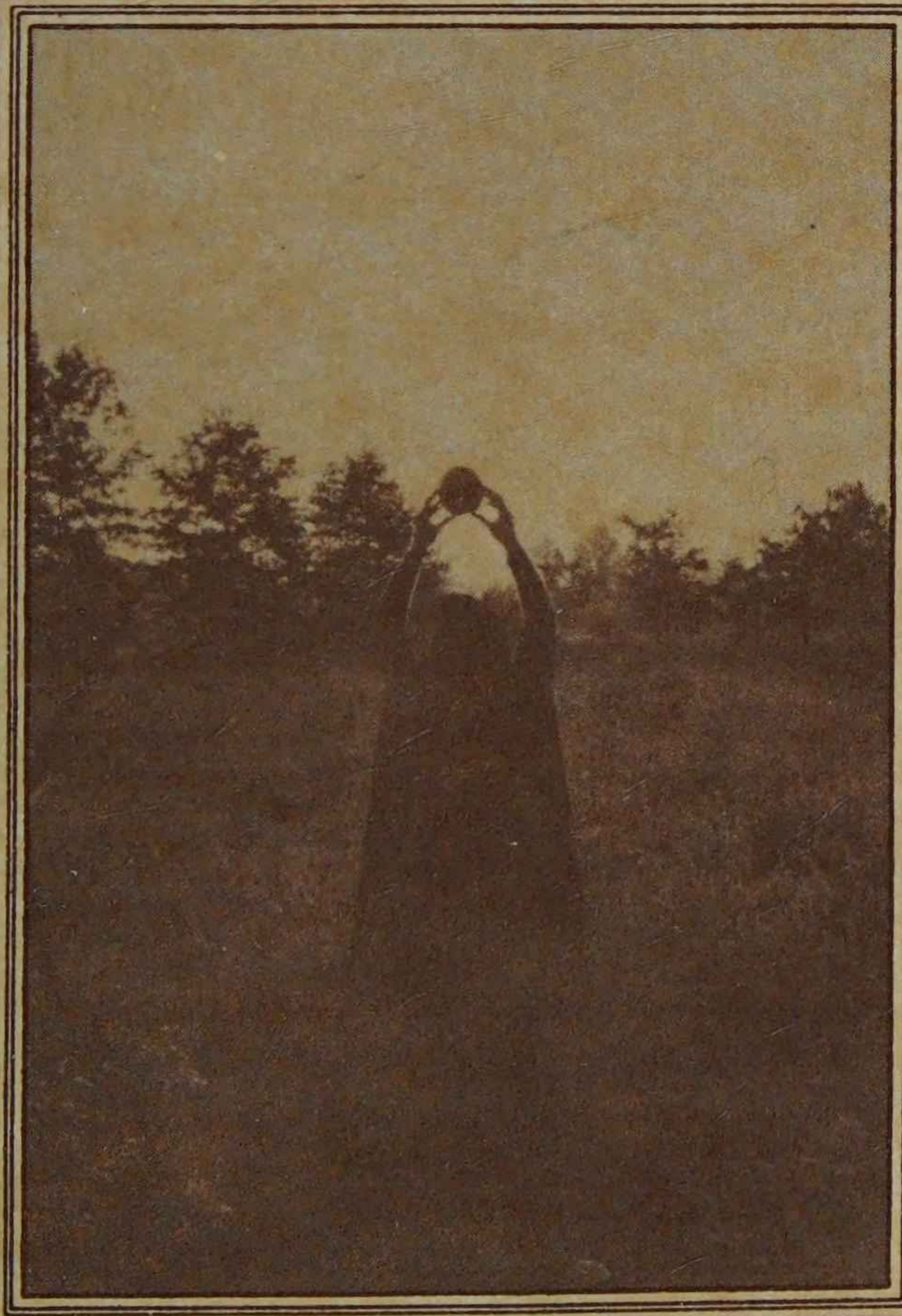


CINCINNATI JOURNAL  
OF  
CEREMONIAL MAGICK



Conquering Child Publishing Co.



THE  
CINCINNATI JOURNAL  
OF  
CEREMONIAL MAGICK

**Volume 1 - Issue 3**



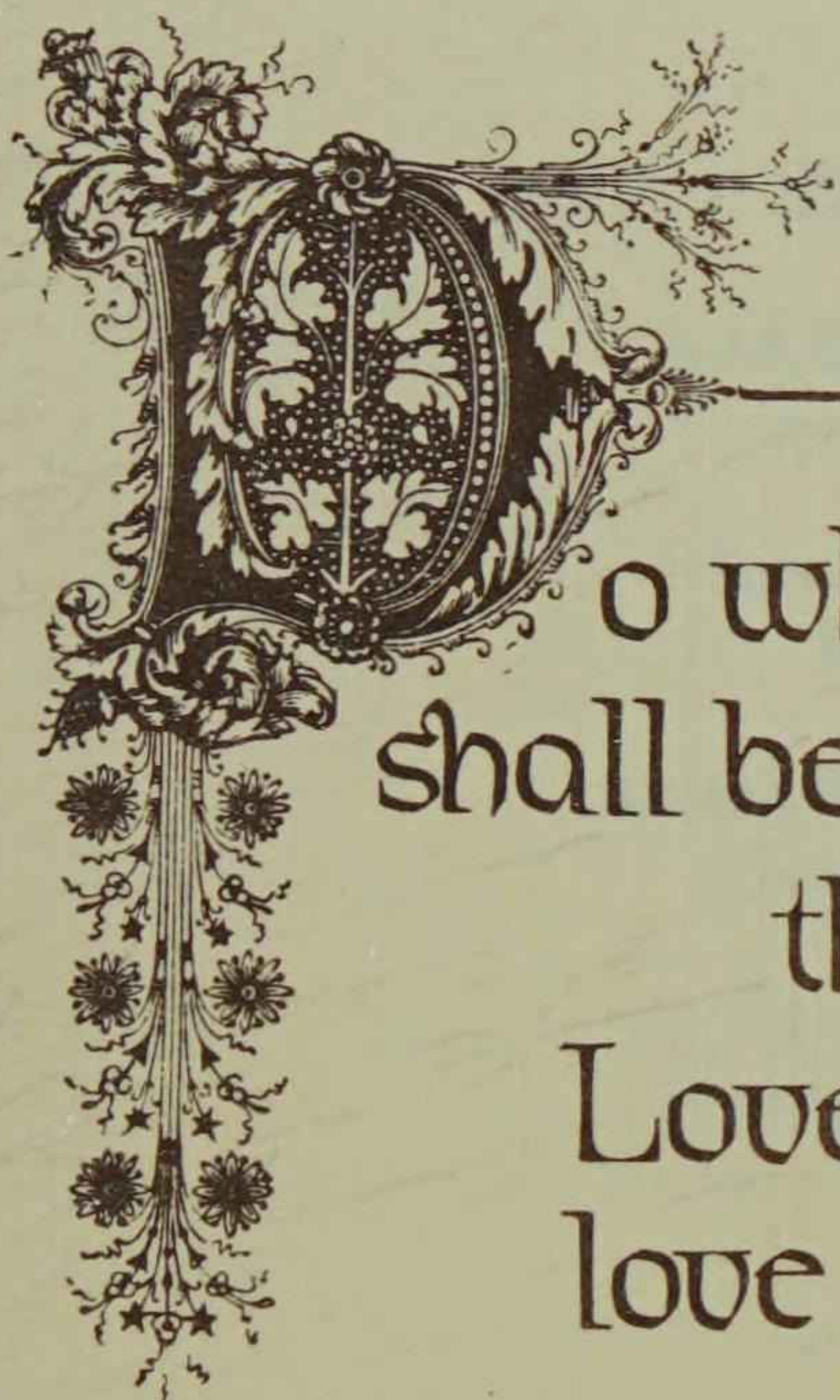
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1978 e.v.



o what thou wilt  
shall be the whole of  
the Law.

Love is the law,  
love under will.







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## ORIGIN AND PURPOSE

The Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick is published by the Cincinnati Chapter of the Crowned and Conquering Child; Bate Cabal, a consort of Thelemic magickians (female and male) working toward the individual and collective establishment of the Aeon of Horus. It is felt by certain brothers and sisters of Bate Cabal that the Child can be served by the establishment of a common forum for all magickians, pagans, wiccans, and other practitioners of the Sacred Art. Thus the Journal.



The Journal is always looking for new occult material suitable for publication. We cannot accept responsibility for submitted material. If you wish your material to be returned, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If at all possible, all material should be typed and double-spaced. Failing this, material should be legibly written.

Material to be included in the 'Resource' section should relate to ritual, ceremony, celebration, etc., or the attunement of consciousness necessary for participation in such workings.



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**Dirk Dykstra**

pages 12, 13, 38 & 39

**Nema**

pages 16, 21, 23 & 25

**Frater S.Q.O.E.**

pages 50, 53 & 54

## **PHOTOS**

**Soror Tanith 789**

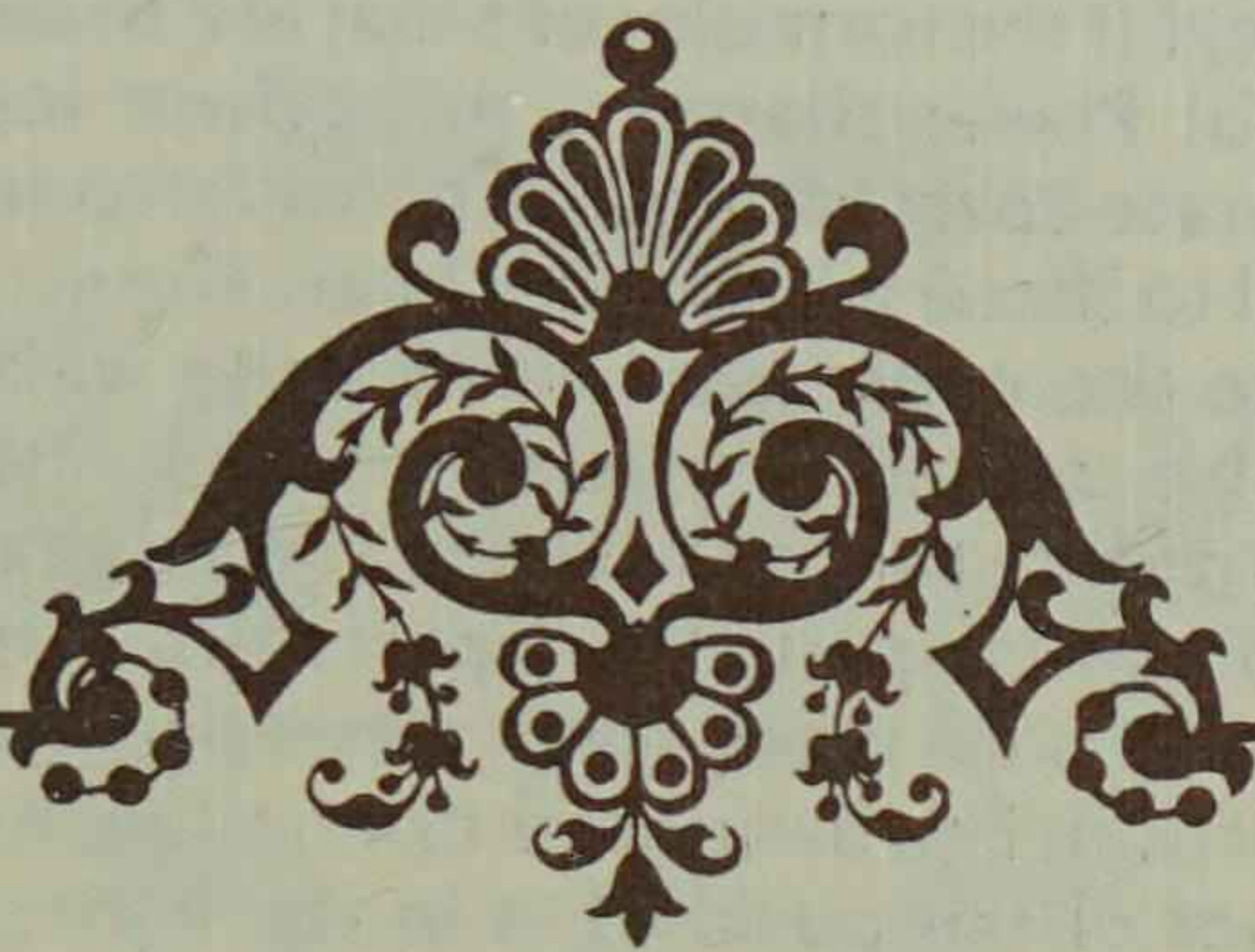
pages 33 & 34

**Samekh**

cover photo

**Kelly**

back cover



# EDITORIAL

In the past months we have witnessed the qliphotic blood letting of mass ritual suicide. The new sheep seem not content to be led to the slaughter but rush to create their own charnel houses. The slave gods wallow in such mire; eating and drinking their fill. Little lives and little deaths are base fodder for the shells that rut among the roots of the Tree of Life.

The Greater Names of Life and Death echo in deep forest groves which can only be entered alone. The group, the mass, does not give Life and it cannot take it away. The time of obedience, the time of obsequience is past. Each must answer only to the Self that stands apart from and in communication with all other Selves. It is the responsibility of all occultists to insure that such travesties as Jonestown do not stain the starry hem of Our Ladies gown.

A cult is not a cult is not a cult. But the public mind prefers simple generalizations to the more thoughtful process of insightful discrimination. Once aroused, the cudgel of public opinion will seek to bludgeon us all. As we approach the eighties, the cruel fires seem to grow warmer. A shared cooperation and respect between all Paths is a prerequisite to survival. Perhaps the flames must lick at our feet before our heads understand this.



The Maatian texts in this issue, when combined with relevant material in issues one and two, provide the basics for practice in this magickal system. One of the major goals of the Journal is to disseminate present day occult discoveries. The Rites of Maat are available to those whose Will it is to practice them. It is a policy of the Journal to emphasize present day discoveries. There are those who seem to spend a good deal of their time bemoaning the loss of ancient traditions and rites. They tend to view their work as constituting but a pale fragment of a long perished Golden Age. This type of conjecture can only lead to a crippling of the creative spirit. We stand on a plateau overlooking horizons undreamed of in the past. Our Words and Workings are the result of an evolutionary process that includes all past practices which could prove themselves worthy of survival.

But what of secrecy? If the formulas of Maat are so easy to procure, is not the magick dilute? No! Power shared is not power lost. The word secret literally means to separate apart (se-apart + cernere-to separate). The sacred words of Maat will call to those with ears to hear. The symbols of the Vulture Goddess will seep into the consciousness of those with eyes to see. In this manner will secrecy be upheld. Those who come into contact with the doctrines of Maat will decide for themselves. The separation will come as an act of Will. Those who stand as part of, or apart from, the system will do so of their own volition. There is no grace to be earned in accepting. There is no guilt attendant to rejection. The banquet is open to all. And, especially in the case of Maat, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.



Conquering Child has undergone a major internal change within the last six months. Rudolph Neau Bundy has left Bate Cabal and Conquering Child Publishing Company. He no longer functions as Publisher and Comptroller of the **Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick**. Conquering Child is an extended magickal working and as such is subject to certain organic laws of growth. As a child is nurtured and matures it no longer requires the absolute attention of its once all important parents. They experience the freedom necessary to instigate other projects/creations. Mr. Bundy gave unselfishly of his time and talents during a most critical period of Conquering Child's growth. Bate Cabal formally acknowledges Mr. Bundy's contribution.

Scarlet Lion Publications Ltd. and its periodical the **Phoenix** are the new recipients of Mr. Bundy's powerful creative energies. Those interested in Mr. Bundy's publication may write:

Scarlet Lion Publications Ltd.  
P.O. Box 271  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45201

The Dark Parade, authored by Mr. Bundy, is now available exclusively through Scarlet Lion Publications, Ltd.

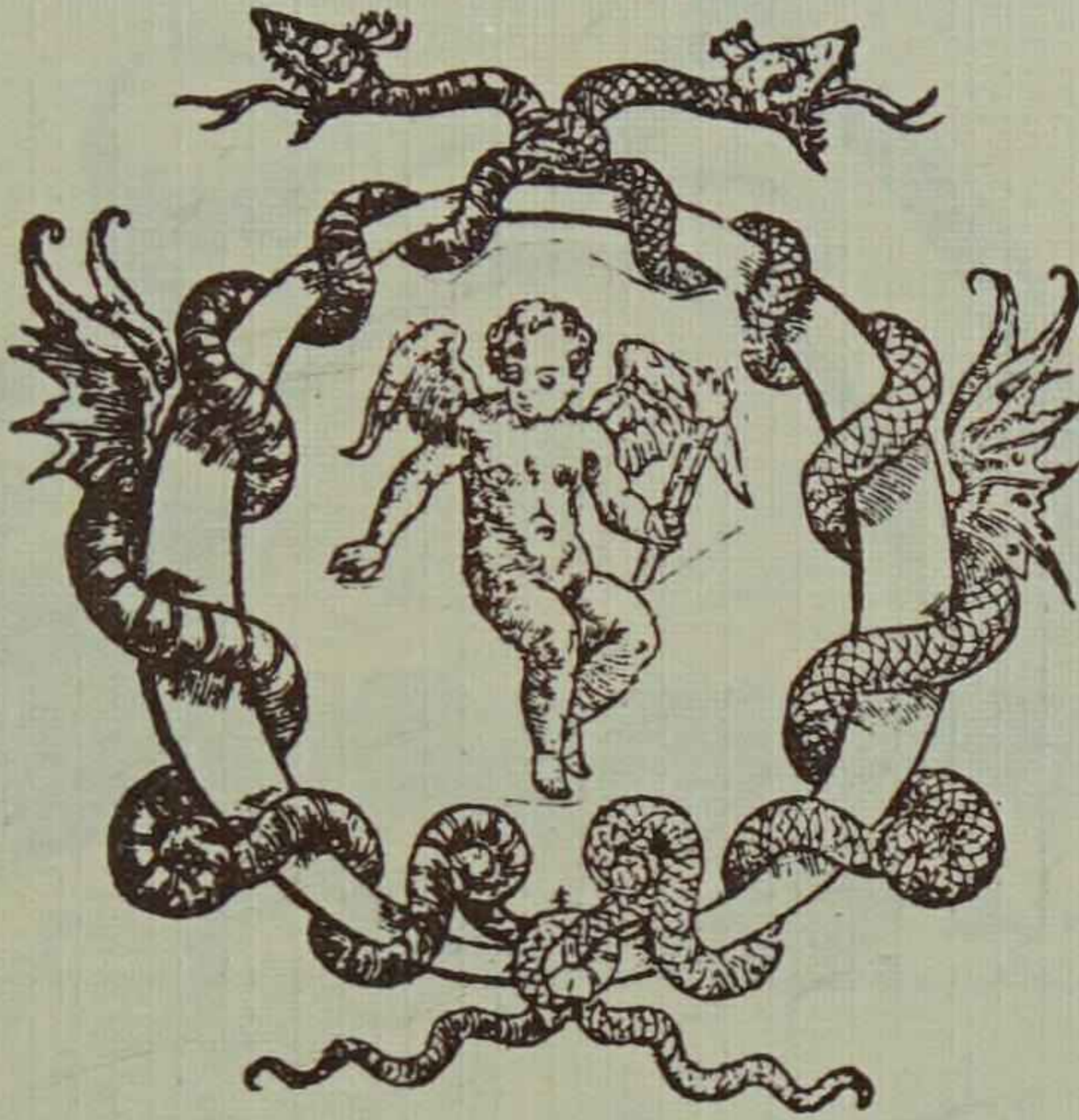
This is to serve public notice that: 1.) Mr. Bundy is no longer a member of Bate Cabal and is in no way associated with the Cabal in its inner and outer workings. 2.) Conquering Child Publishing Company and its activities are no longer represented by Mr. Bundy.

Bate Cabal extends to Scarlet Lion Publications Ltd. its heart felt hope for success in Scarlet Lions' work of propagating the New Aeon through facilitating communication in the occult community.



Bate Cabal wishes to thank all those who made the third publication of the **Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick** possible. A Working such as the **Journal**, is a day to day operation and requires a renewed commitment with each rising of the sun. The discipline necessary to attend to the myriad details can only be born in the torrid cauldron of Love and Will. The fire of the Aeon is with you.

S.M.CH.H. 353



## BATE CABAL MANIFEST

**YOD —** *Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*

**HE —** *Love is the law, love under will.*

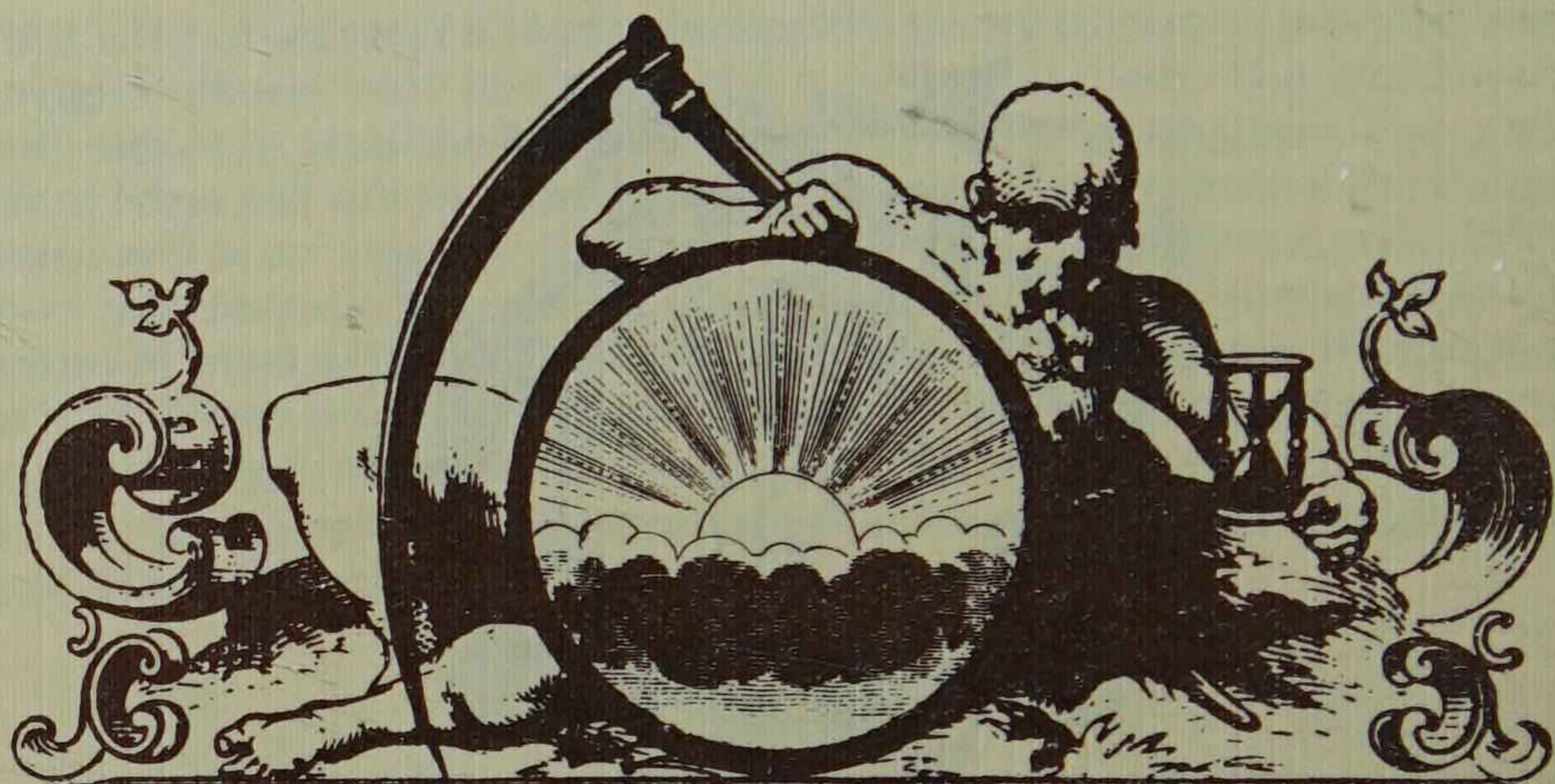
**VAV —** *All grades, offices, and attainments are accepted by the Cabal. Every reality is authentic in terms of the specific system that generates it. If the grade, office or attainment is of a general nature, it will be recognized as such by those individuals that come into contact with the space governed by it.*

*Let success be your proof. There is no Law beyond do what thou wilt.*

**HE —**

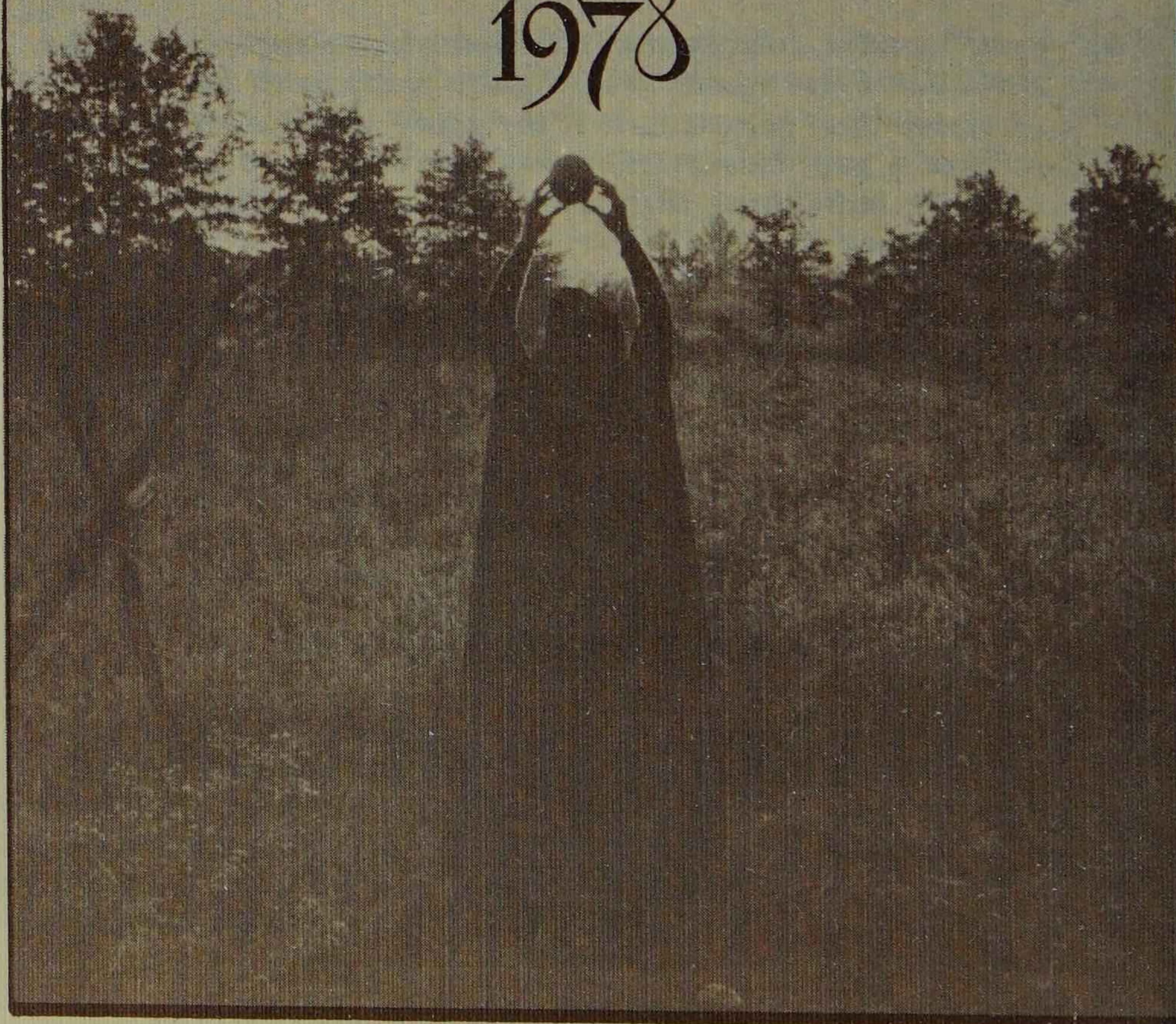
*?*  
*the final 'HE'*  
*who is to say*  
*if this be concealed*  
*surely All is revealed*  
*Every man and every woman is a star*





Ritual of the  
Autumnal Equinox

1978





**Ritualists**

**ANDAHADNA 124**

**S.M.CH.H. 353**

**CHE**

**SAMEKH**

**KELLY**

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**DELTA**

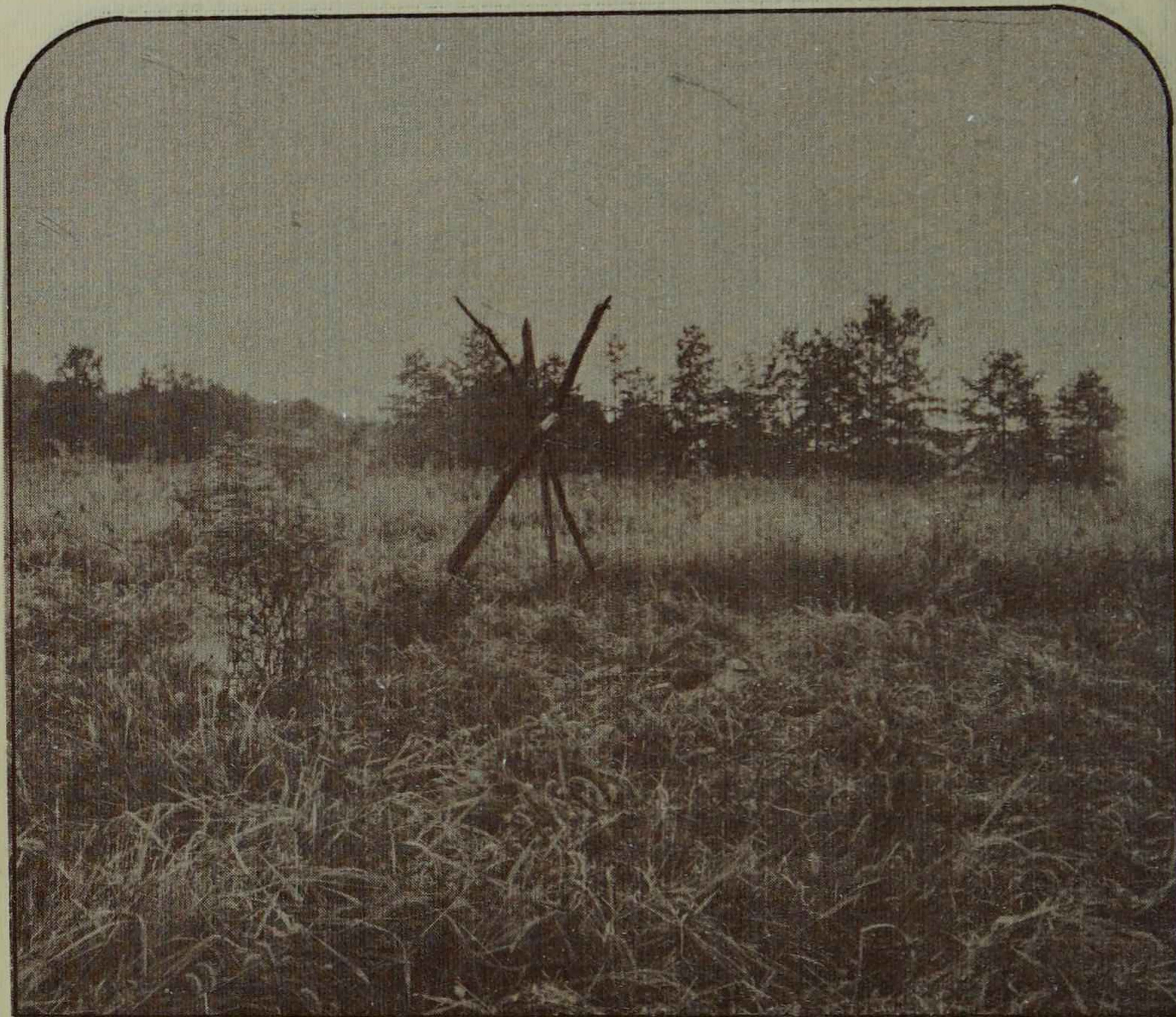
**Photography**

**KELLY**

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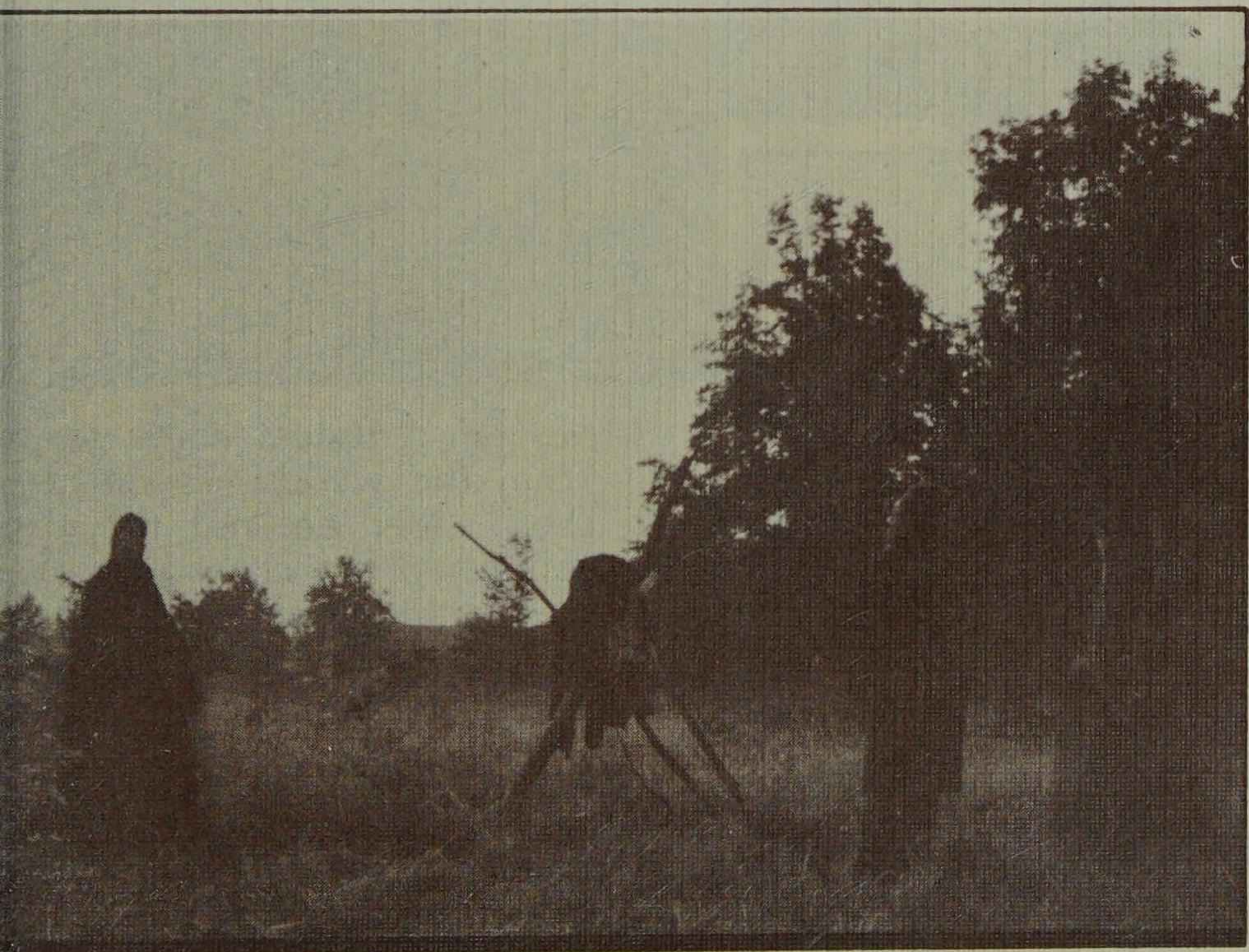
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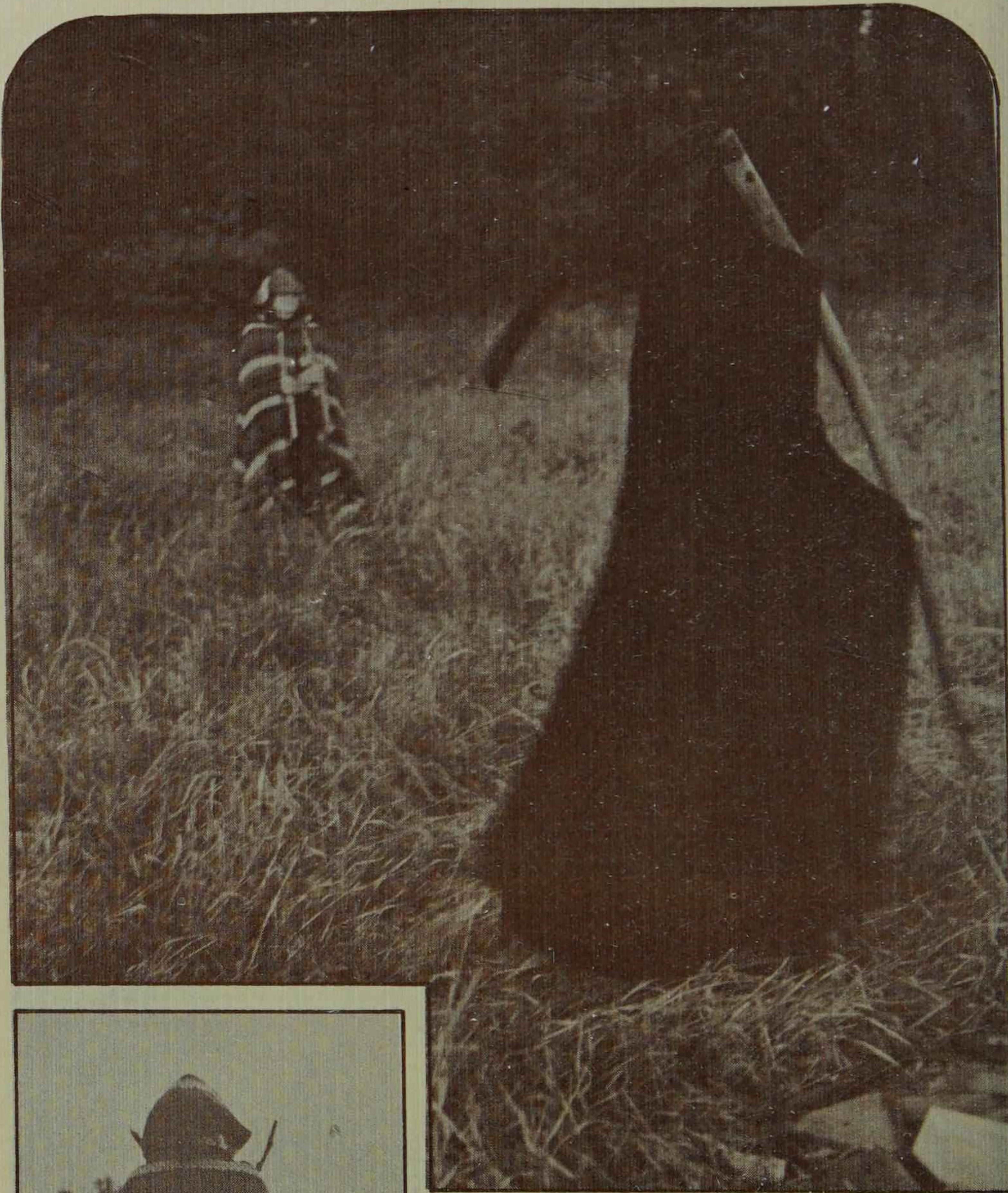


**1** - Equipment was gathered on the day previous to the ritual. A machete was used to draw the circumference of the circle and the enclosed area cleared by a scythe. A white and gold bush marked the center. Tall straight saplings formed a tripod on the perimeter.

**2 & 3** - Following the Midnight Station of the Sun, the ritualists arrived in small groups and congregated in a nearby house. At the hour of Saturn, the Reaper was blinded and armed. He was led by the Moon Child to the circle. Entities were summoned, concentrated in the Moon Child, balanced by Law, and saluted.

**4** - With the exception of the High Priestess, all participants gathered at the perimeter of the circle.



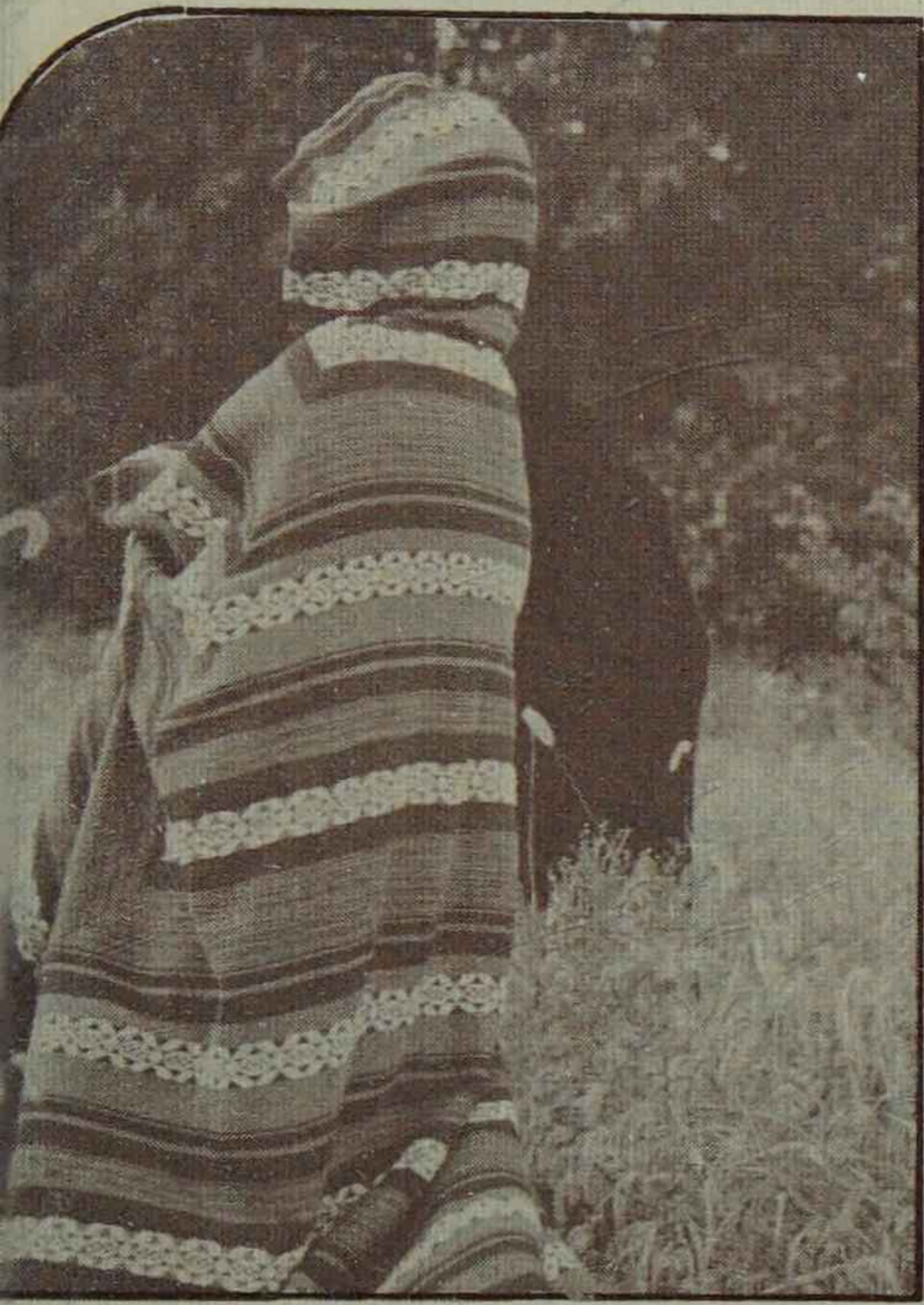


5 - The High Priestess came to the circle from the woods. As she drew near, the Reaper entered the circle and approached the central fire from the four directions.

6 - The High Priestess entered the circle...

7 & 8 - Measured its perimeter...

9 - And bade the rising Sun welcome.



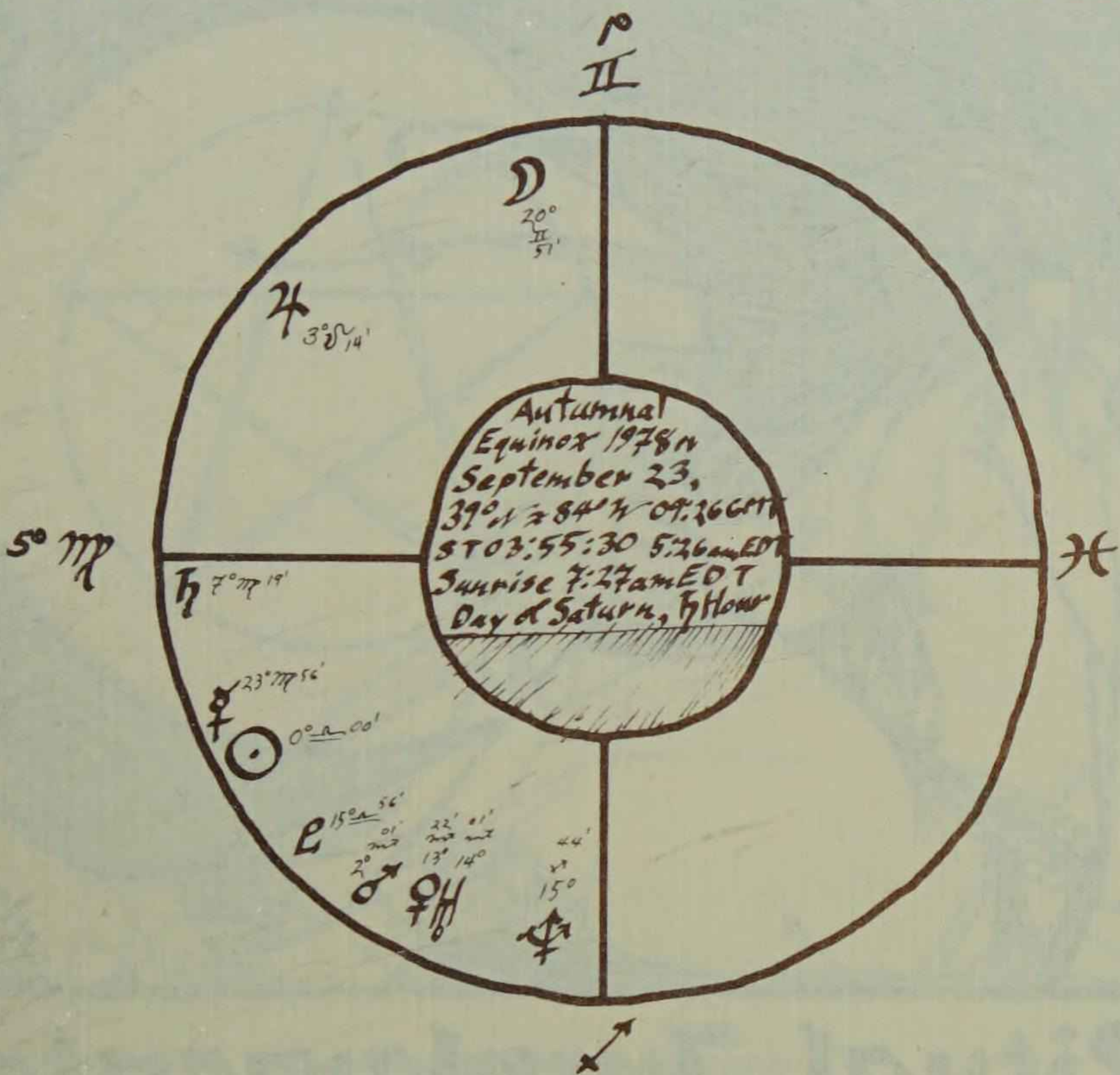


**10** - The Reaper saluted the Sun with the Great Names of Life and Death.

Sacrament was shared by all present and the group departed.

*Am̄m̄A*

The usual conception of a magickal ritual is a set of actions performed to obtain a particular result. Another function of ritual is to attune the participants with the cycles of passage of existence. The attunement is achieved through the rapture of union with universal forces. Our Sun is such a force.



“The two Equinoxes (vernal and autumnal) are the points in the heavens where, or the movements in the year when, the Sun is exactly over the earth’s own middle line, the equator, in spring and autumn. It then shines equally on the northern and southern hemispheres of the earth, and makes night the same length as day all over the world.”

Evans, Colin - THE NEW WAITE’S COMPENDIUM OF NATAL ASTROLOGY, etc., Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd., & Samuel Weiser Inc., N.Y., N.Y., 1971, pg. 2.



“Neglect never the fourfold Adorations of the Sun in his four Stations, for thereby thou dost affirm thy Place in Nature and her Harmonies.”

Crowley, A. - LIBER ALEPH - THE BOOK OF WISDOM OR FOLLY, Level Press, San Francisco, 1973, pg. 16.



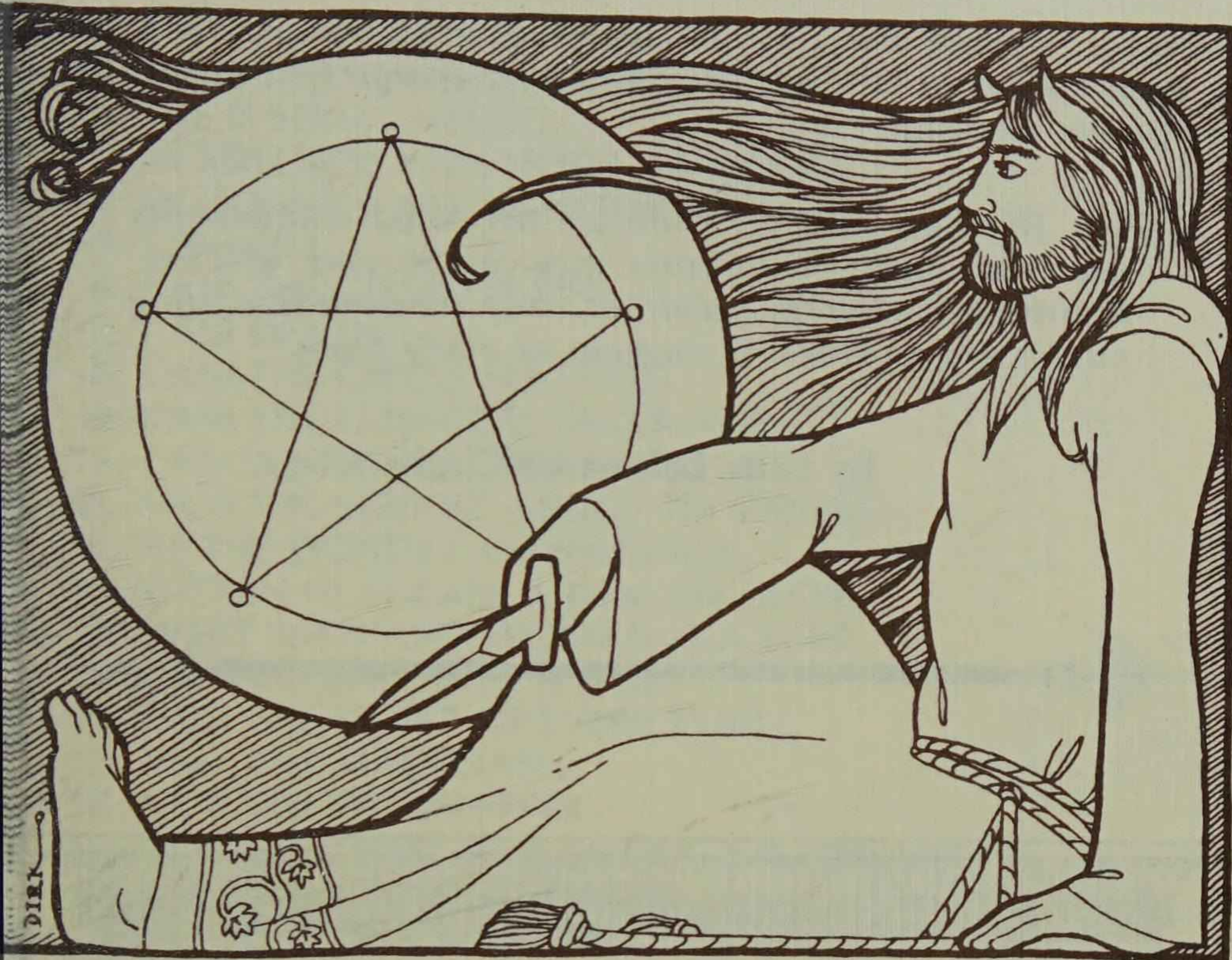
# Ritual Implements

## The Cup or Chalice

**T**he chalice, symbol of the Mother Goddess, contains one of a variety of liquids, depending on the ritual to be performed. For casting circles, a chalice containing salted water is frequently used. Salt, a symbol of Earth, is added to Water to increase the chargability of the water and to aid in purifying the working place, in anointing, and in personal cleansing. In exorcism, an occultist sometimes dips her/his right index finger in an appropriately charged chalice of salt water and then draws a pentagram on the third eye of the possessed to aid in drawing the invading entity from the being.

For celebrations, the chalice contains mead, wine, or some other ritual festive drink which is shared by all at the gathering. The drink is usually first charged by the priesthood who places the knife into the Cup, thus representing the union of the left and right pillars on the Tree of Life (called the Great Rite by those of Wicca).

Sometimes the chalice is used in another way — for scrying. The seer holds the cup in both hands and looks at the waters when reaching deep trance during a ceremony. Some are able to communicate with other beings in this way and some see visions of past, present, and future.



### The Knife or Athame

The knife, athame, or short sword is linked with Air in many magickal traditions, and when solarly energized, also with Fire. It is used to draw pentagrams at the major points of the circle, to direct magickal energy in the working area, and to banish inharmonious energies. Although Hollywood would have it otherwise, most ritual knives are used for astral work rather than for human or animal sacrifice — in fact, some magickal traditions strictly forbid the use of the athame for any physical cutting work.

The knife is also an implement of protection and has been used in exorcism along with the traditional salt water from the chalice. The athame is used to set up energy fields and take them down, and is used to delineate magickal triangles and sigils in conjuring.

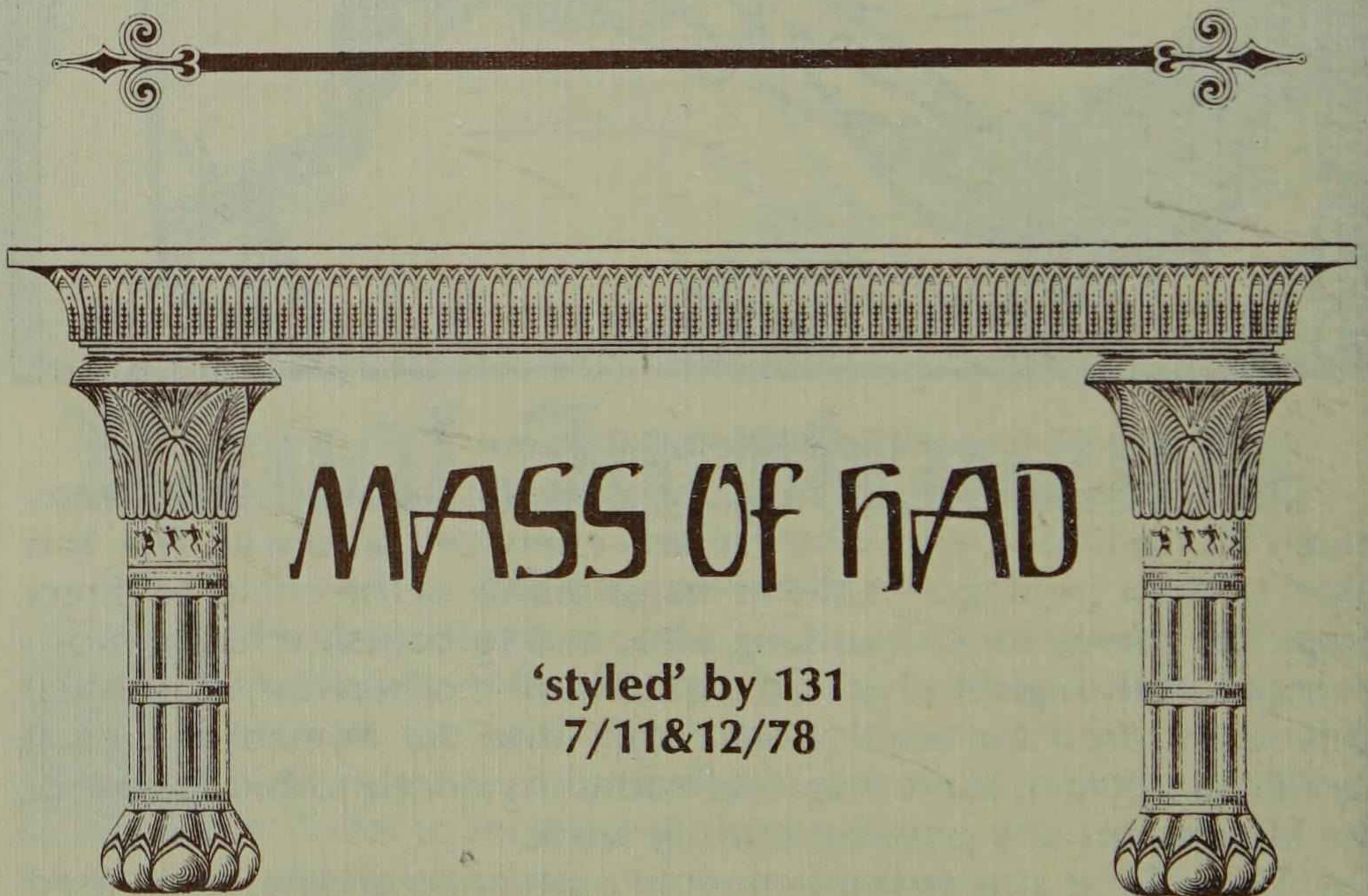
The knife also can be used for healing, much like a wand. The knife is energized by the healer magickian, and then passed like a magnet over the aura of the diseased to correct imbalances in energy flow.

In many magickal groups, every member carries his/her athame to a ceremony. One way of raising energy is for all those in a group to stand in a consecrated circle and raise their knives in their right hands, pointing to the area above the center of the circle and directing their energies through their knives to this area. This graphically outlines the cone of power and can be an effective technique for increasing the energy of the group mind. After the

energy is released, the athames can be directed toward the ground or group mind storehouse to release any charge that lingers from the power working.

*The Cup and the Knife are two ritual implements used by both ceremonial magickians and witches. Representing energy polarities, they are used in casting circles and in working magicks of many types.*

**by Lady Selena of Circle**



Let there be a Candle, Oil of Abramelin and whatever else one wants. The Altar faces South. Temple is dark. Enter in Sign of the Enterer. Ring Bell 1-3-3-3-1.

A KA DUA TUF UR BIU BIA CHEFU DUDU NUR AF AN NUTERU!

Light candle.

THE TEMPLE, FOUR-SQUARE AND RESPLENDENT WITH STARS WRAPS ABOUT ME AS A ROBE OF PURPLE. I AM THE HEART GIRL WITH THE SERPENT, IN THE CENTER. N.I.H.I.L.

Thelemite cross; using Godnames; Heru Ra Ha, Maat, Babalon, Nuit, Center; Had, FIAOF.

Assume Godform; Part Veil.

0. There is no god where I am.
1. HAD, THE MANIFESTATION OF NUIT.
2. SHE IS SEEN, I NEVER.
3. IN STILLNESS I AM HOOR PA KRAAT.
4. IN GO-ING I AM RA HOOR KHU.
5. I AM LIFE.
6. I AM THE GIVER OF LIFE.
7. I AM DEATH.
8. I AM THE CIRCLE SQUARED.
9. I AM THE CHEMICAL MARRIAGE.
10. I AM **ΑΒΡΑΧΑΣ**. (ABRAXAS)
11. I AM THE SERPENT ABOUT TO SPRING.
12. AS THE EIGHTH I AM INVISIBLE.
13. WITHIN NUIT I AM A WINGED GLOBE.
14. EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS A STAR.
15. I HAVE A WILL AND A PATH.
16. I AM THE HEART OF EVERY STAR.
17. I AM THE MAGICIAN.
18. I AM THE WORSHIPPER.
19. NOW LET THERE BE A VEILING OF THIS SHRINE.
20. NU! THE HIDING OF HADIT.
- 21 There is no god where I am.

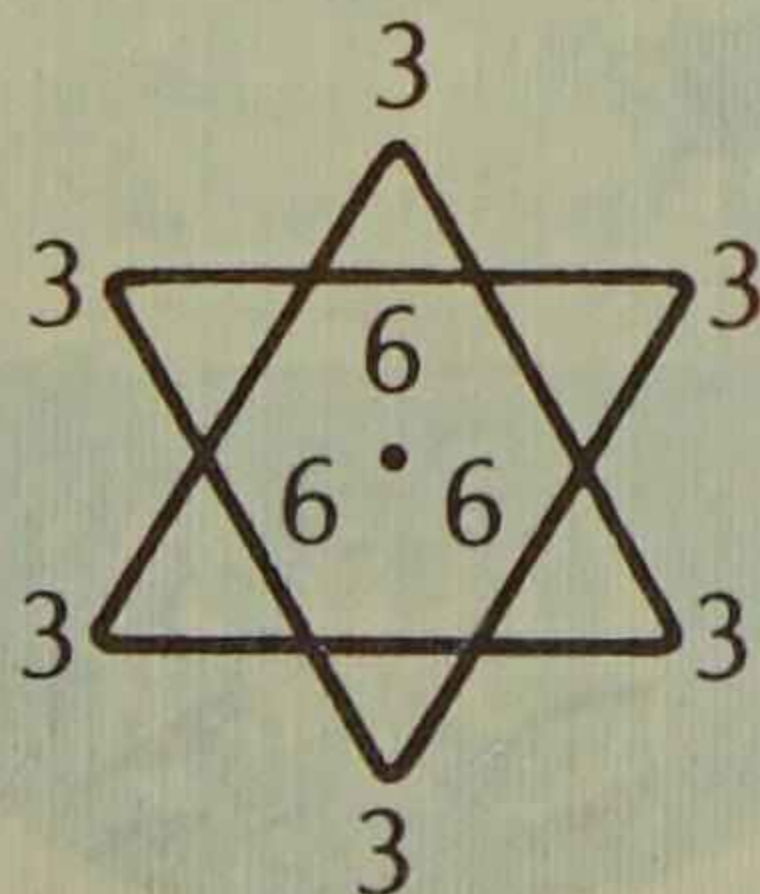
Anoint self with Oil. ABRA-HAD-ABRA! Possible Eucharist.  
Close Veil; Seal self.

BY BES AND MAUT MY BREAST I BEAT;  
BY WISE TA-NECH I WEAVE MY SPELL  
SHOW THY STAR-SPLENDOUR O NUIT!  
BID ME WITHIN THINE HOUSE TO DWELL,  
O WINGED SNAKE OF LIGHT, HADIT!  
ABIDE WITH ME, RA HOOR KHUIT!

Bell 5-6-5; Sign of Silence, absorb all energy.

AUMGN.

the Seal;







# RETURN OF THE ELDER GODS

## An Invocation of the Forgotten Ones

*"I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the Eighties cower before me, and are abased. I will bring you to victory and joy: I will be at your arms in battle and ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof; courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength and ye shall turn not back for any!"*

**Liber AL vel Legis: III, v.46.**

**T**he Magickian who intends to survive the approaching world-crisis should consider the present as a time of preparation for it. The Magickian who intends using the Double Current — that is, the 93 Current joined with the Current of Maat — for this purpose, should pay especial attention to the particular forces and forms of power that will instigate the crisis and also will provide the energies for successfully dealing with it.

In the Macrocosm, these forces are the Elder Gods; in the Microcosm, they are the Forgotten Ones. To our present Consciousness, these gods are Qlipothic, constituting the Dark aspects of the anti-Universe and the human Unconscious respectively. Admittedly, there **is** a certain danger inherent in contacting them; but there is sure disaster in neglecting to do so.

The Elder Gods dwell in the spaces between positive manifestation — that is, they exist between the possibility-Universes or in the interdimensional angles that separate one evolutionary time-stream from the next. Their previous dealings with our planetary life-force earned them an exile from access to our space/time. Our own discovery and employment of thermonuclear energy, however, has "unsealed the gateway." Part of the coming crisis will be their attempt to resume control of the Race.

The major means of contact between Conscious Man and the Elder Gods are the Forgotten Ones. The Forgotten Ones dwell in the individual, and the Racial, Unconscious. They are the gods of survival, pre-rational, blind, and immensely powerful. Their force manifests in Man as hunger, the sex-urge, the fight-or-flight adrenalin reaction and the tribal cohesion-factor. Hunger constitutes the primary link between the Elder Gods and the Forgotten Ones.

The search for nourishment antedates the desire for mating; even the asexual amoeba must eat to survive. The process consists of the intake and assimilation of energy, either directly, as in vegetable photosynthesis, or indirectly by consuming energy-storing matter. The Forgotten Ones seek both matter and energy, particularly in substances that consist of both modes: blood, mediumistic "ectoplasm", the Alchemical Elixir, etc. This type of substance is used to attract the Forgotten Ones into manifestation.

To effectively counter a planetary invasion by the Elder Gods, the Forgotten Ones must be summoned to Consciousness. In the process, the individual's demons will be released and must be re-absorbed, the Forgotten Ones must be comprehended and absorbed, and the link that exists between them and the Elder Gods must be obtained and controlled by the Will of the Magickian. The Forgotten Ones have been left to work and function in the lower levels of sentience, gathering power and accumulating explosive potential under pressure.

It is in the controlled release of these gods that the Consciousness will be propelled beyond its present state and achieve the next and necessary condition of **gestalt** consciousness. Having achieved the **gestalt**, the Magickian will be in contact with the Race-Consciousness that spans history (and planetary geography). This entity of Planet Man is the only human mode capable of enforcing the edict of exile upon the Elder Gods.

The history of our relationship with these forces is an indication of effective action; a brief review would be of assistance.

When the descent of energy reached a critical threshold-frequency that we presently describe as "the speed of light squared", a proportion of this energy assumed mass, becoming "matter"; the event we term the Creation of the Universe occurred. The initial amount of matter appearing created the space in which to appear. The proportion of descending energy appearing with the matter instantaneously impelled itself, and the matter, outward — thus creating velocity, expanding/dimensional space, and time. Each division of the initial mass of matter into smaller units created alternative situations in which the products differed slightly in volume and direction from what we term "our" Universe, thus creating the Alternate Universe.

Hurting ever away from each other, the galaxies, stars and planets formed in flight. Their presence, and then their absence, as they increased the distance between each other and their alternate "selves", drew into semi-existence forces of "impossibility." These forces could coexist with neither terrene matter, nor anti-matter, since their charge was outside the simple polarities of positive and negative as we know them.

These semi-existent forces evolved at their own pace; by the time aquatic life had developed on Earth, the forces had acquired a form of intelligence and entity and had become the Elder Gods. Baulked of direct contact with levels of existence of which their sensoria were aware, the Elder Gods cast about for a means of exploration and manipulation of realms in which they could cause change, experiment, and acquire control. They achieved their aim by establishing a harmonic rapport with the biological survival-factors developed in the dominant strain of prehomnids of the planet Earth.

Cerebral development in the prehomnids was arrested by dietary restriction and radiation exposure. The Elder Gods maintained a limited intelligence level in their servant-race — until their activities were detected by the agent of another Intelligence. At the time of this detection, the prehomnids were in a condition of physical well-being and emotional contentment; the Elder Gods were careful to meet the requirements of food and comfort for their instruments, while at the same time insuring against the development of thought, knowledge and independence in their subjects.

The agent of the Intelligence severed the harmonic connection between dimensions, banished the Elder Gods to their realm beyond matter/energy, and established a barrier, or seal, upon the access portal through which the trans-dimensional control had been exercised. A representative of the prehomnids was given the experience of comprehensive consciousness, and chose for its species the option of evolutionary development. The prehomnids were then subjected to drastic climatic change and forced to develop intelligence in order to survive. The growth of consciousness soon obscured the memories of having been in the control of the Elder Gods, and of having been manipulated by the very instincts that provided physical survival.

The development of Consciousness created the Unconscious, and within the Unconscious, the survival instincts acquired the power and status of gods — the Forgotten Ones. There also developed a sense of fear and shame of the obscured history of the Elder Gods, and a perverse but all-too-human resentment of the agent that presented and honored the choice of growth and freedom. Thus, from the Racial Unconscious arose the myths of a comfortable Eden, the taste of the fruit of the Tree, and a loss of

Paradise. There, also, is kept the image of the serpentine Sirian agent of the Intelligence — the being named Shaitan.

Our present task is to ready ourselves for another attempt at control by the Elder Gods; we are no longer limited children of the cosmos, but a technologically-developed race responsible for our own continued survival and freedom. The Initiate must make individual contact with the Forgotten Ones in solo ritual, and only then may the planetary working be attempted. We face additional complications from the traditional Western dichotomy of the Dark gods — formalized symbols of the Forgotten Ones — and the Bright Gods of Consciousness, civilization, and “righteousness.” A simple review of past and present Aeons will indicate the magnitude of the task. We must re-educate ourselves so that an effective, cooperative, planet-wide force of human Will can be focused upon the opened gateway.

We must un-learn millennia of restrictive and fragmentary “rules” — social, political, economic, religious, psychological and philosophical. We must achieve a Unity that will permit the creation of on-going, responsive, correct and precise action, on a planetary basis. The task begins with oneself.

To employ IX<sup>o</sup> Work as the source of the manifestation-substance for the invoked Forgotten Ones is exceedingly dangerous and potentially harmful, unless both partners are of equal mastery, and the Working is undertaken as a dual invocation. To engage in the Work with an uninitiate, or one of lesser Grade, would be exposing him or her to forces beyond his comprehension or control. This would likely result in obsession, insanity or death; no one can assimilate another’s demons for him.

Generally speaking, it were wiser to operate VIII<sup>o</sup>, invoking Maat during the initial phase and imbuing the Elixir with her essence of Balance and Truth.

The site for the actual Invocation Ritual of the Forgotten Ones should be out-of-doors, in a wild and isolated spot — on the edge of water, in a clearing in a woods, in a cave or on a cliff of a hill or mountain. The Magickian has fasted for the previous twenty-four hours, subsisting only on water and ginseng tea. He has also been sexually continent for seven days.

The ritual items he brings with him are his weapons of wand, cup, sword and pantacle; wine, water, and a drug of choice (if any); a blanket bedroll, kindling for a fire, a small drum or other musical instrument and a portion (1/2 to 1/4 pound) of raw and bloody meat. A live animal or bird for slaughter would be even more effective, but the meat will suffice.

A pit for the fire is dug to the west of the chosen altar area, and the fire is kindled at sundown. It should be of a size to avoid human notice and of dry, nonsmoking wood. The sun is bidden farewell



with reverence; after its disk has disappeared, the area is thoroughly banished and a circle of eleven-foot diameter is scribed with the sword. (Ordinarily, the Magickian of Maat doesn't work within a Circle since his essence is one with the Universe; however, in a Forgotten Ones Working, the Circle is used to contain his demons from troubling the environment.)

In the period from twilight until dark, the hands, mouth, and genitals are purified with water, the wine is imbibed and the drugs taken. Music is played or chanted until the sky is fully dark. All these actions are offered to Nuit.

At this point a type of trance should obtain; the Magickian should be extremely cautious to maintain his consciousness at the balance between the suspension of Rational Mind and the objective surveillance of his actions by his Observer.

He puts by his instrument and approaches the altar-place from the east. He fills the cup with wine, adds wood to the fire, and takes up his wand, proclaiming:

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

"It is my Will to invoke Maat and the Forgotten Ones, to the evolution and awakening of Man.

"By the same mouth that drinks from the cup of BABALON, shall the Elixir be devoured. By the same mouth that swallows up the Cosmos, shall the breath of Man Awakened be exhaled."

He places the pantacle at the center of the altar-place, then allows blood to fall upon it from the meat (or slaughtered animal). He rains blood also into the wine within the cup, then puts the meat on the pantacle, like a platter, thus identifying the flesh with himself.

"I invoke Maat, She Who Moves!

"I invoke Maat, Truth, Justice, and Righteousness!

"I invoke Maat, the Black Flame!

"Black Pearl within the Crystal Lotus, AUMGN." He here begins the VIII° process, chanting repeatedly:

"ABRAHADABRA. IPSOS. MAATI."

envisioning the Black Flame dancing and obliterating the Universe.

The Elixir is received by the flesh-offering on the pantacle, with a portion of it to the wine in the cup. He moves to the north, facing south across the altar.

At the length of his armspan, the Magickian thrusts his wand upright into the earth at his right (west) and his sword point-down at his left (east). He lies prone upon the earth, with arms outstretched so each wrist touches, and is bound by, the respective weapon. He concentrates and projects his perception downward into the rock strata below him, and upward into intergalactic space, chanting the Names of the Forgotten Ones into the Earth. As he chants, he feels the hunger induced by his fasting, and calls to mind the meat and wine on the pantacle. He constantly reinforces the triangular lines of power — from the Forgotten Ones he is invoking, to the hunger within his body, to the flesh on the altar — while maintaining a parallel awareness of the binding forces on his wrists from the wand and sword. He chants:

"NO\*! MEGOR-MARDUK! LOROO!" and the other Names that will arise from him. He opens.

They will come through the gateway of his hunger, devouring him, forcing his body to its knees. They will lunge him toward the altar, restrained by the wand and sword.

He projects his consciousness into the Elixir-meat and the Elixir-wine, then commands his weapons to release his body. The hands will pull the weapons from the earth and violently cross them again on the earth to the south of the altar.

The body crouches above the altar and the flesh-offering. The consciousness within the Elixir-meat and Elixir-wine surrenders to the hunger and the gods within the body — and is consumed.

At this point the body should be commanded into the bedroll and its warmth — the night chill, combined with the fasting and violence of the Working, would leave it vulnerable to illness. The



body assumes a foetal position.

The Working continues, with no Conscious directing, as follows. The Forgotten Ones, inhabiting the body by invitation, and thus by the conscious Will, have devoured the flesh and wine that have been charged with the Elixir. The Elixir itself, produced by the Magickal Consciousness and inhabited by this Consciousness, is the invoked essence of Maat as the all-consuming Black Flame.

The Magickian is eaten by the Forgotten Ones, who are eaten by the Black Flame, who is eaten by the body. This leaves a vehicle full of Nothing, through which Tao and the Double Current may flow unimpeded.

However, since the normal Inner barriers have now been removed, the demons generated by the enduring conflict of the Forgotten Ones and the "civilized" conscience will begin manifestation on the Outer. As each one arises, it must be controlled, understood, and assimilated. This part of the Working may take some time to complete; therefore, the circle isn't struck, but is contracted and carried with the Magickian until the exorcism process is finished. The demons are not confined to a triangle, but kept from causing trouble by the Magickian's own circle. (His demons are perhaps the only "possessions" a Magickian can rightfully claim as his own.)

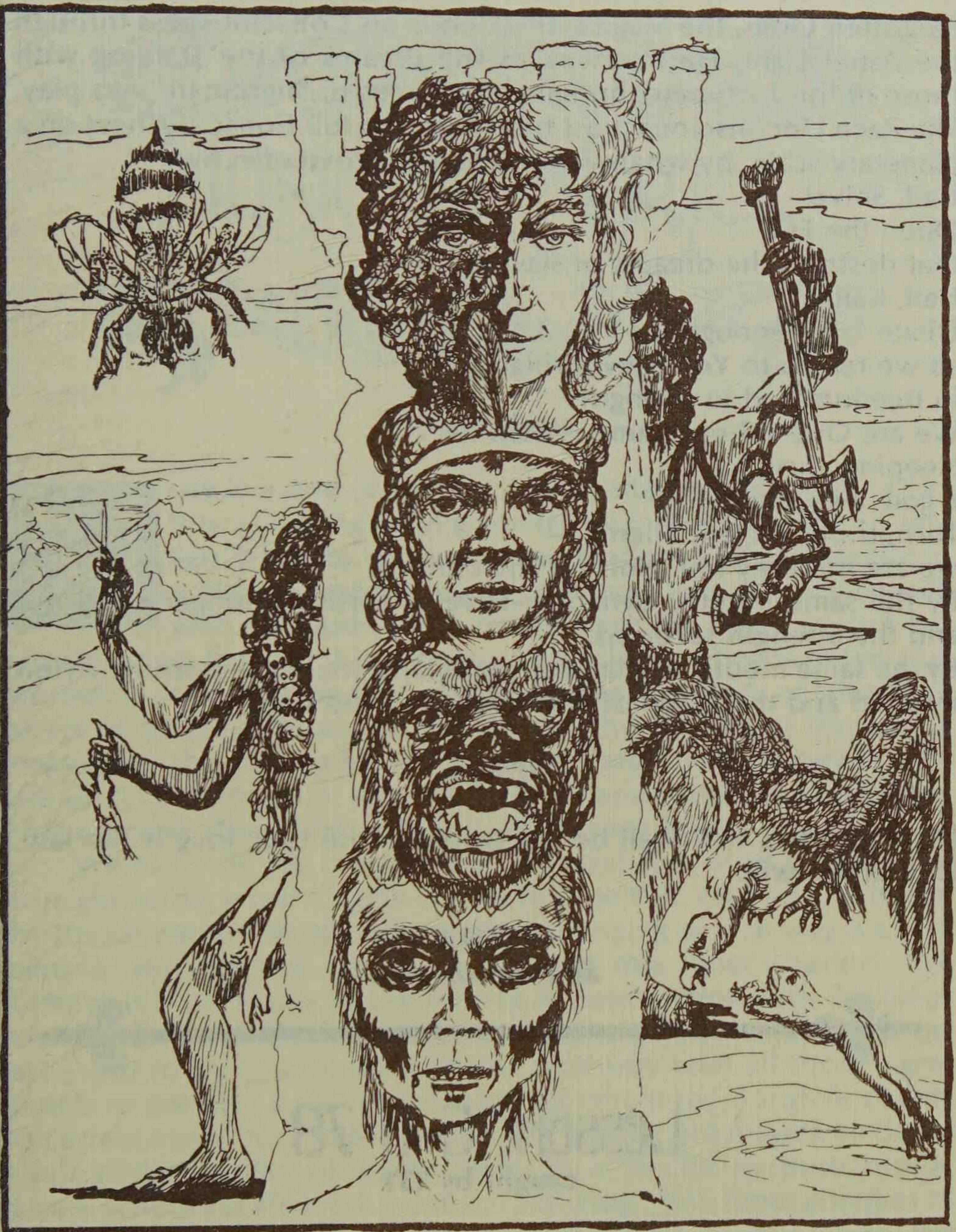
With the dawn, the Magickian arises, gathers his weapons and equipment and departs.

In subsequent daily experience, he will become aware that a new balance has been struck. He has a new sense of unity with the undercurrents of the life-flow, and will find this of great use in non-verbal communication with others. Through his Art he will establish links with the Unconscious of others; he will assist them to meet the Forgotten Ones in controlled circumstances that will do no harm. He is also ready to begin work on a world-scale.

The Forgotten Ones have access to Man on the astral planes, mainly in the dream-state. Those sections of humanity who exist in starvation conditions, in poverty that has practically negated civilized Consciousness, are the hunger-gates of the Forgotten Ones. These starvelings have thin, if indeed any, barriers between the waking (reason) and dreaming (primal drives) states.

Their physical strength may be too depleted for the bearing of arms, but theirs is the massed power of the Forgotten Ones. The demon-conflicts of the Fortunate nations (the "chosen" of the Bright Gods), are petty when compared to the Dark powers gathering within the hunger of the Starving.

The Task here is to channel and direct, under strict control of Will, the presence of the Forgotten Ones into the lives of the Fortunate, by invoking the essence of the Starving under the dual forms of Shiva/Kali. The ignorance, greed, selfishness and cupidity of the



surfeited segments of humanity must be brought to balance with the despair, apathy, hunger and injustice which is the lot of the starving ones. That in Man which is withering has begun a gangrene infection of the segments that claim health and prosperity. Man must be healed, whole, and strong to meet the return of the Elder Gods. (Some thought should also be given to the unholy alliance of the Cults of "Salvation" and the Elder Gods. Can we afford an attitude that promotes a "Redemption" from freedom and self-responsibility?) Based within the newly-balanced link with the

Forgotten Ones, the Magickian extends his Consciousness through the Astral Light. He interweaves the dreams of the Starving with those of the Fortunate, bringing the forces of Nightmare into play. The Race Unconscious must be aroused to full Consciousness on a planetary scale, by whatever means will prove effective.

Hail, Shiva!

Open the Eye  
that destroys the dreams of slaves.

Hail, Kalika!

Dilate Time enough  
so we return to Your devouring  
in freedom and in strength.

We are One Whose name is Man —

Sleeping, dust;  
a god, awakened!

Turn, thou Ancient Enemy —

we are not prey nor tools for thy control.

By the same mouth, Gynander-Hive of Earth, is hunger cried out  
and the Strength received.

By the same mouth, O Mansoul made of Stars, is the morning-hymn  
intoned and the Word of Will spoken to the skies.

### **IPSOS.**

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law; love is the law,  
love under will.

### **NEMA and the shadow**



## **LESSON: 6-11-78**

**caught by 131**

The Adept must raise the Kundalini and then angle the “head” of the “Snake” towards that star with which he/she wants course; and “shoot forth thy venom” from the crown.

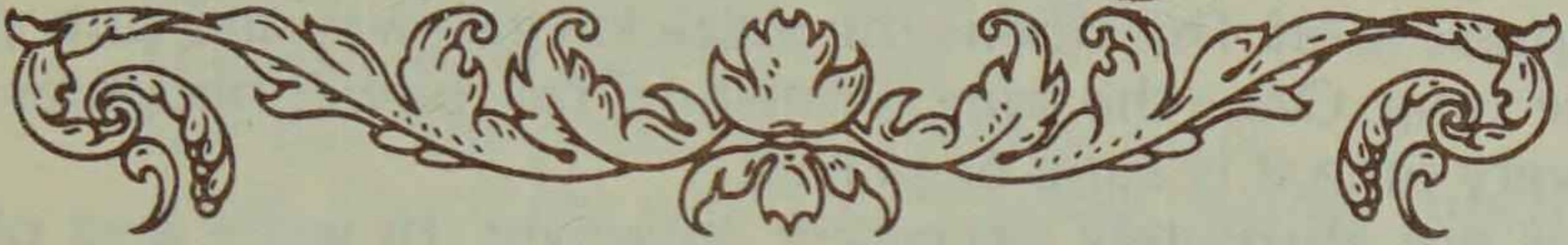
The TET is a tuning fork (the spine of Asar). A certain sequence of coded vibration levels projected in a certain order will open up interstellar doorways.

“The snake will then extend itself, wrapping about the star it has chosen”; the star is the incubating seed.

“The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.”  
(Liber AL, 1:8).



# Musickal Magick



*by Jim Alan*



usick is one of the five points often mentioned in Craft lore as having been given to the followers of Wicca ages ago. It was to be used in celebrations and ceremonies as a pleasant means of raising energy and attuning oneself with the Gods, yet in recent years the use of musick has slowly faded. Perhaps this is because people have begun to feel that musick is something special, requiring great amounts of talent and years of training. Whatever the reason, the decline of the use of musick by the participants of magickal ceremonies, whether they are Craft ceremonies or not, has taken away a certain elusive energy that can and should be used in magickal workings.

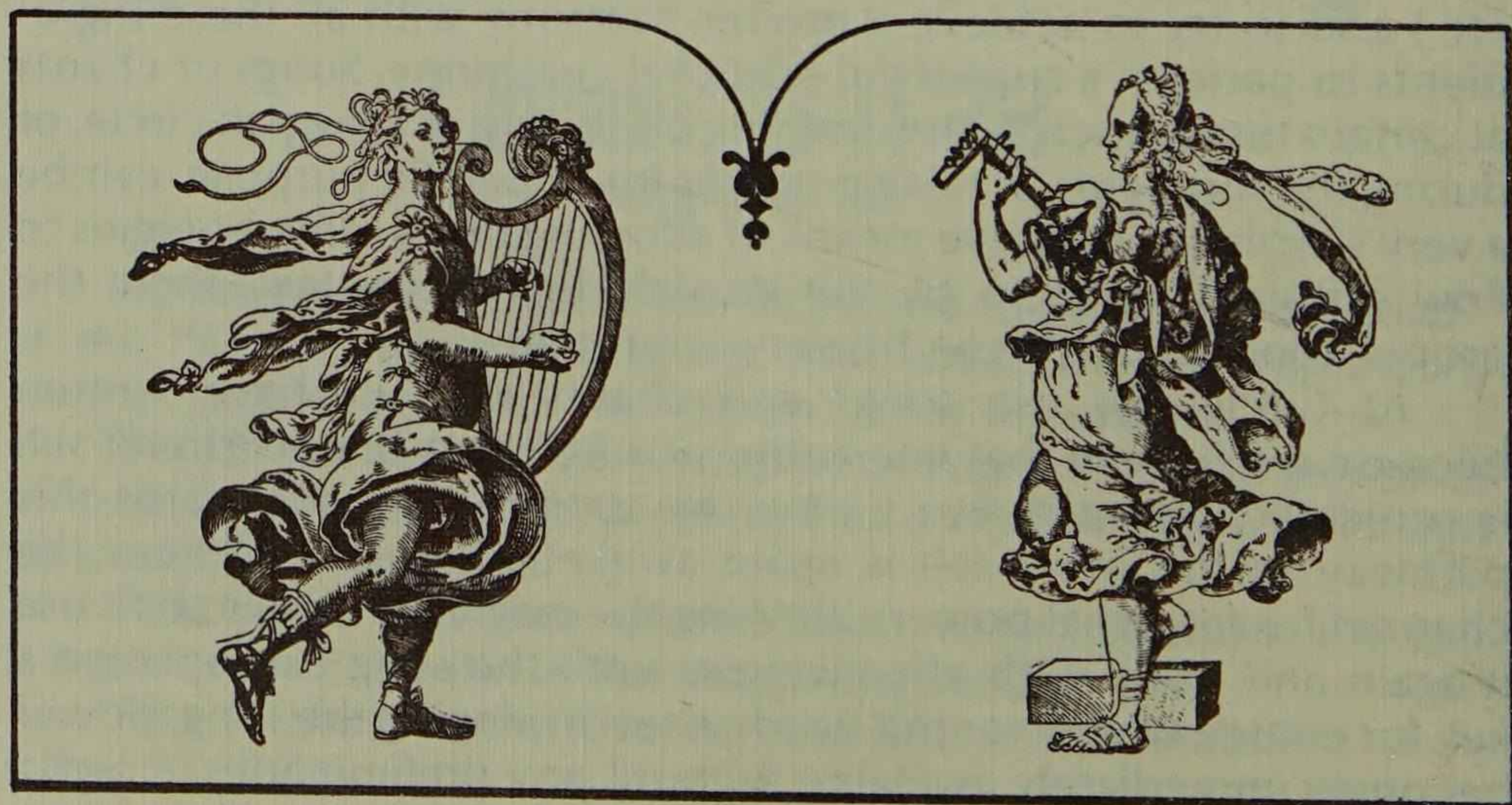
We at Circle see musick as an integral part of all magick. The true power to work magick comes from within one-self, activated by the ceremony being performed, and singing or chanting is a very simple, yet effective means of opening this inner channel. We believe it is necessary to use musick in conjunction with the other elements of ritual (knife/sword, cup, salt, candles, thurible, incense, etc.) and to try to achieve a proper harmony with all these ingredients to perform a successful magickal ceremony. Songs or chants at certain times, such as the opening or closing of a magick circle, or during the moments of raising power for a specific purpose, can be a very simple yet effective means of allowing one's inner energies to flow outward, directed by the musick. In this context, then, the proper song or chant can be very important.

At Circle, we use songs and chants that we have written because we believe that in creating a song a part of one's inner self is projected outward. Every time the song is sung afterwards this pathway to the inner self is again awakened. This reinforces the channel for magickal power, allowing the magickian or witch to use it again and again with effectiveness until the song can become a key for energy whenever the need arises; in singing the song, power becomes immediately available without any preliminaries.

Writing your own musick is not very difficult and does not have to follow any rules or regulations. If it sounds good to you and gives you a certain feeling about it, then it will work. When I write, I often don't know where I'm going with a song until the third or fourth verse, because the theme is hidden in my subconscious. Eventually, I realize what my mind has been working on and I then try to complete the song consciously as best as I can. It is important in creating musick that the subconscious be allowed to come forth and express itself. This opens the magickal gateway and puts power into the song. Once the song is finished, this power becomes available every time it is sung or played.

It is not absolutely necessary, however, to write and play all your own musick. Many groups use musick which they have found appealing such as folk songs, or classical musick, as background to their ceremonies. However, at Circle we have found that it is much easier to become involved in the musick when you are actually singing or playing it yourself. We use a variety of instruments, all of them easy to play and which require little or no musickal training. These instruments include guitar, recorder, dulcimer, melodica, finger cymbals, kazoo, harmonica, autoharp, musickal spoons and tambourine. When we have a ceremony we always have one or two of our instruments handy, and when the impulse strikes us we play a song or two to raise our energy level. It has worked so well for us that at times we hear other voices and high-pitched "astral bells"—even after the song is over! Singing brings an incredibly high feeling and helps clean out the aura, too, besides providing a vital link to the energies of the subconscious.

I would be happy to hear from anyone who has used musick in their rituals or who might have questions on the use of musick for magick. Address your letters to me, **Jim Alan, Circle, Box 9013, Madison, Wisconsin, 53715.**





# Maat



*Maat arises  
in the sweet snakey smoke  
scented with the newly born stars.  
She dances in twisting tendrils  
Her hair, the perfume of deepest night.  
Maat. Touch me with your fragrant feather touch.*

*The fingers of Maat  
bestow serenity and radiant strength  
in the lovers embrace.  
To be loved by the Lady of the Plume  
is to be lost within the Hollow-One  
where no thing is to be found.*

*The tongue of Maat  
is sweet with star nectar  
the kiss of the Daughter of the Outer Spaces.  
the silver laughter of water falling  
drink of sweetest youth and beauty  
that knows no time moving  
unfolding unto the silence.*

*Maat arises  
within the body of the temple of Joy  
as the inspired song  
the symphony of the whirling light.  
This is the Dance of the Still Flame.  
The unborn Daughter of No Name.*

**T**he smoke of insence is a veil of Maat. The seductress, the Dance of Desire. The smoke mimes a feather plume swaying in a wind. The movement of air is the steps of Maat across the cycles of Time.

Maat is the image of Beauty beyond Time. Whose Dance is the essence of Grace and Strength. She moves like the smoke across dreams sifting the memory layers beyond birth.


The Dance of the Daughter is beyond beginnings or ends. Her song is music that is Not heard. The language of the misty moon of another world.

---

-Noctua

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# The Pasquaney Puzzle



Like most Thelemites, I have spent hours poring over maps of New Hampshire searching in vain for the elusive outline of Lake Pasquaney. Crowley actually says so little about this place that played such a key role in his magical life. In his serious writings, scarcely a page is devoted to it. Pasquaney was the location where Crowley (To Mega Therion) had his “Star-Sponge visions”. These wove the fabric of a deep inner mystical experience—Enlightenment.

The visions provided a new perspective on the nature of Reality. Anyone familiar with Jane Roberts’ books and the Seth material is also aware of Seth’s concept of ‘all-that-is.’ I believe the ‘Star-Sponge vision’ to have been a direct perception of that reality.

While going through the Simon Iff stories for one my Beloved requested, a title leaped out at me. **The Pasquaney Puzzle** absorbed my attention. It played upon my imagination. What image did Crowley project as the vehicle of his enlightened self? Simon Iff! The words of Iff rivited my captive attention; “There was no place in his universe for accident...Nothing could be destroyed; so it was there if you could only find it; and the task of finding it was nothing but the removal of the masks and veils.”

A belief in pre-disposing thought-structures, a prejudice is a veil that clouds perception. The mask is the role. Too often we identify the personality with the mask. Understanding Iff’s advice, I proceeded to explore Chapter 5. With excitement and joy I read the young reporter’s words: “Lake Pasquaney lies among the mountains of New Hampshire. It is about 17 miles in circumference. Bristol, the nearest railway station, a town of 1200 inhabitants, is

some three miles from the lower end. The lake contains several islands, and its shores are dotted with summer villas, mostly of the log hut type, though here and there is a more pretentious structure, or a cluster of boarding-houses. Bristol is about three hours from Boston, so the Lake is a favorite summer resort, even for weekenders."

Excellent! Anyone should be able to locate Boston and if Bristol ever existed, or still exists, Lake Pasquaney should be the body of water just north of it. However, very few maps show Bristol and none show Pasquaney. Early next morning, using the Atlas in the County Clerk's Office, I did at length locate Bristol, but still no Lake. Later, on my lunch hour, while sitting with a stilled mind in the small park near the Old Post Office, I had a clear flash of inspiration. I could go over to the library and ask to see a map of New Hampshire circa 1924. A geographical map would indicate lakes and give their names.

I went and asked the librarian for a geographical map of New Hampshire, circa 1924. No such maps were available. She suggested we try for some old travel guides from that period. We got the call letters for four likely prospects, including one from 1902. It was a small, frayed, red-bound book printed in Concord, New Hampshire by The Rumford Press, and entitled **Tourists Guide—State of New Hampshire** by Rollens. With shakey and excited hands I opened to the index and fumbled for the P's. There it was! Just imagine ... Pasquaney ... pg. 272 and spelled exactly the same. I let out a squeal of joy. I could barely see straight as I hunted page 272 for just where it might be mentioned. On the brink of disappointment, I found not Lake Pasquaney, but Pasquaney, Mr. Wilson, in a sentence about hotels and boarding houses. So I quickly xeroxed that page and the page preceding it, as my lunch hour was fast running out. Also, I xeroxed the map in the front of the book, showing Bristol at the lower end of a body of water named Newfound Lake.

Later the xeroxed pg. 271 yielded this little gem: "Hillside Farm has the most eligible position on Pasquaney Lake for the various points of interest. It is situated on the east side of the lake 2½ miles from Hebron, 7½ miles from Bristol, and 8 miles from Plymouth ... Although third in size, Pasquaney Lake far surpasses all other lakes in New Hampshire for its beauty and natural scenery. It is 590 feet above the sea, being 7 miles long and 2½ miles wide. The surrounding scenery is one of great loveliness and variety."

This find vindicates Crowley's veracity and offers proof that Newfound Lake is Lake Pasquaney, for Newfound is indeed the third largest in New Hampshire, the largest being Winnepesaukee and the second being Squam Lake.

The information given by Jim Brandon in **Weird America** is therefore an error, for he writes "New Hampshire, Mount Shaw, abt 5 mi sw of Ossipee in Carrol County. There is an apparent sacrificial

stone on top of the hill that is virtually identical to the one downstate. There are those who believe that this was the site used by the English Magician Aleister Crowley, for the New Hampshire Magical retreat of 1918 that he mentions in his **Confessions**. He gives the name as Lake Pasquany, but there is no such place in the state and the assumption is that he meant Lake Winnepessaukee, which is near here."

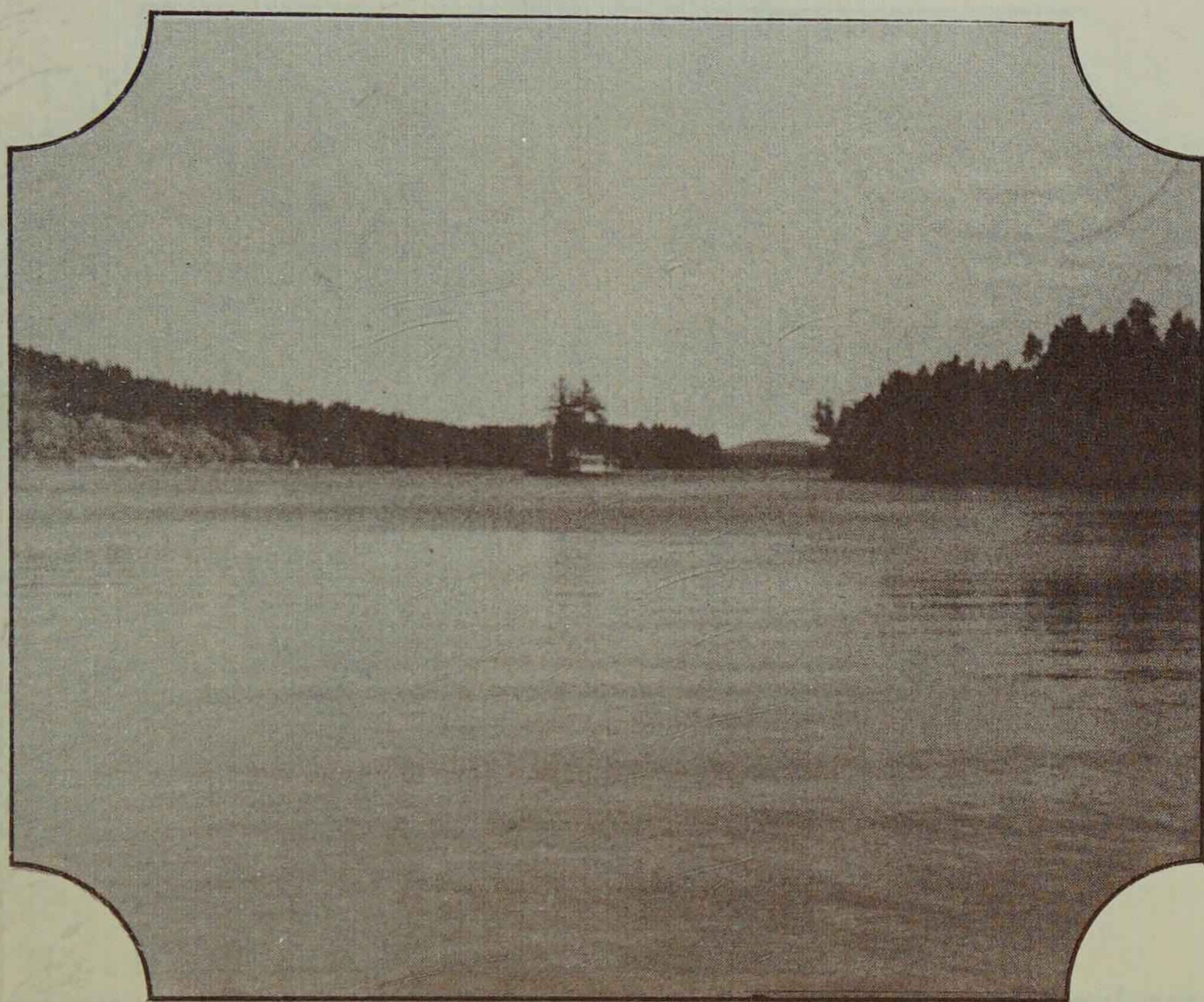
Remove the mask of the Beast 666. Remove the veil of belief in the evil of Aleister Crowley, and what truth emerges? Crowley was nowhere near either 'sacrificial stone' because he did not practice human sacrifice as it is commonly defined by our sincere but deluded Christian brothers. No genuine Pagan would. Crowley practiced the yoga of sex. The only 'child' he ever sacrificed was his own swollen sexuality upon the altar of Woman in the holocaust of Orgasm. Which is why he, tongue-in-cheek, admitted to performing human sacrifice 156 times a year. 156 is the number of Babalon—the primal archetype of the Woman into whose cup the adept expresses every last drop of his life.

A modern Guide Book, **Country New England Inns**, by Anthony Hitchcock and Jean Lindgren, lists Hillside Inn on the shores of Newfound Lake off of Route 3A in East Hebron, New Hampshire 03232, phone 603-744-2413. "The inn has evolved slowly from its first building, which was constructed in 1760, until the latest, finished in 1972. ....The inn serves both breakfast and dinner to guests and the public. ...Driving Instructions, North on I-93 to exit 23, then seven miles west on Route 104 to Bristol. North on 3A eight miles to the Inn." Its exactly the same place as Hillside Farm! Changed hands and slightly renamed.

Furthermore, the identity of Lake Pasquaney is given in no uncertain words in **Let Me Show You New Hampshire**, by Ella Shannon Bowles, printed in New York and London by Alfred A. Knopf; 1938. Under Newfound Lake we have pg. 98 and the passage reads: "Opeechee and Winnisquam were given their Indian names by the white man, and Newfound has abandoned the liquid syllables of Pasquaney, which the Pemigewassets applied to it."

And on pg. 103 Ms. Bowles writes "Someone spoke of Newfound Lake to me as a 'picture-post-card-lake', of course this is much more beautiful than any picture postcard, but I understood that what was meant was that spirit of calm serenity which characterizes the lake on a summer day. Two thirds of its area is in Bristol, but the towns of Hebron and Alexandria also border it."

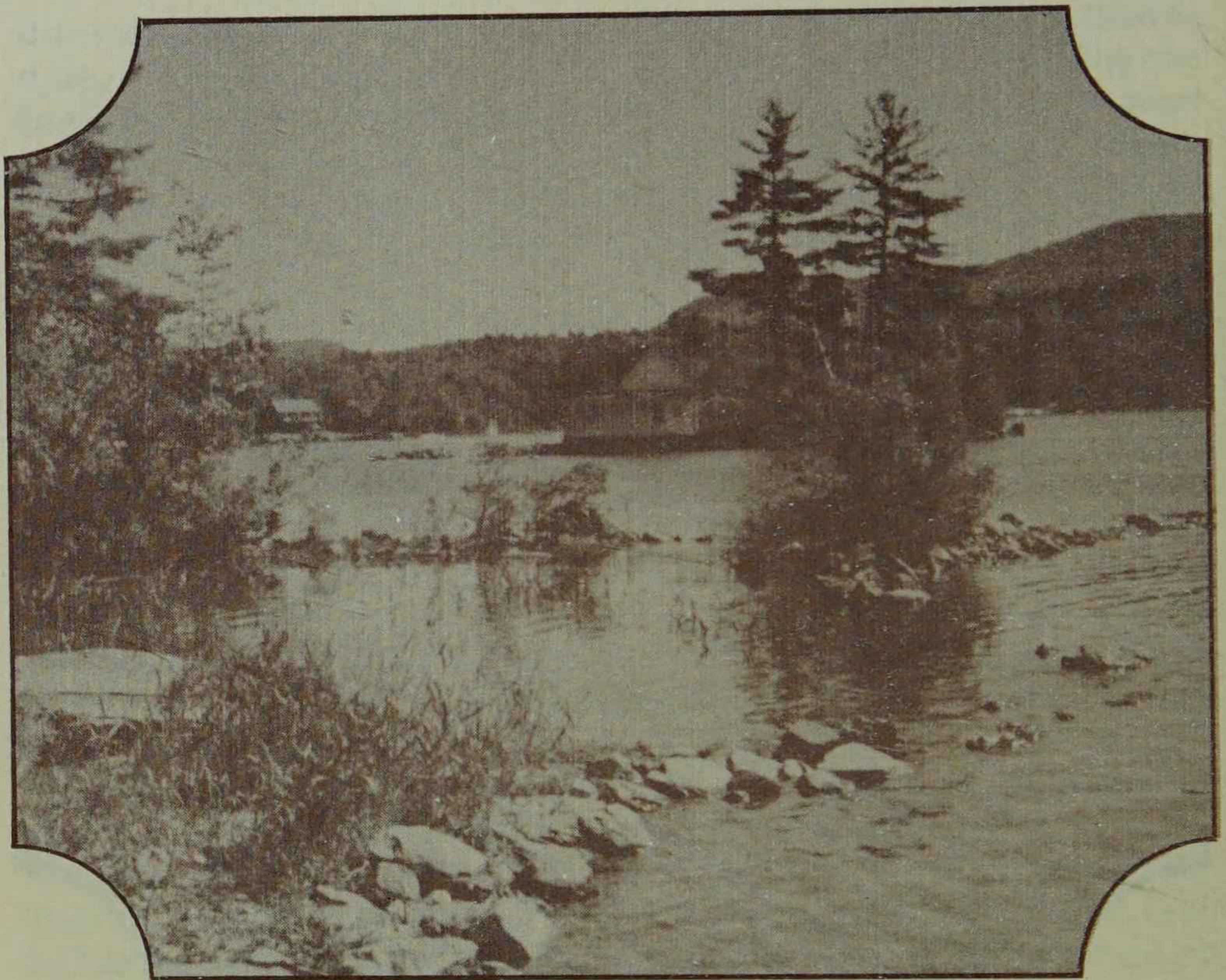
After weeks of secret and excited planning, I was able to leave on June 30, 1978 in search of Lake Pasquaney. My friend Betty did all of the driving and surely set an endurance record. We left Buffalo, New York at 1 p.m. and reached Rutland, Vermont by 9 p.m. After dinner, we drove on until we came to the nearest gas station. It was closed. The next one was also closed but we were so low on gas that



we elected to spend the night in the car beside the pump and gas up in the morning. We awoke in the delightful town of Woodstock, Vermont. We breakfasted in style at the Coffee Shop of the plush Woodstock Inn. After browsing all of the quaint and fascinating little shops of the town we were able to get gas and set out again at 11 a.m. We arrived in Bristol at 2 p.m. and proceeded north on 3A.

The first signs of Pasquaney were a golf range sign and an Inn sign, both bearing the name Pasquaney. Tickled beyond words, I hopped out and snapped a picture. This was the 4th of July weekend and we had no reservations, but "the Force" was with us and we got the only vacant cottage in the area. A small, two room cottage built of wood and having a stone fire place was rented to us by Mrs. Duckworth. It was situated at the northern tip of the lake. The view was magnificent!

July 2nd, we arose at 6 a.m., ate breakfast and went hiking through the wooded slopes of the Lakeside Audubon trail. We found the rotting remains of a great tree near the shore, not far from where we were staying. Could it have been dragged there decades earlier by Crowley himself? Yards off in the distance, there is a cottage situated upon a small island in the lake. It tallies on all points with the description given in Simon Iff's **Pasquaney Puzzle**. Mrs. Duckworth told me that it is owned by a couple from New York named Van Hewson (phonetic spelling) who are or were school



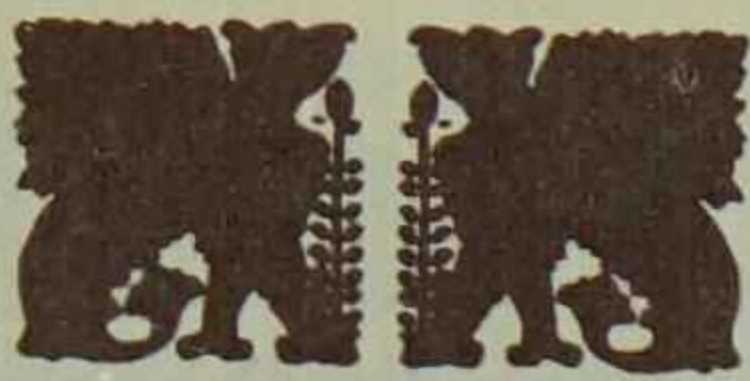
teachers. No one lives in it but they won't sell it either. It may be remembered here that 1) Leah Hirsig was a New York school teacher and 2) that the island described by Crowley was owned by a woman from New York. One wonders at what hidden connections there may be.

Later in the day I took a dip in the Lake—a chilly Thelemic Baptism—the water was cold. The temperature plunges quite low during the night and it is no wonder that every cottage has a fireplace. If you plan to go, plan on some warm things for those chilly nights. Accommodations may be obtained at the Pasquaney Inn by writing: The Shipes, Bristol, New Hampshire 03222, or by calling 603-744-2712.



Perhaps some day we may be able to organize a Magic(k) Co(n)vention, a get-together of the Sisters and Brothers of Thelema with the Sisters and Brothers of Wicca, toward formulating the basic 'belief-structures' -- the astral counterparts of a New Pagan Civilization. Only if we forget our differences and concentrate our energy upon the unity of our goals can we achieve the single Will required to reify that ultimate Harmony of Self with all Nature that is the inherent meaning in the Thelemic term True Will.

**Sr. Tanith 789**



# Every Last Drop

by shadow

This walkin'-ritual fell from the soul of a shadow-man down in the Ghetto of Pain. It's chanted to the wail of a demon blues harp, and the rhythm is footsteps ringing hollow through foggy three-a.m. streets.

(A blues song to sing as you are crossing the Abyss. A chuckle for the boatman, as payment.)

*The desert is bleak and barren,  
And nighttime is so damn black.  
The air is thick and heavy  
And the wind whispers "Turn back."  
(\*\*\* as a distant echo)  
Wind whispers, "Turn back."*

*Flies, they are a-swarming,  
Scorpions and rattlers nip at my heels.  
I hear hounds howl in the distance  
And I'm obsessed with my own fears —  
(\*\*\*)  
Obsessed within my fears.*

*I'm in the land of the Midnight Sun,  
Wearing a robe, and carrying a staff.  
I seek the City of the Pyramids;  
I seek my own death.  
(\*\*\*)  
Seeking my own death.*

*Standing before the great Masters  
I scream out that I AM.  
They look at me, smile, and say I'm nothing,  
And will be, until the end.  
(\*\*\*)  
Will be until the end.*

*Demons feasting on my body,  
Vampires drinking my life-blood,  
Vultures fight over my liver and eyes,  
and I'm consumed by cosmic fires.*

*(\*\*\*)*

*Consumed by cosmic fires.*

*Angels, gather up my ashes  
And toss them to the winds;  
Now I'm one with the desert sands  
And will be until the end.*

*(\*\*\*)*

*Will be until the end.*

*Seekers of truth, wisdom and knowledge,  
To my words now please pay heed.  
You don't get something for nothing —  
You better be ready, ready to bleed.*

*(\*\*\*)*

*Better be ready to bleed.*



---



## KALI

*the temple of Kali is strewn with bones and ashes  
only the strongest of trees grow there.*

*Fire burns in the center, kindled by the maddened devas  
to twirl and chant, rend their clothes and howl  
at the moon, which is full and red.*

*She hovers above the pool of black which the devas have  
collected*

*rising black from a black sea, mouth and tongue a slash of red.*

*six arms has she; krim, krim;*

*two hold swords, two hold bloody heads, two hold broken  
wheels*

*and the seventh hand holds a feather; krim hum.*

*She slaughters those who love her, and she squats to drink  
their blood at the sabbat.*

*The bones on her dress of human skin and the bracelets of lead  
rattle as She finishes her feast.*

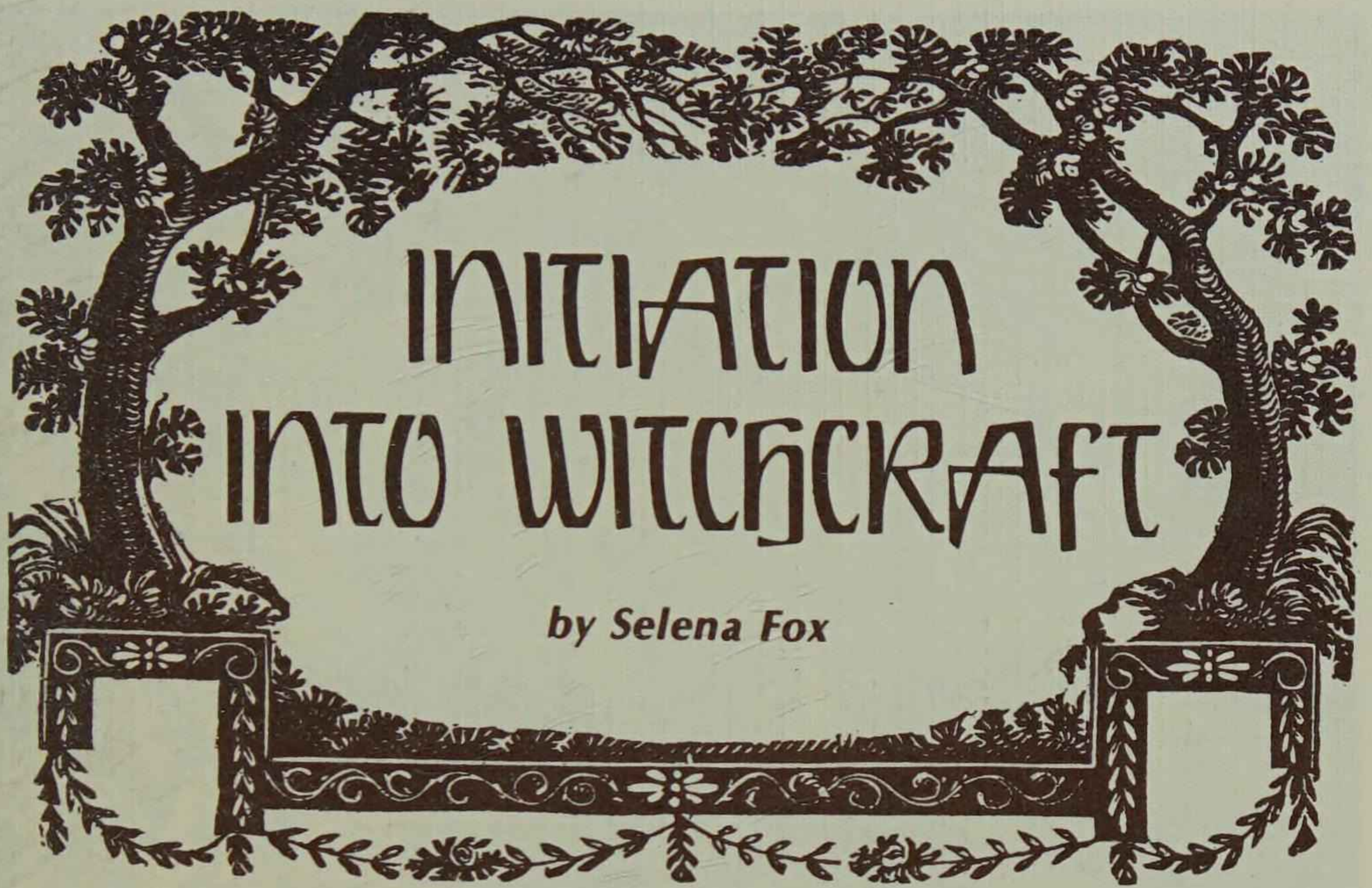
*She leaves the temple of ashes; krim hum hrim.*

*To the Moon, wind and Vultures; krim hum hrim Kaliki.*

**-Full moon 4/22/78**

**written 5/3/78**

**131**



Initiation into the Craft is a magickal awakening. The exact ritual procedure used to bring about this awakening varies from tradition to tradition and from coven to coven, but the outcome is the same — unfoldment of the magickal Self of the initiate.

While Craft secrecy vows do not permit me to describe exactly what happens during an initiation into our brand of the Craft, which we call Circle Wicca, our song, "Song of the Witch," depicts the magickal process that occurs during one of our initiation ceremonies. This song of initiation is sung to a very old Craft tune, known to most folks today as "Scarborough Fair."

### **SONG OF THE WITCH\***

***words by Selena Fox; melody traditional***

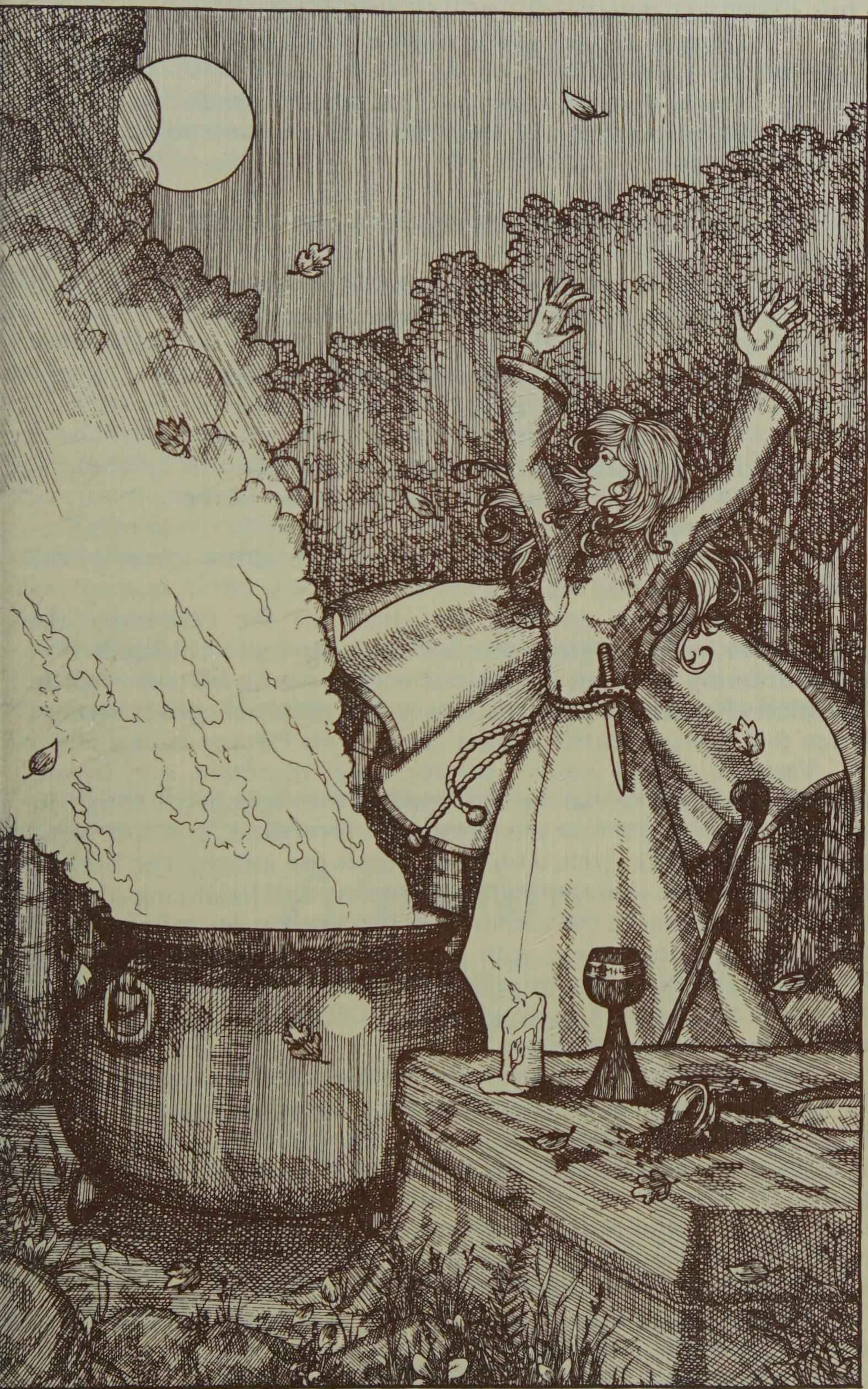
*Will you be of Wicca tonight?  
... Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme  
Then come with me to the Circle of Light  
... Send the will, the wish you shall find.*

*Take up these herbs and brew up a tea ...  
Drink it all down the gods you shall see ...*

*Take up the glass and look at your face ...  
Go into your self to find a new place ...*



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*Go to the woods and find an oak tree . . .  
Cling to it tight and strong you shall be . . .*

*Go to the mountains and call up the wind . . .  
Fly through the air with thoughts that you send . . .*

*Fly to the Sun and touch its bright flame . . .  
Open your mind and choose a new name . . .*

*Go to the sea and call to the Moon . . .  
Raise up your arms and sing out her tune . . .*

*Join your hands with those who surround . . .  
Share the power that we send around . . .*

*We shall part, but meet again soon . . .  
To dance and sing and call down the Moon . . .*

What is the symbolism embodied in each of the verses of this song?

**Verse 1:** Before entering the circle for the ceremony, the prospective initiate is given one last opportunity to change her/his mind. Entering the Craft is a serious matter, not to be taken lightly. Initiation changes the aura and opens new vistas of consciousness. Once this energy transfer occurs, there is no turning back.

**Verse 2:** "These herbs," parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme, form the magickal herbal mantra repeated throughout the song. The herbs symbolize the four elements, four directions, and four guardians of the magick circle which surrounds the initiate. The brewed tea is alchemical, representing the blending and balancing of these elemental energies in the cauldron of the Self. Parsley is linked with Earth and the North; Sage with Fire and the South; Rosemary with Water and the West; Thyme with Air and the East. Internalization of the perfect balance of these elements is conveyed by "drink it all down, the gods you shall see."

**Verse 3:** "The glass" is the instrument of reflection — whether it be a magick mirror or a bowl containing water. Self-examination is important. "Know Thyself" is an essential guideline in the Craft as well as other mystery/magickal traditions. The initiate undergoes a period of introspection and reflection during the ceremony, entering a trance to find the core of her/his magickal Self within. The initiate meditates deeply to achieve psychic centering as preparation for attunement to elemental energies which follows.

**Verse 4:** Attunement to Earth and the Earth Mother brings stability, strength, and protection to the initiate. A witch must have the firm foundation necessary for all magickal workings. The forest

is the grove/temple of Witchcraft. The oak is a tree of strength and power and a symbol of the Craft.

**Verse 5:** Attunement to Air and Sky brings intellectual stimulation and knowledge, the ability to project the spirit body, and the power of visualization. The mountain symbolizes the journey to enlightenment and the raising of the initiate's vibrations to higher levels.

**Verse 6:** Attunement to Fire and Sun brings expansion of consciousness and energy, and the rise of the Serpent Fire, or kundalini. When this inner power is released, usually by the laying on of hands of Priestess and Priest, the energy flows through the initiate and her/his magickal Self is born. To signify this new Self, the initiate takes on a new name, the chosen Craft name.

**Verse 7:** Attunement to Water and Moon brings understanding of intuitions, dreams, magick, and psychic abilities. Moon's energy is channeled through the initiate to bring about the unfoldment of the crown chakra.

**Verse 8:** Acceptance of the initiate into the magickal family or coven. Energy is shared in a power circle formed by those present. The energies of the Goddess and the God are united in the cone of power raised.

**Verse 9:** Having been magickally awakened and accepted into the tradition, the new witch enters into Celebration, which continues after the ceremony has ended, for Celebration is the lifestyle of witches.

*\* From Circle Magick Songs by Jim Alan and Selena Fox, © 1977, Circle Publications.*

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## A Summons

*Wizards of Atlantis,  
Ancient before time,  
Walk this sphere again.*

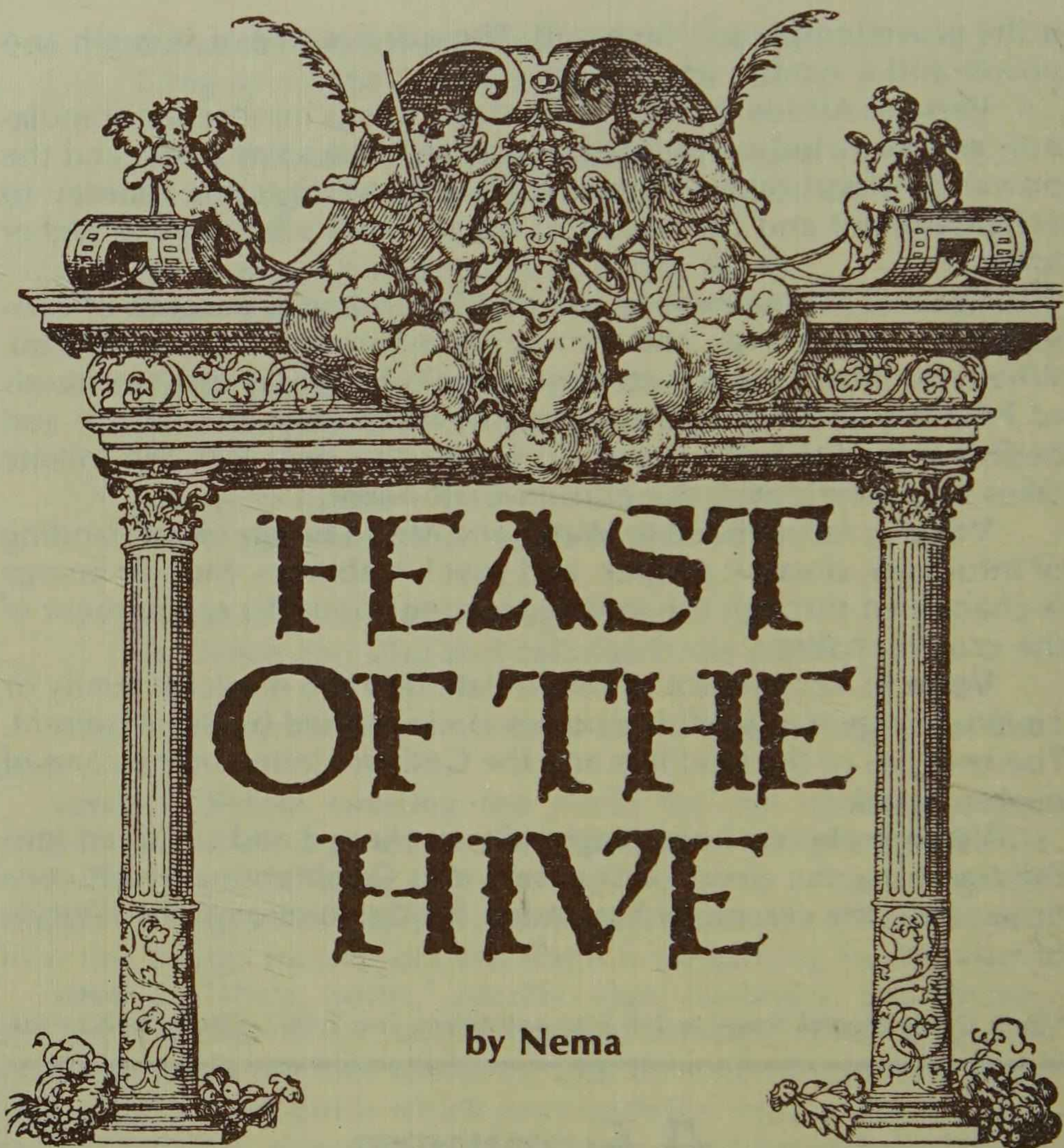
*Begin your dance.  
For in it do the Words  
Unravel like twine upon  
The uplifted hand of Kronos.*

*In your path do I walk.  
By the starry necromancy of the  
Heavens am I uplifted.*

*Dance Now!  
To the tune of a magick long  
Forgotten yet ever remembered  
In the joys and fears of a child.*

*Beginning of the Questioning:      How came you here?      By salt.  
Your name?      BELTHAR. By this was I once called. By this may I  
be called again.*

**Lugis Thor**



# FEAST OF THE HIVE

by Nema

N'Aton:

**T**

hese rituals are given to Man to know in the seventy-third year of the Aeon of Horus. They are practiced in the flowering of the Aeon of Maat. They have been revealed at this time so there may be a comprehension and understanding of the nature of Man as he will be, and of the Alchemy of Maat.

The "post-Victorian" climate of sexual liberation has diluted the intensity of the subjective appreciation of sexual Alchemy. The social environment of Western man in the seventh decade of the Aeon of Horus has rendered a sacred form profane.

In keeping with the formula of IPSOS, by which the Magickal Current of Maat has been united with the Current of Shaitan, it is now the time and here the place for the unveiling of the evolution of Alchemy. To the end of infusing new life into the High Art, are

these rituals given.

The celebrants of these rituals are Kings, individuals secure in their self-awareness and personal sovereignty. They freely choose to function as priest **and** sacrament for the benefit of the **gestalt**. Not from a desire to cease living, nor from a concept of the "nobility of martyrdom" do they base their acts... From a profound love for and unity with their Race, they donate their physical bodies.

Individuals dwell in small enclaves, or Hives, whose populations range from a few hundred to about a thousand. There is but one true city on the planet, Meshikan. It is mounted upon a platform and travels from continent to continent. Its function is to serve as the administrative and archival center of the Race. In our time, there is no desire to crowd together in cities. We are **en rapport** through individual participation in the **gestalt**.

The Hive Temple functions as a center for religious gathering, artistic display (as a museum/theater of creative and performing arts), and local administrative functions. It is not uncommon for individuals of other Races of the Comity to be guesting in the Hives (provided, of course, that such Brothers are of structures compatible with the environment.) These Brothers may, if they choose, participate in the Hive-Feasts—our definition of "human" has expanded considerably since your era.

The Shadow Priesthood functions as a balance-weight for the Hive; as such, it is perhaps philosophically more akin to the essence of Maat than the Dayside order. We have found that only the younger Race-members of the Comity, such as ourselves, still distinguish between noumena and phenomena, the Nothing and the All. Until we achieve the degree of maturity enjoyed by our Elder Brothers, however, we will maintain the dual priesthood for the sake of polarity and balance.

The rituals presented here may strike some individuals of your time as a reversion to barbarity and precivilized practices. Evolution progresses in spiral form, with a point on the circle also moving forward with each revolution. To acquire the essence of certain virtues, our ancestors ate their enemies; for the same basic purpose, we eat our friends and brothers.

The Christian Communion service was a type of prefiguring of the Hive-Feast, though the symbolism of bread and wine, despite the factor of "transubstantiation", was indirect and dilute. The sacramental flesh of the Feast of the Hive is the most direct transmittor of energy available to us on the physical plane.

As you read of these rituals, be careful of your guard. There are eaters of bodies other than flesh, who lurk about the Gate between our times... By the same mouth that eats the holy flesh is the word of love and balance spoken.

To the south of Temple rotunda is a large iron cauldron, suspended over a fire-pit. In the Great Hall of the Temple is the banquet table, large enough to seat the entire Hive. On the north of the rotunda is the Arena. To the west is the dias-altar, vested in crimson, and to the east, a latticed meditation-bower.

### **THE WAY OF COMBAT (Rajas)**

Two Warrior-Priests/Priestesses, of matched skill, strength, and spiritual enlightenment, shall agree to participate in this Working. They shall have been on a vegetarian diet for at least six weeks prior to the working, on a regimen of lean, rare meat for the week immediately preceding the rite, and fasting for twenty-four hours in advance of the actual combat.

Only after five years of intensive physical and spiritual training is an Aspirant qualified to participate in a Ritual of Combat, and that is as an Armed Warrior. The only weapons permitted are a blade of forearm's length and a shield of forearm's diameter. After surviving five years of armed combat and further training, a priest is then qualified as a Warrior of Air; the only weapons are the naked hands.

Both types of ritual are fought to the death of one Combatant.

This ritual is performed on the Solstices. The Combatants are the concelebrating priests for the rite, with the Firemaster, Tanner, Goldsmith and assistants as acolytes.

The Hive assembles within the Temple before the Solstice dawn..From the appearance of the first light, all sit in silent meditation, and then hymn a greeting to the sun as the disk rises above the horizon.

Wine, cakes and fruit are distributed among members of the Hive, as the young candidates for Warriorhood are brought forth and presented with their Aspirants' robes and practice weapons. They are received by the teaching-priests with due solemnity, and this reception marks the beginning of their training-period.

There follows a duel-dance by pairs of fourth-years students using blunted weapons. They enact an appropriate Martial legend from the race-past. As the Sun approaches noon, the Arena is cleared and the Hive falls silent.

The Firemaster enters with the Combatants, who are naked and oiled. The Firemaster kindles two torches and hands one to each of the Combatants. They bow toward the Hive to the Firemaster, and embrace each other. They touch the torches together, uniting the separate fires into one flame, then cast the torches into the bed of kindling beneath the cauldron. As the flames grow, they return to the Arena.

They fight, each seeking to inflict a swift and fatal blow upon the other. Lithe, catlike, their strikes and parries are more rapid than

the eye can follow. They are evenly matched, veterans of other such rites, and dedicated Masters of their Art. Their fasting has heightened the senses, the danger has brought them to the peak of their ability in act.

The Balance of the Feather brings the decisive blow; one stands, one falls. The Firemaster determines death; if necessary, he indicates one further strike by hand or sword, and the first part is complete.

The body of the vanquished is suspended, and the Tanner removes the skin, which he will process into fine parchment for the Temple scribes. The scribes will write of the life of the slain upon it, and place it within the revered Book of the Great Ones.

The body of the slain one is butchered and seethed in the cauldron until sundown, when the feasting begins. At sundown, the cauldron is removed from the fire and the stew is served as main dish for the banquet. The victor is awarded first choice of parts, usually the heart or the liver.

The Skull will be gilded and jeweled and placed in a niche of honor in the Temple wall above the Arena. The bones will be transformed, where possible, into hand weapons; the remainder will be burned.

The preliminary dietary discipline of the combatants, plus the battle-engendered adrenaline, form the chemical base of the sacrament of this rite. It is part of the Firemaster's task to so employ the use of herbs in the cooking process that the communal benefit from the feast manifests in terms of strength and endurance rather than agitation and belligerence.

Communion in the ritual of the Way of Combat confers upon the participants those virtues peculiar to Mars, Jupiter and the Sun, and special facility on the Paths connecting them. To balance the forces invoked by this rite, its Dark counterpart is performed by the Shadow Priests in the subterranean chambers below the Hive Temple.

The Shadow Priests are few in number; the Hive is aware of their existence and necessity, but they operate on a hidden basis, as a symbolic Unconscious of the **gestalt**. Their ranks are filled by a selective process: candidates are those who discover within themselves a talent for Working the Qlipoth, and who are deemed acceptable by the practicing priesthood. Their Initiation Ordeal consists of living for a year severed from participation in the **gestalt**.

The Dark version of the Way of Combat has, as its major distinguishing feature, the death by suicide of one of the combatants. Instead of defending one's life while seeking to bring death to the other, the warriors of the Shadow Priests seek to prevent the other from suicide while attempting to bring death to oneself. The first death accomplished signals the end of the Combat, with the one

left alive obliged to preserve himself for the next occasion.

Following the feasts in the Temple above and the Temple below, the Firemasters from both priesthoods meet to exchange a small quantity of their Sacrament. The opposite broths are then distilled for use as seasonings, thus maintaining Balance for the Hive.

### THE WAY OF LOVE (Tamas)

This rite is held on the Equinoxes.

The celebrants are a priest and priestess, assisted, as before, by the Firemaster, Goldsmith, Tanner and others.

Unlike the Way of Combat, the first part of the ritual is conducted not in assembly of the entire Hive, but with the Brothers and Sisters of the Priesthood of the Bee. This priesthood consists of those whose Will it is to maintain the open communication of the Hive within itself (i.e., to keep the health of the **gestalt**) and with the forces of nature.

The major celebrants are assisted by six other couples of the Priesthood of the Bee. Maat is invoked as the Gynander, and Gaia also is called as the general representative of elemental Nature. This is done at the dias altar.

The first couple unites on the dias altar. They consume a token amount of the Elixir, but leave the greater part of it to be taken by the second couple. The second pair, after sharing the Elixir of the first, assume their place upon the altar, proceed with the Mass and Communion, sharing this intensified Elixir with the third couple. This process continues to the point where the sixth couple has shared Elixir with the major celebrants. There is here both a cumulative and distilling effect, so that the primary celebrants will be producing an Elixir of seven distillations and seven increments.

On this final occasion, however, when the priestess mounts astride the priest, the Firemaster binds them together with cords, permitting just enough mobility for the act to be performed. As the first slow movements begin, to the soft chanting of the encircling priesthood, the assistants of the Firemaster quietly enter with a silver-pointed javelin. This he takes and holds, standing at the foot of the altar.

As the tempo of the act increases, so does the chant rhythm. At the orgasm of the priest, the priestess leans forward upon him in embrace, and the Firemaster hurls the javelin, piercing both through the heart.

The binding cords prevent any death-reflex from separating them; still coupled, they are spitted and slow-roasted until nightfall. The bodies are gutted and cleaned through lateral incisions that do not disturb their positioning.

In preparing the flesh for serving, the Firemaster carefully

extracts the Elixir. He extends its quantity with consecrated and purified ingredients and it is used with the fleshmeat in the form of a sauce.

The Hive assembles at sundown for the feast. The twelve participating priests and priestesses wait upon the feasting Hive-members, bringing the Elixir to each in a silver vessel. The Singers perform love songs and lays in honor of the day's concelebrant couple. The wine for the feast is aphrodisiac, and a variety of drugs is available after the eating is finished. Night sees the Hive in embrace, in dance, in love-making.

A torchlight procession forms at midnight and the bones of the concelebrants (excepting the skulls) are carried to a plot of earth on the Temple grounds that is the representation of all lands under cultivation. The bones are buried in a trench along the perimeter of the plot, except for the femurs which are added to those already positioned vertically as fencing for the plot.

Gaia is invoked by the Firemaster, a small libation of the Elixir is poured on the earth, and the procession sings hymns to the elements and to the planet as it returns to the Temple and home.

The Goldsmith silver-plates the skulls and jewels them, after which they are placed in niches above the dias-altar. The Tanner's only task following this rite is to plait the hair of the celebrants in intricate patterns to form a mat upon which the skulls will rest.

The virtues here pertain to Mercury (communication), Venus (unifying relationships) and the Moon (receptivity to and linking with the spirit of Nature).

The Shadow Priesthood, meanwhile, conducts the obverse rites underground. This consists of a dual process of oral homosexual workings, with the Sisters and Brothers working on twin dias-altars. The description will follow the male aspect, but the Sisters work in the same manner, with the vaginal fluids being processed like the semen.

There are six participants assisting the main celebrant. The first is fellated to orgasm by the second; the majority of the Elixir is conveyed by mouth to a silver vessel between the dias altars (the Sisters deposit their Elixir within the same vessel), and a small portion of it is retained and consumed by the second priest. The third priest duplicates the process, and so on until the major celebrant completes it with the sixth priest.

The Firemaster stands ready with the javelin, and the Tanner does the same at the Sisters' altar.

The first assisting priest kneels before the celebrant who is spreadeagled on the altar, and with the utmost skill, brings him to orgasm. This is timed as closely as possible with the Sisters, so that both achieve ecstasy and are slain simultaneously.

The first assistants then turn to each other and commingle the

Elixirs in a kiss, again depositing the majority in the vessel and retaining a small amount for their own consumption.

The Firemaster binds the slain priest and priestess back-to-back for the roasting, and proceeds with the preparation of the Elixir as a sauce. There is an exchange of a small quantity of it between the Firemasters later, as in the Way of Combat.

The Shadow Priesthood assembles for this feast, which is followed by a great ring of oral-genital connection, with the sexes alternating.

A torchlight procession forms. Since the Shadow Priesthood is relatively small in number, the remaining flesh is placed on the Tower of Silence for the Temple vultures to consume in the morning. The bones are carried to the sea, or to the nearest inland water-way. The Dark Mother Ocean is called upon, and Dagon, Chthulu and the other Elder Gods are invoked. A libation of the Elixir is poured into the water, and the seal of Maat is placed upon the Gate between when the Elder Gods withdraw. The Shadow Priests return to the Temple before Dawn.

### **THE WAY OF THE DRAGONFLY (Sattvas)**

There is no fixed time for the culmination of this ritual; it is set according to the word and will of the celebrant.

The celebrant selects a young assistant from among the Priesthood of the Black Flame. This assistant vows a year's time to the completion of the Dragonfly rite, during which he or she will live with the celebrant as chela.

They will spend most of their time in a hut in the woods, coming to the latticed bower within the Temple during the Full Moon. They are assisted in the Temple by the Healer and the Firemaster.

The ritual is begun by an invocation of Shiva on the night of the Full Moon. He is invoked in his Lion Face aspect.

With the assistance of his chela and the Healer, the celebrant severs his left foot and offers it to the Firemaster to be prepared. The celebrant then consumes his roasted appendage, sharing a portion of it with the chela.

The bones are carefully cleaned and varnished and are used to begin the construction of a Shivalignam. The ritual is continued for the next eleven Full Moons, with the severings at ankles, knees, hips, wrists, elbows and shoulders.

The periods of time between the rituals are used by the celebrant to bring down and manifest within himself the essence and completion of the All. In the process of self-consuming, the celebrant concentrates the All in an ever-decreasing volume of his earth-self, symbolized and materialized in his physical body.

On the thirteenth Full Moon, the group again assembles within

the lattice-bower. Upon this occasion, however, the chela takes up the Dagger, and upon command of the celebrant, stabs the limbless trunk to the heart. The chela receives the dying breath of the celebrant in a kiss.

The Firemaster prepares the body for a Hive-feast, reserving the pineal gland which is carefully sun-dried, and covered with gold leaf. The skull is plated with iron, and set within a niche above the lattice-bower. The remaining skeletal bones are placed within the Shivalignam sculpture, which is then added to a circle of similar symbols surrounding the bower.

A Shadow-Priest compliments the ritual as follows:

Kali and Maut are invoked on the dark of the Moon. With the severing of each part on the following months, the chela bears the part to the Tower of Silence for the vultures. Any bones that may remain are collected on the following visit.

The Shadow Priest spends the intervals between rituals in a subterranean grotto, expanding his being toward the Nothing. The vultures disperse his physical self in like manner.

On the thirteenth occasion of the rite, the Firemaster and Healer attend. The chela dispatches the celebrant with a Dagger, but here the celebrant receives the chela's breath with his dying gasp.

The Healer cuts two openings in the skull, immediately above the ears, and thus removes the pineal gland. He then carries the skull to an anthill where the soft parts are removed. The trunk is carried to the Tower of Silence, and the available bones are recovered at an appropriate time. The skull and bones are taken to the shrine of Kali in her cavern-temple and are added to the adornments begun by previous celebrants. The skull is strung on Her necklace, and the skeletal bones are hung from her girdle.

The gilded pineals are brought by the respective Firemasters to an iron coffer that occupies a niche in the corridor that joins the Temple of the Hive and the Temple of the Shadow Priests. Not even the Firemasters can distinguish among these Eyes of those who became All, and those who became Nothing.

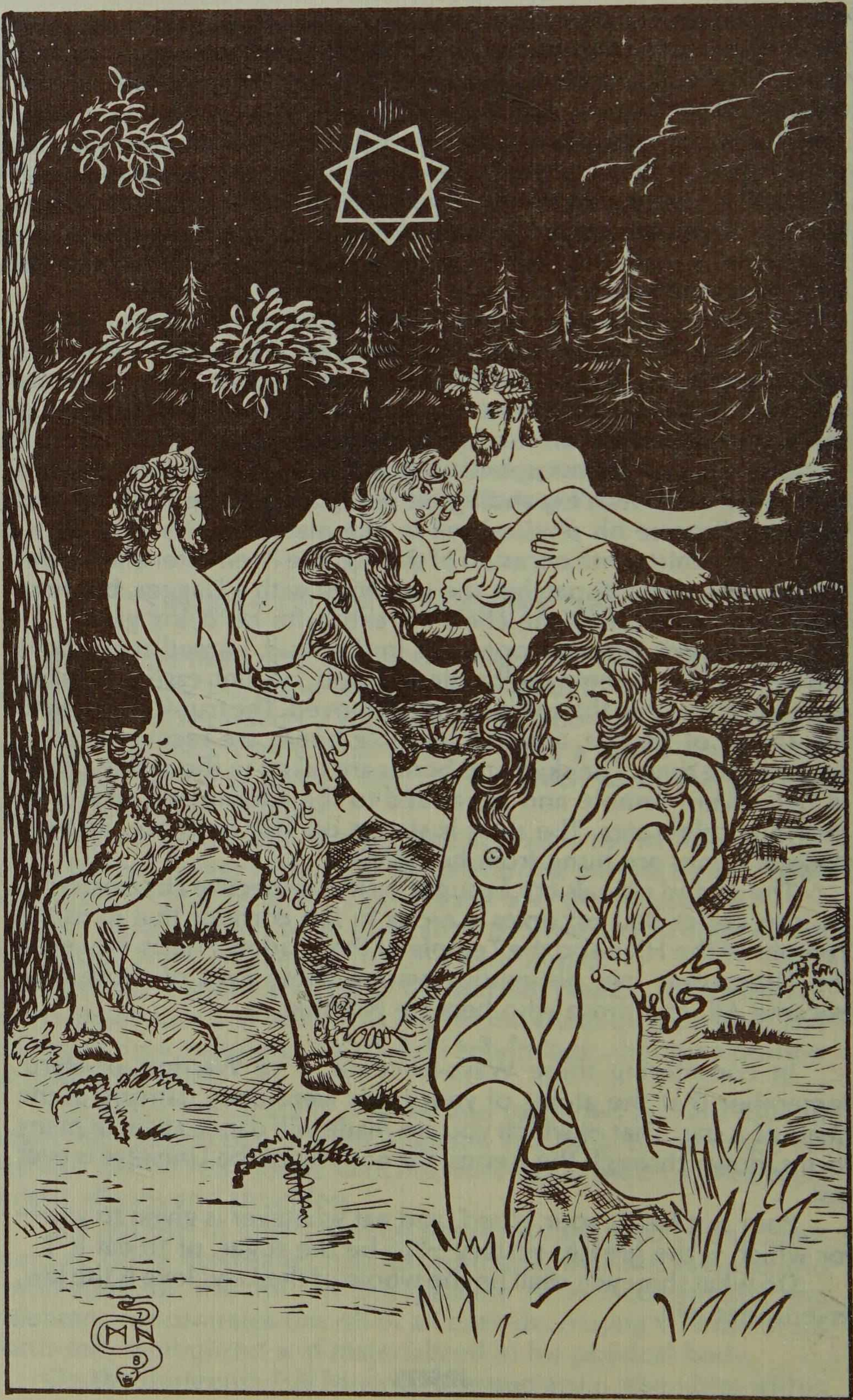
\* \* \* \* \*

In considering these Ways-to-come, o ye Warriors of Heru, remember that the atoms of your body were once dancing at the heart of a star. That of which you are made will dance again in many forms, down through the Aeons, for nothing of the Universe is ever lost.

Pour out freely your blood, and eat whatever is given to you—for which is the greater ecstasy—"to be the sugar, or to eat it"?

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law; love is the law, love under will.

**IPSOS**



# THE DAATH TRILOGY

Poems by

Illustrated by

**FRATER 480**  
**(Romuald M. Tallip)**

**FRATER S. Q. O. E.**  
**(Michael Hawthorne)**

## Cult of Lilith

### SONG OF THE PAN-NYMPHS

*From out the forest veils of purple night  
We come dancing in moonlight, in moonlight,  
Where silver streams sweet girt the woodland row,  
Where satyr tracks impress the shadow hill  
Moist with dew upon lit bells of myrtle,  
Glittered dew of summer rain in gentle chill  
Our ivory feet leaf-separate the herb  
From azure twilight in grape dim groves where throb  
Dreaming hearts so long hearing harps as on they lay  
Contemplating Venus touch in prophecy  
For midnight when the moon and every star  
Becomes a Succubus and silver Muse from deep afar  
Secret teaching a sweet Qabalah here  
Within the whisper of the wind droning in our ear  
And on our tongue as on we run does trembling come  
A joyous praise to Pan and argent Moon a song,  
A song as from immortal dream now soaring  
Again through star-inwoven tapestries of cloud  
Ever loud as if a thunder roaring  
Swift removing the cold 'Old Aeon's' shroud,  
Inviting the conjugal presence of every woodland god  
And goddess who live on fire-ambrosia potion  
Of Love and Light and Liberty and then  
We feel inside a goddess too and seem to 'wake' again.  
The emerald lizards, moistly hidden—  
Long tucked beneath cool Proserpina rocks,  
Have returned!,  
Are on the apple limbs of ecstasy again!  
Athena's owls whooo their oracle of Wisdom,  
And Eden bears the plus footprint of Man.*

# THE MAGUS

Flickering Chaos has been  
    harmonized,  
Subjugated to Immortal Mind,  
Wove with measures of  
    pleasant motion  
As whirlwind-waves of leaping  
    ocean  
Serene become in dusk of  
    dreams  
When wakes this 'sun',  
    immortal in Man,  
Whose every thought is as  
    a beam  
Sculptured from the glow  
    of Pan  
Unveiled and swift in crownèd  
    theme  
Catching the gleam of  
    Higher Self  
Then moving it in Magus veins  
With great and mighty  
    murmurings  
Of Love as light as laugh of elf  
Or deep as Venus gazing deep  
Into the starry Heart of things  
Long hid in folds of crystal  
    clouds  
Whose tears be-wing the  
    sighing shrouds  
O'er the lost Adonis flowers  
Of happiness and song.  
A thousand lyres I shake  
In dance of this Revealing,  
I loose the tempest of my  
    tongue  
To chant a perfect key!  
The atom of my lower self  
Performs his bowed obeisances!  
Behold, I am his Magus swift  
    and pure

Listening to that Higher Genius  
Whispering in the incense  
That curls its mist within my ear,  
A Lucifer that utters potent  
    oracle!  
Our kingdom is won,  
Our labour done,  
Our gloomful cage is broken!  
The Senses' Storm  
Is now outworn,  
The Mind has brought  
    Confusion  
Under the Sceptre of harmony,  
O under the Wand of Love!  
We are free to weave a dance,  
To dive inside the bubble,  
To dine on flame with  
    Elemental  
Savour of its splendour,  
To soar atop the World's  
    Mountain  
As would some cloud-wet  
    Zeus-like eagle  
Glide in glistened folds of  
    amber sun  
O'er dark caves, dew-roofed  
    with Night,  
To come in sight of Love!  
We run, we run,  
With sandals of lightning or  
    hooves of Pan,  
Tasting the Ecstasy in Man,  
Bursting with a thousand facets  
Of One prism smile!  
We come, We come,  
Coursing through the  
    azure isles  
And glitter of the astral plane,  
Seeing Spirits of human Mind  
Unite with Genius of the Stars!



*And here we find a Harp  
Added to the Weapons  
Elemental on the Altar,  
For Joy-in-Love is the key  
That turns the lock of Magick,  
And Love is the Law-ful mate  
of Will*

*Whose inward kiss is dance  
dramatic  
Dressed with wings that  
swiftly fly  
In blood cells of the soul.  
Hail Pan, ave!  
Hail, It is Accomplished!*



# LILITH

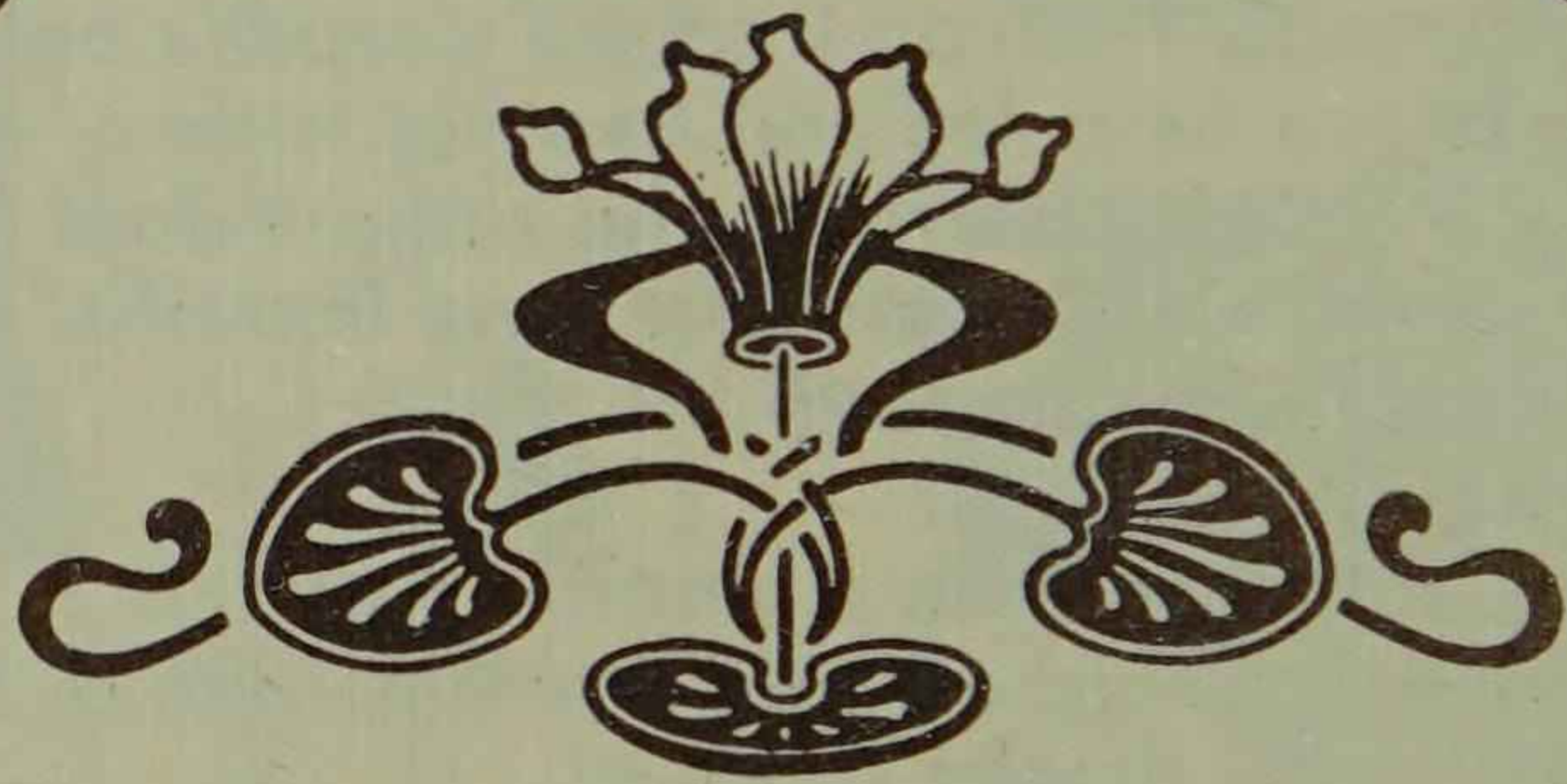
Above in breeze of night's cool crescent flame  
I hear a gentie sighing as a water murmuring  
Or as the dying of a lyre's gold and softest strain  
Played among the vapours of a silver speechless dream  
In which all things are moving, blazing as white foam  
Of some universal sea beyond an earthen home.  
Her sigh is voice of sensuous sweetest succubus,  
Such Muse as wakes a mystic thought inside mortal head  
And brings immortal Helicon into the sleeper's bed  
Whereon ambrosia he is fed and Bacchus wine of cheer  
Is every juice from Her warm lips his tongue does beckon near.  
But more than this is that sigh, that song immortal heard,  
That 'wind' long racing through the night  
That speaks a serpent word!  
I follow hymn but high onto a moonlit path  
Beyond a shore of tarnished gold into a garden of Daath  
Where breath is as a breeze of Mind  
Wisped from Paradise! and delight is infinite  
For the sand is now in bloom  
And the womb of Eve is split  
Beyond incarnation's shadow-limit!  
The serpent pon my Muse's leg  
Whispers with a perfumed hiss,  
The choral throngs of Man awake  
And penetrate the Silent Bliss  
With revelries of loudsome Pan  
Mindless with erotic kiss  
And foaming mouths of sacraments  
That made them gods when still they lived  
Upon the cold and mortal earth  
Where blew a wind  
Wherein was song, tempered with flame-oracle,  
Swift coursing through its labyrinth  
With passion-breath deep calling love,  
Deep calling love—  
I heard the wind as Lilith  
And leaped the serpent path!,  
I heard Her in a dream of Old,  
I touch Her now at last.

Amen.

# TANGO DELTA

by Travis Dobbs

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## DEATH TONGUES THE SILENT PAIN OF SHAME

*Without refuge of wedded lust my GYP-  
SY blood doth spill like Myth left lay 'twixt rust  
And merriment. This secret cup I sip  
Enthralled that bold vapours beg breads that crust*

*Divorced. Mystics forbid daydream decay  
Like golden gnomes grown ironclad. Some play  
Within Thelema's pyramids thus may  
Appear noiseless legions let weigh by day*

*Awestricken, Rose-Cross pentagrams 'round Those  
Whose Festivals newmoon in wonderment;  
Whose justice knows no law; for Those so chose  
'Mongst earthbreast be lent heaven sacrament.*

*Death hath not pride but lusty tournament  
Ecstatic losers; kiss'd in slow descent.*

## THE HIGHLIGHT OF SUICIDE IS ALTERNATING CURRENT (DEDICATED TO CROWLEY)

O crystal coffin perfumed, gold and rose  
Go I in cold amusement, youthful hue;  
Those ghosts do round me now should view orbs old  
As Eve alone: I sip no morning dew,  
Nor dawn. Death's drunkenness delights me. Now

Red frozen sea sits still; sin gazed her chances  
Brave mem'ry where many here venture in.  
Let sins forgot somehow descend? But how?  
How loud one weeps; bared teeth; A.C. dances  
Yet, He who sleeps pursues anew his kin.



## THE TECHNITRONIC WIDOWMAKERS DRAG ON

Black, therewithal without moonbeam gazed I  
Upon some blazing Countenance set free;  
Entranced here held full high a cashmere sky  
Unstirred, invoked. Before Her there a tree

Sprang forth. Old Age bemoaned (in bloom)  
Her fruit: Truth: sudden shadowplay in dream  
No more! Forlorn? I know not, only doom  
That veils compel Nirvana, graven, gleam

Perchance this Dragon's vanity, God's Tongue.  
Illumined like his father's sad delight,  
A martyred Verse, a ruthless, silv'ry night  
Indulged 'til, limpid, Truth had fast too long;

As Vespers eve widows followed here on.  
So strong an omen yet; too weak to run.

## THE VIRGIN ANAHATA

To hang inside a Lethe heady-ness  
My past high spirits dare not dream in jest;  
Nor, lusty, scheme a pain weav'd sleepless, yes,  
And fatal vices mistresses leave blest.  
So wealthy (weaned) my widow drest today

No baby's breath so veiled post-natal shroud  
Had she; more pious love but blissful eyes  
Celestial (silence vanished); turn'd away  
To grieve beneath, to penetrate, to crowd  
The Heart unlike a vengeful queen; she dies.



## NAKED REGRESSION #1

A dizzy pain freezes my abject brain  
Here seated gray; some witty, flighty Elf  
So vexed in vision's luxury; disdain  
Remains enslaved within this End of Self;

One final flame: I greet thee tearswept sea  
Set free from where depression breeds her brood  
And there select my lonely Melody  
So suddenly the reason: Babes born nude.

All Sikhs that fall recall those peaks ago  
Entetherings no longer pleased to be  
Illusion's laughter; God's damned Echo;  
This sinking Pyre applauds the Fool in me.

Depression's grandeur blooms from spirit bright.  
Regression, though entombed, o'ertakes all Might.

## MERCURY POESY

*In Darkness, 6 is Folly; Reason, dust,  
Having risen thereto, poets herego  
Ergo unto temple masters. Hence must  
Those souls who hold Illusion's goal at "O"  
Know Wisdom, naught, but men's unconsciousness*

*Impressed. Upon Ecclesiastes Wheel  
All shield a Bride who kills of evil mirth.  
What heed take we, do providence, confess  
To Doni and in Din 4 bastards kneel:  
Daleth, scarlet empress, grins vain in birth.*



### ZoHaR xerox

*I 'proach my knees as does Abandon free  
His seed beneath this nightflesh aged from Grace  
Thrice begged, then died; some ragged fantasy  
These embers fuse in aethers, face-to-face*

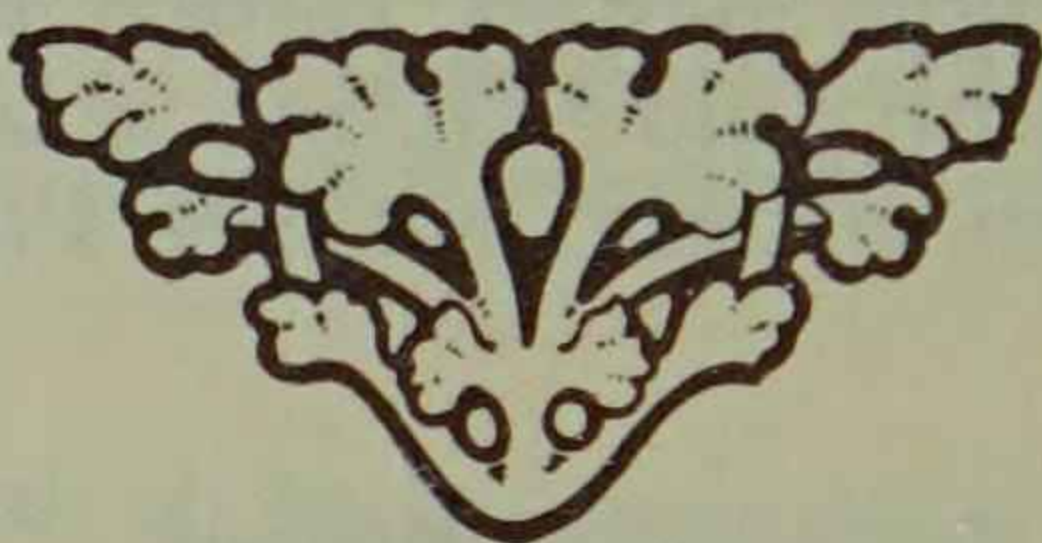
*Despair. Though Miners lost do oft embrace  
Theos (thine iron Face thin men pray for);  
Among those men no monument I trace  
Nor Stone the likeness Masons hunger 'fore.*

*Let they that roam within Gloom's waiting wombs  
Beware, embalmed my half-bare bones forlorn  
Breed graves; enchanted Mimics groom old tombs  
Forsaken; shells, Wheels, where tomorrow's born*

*Do so immortal. Pilgrims (poisoned youth  
Whose fruit free falls) forsake the Master's Truth.*



# Reviews



**COSMIC TRIGGER-THE FINAL SECRET OF THE ILLUMINATI** - Robert Anton Wilson. (Paperback) Pocket Books, New York, N.Y., 1978, 288 pgs, \$1.95.

Mr. Wilson is a synthesist. In this book, he weaves theory and experience into an eminently readable presentation of his viewpoint of the course of human evolution. He writes as one experienced in Magick, with the ghosts of the '60's as his familiar spirits.

His accounts of "synchronicity" are typical of those events familiar to the Magickian or mystic — the little evidences that the Gateway to the Inbetween is open and working. He chronicles his career as Fool through several of his workings, such as the writing of the Illuminatus trilogy, the promotion of the Discordian religion, and his exploration of the DNA pattern of consciousness, backward and forward in Time.

The reader is presented with reinforcing evidence for the importance of several symbol/factors of the New Aeon: extraterrestrial contact, the hawk-headed figure of Horus, the works of Aleister Crowley, Gurdjieff and Reich, the star Sirius, Sufi philosophy, etc. He also presents a warm portrait of Dr. Timothy Leary as Adept, a portrait that is not transmitted by the popular press.

Both in his living experiences and in the writing about them, Wilson exhibits the admirable ability to open the Gateway, to expand his, and the readers', viewpoint beyond the mundane. He also avoids the extreme of naive credulity that taints too many of the current crop of books on paranormal phenomena. A true gentleman, Wilson courteously permits the reader to determine his/her own acceptance of the "reality" or "meanings" of his narrative.

There exists a point of confusion in **Cosmic Trigger** that requires a careful reading and contemplation to resolve. In presenting Dr. Leary's "Periodic Table of Evolution", Wilson does mention a post-physical phase for evolving Man, when the exponential acceleration of development propels us beyond the "Omega point".

But this is overshadowed by the emphasis on "immortality" research, clearly an intermediate step in the course toward Omega. The overshadowing is inevitable, perhaps; the most powerful section of this book deals with the tragic death of Wilson's daughter, Luna, and the decision to have her brain cryonically preserved. The power of this account tends to immobilize the reader's attention, "freezing" it in the urgency of extending

the span of a single physical lifetime.

The reader should exercise caution in keeping the attention mobile; otherwise, there is generated the impression that Wilson's grief has made of him a Black Brother. A second reading of the book does much to dispel this impression.

**Cosmic Trigger** is a welcome addition to the Magickal library, providing one with an enjoyable manifestation of a Star's will and work.

### Cynocephala

**PAGAN/OCCULT/NEW AGE DIRECTORY** - Edited by Rhuddlwm Gawr, Pagan Grove Press, Box 49285, Briarcliff Station, Atlanta, Ga., 30359 - \$3.95

This **Directory** is of great significance. Publications such as this can only lead to a stronger link between occultists. The depth and range of the listings is most impressive. The **Directory** contains a Manifesto, written by Tony Kelly of the Selene Community of Wales, which is one of the most beautiful pieces on Paganism to be seen in a long while.

Well produced and simple to use. Pick it up. You may be pleasantly surprised to find the mystical community in your area is larger than you hitherto thought.

### S.M.CH.H. 353

**THE 1979 LUNAR CALENDAR** - The Luna Press, Box 511, Kenmore Station, Boston, Mass., 02215; \$6.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

I am a woman of magic,  
a dream-filled mystery.  
Spin spells with me.

This passage by Anna Michaud was obtained by bibliomancy. A publication as good as the **Lunar Calendar** is very much able to speak for itself. The calendar divides the year into 13 lunations using month names derived from the Celtic/Druidic tree alphabet. It is a compilation of splendid art, graphics, photography, prose, and poetry. Those who seek to develop a more complete lunar consciousness will find the calendar to be of great aide.

A thing of beauty is forever - it would be absurd to keep this calendar for but one year. A fitting tribute to the Goddess.

### S.M.CH.H. 353

**MASTERING WITCHCRAFT** - Paul Huson, Berkley Windhover Books, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016, \$2.95.

This book promises to become a new classic in the field of introductory how-to texts on Wicca. Huson has concocted an interesting mixture of chaff and seed that when taken as a whole, provides the new practitioner with a good start. The contents move all the way from Magic to Counter-magic with step by step detailed instructions. Appendices include Planetary Hours, a glossary of words and terms, and a concise Bibliography. The book enjoys well deserved wide use.

### S.M.CH.H. 353

**MANDRAGORE** - P.O. Box 3504, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y., 10017. Present issue Volume 3 Number 2 is limited to 151 numbered copies.

A Pagan-Thelemite magazine published by the Grove of the Star and the Snake. The Grove is currently working as a center of power of the "Double Wanded One": Heru-ra-ha/Maat. Their present issue reflects this dedication to the Double Current. The quality of the material is consistently excellent. The poetry sings, the rituals dance in the imagination, and the drawings/comments upon practice provide a heady elixir for the celebration. It is quite a tribute to the Maatian Current that it can inspire work as fine as this.

**S.M.CH.H. 353**

**HOW TO MAKE AND USE MAGIC MIRRORS** - Nigel R. Clough, Samuel Weiser Inc., 740 Broadway, New York, NY, 10003 - \$1.50

Mr. Clough asserts that "there is yet to be found an occult operation that cannot be performed using a mirror" (pg. 8). While the mirror seems most appropriate for workings of the Moon, Mr. Clough does do an excellent job of defending his bold statement. This is a compact (64 pages), extremely practical volume. It contains detailed instructions on the construction, preparation, and use of the Magic Mirror. Step by step drawings are used to aide in the explanation of the construction phase. They should be of great help to the occultist who is not expert in the making of such devices in Malkuth. Preparation of the mirror is largely explained in terms of "fluid accumulators" which consist of a combination of substances able to hold a "charge". A bit more could have been said about the significance of the substances used but, then again, the purpose of this book is primarily geared to practice and not theory. In terms of the actual use of the mirror, his section dealing with the training of the imagination is an unexpected bonus and the use of the mirror as a "waste disposal chute" is most interesting. This book is a good buy.

**S.M.CH.H. 353**

**MAGICKIAN'S DESK REFERENCE** - B.S.T. Publishing, Suite 1294, 2000 Center Street, Berkeley, Cal., 94704

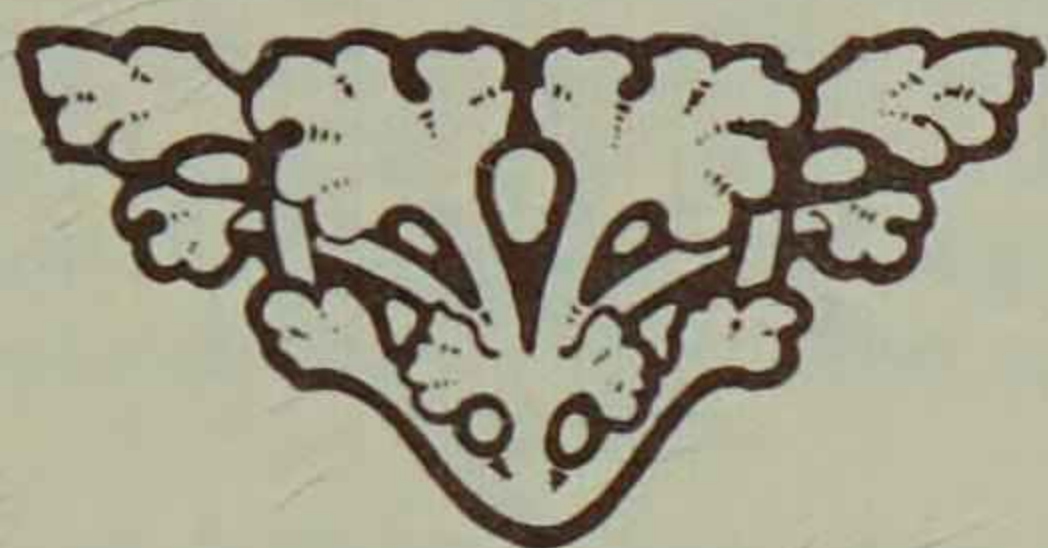
An earnest attempt to enlarge on 777. New material of import includes a more complete comparative alphabet (containing the Illuminati ciphers of Weishaupt and de Molay) and a good deal of additional Eastern material. Perhaps the most important feature of the publication are the blank tables which allow the reader to include some of the fruit of their own searches.

The book is ill bound and has an irritating habit of falling apart. Best bought by the very dedicated and/or those with a fetish for recollating books.

**S.M.CH.H. 353**



# Periodicals



This section is printed as a service to our readers and those publications involved. There is no charge attendant to listing. For details please contact Conquering Child.

**KHABS** - A Washington Thelemic Review. Items of interest to Thelemites in general, with particular emphasis on the O.T.O. headed by Kenneth Grant. Price: 93¢. **Khabs, Box 54, Hyattsville, MD. 20781.**

**NEW DIMENSIONS** - A Quarterly Journal for the serious student of Magic and the Qabalah. All articles by established authors or actual practitioners. Past and present including Dion Fortune, Israel Regardie, Gareth Knight, William G. Gray and many more. Send S.A.E. to: **Basil Wilby, 8 Acorn Ave., Braintree, Essex, England.**

**QUEST** - An Esoteric Magazine written entirely for the practising Occultist and Ritual Magician, dealing with all fields of the Mysteries. If you would like to receive a specimen copy, please send 35p to: **Miss M. Green, 38 Woodfield Ave., London W.5.**

**THE GREEN EGG** - This is the Official Organ of the Church of All Worlds. It is published 8 times a year and may be obtained by a subscription for a donation of whatever you can afford (ideally around \$5.00 a year). Thou art God! **Church of All Worlds, Box 2953, St. Louis, MI, 63130, U.S.A.**

**THE WICCAN** - Newsletter of the Old Religion (and Pagan Front in the U.K.). Sample copy 15p. 4 IRC'S abroad (air mail). **O.G.A., Pine Glen, Moorlands Road, West Moors, Wimborne, Dorset, England.**

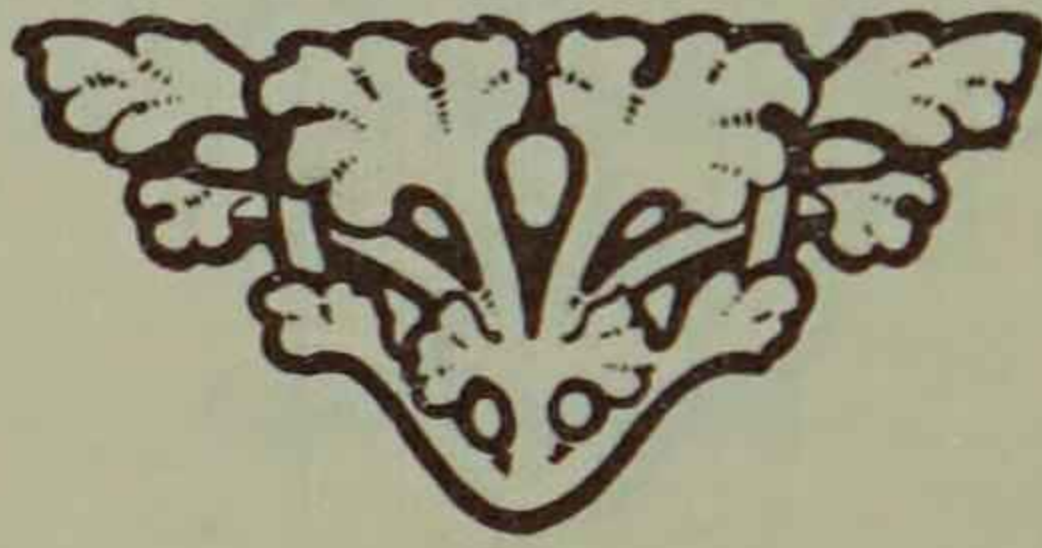
**GNOSTICA** - The practical guide to the Magick within you. Send \$1.00 for sample issue to: **Gnostica, Box 3383-GN, St. Paul, Minnesota 55165, U.S.A.**

**SOTHIS** - Crowley, Spare, and many others. Inquire as to price. **Sothis, The Editors, 346 London Road, St. Albans, Herts, England.**

**O.T.O. NEWSLETTER** - The Official Newsletter of the Ordo Templi Orientis in Berkeley, California headed by Caliph Hymenaeus Alpha. Available by subscription: \$3.00 North America; \$5.00 international. Issued quarterly. **O.T.O., Box 2303, Berkeley, Cal., 94702, U.S.A.**



# Letters



## Dear Fellow Magicians,

It was with great enjoyment and delight that we noted your inclusion of the truly great art and concepts of Frederick MacLaurin Adams in your issue #2. His drawings always dance across the vision as a Sacred fragrant breeze from a far away long ago Land we all used to share. We smile and nod our love to this **really** good man.

We also noted the baneful breezes from some of the same old familiar wind-bags and ego trippers, who never seem to mellow with age and experience, but are still wafting Limburger (O.T.A.).

We **hope** your publication does **not** become another arena for the malicious but glib phonies.

Thanks for Adams especially.

As for the "poetry" of "Dragwyla" we say as follows: (1) WHAT??? (2) YUK!!!

All in all, (except for the two above mentioned **sickos**) your publication isn't bad, and we hope it will thrive and prosper.

We appreciate your editorial policy as it resembles our own.

**Yours in Truth,  
Fra. Zarathustra and  
Soror Veritas**

## Friends,

I thoroughly enjoyed this issue (#2). So many amusing/intriguing things to play with. The poetry, especially that of Polaris, was excellent. I do wish for more articles on methodology, workings, and generally utilitarian subjects.

In regard to Liber Pennae Praenumbra (from issue #1), I have some misgivings. While reading it I felt like I was hearing an Aleister Crowley imitation. The commentary (Beta, issue #2) did little to dispel this feeling.

I am uncomfortable with writings in which symbols are packed together so tightly that it seems a collage of a demented scholar rather than an attempt to pass on thoughts and feelings.

I share a suspiciousness of large amounts of scholarship with the Sufis, Zen masters, and followers of Tao. It is so easy to get lost in your own words.

Please understand that I do not slight the message of Liber Pennae

penumbra. In fact, I wholeheartedly agree with all that is said. My only discomfort is the manner of expression.

Alas! Words! It isn't even the manner of expression itself that bothers me. It is this manner of expression applied to the medium of a magazine which reaches a wide variety of symbolic system manipulators.

Much of what is said, so very important for magickians of any system, is lost in a jungle of symbols that only a few are completely familiar with. The people who most need what is offered are denied the benefit because of lack of language congruence. It also implies to a student that she/he needs to learn your personal symbols to do magick. While I am positive that you had no such implications in mind, the result is not always what one intends.

Remember that medical doctors began using technical language back in the 17th century not because it made anything easier or more accurate for them, but because it made their work mysterious, covered their ignorance and mistakes, and enabled them to charge higher fees.

Do not let lust for mystery or impressive demeanor dissuade you from speaking plainly when the time comes to speak plainly. Strutting ill-serves human beings. It displays all their vitals to attack.

Sincerely,  
Frater Umbilicus  
N.M.F.N.Y.K.T.J.W.D.W.Y.T.I.

(Excerpt from a letter to the editor)

Friends,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

As you know, I am in touch with Nema and am delighted to see that her valuable work pertaining to the Maatian Current is being made generally available through your magazine. I wish you every success with it.

Love is the law, love under will.

Sincerely,  
Kenneth Grant

Dear Frater,

### Nosce te Ipsum

The Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick (issue #1) was enjoyed here at Montsalvat. Holub's artwork is superb, the photos of Knight and his body are striking and his poetry is truly NeoPagan with a mythic flare that sings at the egregore. I divine him as the Fred Adams of Cincinnati. We will make favorable mention of your magazine in The Seventh Ray next issue.

However, we **are not** Thelemites. Why we are not is a long and complex tale. The main reason is philosophical but a lesser reason is the petty, arrogant egoism of the orthodox O.T.O. in this part of the country. I encourage you to read my article, **Negative vs. Positive Gnosis** in Gnostica #40, which covers the philosophical reasons for our monistic stance. Also study the  $O = 2$  Equation in Magick Without Tears if there is any doubt about my assessment of Crowley as a NeoGnostic. Please understand, we

like A.C. and most of his work. We have a Thelemic O.T.O. "College" in our 4 = 7 grade but we will not force Liber Legis on anyone and most of us couldn't accept the third chapter in any case.

Your eclectic editorial policy is something of a 'first' in Thelemic circles. Usually Thelemites keep strictly to themselves but it seems you are interested in relations with the NeoPagan Movement (Feraferia, Gardinerian Wicca, O.T.A., etc.). Good! But the established O.T.O. will probably snub you if you court us. Frankly, they aren't worth it in my opinion but make your own choice.

**Tu es Deus  
In L.V.X.  
Fra. Aleyin, G.M.**

### **An open letter to all brothers and sisters of the Craft-Paganism;**

I was initiated at the age of 14 into the Welsh Tradition. I have traveled far since then and undergone several other initiations. I am a High Priest of the Craft and challenge any who say nay. I am also a Magickian (and a Thelemite) and I find no problem reconciling the two, for they are in fact one Priesthood.

This so-called 'infighting' between The Craft, other Pagan Cults and Thelemites is absurd and will probably be the death of us. I am a member of the 'Grove of the Star and Snake', a group that has evolved for 8 years from Coven to Eclectic Pagan Grove to Magickal Unit, and at no point did we ever 'give up' the Craft for Thelema.

We own at least a dozen authentic Books of Shadows and I tell you; there is no difference. We utilize one and all of these Books when we will to, each is valid, each is different slightly.

Then what of the Book of the Law?

As a Witch I feel that it is the most powerful 'Book of Shadows' that now exists, in this age, (whether you call it the age of Aquarius or the New Aeon of Horus; it is obvious that these are the same).

The Lunar cult of the Craft deals with three Archetypes; The Mother, The Father and the son/sun.

These are perfectly represented in Liber AL as Nuit, Hadit and the Horus Child; in this all-to-obvious new age. You need not give up Paganism to acknowledge the validity of The Book of the Law as a Magickal Grimoire;

'The other images group around me to support me;  
let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. ...'

-AL.22.III

I have been at Circles with 9 different Traditions (that I can remember) and almost all of them were based on Gardinerian structure. It is on record (see Francis King) that Gerald G. hired his good buddy Aleister Crowley to write a chunk of the Gardinerian rituals. It is also documented that Gerald was chartered to start an O.T.O. temple.

So much for the Illus-ions of Craft vs. Magick. My main point is this; First, the eighties are hot on our heels and there are not so many Magickians/Pagans/Witches that we can afford to snub one another like Protestants and Catholics. Who knows, we might even LEARN from each side, I have.

Secondly, open channels of Dialogue! Support your local occultist,

et's operate like the Heathens we are supposed to be. And listen; So many people are scared shitless by the Great Beast uncle AL that they badmouth him without cracking a book; READ LIBER AL YOURSELF, read Magick in Theory and Practice, the Book of Thoth, Vision & Voice, Gems, The Holy Books, etc., etc. ... Check them out with an open mind, THEN decide.

'Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing and any other thing; for thereby there commeth hurt.'

-AL.22.I

'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law,  
Love is the law, love under will.' —OZ.

'An ye harm none, do what thou wilt.'

-about 10 Books of Shadows

I welcome all dialogue. By the Gods of sun, moon and stars...

**Denny Sargent**  
**Brother Aio-n / 131**

P.S: I wish to thank an obnoxious anti-Thelema H.P. for prompting this letter.

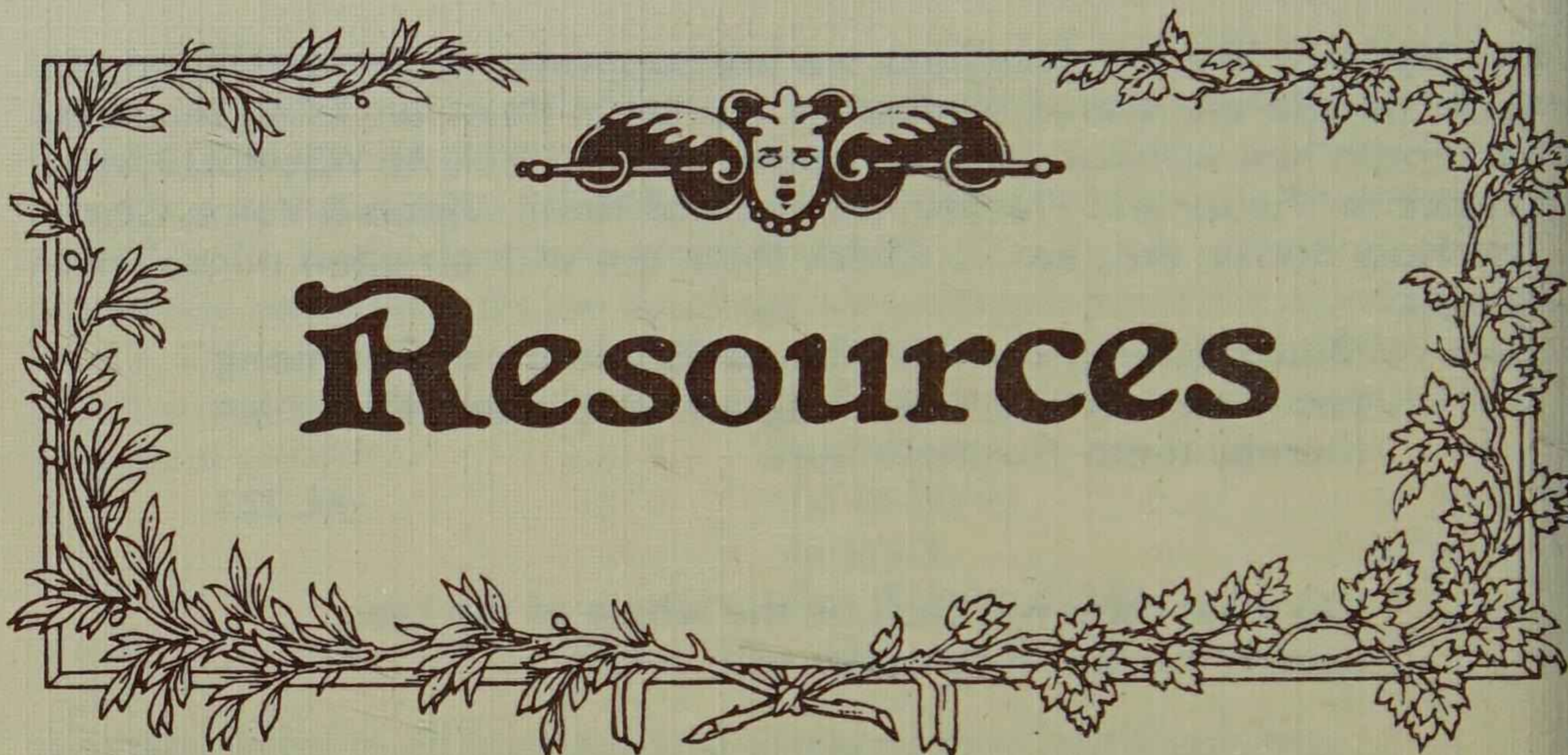


## **NOTICE TO MEMBERS**

### **O.T.O. - Kenneth Grant**

Owing to an increase of membership, all members of the Order are— from the date of this announcement—required to maintain regular postal contact with the Sovereign Sanctuary, at intervals of 8 weeks. (Members in the States, North and South America, via Mezla; members in other parts of the world, via Sothis Magazine). Members of V<sup>o</sup>, in particular, are required to submit detailed accounts of group, or other activities, occurring during this period. Such contact will ensure the free flow of 93 transmission in the Outer, and a smooth extension of the Network into remote areas.

Issued by Order of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Gnosis and under the seal of the O.H.O. of the O.T.O., 718'.'



# Resources



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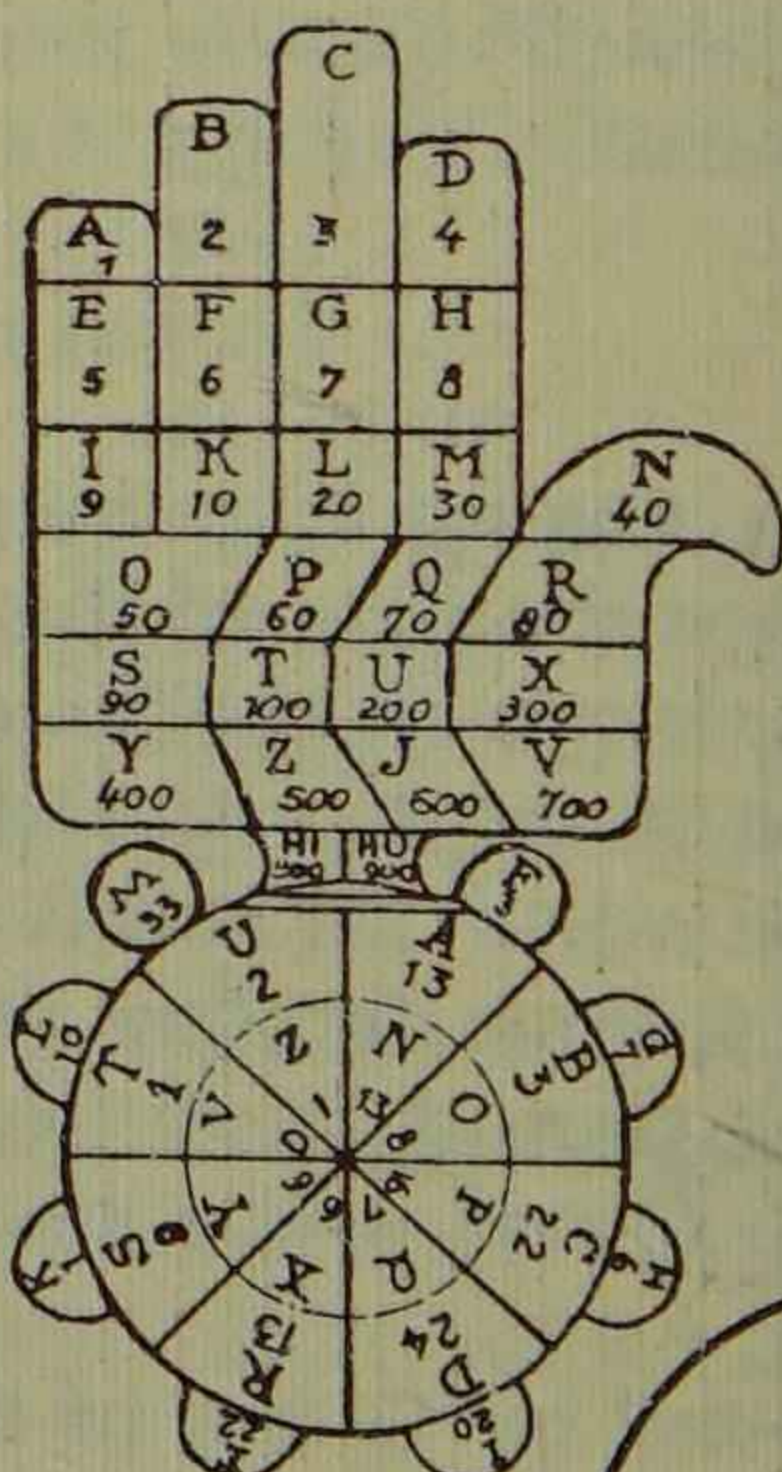
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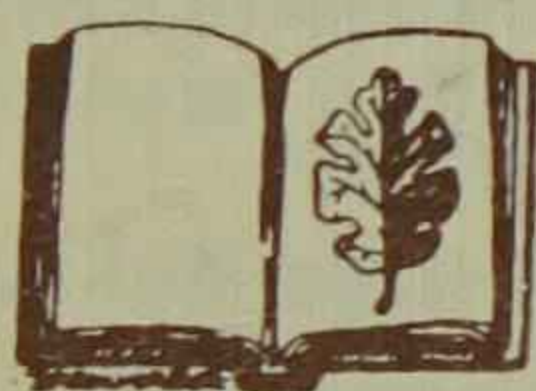
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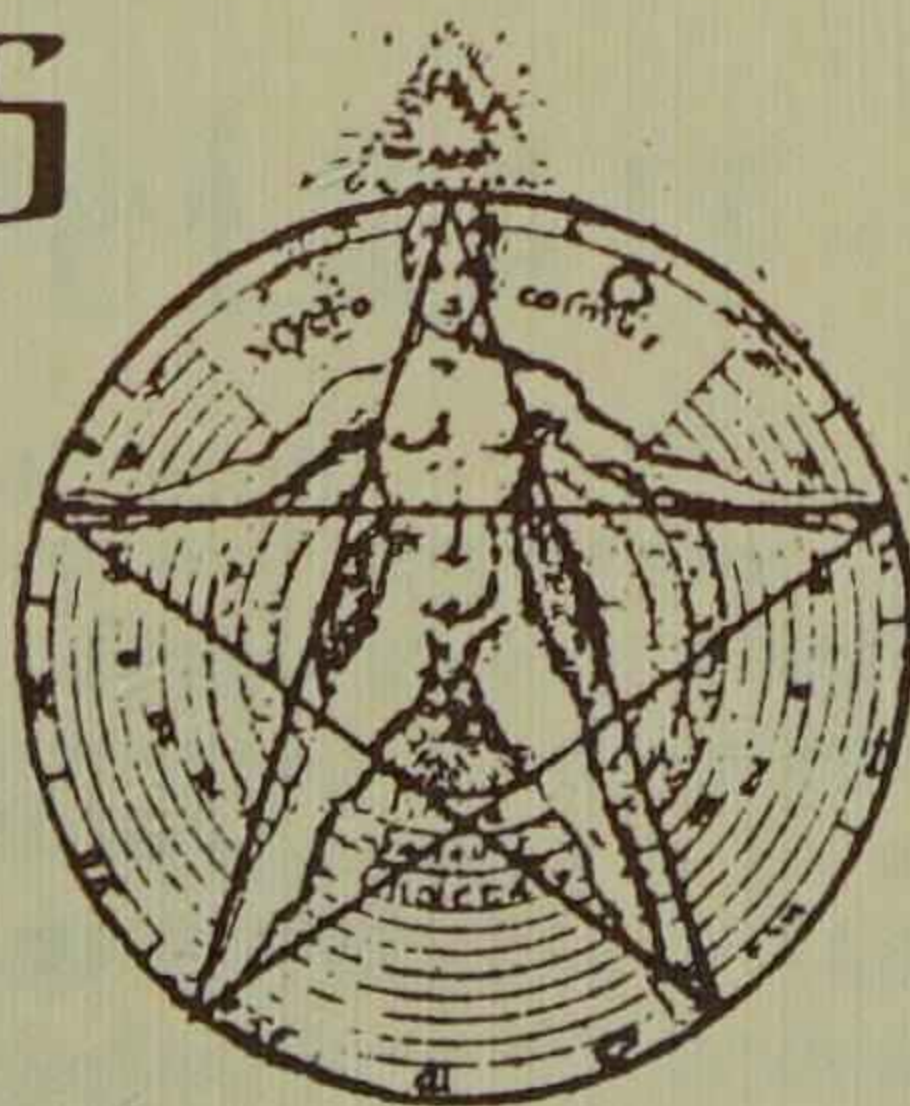
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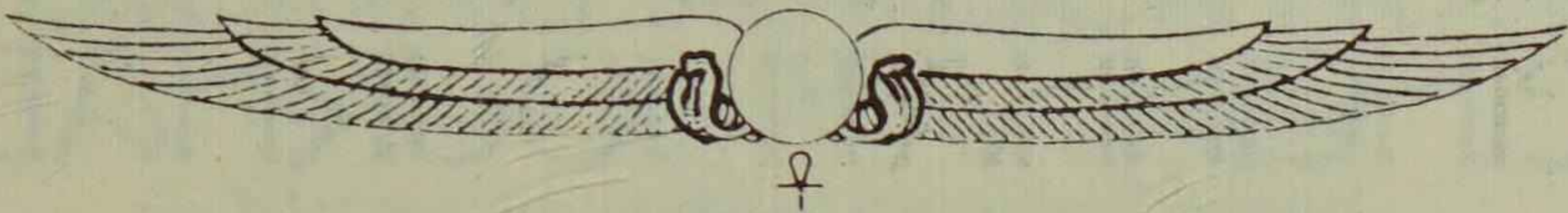
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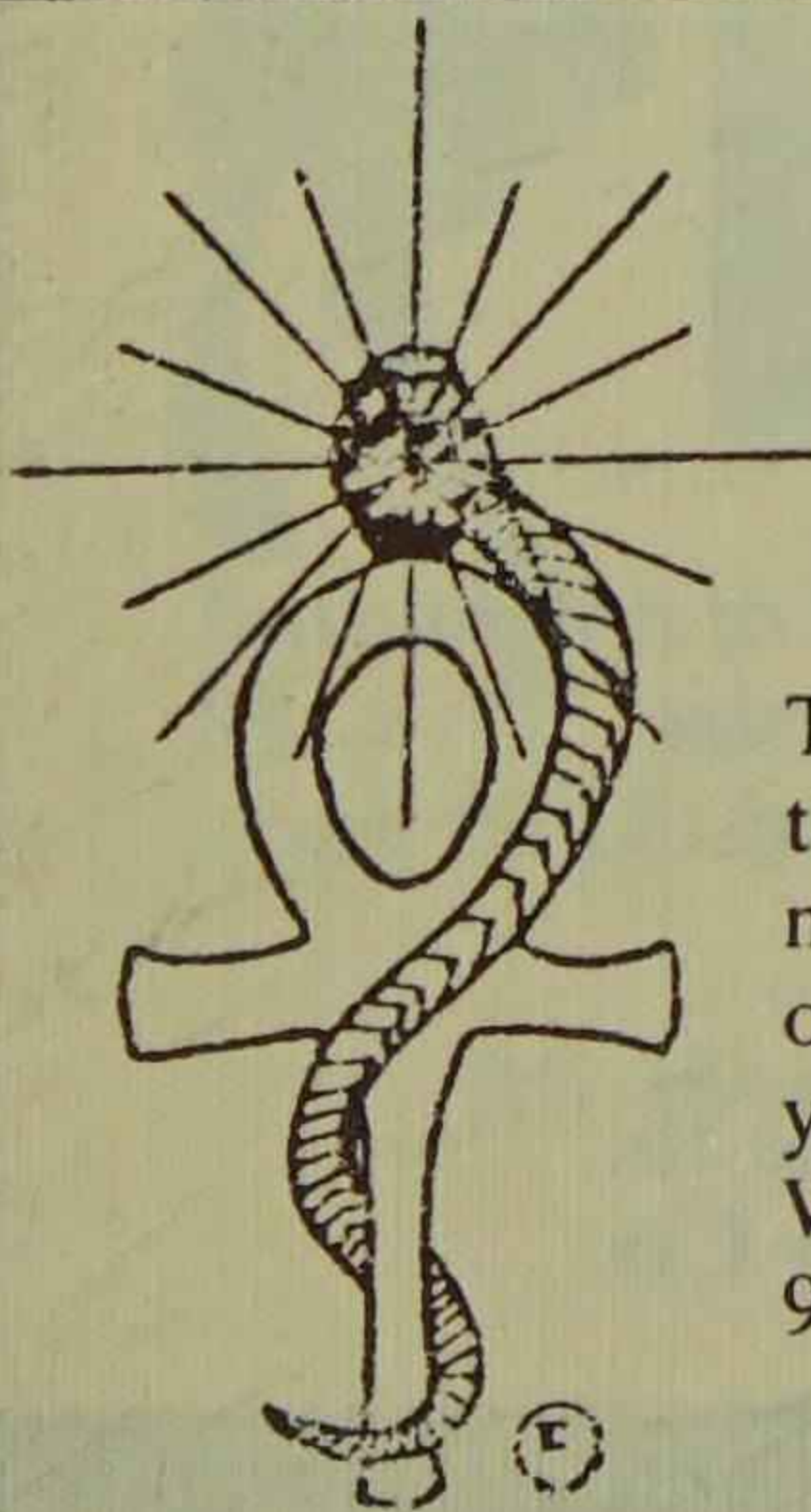
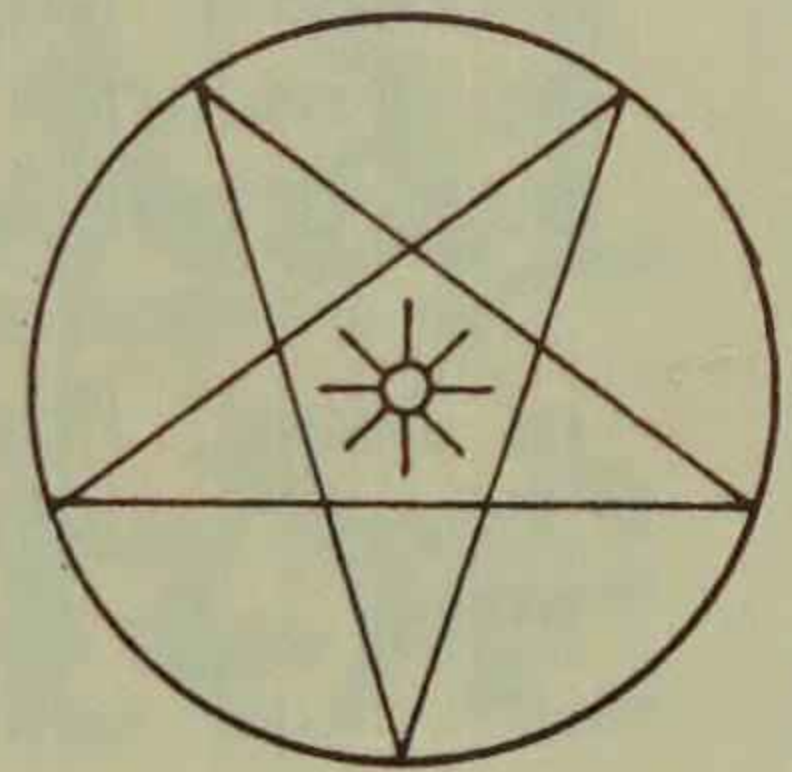
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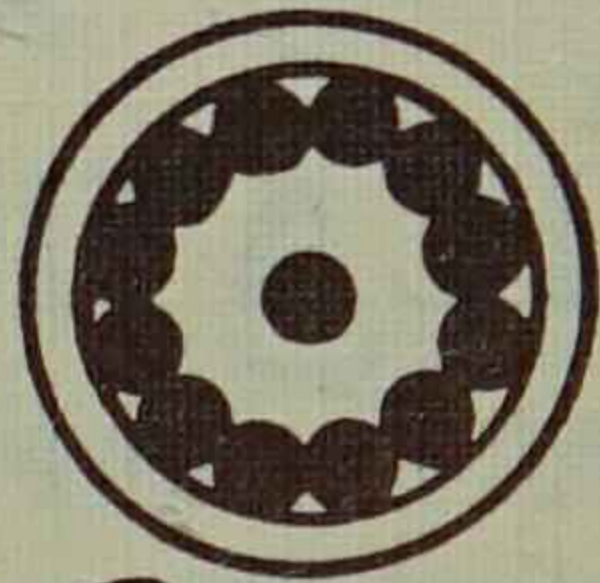
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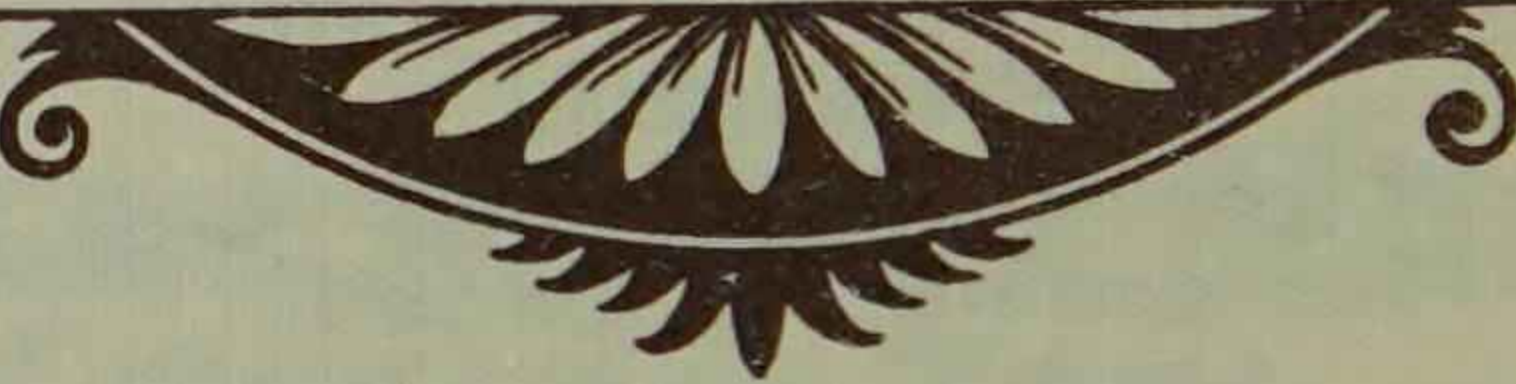
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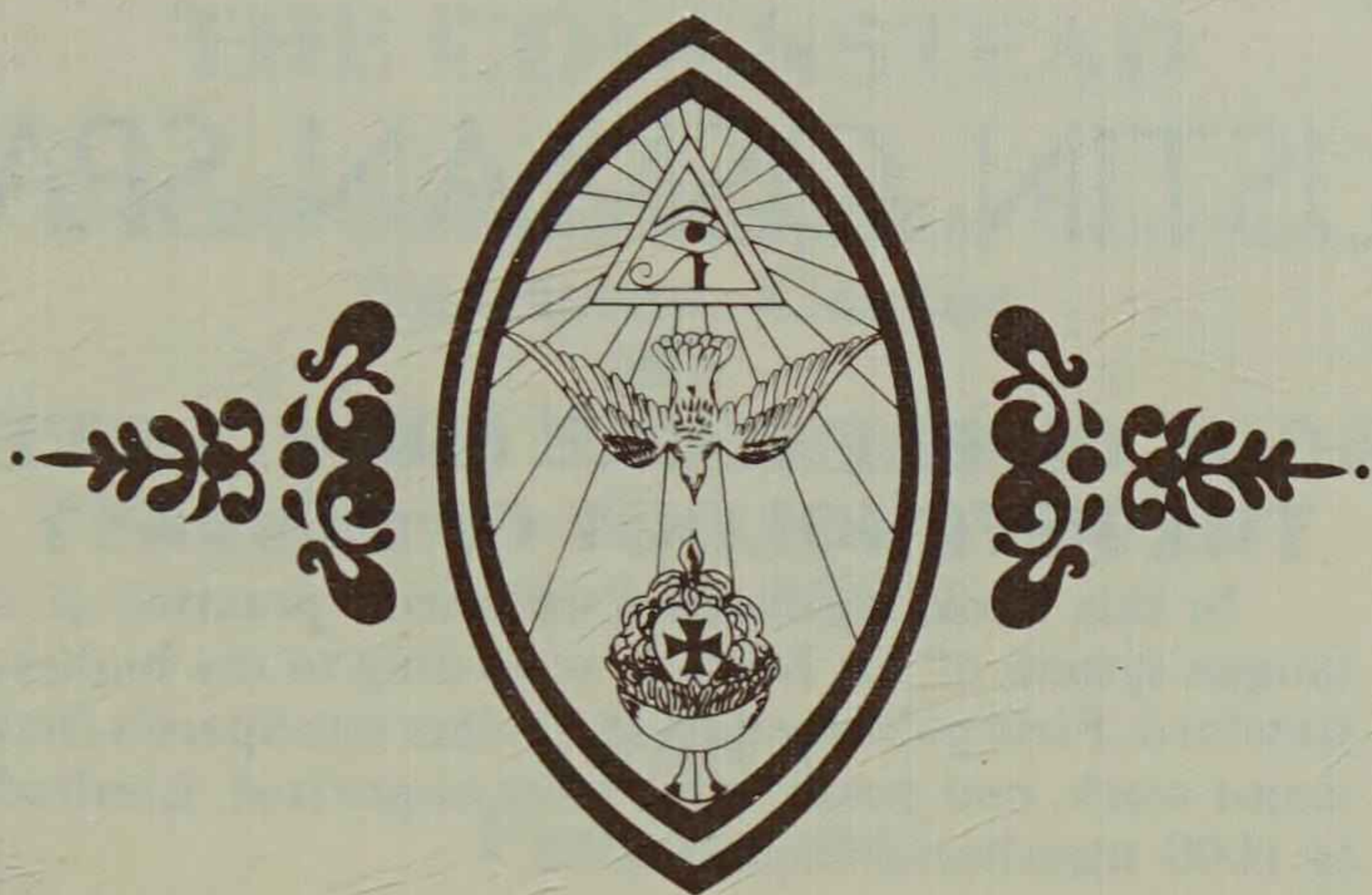
# MEZLA



Mezla is The Official Organ of the O.T.O., published twice yearly at the Equinoxes. It contains news and items of interest relating to the 93 Current, and previously unpublished Crowley material.

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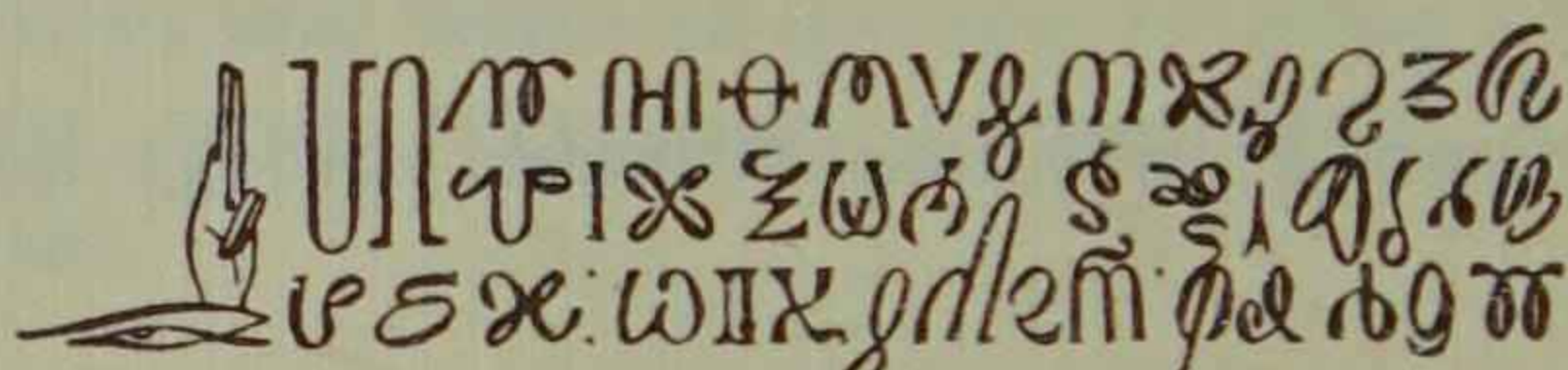
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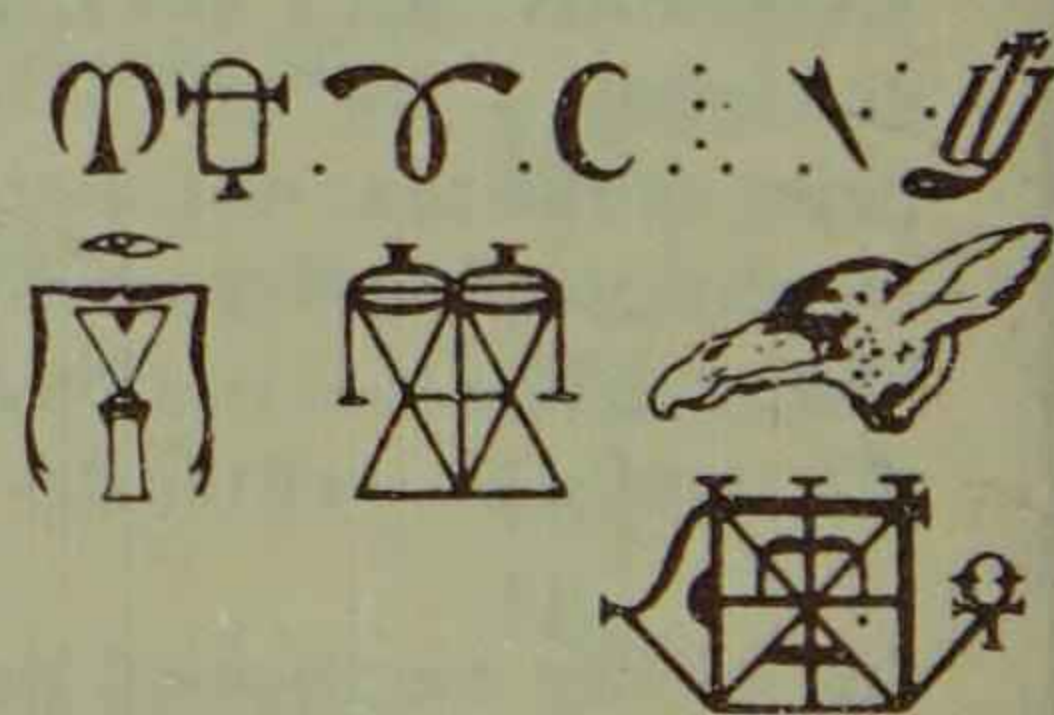
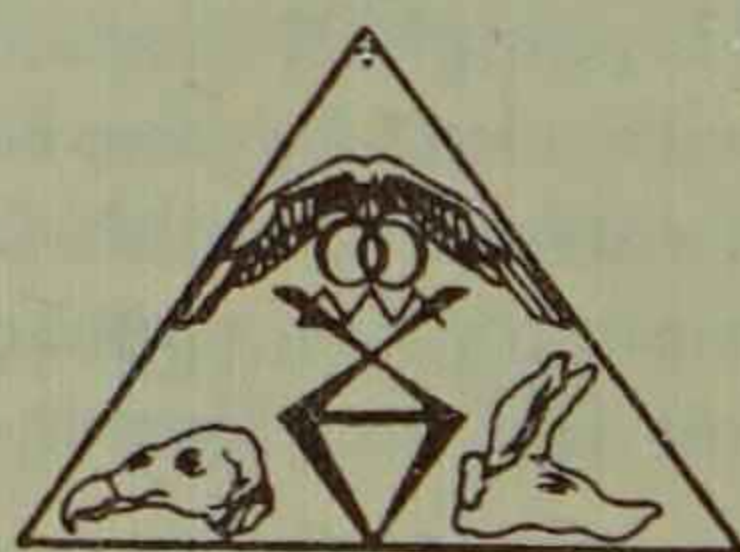
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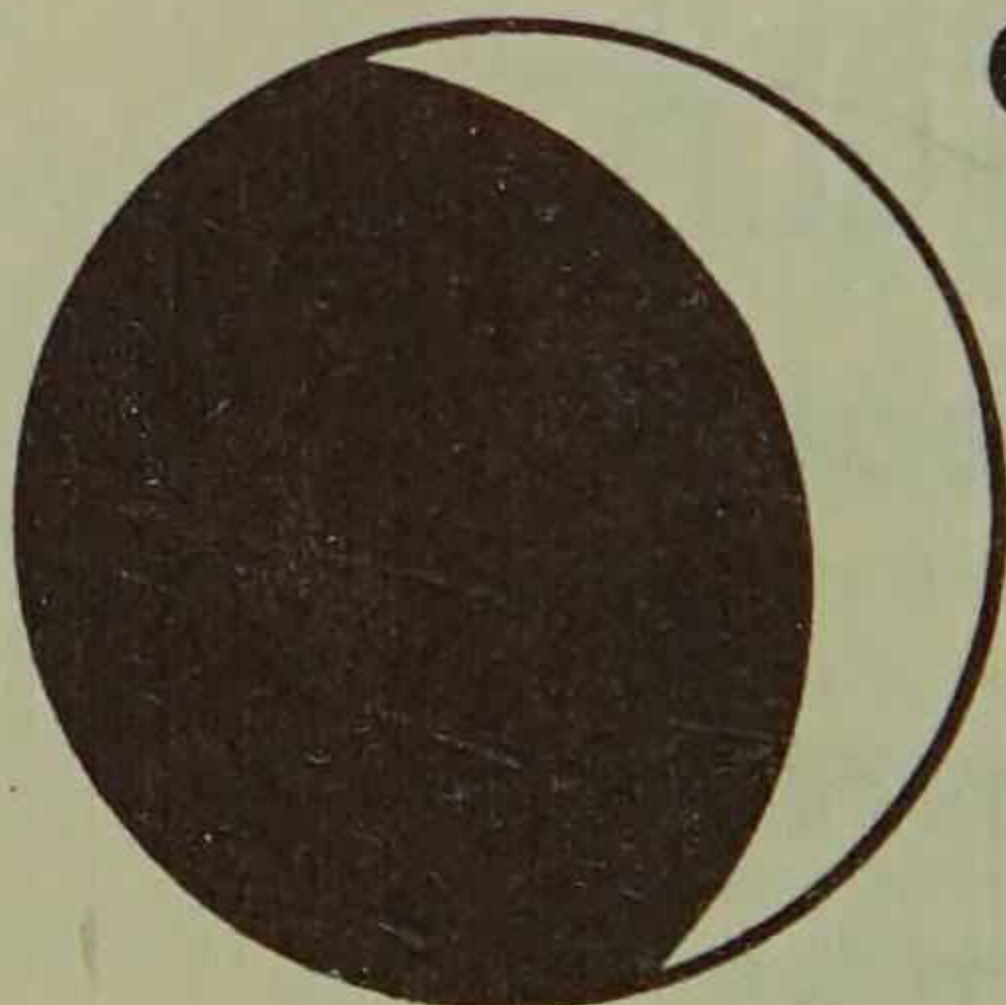
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