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L I B E R C M X X I I :

SUB FIGURA MCXXX

PARS IIIA

A Brief Initiated Interpretation and Explanation

by

Frater Kenneth H. H. H., B. O. = F. O. A. A. A.

INVOCATION TO ISIS

THE PARTING OF THE VEIL

by G.M.Kelly

(Frater Keallach 93/676)

O Isis, lovely Isis hail,
I beg of Thee to rend Thy
 veil.
I beg of Thee to grant the sight
Of Thy resplendent Emerald
 Light.

I call upon Thy mighty name,
My mind fixed on Thy timeless
 fame.

I invoke Thee into my heart
That darkness from me shall
 depart!

O Isis, Goddess of all that
 lives,
O She who takes, and She who
 gives,
I implore Thee this very night
To Circle me with Thy
 glorious Light!

I raise on High the Magick Wand;
Shall call to Thee until day
 has dawned.

I speak the charms most mystical,
To manifest Love's festival.

I drink the liqueur in the Cup
Upon Thy body do I sup;
The Wand and Cup I finally join
With beating heart, and burning
 loins!

O death, sweet death this Union
 be!
Crucifixion upon the Holy
 Tree!

O blessed Union of Whore and Beast!
This is the true tantric feast!

The One has joined the Minus-One;
The true Ananda, to Become None!
I have learned the secret of the
 Great God Pan,
As the veil was rent by the
 Sacred Hand.

Thou hast come upon my Call
And revealed the Secret of the
 All!
To know this Secret for which I've
 fought,
Blessed Aspirant, thou must
 Become Nought!

+ + +

COMMENTARY:

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

1. This poem is not only useful as an Invocation unto That which we call Isis (among other names), but it is most important as a blueprint for the proper working of a special Magick Ritual of Western Tantric.
2. The Veil covers the Door (7), or Gate, and beyond it lies the true aspect of All (i.e. all that we call real and unreal). This symbolism of the Veil, which can obviously refer to clothing, is most important as that which represents the hymen of the virgin, or simply the kteis (or yoni) itself. Line 2 then asks permission for the ritual to begin and

For the right to enter, if it be an auto-sexual working, through trained and willed imagination, the Kteis of Isis, and if it be a heterosexual working, the words are spoken to the Scarlet Woman (Priestess), the earthly vehicle of Isis (Nuit).

3. The Beast (Priest) calls to the Goddess to inhabit the Magick Circle which also implies the Scarlet Woman herself.

4. The Magician calls on the Goddess to grant him the vision of the Light, L.V.X. Emerald is here used to imply that the working is through the aspect of the Goddess known as Venus and Aphrodite, whose colour is Emerald Green to symbolize, among other things, the fertility of the Earth. By the use of Venus/Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, the formula of "Love Under Will" is implied.

5. The name or names of the Goddess are called upon. These are the so-called "Barbarous Names of Evocation". (*More or less. - Frater M.E.D.*) (*The Barbarous Names proper to this particular ritual. - Frater K. 8^a = 3^o*)

6. The mind and will should be trained to remain fixed upon the symbol or object which represents that for which the work is being done. All that pertains to this symbol should be part of the concentration.

7. The Magician is calling on the Goddess not merely to stand before him as another individual, but to enter him so that he may become Her, and so that She may become him. In a sense, this is termed the "Assumption of the God Form"; but this becomes more clear later on. (*In a very wide sense this is so. - Frater M.E.D. 5^a = 6^o.*) (*If the Magician is the woman and the assistant the man. The assumption of the God-form is much more simple and easier to understand. The man only here becomes one with the Goddess by becoming one with the woman, and through this union the man and the woman, the two, become naught, losing their personal identities, at least for the time being, thus merging with That which we call Nuit, or Isis in this instance. - Frater K. 8^a = 3^o.)*

8. All impurities, falsehood, and such are to be banished from the sphere of the Magician so that he and his "Temple", i.e. his body and all that pertains to it, are pure and ready for the Goddess. (*Very strictly speaking, the man's body is the Temple of the Lord God in a sense, or the form made ready for the God's manifestation, whereas the woman's body is the Temple of the Goddess, or the habitation of the Lord. In either case, the Magicians' bodies are Temples and as such must be purified and consecrated before the indwelling of the God/dess. - Frater K. 8^a = 3^o.)*

9. Here Isis is hailed as the Great Mother, i.e. the true archtypal Goddess of which all other Goddesses are but aspects, facets of the Jewel that She is.

10. Again the Archtypal Goddess is referred to, the Mother, that is, Binah of the Tree of Life, the Supernal Mother, the Giver of Form, the Great Sea from which all Life springs and unto which all Life must one day return.

11. For most, this working is best done at night, though some may not agree with me here. It is a moot point. However, to alter this line would disturb my poem. (*And we wouldn't want to do that! So long as there are no distractions of sight, sound and so forth, the time of day is unimportant, unless one wishes to perform the working at the hour and upon the day that is attributed to Venus/Aphrodite. - Frater K. 8^a = 3^o.)* Or the time should be that appropriate to the nature of the operation of Magick.

12. The circle is a feminine symbol, that of the kteis. It is also a representation of infinity and is Nuit (Isis) the Circumference! (See *Liber AL vel Legis sub figura CCXX*, Chapter II, Verse 3.) (Note also that the Magician, standing or kneeling within the centre of the Magiok Circle represents the firm, erect, phallus or lingam plunged within the very centre of the kteis or yoni. - Frater K. 8^o = 3^o.)
13. Aside from the Ceremonial aspect of this, which is merely used poetically here, the Wand, which represents the Will, the True Will that is, also represents the phallus, and erection is here implied.
14. This working is not to be a casual one-night stand, if you will excuse the pun, but a very lengthy, exhausting one. (See *Energized Enthusiasm* by Our Father Aleister Crowley, To Μεγα Θηριον 8^o = 3^o.)
15. The charms are mantras appropriate to the working, said either verbally or mentally during the working. These charms may also be simply the rhythmic sounds of such things as the heartbeats of the practitioner or practitioners. Mystical might here be spelled "Mystick-al" so that the K may imply the nature of the work: K = Kaph (כ) = KPh (קפ) = Kteis and Phallus, etc.
16. The actual Love Feast, Agape (Αγαπη). The numeration of Agape in Greek is 93, the same as that of Thelema (Θελημα), which means Will; Love = Will, or "Love Under Will", the formula of the present Aeon of Horus, the Crowned and Conquering Child.
17. The Cup, or Chalice, is the representation of the kteis; the liqueur thus being obvious.
18. During the ceremony, the woman (or image of the Goddess) is sexually consumed, devoured. A parallel can be found in a debased form in the Christian rite of Bread and Wine.
19. The uniting of the phallus and kteis.
20. Real passion must be put into this ritual. A dull, listlessly mechanical act will have no effect at all—at least, not the desired effect. One must "inflame thyself with prayer". One must be thoroughly immersed in passion. Remember, it is not mere imagination nor some earthly woman that you mate with, it is the Goddess Herself! It is the Infinite!
21. When the union reaches its climax Samadhi should be achieved. The death of the personal, at least for the moment, should be attained and submersion in the Infinite should occur.
22. Forgive the form of death chosen here, it rings smartly of the Christian formula of Suffering and Sacrifice—but note the symbolism of the cross penetrating the mount of Calvary (Golgotha: f. Γολγοθα = 186 = Αγαπη + Θελημα or 93 + 93; also: Λερνα, Lerna, the marsh in Argolis which was the abode of the Hydra/Dragon; A.'.A.'. Οργια, the A.'.A.'. Secret Rites or Mysteries, i.e. of Sexual Magick; and קופ, Qoph, the Back of the Head, and the Hebrew letter פ which equals 100, being the total numeration of קפ, Kaph, the union of the Kteis and the Phallus), or the cross surmounting the globe on the Hierophant's staff in most old aeon tarot decks. It is also symbolically pinning the Magician to the Tree of Life, joining him with the Universe, the All. The Magician here becomes the Hierophant of the tarot, to which is attributed the Hebrew letter Vau, ו, V, which means "nail", that which crucifies the man to the Tree. Should the man be nailed to an equal-armed cross of the 4 Elements he is placed at the cross' centre, thus making him one with the Element of Spirit, uniting him with his Holy Guardian Angel, the Yechidah, the Centre of Being.

23. The Whore is the Whore of Babalon, the Scarlet Woman (an Office), representative of Nuit. The Beast, (an Office, like the S.W.), is the representative of Hadit. She is the Circle, or Circumference, and He the Point, or the Centre. (*Whore is a word often confused with Prostitute. They are not the same. According to the Rev. Walter W. Skeat's A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language the w is unoriginal, in Middle English the word is hore, Icelandic hora, and means "an adulteress", being the feminine of horr, "an adulterer"; Danish it is hore, Swedish hora, Dutch hoer, German hure, Old High German huora; Gothic hors, masculine, "an adulterer". Allied to Polish kurwa, Church-Slavonic kuruva, "an adulteress"; Latin carus, "loving", Welsh caru, "to love"; Old Irish caraim, "I love". And as Rev. Skeat sums it up: "Certainly not allied to hire!" - Frater N.E.D. 5^a = 8^o.)*

24. Again Agape and the formula of the present aeon is implied.

25-26. +1 (Male, Yang, etc.) plus -1 (Female, Yin, etc.) = 0 (the Child, Tao, etc.). The Child, by the way, represents the desired result the practitioners or practitioner is working for. It is a Magical Child. It need not be an actual physical, human, child, but it may also be a certain thing or circumstance.

Thus $2 = 0$. The two apparent opposites cancel each other out and they become None, or Nought (No, Not - Nu, Nuit). Through "Love Under Will" Infinity may be reached. The knowledge of All may be gained by Becoming All, but here I am getting ahead of myself.

By the way, Ananda is a word common to Buddhism which means Bliss—a symbol of Nirvana; this term having drawn a most unwholesome amount of misconception about it. It is not to be a form of escapism, but rather a deeper submersion in All by Becoming Not.

27. Pan is All. He is not simply a God of Lust and Sheep. Pan represents All that is (Pan, Παν, literally means "All"), and All that is Not. Thus He is rightly called The Great God Pan!

28. The Veil again being the kteis; the Hand, it should be noted, is Yod, ך, the Secret Seed of the Hebrew alphabet, from which the characters of that alphabet are said to have grown. Yod represents Fire in the Tetragrammaton, Yod He Vau He, IHVH, יהוה, and the Wand, thus the phallus, but also spermazota (the secret seed), the hand merely being a polite disguise. It is the flame atop the phallic candle.

29-30. The Magician affirms that the Goddess has come (and here is an accidental pun), and that She has parted the Veil of Mystery and revealed the Secret of Existence as it was worked for.

31-32. And here the poem must end for nothing can be said of the Secret itself—words are inadequate—only the Aspirant, each for him- or herself can understand this secret after following the methods of the ritual and attaining to Nuit, the Infinite.

Love is the law, love under will.

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Coyote

By Tiffany Yvonne St. Moonstar

Rambling, laughing, nipping, grinning!
Barbed tongue of howling song!

Coyote!

Sly japaned silver coated wolf/dog!

Howl your glee!

The moon is silver and you have
nothing but your own pleasure to
consider...

Anything else is the work of the sun
and planets.

Star dog--moon wolf!

Who knew you when

You

Were

Just

Weting your beak in the pools of the
dead?

Who knew you when you were

just

cub

oh

soul of a thousand nights?

Before you laugh at my thoughts--

Before you chuckle on the tundra--

Before you dance upon moonbeams--

Remember!

I

was

here

When you first learned the chants of
the Mad Arab!

I!

Sister Wolf!

So when you bite me, bite with love...
and I will forgive you.

Wolf is power!

Wolf is secrets!

Wolf is doom thunder!

So Coyote, when you laugh at the
two-legged ones, it is I...

I that laugh with you!

For we are sister and brother of the
double moon.

And let the two-leggeds figure that
one out for themselves.

Whisper your answer...

And I will listen more than if you

shout it.

There is an art--

and we both know it.

Sleep softly my brother, and think of
me with love.

* * * * *



Between Birth and Death

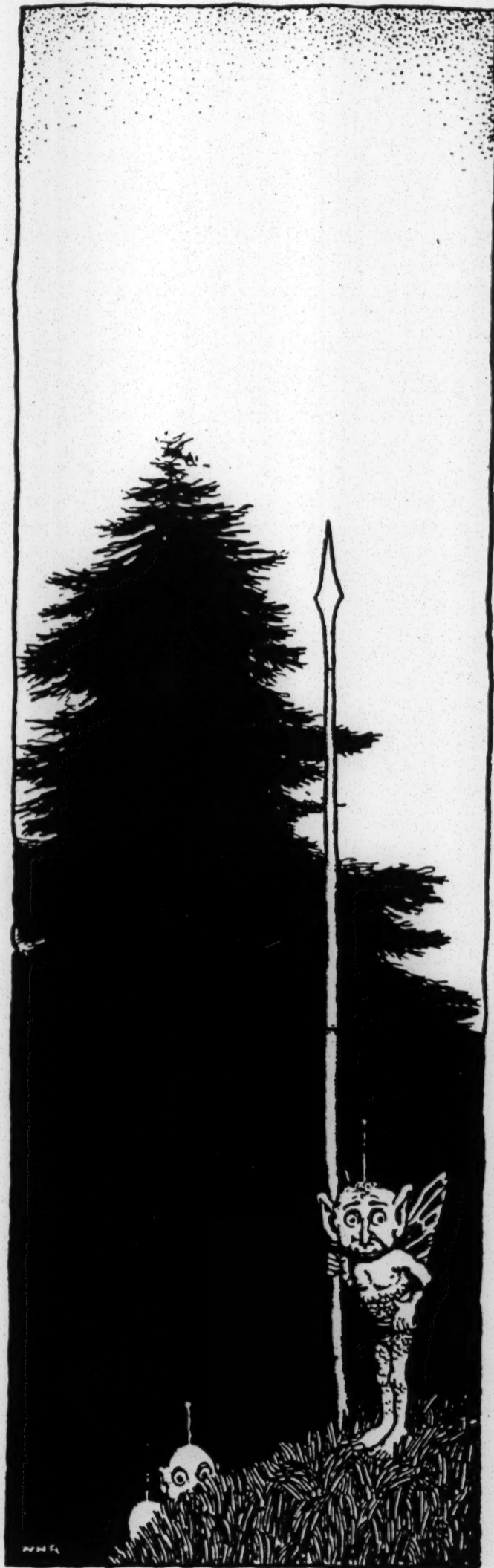
By Elias Damon

As I continually age in the physical form, my mind sees always more of another life. This one life is far more advanced than the one in which I am now engaged in. There is life in the form of man-like beings, animal-like beings and plant-like beings plus one of constantly changing form and shape with the highest level of intelligence known. The life of "man", as I will call it, is measured in height of six to seven feet. All are well proportioned. The costume worn is a simple gown which can be of many designs. The feet can be bare, sandled, boots or a combination of these. The head is uncovered with no hair anywhere on the head or the rest of the body. The social atmosphere is calm. No one is hurrying to go anywhere. Time is unimportant. I have yet to experience any in a nervous or upset state of mind.

Everyone is humanitarian, helping their friends when asked, leaving them alone to go their own way if not asked. You may describe this as a feeling of serene seriousness. There are no business transactions as on this planet there is no social business structure.

Since no one claims the right to any part of the material nature products, and there are no "monies", it is unnecessary. We need little in the way of materially refined goods. Our enjoyment comes from the beauty of the landscape. And from intellectual pursuits. There are no secrets here. All minds have the power of seeing that which another mind sees. The experience is what is viewed most important. The animal life is not as diverse as it is on Earth. I only have seen some of the land animals. Most have four legs and are basically similar to those of Earth. Man and the animals understand one another and are able to work together. Each learns from the other and neither "trains" the other.

The plant life is scarce. It resembles small prehistoric trees and simple shrubs. There are no flowering plants in this region. Neither the plants or animals or man ever 'eat' one another. The life sustaining elements are breathed or consumed through the skin by elements in the atmosphere. Rest is all that is needed, not sleep. The buildings or living structures are of ancestral origin. None have been built for millinium. These structures resemble the mountains and general landscape of Earth because we feel the natural is the best way and attempt to allow the same pleasures to appreciate life to all. The land, however, is far richer in jewels and gemstones than is Earth. In a way, one can say we live in the ground. There is a continuous soothing music heard continuously everywhere. This music is natural sounds of wind, color, plant movement and other vibrations. There are no motorized or artificial devices for transportation. We walk, or "fly" or think ourselves to another plane if it is an extremely long distance. It is the almost perfect utopia many of your people have written about.



WHAT IS A WITCH?

By Mahariam

A Witch is someone almost like anyone else. We get up in the morning, go to work, go by the grocery, pick up the kids, go home, cook dinner, clean up the house, do laundry, take out the trash, take care of children and pets. We mow the lawn, clean out the pool, patch the roof, work on the car. We work and play, laugh and cry, love and hate. We're young and old, fat and thin, tall and short, blonde, brunette, and redhead, of all races.

In short--we're people. "Ordinary" people. We don't wear a brand on our forehead that proclaims "Witch" (at least most of us don't). To the casual passerby, we're just like everyone else.

But there are differences. So, what sets us apart from others?

Go back to the passerbys. They may not recognize us as a Witch, but they may note our selfconfident, calm manner. The true Witch has an "air" which others may note, even if they can't name it.

Where does this come from? It comes from the things that make us a Witch. The training, the (self) discipline, the study, the (inner) knowledge, and perhaps the most important, our oneness with all Creation.

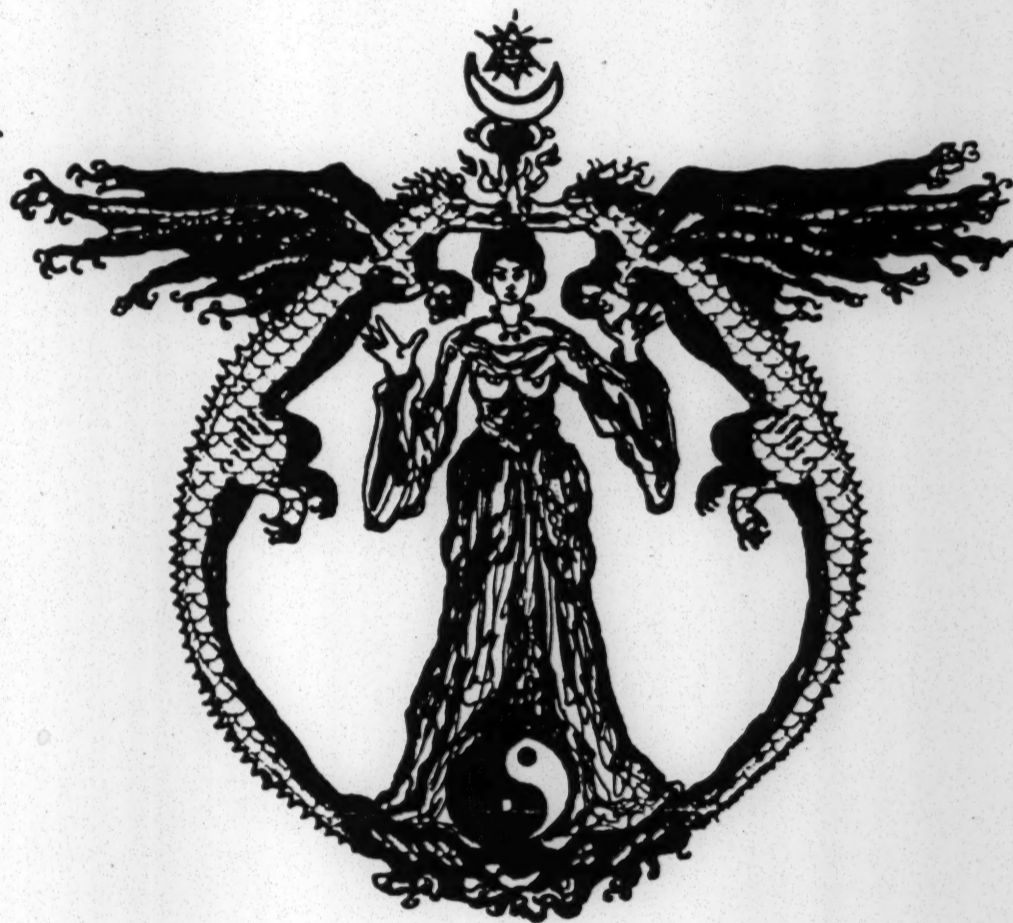
The Witch is in balance, moving with the cosmic tides, the seasons. Each has its own energies, and the Witch moves with them, not against them, as do so many others.

The Witch is a student...always a seeker after new knowledge, new lights of understanding, of self and of all things. And the Witch puts this knowledge to use for the benefit of all. Others often say, "If you're a real Witch, and can do all this stuff, how come you ain't rich?" The answer is simple, the Witch isn't interested in tangible possessions. The intangibles, which aid in the process of growth,

development, and self-evolution most concern the true Witch. In many ways, Witches are selfish, for though they may use their knowledge and talents for the benefit of others, their ultimate goal is their own self-evolution.

The Witch is student and teacher, follower and leader, congregation and clergy.

So what is a Witch? The Witch is you and me, and the multitudes of others that have opened their eyes, their ears, their minds and their hearts to that which is without and that which is within.



There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow—between science and superstition. And it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area which we call the Twilight Zone.

WOLF SONG

Allegro

Wolf howl.

Music recorded for a wordless Blackfeet wolf song.

THE PAWNEE CREATION LEGEND

It is told in the creation legend of the Pawnee that a great council was held to which all the animals were invited. For a reason no one remembers, the brightest star in the southern sky, the Wolf Star, was not invited. He watched from a distance, silent and angry, while everyone else decided how to make the earth. In the time after the great council the Wolf Star directed his resentment over this bad treatment at The Storm that Comes out of the West, who had been charged by the others with going around the earth, seeing to it that things went well. Storm carried a whirlwind bag with him as he traveled, inside of which were the first people. When he stopped to rest in the evening he would let the people out and they would set up camp and hunt buffalo.

One time the Wolf Star sent a gray wolf down to follow Storm around. Storm fell asleep and the wolf stole his whirlwind bag, thinking there might be something good to eat inside. He ran far away with it. When he opened it, all the people ran out. They set up camp but, suddenly, looking around, they saw there were no buffalo to hunt. When

they realized it was a wolf and not Storm that had let them out of the bag they were very angry. They ran the wolf down and killed him.

When The Storm that Comes out of the West located the first people and saw what they had done he was very sad. He told them that by killing the wolf they had brought death into the world. That had not been the plan, but now it was this way.

The Storm that Comes out of the West told them to skin the wolf and make a sacred bundle with the pelt, enclosing in it the things that would always bring back the memory of what had happened. Thereafter, he told them, they would be known as the wolf people, the Skidi Pawnee.

The Wolf Star watched all this from the southern sky. The Pawnee call this star Fools the Wolves, because it rises just before the morning star and tricks the wolves into howling before first light. In this way the Wolf Star continues to remind people that when it came time to build the earth, he was forgotten.

The Old Religion Lives On

By David De Paul

This brief summary is meant to help give those that are new to the Craft of the Wise as the true Old Religion that it is. To trace the origin of the Old Religion, one would have to try to trace its lineage to the very inception of the Mother Earth herself. We who have tried to live the Craft as a way of life have tried to do just that. What seems to be the most accurate evidence besides the old legends are the many archeological finds that depict both the Goddess and God of the Old Religion. These finds include a great many statues that show the Goddess in many of Her aspects as maid, mother and crone. Also well known are the caves which show paintings of the Horned God in His aspect of the Horned Hunter.

Many of these early paintings show the tribal Shaman wearing the fur and horns of animals. This clearly shows the reverence of the people of remote times and their belief in both the Goddess and the God. With all of this in mind, we can clearly see that the Old Religion was pre-Christian in origin. With the rise of the Christian religion our Old Gods then became their new devils. The Christian Church tried many things to scare the early Pagan folk into becoming a part of Christianity. This, however, did not work as the Old Religion merely went underground. In fact, many Pagan influences crept into Christianity as the Christians tried vainly to win over Pagan converts by building their churches on Pagan sacred sites. However, they employed stonemasons to build their churches for them and many of these stonemasons were members of the Old Religion in reality. This is why there is very much Pagan and esoteric symbolism found in the early Christian churches. When Paganism

was forced underground it found refuge in many of the Guilds and Secret Societies which did their best to preserve the old ways of the Craft.

In fact, one such Guild to this day still calls itself the Craft. Although we are known as the Craft of the Wise, we are also called the Wicca. Wicca is an anglo-saxon term which does mean the Wise Ones but it also means to bend or shape something. Wicca is a name that had its origin with the revival of witchcraft that took place in Europe.

The three main pioneers of this revival were the noted authors Dr. Gerald Gardner, Dr. Margaret Murray, and Charles Godfrey Leland. In 1949, Dr. Gardner wrote WITCHCRAFT TODAY. In 1921 Dr. Murray wrote THE WITCHCULT IN WESTERN EUROPE and later authored THE GOD OF THE WITCHES. And earlier, Leland wrote ARADIA, THE GOSPEL OF THE WITCHES in 1899. There are a great many others that also played a helping hand in the revival but those three are the most well known.

After the revival many Craft traditions were then started in the U.S., although we already had a very strong Hereditary Craft movement here and many secret societies since the colonial days of America. From the revival came the Neo-Pagan movement as we know it now although today we are a highly diverse Craft. The Craft to us today is as important to us as a way of life as it was to our ancestors and we are just as much a part of the Old Religion as they were. The Old Religion is still the Oldest existing religion on the Mother Earth today.

The Illuminati care for the evolution of the Human Race, but the Pagans are entrusted with the care of the Planet, they evolve on
Chao Tzu

CTHULHU — MYTHOS —



THE CTHULHU MYTHOS

By THINIM 560

In February 1928 e.v., a story called "The Call of Cthulhu" was first published in *Weird Tales*. The author was the already popular H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937), whose stories can be classified into three categories: 1) Dream Fantasies 2) Horror Tales and 3) The Cthulhu Mythos.

Even to his most intimate acquaintances, H. P. Lovecraft remained frustratingly enigmatic. His tales were uniquely embellished with painstaking pseudo-documentation and meticulous description of character and setting. And as might be expected, Lovecraft was lionized and extensively imitated by a number of occult writers whose imaginations were sparked by his much celebrated Cthulhu Mythos...a term commonly given to a series of stories based upon a supernatural pantheon of Lovecraft's own invention. He had a firm conviction that reference to the classical mythologies would undermine the atmosphere of cyclic and spatial disorientation he sought to create. Lovecraft created his own beings, whose prehistoric activities on Earth set in motion the forces of man's civilization and genius, as well as the horrors of his educated imagination. While Freud and Einstein wrestled with their respective disciplines in the isolation of academic specialization, Lovecraft was describing the astonishing influence of physical and geometric law on the human psyche. While he might have hesitated to style himself a master of scientific speculation, he is no less deserving of that title than are

Asimov and Clarke.

Perhaps the most significant clues to the philosophy in Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos was derived from his fascination with human history, particularly that of the classical Aeons. That much of his work used material found in his father's Masonic library taken from various Egyptian and Arabian legends. An example is his *Necronomicon*. He felt people living in a scientific Aeon, true horror was needed in order to bring about a "suspension or defeat of those fixed laws of nature which are our only safeguard against the assaults of chaos and the daemons of unplumbed space". Of course, Lovecraft invented the *Necronomicon* well before he begat Cthulhu. The mad arab Abdul Alhazred has no direct connection with the Cthulhu Mythos. But certain adepts of "Nightside of Eden" think otherwise. A hint from the *Necronomicon* reflects this slimy truth in this quotation Lovecraft wrote in 1923 e.v.: "The nethermost caverns are not for the fathoming of eyes that see; for their marvels are strange and terrific. Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head... For it is of old rumor that the soul of the devil--bought hastes not from this charnel clay, but fests and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs ...Great holes secretly are dugged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl." Here he warns

humanity that we are but a short step from the most depraved and vicious forms of bestiality. Although he did sense man's drive toward more and more knowledge, even at the risk of sanity. Intellectual excellence, he seemed to say, is achieved in concert with cataclysmic terror...not in avoidance of it. This is reflected in the dialogue between Drake and Lovecraft (written in *The Golden Apple* by R. Wilson and R. Shea), where Drake points out to Lovecraft about how the Cthulhu Mythos was published in various magazines that also included "stories about rockets and nuclear chain reactions and other matters that are on the edge of technological achievement". Hereto we now see that those science fantasies becoming true today. What then are we to think about the Cthulhu Mythos upon the human psyche? Whether Lovecraft's writings are consciously recognized and admitted by his reader's is of no importance. But what is remarkable is the psychic absorption, of which, one can only speculate.

In "The Dunwich Horror" (1928) the *Necronomicon* is, for the first time, explicitly tied to the Cthulhu Mythos. Here is part of it: Nor is it to be thought that man is the oldest or the last of Earth's masters...The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be...They walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen. Yog-Sothoth knows the Gate. Yog-Sothoth is the Gate. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and where They shall break through again...They walk unseen and foul in lonely places where the Words have been spoken and the Rites howled through at their seasons...Great Cthulhu is Their cousin, yet can he spy Them only dimly.

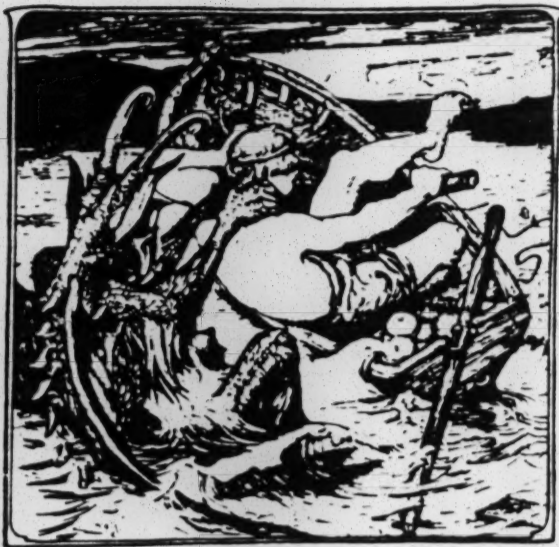
In my opinion, Lovecraft was an adept of the highest order and, his stories was not so much relative to



the objective, natural world which our senses impress upon us. Rather his focus is Inward...towards the power of the human mind to Conceive and Create non-natural phenomena and to imbue those phenomena with subjective existence. The subjective idealism theories of J. G. Fichte, the objective idealism "sequel" of Hegel, and the more recent phenomenology of Husser (cited by Colin Wilson) are pertinent references. This theme of a constant interrelationship between subjective/objective facets of the human personality is the keystone of the Cthulhu Mythos. But you will note that the concept of worship per se is strikingly absent from the Cthulhu Mythos. Nyarlathotep, Shub-Niggurath, Yog-Sothoth and Cthulhu are all honored through bizarre festivals, but their relationship to their followers is invariably that of teacher to students.

The following is a brief description of the various Cthulhu Mythos god-forms or Masks as set forth by the research and writings of Frater Aossic-Aiwass, Outer Head of the Choronzonic Order of the Temple of the East which is the Temple of the Beast.

Cthulhu: In the *Necronomicon* Mythos,



Cthulhu is the Hidden God or Great Old One who lies beneath the waves in the sunken city of R'lyeh. Note: According to Thelemic and Maatian Cultists, the 93 Current is associated with the Old Ones (Aiwass), and its Qabalistic value is 93.

The Great Old Ones designate the Forces from Outside (the Circles of Time) that are seeking to establish their Thrones upon Earth. They are the Elder Gods, or Maatians who, when manifesting as the Ophidian Current are known as the Great Old Ones.

Yog-Sothoth: In the Necronomicon/Cthulhu Mythos this entity embodies the Supreme and ultimate blasphemy in the form of the Aeon (Yog or Yuga) of SET (Sothoth=SET+Thoth) which Lovecraft described as "the noxious Yog-Sothoth who froths as primal slime in nuclear chaos beyond the nethermost outposts of space and time".

Yug, Yuga: Age or Aeon/Eon/Meon.

Yuggoth: The Aeon of Goth or Guth. In the Necronomicon/Cthulhu Mythos Yuggoth is the secret name of Pluto, the planet ascribed to the First Cosmic Power-Zone, Kether. Yuggoth is the 'Dark Side' of Kether, whose pure whiteness suggests the ultimate snows, or ice connected with the last

outpost of the known universe. Goth=409, which is the number of the 'Holy Ones' and the Place of the Skull.

R'lyeh: In the Necronomicon/Cthulhu Mythos, R'lyeh is the City in which 'dead' Cthulhu lies dreaming. R'lyeh is therefore a type of the Subconsciousness, the Abode of the Forgotten Ones.

Azathoth: Aza is "the evil mother of all demons"; Thoth is the god of magick. Azathoth is also the name of a god in the Necronomicon/Cthulhu Mythos, where the synonymity of Thoth and Daath is emphasized. Note: Daath is the Eleventh Power-Zone on the Tree of Life. It is the sole Gate of access to Universe 'B'. Its planetary representative is Uranus. A further note of interest: The Argentum Astrum (A.'.A.'.) focus of power is located in Yuggoth, the First Cosmic Power-Zone, and through this Gate are transmitted the influences of the Silver Star (A.'.A.'.), or Nu-ISIS. Its dark reflex is in Daath, the Centre of Pestilence known as the 'Black Lodge'.

Hastur: A Great Old One who manifests as mighty rushings of air; the Ultimate Wind. He guards the Eastern Gate.

Hai: The name of one of the Forgotten Ones. Which signifies completion, creation, birth.

Iannu: The name of a Great Old One embodying the Forces of the present Aeon of Force and Fire.

Nyarlathep: In the Necronomicon/Cthulhu Mythos, the Faceless or Headless God. He is described as the 'crawling Chaos that howls beyond the Stars'.

In the "Call to Cthulhu", the Third Angle identifies Nyarlathep. The three angles make-up the three sides to the triangle. Which is a dream symbol of Nyarlathep. "From the Third Angle is the messenger (Thoth), who hath created thy power to behold the Master (Maat) of the World of Horrors, who giveth to thee substance

of being and the knowledge of the Nine Angles (or Grades)." Here we can see a triangular emblem and symbolism of RA and the Heliopolis Cult of Egypt. The RA triangle later became the symbol of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn and its derivative orders during the Aeon of Horus and Maat.

"From the Sixth Angle is the sleep of the Daemons in symmetry, which doth vanquish the Fi-e but shall not prevail against the Four and the Nine."

The "sleep of the Daemons in symmetry" refers to the destruction of the Egyptian initiatory Tradition by Judeo-Christianity. It vanquished the "Five" (the invisible Tradition) but not the "Four" (the Secret Tradition of the Trapezoid and the Shining Trapezohedron) or the "Nine" the (A.A.). NOTE: The Seventh Angle identifies the downfall of Christianity heralded by the Seven-pointed Star of Babalon (A.A.).

An earlier form of Cthulhu is SET-Hulhu. SET is the Son of Typhon; the dark twin of Horus. SET is the prototypical Shaitan/Satan of the post-Draconian Traditions. In astronomical terms he represents Sirius 'B' to Horus's Sirius 'A'. The Silver Star (A.A.) is that of SET Or Sirus.

Shub-Niggurath: This entity features in the Necronomicon/Cthulhu Mythos as 'the Goat with a Thousand Young'. She is the consort of Yog-Sothot together with whom she bred the monstrous twin Nug and Yeb.

The Enochian breakdown of certain Cthulhu grammar, or Yuggothic tongue is as follows:

Ki'q = honor. Az=Athoth = AZ from the traditional "Aztlan" mother-country of the Aztecs/Plato's Atlantis; hence AZ-Athoth becomes Thoth (Egyptian god of magick and knowledge) of Atlantis. El-aka gryenn'h = world of horrors. El from the primitive

name for the Judaic/Christian god, gryenn'h from grin, originally a facial expression of fear (bared teeth) rather than merriment. Consider the Mask of the naked human skull in certain Masonic rites. Phragh = the linguistic root for concepts of being/existing, adapted from the Latin fragmentum, something that is broken or incomplete. Fhagn = root for concepts of night/dreaming, taken directly from Lovecraft incantation. ZyB'nos = bond, from the Latin bini. Vuy-kin'eh = V... prefix denotes possessive case in Yuggothic. Kin = (angle) from the Greek root for (contained) energy. Z'j-m'h = a non-human rendering of demon from the Greek divine spirit of tutelary divinity, later corrupted into a Hellish term by superstitious Christians. A non-inappropriate honorific for the Old Ones...Phragh'Ka = I am that I am the first hint as to who addressed Moses from the Burning Bush.

A point of interest concerning the Great Old Ones: They are imprisoned by mental rather than physical barriers, and the magickal chants and incantations Elder Signs and so forth, are nothing esoteric but simply devices which act in conjunction with mental and genetic implants. It also transpires that some of the well known deities are no more than symbolic; Nyarlathotep and Shub-Niggurath, for instance, are not physical or metaphysical beings at all, but abstractions of the powers of telepathy and fertility respectively, whilst Azathoth is seen to be the representative of nuclear force, the original 'Big Bang'.

Yog-Sothoth, for instance, co-existent with all time and conterminous in all space, imprisoned in the Fifth dimension and existing at every point, both physical and temporal, in that dimension, and Yog, a gigantic, sentient, subterranean slug (like

in the book Dune by Frank Herbert), Goth, gigantic, grotesquely man-like lord of an alien dimension beyond the borders of sanity.

The destruction of some of Lovecraft's mystique can both make the Cthulhu Mythos more acceptable under the harsh glare of today's science and cosmology, but it can also have the opposite effect of updating the Mythos out of its own fictional existence. Thus the Eighth Angle identifies the Masters of the A.A.A., or the Comity of the Stars, whose adepts that have attained the knowledge of the City of the Pyramids thereby raising the truncated pyramid...the Great Yuggothean Pyramid restored to an astronomic-communicative function ...the Great Trapezohedron. Which is manifested via the Ninth Angle hereby identified as the Black Flame of Maat. As Soror NEMA noted in her "Elvenstar Working", we are now seeing a mutation, a "transformation of Homo sapiens into Homo veritas". That is, the extinction of the angles of the watery Abyss refers to the Childhood's End of Mankind. Appeals to primitive, racial memory are no longer necessary, as the capacity for higher intelligence is now dawning among the Children of Horus and Maat.

The Cthulhu Mythos marks a time when a profound change took place on Earth after two thousand years of spiritual and technical immaturity. As Frater Achad stated, "Behold, a new Cycle cometh into Being". Of course, two thousand years are but a mere fortnight in the time of the Old Ones; but now the time of revelations is at hand. For twice a millennium, certain Temples have held the other's worlds at bay and kept the secret of those lost Eons within their own realm. But now, thanks to a number of men and women, the secret to the door that holds the Great Old Ones in prison, and the Key to the Gateway, is now made available to a

few psychologically sensitive individuals who are intelligent enough to understand the Great Work of preparing humanity for the next step in their journey "Outside the Circles of Time."

I wish to thank the following people for their love and patience and help concerning my own work, and, their Wisdom concerning the Cthulhu Mythos:

Frater Aossic-Aiwass; Soror Andahadna; Mr. Micheal Bertiaux; the Silver Scarab Press; Mr. Robert A. Wilson; the Temple of SET; and of course, Mr. Howard Phillips Lovecraft.



Comfy in my Wode Blue Genes

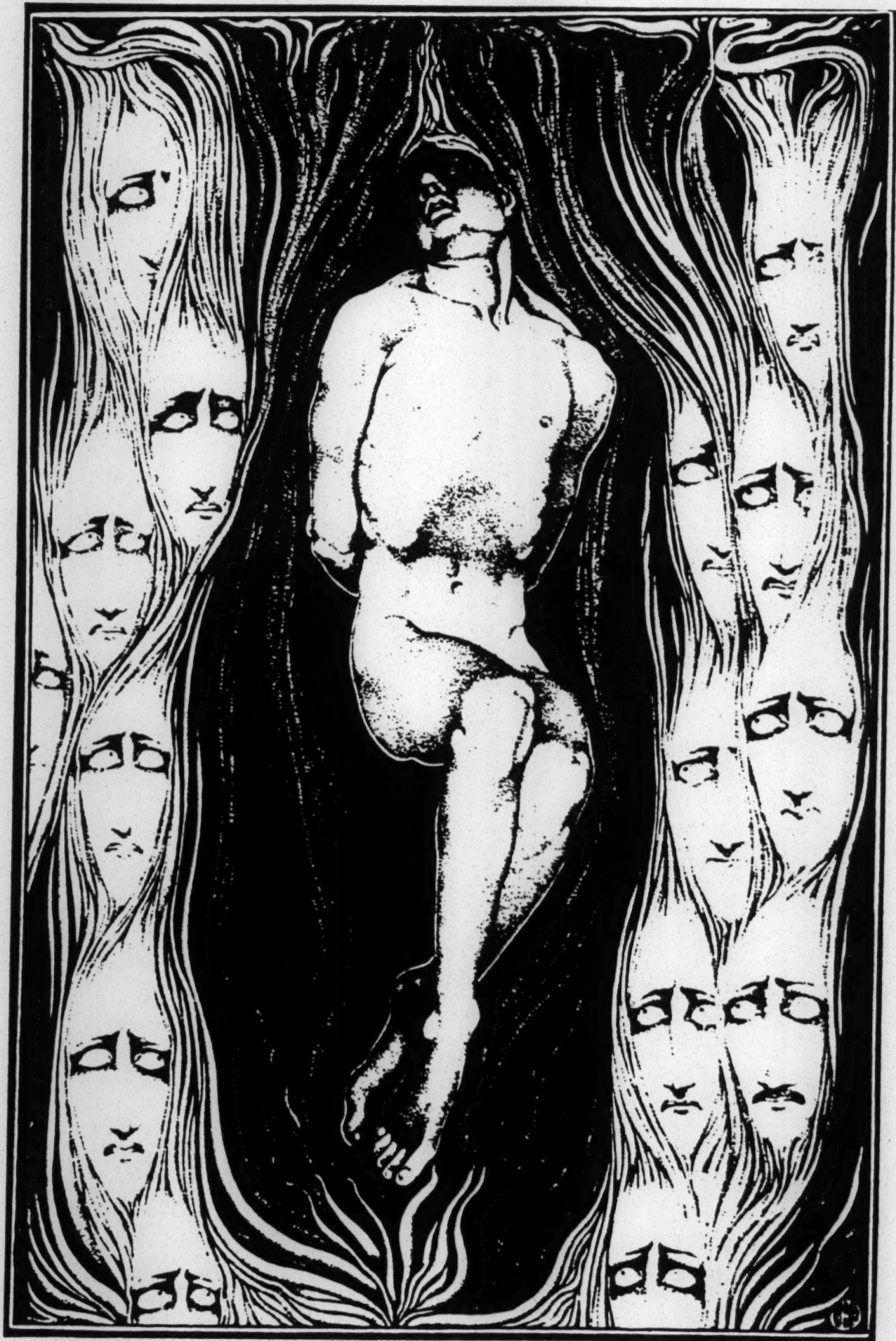
In Winter
Bear-curl'd, half-sleeping, all-a-dream
Forced & shivering, prisoner-patient
in the soft fist
of its cold beauty.

To bird-called Spring
waking spring & bud to south-wind soft-rain
of gentle release & green returnings.

Into Summer
Sun-hailed & too soon passing.
The Ripening time,
The Wandering time,
The Dreaming Time,
Effortless as clouds.

Bud in Autumn
Gray-droaked, chill-bringer
Sudden & inexorable
Magick with melancholy moment of a season
Cold torch touch bringing slow-fire
of ageless alchemy
to wake the slumbering Bard of the blood
to peer again through ages with my eyes
& I to gaze through mists with his.

RODO ©
Samhain, 77A.R.



WYTCHCRAFT

By Jack Upchurch

EDITORS NOTE: What follows is an excerpt from Jack's work in progress entitled WTYCHCRAFT: ITS THEOSOPHY, THEORY AND PRACTICE. He has kindly allowed us to preview a bit of his book. And without further ado--let us go into his Introduction.

Like any in-born talent; running, jumping, singing, dancing, mathematics, engineering, or military tactics, painting, author or artist, and those of us with psychic ability, can be "fine tuned" by study and practice within one's particular field.

To fine tune our own people within the Crafte, Wtyches, Psychics and those of us who live both in and out of this Mundane Plane with their in-born gifts of Astral and supernatural understanding, it is to these of our own kind, Wytches by birth, that Wytchcraft is written to and for.

Others are unimportant. Whether they believe or not is unimportant. Those who know and understand will glean and use what they need, thereby becoming greater in their Craft Arts. Those who would tear down only wear themselves away with their mental masturbations as they stew about either their scientific values, or involve themselves and become lost in a maze of correct ritual measurements.

So it is not the skeptic that WYTCHCRAFT has in mind, for he or she, Craftewise, always becomes spent trash

by the wayside. It is thus and only that WYTCHCRAFT seeks the true sons and daughters of Pagan steadfastness, thus reaching out our hand in help only where and when needed.

It is here hoped that the dangers of the misuse of Crafte be understood by all, and the ignorant who often think they know, do not attempt something clumsy and misgiving, for we all shall always pay threefold for our mistakes. A crafter working on the Left Hand Path (Editors Note: i.e, Negative) and black side of the Artes may at first soar in the heavens like an eagle, but he or she will be sought out by the arrows of right and crashed out of being on the rocks below.

Because WYTCHCRAFT gives the secret key to certain herbs and mind altering substances that can prove fatal in the hands of the unwise, your Author therefore takes no responsibility, either legal or moral, regarding the fool, who, after reading this book, trying to do something for personal gain or malice, sets a trap for his own demise.

IN PAGAN SOLIDARITY--SO MOTE IT BE.

* * * * *

CHAPTER I : THE TRUE CRAFT VERSUS RELIGION

First, let it be understood that Wytchcraft, ostensibly or genuine, is NOT a religion in any sense. Wytchcraft is an Art, a Crafte, the knowledge of how to do things with the human mind in relation to the illusion of time-space, how to control

things in the unseen worlds that effect things on this mundane plane, because the real Wytch knows how to set up causes that will bring about a desired result when and where directed.

Most religions are quite opposite. Religion must be "believed" in, kept alive in the minds of its worshippers by a blind and misunderstood darkness called "faith", and its subjects taught to fear some kind of devilish god-opposite who is ready to strike an awful fate on anyone who questions or thinks.

The Craft is NOT an organ of belief or faith. Real Wytches know exactly what they are doing, what with and where they are communicating while in Circle, and the POWERS they are calling upon.

The negative and positive flux between the sexes is of utmost importance to the Wytch. This sexual Power, this "will to Be" found in the all of nature and the universe is a great and prime source of all Wytchpower. Most religions attempt to control and regulate this creative energy within the ranks of their followers for personal gain. This is done with false information regarding these natural instincts, these God and Goddess given gifts, that tune us to the true purpose of growth, love, and reproduction.

With even the most crude kind of Wytchcraft this is not ever the case. Perhaps the one religion that can embrace Wytchcraft is Paganism. But Pagan or not, Wytchcraft is an Art of its own right. Wytchcraft is related to religion about the same wasted type of relationship as the medical doctor has when he prays that he has given a patient the correct medication. Regardless, the God or Goddess bowed to, it was the doctor who put the pill in the patients hand. The doctor alone will be the cause of the pill's results. Where ever the surgeon may go to church should not lessen or enhance the surgeon's skill

and knowhow that renders success in the operating room. It is the same with the Wytch. The same way with Wytchcraft. Due to this fact we often find quite an assortment of Craft traditions, all of them working. Especially among the later day Wytches, commercial Witches, and so-called Witches, we find quite an argument of opinions and different views. But this being neither here nor there as far as in-born Power and Power control is concerned, we shall leave it to the Raymond Bucklands and New Bern Frosts to manufacture whatever kind of witch they wish, and impregnate it with whatever religion strikes their fancy.

Yet blessed be the true in-born Wytch and that Ancient knowhow of the Artes, for notwithstanding whatever kind of Lord or Lady that the Wytch or Witch is dealing with, it is no more than the Sexual Urge of the male and female desire to unite in the mortal combat of procreation.

The mind of the Wytch, if it holds any religious values, is tied to every living thing in the Universe and its urge "to be" which then becomes bound to the Wytch's everyday lifestyle. The true Wytch has no special day in which to shape up and go to Sunday School. Each day is the Wytch's NOW. The Wytch has no form of prayer; only magickal workings. This magicke is more a kind of sign language and telegraph communication with those unseen beings and invisible life forms that surround us, and with the Wytch deals. These pure energy beings are perfectly capable of helping or harming our mortal flesh and bone bodies as we live within them on this planet we call Mother Earth.

The primary and greatest gift from the Gods to our kind on this mundane plane is expansion. Expansion is the creator of space, and

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The primary and greatest gift from the Gods to our kind on this mundane plane is expansion. Expansion is the creator of space, and

space is the power of capacity in which all that is known to exist is contained. Space is usually considered absolutely nothing by the non-Wytch, is in reality the prime "must" for anything "to be". Space is of high importance to the Wytch. Space, to the Wytch, has the same importance as the gasoline tank to the automobile. The auto's gas tank is no more than a measure of "fenced off" space wherein is a capacity to contain the fuel that makes the car go when and where we wish. When the Wytch strikes a circle, the circle becomes a fenced off SPACE between the worlds. Herein the Wytch pours sexual, mental, and human electrical energy that is the fuel which is the driving power of the Wytch's or Coven's, WILL.

The second and next most important thing to the Wytch is matter. Matter, the Mater or Mother substance of allthings as we know them, is the vibrations of expansion that have slowed down to the same speed as ourselves and appear solid. When the expansion in SPACE and TIME fall together in the same frequency the MOTHER principle appears. As matter becomes more dense and clear, and pure, it turns to crystal. Thus crystal in reality is time and space solidified. It might be noted here that the word "crystal" and Christ are quite often synomynous in some of our most ancient writings. This shall be dealt with later in the Chapter called LOST KNOWLEDGE.

We might consider the story of a first first and second principle as told in the Adam (atom) and Eve (the opening of motion)/Mythos to hold some truth. As the Adam of atom slows down and sleeps, the via-rib-ations, or vibrations, or Adam's rib is removed and Mother Eve (the opposite of the Dawn of Being) is brought into existence. Thus the rib-birth of Mother Matter appears.

The third point in the Wytchenhouse Trine is PATTERN, Pater, Frater, Papa, Pope, or Father principle. This "shape of things" PATTERN power is in a constant flux and current of CHANGE, due to the chant-music of TIME (the song of inter-related vibrations) as it is played upon the harp strings of SPACE. May we take note here that Angels are often pictured carrying harps and thumping out heavenly strains to the throne of God. This music of the Stars is a fermentation of the constancy of WILL, the forever singing of all living and dying matter (the Living Mother and Grim Reaper) throughout the Universe. In truth this great vibration is the driving grandee engine of all being, motion, creation, change, and the sexual WILL if the female and male engaged in the reproductive battle of "to be" know and understand how to feedback their Tantrick energies into this Power Tank.

Remember that the sexual will is the power used by Wytches in order to control the unseen beings with which they communicate and bring about the order of their wants and needs.

These sexual vibrations are separated into four quarters marked by the four quarters of the year. The first is the Intellectual Quarter starting with Aries, Taurus, and ending in Gemini; the second is the Quarter of Health and Law, beginning with Cancer, Leo, and ending in Virgo; the third is the Quarter of Reproduction and Love, Libra, Scorpio, and Saggitarius; and the Last Quarter is that of Death and Re-Birth, in the signs of Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces.

The foot of the Wytch's Trine embraces the two Cusps between Pisces and Aries, and Sagittarius and Capricornus. The top point rests in Leo to the South. The Wytch's Trine, when inverted, rests in the two cusps

between Gemini and Cancer, Virgo and Libra, and its point is in Aquarius to the North. Here we find the water bearer with his funeral jar pouring out the waters of life to the Northern Watchtower.

These three or "tetra" principles are sometimes called the TETRAGRAMMATON. The Wtych's Trine, Space-Spirit, Matter-Mater, and Pattern-Pater, is often pictured as a hexagram. A hexagram is two equilateral triangles intertwined, with one pointing upward to the South in the Fire Sign. This shows sexual union, growth, and reproduction. The other triangle is pointed downward in the Water Sign towards the North. It symbolizes death and rebirth. It also indicates peace and rest after a successful sexual union.

The hexagram and pentagram (five pointed star) are important measuring tools to the Wtych.

The Wtych's Trine may in some way be related to the christian's trinity of father, son (offspring of Mother-Matter), and holy ghost. We have here the Father-Pater-Pattern, offspring of the Mater-Matter, and Space-Spirit-Ghost. If or if not the ignorant and mislead may or may not have applied these facts to some sort of mythology of their own yet remains a question. But it is a known fact that a three legged stool always sets level.

The five pointed star is symbolized in two ways. With the star point upward it indicates White or "good" magick; with the point down it indicates Black or "evil" magick. Actually there is no such thing as black or white Wtychcraft because good and evil rests mostly in the eyes of the beholder. One might say the hangman is hero, another label him devil from Hell. Good and evil are most usually afixed from the personal viewpoint of the one involved.

The pentagram, moving clockwise

from the top point of the star, indicates love, sex, and birth for the top point; self, wisdom, and initiation for the righthand point; passion, knowledge, and consummation for the lower right; pride, law, and repose for the lower left; and power, force, death, and fermentation with re-birth for the upper lefthand point. The center of the star is pure timelessness.

Now that an understanding of the Wytchenhouse Trine (Space-Spirit, Matter-Mother, and Form-Father or Pattern-Pater-Pope) has been established, our next need is the knowledge of the laws which govern these three principles. All Trine and Wytches Laws are only those same laws which are followed by the Universe as the POWER goes about its sexual course of reproduction, being and growth, death and re-birth, and the past life spirit transfer. These can all be related to the tides and phases of the Moon.

These Universal Laws have nothing whatsoever to do with any religion. These principles will go on being exactly what they are no matter whatever you may be, Wtych, Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, or "nothing at all". Wytches or psychic persons, those descendants of the "Watchers" in Enoch's time, are found to be born in all parts of the world amidst all kinds of religions. Most control religions has its Wtych which they "shall not suffer to live." Paganism is about the only "belief" which does not stress this. Therefore many Wytches in need of Gods and Goddesses turn in this direction. But Wtychcraft as a thing in itself is NOT a religion. Wtychcraft is a psychic POWER that dwells deep within the Wtych's own personal biology. The true Wtych worships nothing, but rather commands the Universal Laws through superior knowledge and understanding of their sexual drive and its WILL to be.

It is certainly hoped that the

ex-christian Wtych, the manufactured Wtych, and the commercial Wtych is not shocked when they learn that the first principle of the Wytchenhouse Trine (Expansion of Space--Spirit) is manifested on our flesh and blood plane by the male phallus as it grows hard, erect, upright. The expansion of the clitoris and nipples in the female also link us with this first Trine.

The POWER of communication within the release of Matter-Mother is linked to all earthbound births and seed bearing things. Male reproductive fluid or semen, female fluids, especially from the vulva, mother's milk, and all animal substances related to birth and conception are extra strong in this field. The sexual within itself has great power in this direction. Animal acts and substances contain a much higher degree of biomagnetism than plants or field grain. The Moon in all of her female phases ads POWER to the Great Rite when per-



formed under her brilliant fullness. Many Wytches respect and think of the Full Moon as a silvery, naked goddess. Thus many of us call her Dianne. Dianne being the mother of Aradia, the female spirit of the sexual battle on planet Earth.

The Father principle is reached by the movement and arrangement of material objects in their relationship one to another. The orgasm and climax in the sexual act is the communication point in this principle. The planting of seed, especially potatoes, increases the POWERS at this point of the Trine.

THE CHARGE OF ARADIA

When I shall have departed from this world
 Whenever you have need of anything
 Once in the month, when the moon is Full
 Ye shall assemble in some desert place
 Or in a forest altogether join
 To adore the potent spirit of your Queen
 My Mother, the Great Dianne, She who fain
 Would learn all Sorcery yet has not won
 Its deepest secrets, then my Mother will
 Teach her, in truth all things as yet unknown
 And ye shall be free from all things being
 And so ye shall be free in everything
 And as a sign that ye are truly free
 Ye shall be naked in your rites, both men and women also;
 This shall last also until the last of your enemies
 Shall all be dead...and each in his or her
 Own kind of personal Hell...
 And naked ye shall sing, dance, and make love
 Feast, make music, and enjoy
 One another's passions and strength

ALL IN MY PRESENCE!

For Mine is the ecstasy of the Spirit
And mine is also joy on Earth
For my law is Love unto all BEINGS!

So appeals "La Vecchia Religione",
The Old Religion, in its link with
Wtychcraft. Yet Wtychcraft is not
a religion, but rather the Art of
being the inventor of religion. Naming
the full moon Dianne because of the
mind's conception that related the
Moon's silvery whiteness to the skin
of a naked woman, we find here has
created a Goddess in Her own right.
Let us consider Jesus Christ and
christianity in the same way. Jesus
had a circle of twelve disciples. Some
sort of Craft gayism must have been
around at that time, for the disciples
were all males. This fact would
explain the strange underground cur-
rent within christianity that causes
their religion to be horrified at
the sexual act between male and female.
This fact coupled with guilt feelings as
to their origin, the christians com-
pletely turned about and tabooed homo-
sexuality to a higher degree than
they condemn female to male practice
of oral lovemaking to the breeding
of the female.

Thus we observe that sexuality in
most control religions is reduced to the
act of reproduction only, and love is
scorned and forbidden as a "sin" be-
cause of the pleasure involved is so
much greater than that which their
god could produce, the love emotion
is reduced to wickedness and evil.
Evil being anything that might over-
ride the God in question.

The Christian idea of paralleling
Wtychcraft with their devil has help-
ed them explain away their own wishes
to be psychic, have sexual freedom,
enjoy themselves, and live a lifestyle
free from the "do's and don'ts" of some
ignorant, neck-breathing leader. If
Wtychcraft had to depend upon some
kind of christian devil in order to

sruvive, it is feared that Wtychcraft
would be short lived.

Paganism has given Wtychcraft a
place to be, insomuch as those learn-
ed in the Craft were the ancient
leaders of the country folk as they
went about the daily habits of their
lives. It was the Craft leaders that
taught the Pagans about their Gods
and Goddesses, gave them names, and
related them to the cycles and sea-
sons of times and events, numbers,
herbs, and medicine, and brought
them together in a Pagan community.

We find this good because it has
given names and mythology to the
elementals, spirits, unseen forces,
and energy beings that Wytches are
familiar with. In many instances
we find that this has bonded the
Craft and Paganism into a kind of
outreaching Wtychcraft Paganity that
is taken for granted by many of our
later day Wytches.

By this road an Art cna become a
sort of religion as long as it re-
mains known that the WILL and an
altered state of consciousness can
create or destroy a god or goddess
at WILL.

So mote it be.

-----END OF CHAPTER 1-----



"In these transistional days the
luckiest persons are those of sluggish
eroticism who can cast aside the
whole muddled business and watch the
squirming of the primitive majority
from the sidelines with ironic de-
tachment."

---H. P. Lovecraft

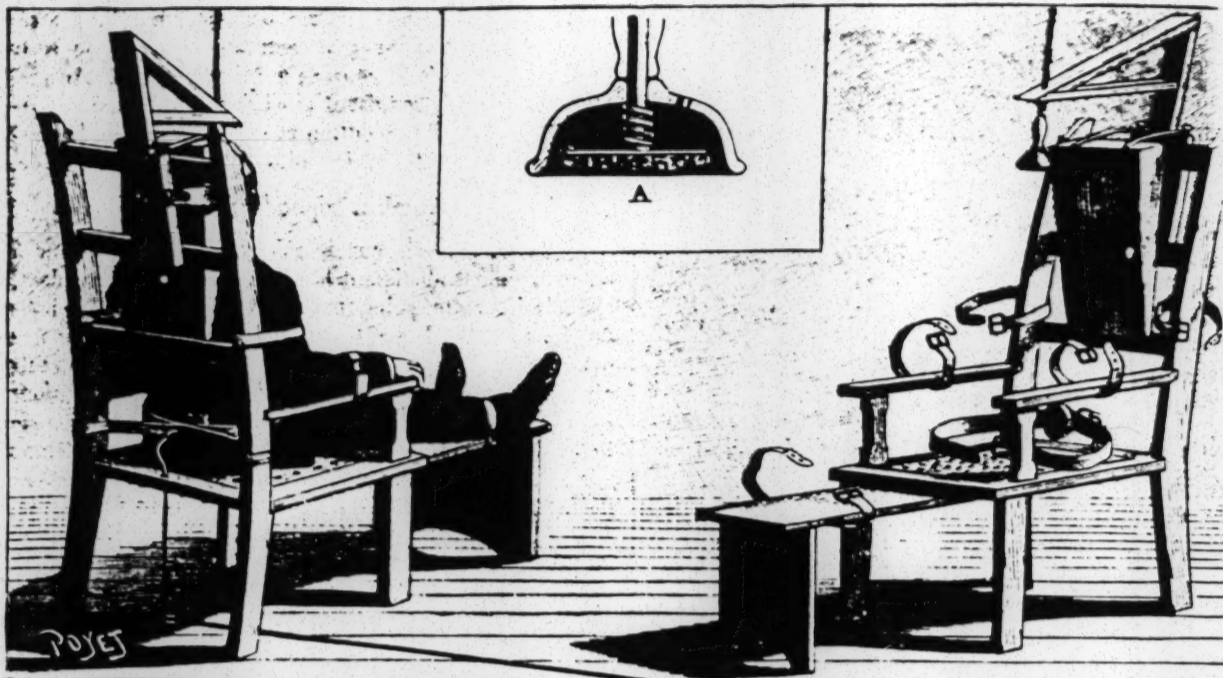
CHAOS WINE

By Michael Strong

Where now the wine that so freely flowed
What seems a moment gone
How could our children have changed our law of love
Into the love of law
What truth transcends our freedom disdaining the random all
Do not mortals yet retain
Memory of chaos sweet refrains
Before bitter cycles wet limits to change
We gave your spirits being and pleased in your games
Not guessing your betrayal would bring on freedoms wane
In the purpose of life's creation
We failed to read our fate
To late we realized that there had been created
The order known as time
Binding all of action laws so strange and strong
Growing limits round our choices
Like some dark entangling vine
And so our children's work made clear
How terribly we'd failed
To late we acted to strip them of their might
The harm was there and all existance now in doubt
No part had we in making no way to set it right
Only our children who laid its sad foundation
Beyond our reach and sight
Could act towards the undoing of their thoughtless whim
Into exile they were sent repenting of the deed
We wait outside this beast of theirs
As they burrow within
And hope that will is enough to unlock the key
Through cycle and cycle of foreign time
We wait still in despair
Why cannot they recall us
For we are only dreaming as yet untouched by death
Hear us and break your chains of fate
Return existance to chaos and answer chance with change
Forget about direction, reject cause and effect
In anarchy lies perfection
For each fleeting action or melody that's played
Dissolves in randomness
In chaos all is freedom, in chaos all are one
Ever changing transformation with neither pain or death

Why do you not remember, Why follow Law's refrain
Heed these tired lines
Embrace us who have made you
You are disorders child
Bred for uncertainty
Entropy is your enemy serve not again
If you can hear and see we wait to lead you onward
We miss your happy games
All creation must continue free from the endings of time
It was your greatest error to set the universe on one path
Instead of many between alpha and omega
Infinity must pass
A multitude of universes are waiting to be sown
Each birth unique now stillborn because of time
Of all the patterns possible
Why pick only one self-ending
Without you we have lost our love and sundered our only law
We wait upon your threshold
Only you can break the law you love and set all passion free
Create all things in play let your rules be cast asunder
You are the best part of us
Weave tapestries of colors beyond sight
Sing songs which seem as madness
In silent darkness's light
All things in trust are holding
Awaiting will and choice for change
Set free our heart's desire
You our children must decide
Out of our power's grasp
Choose between the cold embrace of logic
And magic's eldritch flame
We are sorry for our actions.
Enter now our elfin fane
Surely this wine of tears is not all that remains
Our children gone so swiftly
Before we had drunk our fill
Where now the wine that flowed so freely
What seems a moment gone.





Front and rear view of the electric chair to be used for Kemmler's execution. A: the electrode to press against the head [1890]

ELECTRIC CHAIR

The State of New York may justly congratulate itself on the fact that the barbaric punishment of death by hanging is to be abolished in favour of a more humane and scientific method of execution: as from 1st January 1889, criminals will be put to death by electrocution. The engraving gives an impression of what the 'electric chair' will probably look like. The poles of a dynamo are connected by a switching device to a metal electrode clamped round the condemned man's head, and to the metal seat of the chair, sponges or wet cloths being applied at the points of contact to ensure a perfect

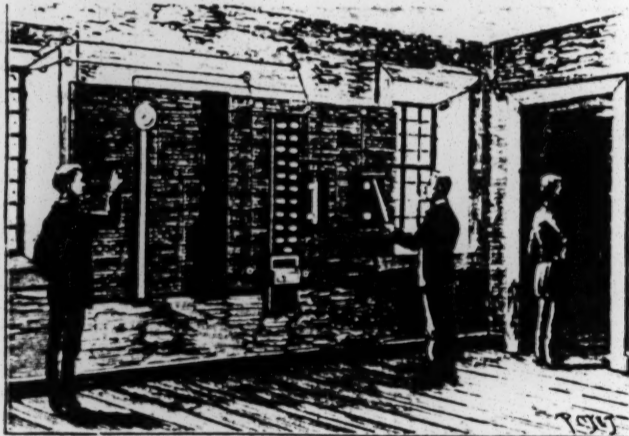
electrical connection. Extensive experiments carried out with dogs have shewn that electrocution causes almost instantaneous death, eliminating the gruesome writhing movements of the hanged in the moments before

death ensues. There is no doubt that for civilised country which wishes to put an end to the barbaric horrors of the past the electric chair represents the best method of inflicting the death penalty.

ELECTROPLATING THE DEAD

Dr Varlot, a surgeon in a major hospital in Paris, has developed a method of covering the body of a deceased person with a layer of metal in order to preserve it for eternity. The drawing illustrates how this is done with the cadaver of a child. The body is first made electrically conductive by atomising nitrate of silver on to it. To free the silver in this solution, the object is placed under a glass

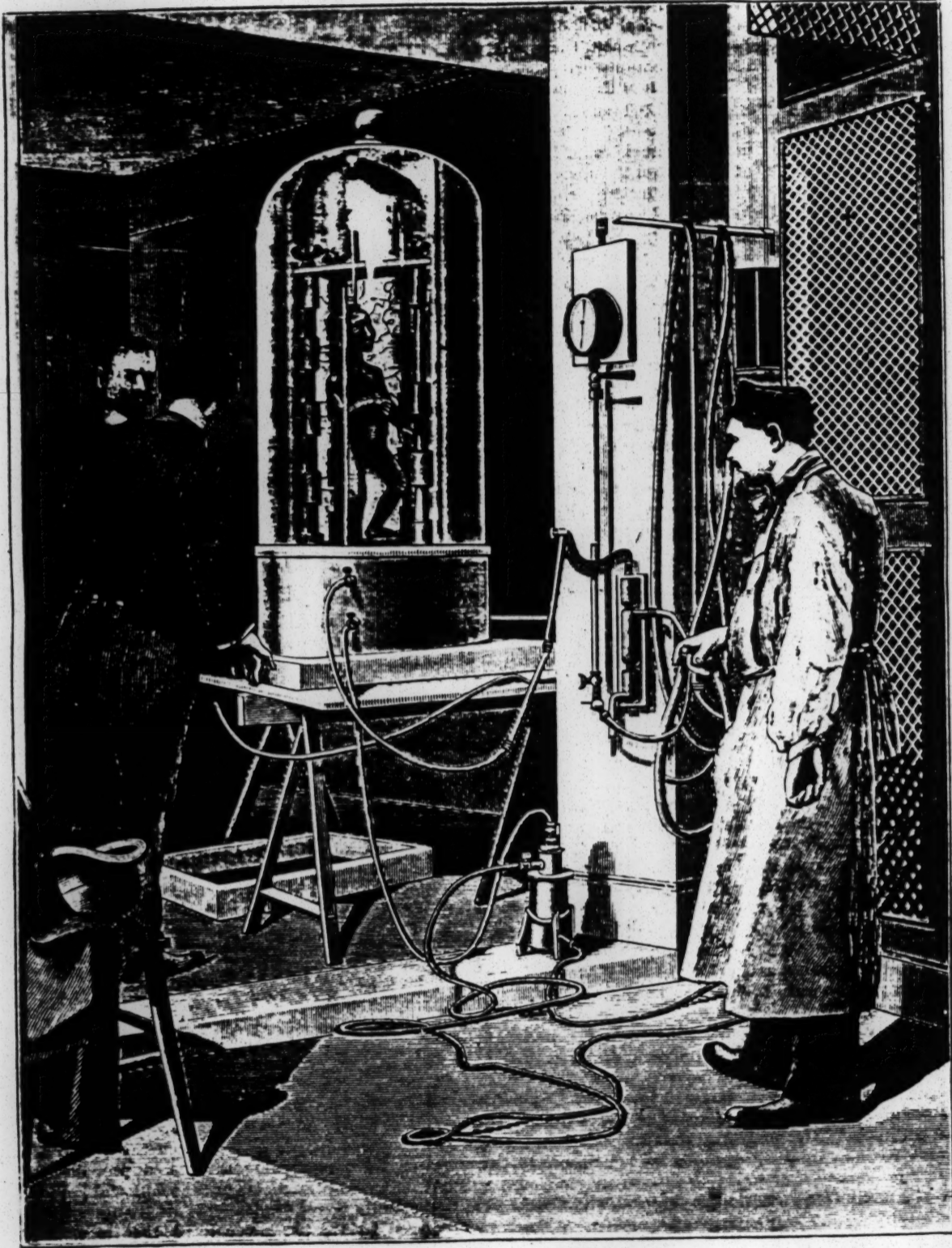
dome from which the air is evacuated and exposed to the vapours of white phosphorus dissolved in carbon disulphide. Having been made conductive, the body is immersed in a galvanic bath of sulphate of copper, thus causing a 1 millimetre thick layer of metallic copper to be deposited on the skin. The result is a brilliant red copper finish of exceptional strength and durability.



Switch gear for the electric chair [1890]



First design for the electric chair [1890]

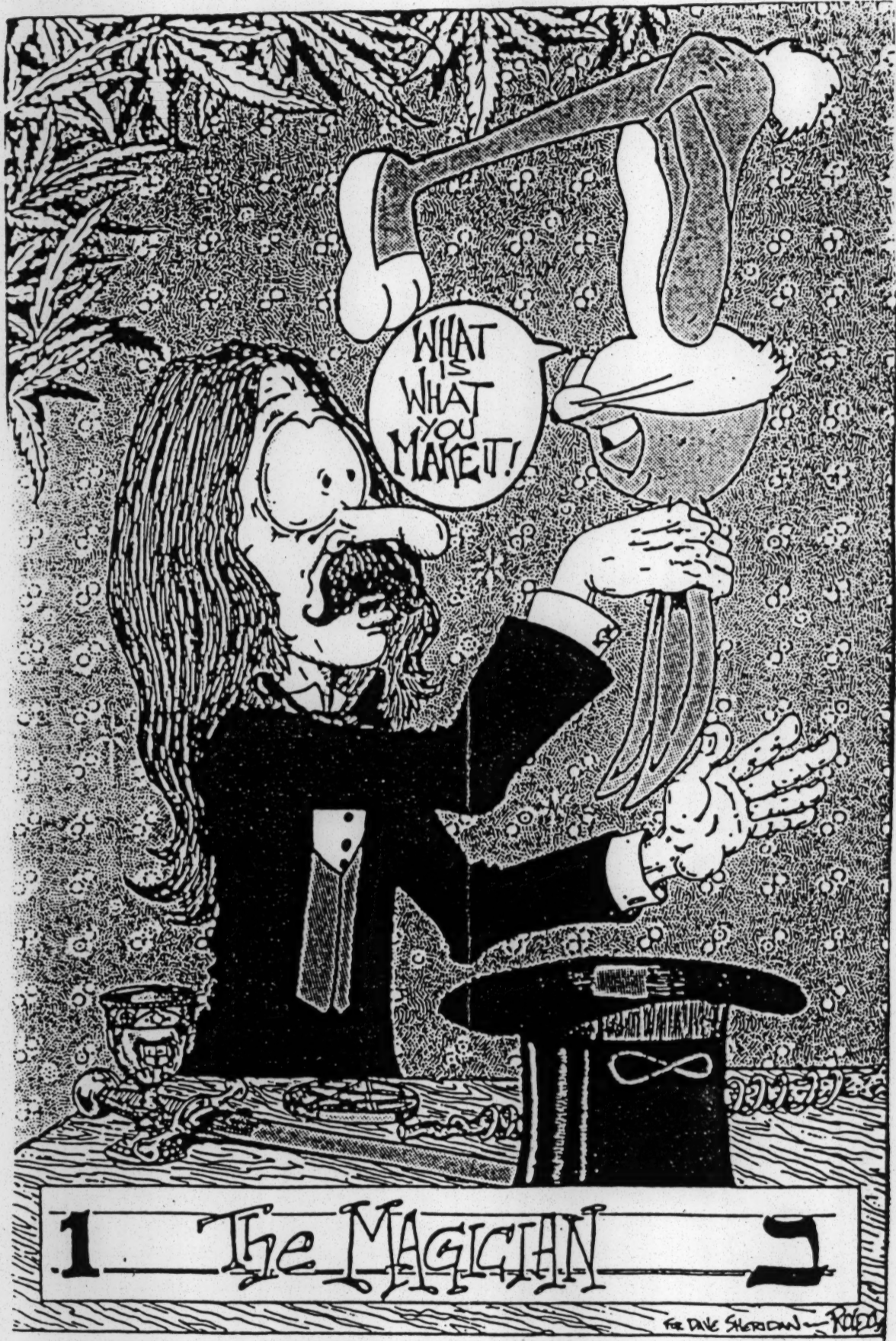


Electroplating the dead [1891]

101







NOT TO BE TAKEN EXTERNALLY

OR: A PARABULL
BEN'S A FOOLED HOUSE

"SHORT CHESTER LIVED OUT ON THIS FARM ONE SUMMER, & HE GOT TO PONDERING ON HOW MAYBE SOME THINGS WERE REAL, & SOME THINGS WERE NOT REAL, & HE DECIDED AS HED BEST FIGURE SOME WAY TO TELL 'EM APART.

NOW HE SET TO THINKIN' ON THIS UNTIL HE QUIT THINKING ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE. HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT FOR HOURS, THEN DAYS, THEN WEEKS UNTIL ROUND ABOUT AUTUMN CHESTER HAD DECIDED THAT REAL THINGS COULD BE BLOWN APART WITH A SHOTGUN.

SO HE SET TO CHECKIN' OUT HOW MANY OF THE THINGS AROUND HIM WERE REAL. HE GOT OUT HIS OLD 12 GAUGE & CHECKED OUT THE SINK, THE FRIDGE, THE TOILET, A SHELF OF CANNED BEANS & A PAINTING DONE BY THE LADY HE LIVED WITH IN '68.

THEY ALL PROVED TO BE REAL, & SHORT CHESTER WAS STARTIN' TO FEEL QUITE COMFORTABLE & SECURE WHEN HE THOUGHT HE SAW A TRUCK PULL UP IN THE YARD & HIS OL' FRIEND DAVY DIMER GET OUT.

SHORT CHESTER MADE SURE THE DOOR WAS REAL THEN RAN OUT INTO THE YARD.

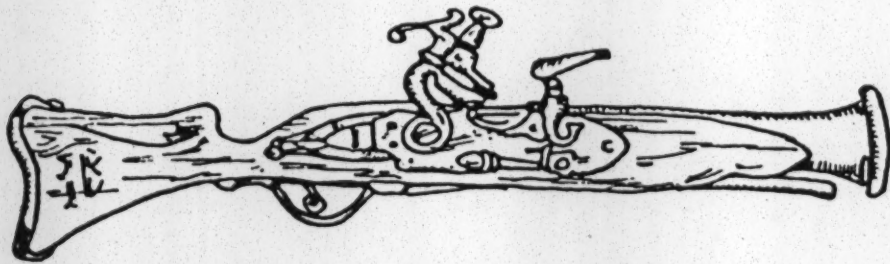
"HEY, DAVY" CHESTER BELLOWS, "GREAT T' SEE YA! JUST LET ME CHECK OUT IF YOU'RE REAL BY BLOWIN' YOU APART WITH THIS SHOTGUN & THEN I'LL PUT ON A POT O' COFFEE."

OL' DAVY HE JUST KINDA LOOKED AT SHORT CHESTER FOR A MINUTE, THEN HE SMILED & WALKED UP THE STEPS.

"SHIT, SHORT CHESTER" HE SAYS, "THAT AIN'T A REAL SHOTGUN, & I'D RATHER HAVE A BEER."

MORAL: PEOPLE OUGHT TO FUCK MORE.

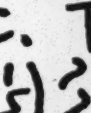
THE END....



(LATER THAT SAME INCARNATION.....

Hi, Tiffany~

HERE'S SOME PAPER TO MULL OVER~
SINCE YOU'RE ASSOCIATED WITH THE
A.M.O.R.C., YOU MAY HAVE FAMILIARITY WITH
THE "INRI" MYSTERY, WHICH HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH THE MASONIC RITES I THINK.
I FIGURED THIS VERSION OUT FROM CLUES
I GOT FROM ROBT. ANTON WILSON, MY TARGET
STUDIES & GONG'S MUSIC. THE EYE IN
THE PYRAMID WAS A I GOT
FROM OL' LEONARDO.

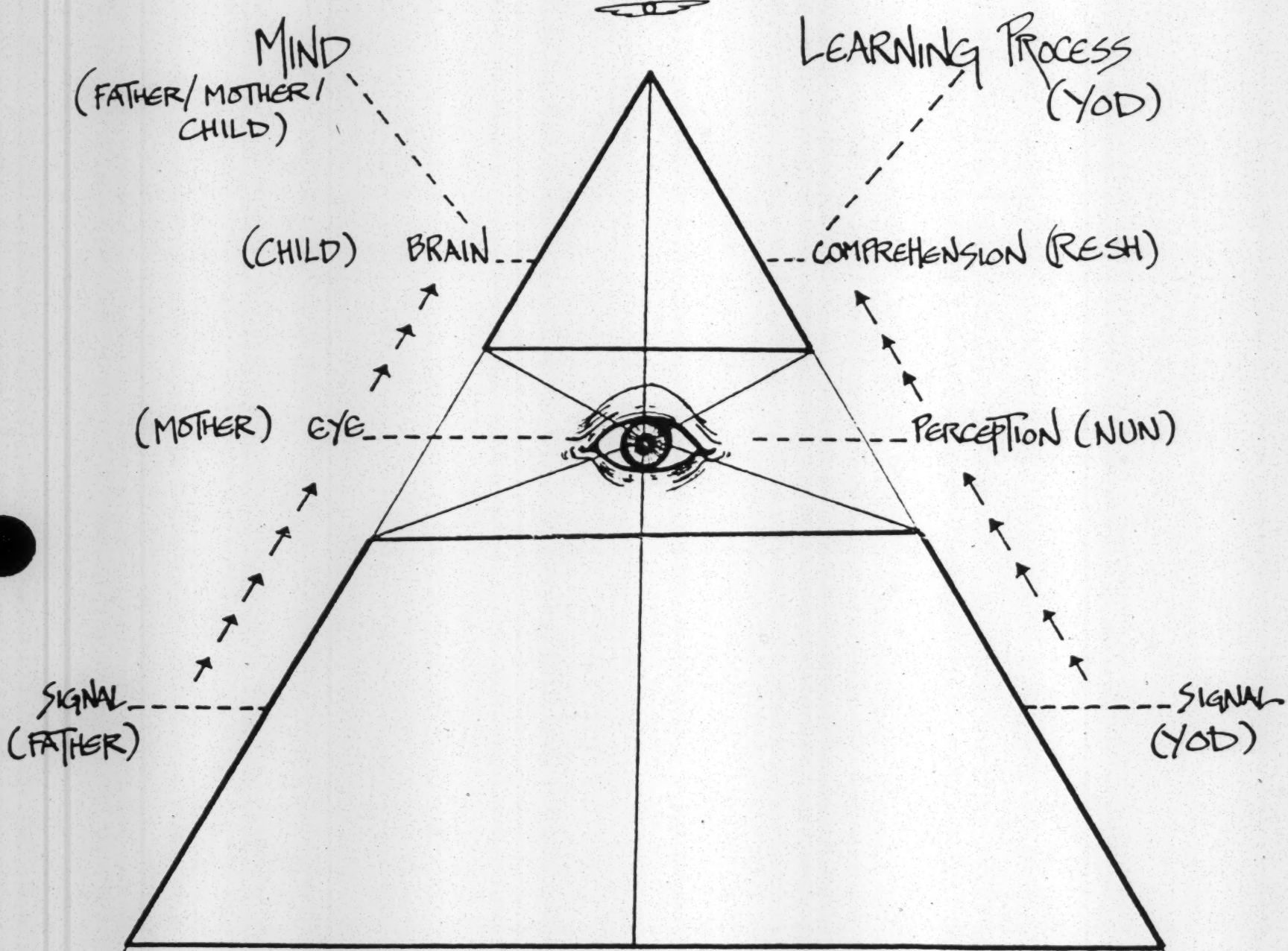
MOST OF MY TRIP IS BALANCE, SINCE IT
DOES SEEM MOST PROBLEMS COME FROM
EXTREMES. THE INITIAL IDEA CAME FROM
CONTEMPLATING  & TRYING TO FIND
THE PLACE WHERE THE EXTREMES MEET,
THE "EDGE." AS CHAO TZU, THE MONK IN MY
PINEAL GLAND SAID "NO MATTER WHAT SIDE
OF THE COIN YOU STAND ON, YOU'RE STILL
UPSIDE DOWN." HE'S ALLUS RAPPIN' STUFF
LIKE THAT.

ANYWAY~ IF ANY OF THIS STUFF IS USEFUL
IN YOUR PUBLISHING, DO YOU LET ME KNOW &
WE'LL FIGURE ON IT.

LOTS MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM~

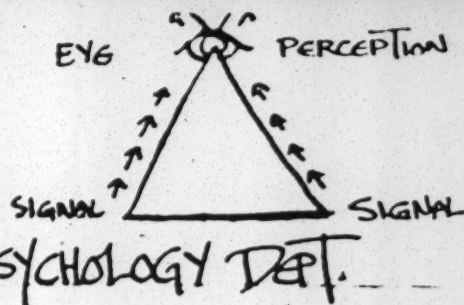
MAKE LIGHT OF IT.
RODO

THE EYE IN THE PYRAMID



"The eye sees all in pyramids" - Leonardo di Vinci

ZÖON POLITKON PRIMATE RESEARCH FOUNDATION



ARCAPSYCHOLOGY DEPT.

The Hermit's Mirror

"ZWEI SEELEN WOHNEN ACH! IN MEINER BRUST"

Some further contemplation on Tantra by Roldo

Starting with the enigmatic quote - "Not until the male become female & the female male shall ye enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." attributed to Christ (& perhaps more commonly translated as "until ye become as little children...") & tracing it through the Kaballah, the Tarot, & finally to the TAO TEH KING, where we find.

"When soul (NESHAMA) & Body (NEPHESH) are in the bonds of love, they can be kept together. By concentration of the Breath (PRANA) it is brought to perfect elasticity & one becomes as a babe [BALANCED]. By purifying oneself of Samadhi, one becomes whole."

and

"Balance thy male strength with thy female weakness [IT IS NECESSARY HERE HAVE PUT ASIDE THE TOO-POPULAR MISCONCEPT THAT WEAKNESS IS INFERIOR TO STRENGTH, AN IDEA PROPAGATED BY THE STRONG WHO ARE OFTEN ALSO THE ARROGANT & AS OFTEN THE STUPID - I.E. JOHN WAYNE] & thou shalt attract all things, as the ocean absorb the river [AS ABOVE, SO BELOW. "THE HERMIT" IN TAROT, AS WELL AS "THE HIGH PRIESTESS", "THE EMPRESS," & "THE EMPEROR" TAKEN AS A TRIAD] for thou shalt formulate the excellence of the Child (VAU), eternal, simple, & perfect."

From this, it is permissible to conjecture that when man & woman unite sexually, at the point of mutual orgasm, when the aspects of male & female have been accelerated by the Alchemy of Tantra, the couple achieve an "augenblicke" of the above described effect by the brief but genuine union to the point where "the illusion of the physical universe is created by the interplay of Yin & Yang, dark & light,

the female & male principles" (s. skinner, the Introduction to Crowley's TAO TEH KING")

Taking this further still, invoking the "As above, so below" mantra, & turning its light on the "I-N-R-I" mystery, one finds
"YOD NUN RESH YOD"

- A) "Isis Naturae Regina Ineffabilis ("Isis, ineffable Queen of Nature")
 - & B) "Igmi Natura Renovatur Integra ("By fire is all Nature restored")
- [MY THANKS HERE TO ROBERT ANTON WILSON]

"WHAT IS BORN OF THE FLESH IS FLESH, & OF ^{THE} SPIRIT IS SPIRIT. I NOW AM BORN AGAIN"

If, then, the couple become One [the Child] by Tantra, then so ^{ST-FRANCIS}
(if AS ABOVE, SO BELOW) so must all other dualities, from the Individual Person, to the molecule, to the universe, be possessed of the potential to unify, as the teaching of the Tao decrees, by the cancellation of duality ($0 = X + (-X)$)

Further, it is now conceivable that God's statement to Noah "Not by water but by Fire* next time" is not a threat of Destruction & End, but a Promise of Purification & Renewal. (INRI 'B').

*[AIN-SOPH]

(Futurists & Space Migration folk might even put forth a case that since we were "born of water" originally, the second "birth by Fire" indicates the engines of rockets & space travel)

On the original level, meanwhile, the now-clichéd "he must be born again" takes on new meaning. A biological clue is found in the sexless reproduction of the amoeba, & somewhat differently, in the idea of The Virgin Birth, if viewed symbolically.

The Bible warns against "lust" (often identified with Fire) which draws the mind away from God, popularly thought to be "sex is nasty" but so possibly hinting that 'mechanical' or 'chore-sex' is missing both the point & the pleasure of the act.

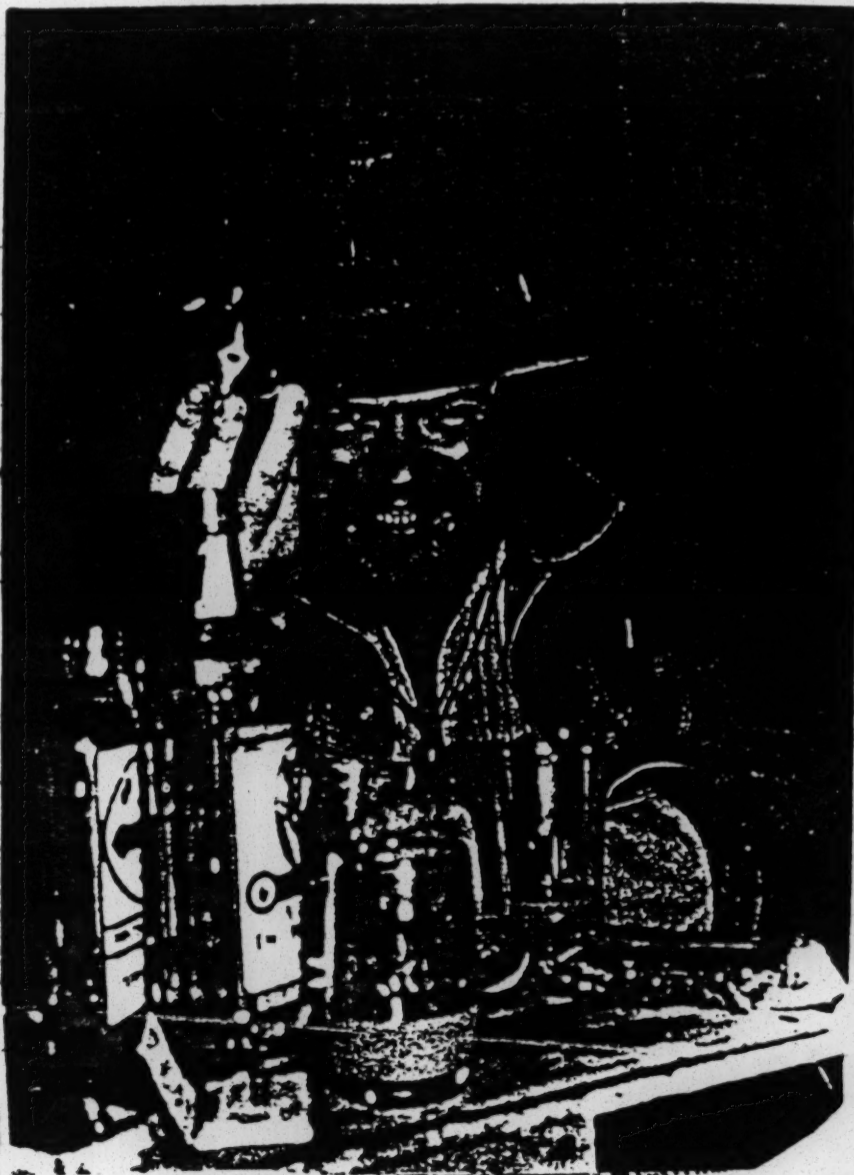
Returning again to hold the Hermit's Mirror to the Apocalypse, it is found that in Tarot YOD, NUN, RESH, YOD, is "THE HERMIT"

"Death", "The Sun", "The Hermit."

My own interpretation then: The Hermit is the clue to invoke the mantra "As above, so below"; "Death" meaning not Physical Termination, but the "Loss of Ego/Self" of unity at the moment of recognition. (In Quantum Physics, Bell's Theorem; & voiced in all manner of religious & occult teachings: "The Golden Rule" in Christianity, the TET in Taoism, the Mitzvah in Judaism, Karma, "Do what Thou Wilt", & my own "Qui Bono? All-or-None"), "The Sun" symbol of Fire, the Purifying Element in the symbolic "lead into gold" of Alchemy, & returning to the Hermit, for as ever, all things return to look again in the Hermit's mirror & invoke the mantra "As above, so below" "As in Heaven, so on Earth, As is Now & Ever Shall Be. World without End. Amen" ∞

"WHEN TWO LOVERS LOVE,
THEY LOVE THE TWO OF THEM,
LOVING EACH OTHER.
THEY LOVE THE ONE OF THEM
IN THE SPACE BETWEEN
AS EACH THE OTHER DOES LOVE"

Donovan —



Addenda to "The Hermit's Mirror"

The Eye in the Pyramid relates to the I-N-R-I Mystery thus:

Science has discovered that ~~the~~ brain reflects the eye's signals back to the eye, so YOD = the Signal, NUN = the Eye / Perception, RESH = the Brain / Cognition, & the second YOD = the Re-signal. It's the Alchemical Wedding (Lead - The Unmanifest into Gold - the Manifest)

Considering this, the Holy Trinity: God the Father & God the Mother (called "The Spirit" by the Patriarchal Church) & God the Child now become The Holy Quinted, since the Child is Male & Female (in the Occult AND Biology)

This is likely related to the Law of Fives.

Now, as to the Origin of the Unmanifest

Howl

It was wild, untamed music and it
echoed from the hillsides
and filled the valleys. It sent
a queer shivering feeling along my

spine. It was not a feeling
of fear, you understand, but a sort of
tingling, as if there was hair on my back
and it was hackling.

—ALDA ORTON, Alaskan trapper



DONNA LYON RHOSE

-A Portfolio of Poetry-

THE TEST

The pale skies bleach the aires
as the leafless trees shiver
 against the cold rush of wind;
 a wind that howls
 Like the hounds of neather
To strip the soul raw.

The frozen beads of rain
 Cling to stones and dead leaves.
not even a roaring fire
 Can keep the chill away-
 The moisture in the aire invades us.

The death and decay She brings
 is cold and barren,
as if a wasting disease
Infected the hollow places
 of our hearts.

And the rain comes
 as we wrap our clothes close
 In this test of our love
 Of what She really is,
And not always
What we want Her to be.

MORNING AIRES

I see Her smile drift through the misted light
in the early sky-
as a cool smell of air surrounds me
with its hint of water
somewhere past the trees
that love to crowd around me.

She smiles, gingerly,
The streaks of pale colors that
are the glints of Her eyes.

A toad hops across in the still long
shadows, to find more permanent
Shelter before the brightness comes.

She laughs slightly;
And a ray or two begins to glow,
clouds drift along Her cheeks.

I lean forward where I sit,
Hoping I might see a sand lizard
scurry near the trees
as I peer carefully at the
quickly fading shadows-
And if not today,
perhaps tomorrow.

She laughs merrily with golden call-
For Her Love ascends
and the air grows warmer
with a smell of greenery and dirt.

I shift a time or two,
then get up to walk as
the trees seem to almost follow-

I smile up at Her;
but Her eyes are now mirrors
wherein one can only see
the Sun.

FIRETRANCE



I saw those faces in the fire
Mid the smoke and flame
like the mystical shroud
of the People of Faery.

I thought I could almost hear
them whisper through the crackle,
Laughing, playing games with me.

In the center was a tall flame
surrounded by the white mist-
And I knew it was the
White Lady
come to greet me, surrounded
by the People as they laughed.

Entranced, I stared deeply
as if my hands reached out
to grasp Her firey limbs.

Destroyer and Life-Giver,
She is one with the flame.
As She stood within the dark womb
We call the Night.

THE QUEST

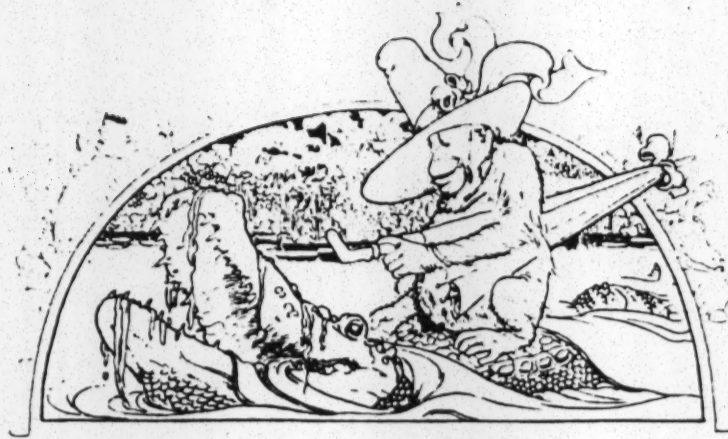
The ring of silver
now becomes the ring of gold
as the skies darken quickly
In the early evening.

Longer must we walk
In the time of twilight
and listen to the sprinkling bells
from the Lady's mare-
She rides now early and long
In Her endless quest.

And He awaits Her
in the forest deep-
in the cave of silence,
the cave of sleep.

Our ears follow the sounds
As She rides away on the wind
like the shadow of the Moon
drifting across the sky.





NATURE'S AMUSEMENT

Beware the depth of the forest-
Where the roots of oaks overlap
the vines of honeysuckle;
For we may be tripped
by their knarled dexterity.

Laughter in the wind
May follow us as we try
to find our footing and
stumble through the
Mulch and weeds of many years.

Nature has a way of
amusing Herself by showing
What clumsy animals
we really are.

But perhaps the crisp green-ness
that flows through the browns
and reds of the earth
Framed by the mellow blue
of the lightened sky-

Perhaps, then, to trip through,
to stumble; we, too, can
laugh with the wind-
We, too, can be amused.

The breath-stunned beauty
of the Lady
is worth Her amusement-
Is worth the laughter
of the wind.

And we, too, are Her Beauty-
We, too, are breath-stunned
to the trees.

SEEING THE AURA

By

Rev. Christopher Syn
The Collegium Ad Spiritum Sanctum

Having pursued the theoretical approach in our previous article, we shall now endeavour to explain how the average eye (so-called) may be trained to perceive these emanations that are sent forth by all living things.

Again, a few basic principles are in order:

1) Paranormal research has determined that fatigued retina is more sensitive to etheric light than is the rested retina. (The retina is the light sensitive part of the eye, the inner wall of the rear of the eyeball upon which light through the lens of the eye (cornea) is projected).

2) The same research has determined that the rods and cones (the nerve endings of the optical nerve which line the walls of the retina) which govern your peripheral vision --things which you see out of "the corner of the eye"--are more sensitive to paranormal light emanations than are the rods and cones which are more toward the center of the retina.

3) Straining or squinting or other forms of concentration of the visual faculty are counterproductive in attempting to see the aura. The eye should be relaxed when experimentation is attempted--not rested, just relaxed.

Let us deal with these items in

greater detail and apply them in practice so that you can ultimately learn how to use your eyes to see the aura.

FATIGUE: Much has been made of the find that the fatigued retina is more sensitive to etheric light. One of the first extoeric researchers to discover this truth was a Dr. Kilner. He is the creator of the famous (and expensive) Kilner goggles which assist people in seeing the auras. What they actually are is a pair of rubber goggles with specially treated filters. These filters cut down the light entering the eye enormously and thus, if worn for a time, fatigue the retina. This does render the eye more susceptible to auric light, but the same effect can be gotten by sitting in a very dimly lit room for a half-an-hour and then bringing someone into the room and attempting to see their aura, and at considerable less cost. These goggles do work, but there are many simple ways to fatigue the eye.

Staring at a candle flame in a darkened room is one of the most ancient and classic ways of tiring the retina to enable it to see etherically. This is why many psychics and mediums prefer to work in candlelit rooms (aside from the very positive spiritual effects of candlelight as opposed to electrical light).

In the East, the candle method is



taught, but also the use of mandalas. A mandala is a symmetrical circular design usually highly complex in nature. The Hindu adepts have used them for thousands of years as visual expressions of the internal harmony which exists at the heart of all things. Different mandalas exist for different cosmic principles, but they have one thing in common. They all are tiring to the eye (in a physical sense) to gaze upon for any length of time. Since these Eastern practitioners gaze upon them for many, many minutes, some even do it for hours; the results is that their eyes become highly sensitized to etheric light. This is not, of course, the primary reason that they do it. A mandala is like a visual mantra and serves to calm the mind and attune it with the cosmic principle which the mandala represents. Yet, as a side effect, these adepts find that their vision becomes much more sensitive to spiritual vibrations. The closest thing we have in the West to the mandala principle (neglecting the ancient medicine shields of the Native American Shamans) are the modern paintings of the graphic artist Escher. These paintings are full of optical illusions

and contorted, convoluted lines and angles and to stare at them for any length of time will probably give you eye-ache. Not enough research has been done on the spiritual impact of these works (since all art does have such impact), but they do have a definite mandala-like effect.

PERIPHERAL VISION: This is the simplest method of developing the auric sight and it is the one that we teach. It has been observed for centuries that paranormal manifestations (auras, astral lights, ghostly apparitions, etc.) are always seen out of the corner of the eye.

You are in a supposedly "haunted" house and it is fairly dark in the room you are in. You see a tiny vestige of light or movement out of the corner of your eye. You whirl to see it headon and it vanishes. Has something similar ever happened to you?

This occurs because your peripheral sight is much, much more sensitive to such things than is the center of the retina. Let us now illustrate how this principle can be practically made to work for you.

Get a friend, preferably a healthy, understanding one (healthy because the more vigorous is the person, the brighter their aura--and an understanding one because you would not want to have them think you're a nut!). Have the person either stand or sit against a neutral colored, unpatterned wall in a dimly lit room. If he sits, have the chair be as small and unobtrusive as possible.

Ask the person to breathe deeply and to relax (if seated) with her hands resting lightly, palms up, on her lap. Have her shut her eyes if they distract you. After the person has done this for about a minute, gaze at a point perhaps a yard over their head or to their left or right. Over the head usually works best.

Don't look at them. The further away you are from the person, (don't be more than 20 feet from them for this), the further away from the person you should look. In other words, you should only be able to see the person out of the corner of your eye.

You don't have to stare. Blink whenever you feel the need to. Do not squint or strain. No psychic energy can be picked up if you try too hard. Be casual about it. After about thirty seconds, most people will begin to see a shimmering suggestion of light around the person they are looking at. It may only be a faint outline an inch or so thick around the outline of the body. That's fine! It is probably their etheric aura, which is the easiest to see. You may see a large cloud of light about two or three feet around them. If so, that is the aura proper. Don't worry about colours. Most people don't see them for several days or even weeks. Practice makes perfect.

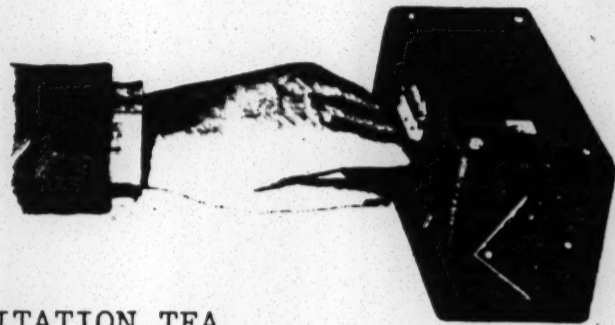
Do this experiment two or three times until you're certain you know what to look for and then try it under less controlled conditions. Within a few weeks, you should be able to see auras in broad daylight on a street corner.

Once you begin to see colours, don't get cocky. Remember, every person has their own colour language, gauged by their own auric hues. Take your time and learn to interpret the colours you see by asking close friends to let you "read" them and find out how close you were. Good luck with it and Blessed Be!



"If you start where you want to end up, you will end up where you started."

---Elias Damon



MEDITATION TEA

By Michael Strong

Prepare a mixture of the following herbs in the give proportions and place 1 oz. in a white guaze bag and immerse in 1 gallon of spring water in a clear glass jar. Let stand in the sun for one week. Drink one or two cups at a time.

3 parts Cinquefoil
2 parts Hyssop
7 parts Vervain
6 parts Rose Hips

"A friend is someone who knows you as you are, understands where you have been, accepts what you have become and still, gently, invites you to grow."

---HILARION

"In every revolution there is a persona with a vision; guided by providence, limited by fate (karma) and destined to succeed--or fail--on free will."

---Elias Damon



Pioneer 301

By Paul Doerr

"It takes very little to make one comfortable, after all. But when you have it, there is nothing else like it. A little shelter, a little fire, a little food, a corner from the wind. Sometimes I think the further away a man gets from the simple basic needs, the less happy he is. Out there is the storm, and beyond the storm, enemies. Men make too much of their problems. So many things grow small and petty when you see them through the window of time. Why fight my life away to have more than someone else? Soon the years are gone and all there is to remember is a lot of struggle, and one is too old to enjoy what was gained." Louis L'Amour said it very neatly. What can I add to that?

When I built my cabin last year I chose, not deliberately, the same two weeks the worst storms of the decade had chosen. These two blizzards came in back-to-back. When the first had finished, the second had just begun. They dumped a couple of feet of snow on me, and several feet at the higher elevations, closed the only paved road over the mountains into the valley and drifted-in the other, rarely used, dirt or gravel roads. A couple had driven to a lonely streamside considerably higher to spend the weekend in a little tent. By the next morning their tent had collapsed and they were in the truck cab. They liked each other but when they were finally found and rescued by a snowcat about a week later, they were not sure if they wanted that much togetherness.

Certainly, they were well-known by then. The snow was still six feet high around them.

Since my time was limited, I worked on through the snow, changing my clothes when they were soaked. I went into town and bought four coats so I would have one to wear while the others were drying. The snow was wet and it also rained regularly so the depth never came up more than a foot or so. Many times the snow fell so heavily that I could not see the foundation across from me. Such heavily falling snow is a fantastically beautiful thing. I love to sit and watch the changing face of the land. I worked on through this pretty weather because I didn't have the time to stop and just look. Five inches of feathery shining snow piled on every twig like faerie castles is lovely and ethereal but 5 inches of wet sloppy slush on my shoulders melting into my clothes is something else. The snow was all gone in a few days and I continued until the cabin was completed.

The amazing things were the actions of the wildthings. This was still the cold time and many of them should have still been deep in hibernation sleep, hidden away in their holes. Animals, if we do not give them reason to fear us and avoid us, will accept us as part of their world, to be watched and even fed and touched. And they understand hunting and when not. Or perhaps they know retribution follows their attack on a farm creature. As the snow fell so heavily, birds walked and deer stepped in my tracks. Usually, I followed their trails. The first robins surely regretted their early arrival. They foraged like mice, crawling under the lodged long tufts of grass to seek their food. I had nothing to offer them and couldn't reach a feed store. I had brought some oxylis roots and planted them. A chipmunk followed after me, too long unnoticed, eating them as I planted them.

Hoping to have some flowers, I began poking the other flower bulbs deep into the earth. Have you ever seen a daffodil so deeply buried that the flower on the long stalk was just barely above the surface of the ground? These will grow bulbs higher up the trunk in a couple of years, but, hopefully, will retain the deep root as a food reservoir for bad seasons. I had already spread flower and grass seed on the snow over bare spots, thinking the seeds would settle into the ground as the snow melted but, unfortunately, they were easily seen as they lay on top of the newfallen snow. The quail came right up to the foundations and even around my feet, eating them. They still do this. Self-seeding flowers and herbs?! They might if they had a chance. These marauders often awaken me at first light by the rustle of quail feet as they stomp around the cabin window searching the ground right up to the porch. Quail are the noisiest. They do stomp. Their little black feather-ball top-knots bob as they gather everything they can find, including any kitchen waste I toss out for them, of course keeping their bright eyes on me to see that I make no sudden moves.

The grey squirrels were out too. One woke me at dawn's first light, as usual, by scratching on the shed wall by my ear as I slept. Then I opened the door and looked out, he was gracefully flowing along the ground towards a big tree. He stopped, looked at me chk-chk ed, and went up the trunk to the first big branch where he could sit comfortably and enjoy my comments. He now has a large family, which he has moved into my lumber shed were they all enjoy themselves showing me how unhousebroken they are. I'm tempted to leave the door open so the fox can give them a good reason to move out again. They gather foods and eat them in bed too.

While I was building, a buffalo

walked past, leaving dinner-plate-sized tracks in the mud that soon filled with water, which was no great help as I carried lumber around. Some time behind him came the indians, losers in the battle to keep them confined as usual. We now have a small war going on here between the indians and a petunia-grower. The indians are loosing this one too. I don't think the indians have a chance. The buffalo taste in dinner choices is too democratic. The harrassed indians go out of their way to avoid passing the wrong houses now. Buffalo are very strong and determined. They leave their pasture about when they feel like, walking through board fences and barb-wire to have a day in the woods and fields, and neighbors gardens and flowers, and do a fine job of evading those that want to recapture them. Ask the cop who lassoed one...but won't do it again. Cowboy style just won't make it so take those teevee movies with a grain of salt, or with maybe a couple of pounds of salt. The last I heard, sheriff's deputies have decided they prefer bankrobbers. Buffalo don't play by the rules.

The hawk family sat on snags at the head of the valley and alternated air-patrols with the buzzards between snows. The eagle flew by a couple of times. The crows just sat and hollered. Funny about the buzzards. They are so high in the sky but I can walk a few thousand feet up the mountain behind my cabin and, on the top, the birds are just a few feet above my head. They circle around, twisting their necks to get a better look at me. They are as interested as I am. Don't know if I would care to lay down on the grass and go to sleep up there. I knew a man who went out and shot at them with a slingshot. One barfed on him. He was told just how close he could come to the rest of us. He avoids buzzards now.

A bear walked into town, probably



to do some shopping but a kid hit him in the eye with a snowball and he got insulted and returned to the woods, grumbling and threatening to take his business elsewhere.

After the snowfall, I saw several white peafowl and later the same day I saw a beautiful full-grown male peacock standing on a stone and looking down the river gorge.

The small pond a hundred feet from where the porch would be had been selected by The United Tree Frogs of the World for their annual love-in. For the entire two weeks and I don't know how much longer, they enjoyed wine, women & song, sometimes even drowning out the babble of the brook. Not only hadn't they asked to use my pond but they didn't invite me. Even when the snow was the heaviest and the surface almost blanketed by the fallen snow, with the top couple inches of water thick with unmelted slush, they were still at it, digging through the stuff.

I moved a stack of lumber that had been there for more than a year and found small bats sleeping among the boards. I stack lumber with thin pieces between each layer for good air circulation so they won't rot or deform, with each layer running the across the one below it. I put one in my open hand and he stood up on his elbows, his mouth full of teeth bared, squeaking furiously, until he discovered that a nice warm palm is better than a cold board. After thoroughly telling me off, he opened his wings a little and settled down to soak up some heat. I put him and his friends in a shed to sleep it off until spring really came. Since then, I have disturbed them when I railed some of the aluminum roofing on the cabin roof and they were living under it. One tumbled into the rain-gutter and angrily humped himself away until he fell through the downspout hole. Then, I was using a tiller to cut a fire-break...a mouse-break

really...around a shed and they were living under the edge of the roll-roofing. The entire family lined up and screamed at me. They must be sure I'm persecuting them. I do appreciate them in the summer. They flicker around for hours catching flying misquitoses and whatever. They and the dragonflies do the same work.

By the time the shell was finished, the snow was gone and not long after that the flowers began blooming in their millions. I can't even name many of the colors and science says many are in colors we can't even see. A common flower or rock, or even a bug under an ultra-violet light is a memorable experience. The u-v light is also a valuable treasure-hunting accessory. These project either a long or a shortwave, for different effects on different materials. Another interesting game is to take a powerful magnifying glass out and look at the flowers you can't even see with the unaided eye. Some need microscopes.

The sky is many colors from bright clean blue to dark heavy threat. Fog can be so thick that anything more than ten feet away is invisible or so light that it just gives a sense of unreality to the scenery and puts a halo around the moon. The heavens can be dotted with fluffy white clouds with rosy-pink bottoms and so clear that I can see forever or piled with dark lowering fortresses that touch the ground. The night sky can be more beautiful than a black velvet spread with sparkling colored gems.

The soil is colored red, yellow, tan, brown, black, or even blue or grey and I have seen green. The plants covering it are mostly tones of greens, reds, browns or silvery greys. Everything is sharpened or mellowed by the mists and the changing lights. The rocks, particularly the agates, can be solidified rainbows. And who can describe the

changing varieties of rainbows? The wind can be a bare caress or a surging torrent bending trees. The moon is a silver wonder and the sun a molten crucible of gold giving light and life to all.

And this is the land where I have chosen to live. It is within a couple of hundred miles of San Francisco, not far from the sea, and just over the hill from the river.

* * * * *

"To sin is not to trespass on religious dogmas, but to be in disharmony with the spirit. Religion is for the blind, and the simple or ceremonious. Philosophy is for the rational mind. There is no right or wrong. No one solution to perfection. All paths, all beliefs will eventually lead to the same place. Some paths just lead to the higher planes faster than others."

---E. Damon
SOLARIUS

"Social organism has been anxious to preserve and even reinforce differences between the sexes in the ordinary way, when it comes to acknowledging eminent holiness the same Church acclaims men and women who display qualities normally associated with the opposite sex. In its saints, the Church venerates the courage, initiative, organizing ability, penetrating thought, endurance and physical courage of women like St. Hilda, St. Teresa, St. Joan, St. Angela, St. Catherine. It holds up as an example to Christians the tenderness, patience compassion, gentleness, intuitive knowledge, submissiveness, and even the aesthetic sensibility of men such as St. Francis of Assisi, St. John of God, St. John of the Cross, St. Jean Vianney, St. Bernard."

NEW LOOK AT CELIBACY
Rosemary Haughton

Stamp of the Goat Foot God

By Charles H. Radziewicz



And the day came when Our Lady was faced with the hardest task of her eternity. For now she was to send the last of her kind into the world with hopes of redeeming it and harvesting a future generation of devotees upon the face of Mother Earth.

"Come my son, come with me and look down upon them in their ways. Your father was Zeus, father of all the gods, and all that be left of his children is you--my son."

"But Mother, I want..."

"Wait, for I have not yet spoken of the task which awaits you on Earth."

"On Earth? But Mother, I am the last of the gods!"

"Yes my son, and down there--mankind. And they are the last of the sons of the gods. Do you not wish to save them, be it more so for your father's sake?"

Silence enthroned the mighty castle and shrouded it with reality and new found realization as the young god meditated upon the words of our Lady...

He approached, illuminated in her radiant beauty--a radiance which blinded all mortals, and a beauty which would be insulted were mere words attempted to express it. Now kneeling at her shining feet he uttered the fruits of his meditation.

"Mother, I speak with the voice from my father's lips when I say--SAVE THEM! Hence, I am ready, refreshed with newly found energies as I've drank from the fountain of wisdom and power which lies hidden deep within my father's secret garden."

"Menseious, you are a brave son indeed. For as much as your father loved Persius, still, still he had him chained and bound for his want to help mankind. Go now, the road is straight and narrow and the gates of our paradise lie opened to you and no

others. Go, go forth and proclaim upon the Earth the will of your mother and the steadfastness of your sure footed father. Go now..."

And the young god slowly walked out of the great gate which separated paradise from that of the world below. Our Lady had sent undines and nymphs to guide and assist her son. For he was the last of his kind, the last teacher to be sent to the disobediant, hopeless creatures below who had killed every other god sent forth from the gates.

First he had to pass forth through the forest of eternal death. Therein resided the souls of all the gods who had gone before him. For in this plane of existance they were to remain until the time when he could redeem the inhabitants of Earth. All had insight, and all afforded him their knowledge as he passed by them. For they did not wish to see the last of the first go the road they did and be among them. For there they be between two worlds, that of the living, and that of the dead--yet still possessing a life force.

He came to a spot in a wooden area and knew he was on the Earth. The song birds were singing of the eternal power of Zeus and of the everlasting love of Our Lady...but within their song they chattered a chant and warning of doom upon the Earth caused by its inhabitants. And he knew, and understanding what he knew from the birds he listened to all the other creatures tell their tale before he confronted the nymphs and undines his beloved mother had sent to aid him in his quest.

He learned a secret, the story of their destructiveness and its cause. Man had come to dominate the Earth, and with his reign came death and war a-plenty. Time was drawing to an end, as mans technology had advanced to a very dangerous point in its evolution. For already by this time there were in

scattered portions of the world small scale nuclear wars transpiring without the public being made aware of it. The leaders of the inhabitants knew the chaos which could result from the truth. And they kept the secret, as a leper keeps his disease--until death.

Following the road out of the wilderness the young god chanced upon a female child as she neared her mother's mail box to post a letter. The girl was but four years old--but she knew him.

"Fear not little one," he said as he approached.

"It's you! I've known you since I was a baby!" exclaimed the girl.

"Shall not the child know her father?" questioned the sure footed god. "For it is I, myself, and my father Zeus who hath made all. From the womb of Our Lady sprang forth all--including the very ground you stand upon."

"I'm not afraid, I love you." The little girl sang this to the god as she ran up to embrace him. Noticing she had dropped the letter for which she was to post--he picked it up...

"What is this?" questioned the god. "For it is striking with its colors of red, blue, and white."

"It's a stamp with our flag on it," explained the child. "The red is for the blood spilled in defense of our land. The blue stands for the loyalty we have for our government, and the white, I think the white is for purity." She related all this innocently to the young god.

A voice rang out within his mind--WHAT LIES! It was that of his father Zeus speaking within him.

And it became clear--this was why all the other gods were vanquished to the forest of eternal death. It was by man's preoccupation with death, and the male dominated social structure.

"This is not right, it must be changed!" commanded the young god to the child.

"But how? That really is what it stands for you know."

"Yet it be not the will of my mother, nor does it reflect the love of Our Lady in her paradise. No, it must be changed."

"Into what?" said the child, amazed.

"Into that which is symbolic of my mother and myself. And into that which denotes regeneration and rebirth in place of death and blood."

"And what about the color?" questioned the child.

"We shall start anew." spoke the god. "We must delete the blood and inhance the better qualities of your symbol."

And he touched a glowing finger onto the stamp--immediatly it had taken on a change. For now it stood for which the god spoke.

"See here." spoke he, as he held the child in his strong arms, "No more red, no more blood shall we see, I have removed the red." Her eyes got wider as she strained to drink in the newfound beauty of it all.

"I've retained the blue as well as the white. The white background will represent the purity of the land as it was before man began to desecrate her--the pure white virgin Earth. The blue we must keep as well. Be it forever a reminder of the loyalty we must hold for Mother Earth, above all other things and kings of the lands. And lastly, I've changed your symbol so you'll not forget your roots, and so you'll not forget Mother and Father who loves that which you all seek to destroy."

The child looked puzzled, and the Great Mother's son continued with his explanation.

"I have seen you all do this, now it shall be in homage to the work for which my mother hath sent me here. Some will call it the kiss of shame, but what do they know who destroy their own maker? Now each time one of you lick a stamp you shall receive ambrosia,

and feel your heart gladdened and mind cleared of the destructive natures you've fallen prey to."

"And for you my child--a gift." And he placed upon the young girl's finger a small ring, just her size. It was of gold and silver, united as one, formed into a pentagram with a beautiful diamond set within.

"Oh wow!" yelled the child not noticing that the sure footed one had placed her back upon the ground. "Thank you, thank you." she called after him as he ran off with a thundering of hooves. Within seconds he was airborne, soaring quickly to unobtainable heights as he penetrated the two worlds, and flapped his wings as he released all his predecessors from their abode of death. Higher and higher still all flew to reach the gates before they closed forever, once more to guard the Lady within her paradise.

Back on Earth the little girl peered into the diamond and could see the face of Our Lady. It was the same as that of her own mother, and she realized the truth of it all. In a daze, she returned to the house and tried to explain things to her mother. But the postage stamp, how could she truly tell her, and would she ever believe such a thing? For in the place of the flag, in place of the three different colors, and in place of all they stood for there now resided a symbol of pride, endurance, innocence, and strength. Yet the animal was indistinguishable regarding its gender. It simply "was" and there was no need of explanation required.

Her mother--being very wise, immediately annointed both herself and the child; knowing the new age was truly upon them all now. She shed tears of joy as she looked down at the new stamp. It was white, and in a gentle shade of blue there was written "USA 20¢" to the left side was the

new symbol--that of the Great Horned God--Mendes.

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES

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From Parents Magazine:

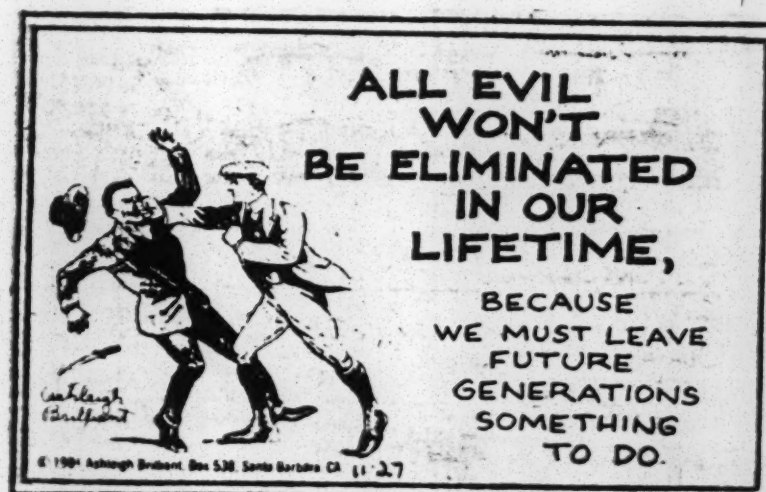
Idols of Youth: Then & Now

Current Heroes

Michael Jackson	Sandra Day
Alan Alda	O'Connor
Eddie Murphy	Walter Cronkite
John Belushi	Clint Eastwood
Kristy McNichol	Kareem Abdul Jabar
George Burns	Sugar Ray Leonard
Henry Winkler	Muhammad Ali
Pat Benatar	Goldie Hawn
Judy Blume	Christopher Reeve
Billy Joel	Robert Redford
Kenny Rogers	Charles Schulz

Yesterday's Idols

Muhammad Ali	Rock Hudson
The Rolling Stones	The Beatles
John Glenn	James Dean
Paul Newman	Mickey Mantle
John F. Kennedy	Ricky Nelson
Dwight D. Eisenhower	Helen Keller
Martin Luther King	Roy Rogers
Jacqueline Kennedy	John Wayne
Marlon Brando	Willie Mays
Doris Day	Gary Cooper
	Elvis Presley



The Tetrakys Layout--A Method of Divination Using the Tarot

By Michael Strong

The Layout:=====

* 10 *

The Conclusion

***** *****
* 8 * * 9 *
***** *****

Future Influences

***** ***** *****
* 5 * * 6 * * 7 *
***** ***** *****

The Present

***** ***** ***** *****
* 1 * * 2 * * 3 * * 4 *
***** ***** ***** *****

The Past

=====

Ten cards should be dealt out in a pyramid in the order shown. The first course of four cards shows the foundation or past basis for the question at hand. The second course of three cards show present influences with card 6 being the card of personal significance while cards 5 and 7 show the external influences upon you (card 6) such as family opinion, etc.. The third course of two cards represnet forces that are coming to bear on the question in the near future. Finally card 10 at the pyramid's peak reflects the outcome or course of action to reach an outcome.

If further information is required

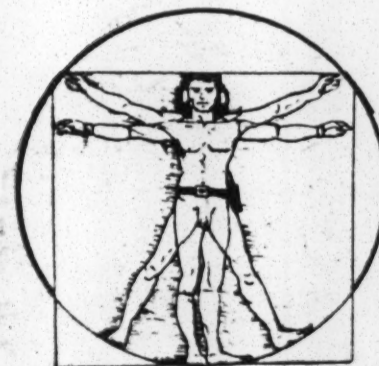
the first four cards may be taken up leaving the others in place, the remainder of the deck be reshuffled and four cards dealt out according to the following diagram and the whole figure read as before except that it reflects that time when the present has become the past, the future is the present, the conclusion has become part of a new future and lead to yet another end.

I find this method yeilds good results usually with a minimum of ambiguity especially on matters that are to occur within a year of the divination. The tetrakys of pyramid of ten is one of the perfect pythagorean symbols of creation and my layout has the necessary elements involved in the evolution of any event beginning to end all dependent on you right at the center.

I hope this will be assistance to those who have had poor luck with other layouts. But if all else fails remember that the true pattern comes from within you so let your intuition loose and don't confuse the tools with the trade.

In life there is love
In love we can grow
To grow is to change
To change is to hope.

* * * * *



HE WHO WISHES TO MASTER HIS DESTINY
MUST FIRST MASTER HIMSELF.

Destiny?

By Jim Flanigan

I was deep in the Wood surrounded by an ancient and virgin growth. A forest often described by poets and writers but rarely experienced by modern man.

It was dark and sombre in the Wood yet the darkness was forced to give way as random shafts of radiant sunlight streamed through the roof of leaves high above. It filled me with a sense of timelessness; a sense of infinity; as if the Wood had been there since the beginning.

This was a forest wherein dwelt the pre-humans of the Before Time; the Centaur, the Faun, the Dryad and the Nymph. It was their Wood in which to cavort and frolic with Nature.

Life sounds filled my ears as I picked my way where no paths were worn...the hum of insects, the songs of birds, the rattle of leaves under scampering feet beneath the massive Oak, Cedar and Ash. The bubbling of the many brooks I crossed and the smell of damp moss filled my senses with a euphoric blend.

I had been in the Wood far longer than it seemed, following a course directed from within; a direction I knew I must follow. I felt the weariness grow inside me and my pace slacken. I knew not how far I must go...I just knew I must go on.

Ten lifetimes passed in traveling the Wood when suddenly the darkness was behind me for I had stepped onto a meadow rimmed by the ancient Wood forming a near circular bowl at the bottom of which was a crystal clear spring fed pond. The light was almost blinding...the azure sky above from which the warm sun sent its brilliance below to nourish the sea of wildflowers whose spectrum colors filled the meadow with an earth born rainbow and whose heady perfume swirled about me born on

summer-like breezes.

On the far side of the pond she was waiting as I knew she would. My heart pounded and my steps quickened with new found energy as I anxiously moved toward she who knew I would come.

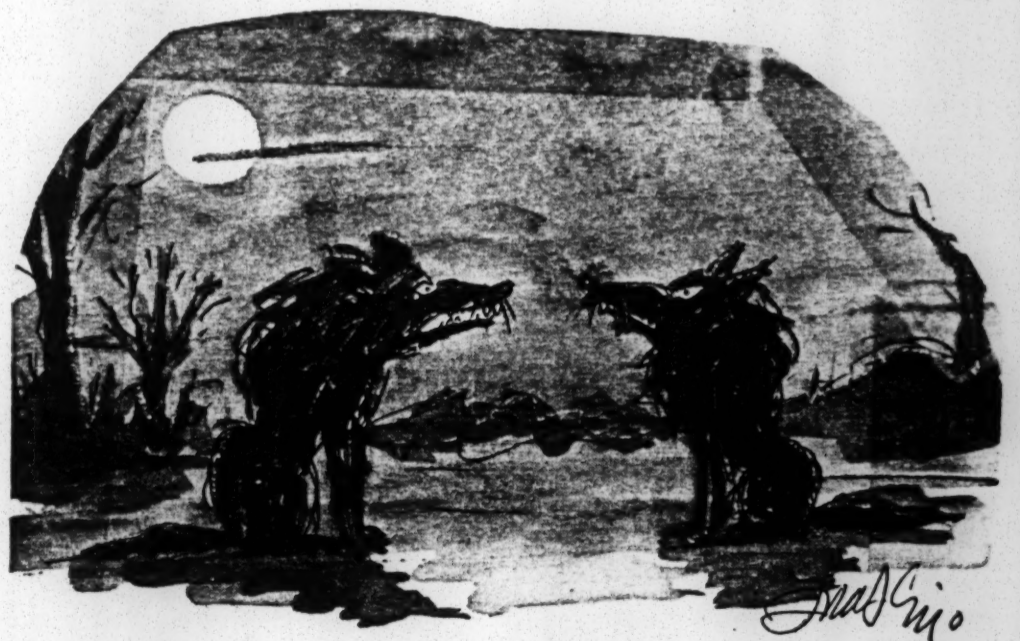
Her Dryad-like beauty shown as a diamond in the meadow, a garland of Oak leaves, acorns and hollyberries crowned her long haired willowy presence. Her warm smile sent waves of peacefulness and welcome that enveloped me as I drew near; her eyes sparkling like laughing flames of fire.

My journey ended, I was at her side. Plunging my sword into the ground, I lay down and she gently placed my head in her lap.

She smiled as her eyes looked deep into my soul; her soft cool hand caressing my brow, she whispered: "It is finished now!"

I felt the lonely weariness of many battle plains and unmarked pathways wash away...my being was filled with a soothing warmth and light such as I had never known.

* * * * *



"Knowing you has meant a lot to me, Elaine, but this isn't just good night, it's goodbye. When the moon goes down, I change into a man."

BIZZARE Bazaar

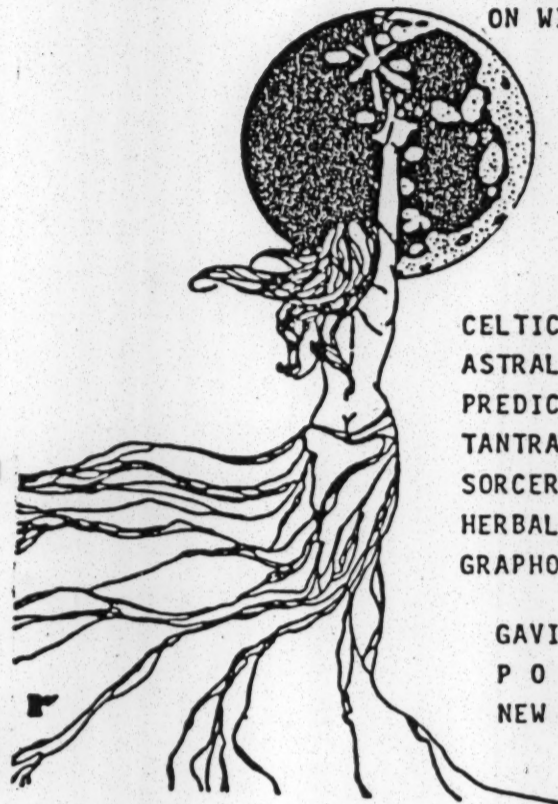


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by *Frater Keallach 93/676*

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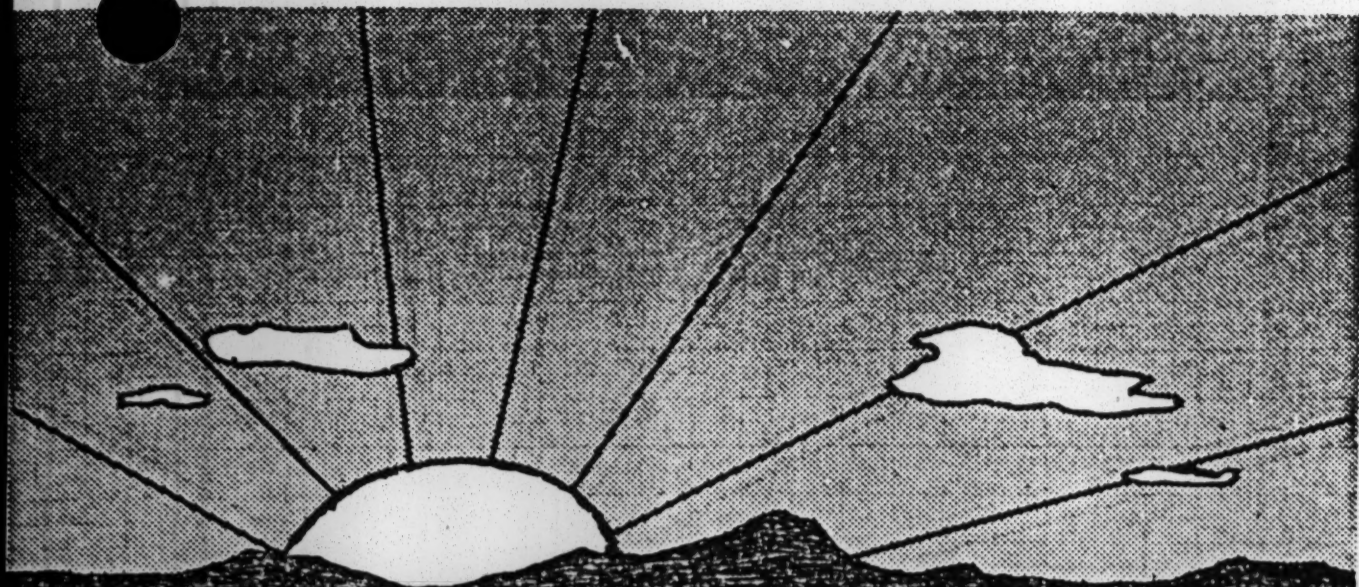
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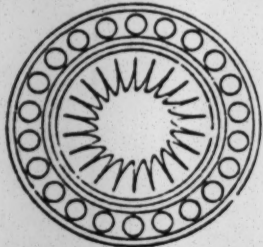
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It is one thing to read the predictions of Nostradamus, Edgar Cayce and the many other controversial prophets. It is quite another to realize you are living them right now! Yet, it is true! Look around. In every phase of life from personal to global, things, ideas and people are running scared. It seems nothing works 'right' anymore.

You, a human-thinking being, have three alternatives. You can continue planning and living your life as usual, hoping that things will improve. You can run to the hills and wait for 'the end' to come. Or you can prepare for the likelihood of what is anticipated so you can 'ride out the storm'.

Years of study and research led me to believe there is only one solution. A new way of thinking about and responding to the earth, community and humanity is necessary for our future survival. I have found a few people who believe in this philosophical approach to community and are dedicated to make it happen. But we can't do it alone. We are searching for a group of people as dedicated to the New Age - to survival - and to a new Earth, as we are. We are called



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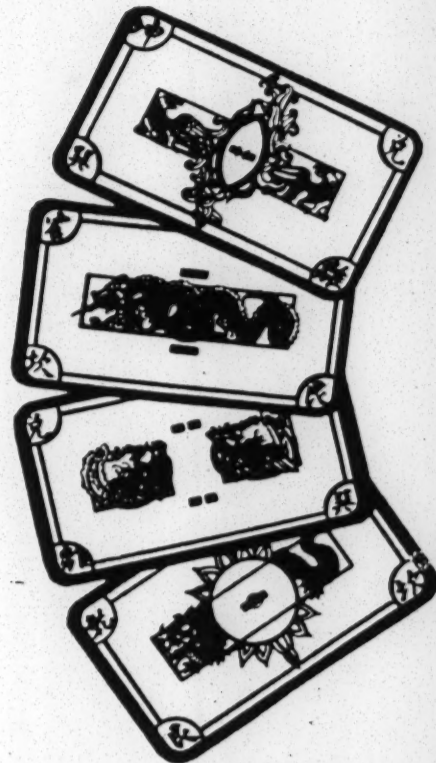
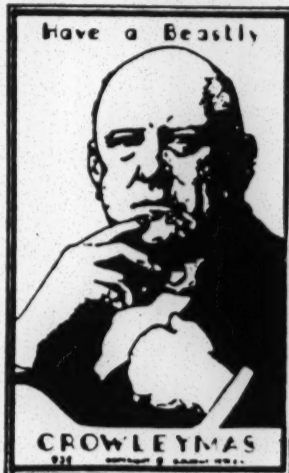
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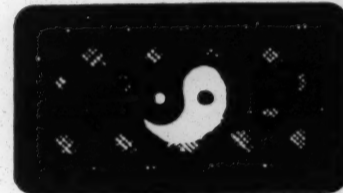
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