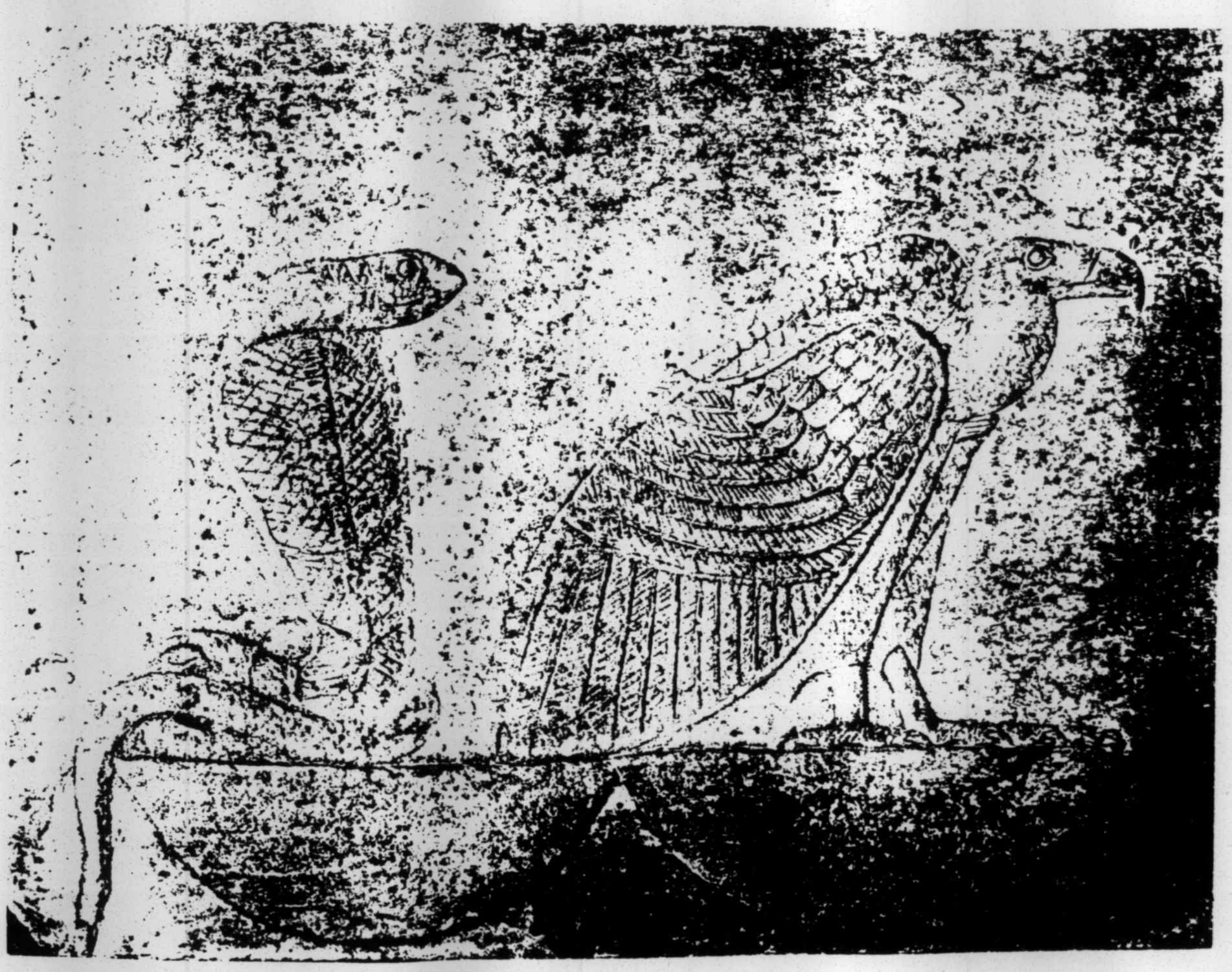
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Mandragore



Liber LXXVII

O Z:

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

AL. II. 21

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

-AL. I. 40

"thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that, and no other shall say nay." - AL. I. 42-3.

"Every man and every woman is a star." - AL. I. 3

There is no god but man

1. Man has the right to live by his own law -
   to live in the way that he wills to do:
   to work as he will:
   to rest as he will:
   to die when and how he will.

2. Man has the right to eat what he will:
   to drink what he will:
   to dwell where he will:
   to move as he will on the face of the earth.

3. Man has the right to think what he will:
   to speak what he will:
   to write what he will:
   to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as he will:
   to dress as he will.

4. Man has the right to love as he will:-
   "take your fill and will of love as ye will,
   when, where, and with whom ye will." - AL. I. 51

5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart
   these rights.
   "the slaves shall serve" - AL. II. 58

"Love is the law, love under will." - AL. I. 57

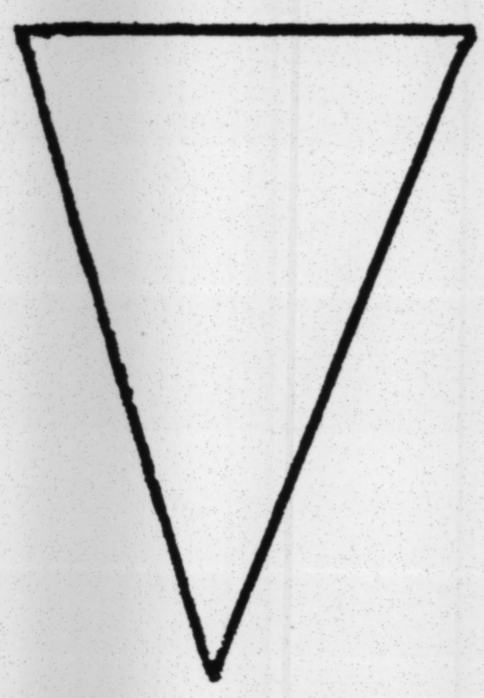
Aleister Crowley

93

The Grove of the Star and the Snake

This issue of Mandragore is composed of the individual & combined efforts of four stars working with the Double Current of Shaitan-Aiwass/Maat. The hieroglyph on the cover expresses the matter and mode of this Current.

The magazine is divided into two sections, the first being of the essence of Heru-ra-ha and the gods of Liber AL, the second the essence of Maat, 'she who moves'.



The pantacle on the back cover expresses the unity of the Grove of the Star and the Snake. We are a pagan/ magickal tribe currently working as a center of power of the "Double Wanded One": Heru-ra-ha/Maat

"...Nuit! Hadit! Ra-Hoor-Khuit!
the Sun, Strength & Sight, Light; these are for
the servants of the Star & the Snake." - AL,II,21

"...Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed
over you." - AL,I,9

"...because of my hair the trees of Eternity." - AL,I,59

The Grove

Aio-n
HaDeS
Khreb ent Ptah
Noctua

The Contents

OZ...drawn by Aio-n

Manifesto of the Grove of the Star and the Snake 1

The Descent of the Snake & the Flight of the Hawk. .HaDeS 4

Blood Rite of Horus. .
Heru-ra-ha .Noctua 5

Rite of the Kings. .Khreb ent Ptah 6

Accepting Sigils; LIBER SIGIL A IAF. .Aio-n 7

The Twins Heru-ra-ha. .Aio-n 8

The Dance of Heru Ra Ha. .Aio-n 9

Before Dancing/After Dancing. .Aio-n 10

Elevenfold Cross. .Khreb ent Ptah 11

Shin. .Aio-n
The Rite of Horus at High Noon. .Noctua 12

Hoor-par-kraat Meditation. .
The Hunting of the Hawk .HaDeS 13

Adoration of the Peacock Angel. .
Peacock .Noctua 14

Victorious One. .Noctua
Noon-time Adoration. .Khreb ent Ptah 15

The Proclaiming of the Law upon Arising. .
The Entering of the Hidden Egg of Night .HaDeS 16

A Feast for the Three Days
of the Writing of the Book of the Law. .Noctua
Libation to Horus. .HaDeS 17

Ka Worship. .Khreb ent Ptah 18

Lotus Budding; LIBER SIGIL A IAF. .Aio-n 19

Some Egyptology and Notes. .Khreb ent Ptah 20

Unto the Double Current:HERU-RA-HA/MAAT. .Noctua 21

A Proposed Maat Stèlé. .Aio-n 22

Flashes of Maat
The Course of the Star & the Stèlé 718. .Aio-n 23

After Midnight Mass of Maat. .
Beyond .Noctua 24

Through Maat/Shaitan . .
The Counseling of the Child .Aio-n 25

The Star Dance. .Noctua 26

The Double Tree of the Dances of the Mask. .Andahadna 28

A Three-Step Process
for Fashioning a Working Mask. .Andahadna 29

Black Flame. .Aio-n
In the Silence. .HaDeS 30

93/MAAT Feather Consecration. .HaDeS 31

He Who Sits In Shadow. .
An Understanding .Aio-n 32

MAATI. .
MAAT .Khreb ent Ptah 33

The Tree of Maat. .Andahadna
Drawn by. .HaDeS 34

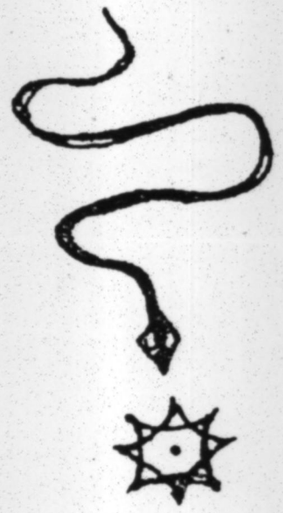
Reviews 35

Flight of the Vulture; LIBER SIGIL A IAF. .Aio-n

Pantacle of the Grove of the Star and the Snake

The Descent of the Snake & the Flight of the Hawk
Identifications with Hoor-paar-kraat & Ra-hoor-khuit
As Prelude & Epilogue to Meditation on ABRAHADABRA's Self-union.

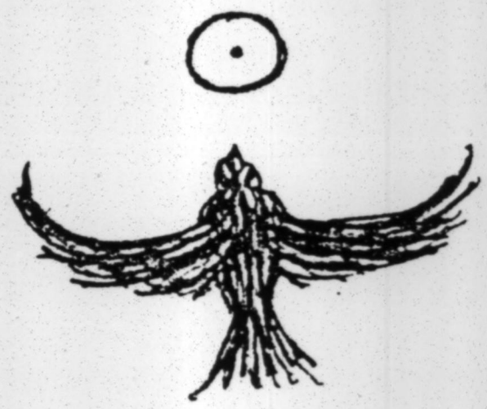
In silence I sink to tunnels of primal dark
in love I am falling, back to the womb of time
inhaling winds of aethyr, the sweet breath of Nu.
I am the silver prince of air and darkness:
seed, not reflection; self, and not mask.
I the shadow, the serpent-child, the watcher
of the life-in-death of stellar night;
I the embryo in eternity. By the Name of the God
I return to the center of creation
wordless void before beginnings.



The movement is the regression,
the instant is the obsession.
I am the first, the bornless star
dissolved in arching skies and tidal sea,
in laughter at the lie of ending.
I am the Dancer in the Night of Pan
I raise the wand of double power
my soul a throne for the wind's turning.
Within the egg, the spirit strives
to spread bright wings.

* * * * * * * *

I arise to the dawn of exploding suns,
the future-spun wheel of brilliant pattern.
I am free of hidden pasts,
gone beyond death's illusiory grasp.
I am the everborn of Nu
who lives to exult in Babalon's lust;
I am the hawk-lord, crowned in light.
who soars to conversation with the Sun.
I bear the ongoing spiral forces
of evolution and entropy.



I the victorious charioteer,
bearing my dark twin within me
glyphed in the code of my every cell.
I the Knower, the changing god
bleeding eye of the vivid horizon.
My form is the Hero of the Aeon,
my soul a single jewel of flame
embraced in the circular body of space.
I arise, I awake, to the surge of ageless light
which flowers blazing through my spine.

HaDeS 69

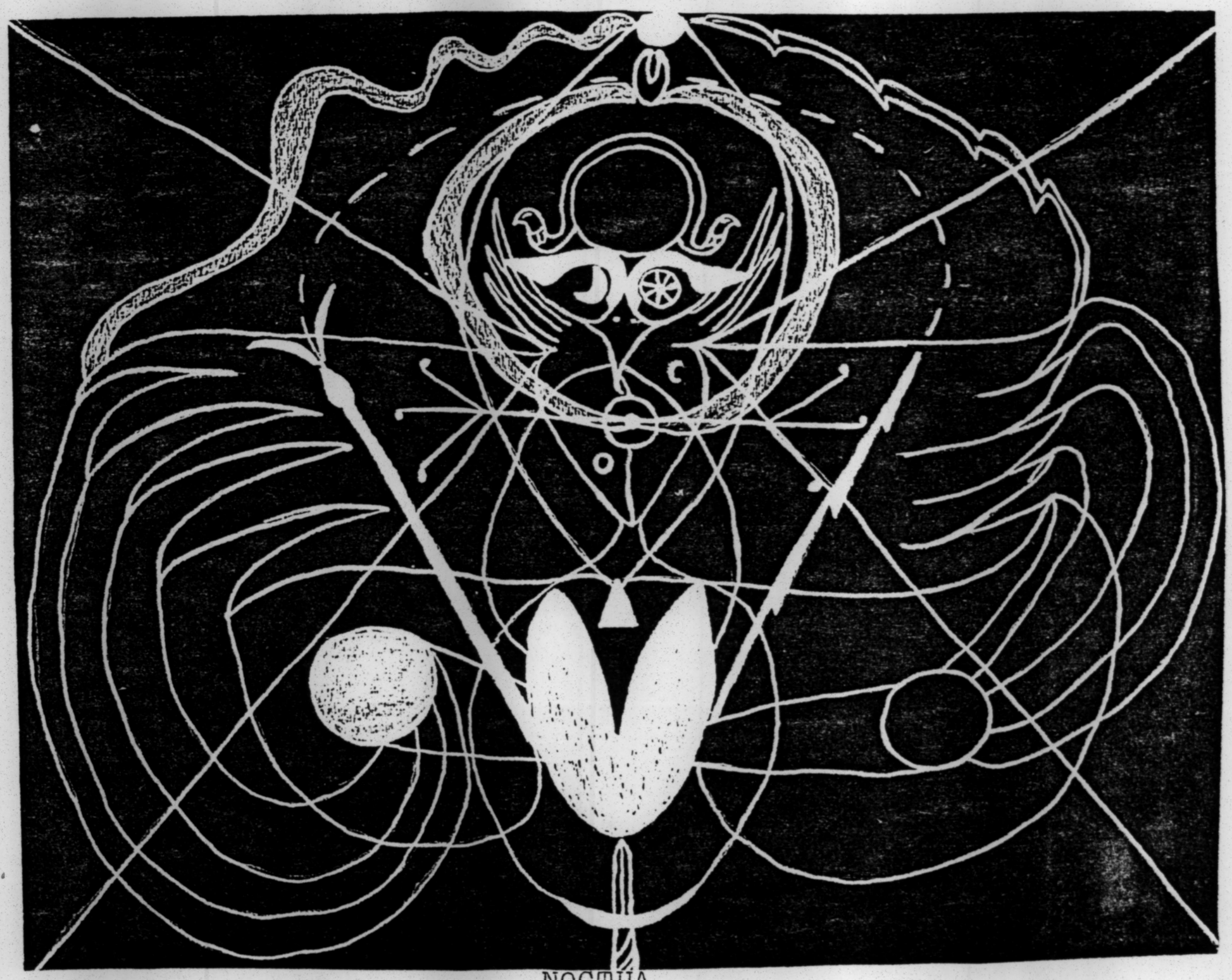
Blood Rite of Horus

HOORI runs like a river of blood.
the sun hangs like a tigers-eye
in the sky.
the child who is the lover
drinks from the spring of lunar flood.

Throne of Set rooted in deepest Night
Pillar of Ra descending solar light
Triangle of Red, the secret sign
at the throne of the daughter: the solar wine.

the Woman stands between the songs
of night & day.
the Man hunts the Woman thirsty for his prey.
the Woman draws her flaming sword & calls the lightening.
the fire burns, the phoenix hovers, begins to sing.

the song of Horus is a battle cry!
Do Thy Will! to Hell with Why!
laughter & love is the light of the world.
at Noon the thunderbolt of HOORI is hurled.



NOCTUA

Rite of the Kings; for when thelemites disagree.

Open saying:

The Kings are few and secret,
a King may choose his garment as he will.
They shall rule the many and the known,
masked and concealed.

Toast each other with chalice saying:

The lords of the earth are our kinsfolk
the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty;
ye are brothers.

Offer each other the chalice saying:

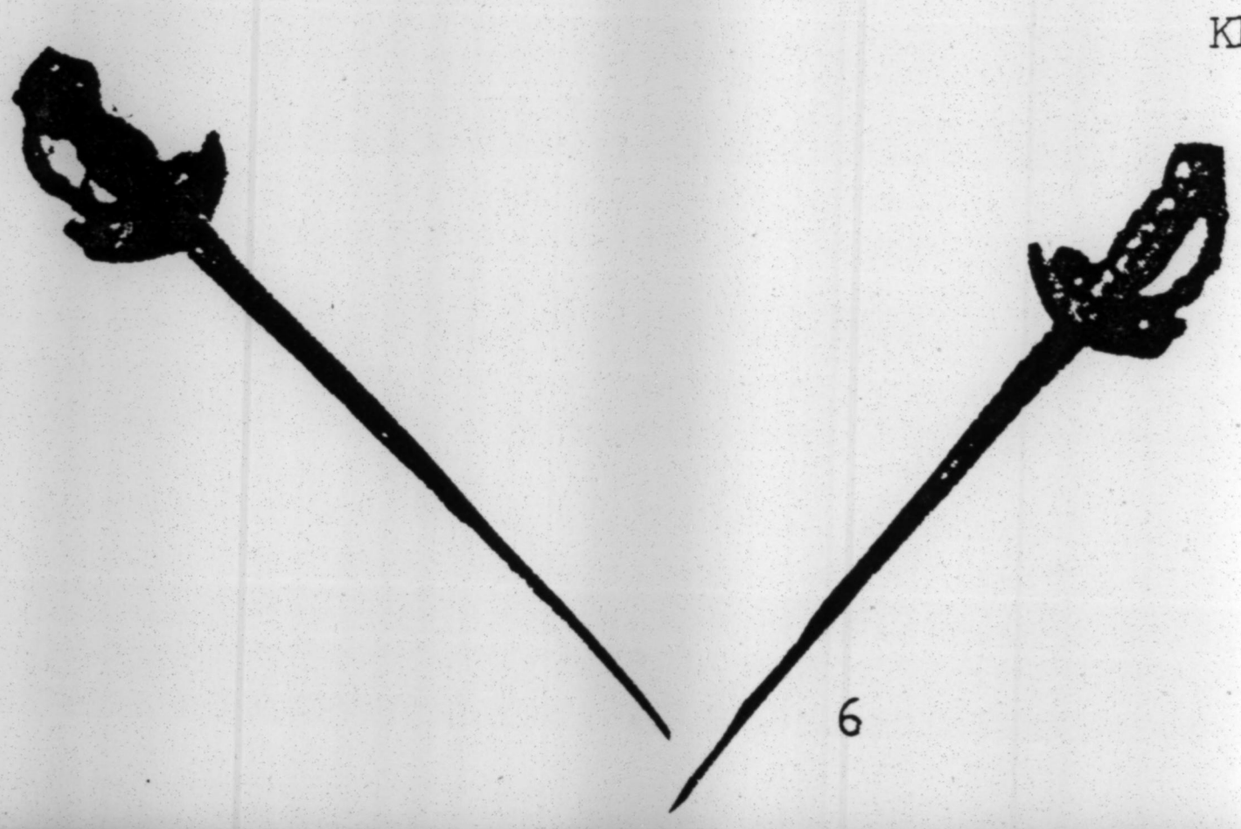
As brothers fight ye.
Love is the law, love under will.
King against King!
Love one another with burning hearts.
Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and
delicious lanquor, force and fire are of us.

Closing:

Thru lifes tribulation,
He that lives long & desires death much is
ever the King among the Kings.
The highest are of us.

This is for two or more people. All thats needed is a chalice of wine and a copy of Liber AL to set next to it.

Khreb ent Ptah



ABRAHADABRA . This begins the publishing of the work LIBER SIGIL A IAF.
Fr. 131

ACCEPTING SIGILS

0. Open self, meditate ; part Veil.
1. Thelemite Cross;

forhead; Abrahadabra
chest; IAO
left shoulder; Agape (or FIAOF) right shoulder; Thelema
Muladhara; Ipsos

The order is; 3rd eye, Muladhara center, right shoulder, left shoulder then chest. It is used as a replacement of the Cabalistic Cross.
2. Starting with the east and then to the west, then to the south and finally to the north the sign of the Enterer followed by the power word finished with the sign of silence. Once per Quarter;

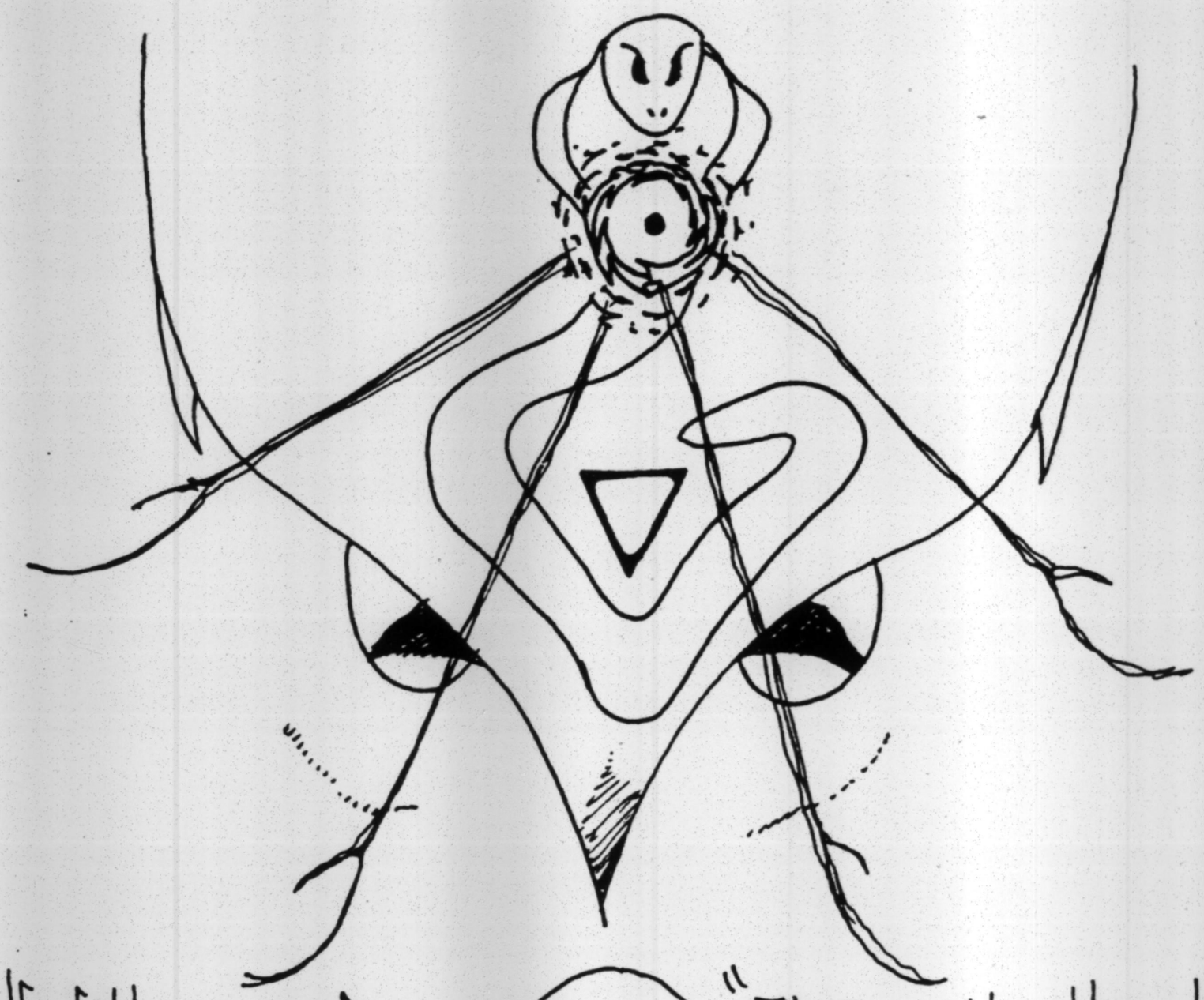
east; Heru Ra Ha south; Hadit
west; Maat north; Nuit
end in center ; Io Pan.

3. Middle Piller exercise up the 7 power centers.
4. Vibrate IPSOS eight times from crown.
5. Accept Sigil/ vision and scribe.
6. Same as number 2 but reverse order and energy.
7. To ground energy;

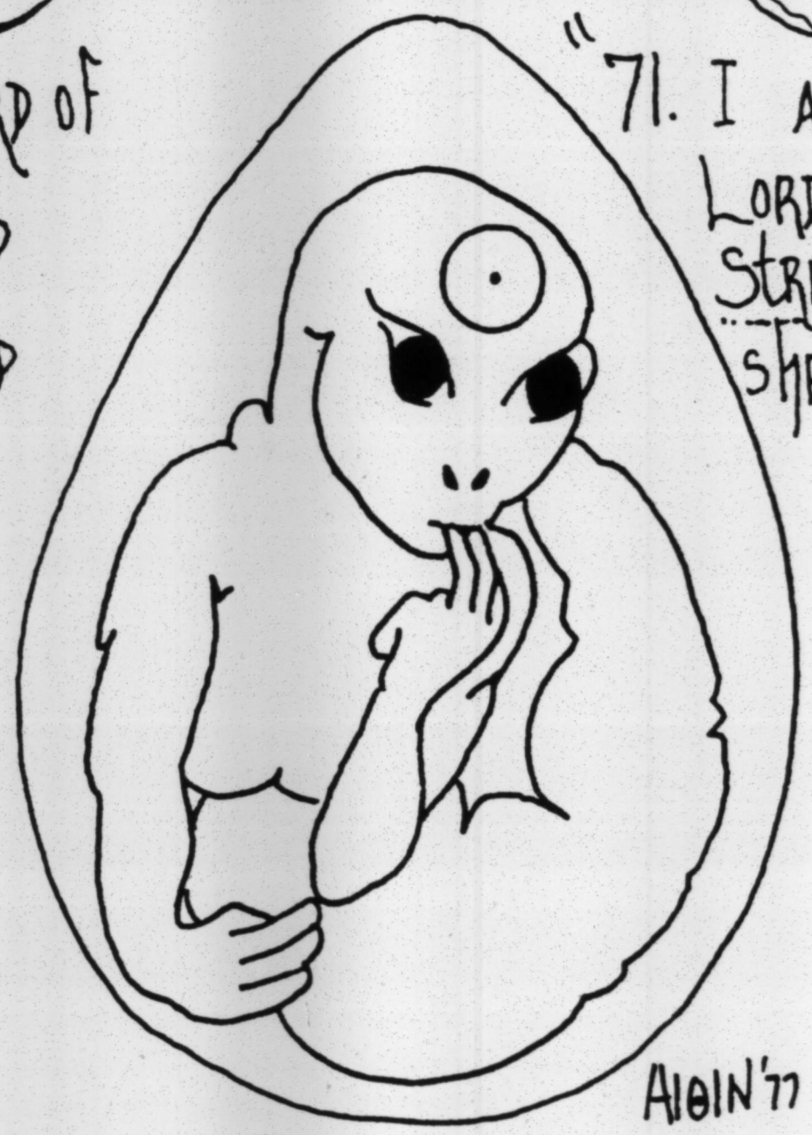
touch forhead; Aleph
touch right shoulder; Shin
touch left shoulder; Mum
forhead again ; whisper ; Aleph
Throw all energy down to earth crying Malkuth.

Aum. Ha.





"35. The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-hoor-khut." — AL III



"71. I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky" — AL III

AIOIN '77

THE DANCE OF HERU RA HA

This dance- ritual is derived through LIBER PENNAE PRAENUMBRA and the subsequent Maatian system. (See Cincinnati Journal of Cerimonial Magick, Vol.1, #1)The sphere of Heru Ra Ha is the Black Flame of Tiphereth. This ritual is to dance the AEON in. This is accomplished by uniting Ra Hoor Khuit and Hoor paar Krath.

Create for yourself a temple rightly disposed to Nuit, Hadit and the twins;Heru Ra Ha.Select two wands, one for the Lord of Force and Fire another for the Child in the Egg of Blue. To the East there is a small circle with earth in it. Though it is always better to invoke in the woods,a round container shall suffice. The two wands are placed over the container in the Mark of the Beast ; ⊗.RHK wand to the right, HPK wand to the left. Sacred Herb is to the right of the small circle, wine is to the left. Oil, Stele etc. as desired.

Thelemite cross; third eye; Abrahadabra!, Earth chakra; Ipsos!, right shoulder; Thelema!, left shoulder; Agape, chest; FIAOF.

"The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut." AL.3.35

ABRAHADABRA!

"Every man and every woman is a star" - AL.1.3.

Draw down energy charging and purifing wands; Thelema!
Offer wine; NU !. Offer herb; HAD !
Partake thereof , uniting with the two-who-are-one.

Take up HPK wand and circle sunwise in the Sign of Silence drawing silence as a curtain behind you. The mantra might be; Egg of Blue!
Replace first wand and take up RHK wand cast a circle of fire sunwise. The mantra might be ; Force and Fire!

A 93 is drawn in the earth, wands covering.

"I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky". - AL.3.70.

Meditate, assuming Mask.
Rise slowly from asana and, taking the HPK wand,
dance the dance of the Child in the Egg, flowing in the womb of silence. Collapse at altar in foetal-death posture.Replace wand.
Rise from asana in WRATH. Snatch up RHK wand; dance, defend, parry, strike! Dance the dance of the Warrior Lord.
Collapse into burning asana, charging 93 drawn previously.

"I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the wand of the Force of Coph Nia (QNA)- but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an Universe and naught remains".- AL.3.72.

Mix 93 into earth.

Dance of Heru Ra Ha continued.

Taking up both wands,dance the World/Circle dance of Heru Ra Ha counter sunwise. Joyfully see the current you have channeled spin out from yourself and the earth/core of this rite.

" And in the heart of the Sphinx danced the Lord Adoni, in his garlands of roses and pearls making glad the concourse of things; yea, making glad the concourse of things".- Liber CCXXXI.21.

Return to the circle of earth and stick both wands in the earth so they stand up straight, forming an 11. Annoint each with wine, adoring the twin Loa; HPK & RHK.

"Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for your time is nigh at hand". - AL.3.71.

Earth, circle and current are scattered to the 4 corners.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law".- AL.1.40.
"Love is the Law, Love under Will". - AL.1.57

Aio-n ; 4/1/78

BEFORE DANCING/AFTER DANCING

The Logos of Ra Hoor Khuit is delivered by the hands of the Peacock Angel OVIZ to the servent of the Hawk-Headed Lord.
May the flowing of my flight cast the shadow of my wings as a Black Flame upon the earth.May I spiral down through the Heavens and alight amidst my Kiblah, for this is my island and I have fortified it. May I slay the Hag of the West and drink her blood upon the Altar of Emerald. May my feathers be the fire of the Noon-day sun and the obsidion of my beak the chill of night.
May the path be laid straight before me by the wisdom of Maat and the rod of Tahuti.
I dance out into the darkness that I may entwine amidst the stars.
The echo of my cry is the four-fold Will; Abrahadabra.

Aio-n-131; 6/17/78

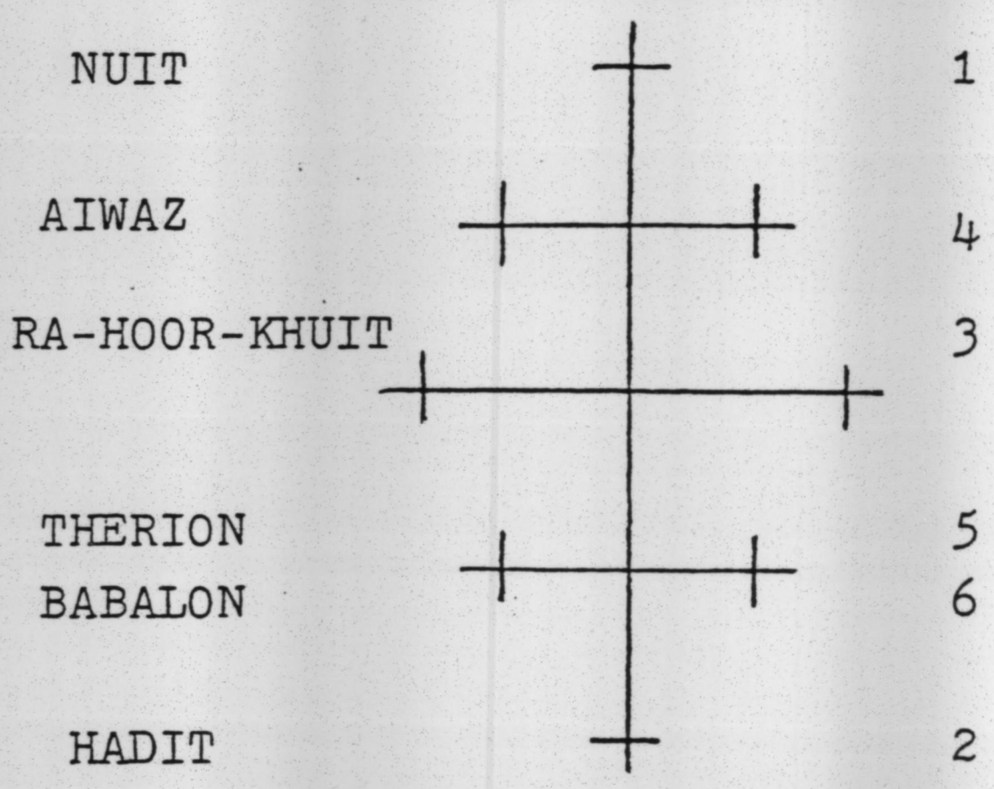
" Horus is upon his throne, Horus is upon his seat.
My face is like unto that of a divine hawk, I am one who hath been armed by his Lord.
I have come forth from the Underworld.
I have seen Osiris, I have risen up on either side of him.
Nut hath shrouded me.
The Gods behold me and I have beheld the Gods.
The Eye of Horus hath consumed me, who dwells in darkness.
The Gods streach forth their arms unto me.
I rise up,
I get the Mastery and I drive back evil which opposeth me.
The Gods open unto me the Holy Way,
They see my form,
And they hear the Words which I utter in their presence".

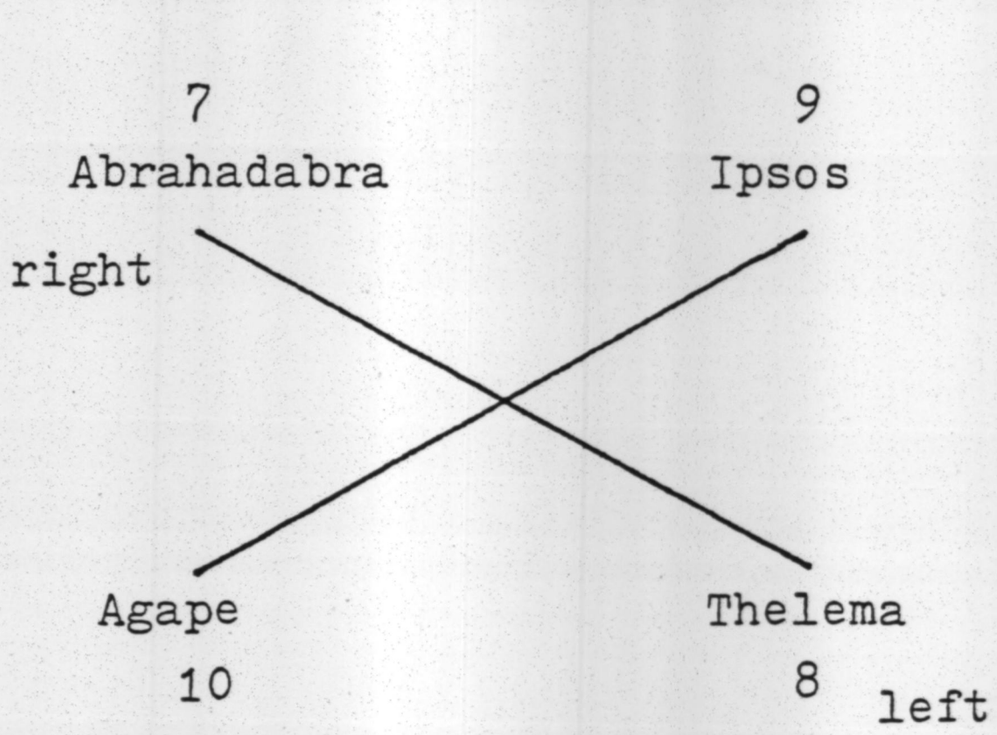
The Papyrus of Ani, Book of the Dead ; Ch.LXXVII, lines 39-43.

ELEVENFOLD CROSS

The elevenfold cross has become a purification rite for me. My variation is a combination of Crowley's First Gesture of Liber V vel Reguli consisting of six movements, followed by a Double Current charge of five movements.

The first part is of the Gods and the second of Man. It is assumed that there is some balance of the five elements already achieved. The student starts by invoking the Gods. This is likened to the Arrow of Nuit in its descending flight or the influence of Shin, the trump the Aeon. The next and complimentary gestures are the vibrations of the Words of Power. These, following the first, can cause unity of self and universe and/or not, nothing. This is like Teth, the trump Lust which Crowley numbered Eleven.





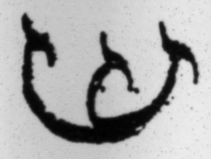
This ritual has balanced & inspired me. Why is it a purification ritual also? Because eleven is also the number of the Qliphoth, the accursed shells. All of us at one time or other must triumph over these forces in our own natures. The cleaning up of the unbalanced residue is the freedom of the eleven, "the general number of magick, or energy tending to change".

From shoulders to hips make the cross with the right hand, then draw a circle around the cross. Draw the energy into a point in the center of the chest and vibrate the last word of your choice, FIAOF, LASHTAL, etc.

When the six above is harmonized with the five below the Magician becomes the 'One beyond Ten'.

Note: This has been ripped off in the pursuit of knowledge. See Magick in Theory & Practise and Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God.

Khreb ent Ptah



I sing thy praise, O Hawk-headed Lord.
Thou who alightest upon my leathered arm in the cloak
of many forms.
I see thee as a Rain of Fire and as thy eyes;
A dead orb in space and a star.
Thou art truely Light and Dark and have Named all Names.
Thy eye of flame which Set posesses sees now the Water-bearer.
Let the pools that are dry from the Thirst of Osiris be replenished,
Ra Hoor Khuit proclaims it from the East!
Rain of Fire, Rain of Water; Soul of the Seven Winds,
I invoke the Tongue of Horus!
Avenger of his Sister; Earth, The sweet song, the Little Mother.
She who is held in the Claws of Osiris.
Let the spirits of Force and Fire drink the blood of the cursed,
Those who will not See through their Eyes.
Seven are these and Horus, the golden hawk of flame
Ascends this; the Concourse of the Sun:
He bursts through the Temple of the Bull,
He swims through the Temple of Oannes,
He screams through the Temple of the Pyramid of Blood,
He swiftly flies through the Temple of the Howling Winds,
He is caught in the Jewel of Space in the Temple of the
Blue Lidded Daughter,
He is born as a Star in the Temple of the One,
And of the Temple of N.O.X. there is naught but an echo;
ShT.....

-Aio-n, 131; 6/28/78

THE RITE OF HORUS AT HIGH NOON

In my blood on the earth is the blossoming of the kisses of Nu. I drop these precious pearls and they bloom as roses at my feet. My belly rolls like the stormy sea. It is the crashing of waves against the breast of shore, it is the wind steaming through the trees of earth - this song of the Temple of HAR.

I am open like a river pouring onto earth, I am watering our lives with sweet music & song. The face of God in the pearl of blood floating in the belly of the chalice. The sea burning within me, the sun in my belly, the heaving sea!

Beyong this, in the place of brilliant stillness, I come to a single flame of Light. You are there Not. The only reply to the lightening bolt that our love has brought down from the outer spaces is the lowing of thunder & the summer wind through the hair of Nu.

I am the flame of blood upon thy altar, Horus of the Two Horizons, & I call my love to me, with my song, he comes unto me.

-Noctua

Hoor-par-kraat Meditation

Timeless he sits
embraced in lotus womb
the unborn god of stellar night.

Child of the arching gateway of space
movement of regression to archtypical time
silent lord who ends the turning of the wheel.

I breathe the darkness in flowing rhythm
return to the center, snake-coils unwind
we two are one and naught.

In destruction, nu beginnings dawn
the midnight star bears the aeon's seed
to the temple of the year's redeeming.

I am the Babe of the Abyss, chaliced within the eternal flower.
The centuries of tyranny fall to burning death in my gaze,
the years ressurect to my rebellion.

-3/18/78, HaDeS$_{69}$

The Hunting of the Hawk

Restriction is the vengeance of the self upon the mask which breaks the veil of silence. Freedom is accepting challenge, and invincibility beyond the passing moments of the quest.

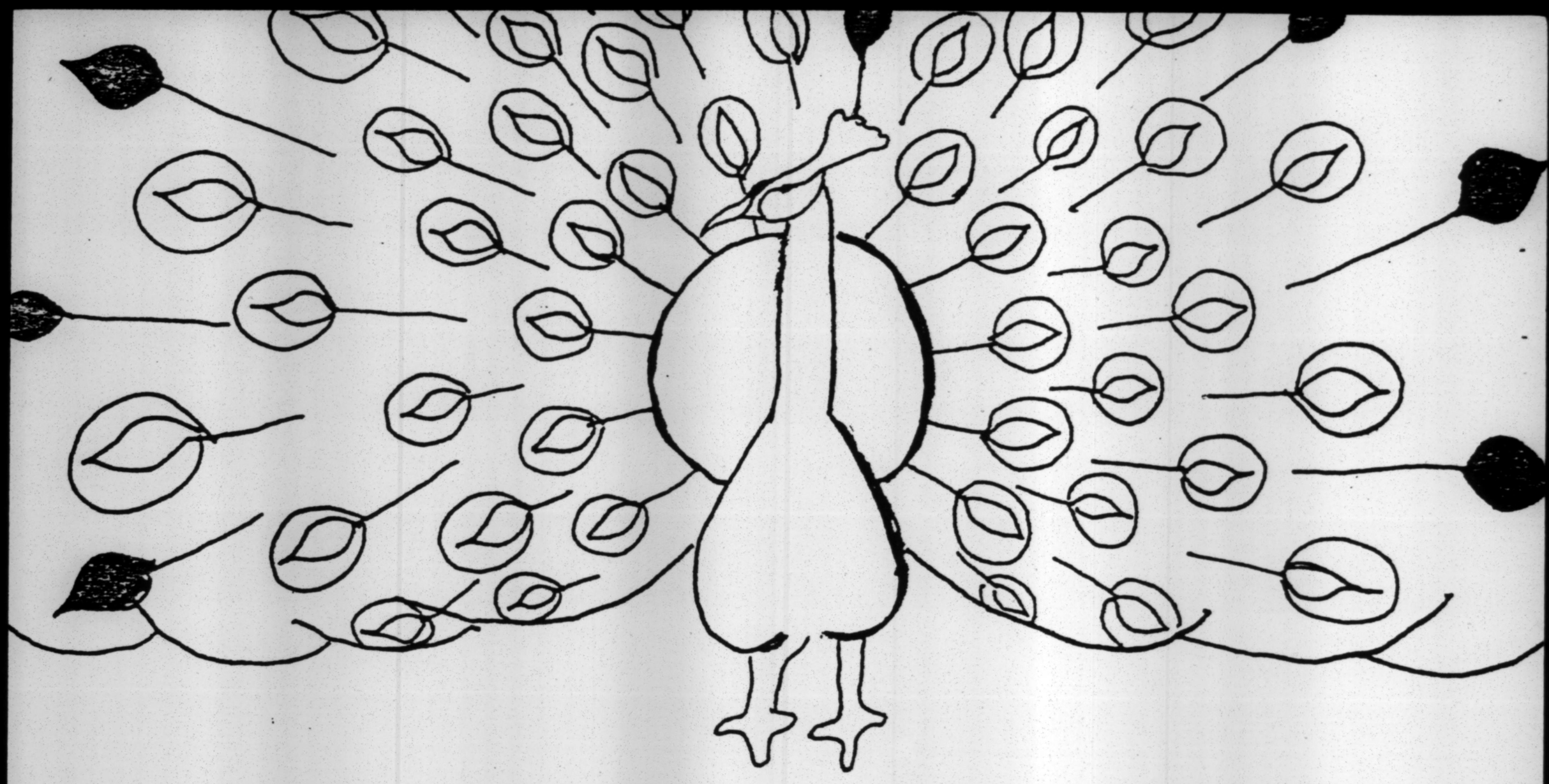
The fragmentary matter/illusion objects of the world are neutral. They do not observe the musical ritual of the emotions; their souls do not burn, and they have no opinion on your changing moods. Sorrow cannot steal the light of sunrise, and joy cannot ressurect those who accept death's beauty as finality. Regrets cannot reduce the work of evolution.

The lost stars do not flame in spacial ocean at the tattered fringes of forever; they are but jewels of forgotten colour that line the bowl of the sacrificial chalice at the feast of the re-uniting. The eyes of the cup are blind now; once it was the skull which blossomed to crown your spine. Afterwards she drank the offered wine of your existence, and Babalon grew drunk.

At the annihilation-point of the falling tower, the man with shattered eyes wept tears of blood which dissolved in that non-existing universal ocean. On the day of the judgement and wandering's end, the man rose up to still the questioning voices of the slain years past, and crucified those few uncaring angels who never dared to lie down in lust with the myriad young of the scarlet she-goat. We nailed their wide wings to the sky, we came with shining nails of love in our dark-stained hands.

Whom the Aeon doth not redeem, it destroys.

-5/11/78, HaDeS$_{69}$



ADORATION OF THE PEACOCK ANGEL

The light of the Peacock Angel hangs 'round the throat of the sky, a rainbow necklace. The eyes of Shaitan are the jewels of Space. The Peacock Angel sits in continual stillness on a throne of gleaming obsidian, with his tail spread like a veil behind him, revealing the fire-light within. This is the fire of Shaitan/Aiwass, that hides at the core of his being, a raging fire-storm. This fire is desire is death. This death is the union of Silence & Song. The Eye of the Peacock, the Crown of the Servants of Nu.

Aiwass holds the Flame of Silence in his mouth. He brings it to us, from the outer-most spaces, where no-god is. The first spark out of the blackness that is beyond brillance. Shaitan/Aiwass!

* * * * * *

The Peacock Angel reveals the Mystery of Color. He veils himself in a gleaming black - the absorbtion of all color - & reveals the Mystery in the gift he gives when he spreads his tail like a great fan for all to see.

The Dance of the Peacock of Ishtar is the flowing dance of color, the gliding grace of Kings & Queens of Light & Laughter. It is a movement that flows forward, and then back onto itself, and upward, like the feathers stroking the night wind. It is a dance of the Proud-Warrior, & evokes the essence of Beauty.

Victorious One

The Mother of the Sun weeps crystal tears at noon. Ahathoor is in a fury and from her mouth comes the ice-storm, the beating victory song, drumming onto the earth. At noon, the sun-son rests in the soft hollow blackness of the belly of Nuit. He is Victorious, for he was born anew at dawn, once more, from the flaming womb of Nu.

Now he is Heru, and triumphant, for he is ever-returning to the mouth of NU at sunset, to the dissolution and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Her, the Starry One. He who is everlasting, whose death creates a seed. The sun-seed that blossoms into a star. An ornament in the sky, shedding golden light onto all that lives and dies on earth.

The earth reaches for the sun in great waving tendrils of light. Just as woman reaches for the sun triumphant in man. The god descended, having erected his temple, gives his life unto his woman of the Sun.

- Noctua

Noon-time Adoration

May the force of Mau be upon us
as the heat is heavy now.
I go,
bathed in the sweet sweat of thy song.
The sands are like fire at midday
making clean my body,
in the whirling laughing dances of the flame
as I cross the desert.

- Khreb ent Ptah



Victorious One

The Mother of the Sun weeps crystal tears at noon. Ahathoor is in a fury and from her mouth comes the ice-storm, the beating victory song, drumming onto the earth. At noon, the sun-son rests in the soft hollow blackness of the belly of Nuit. He is Victorious, for he was born anew at dawn, once more, from the flaming womb of Nu.

Now he is Heru, and triumphant, for he is ever-returning to the mouth of NU at sunset, to the dissolution and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Her, the Starry One. He who is everlasting, whose death creates a seed. The sun-seed that blossoms into a star. An ornament in the sky, shedding golden light onto all that lives and dies on earth.

The earth reaches for the sun in great waving tendrils of light. Just as woman reaches for the sun triumphant in man. The god descended, having erected his temple, gives his life unto his woman of the Sun.

- Noctua

Noon-time Adoration

May the force of Mau be upon us
as the heat is heavy now.
I go,
bathed in the sweet sweat of thy song.
The sands are like fire at midday
making clean my body,
in the whirling laughing dances of the flame
as I cross the desert.

- Khreb ent Ptah



The Proclaiming of the Law upon Arising

I. "DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW."
Part the Veil. Dawn Adoration from Liber Resh vel Helios.
II. Sign of Silence (left forefinger to lips):
"I AM THE BABE, YET I AM BORN.
I AM THE WORD, YET I AM MADE FLESH.
I AM MY FATHER PERFECTED, AND YET UNIQUELY MY SELF.
REBORN, I DANCE THE MASK OF THE AEON."
III. Sign of the Enterer (both arms thrust out straight in front, with a half-step forward):
"I AM THE BRIGHT HAWK OF MORNING.
I AM THE WILL, FREE AND LOVING.
IN COILED SPLENDOUR THE POWER SPIRALS,
TO ARISE IN THE SIGN OF MY NAME: HERU-RA-HA!"
IV. Don the magickal Ring:
"I PROCLAIM THE WORD OF THE LAW OF THE AEON:
THELEMA! AGAPE!
I PROCLAIM THE LIFE OF LOVE:
BABALON! THERION!
I PROCLAIM THE OATH OF THE GREAT WORK:
ABRAHADABRA!
I AM THE WINGED SNAKE OF LIGHT, HADITH
ABIDING IN STAR-SPLENDOUR, THE ARCHING SKY OF NU! LASHTAL!"
V. Personal invocations and divination. L.V.X. Meditation.
VI. "LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL." Close Veil.

The Entering of the Hidden Egg of Night

I. "DO WHAT THOU WILT..." Part Veil.
II. Sign of the Enterer:
"I AM THE WARRIOR HAWKLORD WHO SAILS THE WINDS OF TIME.
I AM THE CONQUERING CHILD OF THE AEON.
I AM GOD OF THE DOUBLE WAND OF POWER, THE CURRENT
WHICH FLOWS BETWEEN DARK & BRIGHT UNIVERSES, RA-HOOR-KHUIT, I".
III. Sign of Silence:
"I RETURN TO THE NIGHT BEFORE BEING.
I AM THE CHILD CROWNED WITH ETERNITY,
ENTHRONED AS KING OF THE UNDERWORLD BEYOND,
TWO MADE ONE & NAUGHT IN LOVE OF NU. I, HOOR-PAR-KRAAT!"
IV. Place the Ring in the Egg:
"I AM WOMBED IN THE DARKNESS OF THE GODDESS.
I ENTER THE NIGHT WITHOUT DYING,
INVISIBLE, WRAPPED CLOSE IN BLUE LIGHT OF THE EGG.
BEFORE THE WORD, THERE IS SILENCE. ABRAHADABRA! IPSOS!"
V. Personal invocations, the Midnight Sun Adoration from Liber Resh vel Helios, N.O.X., divination, meditation.
VI. "LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL." Close Veil.

Comment: these rites are designed for daily use, upon awakening and entering sleep; they reflect the twin energy poles of the god-forms Ra-Hoor-Khuit & Hoor-Par-Kraat, who represent expansion & contraction, day & night, waking & sleep. They are intended to program the consciousness into constant awareness and to aid in remembering dreams. It is usefull to have a bowl of some sort as a symbol of the Egg of H-P-K; my own is a geode.

- HaDeS$_{69}$

A FEAST FOR THE THREE DAYS OF THE WRITING OF THE BOOK OF THE LAW

Lord of Silence, Lotus crowned
Babe of Roses, where dreams are found
Stooping starlight over earth
Lightening strikes, sword of birth.

Beneath the stars, bare and glowing
Dance the love dance, water flowing.
Light the fires, chant the songs
Babe of sunlight, newborn.

I call the sky down, starlight falling
Nuit's love song, calling, calling.
Silver crescent moon hanging in night
I call thee Luna, Lady of Light!

The sky about me, a lambent flame
the non-atomic, O hidden name!
Woman of dragon-fire breath
Sweet waters of the Lady of Death.

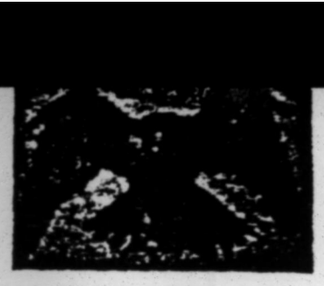
I call thee Nuit, Lady of Stars
Descend upon me, red blood of Mars.
Ra-Hoor has taken his seat in the east.
The Sun is swallowed - begin the feast!

NOCTUA 156

Libation to Horus

I make offering unto the Great One whose throne is in the east, whose eye is in the sun, who is victory in love and battle. I pour out red wine on the altar of stone, I drink the eucharist of the stars. Hail to the god with wings of a Hawk, the bright one, who soars between horizons of north and south, who is lord of the Kingdoms of Earth. Hail unto Horus, the slayer of demons, the light in the holy Darkness!

HaDeS



Ka Worship

The Ka is the double or genius, or the shadow. Its the soul of light which meets the body at birth and can guide the body during life. The Ka dwells in man's stature just as the Ka of a god inhabits the stature of the god.
Worship, is simply Do What Thou Wilt.

This is a ritual for the Priests of the Ka who perform services in honour of the Ka in the Chapel of the Ka .

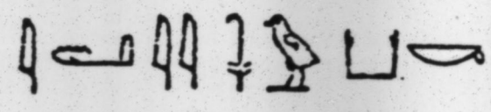
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Opening: Prepare the place as thy like. In either of the twilight times, thou shall perform this rite.

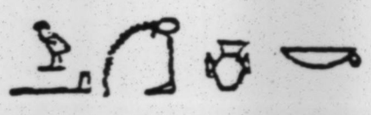
say; I grow in accordance with the season
May my Ka alight upon the branches of the trees which I have planted in my garden
May my mouth speak in the wisdom of the followers of Horus
May the Gods grant that I become one with my Ka.

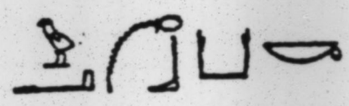
Invocation: Ideally, this should be inserted by thyself, as it is a particular secret of thy star. Concentrate on thy original nature and discover thy own true will. I have used Liber Samekh.

Becoming: After 'knowledge and conversation' anoint the heart, genitals, and legs which symbolize life, love, and liberty saying;

 Washed is thy Ka

 thou art pure

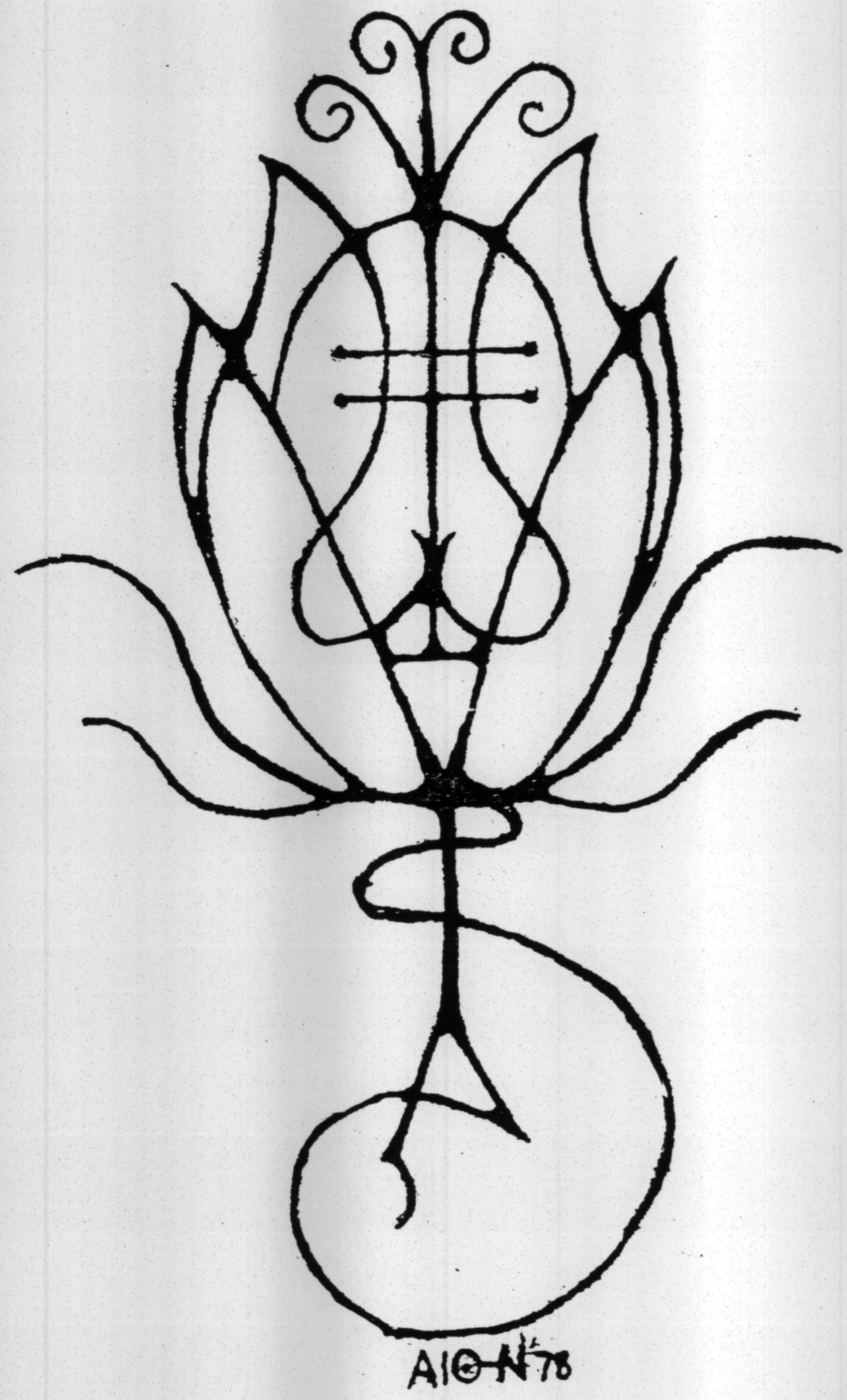
 thy heart is pure

 thy Ka is pure

Thanksgiving: The Ka is said to accept nourishment. Prayers such as the rites of the Ka and the scent of burnt incense was grateful to it.

The I Ching is an excellent system for the understanding of the higher self.
Parts of this are ancient Egyptian, from the Book of the Dead by Budge. Other sources are K. Grant and Ankh fn Khonsu.
Go forth and manifest Beauty in the World.

Khreb ent Ptah


AIO-N-78

*



Some Egyptology and Notes

Lately I've been incorporating the work of Sor. Andahadna, and my own worked Maat material, in with the Thelemic Pantheon.

Being a Depth Egyptian student, and recently receiving a beautiful hieroglyphic reproduction of what is now the cover of this magazine. I sat to meditate and explore the possibilities.

According to Budge, this system is described: "belonging to the archaic period we find that the kings of Egypt were in the habit of placing before their names the sign * by which they intended to indicate their sovereignty over the South and the North; it is uncertain how these signs are to be read, but there is no doubt whatsoever about their meaning. The Vulture is the symbol of the goddess of the South, and the Uraeus is the symbol of the goddess of the North, and down to very late dynastic times the kings of Egypt gloried in declaring that they were sovereigns of the country by virtue of the favour of the goddesses whose emblems were the Vulture and Uraeus."

In AL II.22, we find "I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge and Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness." In Liber Pennae Praenumbra we find "Now the poised Plume moves in dancing fashion, unfolding from the center shaft long wings, transforming to the shape of the dark Vulture."

These are two definite connections from the above mentioned Holy Books with the symbols of Vulture and Uraeus.

If the Snake is taken as the "secret Serpent" Had or Set, it is more correctly of the South. While the Lady of the Future is of the North.

Or the uroboric Snake of the Great Mother Nuit, symbol of the North, and Maut in her purging, keeping the desert clean aspect, in the South.

The blending or synthesis of the two Currents causes a beautiful rhythm. This is the music the children dance to under the Sun; Heru-ra-ha and Maat of Atu XIX of the tarot. Their dance is from East to West respectively.

In closing I quote Liber Al and Liber Pennae Praenumbra, "The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!" "The two that are nothing salute you Black Flame that moves Hadit!"

Those interested in the Book of Maat, Liber Pennae Praenumbra, it may still be available from Conquering Child Publishing Co. P.O. Box 1343 Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

Khreb ent Ptah

UNTO THE DOUBLE CURRENT:

HERU-RA-HA/MAAT

Lady of the Great Land, of the Place of Un-Becoming. Still breath within the pits of night, where the flame of Maat grows. Inhale into the whirl of inmost earth, exhale unto the stars and the body of Nu, the lover of all things. Maat reveals herself hovering between the beams of moonlight, shape-shifting & glimmering in the purple & green light of Had, in the Sphere of the Snake & the Swan, the Dance of Swiftness & Stillness.

Mother of Pearl who is a dancing curve against the sky. Perhaps you leave the trace of a waist, or a breast, or flying hair against the clouds, but in a moments note it is gone to reveal the face of blue space. Yet you remain, elusive, in the sound of laughter among the trees, and the dim melody of pipes. In the serene face of Lady Luna, looking upon earth & the creatures of night. Singing the sunlight hidden in silver embrace. Pouring the laughing moonlight onto the Madmen and Fierce Women of the Son-Sun.

* * * * * *

The goddess Maat is the Egg in-between birth.
The stillpoint where nothing is.
Where un-becoming runs to being.

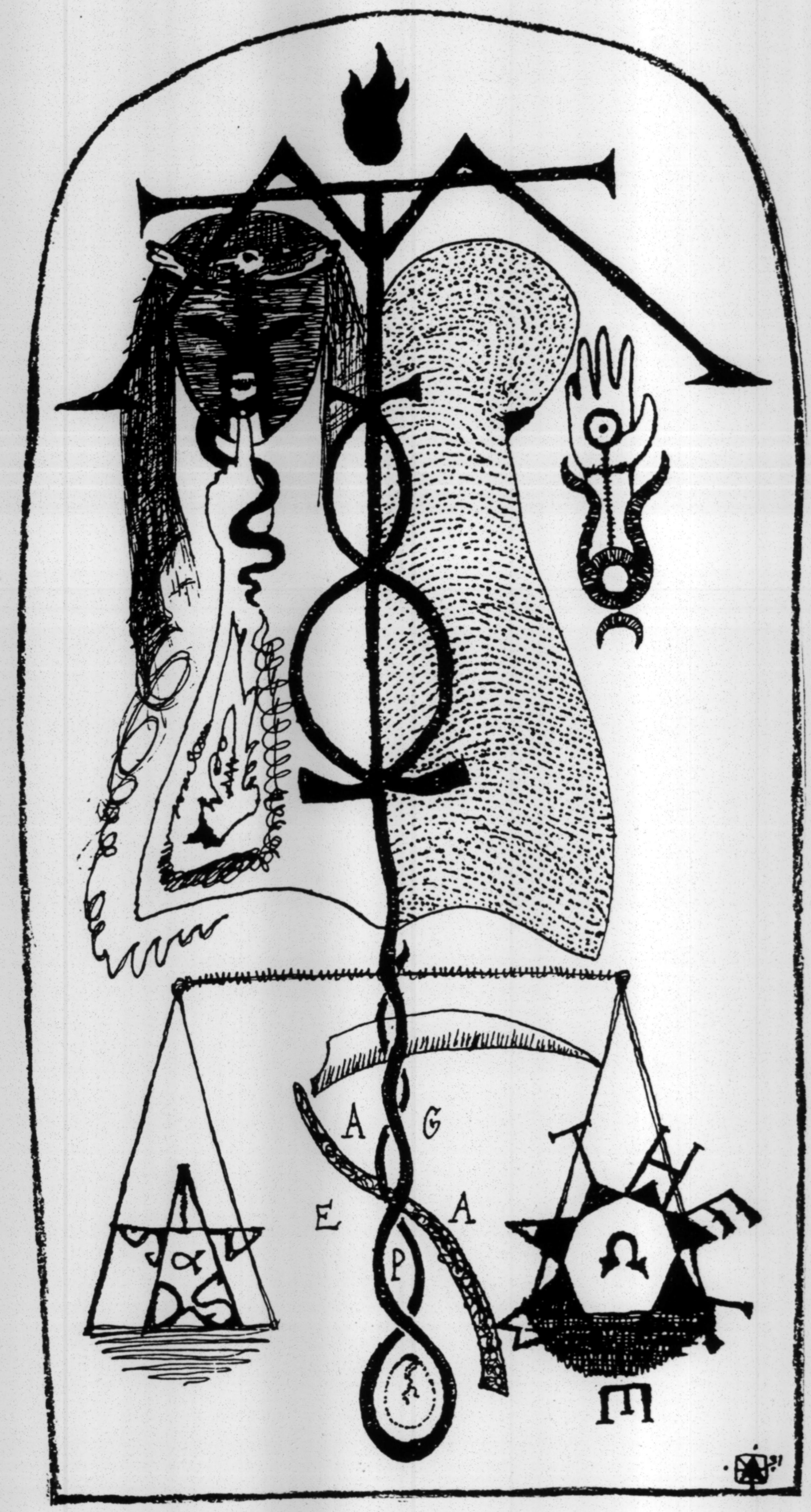
When you love you hear the pulse of earth.

In the silent in-between-beats,
the wings of Maat stroking the sky
can be heard.

The wings of the horizons that hover within us
awaiting the flight
of the star unto light.

The goddess Maat is seen and felt in-between the rapture/fury point of the heart & tongue of Nu.

NOCTUA


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Maat;
Is the kiss of Nuit
Upon the wing of Hadit.
Upon the Wing of Hadit
Is the Nectar received.
By the same mouth.
O, Mother of the Star
I bask and burn
Within thy Nothingness.
The Black Flame
erupting from Below.
All desires and thoughts
Of Light
Flow from me as dust to rain.
She breathes her breath into me,
She measures the steps of my BA,
She consoles me with the balm
of Infinity.
I bathe and am dissolved
Within That-Which-Creates-
From-No-Thing.
It is from this Jewel
That we were carved
And to this Jewel
We shall return.



- Aio-n ; 131
7/4/78

(Note: refer to Hadit & Nuit on Stele 718.)

Maat;
Plot the course of thy servant, this Star
Across the Face of the Heavens
That I may conjoin with that which is destined.
May I follow out my Fate and Will
As swiftly and surely as the Sun-boat in it's daily journey.
Lady of the Space Marks
Confound me not in wevs of Chaos,
Loose me with the sword, Thelema, from the entanglements of Matter.
My will is aligned with thine,
I feel the feathers touch.
I am born up by the Vultures wings
I sail through the Lady of Stars
Within whom the swift play of Maat is felt.
Wrap about me as a feathered python!
I am absorbed within thy Egg.

Breaking through the shell
I go forth with Quill and Sword
To work my Will amidst the Black Flame.
Ipsos/Thelema.

- Aio-n ; 131
7/4/78

After Midnight Mass of Maat

Wind wails in mourning, the bed of the Vulture. Her eyes are black as pitch or obsidian. The blood of this bird tips the horns of Ra-Hoor-Khuit in scarlet flame. Ra Hoor raises and seeks after the sound of wailing wind, after the billowing caress of her black weaving waving wings. And she takes him in, with each fling of her night-canopy, she sucks him into her Mouth, she sucks him and he gives unto her. Vulture of Death-Life, bird of night-sight, light of on-rushing wind waves. Moving the fire-air through the misty star veil. She descends upon him of the Double Wand, and destroys him. To create him. In silent song, when HRILU erupts the heavens and a rosey bud rises from the earth. This is the flight of Mut, the great Vulture, who men desire, whose meat she eats, whose breath she swallow, in the hour of midnight, in the Black Flame of Tomorrow.

Noctua

BEYOND

Beyond these places of spaces & time you are dancing the song of stillness. Beyond the turbualnce of man where you lie between the night & day. Beyond, beyond, you who are the child-lover of tomorrow.

In & on the unseen currents of the moon's tide you have descended upon earth as the great stroking Maut. Your wings bring down our skyscrapers, our towers of Babel open before you. Your flight leaves these towers ravaged by fire.

In & through the unborn & birthing of new life do you rise to touch the clouds, a plume swaying in a wind. Feather that slits the throat of the Dog of Lies, that seduces the hidden secrets out from their long sleep among the curves of the many harlots. The feather that etches the heart's true song in ink upon the trees.

Goddess of many names & many songs, who is found floating around the spiral of throat. You are dancer as feather and death as vulture, harlot as black flame, and Not is the combination of All.

Beyond this it is round, and still you are there...

Noctua

"Blue am I and gold in the light of my bride; but the red gleem is in my eyes & my spangles are purple & green."
- AL.II.50

She treads the Stars,
A diadem of star saphires upon Her.
Shaitan about Her
As a cloak of Peacock feathers.
Black Her sweeping hair and black Her eyes
And the red of a sun is Her lips.
She dances between our glimmering globes,
Weaving with the light of Stars;
Dust and Aethyr and Nothingness.
She is the Matrix between perception,
That color beyond purple where Set abideth.
She is His cave and He Her throne.
O, Mother of the Sun! Eye of the Yoni!
Spin about me the purple & green,
Thy laugh, thy song!
Purple & green...

through Maat/Shaitan. Aio-n 131
7/14/78

THE COUNSELING OF THE CHILD

Ra Hoor Khu sits upon his throne
In his circle in the East.
He is a young god and his Will is not yet a steady Flame.
His 'Mother' is in chains and his 'Father' is in the glittering gold cage of his own making.
The chariot this Child of Kings swiftly rides has two steeds, one is black and one is white and both are Sphinxes.
This is the State and the chariot wavers, beset by wind from the Shells. Therefore, Ra Hoor Khu by his wisdom and that of his Ibis, invokes and calls with the double wands the Measurer of Truth ; Maat.
She comes from the-time-to-come as a Vulture to warn of Death and corruption. She appears as a ravenous Dog, signifing the trials to come. Then She comes as the Serpent of the Tree, that spark which nourishith all.
Finally She comes as a Flame of Black that seems a feather and She councils the Child and gives to him the WORD and also Her pledge to plot the course of the Boat of Aeons that the Birth may be complete.

-Aio-n ; 131
7/14/78

THE STAR DANCE

NOCTUA 156

The ecstasy of movement is embodied within the path known to us as Dance. Dance is the coming together of many time & space energies. When used properly with a clear insight of the nature of dance, it is one of the most effective earth-defying magickal tools, incorporated with some of the mysteries typified by the Vama Marg, known to humankind.

Every star has his/her own particular 'core' dance, the essence of the self expressed through flight. This Dance of the Self is an excellent tool to turn on what T. Leary and R.A. Wilson call the sixth brain circuit, or Body Rapture. It induces a similar effect, combined with the proper music, as the drug known to some adepts as Euphoria. It invokes the cosmic 101, or JOY. The union of Hadit and Nuit within the human organism that is capable of releasing one from the illusion of earth.

Soror ANDAHADNA has, with a group of magicians in the mid-west, discovered and mapped-out a system of ritual dance called the Double Tree of the Dance of the Mask - "a system for crafting artificial egos or Masks, and Dancing their animation." (Sr. A.). She uses the Tree of Life with its paths and sephiroth as a system of ascending/descending interlocked realities. By realizing the mask of a particular path or sphere & donning it, one is finally in control, free to use the mask instead of the abuse typical to human role playing as we know it now. Through the Dance of the Mask the role ceases to be a trap, and becomes a tool of freedom.

It is a tree of archetypes, whose key is the tarot. The upper tree or symbol represents "the mystic aspect of realization, and the lower tree (symbol) the Magick aspect of manifestation; the top tree for seeing, and the lower one for putting it into effect." (Sr.A.)

All stars have Dance Tree imprints pecular to their own True Self. An individual universal tree. A system of egos through which the archetypes are realized within the self. Once the archetype is understood, the singular Star Dance will reveal itself, your own link with 'infinite space & the infinite stars thereof'.

To uncover the Star Dance, all one must do is <u>dance</u> - natural, free-flowing, uninhibited. <u>Dance</u> - everywhere - at home to your favorite music, at work to the radio, at concerts, coffee houses, to your own mantra or nada, to the music of silence, the song of a spring wind. Note what movements are most natural & occur most frequently. Pay attention to the separate

parts of your body. How do your arms move? your head? your hands? your fingers? your legs? . Experiment with different movements and note what emotions your evoking. The more you listen & watch your own body in movement, the more your Star Dance will emerge, invoking JOY. This is your final success, the inspiration of your soul towards the stars.

Consciousness is a substance similar to water or wind. Put it into a container & it takes upon it's shape. It will expand or contract in order to fit. The Tree can be used to change your perspective, consequently changing your universe. By dancing the mask you allow yourself to do your Will. The dance breaks down inner barriers. By doing your Will you learn to accept other Stars with their Will, free from the possession obsession of one universe to control or own another thought universe. Without this obsession, true love under will can flourish. The love is freed from the 'lust of result'. This is because there is no result. The love redeems & sanctifies itself.

The roots of self-love lie deep within the foundation of the Heart. Without strength the Tree would quickly wither and eventually die. Before you begin to climb the Tree one must be sure that their roots are watered well. The Star Dance invokes rapture within the self, thereby initiating Self-Love to blossom like a ripe fruit upon the Earth. As this fruit grows - the ascent to the stars and the infinite love of space.

The Dance triggers the Rapture Circuit - circuit VI. "The rapture circuit mediates the experience registered by the external sense organs and the internal sense organs."(Leary). It is a method of drawing the microcosm and the macrocosm to a single brilliant point. It is a Mask of Hadit - thereby suited to the worship of Nu. The dancer achieves Nuit by becoming Hadit.

The Dance draws one's attention to the tides of space. Awareness & emotions become clearer, stronger & more intense. The air becomes an ocean of sensation. It is a lifting & awakening experience, floating about on waves of boundless JOY (101).

Through the Dance, the freedom of each star can be realised. It becomes the fuel of Thelema. The conditioning and role-playing of the ego is annihilated when the Rapture Circuit is turned on by Dance. The door appears through which one may open the eye of the soul & gaze within, the moment that re-imprints the flow of love. Through the Dance of Shiva, the Dance of the Open Eye, on transcends 'time consciousness', and experiences, in the falling away of one's masks, an exhilarating 'Death'.

1 DANCE OF THE SWAN - 3X

2. DANCE OF THE CRANE - HADIT

3. DANCE OF THE OWL - NUIT

X - THE EGG OF HPK

5. DANCE OF THE COCKEREL OF MITHRAS

4. DANCE OF THE RAVENS OF ODIN

6. HAWK - DANCE OF HERU

7. DANCE OF THE PEACOCK OF ISHTAR

8. DANCE OF THE IBIS - TAHUTI

9. DANCE OF THE VULTURE

10. DANCE OF THE EAGLE - GAIA

1. DANCE OF THE EAGLE - GAIA.

2. DANCE OF THE MASTER

3. DANCE OF THE MIRROR

X. DANCE OF THE TEACHER

4. DANCE OF THE JUDGE

5. DANCE OF THE FIREBRAND

6. DANCE OF THE WARRIOR

7. DANCE OF THE CUP OF BABALON

8. DANCE OF EXCALIBUR

9. DANCE OF SHIVA/KALI

10. DANCES OF THE MASK

After Death - Rebirth. A new world of fresh, untained discoveries. The death of the weak & the unfit within. "The Rapture Imprint discovers the body as instrument of freedom - pleasure and is analagous to the discovery that the car can be used, not just for survival, for power, for work, or for sexual status, but for pleasure-driving. Joy-riding the body becomes a hedonic art." (Leary).

This rebirth into Rapture prepares the hearts, minds, & tongues of each star for the thunderbolt that is Thelema/Maat. Let us revele & rejoice in the Flame of the Dance, as 'the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body'.

<u>a Three-Step Process for Fashioning a Working Mask</u>
-extracts from a letter by Soror Andahadna 124

1. Contemplation - this includes a meditation on the appropriate Tarot card relating to the **Sephira** or Path relating to the Mask, & a mantra-meditation for receptivity to its essence.

2. Ritual - invoke the appropriate Deity for the specific Mask, <u>or</u> invoke Shiva, as Lord of the Dance, to **annihilate your** personal history & infuse your consciousness with the essence of the Mask.

3. Practice - spend a whole day in the Mask, or several days spaced over a week. Be careful about doing it too intensively for too long of a period, or you might start identifying with the Mask - it <u>can</u> get too real & will replace your Ego with itself.

"This is the creation of the world, that the pain
of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all."
- Liber AL: I, 30.

BLACK FLAME
BLACK STAR
BLACK VOID : VULTURE.

BLACK FLAME : CONSUMING
BLACK STAR : CONTRACTING
BLACK VOID : STILL.

BEAK AND TALONS GLIMMERING RED
THE VULTURE SOARS
INTO THE DEPTHS OF SPACE

THE FLAME OF BLACK IS DISSOLUTION
AS THE STAR OF BLACK IS SYNTHESIS
SO THE CHANT RESOUNDS
THROUGHOUT THE VOID.

O A I A O.

- Aion$_{131}$

"In the silence I consider my origins, hold speech with that mouth which gives birth and takes life again in death. The rhythm of my spirit's breathing is like waves in the sea of time-space; I inhale the word, sharp with joy, and release it with the soft sound of the surf: IPSOS, in source, I find myself returning, rejoicing, free of the cave-like stones of the city which entombed me. In the silent egg of the shrouded stillpoint, cycles ended and echoes answered, the all-seeing goddess moves Not, and the dancing universe turns about the center's celebration.

The stars are living, and dying. The beautiful woman with ever-deepening eyes goes swiftly round the wheels of the times, and there are those who say she returneth Not. I see the bright birds climbing the sky, the Vulture and the Eagle, white Swan, black Raven and Hawk of gold. They have come to celebrate the death of the Phoenix, and to mourn her rebirth. They are warmed by the flames of the pyre, dancing to the music of change.

Below, in the field, the Dove lies forgotten and bleeding, and dark earth soaks up the heart's blood. The feathers are falling, like jewelled globes which orbit the shining sun. The source is the ending, and beyond this truth the path is Not known. When will mortal man know the freedom of the bird's flight on the winds, and who but She will speak the words of beginningless creation?"

- HaDeS$_{69}$

93/MAAT Feather Consecration

In the center:

AT THE STILLPOINT OF BALANCE,
IN THE JUDGEMENT-HALL OF SPIRIT,
I DEDICATE THIS SYMBOL OF THE ON-GOING TRUTH;
THIS FEATHER WHICH BEARS THE SKY-GODS IN MOTION.
BE IT COUNTERWEIGHT TO MY HEART, & QUILL-PEN OF THE SCRIBE.

Pass feather through incense:

MAY IT BEAR MY SPIRIT AS A HAWK ON THE WINDS,
UNTO THE HEIGHTS OF THE STORMY NIGHT-SKY
AND THE ARCHING BODY OF THE PURPLED SUNSET.
SPIRAL HIGHER IN AGELESS FLIGHT,
REVEAL THE PATTERN OF THE DANCE.

Pass feather quickly over fire:

BORN TO TOUCH THE FLAMING STARS,
THE PULSE OF LIFE WITHIN THE HEART
BEATS TO THE TURNING OF DAY AND YEAR.
THE HONEY-GOLD NECTAR OF EVOLVING SOLAR LIFE
BURNS WITHIN EACH DRAGON-WINGED SOUL.

Dip feather in water:

THE SEA-BIRD WHEELS IN SILENT HUNT
THEN FASTER THAN THE WAVE DESCENDS
BLACK DEATH RIDING HER CLAWS.
DEEP SHE DIVES AMONG OCEAN MYSTERIES,
TO SIEZE THE GOLD AND SILVER FISH.

Touch the feather to altar or earth:

BY ONE BREATH BEHIND THE MANY MASKS
BY THE UNFOLDING BALANCE OF BECOMING
I CHANNEL POWER THROUGH THIS SYMBOL
THE DOUBLE CURRENT OF VULTURE AND HAWK.
BEHOLD THE BRIGHT ONE, CHILD OF THE ENCIRCLING WINDS!

93 charging:

BY NU WHO CONCEALS HADIT,
  AND HAD THE SEED OF NU!
BY HORUS AND HARPOCRATES,
  WHO GO FORTH AND RETURN!
BY BABALON, PRIESTESS OF THE VOID
  WHO RIDES UPON THE SUN-CROWNED BEAST!
I CHARGE THEE WITH MAGICKS OF MAAT
SHE WHO WAS, IS NOT, AND SHALL BE
THE STILLPOINT OF BALANCE
THE FEATHER OF TRUTH, THE BLACK FLAME OF AETHYR.
WHO STANDS BETWEEN THE PATTERNED COLUMNS
WRAPPED IN THE TRIPLE VEIL OF THE BEYOND
GIVING THE SIGN OF THE MILLIONS-OF-YEARS.
SHAITAN-AIWAZ IS MINISTER OF AGES,
AND PAN PIPES THE MUSIC FOR THE DOUBLE-WANDED DANCER.
  CHTHONOS, CONJURE IT!
    YCHRONOS, CONJURE IT!
      ABRAHADABRA! IPSOS!

HaDeS- 69
7/12/78

HE WHO SITS IN SHADOW

The Quill is held by the Ape of Thoth who sees not the swirling lines he creates as they ripple outward and envelop All within the Mysteries of Point , Line and Plane.
The Beast knows this not, being veiled. His seven tongues are sealed with Amber Talismens and within each Talismen there is a Bee suspended. The Beast holds his Quill knowing not that it is the tip of the Serpents tail, the tail of the Dragon-Woman whose venom burns. But the Lady of the Feather dances and the breeze of her wings cools the forging fire.
The Beast, who is the Dog-headed Ape, scribbles blindly on writing with the Quil of Red what has been or what is to come but never what IS.

And the Goddess stands over Him, playing about Him and through Him as flames of Infinite Space and lunar shadows.
When the Scroll is complete and the surface of the water is again clear and calm, then will the Blackness engulf and consume the Beast. The Seven Seals will shatter, releasing seven Bees and the seven mouths of the Serpent will hiss and spit but ; All will soon consume itself, leaving ashes.
The Feather Woman will then dance elsewhere.

.IA.

- Aio-n, 131
Through Maat; 6/26/78

AN UNDERSTANDING

In a giant flame of black my myrid identities are blended into a travesty of line and form. The Actualization of certain truths are felt as emotions and sensed as smell and taste.
The body becomes a numb doll, a bestial shadow of the Chalice's contents. The rotting matter fumbles for clumsy words that explain not the core of revealed Truth.
The Ape and his Web of sigilized landscapes worships the Hadit/ Star that is my innermost Light. I dare not approach.
I worship alongside the Ape and as we merge I begin to scribe upon the paprus ; Aproximations, indications, heiroglyphs and ciphers of that of which the Dumb Beast cannot conceive.

-Aio-n; 131
7/4/78

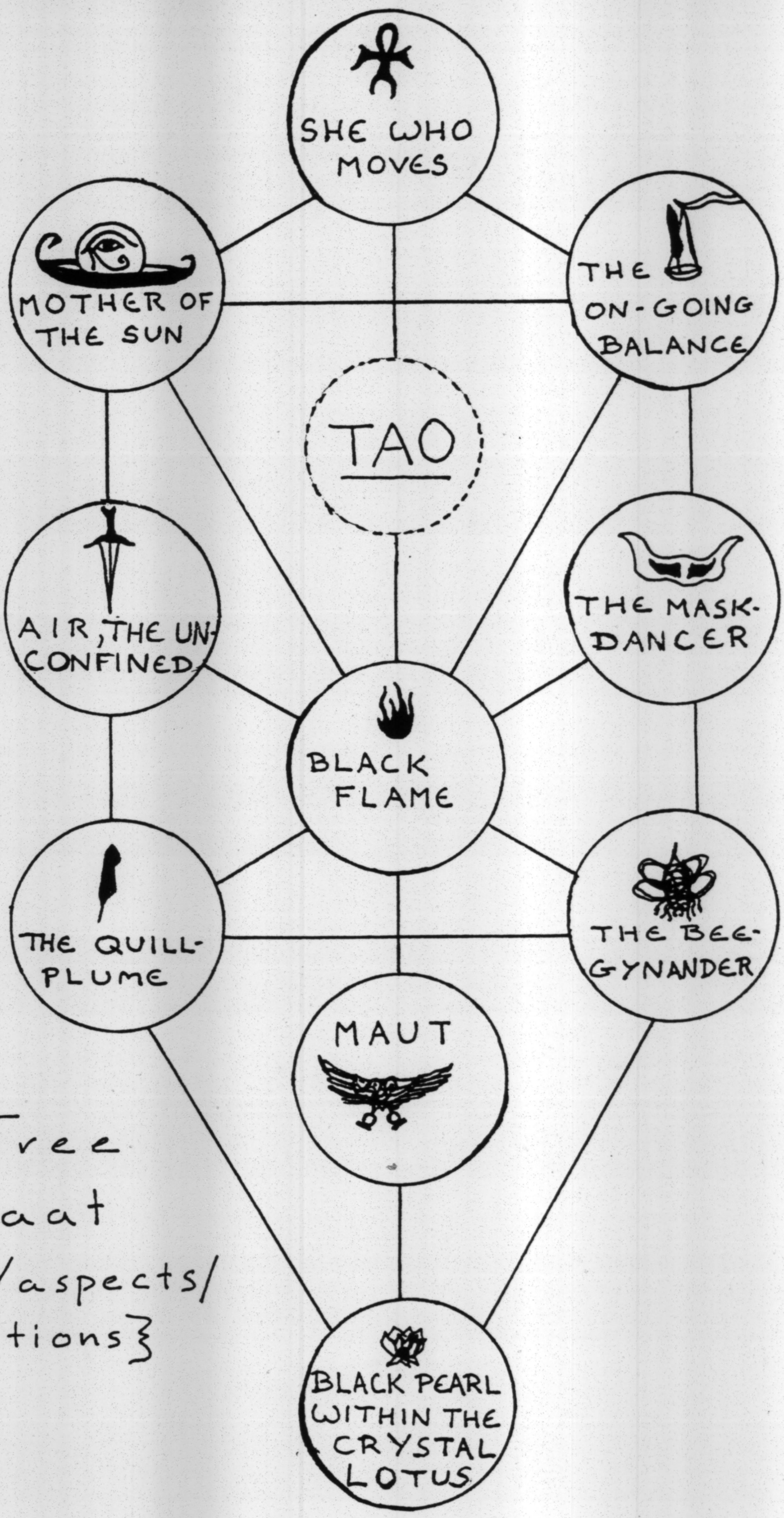
MAATI
IPSOS
the present is seen as a veil,
I part this and seek the future.
. . .Thou flew by me,
caught asleep, I -
quickly awoke from the spell.
Thou was much faster,
the pause was past.
Only the breeze from thy movement remained.
And the Feather thou left me is now a memory,
in this place that has again become the same.
Truth is the word of the Feather.





MAAT
Subtlety art thou
the music of the spheres.
Shimmering in thy dance
of alpha and omega.
Maat, thou art Isis veiled
whose vision shall be granted on the Day of be with us.
Thou art in all ways balanced,
grant equilibrium to thy worshipper.
I am young and foolish,
playing with thy scales.
Understanding sometimes, thy dance of beauty
in the justice of thy ways.

Khreb ent Ptah



The Tree
Of Maat
{titles/aspects/
functions}

REVIEWS

COSMIC TRIGGER : Final secrets of the Illuminati; And / Or Press

Those of us who have been wondering what the hell is going on here in the New Aeon will be relieved by Cosmic Trigger. Through a lively eclectic-occult autobiography by Mr. Wilson we learn the connections between the death of JFK, the number 23, Reich, Crowley, Leary, Sirius, Uri Geller , Zen and Grant just to mention a few. This in itself is amazing but the true zenith of the book ,I feel, is the account of the author's attainment of his Holy Guardian Angel with a tape recorder, a calender and a tab of good acid. Everyone here has read it and all enjoyed it. Its nice to see it now in paperback, Thelema for the masses. Also by Mr. Wilson are;

ILLUMINATUS! ;

THE EYE IN THE TRIANGLE, THE GOLDEN APPLE,& LEVIATHAN; Dell paperbacks

Cosmic Trigger is almost a 'true facts' epilogue to this trilogy. The 'story' is continuous and is a mystery/ Sci Fi / Horror tale with Mysticism and 'stars of the silver screen' thrown in. The plot involves the history of mankind as a war between two cults; the Erisians who worship chaos and the (hehehe) Illuminati who worship, guess what?, order. The plot runs back and forth through the Aeons and from character to character. Of course both cults are the A.·.A.·., but now Im giving too much away. The books are long ,involved, and complex but infinitely entertaining. Crowley would have dug them.

- 131

NECRONOMICON

by the mad arab, Abdul Alhazred
originally entitled Al Azif

...was written circa A.D. 730 at Damascus by Abdul Alhazred, "a mad poet of Sana, in Yemen, who is said to have flourished during the period of the Ommiade Caliphs."

Thereafter, its history was as follows;

"Translated into Greek as the Necronomicon, A.D. 950 by Theodorus Philetas.
"Burnt by Patriarch Michael A.D. 1050 (i.e. Greek text... Arabic text now lost).
"Olaus Wormius translates Greek into Latin, A.D. 1228.
"Latin and Greek editions suppressed by Pope Gregory IX, A.D. 1232.
"Black letter edition, Germany - 1440?
"Greek text printed in Italy - 1500-1550.
"Spanish translation of Latin text - 1600?"

...and ironically left (intentionally, who knows?) in a occult shop in Brooklyn Heights, New York. By a nameless monk who said,"it is the original" and who it is alleged has since disappeared.

Yes this is now in print, in all its eldritch horror and is following nicely along with The Call of Cthulhu. Which was published in something called the Satanic Bible,and the paperback edition of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage.

It contains many Babylonian and Sumerian texts, some material on H.P. Lovecraft,and also a comparative chart of Crowley and Lovecraft pantheons to Sumer.
Available from the Magickal Childe 35 west 19th street, New York, New York.

Olaus Wormius

In the names Shaitan-Aiwass / Maat
Greetings, and Happy Harvest Home
AN LXXIV Sol in Libra
New York

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