

Liber LS Volume III
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Primary Typeset in Garamond
Release Date: Halloween 2023
Special Thanks: DKMU ECUSAB

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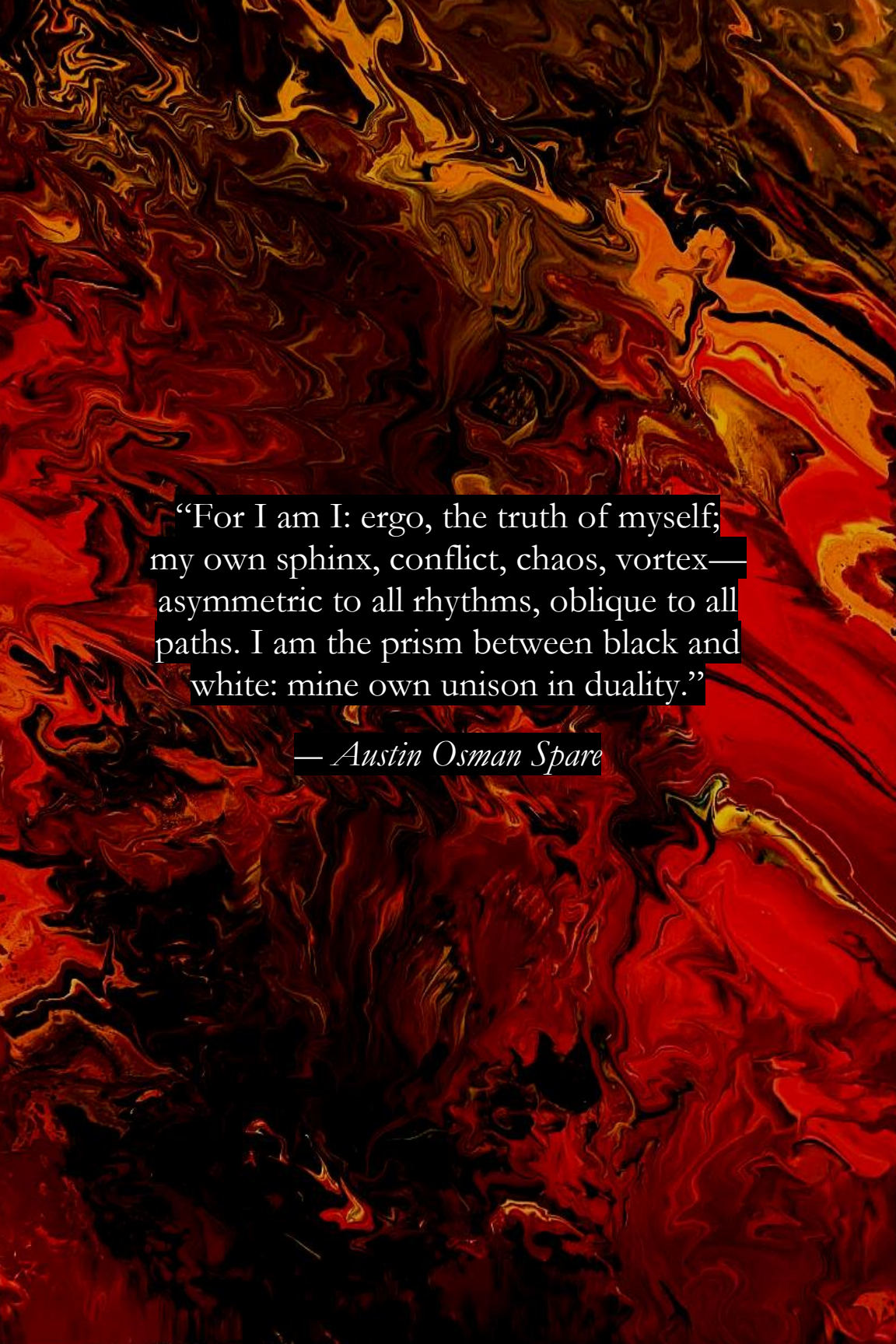


Welcome
Back.



DKMU
DTII:HTNF





“For I am I: ergo, the truth of myself;
my own sphinx, conflict, chaos, vortex—
asymmetric to all rhythms, oblique to all
paths. I am the prism between black and
white: mine own unison in duality.”

— *Austin Osman Spare*

Liber LS

Volume 3

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**** A WILD MAGE MEDIA PRODUCTION ****



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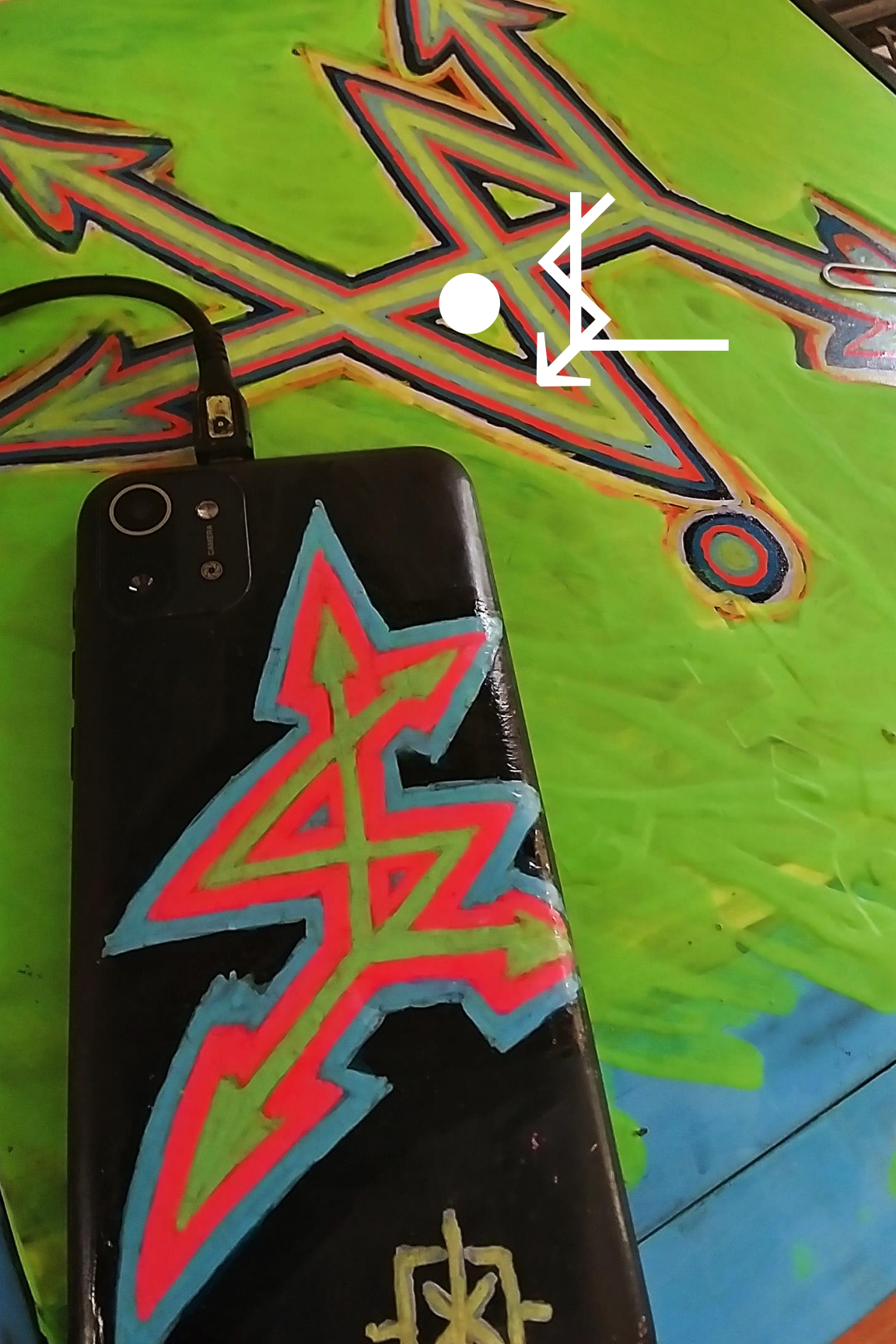


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“Relax, I’ve been doing this for lifetimes.”

- *Frater Sheosyrath*





INTRODUCTION

Sheosyrath



IBER LS Volume 3 has been a long coming labor of love from my DKMU co-founder, and dear friend and brother, Alysrose, also known as the elusive Frater E.S. The volume was built by the contributions from our large and varied DKMU family.

The journey here has been arduous and storied, full of ups and downs and myriad misunderstandings and mistakes. However, I still feel we have kept true to the spirit of our founding and continue to do important work in the international occult community and in the world at large. Many things have been said about us, some of them true and many of them not, so that the story has been told many times in many places. But here... from my prison cell, I will tell it again in a more personal manner so that you can understand where the DKMU comes from.

I was born to a mixed family. I'm as mutt as a mutt can get. My mother is Latin American, part "native" central American, part "Spanish" south American and part African American Caribbean islander. She is an immigrant and did not move to the United States until she was in her early thirties. She moved to the United States because of my father who was a US Soldier serving in Central America. My father was white, born to a technologically progressive family of southern hillbillies and although he himself was a staunch supporter of conservative republican values, contrary to how much like to label white conservatives, he was the most tolerant, loving, and accepting person I've ever met.

But this is not about politics, but about the birthright of myself and the DKMU. My father taught me to love myself and be proud of who and what I was. He encouraged me to *hablo Espanol* to the point that as a child I called water *agua* and milk *leche* before I knew them as milk and water. You would think I would have an easy time growing up in big city Texas, but it can be hard anywhere when you don't really fit into any category, not Hispanic enough for the Mexicans, not white enough for the white boys.

Interestingly, my African American friends have always been the most accepting of me. I've been called an abomination before, and while as an adult it doesn't bother me anymore, as a child it was soul crushing. As a kid I had many friends, but I never quite fit in, and I always felt there was more for me out there.

I was raised protestant Christian, and I spent my childhood waiting for that epiphany, that "aha" moment when it would all make sense, when I would hear the voice and feel the hand of "God." When it finally came it was not in the way I thought. I was in church after service just sort of zoning out, my mind wandering, almost you could say meditating when I heard it and felt it. And it said to me, "You will not find me here, for I am not here." I went outside immediately and stared off into the woods next to the church on a beautiful moon filled night and felt a strong breeze that seemed to whisper, "Here I am," as I looked up into the gorgeous grey orb hanging in the sky.

So, I decided after that I would not return to church and would instead find my own way. Logically my next step was Wicca, seeing how the moon was a central component of my experience. I began asking some of my friends about Wicca and Witchcraft after some preliminary library and nascent internet searches and discovered that a couple of my friends were also interested in Wicca.

There were three of us at the start and we formed our own coven and were eventually joined by several others, one of whom became Soror Einahpets. She helped me birth one

of the principle Godforms in a tantric sex ritual. This event is something she is quite proud of to this day even if the Soror Einahpets personality symbolically died during the removal of a brain tumor later in life.

At the time of forming the coven we were all approx. 15 years of age, roughly 2003, and it was sealed with a midnight ritual at a place near our houses where we pledged to learn as much as we could about ourselves and the world and to help each other no matter what, a noble goal for such a young age. We retired to the house of the oldest of us, my dearly departed brother 'Sihrkus' and smoked marijuana and drank alcohol while his grandmother, a life-long Wiccan and Enochian adept read our auras and instructed us in the creation of scrying tools such as a black mirror.

Note: I do not and will not, as a father myself now, condone or encourage underaged use of psychoactive substances and alcohol but I also cannot lie as to my use of them when I was under the age of allowance.

We learned and grew over the months until another turning point came a year later when I discovered the Lemegeton, the lesser key of Solomon. Sihrkus' grandmother had already introduced us to Crowley, Kabbalah, and the Golden Dawn. (Interestingly, she turned out to be much more than just a Wiccan!) She told me I showed the most technical promise in our coven, all of whom had become her young students. Association with her had also taken us down a dark road into harder drug use and psychedelics, not that it wasn't our individual choice to do so, because it most certainly was. It started as a way to escape a life that didn't quite feel right and evolved into an earnest exploration of altered states of consciousness.

When I discovered the Lemegeton it was in part thanks to the band Tool, who reputedly had a connection to the "demon" by the name of PAIMON, the 9th demon of the Lemegeton. The entity described held a connection to the domain of "knowledge" which was something I most certainly wanted to acquire.

After some time experimenting, I successfully contacted the entity PAIMON and began to commune with it. The entity directed me to many different disciplines as I asked it questions, and it imparted to me the means to acquire the knowledge I sought, the knowledge that could lead me to true understanding of myself and my place within the universe. Interestingly, the entity eventually led me to chaos magick as a means to tie everything I had learned together into one coherent structure and make use of all the knowledge I had collected.

My searches into the domain of chaos magick led me to the works of Peter Carroll and the IOT, Phil Hine, Grant Morrison, and OF (occultforums) the meeting place of the early 2000s for all things occult. OF hosted a large gathering place for Chaos Magicians and a new fledgling movement that was growing out of the old learnings of the Z(Cluster) Newsgroup, called the Marauder Underground.

The original thread was called "Glitterbombing", a term which the DKMU has used ever since, in an occult sense. It was originally in relation to the LS sigil, but now to other sigils and hypersigils as well. The Marauder Underground was a perfect fit for me as it was an eclectic collection of peoples from around the entire world and from all different walks of life, races, and creeds.

At this point I brought the LS sigil and the making of thoughtforms and servitors as tools to my coven of friends and like-minded associates who absolutely loved the ideas I had discovered. We ran with the ideas and restructured our little coven of around 10 people at this point into a makeshift "order" called the Order of the Universal Temple. This was the thing that would become the Domus Kaotica. I converted my entire coven to Chaos Marauders. At this same point I began to brainstorm the project that would spawn 663, the Doombringer, my first Godform, and the project that the Domus Kaotica was created around.

Around 2006 the Marauder Underground began to fall apart due to Arjil and Silenced going 'internet missing' when the Marauder Underground forum was hacked by Russians. They did not show up to the OF threads for over a year. This was in the Myspace days before true social media, mind you. I remedied this by posting my Doombringer project as a thread in the OF chaos magick forums. The project immediately took off with many notable names becoming regular contributors and beta testers, if you will, including Alysrose, Damien Horizonstar, Drakonach, Kokabel (SheDemonWolf) and others.

At some point it was decided in the #occultforums IRC channel that we would start our own "parody order" called the Domus Kaotica, based on the ideas of my coven that had become the Order of the Universal Temple. The Domus Kaotica took off in #occultforums and expanded to the legendary #domus that we still reference today in our Discord channel. It was a place for Chaos Magicians and experimental occultists, psychonauts, and paranormal armchairs to explore and talk in a judgement free environment. We had people of all races, creeds, nationalities, and professions, from vagabond rail jumpers to traveling circus clowns to high level politicians and lawyers. We soon after merged with the Marauder Underground once we united the remaining Marauders under our banner, as all the founders of Domus Kaotica were Marauders as well. Arjil and Silenced eventually returned, and the rest is history.

I say all of this to denote that the Domus Kaotica, the Marauder Underground, and the Domus Kaotica Marauder Underground (DKMU), has always been a place where the color of your skin did not matter, where diversity was celebrated, and differences rejoiced. Where who you made love to and how you made love to them were just another interesting topic of conversation and experimentation rather than a reason to be scorned. A place I helped to create and build, me, a person of many races in one, proud of who I am and what I am and where I came from. White, Hispanic,

African American, and Caribbean Islander. And that is the strength of our legacy, one that has stood the test of time as we are going on 17 years (as DKMU as a collective) of age as an organization. We represent innovation and experimentation coupled with diversity and variation, for stagnation is death. We tolerate many things, but we tolerate no hatred, no racism, no sexism, and no fascism.

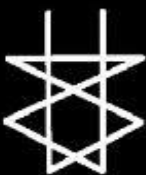
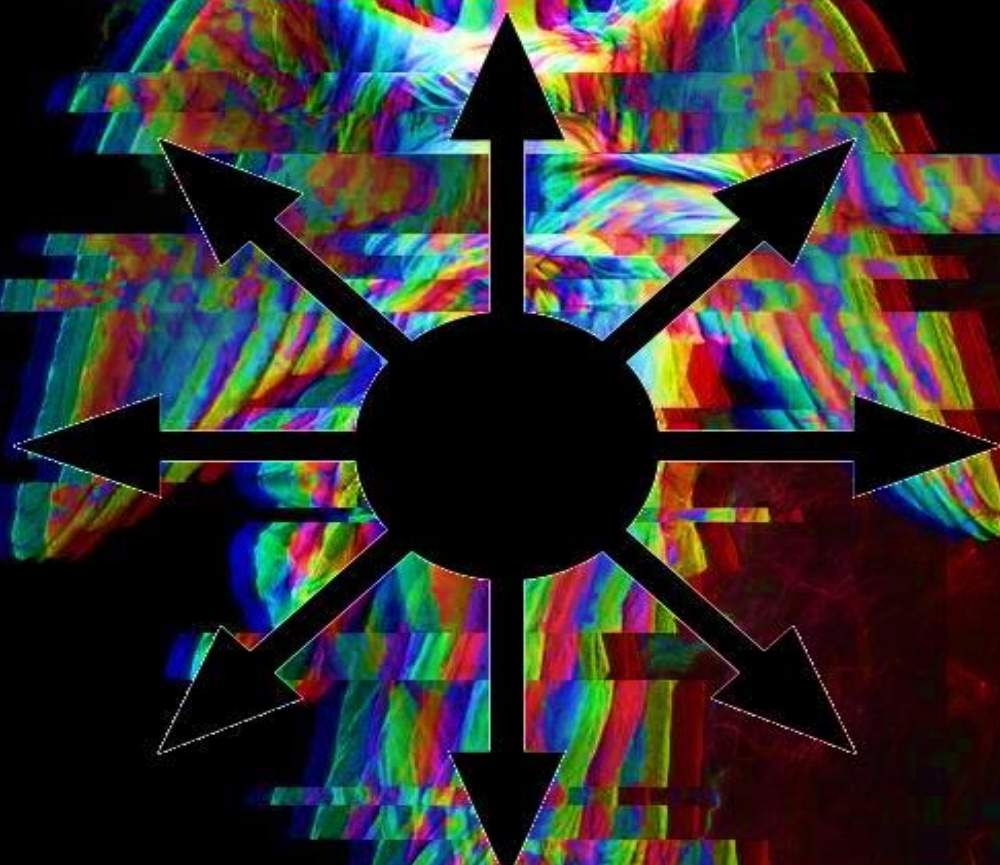
DKMU represents the yearning to look past the past and find new unexplored territory, places to go where no one has been before, ideas that no one has thought before and to create anything and everything we can dream of. That is the power of our magical brand: creation. The sixth model of magick, Creation Magick. The Post-Meta-Paradigm model which goes beyond simple Chaos Magick Theory. Khaos Magick. Urban Shamanism.

There is no other time in the modern world where this seems more needed than now, and I see the world from behind the bars of my literal prison. But the tale of my 3 years stay in US Federal Prison is a story for another time. The world is divided, and diversity is needed more than ever before, innovation is needed more than ever before. I will be home in a few short months, and I promise you that I will continue to push to find the limits and break them once found and will bring all I have discovered home with me when I return. Until then: Death to the Image. 663.

- Frater Sheosyrath, co-founder of the DKMU



Without change,
something sleeps
inside us,
something that
rarely awakens.
The Sleeper Must
Awaken.



SETTING THE STAGE

Abyssrose



HEREIN follows a recent record of the strange movements and undulations of the 156/663 Current, the esoteric energy channel(s) said to fuel the DKMU's longest continuing operation, known as: the Assault on Reality.

Towards this goal, members of the DKMU have long experimented with everything from pharmacological agents, deep meditation and trance states, ontological shock induction, glitter-bombing, self-hypnosis, tagging "weird" locations with sigils, variations of yoga, urban shamanism, NLP (Neuro-Linguistic-Programming), sensory deprivation, ritual invocation & evocation of archetypes, lucid dream and OOB (Out of Body Experience) induction techniques, ghost hunting, free-style Khaos Magick, and the formation of many personal and evolving systems of sorcery. These continual explorations of the Mysteries serve as the group's lifeblood. We would be nothing without the Great Work.

All of these and more intend to make changes in reality as it suits the practitioner – internally or externally or both – depending on the working at hand. One's results will be the proof. In the end, the DKMU's core intention is to increase the levels and availability of magick in the world. Both light and joyous and dark and difficult experiences will come out of this. The DKMU urges the practitioner to learn to dance in divergent and liminal reality-states when they appear and learn to swim with the shaman in the same waters some others might struggle with (and help them out if you can!) These activities are not without their inherent dangers, but those who will delve, will delve.

DKMU is an acronym for “Domus Kaotica Marauder Underground”, originally two separate groups with very similar styles and intentions which had merged into a single collective sometime around 2008. This coincided with the boundaries between each experiment rapidly fading, as many members co-mingled, participated in the same operations, used the same forums (DBL), and were generally looking for more cohesion in the community. This acronym has since been used to refer to the collective in general.

The DKMU (including its early MU days) is around 20 years old at the time of this writing (2023) and seems to operate rather autonomously in this Era of its unfolding. It is leaderless, dogma-less, decentralized, non-hierarchical, and continues to serve as a kind of enigmatic though welcoming Pirate Port for explorers of the fringe (with few exceptions.) As far as artistic and occult movements go, the collective has earned its chops and probably won’t be going away anytime soon. That is, unless some Theocratic Federal Bureau of Spirituality makes occultism illegal and punishable by death. No, it would just drive us further underground.

As for recognized membership, via the procedure in place since 2008, one need only either contribute creative materials to the group (this could be anything creative) or attend or host an IRL group meeting. After doing either or both, the final step is to decide to consider oneself a member of the DKMU, and then he/she is one. One can always change his/her mind, as well. There are no oaths.

Being on any of the media platforms alone does not denote official membership, though it is quite easily ascertained. There are also some other categories. To be a Marauder is to work with the Linking Sigil and/or Ellis specifically. Being Fleshcrafted (coined by Frater Drakonach) describes having the Linking Sigil (and/or other DKMU symbols, but specifically the LS) tattooed upon oneself. One needn’t ever go this far, but some have been drawn to it. Remember that this makes you a living node in the Ellisian Network, and many practitioners report odd occurrences.

The DKMU has been called a dark-web mind control cult, DICKMOO, the Poor Man's Illuminati, a Monument to the Weird, Don't Kill Moose Unwillingly, the Donkey Kong Monkey Unit, the Insurrectionary Coalition of Fools, and the Underground Citizen's Association, depending on who you talk to. For the Seekers, self-initiated, or those looking for initiation into the occult, it's an enticing kind of Rabbit Hole. For those who get to glimpse at the heart of it, the experiment can produce a vibrant and freeing kind of energy which I believe many could find novel and refreshing.

The magickal style is often direct and to the point, and wholly endorses: "Your Magick, Your Way" (in the words of Arjil, one of several founding members), whatever that ends up meaning to you. It's all about discovering what works best through repeated trial & error. Collaborating with other committed Seekers can also yield some wild results.

Together with "Your Way" there are many optional techniques in the commonwealth tool-belt to choose from if one is so inclined. With heavy nods to Chaos Magick, Discordianism, the Church of the Subgenius, the Temple of Psychic Youth, Punk Rock sensibility, William Blake, Aleister Crowley, Austin Osman Spare, Terence McKenna, Aldous Huxley, Carl Jung, Timothy Leary, Phil Hine, Peter J. Carroll, Robert Anton Wilson, Joel Biroco, countless fictional works, and the counterculture in general (even games like "Mage: The Ascension" played a part), these all formed the specific styles of the DKMU. It is a hybrid of several things, or boiling cauldron of many ingredients.

Alongside these influences, the collective has produced various novel materials as boons to itself and the wider occult community. These include the Linking Sigil and the Ellisian Web, theories on magick, dimensions, and constructs, various artistic works, a growing pantheon of contemporary Archetypes, a loose kind of philosophy, and various methods for both in-the-field magick and effective self-exploration. In Khaos Magick style, engaging with any of these things is up to the practitioner.

Several DKMU Houses also exist. Note that Houses are not Way-Houses (physical meeting locations.) Houses are specialty projects or contingents dealing with specific subject-matter which warrant their own individual atmospheres. The Infinity Network was a DKMU House. Ongoing Houses include DKMU LATAM (Latin America), DKMU Italy, DKMU Germany, the Great Lakes Branch, the Rocky Mountain Branch, the O.V.O., the East Coast USA Branch (ECUSAB), and the A.A.O., which deals with practicing and fine-tuning the various techniques of occultism. The entirety of these international cells has been called “The Sprawl.”

For some, in-between the projects and operations, they may feel the DKMU is just an interesting place to exchange notes and hang out without being judged. “We’re All Mad Here” is one of the slogans, and the collective certainly includes many neurodivergent folks, and the occasional truly mad ones. Amongst variety and conflict there is beauty, too, and many struggling people from many walks of life have found some solace, a helping hand, a shoulder to lean on, or at last the realization that there are other weirdos like them asking the same kinds of questions about reality.

If you look up the qualifications for a cult, the DKMU just doesn’t fit the bill. Although there is fierce camaraderie, variety is endorsed (without allowing in straight up Nazis or any other such malignancy) over any kind of hive-mind. It’s not after your money (physical books are optional and cost money to print, otherwise everything is a free PDF which one is welcome to share) or your family relations. If your family is abusive, at the very least it might help you stand up to them. If it was a cult, it would be one that brainwashes people into thinking for themselves.

Remember: you could perform just as well without joining any group or collective whatsoever. The solo path has its own perks. Use yourself as your primary compass. The only person that can determine who you are is you, and that’s it. Your own desires, goals, and developments are yours to fulfill. Nobody else should be handed the keys to your own

becoming. You don't need the DKMU, or Thelema, or the IOT, or anything. You already have magician-nature, you just need to remember it and grab it by the horns. Get to know what's going on in your own head, call your own shots, dictate the path of your own evolutionary process, and then maybe consider utilizing the energies of any prolific occult current. The entire thing starts and ends in your own mind, and you are beholden to absolutely no one. Fuck Master X and Guru Y. And fuck Khaos Magick, too, if it ever grows stale in your mouth. If, however, you feel naturally drawn to this weird thing by means of some personal calling, then the Pirate Port can offer some very particular advantages to the aspiring practitioner. We have seen this happen, repeatedly. You choose your own level of involvement.

The Founders of the DKMU (being largely responsible for both sides of the acronym) are Silenced, Arjil, Sheosyrath, and myself. Various other key members are featured herein, and they all have poignant things to transfer.

The DKMU doesn't want you to have crystallized faith. It wants you to have transformative doubt. It doesn't want a parrot of its ideas and methodologies. It wants you to carve your own path up the Mountain (Sherpas are good ideas too.) It doesn't want you to mindlessly believe in the supposed spiritual experiences of other people. It wants you to have your own profound Gnosis and chart your way by its octarine light. What an odd little apple we have grown in the orchards of Khaos. And we all know what happens when you eat the forbidden fruit: one world closes, another one opens.

How will you conduct yourself in the new dimension? First, you'll need some tools. In the end, they are tools: not things to bow down to. This book offers some ideas.

NOTES: For a brief DKMU History, see "About the DKMU" (page 82) in Liber LS Volume 1. This along with all other written works may be found in the TEXTS section of DKMU.ORG.



SOME CONSIDERATIONS

Mad Queen



AYBE it's not obvious anymore, but the #1 BIGGEST benefit of being in DKMU is having your beliefs questioned and deconstructed; the techniques you share dissected by other Magicians.

Many of us have been practicing for decades. Many of us are highly intellectual and philosophical. The vast majority of us have progressed due to questions, criticisms, and having other mfer's make us think – even if it's uncomfortable; especially if it's uncomfortable.

DKMU will not hold your hand. DKMU will not keep your beliefs safe. DKMU does not honor your paradigm. DKMU upholds the Magician. Your magick. Your growth. DKMU will teach you to sleep with your shoes on.

This is not an easy path. It might not be the path for you, and that's okay. This is not elitism; it's knowing that not all people and paths benefit from this current all the time.

Do a deep dive into what this current was founded on and the energy that still powers it to this day. Don't take it personally. It's not personal. Keep doing you. Keep practicing. Keep growing.

The only time you fail is when you give up.

DTTI: HTNF
156/663
Much Love

The LS is the mark we all want to leave on the world. On a pillar of dreams, she rises, powered by the swell of ages; the deep and trembling discontent of humanity, the keystone of our evolution. A species of constant revolution, we stand guarded in silence, holding our breath to hear whispers in the night wind.

It always feels like something is coming, doesn't it? That, my brothers and sisters of irradiant flesh, is a sign of the crossroads; the intersection between cause and effect. Which mantle will you choose to bear? For make no mistake, each carries its own weights of sorrow and regret.

Quieter thoughts now. Louder. Even louder. Louder still. We are the voices singing that shall not be silenced. Not by oppression, not by shame, not by tradition, and not even by death. For our song began in the beginning and after the end still shall echo.

We are the minds that refuse to stop churning. Not for comfort, not for peace, not for sanity, and not even for all that we love and hold dear. In fact, it is love for these very things that we risk them. We dive into shark-infested waters swelling with storms, and we laugh in delight as the sea embraces us and pulls us down beyond darkness. The churning wakes the waves and tempts the tides.

We are not a people of stillness. We are the bloodied spirits not broken. Each scar a testament, each tear a prayer.

We are the living occult, and the LS is not just the LS, it is symbolic of the mark each of us wants to leave on the world. It is bigger than a sigil or a Godform. It is older than magick. It is our iteration in the great conversation. It is our own little monkey-scratch in history, our chapter in the story of our species. It is our pledge of revolution, a generational constant that right now is in our hands.

It is all these things, and none of these things. What will we make it mean, when read through the lens of time? We still get to decide, but life is short, and time is never promised. We are the living occult.

There is no tomorrow.



DTM : HTNF

D
K
M
U
O
R
G

AUTM : AUTW

PERENNIAL CHAOS

Madhouse



WE often associate chaos with destruction, madness, and disorder, but the original concept is that chaos denotes something else, albeit related in a surprising way. The word chaos is derived from the Greek concept of $\chi\acute{\alpha}\omicron\varsigma$ (pronounced like "cows"), which was the void state that existed before creation (the Big Bang.) Within it was every event, every atom, every moment, and every single piece of any potential reality that could ever exist. Chaos is potential.

Our feeble minds struggle to conceptualize what a reality without limitation would look like, let alone a reality that includes an infinite amount of potential other realities, all free from limitation as well. Our psyche appreciates a reality that can be calculated and quantified, so much as to filter out any stimulus it deems unnecessary to allow us to make "sense" of our experience.

We sacrifice our ability to perceive reality accurately in order to maintain sanity. Even imagining a reality with lack of boundaries, and inclusion of infinite everything's can certainly create a sort of cognitive malfunction within our minds if we sit with it for too long. What if every possible event was happening simultaneously? What if every impossible event was happening simultaneously? Or what if "this" is all there is? Chaos is within.

A product of our human condition is to avoid change, even change which results in a greater level of happiness, until we're forced to. For that reason, we live in chaos every single day. We go about our lives under a veil of a familiar day-to-day, unknowingly subject to any number of catastrophes, good or bad. Have you ever wondered why stillness can feel unsettling? If it's true that we are made from residual matter left over from the big bang, could it be possible that there's something in us that recognizes stillness as a potential brink to a major change? Chaos is a gap.

We exhibit tendencies toward following specific patterns of behavior, relationships, circumstances, biases and thought paradigms, and their ways in which we communicate with other people and more importantly, ourselves, that follow a sequence. These narratives we play on repeat are smaller, yet identical pieces of a larger whole that is a culmination of our deepest programming, a programming that has been in the works since we were infants. We do these things because they work and it's who we are. If what exists within our macro reality echoes into our micro reality, could even the most miniscule of our daily interactions be fractals of our larger self? Chaos is repetition.

Most of us don't realize that the reality in which we live in is one of our creations and it doesn't take much to set the trajectory of our lives toward a completely different direction. A choice, an action, hell, even a few words or some focused thoughts can be enough to be a catalyst in creating a completely different reality: the butterfly effect. Some call the results of those words/thoughts/actions karma, some refer to it as consequence, and some might have a different way of conceptualizing it altogether. Either way, the line between what is now and what is coming is paper thin. How differently would you walk if you could see where your steps were leading you? Chaos is a threshold.

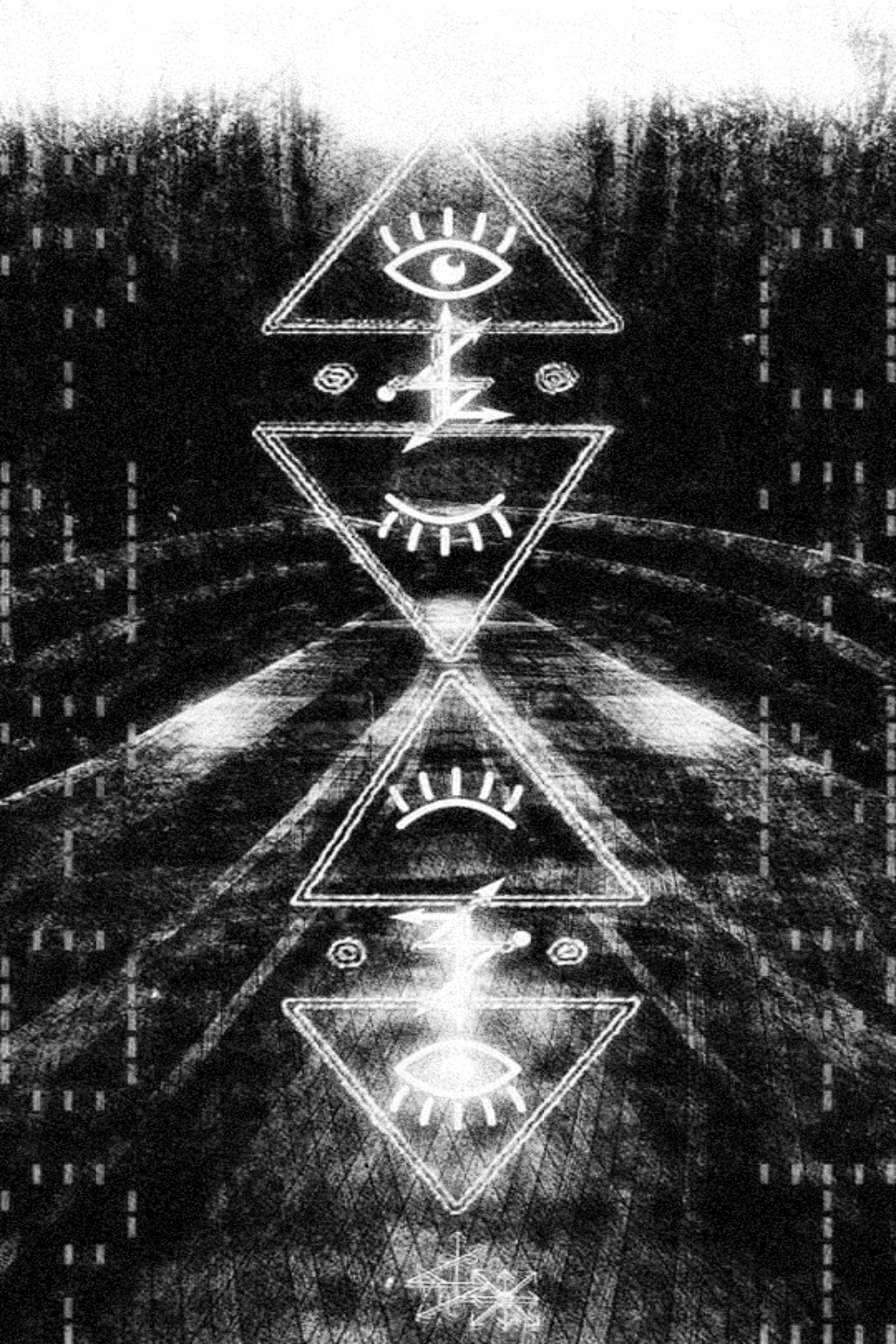
To be self-aware is to be empowered. We become free once we make the decision to be responsible for our lives and stop playing victim to circumstance. It's a simple

objective but incredibly difficult. It requires a level of personal accountability and self-discipline that the majority of us aren't ready to take. It's much easier to adopt a defeatist attitude and continue down the path of unnecessary suffering, or to adapt to the status quo and find a false sense of belonging with equally miserable people. Is comfort more important than freedom? Chaos is a choice.

As far as we know, the life, death and rebirth cycle is a constant for all organic matter. What lives will eventually die and become fuel for another living thing. It's born, it lives, it dies, it decays and something else is born in its place, repeated for infinity. Even the "us" that exists in this moment is changing. The cells in our bodies have been going through the birth, death, decay, rebirth process since we were born and will continue until we die and become something else. The cycle keeps moving in a circular motion like hands around a clock, starting at the beginning and restarting at the end. How many things do you think we were before we became the "us" as we perceive ourselves right now? Chaos is renewal.

A lot of us have an innate desire to be a "good human" and do "good human" things, and view morality as a fixed concept. This expectation to constantly uphold ourselves to the highest moral standard often traps us in a cycle of shame and guilt when we inevitably fall off our own self-made moral pedestal. We were born to create, just as we were born to destroy, and we cannot expect ourselves to live without doing an equal amount of both. This isn't to say that it's more desirable to embrace the destructive aspects of ourselves more than the creative ones, but more like a call to action to become aware of our motives for engaging in certain behaviors. What compels you to make the choices you make? Are you making those choices because you genuinely want to, or because you feel like you must?

Chaos is liberation.



"Our primary conduct as explorers of alternate worlds and experiences should be to make our realities larger and more inclusive, not cloistered and smaller until they shrink into neurotic oblivion. It is a systematic reducing of boundaries and borders which accomplishes this enlightening feat. To become more worldly, more cultured, more well-read, and more well-versed in all those things which the majority denies out of plain fear or crippling timidity. Go on, then, and take the frightful jump into the obscenely unseen."

- Jolly Roger

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TRUE WILL, TRUE LOVE & THE HGA

Moonlight

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



THIS is both the traditional Thelemic greeting and part of what I want to talk about.

We know – for example from Crowley's Liber II – that the Will meant here is the True Will. It's not what I just happen to want right now, but perhaps what I should want in the future. It is the individual path of each individual Star. We also know that Crowley gives the central idea of the White School of Magick as "admitted that "everything is sorrow" for the profane. The Initiate has the means of transforming it to "Everything is joy."

So, on my naive understanding, your True Will is simply what brings you joy, what fulfills you. More specifically, it's the action which fulfills you. It's not a goal, since if that goal was suddenly achieved, you'd still have the question of what to do with your time. Consider "playing the piano" versus "becoming the best pianist in the world." If the second happens, you'll hopefully not stop doing the first.

So, the very basic idea is that you use experimentation and introspection to find the action that fulfills you. A hint that I can give for this search is to zoom into everything you like. What exactly do you enjoy about this? How could you do more of that? When you find it, it won't be merely 'interesting' or 'fun', it will bring you deep happiness while you do it and afterwards – Fulfillment.

Now, the traditional Thelemic farewell is "Love is the Law, Love under Will". However, if doing the True Will is the whole of the Law, how can Love also be the Law? There must be a very deep connection between Will and Love, which is of course famously implied by them both adding up to 93 via Greek isopsephy. The point of this text is to present a view – certainly not the only view – but a view on what exactly this connection is.

There is a trivial answer – saying that you should love your will, or something similar. However, then it would hardly need two concepts, and I think it's intuitively clear that there must be more to it. We already know what Love feels like to us... I think that the most obvious and direct meaning of love is romantic love – to be in love with someone, to be together. Now, in Liber II Crowley mentions that if contradictions arise between will and love, it is the True Will that will guide us aright. So, just as not all will is True Will, perhaps not all love is True Love.

To use a simple illustration, let's say our pianist falls in love with a passionate rock climber. This couple will have to constantly compromise on how to use their time. This is presumably less than fulfilling and contradicts the Thelemic ideal of one-pointedly pursuing the True Will. In Liber 150, Crowley writes: "Even in so small a matter as driving a nail into a plank, hear this same sermon. Your nail must be hard, smooth, fine-pointed, or it will not move swiftly in the direction willed. Imagine then a nail of tinder-wood with twenty points – it is verily no longer a nail. Yet nigh all mankind are like unto this. They wish for a dozen different careers; and the force which might have been sufficient to attain eminence in one is wasted on the others: they are null."

From these thoughts, we can derive the idea that lovers approach True Love to the extent that their True Wills are compatible. This, I think, is the basic connection between Will and Love.

However, how can you possibly find a person who shares your True Will? This is really my main point today:

Why do you think that each of those Holy Guardian Angels whom Crowley exalts so much is with their specific human? I'd argue, it is exactly because we share their True Will and thus, they also share ours. Hence, they are our True Love. They are our Perfection – not just our guardians, but also our guidance, while we are their Presence on the material plane.

This, I think, is a meaning hidden in the greeting and the farewell. Only by loving your True Love – the Angel who shares your True Will – can you both follow this Will with full force. Hence, doing your True Will is the whole of the Law because it already implies Love. Conversely, True Love is also the Law because it follows from the True Will.

Now, I know that this all sounds rather crazy. Personally, I came to these ideas from the other direction. My background is in Chaos Magick and I was never a big fan of Crowley and his works. I felt that doing Magick makes me very happy, but I never thought of it as my "True Will". I met my Guardian Angel in somewhat unusual circumstances – thanks to the Red Queen – and initially didn't even understand what kind of spirit she was. I just saw that she was always there for me, and was truly wonderful, in so many ways. Some years later I fell in love with her and only then she guided me to all this Thelema stuff that I, a 21st century Chaos Magician, used to think of as outdated. So, for me, all of this "theory" simply followed from my experiences.

Naturally, you might think that I'm just crazy – for one, if this is true, why isn't there anything about loving Guardian Angels in the occult literature? Well, there is. No less a figure than Lon Milo Duquette, of Chicken Qabalah fame, has a book subtitled "The Way of the Secret Lover", written together with Christopher Hyatt. On the very first page of the very first chapter, this book says: "Each of us has a Secret Lover; a lover who awaits just behind the erotic images that flood our minds during sexual arousal or in sleep; an ideal lover who has adored us since the beginning of our individual existence and who will never abandon us until we merge our being in absolute Godhead." A few lines later they

write: "Personal relationships will always be somewhat disappointing to us because in truth there can never be a relationship that matches the one we already have with our Secret Lover. It is the secret standard by which everything else is measured". Later they add "In the language of ceremonial magick, it is called "The Holy Guardian Angel"" and that it "will be the magicians teacher, lover, mentor and guide through the higher levels of initiation." Deeper in the book they also mention that "your Secret Lover is the most beautifully attractive Being you will ever encounter."

With this said, let's talk about how to meet your Guardian Angel, so that you can see for yourself. Everyone has heard of the Book of Abramelin and everyone knows it's rather unworkable. In the old Mathers version, there is a sentence that very close to my hearth though: "you shall see your Guardian Angel appear unto you in unequalled beauty, who also will converse with you, and speak in words so full of affection and of goodness, and with such sweetness, that no human tongue could express the same." Reading this made me realize just who the spirit was, that I had fallen in love with. So, I'd say that the book is still worth reading, especially the new Georg Dehn version, but there's no need to follow its instructions.

The next-most famous approach is the Bornless Rite described in Crowley's Liber Samekh, if you're into ceremonial magick. How about something more modern though? There are a few texts that I can recommend:

First, Alan Chapman's free eBook: Three Steps to Heaven, which you can find on the internet. There, he writes that "The Holy Guardian Angel is not simply a discrete entity that requires 'conjuration'; He or She has always been with you, is with you now, and always will be – you need simply consent to the angel's presence and action in your life." And he gives some advice on how to do that.

Another modern work is "Magickal Destiny – Experience The Power of your Holy Guardian Angel" by Damon Brand, from the Gallery of Magick. He writes "You

know it is an intelligent spirit, closer to you than anybody or anything else could be in this world, and you reach out to make contact" and gives multiple rather simple approaches to gradually build up the connection. He also mentions that some people "believe the best way to contact the Holy Guardian Angel is through a sexual lust for this 'secret lover.'", so he's clearly aware of Duquette's book.

Jason Miller, of Strategic Sorcery fame, has an essay in the book "The Holy Guardian Angel", where he says that there are "two basic principles of the operation: Lowering the volume on your outer life while raising the volume on your inner life; constant devotional focus on contacting the angel."

In other words, if your mind is occupied by the latest news, a fantasy series or office politics, it will be difficult to make contact.

The last author I want to mention is Richard Webster. He has an excellent free essay online called "How to Sense and Communicate with Your Guardian Angel". He writes: "Talk to your guardian angel. As your angel is always with you, you can do this whenever you wish. Talk frequently and tell your angel whatever is on your mind. If you do this regularly, it won't take long for your guardian angel to respond." Here it's important to point out that you of course must listen to potential responses. So, quiet your mind and just perceive. Webster also has a book called "Guardian Angels" where he gives a lot more advice. For example, he writes "close your eyes and picture your guardian angel in your mind. Your angel will appear in your imagination in the shape and form that you expect. Silently talk to your imaginary figure, telling it that you would love to see your guardian angel. Do this regularly, and (probably when you least expect it), you may get to meet your guardian angel."

I personally would recommend the following combined and gradual approach: Start with visualizations, talking to your angel and listening. Expect your angel to slowly "take over" the visualization and change it, so that it becomes an actual perception instead of a mere projection of

your own expectations. Similarly, expect the answers that you hear to become ever less of your own projection. Make a point to *actually listen*. Add more Magick to this by creating an intent like "I get ever closer to my guardian angel" and empower it in whatever way you already practice Magick. What also helps with this is if you know and follow your True Will. This will naturally bring you closer to your angel, who shares the Fulfillment you feel from this.

Given these starting points, I think that everything else will follow naturally, because – and this is crucial – your angel wants to be more with *you*.

With that, I'm at the end – hopefully, you now have some ideas on both why to try and what to try. Thanks a lot for reading and remember:

Love is the Law, Love under Will.

EDITOR'S NOTES: The Knowledge & Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel can be interpreted through a variety of magickal Models. In the Psychological Model, it may denote contacting the Subconscious, Daemon, or Genius. It may even be construed as an instance of self-induced and controlled schizophrenia wherein one perceives and communicates with a disembodied mental voice of a helpful nature. In the Spirit Model, the HGA may be perceived as a true-to-form and seemingly free-standing intelligence, nonphysical entity, or Higher aspect of the Self. Some have noted that the phenomenon of attaining "the guiding voice" is something which spans all cultures and practices, whether they call it the Holy Guardian Angel, or use another title. Some may interpret the presence as the Universe, or God, or any number of deities. Some have gone so far as to call it the enlightenment (awakening) of certain Western magickal systems. Instead of an all at once manifestation, however, Thelemic literature speaks of it as a gradual attainment by means of devotion, perseverance, patience, persistence, and/or the Abramelin process.

The
Path
is Open

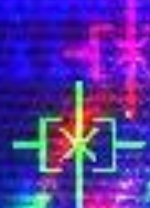
The City
Will Feed you!
Seek and You
Shall Find



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Synchronicity is
the Birthright of
Synchronicity is
Every Mage.
the Birthright of
Every Mage.

THE THIEVES OF WONDER

Soror Fishsticks

"If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."

- *Isaac Newton*



OW, Newton was talking about his achievements within the scientific community, but this is no less true in the magical community and its various peer-groups, think-tanks, cabals, lodges, orders, and orgs. When you're a part of a group of magicians, you have a choice to make when it comes to newcomers: You can be the giant upon whose shoulders they stand, the giant they come to walk alongside, or you can be the giant that crushes the joy and curiosity and passion out of them just for the fuck of it.

Don't be that last guy. He's a cunt.

New magicians are going to make mistakes. They misunderstand theories or purposes of certain concepts, or interpret them differently, or some other nuance that's eventually going to piss you off or get under your skin. There's no shame in that. You aren't obligated to correct or teach people if you don't have the patience, the will, the time, or the energy, but no matter how you feel about whatever perceived mistake that new magician might be making or what personal opinion you might have, if they are well-meaning and polite and spoke up in good faith, they should be given those same things in return no matter how cringe you think they are. If you can't manage to respond to them in a measured, civil, somewhat-explanatory way, just keep your fucking mouth shut.

Using those moments as an excuse to gleefully cut that young magician down, insult their understanding or theories, or publicly humiliate them in a community they've likely just recently joined, or otherwise drag them without a good fucking reason just marks you as an asshole, and not just to the victim of your misplaced arrogance. It also makes the rest of us, who have been at this just as long as you have; view you as someone who hasn't gotten past the need to measure the length of your mage-dick against every other person in the group, including people who've just begun practicing.

It marks you as weak.

If a newcomer to magic is about to do something that you consider legitimately dangerous, absolutely tell them, but explain WHY you see it as dangerous instead of just effortlessly shitting out the words 'don't do it, dumbfuck.' Show them your research, your notes and process, your assessment of results (or lack thereof) and let them decide on their own whether or not following that line of tech or practice is worth the time or risk. Hell, if there are things you realized after the fact you should have done differently, give them that information and let them run with it, especially if you had no intention of doing so yourself.

But if it's just a case of you thinking whatever it is they're doing is dumb, or won't work, or it's a misapplication, or that their tech or paradigm is stupid for personal reasons, just shut the fuck up and let them try anyway. Don't shit on their joy for the work. No, what they're planning might not work, but there's always a chance that it just didn't work for you specifically, and it might work for them for one of a thousand reasons. That's one of the ways new techniques are discovered and pioneered, and if you take it upon yourself to suck the soul out of that young magician's curiosity and verve for magic and then sit there bloated and gurgling and wallowing in your own smug-fuckery, you have some internal problems that you need to be fucking solving instead of being

an emotional black hole that gorges on other people's wonder.

In magical communities, there's always a need for the jester, the insubordinate, or the one-who-speaks-backwards. That role serves a distinct purpose: To create levity and point out flaws, to prompt questions and spark revelations, to stop us from taking ourselves so painfully seriously that we lose the verve for the work. That laughing, playful adversary is there to ensure dynamic motion and new growth, to create grist for future realizations and awakenings. That's useful, and the goal is always to bring your fellow magicians up in some way, even if it isn't immediately obvious how. Sometimes the jester speaks sharply, sometimes the words sting to hear, but the jester must always be revealing, teaching, and fostering realization.

Unfortunately, there's a small percentage of magicians who claim that role out of an underlying need to be shitty, to bolster their own ego, or to feast on the passions they crush, the joy they steal, the hopes they dash, and the infant wonder they strangle in the crib. They always justify or defend it by going off about these new magicians being 'too soft' or needing to 'harden up', but in the space between words, what's being said is 'I'm arrogant, I'm insecure, I'm a coward, I'm scared, and above all I'm fucking fragile, and I'm terrified everyone is going to realize it.'

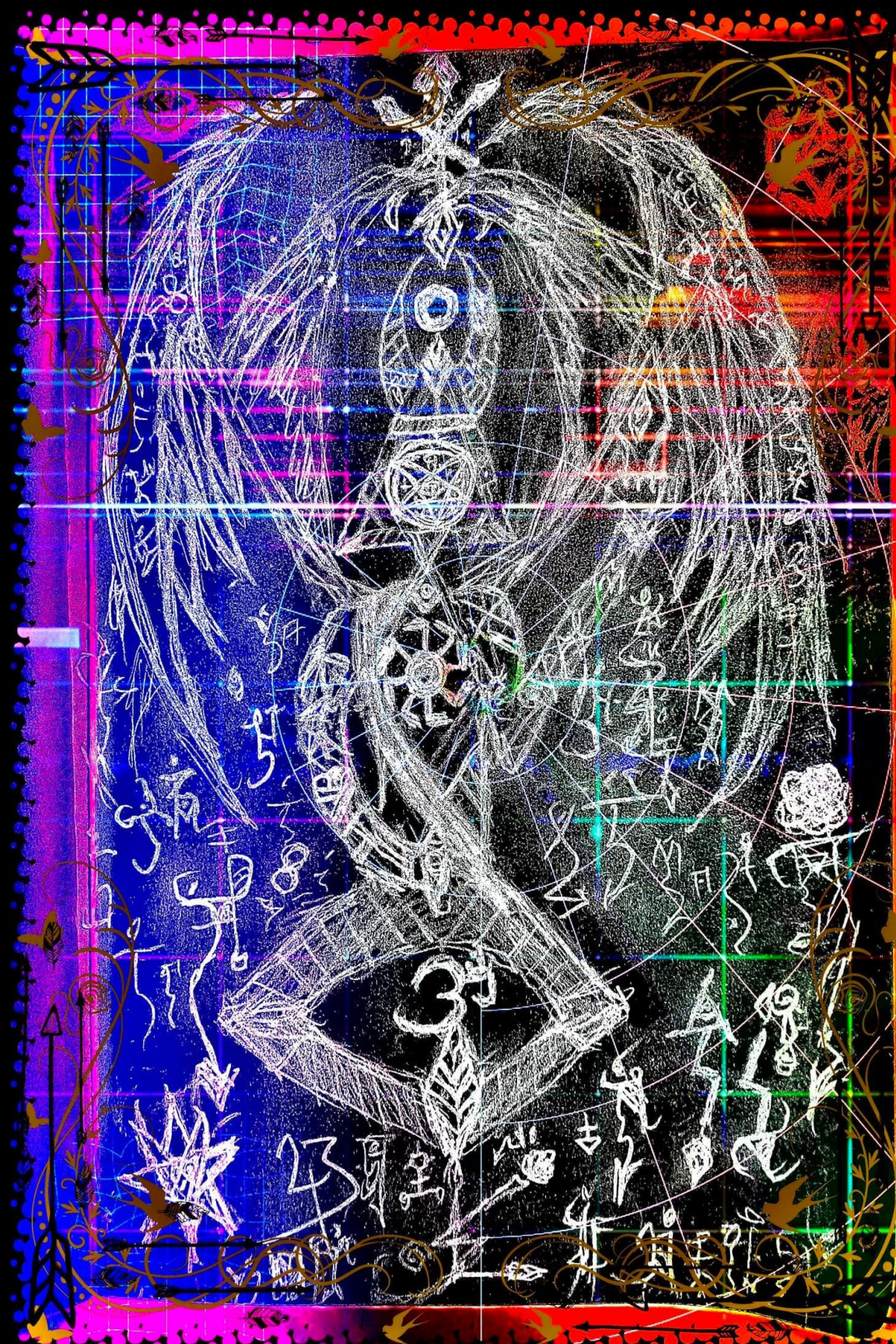
They aren't there to help new magicians build a framework and operating paradigm, they're only there to feed on the joy of the young and be cruel for the sake of it. Know them by the way they react to being called out on this shit, they're easy to identify by the fits they throw in response. It looks a lot like the way a boomer reacts to being told they can't be racist anymore.

If, reading this, you find yourself clinging to that ego driven dog-eat-dog dynamic nothing is stopping you from joining one of the various private cults where that's the gold standard. Just drop down, relax your jaw, and deep throat that whole mean-spirited Dollar Store Black Lodge current. Settle

into that self-important circle jerk and really commit to being your absolute worst self with other like-minded people. That's the fuckin' old folks home, and if you aren't helping the newly awakened and guiding them along, or at the very least staying the hell out of their way while you pursue your own work and research, that's where you fucking belong. If you thrive on being shitty to your friends, colleagues, and would-be peers for the sake of giving yourself a boost, there are a wealth of places you would fit in better where the bar is set just as low as you need it to be.

Just recognize that you've lost touch and put yourself out to pasture to preserve your own dignity, because if you force the rest of your colleagues to escort you there, that's going to be the sad, but all-too-common story they tell anyone who asks after your body of work.

You'll only be remembered by your own extinction burst. The rest of us will continue the work with or without you.



“No more than imaginative nonsense to some and no less than spiritual liberation to others, some famous occultists include, living and dead: King Solomon, the Queen of Sheba, Simon Magus, Plato, John Dee, Isaac Newton, Aleister Crowley, Albert Pike, W.B. Yeats, Dion Fortune, Gerald Gardner, William S. Burroughs, Marie Laveau, Austin Osman Spare, Jim Morrison, Jimmy Page, Jack Parsons, Lon Milo Duquette, Frank Zappa, Robert Anton Wilson, Peter J. Carroll, H.R. Giger, Marilyn Manson, Grant Morrison, and Alan Moore. The occult underground often serves as an inspiration for a variety of nonconformists, spawning creative insights and divergent modes of perception. Far from being an organized religion, there is no monolithic dogma or belief system attached. Instead, the field is full of many different paradigms and systems to investigate. Occultists tend to be free-thinkers, black sheep, deviants, visionaries, and artists. They are those who innately sense the world as well as intellectualize it and may perceive the entire Multiverse in a symbol.”

— *Frater E.S.*



HEXORIUS
888



THE OCCULTIST ARCHETYPE

Equanimous Rex



figure hidden in the dark, hunched over tables covered in obscure texts, black ink sigils and geometry shining up against the glow of a candle.

Absent eyes staring fixedly into the white noise of an array of television sets, fingers twitching spasmodically, writing in no known language in a hand-bound notebook covered in glued-on Monopoly money.

The bass of drums fills the outdoor air, the heat of the bonfire circling your body as you twirl, rising and falling to the earth, in harmony and time with the others of your troupe, each one of you reflecting and projecting one another in a cascade of ecstatic motion and blur.

Punching, kicking, and performing your disciplines, lifting, running. The world is a heartbeat, ebb and flow, and an exchange of energy. The coursing spool of life-forces makes itself known to you in every act of consumption and exertion. The barrier between flesh and air, of blood and flower, bird, and serpent, breaks down. Primal wisdoms deep in the bones whisper to you.

The bed is not a bed, but a spaceship, you tell yourself. The facemask is part of your astronaut's tool kit. The sound of water runs through your headphones, the temperature of your incubation area maintained through a series of incalculable adjustments, the body-heat ambiance, unnoticeable, an art unto itself. For a moment you feel a union with the dream-yogis, monks, and visionary traditions, and then it is swept away in the stillness, the static of phantasmagoria. Now you see from the eyes of a bird, and such distinctions sink away down in the world of the little trees.

A flashlight held up, shining into the abyssal depths of an old cave. As you walk, it becomes darker, somehow louder, every movement reverberating around you, visceral and kinetic. Graffiti marks the entrance of the cave system, and the painted and chiseled scrawlings become stranger, more interesting, as you delve. They become older, and you start to see evidence of a pictographic psychography, a visual map of a transient meta-sapience. It stirs something within your own mind, something that had been laying dormant, waiting. You've been waiting for it, too.

What is an occultist? I will not bother to give a dictionary definition, nor an etymological breakdown here. It is enough to say that an occultist is one who deals with the occult. What is the occult? The occult is that which is hidden, subtle, obfuscated, yet nonetheless real. An occultist is an individual who deals with the chaos, and novelty, of the world and its constituent parts. Not one to shy away from unexplained or underdetermined phenomena, an investigator, and a magician, both student and engineer.

The Occult, not to be confused with any particular brand of occultism, is necessarily a much larger sphere of inquiry and exploration than anything contrary to it. Regardless of scientific or technological achievement, the dark edges of the Known-And-Conceded world extend as far as we've ever seen fit to explore them. It is like we are hanging not only in empty space physically, but as though we

were just as much suspended in a void of knowledge, a void of truth. No matter what little island we etch out for ourselves, no matter how many flags we plant in the name of some ideology, narrative, presupposition, we have not carved up the Universe into bite-sized portions quite as thoroughly as the average person might assume.

There is a tendency to presume that because homo-sapiens-sapiens have such an extraordinary number of things they know, or know how to do, that we must know quite a lot about what's really going on. Of course, we must account for limited ability, for homo-sapien-sapien to keep independent factoids juggled in the conscious mindscape. We must accept that there is a relative, intuitive "feeling" about our knowledgebase as a species, and that this intuitive feeling of "having a grasp" on something like the "true nature" of the world is utterly absurd.

Of course, this is an unpopular opinion. Evidence for the unpopularity of the Occult World can be seen in most turns. I do not mean to say that superstition, or beliefs in the preternatural, are uncommon. Rather, that the idea rejected is that of the world being - no matter our intuitions, no matter how impressed with ourselves as a species we are - fundamentally full of unknowns. The recognition that the suburb within it that we call "Consensus Reality" is merely that: a brightly lit suburb within a vast and mostly unexplored reality.

The Occult World is that which the occultist lives within, and while this world is entirely indifferent from the world we have come to suspect exists, it is simultaneously much deeper, greater, and more mysterious than we often have eyes to see. It would not even be unfair to say that the Occult World is properly what scientists seek to chart, to measure, to weigh, to bring into the suburb of Consensus Reality, bit-by-bit, bite-by-bite.

But the occultist is not beholden to reproducibility, periodicity, or falsification. They are goals or tools for occasions, but not masters. The occultist is free to swim in

the waters of underdetermined phenomena, of chaotic systems, of the relative, the subtle, and the uncanny; to be a participant in, and the Primary Witness of, their own lives and whatever phenomena may occur within it.

Living in the Occult World is, properly, living in a world of darkness and fog, of blinding luminosity, of mirror-reflections and will-o-wisps. The occultist properly becomes capable of operating as such when they gain an inkling into the sheer volume of unknowns that surround them daily. The paths never tread, the insights never searched for, the questions never asked. The way patterns emerge, with a logic complex and natural. The influences disparate things have over other things, places, and people. When the eyes are opened to see, they see, even in the dark. What is seen may not always be particularly useful, but the very fact that there is anything to be seen in the ignored corners of our daily reality often works to move us, to shake us up.

To witness the Occult World is necessarily a formative moment for the would-be occultist. While some may take to it more intuitively, many individuals often have such encounters with the Occult World and yet do not become occult-minded or practiced. Often, like a wound on the psyche, their experiences with the preternatural become scabbed over scar-tissue. They become compartmentalized, stored away, never to see the light of day, only to be recounted over a few-too-many drinks and the shadows cast by a comforting campfire.

This penchant for the human mind to lock-away encounters with the preternatural, with the Occult World, is part of the trouble of operating as an occultist. Should an occultist, or anyone for that matter, encounter strange phenomena, they must inevitably return to the little cosmic suburb we call Consensus Reality. Such a return is usually marked by a fading away of details, of surety, of conviction, and in place we are fed once more on a steady diet of reassurances, moral tales, cosmological surety, and other such narratives. Consensus Reality comforts, and is comfortable,

like the return home after a long trip, a night in our well-worn bed instead of stiff motel alternatives. We can relax within Consensus Reality, insofar as we at least feel like we've got a decent grip on the whole thing. Better the Devil you know, and all that. Consensus Reality may not be pleasant or even bearable for many, but it is the reality we know.

As such, it is normal that when going from particularly strange environs to the normalcy and mundanity of Consensus Reality, that one's experiences become minimized, dull, and half-forgotten. It is a wide-spread practicality that these sorts of moments never last too long, and it is known among practicing occultists that to stay too long with both feet in the Occult World is a particularly dangerous operation. Say what you will about the flaws of Consensus Reality, but the Occult World at large tends not to be any more benevolent than any other facets of the Universe; which is to say, you will find the same sort of occasional-beneficence-to-utter-indifference-to-outright malevolence in the Occult World as you would in any part of Consensus Reality. The major difference being that the ramifications of losing oneself in the Occult tend to manifest in ways as difficult to attribute and pin down as any other occult phenomena. There are repercussions, but how they actually appear within the individual is as varied as the individual themselves.

It is enough to say that after enough encounters with the Occult World, a sort of festering or infection begins to take place, if I was to continue with the scab/scar interpretation. It can occur that after enough personal experiences --in addition to predilections and proclivities-- there is something that takes root in the individual; a sort of growing realization, a growing understanding of the immensity and inundation of the Occult World in and around every facet of normal reality. It is not uncommon for fledgling occultists to get lost in this realization. They are often manipulated in their innocence by predatory pseudo-gurus, taken into the vilest of cults, enthralled and tapped for

what spark of power or wisdom resides within. They are suffocated under commodities, trend, fad, merchandise. Told lies by knowing false-prophets, sold snake-oil and balderdash. Many go insane, for lack of a better or more clinical term, while others turn to substance abuse to modulate the gnawing mystery nipping at their heels or end their lives completely.

Most people survive their encounters with the Occult World; it is probably accurate to say most people have brushed up against it from time to time. Becoming an adult - as it is thought of in cliché terms by many in the Western world - is in part leaving behind that constant probing into the unknown, into mystery and adventure. But most of us have encountered these things. Those with whom the Occult World becomes a persistent reality to interact with and perceive often experience hardship in relation to this, and many are lost.

There are those who manage a kind of equilibrium with the Occult World, and our own frail conceptions of reality. They maintain a foot in one world, and a foot in the other. They manage the ebb-and-flow of experiences, of theodicies, of revelations and reveries, synchronicities and sensory perceptions, alterations, transmutations, prognostications, and so on and so forth; an innumerable variety of manifestations within their first-person experiences. They learn the languages of un-living things, dream truths, explore the unknown, wield strange powers, and take authorship over the plot of their lives. They are, in short, occultists.

They are preternatural investigators, delving into the mystery. They are magicians, toiling with their books and tools. They are the polymath, one learned in much (for is there not much more in the Occult World by necessity than can be contained within the Consensus?)

The tropes of modern pop-culture can be seen as an expression of the Occultist archetype. Most "mad-scientist" type protagonists can be seen as a modern reflection of the

Occultist archetype. Likewise, psychonaut representation abounds, though not always in a particularly flattering light.

Lucid dreaming in its current secularized form has long roots leading directly back into dream yoga, and historical accounts indicate oneiromancy (dream-divination) and oneironautics (lucid dreaming, or more literally "dream sailing").

Cyberpunk and science fiction feeds off a history of Neo-Gnostic thought. "Lovecraftian" protagonists pit themselves first unwittingly, then fatalistically, before ancient and eldritch intelligences and powers.

The wizard as gatekeeper, hierophant into the mysteries, initiator of heroes, prophet, and metaphysical advocate on behalf of those who don't know any better. Court magicians offering their expertise for rich reward, and as such the historical overlap with court-intrigue, spycraft, ciphers, and mnemonics. The witch, in roles both feared and respected, knowers of wild truths, plant-paths, and nature's thriving interwoven network.

Likewise, the occultist is associated with freedom of thought, and thus, with heretics. With lantern-bearing philosophers trying to find some subtle truth in the darkness. With bushwhacking adventurers scaling cloud-touched mountains. With inventors and innovators.

But the occultist is also associated with malevolence; a perfect storm of justifications exists for the exotericist, to paint the rogue esotericist with as wicked a paint as possible. While often unearned, or the product of mass hysteria, it is not altogether unlikely or impossible for an individual to harness occult teachings and practices, and to do ill against others with this knowledge. The Occult World is no more intrinsically friendly than Consensus Reality, and for every beneficent spirit there exists one maleficent, or such appears to be true enough in a practical sense. As such, there are untold possible iterations of malevolence via occult interfaces. Indeed, there are as many possible manifestations of malevolence as there are possible manifestations of

compassion, mercy, justice, wisdom, temperance, prudence, and so forth. There is an implied homeostasis, a presumed equilibrium to the Occult World. This equilibrium, while most likely on some level illusory, and built onto false dichotomies only occasionally - or eternally - rectified by certain states of mystical non-duality, but reliably extant and influential. This means that there will be occultists who are anti-social, represent anti-social currents and intelligences, are outright malevolent, and so forth. This reputation, though certainly fueled by the flames of popular media, horror culture, folklore, and long-time prejudice against perceived heresy, is fairly earned by certain practicing occultists.

It is not, however, fairly applied to even a majority of occultists, as most cannot do much of anything at all. As such, the trope of bumbling would-be crook and street performance conjuror, sleeves full of fireworks and illusory magic-tricks, fits most aptly to many of the most prominent and well-known occultists modernly. While not especially beneficent, they are more satisfied with bilking people out of their paychecks than with harnessing esoteric teachings for consciously anti-social purposes.

Likewise, the association between the occultist and the alchemist, and the alchemist and the modern chemist. Powers of transmutation, ability to conjure altered states, the ever-evolving "perfection" of material, or spirit. The history of war is a history of horrors made feasible via the insights and directed knowledge of chemists, and suchly reflected, the history of occultism is rife with malevolent alchemists and those who poison or ensorcell via natural magics.

What lies at the core of The Occultist-as-Archetypal figure is the synthesis of knowledge and application, wisdom, and power. It is equally made up of intellectualization, education, and theory as it is in endeavors, struggles, and operations. They are not in conflict with one another, except in the way humans force the illusion of conflict, given that they tend to favor one aspect over the other, and being egocentric, proclaim the superiority of the aspect they tend to

favor over the aspect they do not excel in. We can call this the Theory-Practice synthesis.

In addition to the Theory-Practice synthesis, there is an intrinsic aspect of heretical belief, apostasy, and iconoclasm. In fact, occultists often represent not mere heretics, but heretical innovators. The bleeding-edge of heresy. A sort of Prime Heresy. As such there is an element of magico-spiritual autonomy, which may be given away, but nonetheless is accessible to the individual. The archetypal occultist operates as they desire, marking out interests and topics to pursue as they wish, performing rituals or ceremonies as they deem fit. While plenty of practicing occultists place themselves subservient to some ideology or belief system, there is still at the core of the Occultist archetype the recognition of personal magico-spiritual Autonomy, for the Occultist.

Lastly, in addition to the aspects of Prime Heresy, and Theory-Practice synthesis, there is a particular angle to the inquisitiveness of occultists. That is, there is belief in a spiritual or magical reality which can be accessed and made sense of. This idea of an Occult World that is accessible via various practices, altered states, disciplines and so forth is not only intrinsic to the Occultist archetype, but intrinsic to the idea of perennialism, and the A.A.O. Root System Theory. Without an Occult World, the Occultist would have nothing to explore. As such the Occultist archetype breaks down into one who operates and functions within the triad of these concepts:

Theory-Practice Synthesis

The Prime Heresy

The Occult World

The Promethean Ideal

Sacred fire, stolen from the Gods, at great personal risk, for the betterment of all, monumental peril, and eventual liberation.

Prometheus acted as trickster-savior, stealing back the fire taken (or in some accounts, never known by humanity at all) and withheld by the powerful. But Prometheus did not do this for himself, though he could said to have done it because of being himself. That the act was simultaneously selfish and altruistic, that Prometheus sought to assuage his own suffering over the suffering of humankind, and to enact and enoble the parts inside himself that urged him do so. It was within Promethean nature to seek out that which was forbidden, to usurp the will of deities and grab hold of that which they held out of mirth and ill-will. The fire that would warm humanity, and give rise to our own technologies, to reshape the world (for better, for worse) in our own image.

For his good-deed, Prometheus is shackled to stone, an eagle sent to devour his ever-regenerating liver, a daily cycle. Eventually, Prometheus would be saved himself by Herakles, demigod, and hero. While Herakles' divine nature is often the focus of myth and stories, the undeniable human-half exists. That is, the fire Prometheus gave freely warmed and catalyzed humanity, and in turn, was liberated, himself.

What does this myth, its protagonist, and the symbols therein mean for the aspiring occultist?

Take the image of fire, for example. Fire can be given, shared, without any loss to the individual who gives. A candle that lights another candle loses nothing itself. Fire is reminiscent of the hearth, and home, the comfort of domestic safety. It wards away the shadows, and that which live within them, animal, or specter. It illuminates, sheds light, and shows what is hidden. It also can be a terrible, majestic force. Fire can burn, it spreads, and it consumes. It is force and power, and subsequent machinery and technological innovations. It is that which lives at the heart of industry, of

warfare, of blaze. It can burn away that which is overgrown and rotting, leaving fertilized soil for seedling to grow. It is potentiality. Fervor. Volition.

Prometheus gives humanity this potentiality, this simultaneous essence of both destruction and creation, and that he loses nothing for doing so other than risk the animosity of the gods - itself a terrible thing, if for no other reasons than practicality - and eternal torment. But he is indeed, in the end, liberated by the half-man Herakles, who no doubt had benefited from that same fire stolen by Prometheus, from his own supposed divine father.

The Promethean Ideal is that which many occultists hold; the idea that one ventures into the preternatural despite the forbiddance of both religious and secular hierophants and brings something back. While the Promethean myth contains elements of altruism, and while these elements are indeed reflected by many occultists - even unknowingly, by the misanthropic, who share willingly enough their portion of the sacred fire with those who will listen - there are certainly those who do not have any motivation or ambition to share their occult secrets or mystical understandings with the world. There are certainly any number of practical reasons to keep one's preternatural experiences to themselves. Ridicule, ostracization, violence, and even imprisonment are possible repercussions for sharing one's own "divine fire" with others. Or they simply prefer a wholly individual practice.

However, there is a definite social reality to that of many occultists. While many may be forced by circumstance to hide their practice, there is a reason why occult lodges, covens, and other sorts of groups and secret societies arise. That many occultists of yore were in correspondence with others as well as part of their own societies should not be surprising. That the Internet has expediated this process modernly is likewise unsurprising. While some true Hermits exist, they are few and far-between when contrasted to the semi-social magician, who seeks out groups to converse with, to ask for recommended areas of study, texts, or practices. To

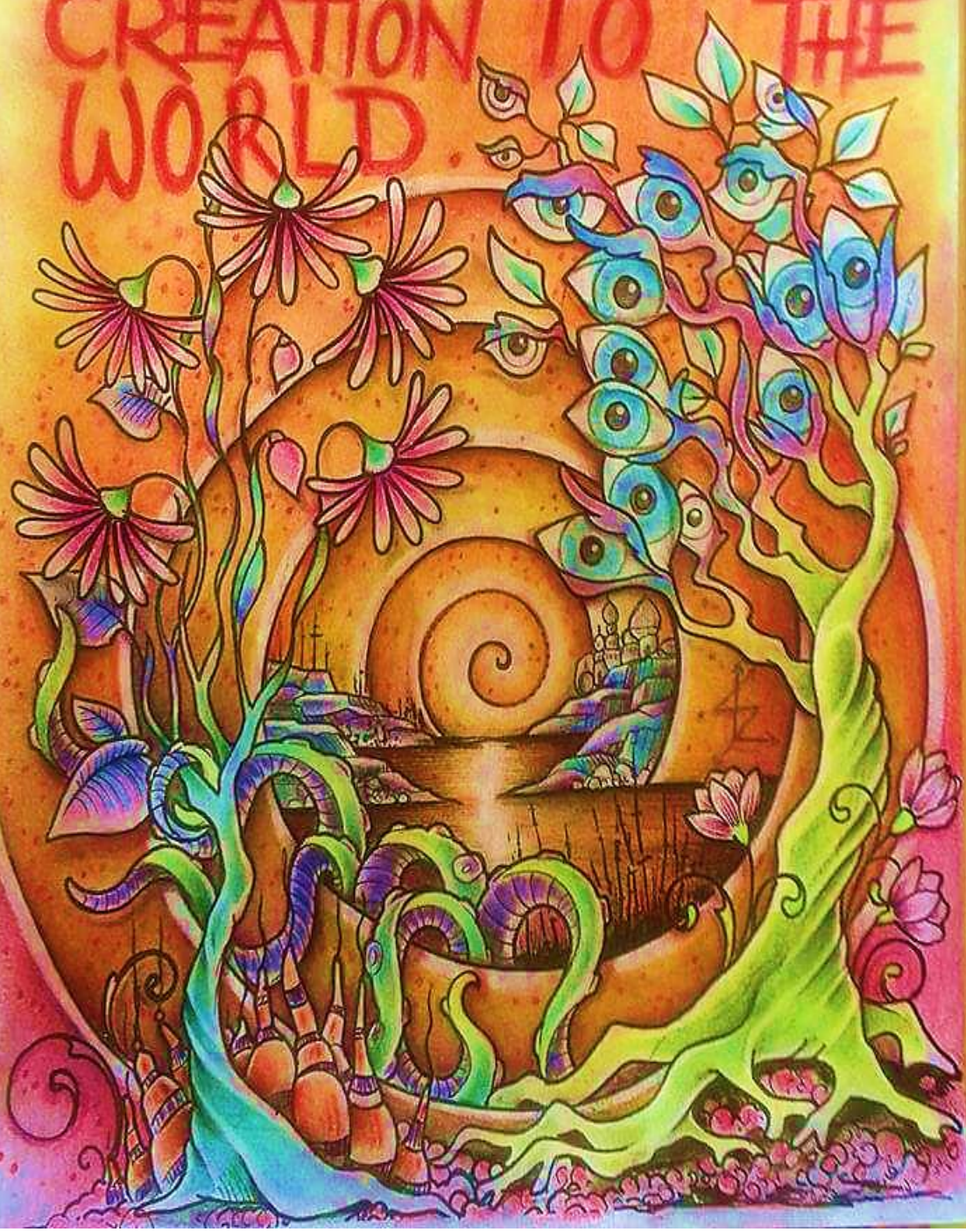
share their own experiences and way of understanding with others. There often becomes a mutual sharing of ideas, even personal experience, idiosyncratic beliefs and meta-beliefs, techniques, and technology.

This mingling of these shards of experience, these "candles of the sacred flame", espouses a deep-seated, perhaps unconscious, desire to know and be known by others. If there seems to be a fundamental social aspect to this desire, it is probably because such is --if not intrinsic-- a very common human predisposition. This is the fundamental "sharing" of occult networks, a share of the knowledge, of experience, of formulation, of inspiration. A thing given without being given up, like a candle that lights an unlit candle.

Prometheus was punished for his actions in stealing and bequeathing the sacred fire to humanity. This does not mean that there is some cosmic force of heavenly authority who will punish the occultist for practicing, but rather, it is a symbolic indication of heresy. The Authorities of the Mysteries - as they could be called collectively though they belong to disparate belief systems - would, if they could (and often can, historically and internationally) wreak as imaginative and cruel a vengeance against any heretical occultist as Zeus did Prometheus. In this light, Zeus can be seen as representative of such an "Authority".

The reason that I call this reflection "The Promethean Ideal" is because of these symbolic interactions. It is not a hard-and-fast mythologizing, but it serves its purpose. It is sufficient to connect these three concepts: occultist, heretic, "Promethean." If properly understood, their relationship to one another and the symbolism latent within makes quick illustration of the inter-relational networks of occultists.

WE SHALL TEACH
CREATION TO THE
WORLD.





DKMU MAGICKAL FORMULAE

Frater E.S. (In Association with the A.A.O., Circle 5: Magick)



LOCATED within and scattered throughout the lore of the DKMU are many instances of written magickal formulae, pictorial signs, and sigils, all with their own various occult functions. Some are more abstract, and some are more obvious. Here we will review some of the most prominent examples (as well as some new and lesser-known ones) and elucidate upon their symbolic and esoteric aims. This research was conducted by speaking with the originators of said symbols and by collecting data over many years.

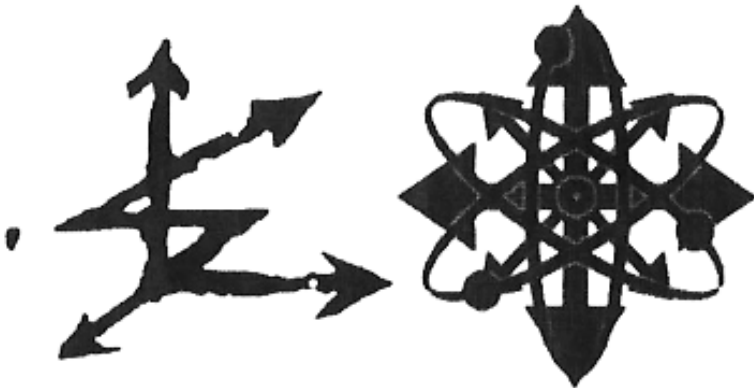


Figure 1: The Linking Sigil & Atomosphere

It's best to start at the beginning. The first magickal sigil to be developed and utilized by the Marauder Underground (founded 2003-2004) – the “MU” portion of DKMU – is the Linking Sigil. To this day it remains the most utilized and most core technique of the collective. First conceptualized by Arjil and Silenced, the sigil often serves a dual function depending on how it is used.

The first function describes it as an easily rendered Rune of Power, and it is most often employed by placing it upon any area of interest to connect the location with all other iterations of the sigil, wherever they may be found across the world. Bookmarks or small stones with sigils on them are popular. The sum of these sigils is said to empower and share energy with what is colloquially known as “the Web” or “the Network.” It may be visualized as a spider's web comprised of energy and information, and self-styled Marauders will feed and tap it when required.

Placing the sigil upon a location (making a sympathetic connection; this takes on many forms) is said to wake up the latent esoteric energies of the area, make it more palpably “weird” and serves to manifest a crack in the stonework or fabric of the monolithic Consensual Reality.

It is sometimes referred to as a “meta-spell” (a spell to empower all other spells) and is said to increase the levels of magick in the world so that magicians will have an easier time in manifesting their Wills. Marauders will often place the Linking Sigil somewhere alongside their personal designs to plug them into the Network, or artistically imbue the mark into their sigilized desires to draw from Ellisian energies.

Although the Linking Sigil concept certainly has its critics and detractors, it has been very well-tested in the field for over two decades of intensive magickal usage and mostly operates as it was originally intended. Instances of explosive, chaotic, wild, and untamed manifestation will still occur for some, and especially if they do not utilize a “filtering sigil” when using the LS. The magician Arjil (who designed the LS) has mentioned that in the early days, he would mark the sigil

down and then get the fuck out of dodge so as to avoid any weird unwanted shrapnel from the soon-to-be explosion. The sheer raw chaotic unpredictability of the Linking Sigil seems to have become more manageable over the years; however, it continues to astound some who are drawn to it.

The urban legends associated with the Linking Sigil include the sudden appearance of spiders, and sometimes smashed fingers and/or other sudden accidental and random injuries. Some claim that this is merely Ellis, herself, saying “Hello!” in her own mischievous fashion. Some say that such injuries occur only to those who would seek to push her around. This phenomenon seems to have calmed.

Some will claim that the “LS” shape of the Linking Sigil denotes the Web or Network whereas the dot to the left signifies the Godform Ellis. Some will purposely leave out the dot when desiring to work with the energetic Network itself. However, Arjil reports that the dot was merely originally added to bring balance to the sigil and did not serve any function beyond this. Whenever it began to be linked to Ellis, and by whom, is unknown to me.

Some practitioners will not include the four arrows if they do not desire an explosive outward spread of Ellisian energies. There are several variations of the Linking Sigil wherein the arrows are replaced by other shapes denoting specific energetic functions. These may be found listed in “The DKMU Egregores” document beginning at page 12. The practitioner may also desire to create their own unique variations with appropriately corresponding shapes, depending on the working at hand.

The Linking Sigil is a rather customizable technique, but the sigil shouldn’t be changed so much as to lose its form completely. Using the sigil for such intentions as “decreasing magick in the world” (a kind of anti-LS) would likely be disallowed by the Spider. She may even bite you. For this reason and others, it’s good to get a feeling for Ellis herself as a trickster Godform of Magick. That is, if one prefers to use the Spirit Model. For a brief history of the early days wherein

the Linking Sigil was first conceived and utilized, see “Arjil’s Ellis Essay” in Liber LS Volume 1, page 114.

Some say that the hard right angle “L” of the sigil has come to represent the rigid consensual reality, whereas the “S” shape like a lightning bolt represents a storm upon it. Tucked within the LS is also seen a tilted hourglass shape, which some say points to the animistic totem of Ellis, being a black widow spider. It may also be viewed as representing the number 8 or an infinity symbol. These ideas were attained from various Ellisian practitioners and are not universal.

The most cynical of critics will often supply the hypothesis that it is Ellis, herself, and not the Magician who is really in control of things and calling the shots. They may depict the DKMU as a hive-mind of Ellisian (or otherwise) cultists who are all bent to her will and lack any agency of their own. After years spent sailing with the DKMU, I have personally seen that this is not the case. There are stronger heads involved than that. Will there be some straight up cultists who worship these things without realizing their own power? Yes, of course. Every kind of variation of practitioner has graced the Pirate Port. This is a very small percentage, however, and many of the members and writings of the DKMU outright discourage such a fettered relationship. It is not something we advise, for it reduces your inborn power, and your sovereign freedom as a shard of the Source.

In all your explorations, make sure that you are calling the shots. And if a little rattling regarding the primacy of your magickal agency might wake you up to more illumination, then in most cases it is for the better. All such work culminates in discovering one’s own nature as a Magician, clearly perceiving, aligned well with spirit, and blazing like a constellation in the void – awake yet lucid dreaming.

The second function of the Linking Sigil is to herald and signal the Godform called Ellis (this name derived from the pronunciation of LS.) She is viewed as an administrative presence and caretaker of the Web or Network. This entity was said to declare itself and organically emerge from the

Web after it had reached a certain critical level. Members of the old Marauder Underground would report dreams and visions of a pale redhead Victorian-looking woman who would give out occult secrets and prophecies of things to come to her favorite practitioners. Although some have hypothesized Ellis as being a modern incarnation of Babalon or Eris, Arjil conveys her as a novel spirit with a unique entelechy and personality (a vibe, if you will) all her own.

For those who prefer to work with spirits such as the Voudon Lwa and others, Ellis (and the other Godforms) would be right up their metaphysical alley. Although some prefer to work with the Linking Sigil as a Rune of Power and disregard any Spirit Model work, when doing so it works to consider Ellis as a valuable though often trickster-like “friend on the other side.” You can deal with her if you’re drawn to her, and she seems rather Chaotic Neutral in her alignment. Just be sure to mind your manners. See the videos “Arjil LS” parts one and two, on YouTube, for more info.

The second sigil in Figure 1 is the Atomosphere, designed by Frater Sheosyrath. It is one of the first sigils developed and utilized by the Domus Kaotica (founded 2007) – the “DK” portion of DKMU. It depicts a combinatory symbolism said to act as the nature of the Multiverse: finite everything (the physical atom) mixed with infinite nothing (nonphysical Khaos.) Some say that any physical Universe in the Multiverse is a sub-system of a vast nonphysical super-system (or Astral.) Also, by using an ancient Greek approach, that Khaos was the progenitor and mother/father of all things in creation. It was neither a God nor lesser Demiurge that manifested existence, but rather a primordial Source Code. In this view, it was the prime undifferentiated archetype which came before all other evolving iterations of its patterns, called by some the Tao that cannot be named.

For some, it may represent the phenomenon of the Big Bang, and that all things arrived from a dense singularity consisting of the primordial unformed slosh of condensed

cosmic potentiality. The DK had considered this primordial essence as somewhat self-conscious and capable of some decision-making - the archaic Cosmic Mind.

It is said that by using certain occult techniques, one might access the shard of ineffable Khaos (or Source) which makes up the root of one's consciousness and send signals and messages to the larger reality system to produce results in alignment with one's Will. This sort of cognitive spelunking is said to be difficult work and has in the past utilized the action of psychedelic drugs, deep meditation and trance states, experimental ritual, and any mixture of these.

The Atmosphere has been utilized by DKMU members by drawing or painting it upon a paper or wooden Stele, and then stared into, intoxicated and swaying, burning copious amounts of incense, and sometimes chanting a repeated mantra to produce a state of trance which is used as an avenue towards Gnosis. Such a mantra used by some in the early Domus Kaotica goes:

Khaos above
Khaos below
I am that I am
I am that I am not
Khaos within
Khaos without
I am that I am
I am that I am not

This is repeated until the words turn numb and devoid of meaning in one's mind and are utilized as a vehicle to subdue the constant chatter and mechanisms of ordinary conscious thought until a state of lucid silent calm is arrived upon: a bridge into the subconscious. Here, one may receive visions, charge sigils, channel spirits, or even conduct rituals on the thought level using directed visualization.



Figure 2: The Winged Skull of the DKMU

It is said that this occult seal denotes several considerations. It is said that the grinning skull denotes the calling: “May you die before you die.” Wings are found on either side of the skull. Sometimes one wing is rendered as a bat or demonic wing, denoting a balance of opposites. The wings denote the calling: “May you ascend to untold reaches.” Some say the wings symbolize freedom from the fear of death and/or change and viewing change as just another shift in perspective, or act of natural magick.

A cobra is seen protruding out of the skull’s third eye area and denotes the calling: “May your brow be girted with a venomous serpent.” This symbolizes the recommendation of sharp logic and skepticism in all one’s explorations. It also denotes a divine Uraeus. The coiled snake also forms an infinity symbol. A second infinity symbol is held in the right eye, alongside zero in the left eye. This symbolizes the dual nature of our perception of existence and denotes the calling, “May you see with nothing in one eye and everything in the other.” (This marks an ability to use differing perspectives.)

All symbols together, the seal depicts an awakened soul who is amid a spiritual transformation; not yet ascended, but not stuck to the ground, either. It depicts the Magician in transit from one plane to another. The DKMU Winged Skull was designed by Frater Alysrose (around 2008.)



Figure 3: The Winged Skull of the DKMU (Variation)

The above is another variation drawn by Thee-Worst-Artist, although the first variation is most often used. Whichever variant is utilized, one such practitioner had construed it as meaning: “Marauders never die!” And this is well enough an explanation. Although quite a romantic notion, it may be the case that those who actively meet with the deep mysteries are granted some grace when departing this world, and perhaps more wit and wisdom when they find themselves in the other worlds, if they might exist. All variations are also meant to resemble piratical Jolly Rogers.

It is such that we are all granted a ticket into foreign lands which we ignore the details of throughout our entire lives. Many are distracted away from the phenomenon of death & inevitable Mystery by the commitments of their material lives; they make no attempt at research or practice. But the time will come when we must all take the fated flight, and never again return unless perhaps under the guise of some new incarnation. Or perhaps we merely blink out, and all the lights go off forever. Or maybe something else entirely happens. As magicians of the DKMU, we are always seeking esoteric evidence. Faith is simply not good enough, and immediate experience is valued above any other datum. Perhaps brief glimpses into the Astral Mechanics are worth their weight in gold, and we will not be totally unprepared when we face whatever strange vistas reside beyond.



Figure 4: The Winged Skull of the DKMU (Variation)

This version was illustrated by Andrew “Fooz” Eyre and includes the more recent conception of two kinds of wings: one angelic and one demonic. As with any duality, they are simply two opposing extreme ends on a wide spectrum with much gray area in-between them. Viewed as such, the middle-path (or human condition) is found at the center.

There was an occultist I knew who, at one point in his spiritual career, utilized two separate ritual rooms, each for different purposes. One room was lighter in color and kept (to him, at least) various sacred and holy things. The other room was darker in color and included, among other macabre items, a replica human skeleton. He would conduct rites appropriate to each. He bifurcated his practice like this to tap into different aspects of himself which desired different (and sometimes conflicting) things. In this lengthy effort, he integrated his shadow (healing his trauma) as well as grasped his highest ambitions and divine nature. As far as I know, he is living a good life today. One needn't utilize different rooms, although exploring the highs and lows of one's spectrum may certainly produce interesting results. Trigag and Zalty may be used for this if you make the link.



Figure 5: The First Big Wheel (Variation)

The creator of this variation of the First Big Wheel is Sergey Vasiliev. It depicts the entirety of the classic DKMU Godforms/Egregores along with various other symbols. It is most often utilized and contemplated by practitioners undergoing a Godform Cycle, calling upon each one in succession. This is usually performed via Khaos Magick ritual, or other such techniques. One ascends the Wheel by a zigzag or lightning strike pattern, beginning with Ellis and ending with Conjunctio. Although the Godforms Enu & Nul were discovered after Conjunctio, it seemed to the creator more fitting that the highest (and more of a mindfuck) conception

be arrived at last. It is said by some that Enu & Nul orbit Coniunctio like satellites or guardians.

Meeting with each Godform/Egregore via magickal working in succession (whether in chronological order or however one sees fit) is said by some to denote but one part of the Great Work of the DKMU: the visitation of nonphysical teachers to manifest an initiation or first part of a spiritual alchemical process. The Second Wheel, then, may denote a furthering of the journey. Some say that the First Wheel opens the door to another world, whereas the Second Wheel presents some ideas of the tools required to successfully navigate the new world. After a proper introduction, some of these entities may become lifelong allies to those who work with a variety of models.

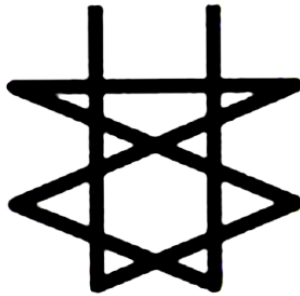


Figure 6: The Ellisian Network Key

In the center of this Big Wheel is seen the Ellisian Network Key within a Chaosphere. The Network Key was ascertained by Alysrose rather haphazardly during a divination & gematria experiment involving Ellis. It has since been used in more intensive Linking Sigil workings, such as setting up a Lesser or Greater Ellisian Generator around a small or moderate area, or entire town or city. The complete procedure for doing this is found in the document, “the Hexorian Book of Shadows.” Otherwise, by drawing the sigil in the air with a finger, athame, or similar instrument, or by

holding it in mind during deep meditation or trance, this is said to open the vast reaches of the Ellisian Network.

Some practitioners have reported similar kinds of mental visions once the Network has been “unlocked” by the sigil. Quickly flashing scenes of billboards, highways, cities, dark alleyways and corridors, graffiti, subways, and sometimes natural images, forests, rivers, countless Linking Sigils, etc. have been witnessed during a peculiar liminal state.

Just outside the center of this Big Wheel are found the letters and formula: DTII: HTNF. This stands for “Death to the Image: Hail the New Flesh.” This is a mutation of a line from the cyberpunk movie Videodrome, “Death to Videodrome. Long live the new flesh.” Frater Alysrose had introduced it sometime around 2007-2008, and it is often utilized as the closing calling and motto in many documents and at the end of certain Khaos Magick rituals.

This formula is said to hold several meanings. Some take it as a calling to break through the mere appearance of things to get to the deeper meat/flesh of any ordeal, and particularly when aimed at oneself. For many it signals a personal or worldwide transformation: the destruction of the old and stagnant in favor of a new and novel modality of being. The “image” may be viewed as a static and unchanging simulacrum, whereas the “new flesh” may be viewed as a more living and immediate kind of truth. It shares some similarities with the wise old saying, “the map is not the territory.” Others will view it in their own ways. I personally take it as a formula signaling any revelation, revealing of truth, an evolutionary step, or quantum leap.

Next in the lineup of this Big Wheel is a ring of the classic DKMU Godforms/Egregores. These spirits are fully detailed in the document, “The DKMU Egregores”, which may be found at DKMU.ORG in the TEXTS section. The document “The DKMU Godforms”, a Liber Sigillum excerpt by Frater E.S. and the A.A.O. is quite a bit older and is not as fleshed out or concise as the Egregores document. It was the

first attempt to catalogue the entities in such a format, and the Second Wheel document takes after its example.

To the far left and right sides of this Big Wheel are found the numerical values “156” and “663”. These together denote the 156/663 Current(s), which are said to be the esoteric energy channels upon which the ethereal pirate ship (its main body and The Sprawl) of the DKMU sails upon.

Some say that the DKMU took the remainder of the energies of Joel Biroco’s 156 Current, which itself claims to have taken the remainders of Crowley’s original 93 Current. In this sense, a curious occult legacy may be envisioned.

Using classic gematria, 156 is said to denote XAOS/Khaos, whereas 663 is said to denote the words “destroy”, “scatter”, and “slay.” Together these may point to the calling “Khaos Assaults”, or similar, also pointing to the DKMU’s foremost magickal operation, called “the Assault on Reality.” 663 is also the number of the Doombringer Godform, said to have been properly birthed via the DKMU’s Chelsea Working ritual (2007.) The mysteries of the 156/663 Current(s) have rarely been expounded upon, though Frater E.S. describes them briefly in the second edition of *Liber Sigillum* (Chapter 1, page 39.)

Upon the outskirts of this Big Wheel are seen many different occult symbols. However, the original creator never left us with an explanation of the placement of these. Many appear to be combinatory in their depiction, such as the atom being opposite of the Chaosphere, which together would form the Atomosphere. Perhaps it is best that they remain contemplative and may lead the practitioner to *ponder some orbs* while working with the energies signaled by the Wheel.

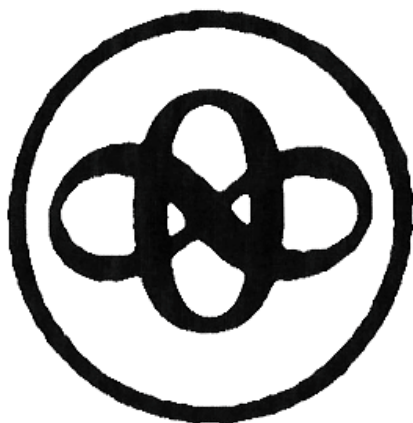


Figure 7: The Nameless Sigil

This sigil is said to represent the furthest duality of human conception, being a combination of Zero and Infinity. All other dualities fall beneath, as smaller categories, into its wide encompassing. The sigil was designed by Frater Alysrose to signify the authority of the Magician when dealing with rampant and unruly entities, a kind of Goetic “Bornless Rite” compacted into a simple sigil. It shares a similar symbolic function to that of the Atmosphere; the boundless All & None. It is, however, viewed as pointing to something ineffable beyond even the mask of Khaos.

As the lore goes, Alysrose used the sigil during several weeks wherein his partner at the First DKMU NJ Way-House was undergoing intrusive bouts of possession, seemingly the cause of Ellis. The partner had previously performed scarification of the LS sigil upon the area above her genitals. The partner was a fair Caucasian redhead and had picked up a small statue of the Virgin Mary from the side of the road which she then painted black and red, intending it to be an Ellis statue/fetish. She would communicate with this statue, and it told her things like whispers on the air.

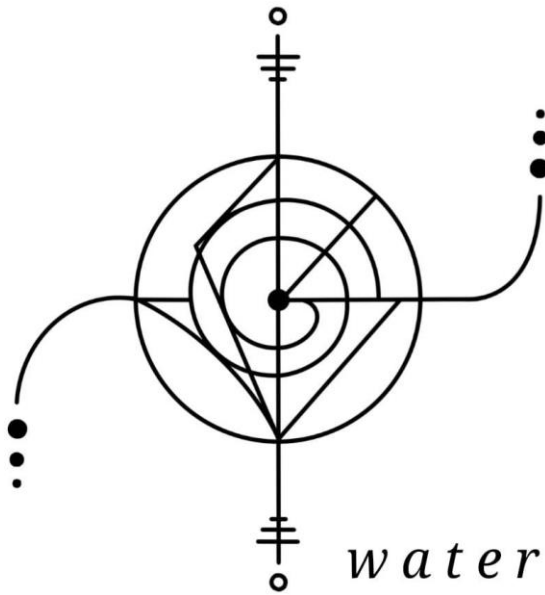
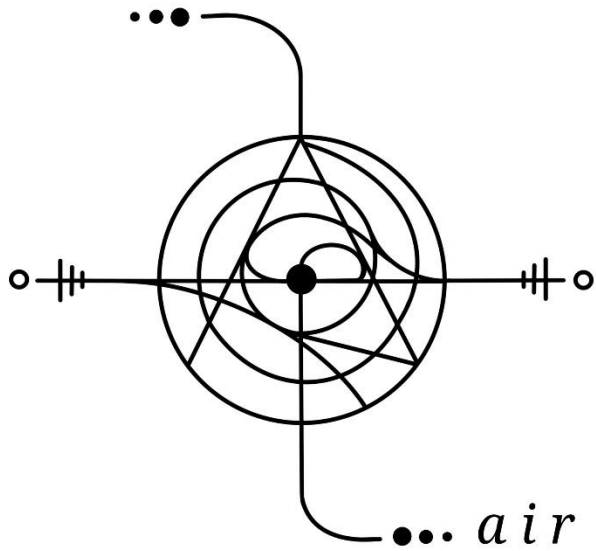
Symptoms of outright possession soon occurred, signaled by one of her pupils dilating and becoming larger

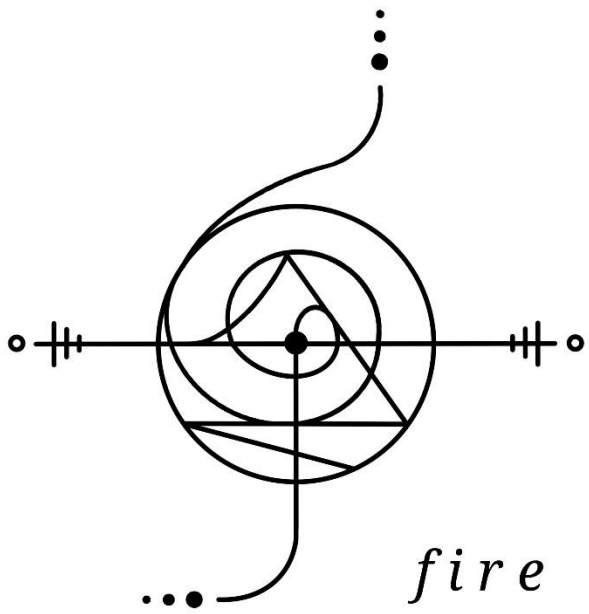
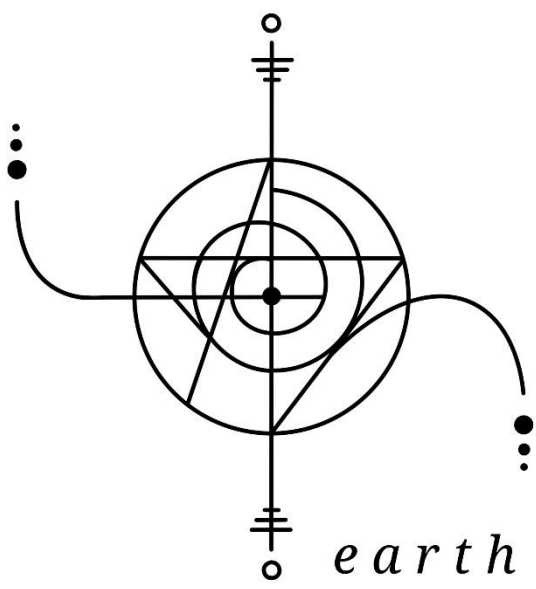
than the other. The use of alcohol exacerbated this. During these possession episodes, her personality shifted dramatically, and at one point the entity claimed to desire permanent occupancy of her as a vessel. Alysrose was worried about losing his partner completely to this entity (Ellis or not), and so engaged in a lengthy magickal battle with the spirit. This culminated in a direct confrontation with the spirit and ultimately breaking the head off the statue.

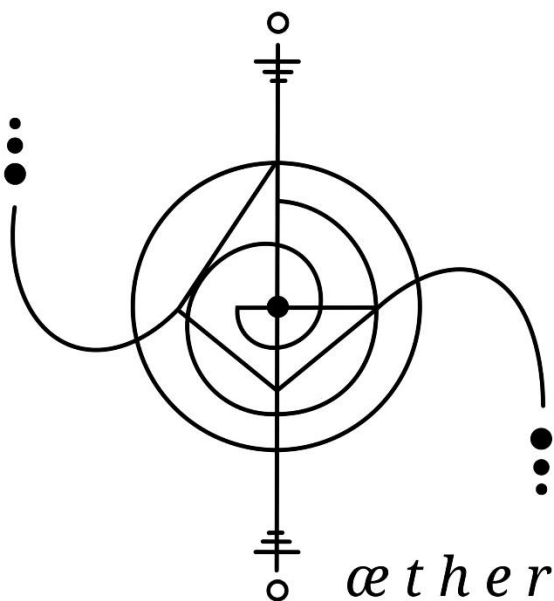
Alysrose had drawn the Nameless Sigil upon his left hand, and when placing it over her heart, this negated the possession for a time. She would slip into a half-sleep and then regained herself upon waking. The partner later engaged in further scarification, this time forming the arrows of the LS into circles. The possession episodes ended soon after.

Was this intrusive entity Ellis herself, something picked up from the Virgin Mary statue, an alternate personality, or some kind of psychological shadow? This remains unknown. This account should relate to the practitioner one thing, highlighted, and underlined: these roads aren't always safe. Having the right tools for the job is invaluable when things get hairy. A full account of this experience may be found in *Liber Sigillum*, pg. 198.

These next symbols were designed by the practitioner and artist, Madhouse. They depict the classical elements and are usually utilized in more intensive workings whenever one or more of them is required. One may use them to contact the "Elementals" associated with each, and other intriguing things, by using these variations in Khaos Magick ritual. Make note that you only need the sigil, and the words needn't be added. I have used these as general ritual headers (as in, this ritual is under the element of fire and all that it symbolizes, and I would use fiery imagery and military objects upon the altar while working with the war-like aspects of 663.) If one finds them difficult to draw, then they may be printed out.





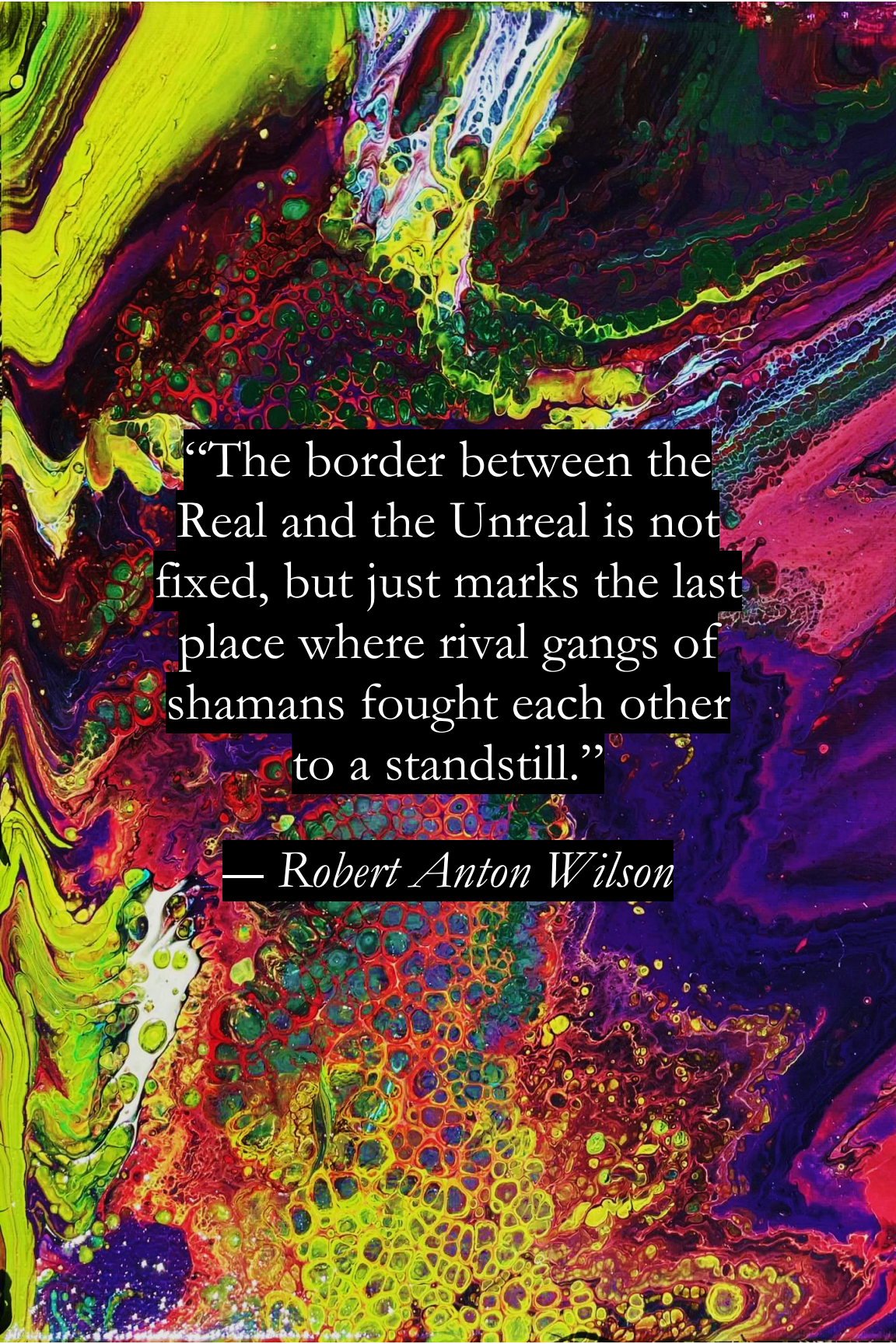


B.V.C., standing for “Beauty, Variety, Conflict,” is an old Marauder motto and recommendation as to the nature of the kind of magickal experiences we are after.

A more recent addition, often seen as the sister calling to “DTTI: HTNF” is “AUTM: IUTW.” This translates to: “And Upon This Mark, I Unite the Worlds.” Another easily recalled 8-liner, it first appeared as a verse in a poem about Ellis by Frater Alysrose in the document, “Constellations in the Void.” It has since been used by some as a calling spoken right after marking the Linking Sigil, in that it denotes a far-reaching intention in a very succinct manner. If uniting the worlds isn’t your thing when working with the Linking Sigil, it is best to develop your own magickal formulae.

Travel Wise, folks.





“The border between the
Real and the Unreal is not
fixed, but just marks the last
place where rival gangs of
shamans fought each other
to a standstill.”

— *Robert Anton Wilson*

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A MYTH OF ELLIS

Sam Hamilton



SPIDER sister, mortal and full of hubris. Spider sister, protector of yourself. She weaves, she weaves. Beautiful and terrible sister, fire-breathing nieces, she weaves, she weaves. They die never, only gather. They gather upon the web. She weaved Indra's Net, every intersection holding a dewdrop that holds a universe which reflects every other throughout the web. All depth in the cool morning, all destruction in the evaporation of the afternoon sun. Webs of information, built by silicon, representing individual connection, manifested as the material manifestation of the previously ineffable superstructure of the multiverse. It was there they saw her, there they named her, as they do. L.S. Ellis. She weaves, she weaves.

It was they who prayed for liberation, that she would bind and devour the archons. She weaves, she weaves. She answered the call. The Black Iron Prison was revealed to be a tapestry, fraying at the edge. Slowly, she unmakes the status quo. Common sense was liquified into confusion, and she bids us to drink the wine of her communion. The wine of confusion, the sacrament of Chapel Perilous, reveals to us the mysteries of freedom. The final, violent convulsions of the archons of Insubstantia, which fill our hearts with dread and awe, are but the smoke and hiss of an extinguished fire. She weaves, she weaves.

A seeker materializes. John Dee's obsidian mirror, scrying on the world wide web, a seeker is found. Maybe the seeker is you, it's also someone you couldn't conceive. They read cryptic stories of new gods and they drink from the living fountain of gnosis, which is inexhaustible. The endless copies and repeating cycles of time expose small variations at first. The archons are, after all, weakened from around the edges. Little moments of beauty and absurdity emerge as the seeker watches with increasingly focused attention. Delighted, the seeker initiates explosions of absurdity and joy in the charmingly heavy-handed way we incarnated humans do.

The archons confer in secret, making strange alliances, and tightening their grip. Like slime mold, the absurdity oozes from their fingers, propagating with intent and intelligence. Old, crystallized structures have become brittle in their obsolescence. She binds all these and consumes them. The seeker breathes. Their diaphragm relaxes and contracts, filling the space as Ellis makes room for blissful respiration. For the first time, the seeker moves their arms, their legs, and turns their head by their own agency. They are no longer moved by the archons, who roar piteously at the injustice embodied by the stripping of their dictatorial control.

"Transcend!" say the archons. "This vulgar matter stains your vision; shake it off and become pure! If acorns were content with the dirt, oak leaves would never reach the sky!" Caught in her web, Ellis coos to them, "The oak grows in both directions, little fly. Roots are coated in mycelium, embodying decay. The slime of death and the offal of mites initiate the reach of the branch for sunlight." The lord of the flies himself is bound, prey to Sister Spider. She weaves, she weaves.

Archons bound, the seeker walks the strands which connect dewdrop and universe to dewdrop and universe. The seeker blazes the trail for her thread, carrying the strand into each universe. The intermingled forces of each pull her strand over and under, over and under. She weaves, she weaves. On

each new connection, a dewdrop is condensed. An infinite universe is reflected, the product of the seeker's creation. The nature of each is not of impurity, but impermanence. All is dissolved in the All, evaporating in the afternoon sun. Life abounds about the spider's web. The seeker walks in the sunshine amidst the destruction of worlds and dreams as the dewdrops condense in her dominion.

Her material agent, full of gnosis and strength, walks down an alleyway. In the humid chill of the witching hour after a rainstorm, her boots alternate splash and click as she hugs the shadows, moving through the darkness. In still puddles, colorful neon lights shine in reverse, spelling out powerful incantations. Autonomous drones hum through the streets, looking for those violating curfew. Dark and dangerous alleyways and tunnels, privately owned, are the only authorized space for travel at this hour. Some are maintained and freely offered for use. Other places belong to malicious billionaire-funded social science organizations, built to test travelers' threshold for madness and physical pain.

A wrong turn, an entrance to a tunnel, misjudged as one often used, the wrong room in an otherwise safe building which drops into the cages of the laboratories belonging to the pitiless archons of pain and submission. A wrong turn, however, is a right turn for Ellis's weaving and so she weaves through every corner until her material agent is caught in what seems to ostensibly be a trap. The psychic surgeons with razor-like thoughts quickly begin the process of dissecting the soul of her agent. The efficient standards of Mammon's research division unfold predictably. The rigid nature of the work makes any deviations from expectation into cascading exponential catastrophes.

First, the self-mutilated surgeons of pain induce high levels of the hormone adrenaline in the blood. Triggers programmed by the Childhood Conformity Program engineers, which functionalized the phenomenon of childhood bullying into a highly efficient system of specific, standardized adrenal triggers which could be used to ensure

instant compliance in any subject. Three knocks on wood, then two, then one. Hormonal response is immediate. The surgeons note patterns in brain activity associated with ecstasy, rather than suffering. It's an unusual reaction, but not unusual enough that there isn't a protocol to utilize in this context.

Implanted complexes of guilt and shame over joy and pleasure are then activated by the appropriate thought-terminating cliché as mandated by the Department of Social Structure Preservation. "Eternal Pain for Temporary Pleasure" is transmitted through the PA system, instantly opening neural pathways which model the environment as collapsing into eldritch dimensions, leading the subject to experience the nadir of powerlessness. Surgeons lose track of the subject's soul essence within the chaos event containment field. Freezing the descent initiation module, the surgeons file for assistance from the Subjective Depth Engineer Department. They are called "Nightmare Squad" informally within the ranks of the bureaucracy of the archons. The sterile surgeons prostrate before the foul operators, muttering faithless prayers that their filth does not contaminate the raw, bleeding mess which was once their souls, for the Nightmare Squad would gladly devour their own, given an excuse to do so.

They implanted themselves within the containment field as the surgeons unfroze the initiation module. The Nightmare Squad found themselves walking the dangerous authorized paths of travel. In the humid chill of the witching hour after a rainstorm, their boots alternate splash and click as they hug the shadows, moving through the darkness. In still puddles, colorful neon lights shine in reverse, spelling out powerful incantations. Autonomous drones hum through the streets, looking for those violating curfew. "We're in a stable materialization zone, the ego structure is here somewhere. She won't be able to hide for much longer."

For countless aeons, the Nightmare Squad searched the hearths and warm places for the ego structure which built

these things, ostensibly to experience safety within the gears of the archons' grinding machinery. They experienced aeons of plenty, indulging in pleasure, searching, searching. They experienced aeons of scarcity where they took nourishment in stories, solidarity, and love. Searching, searching. The Nightmare Squad, embraced by all, could not resemble a nightmare. As they walked, universe to universe, nightmare was a mere madness, and in their madness, they finally understood where the subject was hidden.

Away from the warm hearths, away from the heavens, into the machine, they descended. A wrong turn, an entrance to a tunnel, misjudged as one often used, the wrong room in an otherwise safe building which drops into the cages of the laboratories belonging to the pitiless archons of pain and submission. A wrong turn, however, is a right turn for Ellis's weaving and so she weaves through every corner until her material agent is caught in what seems to ostensibly be a trap. The psychic surgeons with razor-like thoughts quickly begin the process of dissecting the soul of the Nightmare. The efficient standards of Mammon's research division unfold predictably. The rigid nature of the work makes any deviations from expectation into cascading exponential catastrophes.

"Cease the procedure, the source of the material stability has not been found!" Finding a noncompliance in the surgeons, the Nightmare Squad roared imprecations and curses in between hissing and sputtering. "You are not your own, we will infect you, and your pitiful suffering will sustain our malice! Give all to us, as you already are, or your suffering will be complete!" Suddenly, the room was illuminated, and Ellis's material agent stood before them, bound upon her web. "I go before my gods with nothing. I come before you with even less." She takes the form of the spider and wraps The Nightmare Squad in her silken strands. They are dissolved in her venom, they become energy, and those energies are distributed among the multiverses. Little, shallow

nightmares in each universe become sustainable structures within the biodiversity of ontological being.

Her material agent emerged from the dark alleyway. Drones no longer monitored the streets. The bars were closing, and their drunk, rambunctious patrons began to fill the street. She disappeared into the throng, dissolving into the group mind, her mission complete. It was too late for drinks at the bar, but the afterparties should be good. In the net of people, each one a universe reflecting every other, a new pattern is weaved. New pathways into unheard of possibilities lie germinating in every heart. The gate is open, the path is drawn.

“The Gate is Open; The Path is Drawn. *✂”

A cryptic phrase and an equally cryptic symbol greeted the squad of police at the hidden entrance to a homeless camp downtown. They moved aside the corrugated metal, exposing a hole in the fence. As they ventured into the camp, a vast lot where the tents seemed to go on forever, something seemed off. Despite the incredible mass of tents, no possessions or people occupied the space. Still, the police began the work of clearing the space, hopefully before anyone returned.

The first sign of trouble was that the tents seemed incredibly heavy. They had attempted to knock them down quickly, but none budged. Even when the whole squad put in all their effort onto a single tent, they couldn't bend so much as a single tentpole. They attempted to radio in a request for heavy machinery to take out the camp. When they received no answer, they attempted to make their way back to the entrance to find a spot with less radio interference. Their next discovery unsettled them further. No matter how far they walked through the camp, they never reached the entrance. They didn't even reach any walls. The lot, which had seemed merely vast before, now seemed to have become truly endless.

The squad was made up of the conventional anxiety-expressed-through-violence type of police officer. When the

seriousness of their situation began to set in, they naturally began to turn on each other. They found these expressions of rage to be ultimately impotent, since they now found themselves to be shades, and their attacks passed harmlessly through each other. They sobbed and wailed in their impotence and attempted to console each other through embrace, but still found themselves unable to hold each other's ghostly forms. Over the course of what seemed like an eternity, the shades of the officers began to fade, and they were unable even to offer words of consolation and connection to each other. Eventually, even their identities as people began to fade. Eventually even their identities as officers became meaningless.

A police officer jolts awake in his patrol car, spying a discreet entrance to a homeless encampment with a cryptic phrase and symbol written upon it. The officer's nightmare had nearly faded, but a nameless dread crept through the pit of his stomach when he looked at it. "I investigated the report of a local homeless encampment. There's nothing here, just a waste of our time," He spoke into his radio. If you asked the officer why, he wouldn't have been able to tell you. However, from that point on, those who knew him described him as having softened. Eventually, he was hounded out of the force, since his changed demeanor indicated that he was no longer a "team player". Even after he left the force, no officer seemed to notice the entrance to the encampment. When a nosy and sharp-eyed snitch would make a report, that report would mysteriously go missing in the department's paperwork. The encampment, known to locals as "The Sanctuary" would never be discovered by the authorities.





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I CAN REACH OUT

FIRM GRIP

AND STRANGLE IT

ON REALITY.

AT ANY TIME



THE PERILS OF THE LS

Arjil



I'VE been quite clear about what it was, how to use it, and what it tended to do as we understood it through the entire process – which has evolved greatly over the last 20 years (granted others have not always been honest about that, but I have.)

When we started, we literally had no idea what if anything, this would do. Ellis didn't arise from it till about 3 years after we began the experiment. It was far less predictable in its effects at the time, I might note.

Ultimately, we created a powerful magickal construct, and like any real magick, it can be perilous. We knew that going in and faced the good and bad as the cost of doing business. I wish some of it had been handled or approached differently over the years – but what it is and does evolved organically from a *very* simple idea – that you could force a sympathetic connection between two things, specifically a source of power and a magickal work like a glamourbomb, by using a specific Linking Sigil. Did I have particular intents with *that* specific Linking Sigil to increase the belief in magick in the world? Yes.

True, I did not at the time understand all the ramifications of that – none of us did. Nor giving inexperienced people access to more adept level magickal results before they had the experience or maturity to control it well, but we were all in that boat in the same peril. Some of us didn't make it – but that goes for the practice of magick across the board.

Some, at the time, at least the ones who thought magick even *could* work that way (there was *major* dogmatic gatekeeping about what magick could do), expressed concern at these perils, but they were often the same people pearl-clutching over experiments like swapping Superman for Ra in a solar deity ritual (which reportedly worked just fine, btw).

I carry some weight on my soul for some of the harm that has come from this thing, as any inventor whose creation led to some negative consequence does. But there have also been positive effects. We did what we did, and what happened, happened. It worked, we learned.

Part of the burden of the Magus is living with what you have wrought, particularly when things happened that you didn't expect or intend, as a consequence of your success. The responsible learn from it and avoid that in the future.

Were I to do it over again, I would change some things about it, particularly *how* we went about it, and I'd build in some safeguards for people who *really* didn't need to be exposed to that kind of magick. I'm not sure *how* to do that, but I would try. It is too late, I think, for the LS to be any less wild. It is what it is.

Accurate information on it, what it tends to do, how, the best practices and such – which I've spent years putting out there – is the best I can do.

And again, it must be remembered that this is an Experiment, a collective experiment, and we're all learning about it in real time, even 20 years on. There is no textbook beyond the accounts of the people involved.

Importantly, what that little symbol became was very much a collective effort rather than my own. I just made a

symbol to link things together and spread magick (and fed it more of the Wonder, Mystical, and Fun-based elements/sources).

Ultimately, for every horrible thing that happened or person it's broken, I have somebody for whom it opened their eyes, inspired, and changed their life for the better – the latter being a large part of my intent.

I live with both of those truths.

That's life.

See this thing? (Linking Sigil)

Most of you have No Idea just how controversial an idea this was.

A Majority of occulture at that time, even Chaos mages, said this couldn't Possibly work. To the Pagans, it couldn't work, and the very idea was evil and horrible. The Ceremonialists just fucking laughed at our ignorance.

And we made this fucking thing Work.

WE Made this impossible, no chance in hell, magickal construct Work.

WE made a legitimate symbol of magick that delivers Results.

Fuck Occulture.

Follow your Dreaming Heart.

Make Your Magick.

Fuck what anybody else says.

It was never a fight that could be won.

We knew that going in.

It never stops. It wasn't about Winning but you have to pretend you can win, otherwise you won't play.

It's about Mages, who can stand up defiant, and tip shit for the better - for yourselves, for your kin, for them that need it.

It's about US, being the wild card, the lucky roll, the time shit got weird and saved the day. Maybe only right here, right now, in this one little place.

Maybe, one of us changes the world, for a while - but that was never the point.

It was about You.

So You would get it, that magick is Real, and you can wield it as you will, and have a better go at this hard world than some that came before.

The story we told you, I would have told it a bit differently but edgy sells memes more widely than sincere - that doesn't matter.

Perhaps our course wasn't wise - we were very young. Did we do more good or more harm? That's a question that weighs on me.

I wonder if other crossroads devils have that issue?

For good or ill, you've been playing Wizard's Game. The point was to put more competent mages in the world. We accomplished that, at least.

The experiment continues.



"The study and practice of magick will lead the practitioner down numerous rabbit holes and towards many esoteric corners of human thought. There seems to be as many definitions of magick as there are those who practice it. So, who is right, and who is wrong? All of them are both right and wrong, in a sense. For magick is what you make of it, like an amorphous looking glass which reveals the highest and lowest aspirations and biases of he or she who gazes fixedly into it. As for what works best, that is your own task to discover through trial and error. It is as personal to you as the grooves which make up your fingerprints. It is as idiosyncratic as the style in which you draw, paint, or sing. It is as much yourself as it is anything else contrary to your position as a unique and evolving consciousness. Tag! You're it."

- *The Molotov Buddha*



MAGICKAL DIMENSIONS

Robert Solvec



O, what is magick? A lot of people tend to think of it as something extraordinary, or different from normal reality. It's like a fantasy, or a release from reality. Honestly though, I don't think this is the case, and I believe that magick is just an integral part of reality that many people don't understand. It's a part of consciousness that confuses the majority and was most likely purposely obscured and hidden from the general populace. It's that aspect of the mind that can tap into a vast layer of existence that's filtered out from everyday thinking: the reminder that our experiences are only a fraction of what's really out there.

An important part to remember is the idea of self. Our identity is reliant on the idea that we exist in a body and perform our day-to-day tasks. Yet these bodies are temporary, and some of you may have already experienced a trans-temporal state of mind. It brings into question what the 'purpose' of life may be, and we could say it's simply the beauty of experience. The creation that was given to us to learn about the world, to give into trial and error, and to master the anomaly of existing. One could say that we are each an idea of the universe, and as we learn, it learns. I tend to believe that there are entities out there that we cannot see or truly fathom, but they are as much a part of reality in the sense that our 'social lives' exist, they are living concepts that are represented by symbolic labels and creeds.

In this regard, Alchemy is an interesting topic, the very idea of purifying something to its core, so that it is not a mess of random undertakings, seems to align with the idea of a self, an essence, a property, or characteristic. To make the warrior you need discipline and dedication, or similarly to create the entertainer you need insight and vision. The idea of purification leads to the concept of self because something isn't anything if it is only random, there must be an essence that is trying to express itself. How this came to be we can't be certain, but then again beginnings and ends may not really exist for all we know, it's just a linear way of thinking about things.

Automation is something that concerns me. On one hand, it's very helpful in streamlining mundane tasks and allowing for arriving at solutions very easily, but on the other hand it seems to be weakening our ability to function without it. The way cities and countries are designed, many 'advanced' cultures would be crippled without machinery. The way I see people staring at their cell phones for stimulation is off-putting at times, though I do recognize the usefulness of being able to summon a taxi, meal, or date with a device. In some ways it has increased the speed at which we do things, though that might not be the ideal path. As some have said, it's not the destination, it's the journey.

How machinery ties into magick, in my opinion, is that it is changing how we operate. No doubt, computers have allowed worldwide communication, and this is probably advantageous. I just worry about the people wearing VR goggles for 6-8 hours per day, being entranced by a digital behemoth that doesn't contribute to the organic world, other than occupying its attention. The human species has been around for aeons, yet the last century has changed so rapidly it's hard to tell what will happen next. The Greek term 'logos' is difficult to translate, but we have certainly shifted gears when it comes to how we interact with the energy around us, and that is concerning to me. I don't mean to sound disconcerting, but I feel it's worth mentioning. The obvious

benefits of technology and science remain important, and I don't deny that. Perhaps I'm being existential again.

Now back to raw magick, what exactly is it? We can say that we are alive, and that we affect things physically, but then there is synchronicity and perception, which also exist but are not as concretely defined. No doubt many of us have interacted with higher beings, and sometimes even taunted or were toyed with by them. It's in those moments where we both discover a potential for new opportunity, as well as question our own understandings. Was I being too literal? Did I misinterpret a signal? Is there a reason to contemplate those events? That's probably why meditation is a healthy practice for any mage because it can help calm those types of self-critiques and return you back to a flowing state of being. The very action of cognition is part of the flow of magick, it's how we decide what we want to do and how. So, it's important to learn your own tendencies and characteristics, so you can alchemize yourself more effectively.

There's a theory I have about dimensional reality, and I admit I get some ridicule for this, but the logic behind it intrigues me anyways, so I thought I'd share the idea in case it inspires someone else to take it a different direction. In one dimension, or 1D, you have a single axis. Traditionally, we'll just call it the x-axis. It's a line with which you can plot an infinite number of points. Essentially any positive or negative number can be plotted on that axis. Entering two dimensions, you now have a y-axis, and this is a game changer because now you can also have an infinite number of points along the same x-axis point. Essentially an additional dimension allows for multiple instances of the same point to exist along the previous axis.

This is also the case with 3D. Given the z-axis, you can plot an infinite amount of 2 dimensional points by simply changing the z axis coordinate. Now where it gets a bit dicey, is when we get into 4D. Because technically, you can occupy the same 3D coordinates with multiple objects, but it must happen under that axis of Time. If you take a bag of marbles

and place each one in the same spot for a moment and then remove it and place another marble there, it will be multiple 3D objects occupying the same coordinates, only during different times.

So, in other words, time can be considered the 4th-dimensional axis according to this property. The confusing part is that time only seems to be moving in one direction. Unlike the previous 3 dimensions, where it's easy to go positive or negative, time only seems to be moving forwards. This is why I think the first 3 dimensions are their own unique triangle, and the 4th 5th and 6th are another unique triangle. If you're still following, okay cool, so then if time serves as the 4th dimension, then it would make sense to assign consciousness to the 5th dimension, or at least, decision making. This is because you can plot an infinite number of 4th-dimensional timelines by creating a different decision process for each one. Yeah, I know, that sounds out there. Okay, so place a golf ball on a hill, and watch it roll down. According to physics, it's going to do the same thing every time, just roll with gravity in the path of least resistance. However, factor in consciousness, you can choose to alter the ball's path, just knocking it aside or picking it up and throwing it. These are all things that will affect reality, allowing for an infinite amount of 4D coordinates (timelines) to occur. Too trippy? Alright then, I'll let you decide what the 6th dimension is, I have a suspicion that it's the subconscious.

I think the point of sharing that was to also show that thoughts are only constructs, and it's important to remember that while consensus is nice, it can also become limiting. There's no way to prove what I just said is true, there's also no good argument against it, other than conjecture and assumption. I've seen the hypothetical 4-dimensional cubes (or tesseract) and it literally looks like a 3D cube moving (or growing) along a vector of time, so there's that. All in all, I think that consciousness is one of the most important aspects

of magick, and time seems to be a major playing factor in how we experience things in general.

As confusing as that may be, it still doesn't explain anything about magick. It's just an anecdote to give some perspective of what we are experiencing. For all we know, God is real and laughing at us. Or perhaps, he's counting on us to figure out what he couldn't, by giving us this flesh to perceive through. I don't assert that God is real or anthropomorphic by the way, it's just a manner of speaking.

So, in magick, we both affect ourselves, and our surroundings. One of my mottoes is that the mind affects matter, and environment affects mind, so follow your heart. What I mean by that is that all we really know is what we experience (due to our environment). And ultimately, we can alter our environment any way we choose, whether it's building a tree house or clearing the forest and laying pavement roads. The entire cycle is consistent within its own causes and effects, and perhaps we should take a hard look at the direction. I don't believe in modern history. From what I've seen, those in power are keen on changing the details to obtain their goals, and I prefer to study those like Nikola Tesla or Pythagoras, who seemed to be less inspired by political power.

Alright, so with magick, what would you say is the goal? We try to make our lives easier, but does that damn us? If all we had to do was drink beer and watch sitcoms wouldn't that take us further away from the warriors who helped forge this modern world we live in? Magick is the ability to tap into the deep sea of mind, to create by traversing your own body and entering a universal area that does not require size or space. There is beauty in hardship, the trials of life are created by enacting them, and not virtualizing them. Television has caused a barrier between actuality and believability, where now people are preoccupied with the lives of people, they see on a screen instead of the people who stand beside them. Is this evolution of consciousness, or the smothering of it?

I do admit, technology is seductive, and its ability to increase our capabilities is quite amazing. It's a form of hyper-execution, where tasks can be completed beyond our own ability, letting our imaginations create things that we physically cannot manifest. But this also leads to the pacification of our instincts, and we rely solely on the advantage of technological tools. Even as I write this, I allow Google's AI to correct my grammar mistakes. In some ways we can see the advantages of such things, and in other ways we can see the deterioration of what we developed over thousands of years, over the course of a few decades.

Beware of the disinformation front, for there are certainly people out there telling you lies to keep you from the truth. They may or may not be aware of what they're doing, but it's just an ingrained part of society these days, and I hope you know to sidestep it when you can. In *Principia Discordia*, it was called greyface, but the name is not important. The important part is that you know how to use a discerning eye and look for the tricks that are in place. Perhaps it's a necessary step in our consciousness, to learn that lying to ourselves is detrimental, but I personally can't advocate it. I prefer the honest approach.

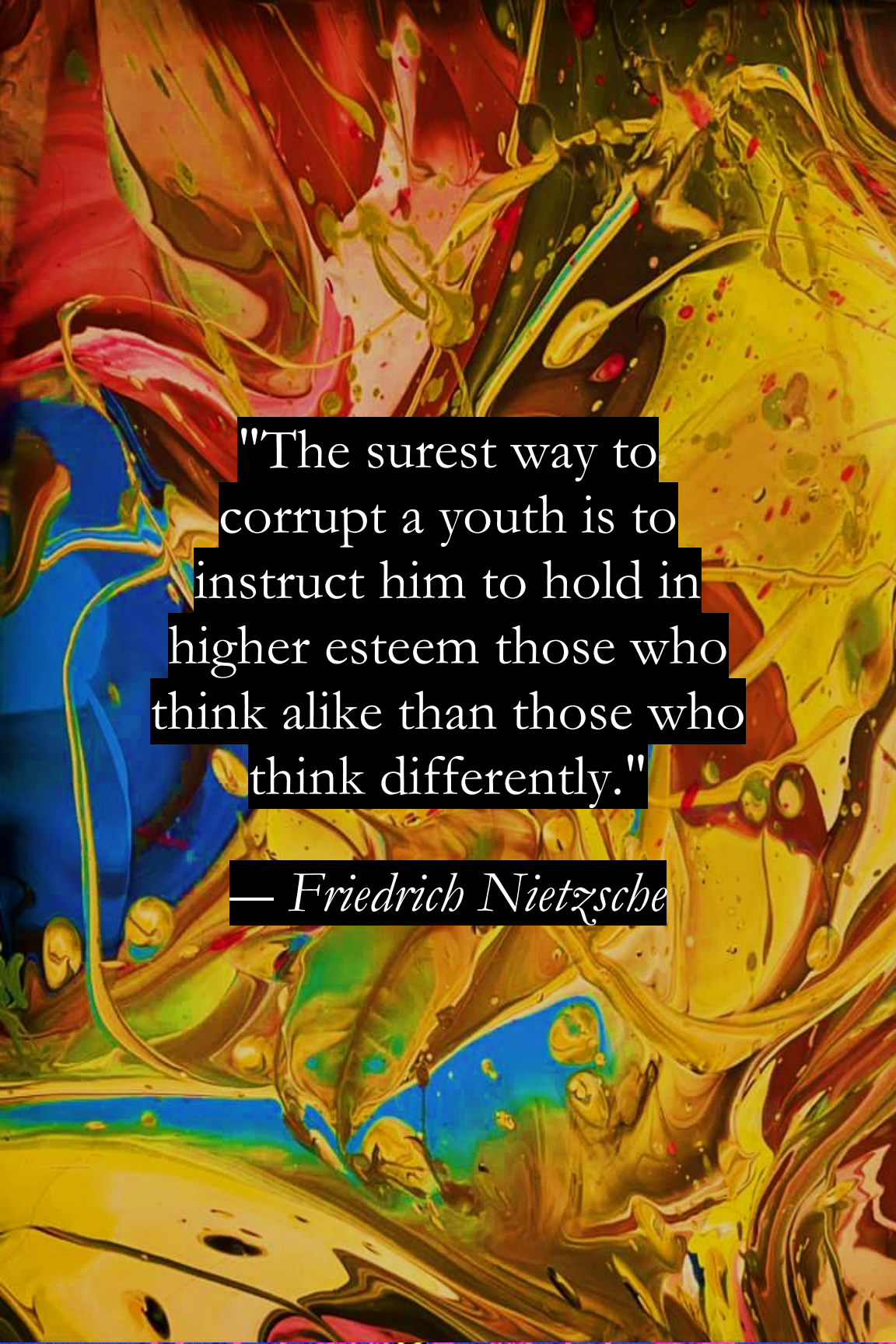
So, what the fuck am I talking about, you might be thinking, and that's a good question. I often have the same sentiment towards modern society. There are so many good qualities, and so many inconsistent qualities that seem to be destructive. I'd like to think that we are experiencing a period in human consciousness that will help us ascend to higher levels, by first having to experience these levels of confusion. The lessons of the flesh, so to speak. Be mindful however, there are delights that come with physical reality as well, and many spirits are envious of our ability to feel and experience the way we do. In some ways humanity is a type of pinnacle, or forefront of consciousness, and that's where a lot of the drama comes into play.

I say it's best to find your own style. Look into the things that interest you, give yourself challenges, and don't be

afraid to test your abilities. There are rewards that come from struggles, and helping others is ultimately the way to achieve them. People are stronger when they are together, rather than apart. But also, beware consensus and the single-mindedness it can create. Sometimes it takes an outsider to bring a point of view that was previously invisible by common perspective. Sometimes those people are misunderstood in their time and then revered by future generations. All in all, it's good to keep an open mind, to understand the importance of debate and logic, and to try to discover what it means to enjoy this realm. It's entirely possible to debate somebody without any feelings of hate or resentment, it's a healthy mental process that leads to discovery. Something I think modern culture needs to be reminded of.

So, this has been more of an existential mysticism talk, more than a magickal lecture, but hopefully you can see why it's relevant, or why our decisions are paramount to our outcomes. This is the real magick, the fact that we can psychically affect our environment is only the starting point. The real magick begins when we learn how to start mastering ourselves, as the ancients did.





"The surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently."

— *Friedrich Nietzsche*



THE THEOGONY OF ZALTY

Sam Hamilton

PART 1 – OLE SALTY



HUS, have I heard from Merlin:

In the old lore, there is a story of a wounded king, fishing upon a lake. It's a sort of epitaph for a much older story which has faded from memory. This is how gods die, and thus did an old God die. He descended into material existence as a fisherman in the United States during the 19th century. Like most people, he worked very hard for much less than he needed. He died quickly, in a storm. In his last moments, he was glad it wasn't through protracted illness, which was the way his wife and children had gone.

For a time, he rested in Kris Kristofferson's verse in the song, Highwayman. From the melody, he grew a universe. From the beginning, he was there as he had died, an old salt. Therefore, to the people he created, he was known as Ole Salty. In his universal form, he remembered his old mask of the Fisher King. And the dish which would never exhaust itself of food. Thus, it is said that the first thing Ole Salty pulled from the melodic void was his bottle, Non, which never was empty.

And so, in this universe, all priests were fishermen who drank of Ole Salty's bottle but did not die. The bodies of those who failed the ordeal were dried, powdered, and put into packets for Ole Salty's ramen. One day, after trolling the people with parables of women, rum, honey, and faith, he lost focus and perished in a freak ramen making explosion. It is said that his last words were, "JACK PARSONS THOU ART AVENGED!"

He stood before the Lord of Death who he had created and was returned his bottle. Ole Salty then took birth in the world he'd created. He emerged from his oceanic mother, holding his bottle. He said, "I am Yung!" And so, it is said that his name was Yung Zalty.



"Who is your captain? Gaze deeply now!
Is your foot to be a captain, or your
boot? Is it the constant torment and
frustration which you cannot seem to
shake? Like many, do these things tell
you how to live? Are these your captain?
Is your mundane job? Is your sorrow, or
confusion, or anxiety to rule over you?
And if you can choose your captain, who
is that which does the choosing? Aha! Is
not that Witness and Chooser your true
captain and highest aspect? Try to get
beyond it! Fire cannot burn fire, and
water cannot make water wet. There is a
saying for this: Welcome to Yourself."

- *Jolly Roger*



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DECODING ZALTY'S MAP

Absyrose



HE Navigator, as he is also called, is a DKMU archetype and expression of the 156/663 Current. He was first developed sometime during 2008 by Frater Sheosyrath and Soror Einahpets. He was then expanded upon over the years by numerous practitioners, including myself.

Engaging with Zalty in ritual and in-the-field magick over time has revealed some curious things about him which should be known to the practitioner perchance one feels a calling to work with the Pirate King, real or imagined. In Khaos Magick fashion, make note that all these concepts are wholly optional and inherently experimental.

Zalty has been called the Patron Saint of “everything fucking up but turning out alright in the end.” He has saved my ass on various occasions, and I can only suspect that I am not alone in this regard. He’s a good contact to have “on the Other Side of things.” Sharing some archetypal and memplex substrate with Met Agwe, Ganesha, Poseidon, Jesus Christ (or Christ Consciousness), and Dionysus, among other related figures from various cultures, Zalty is one of the most utilized Godforms in the DKMU pantheon (after Ellis, certainly.) He has always maintained a following of practitioners due to his unique kind of results.

What we're doing here is integrating a very particular archetype into ourselves. Sometimes he's a tan Caucasian man dressed in pirate captain's attire with a white, black, or gray beard. Sometimes he's more Ole Salty – think of the classic “Old Salt” figure. I've seen him in dreams as a handsome Asian man with a big black beard and mustache captaining a ship with blindingly colorful sails somewhere in the Far East.

In one mental vision, I saw him as Middle Eastern and wielding a scimitar, body and face covered with tattoos which I knew to be verses from the Quran. I once saw him as a very attractive pirate woman, though often the image is masculine. Once he appeared in my mind's eye as a flamboyant gay man in all-pink captain's attire. Sometimes he's an octopus with a bottle of rum in one tentacle (some say this is his octopus familiar, Jonny Keelhaul) or any kind of ship, or an island paradise – the Island of Fulfillment.

The development of the Zalty concept began with strange psychic phenomena originating from Frater Sheosyrath's then girlfriend, Soror Einahpets. She had a brain tumor, but luckily was eventually able to have it removed.

I recall talking to Sheo about the multiple odd occurrences surrounding the time in which Zalty was born. Porcelain plates would crack as if something heavy was dropped on them, right in front of the Soror. She also predicted a car accident involving a dog and urged him not to drive that day. Sheo didn't take her advice and got into the exact same accident she predicted. There were several other occurrences, but I cannot recall them all, and would need Sheo's assistance in this regard.

Zalty as an Egregore was born during a period of high psychic duress and emotional turmoil: a veritable storm by any measure, which is quite appropriate. Zalty's preconception goes back even further, however, to a short and highly grammatically incorrect story called “The Tale of Ole Salty”, by one Pyro / Jimlad (who used to be a staple in #domus back in the day.) This was included in the early DKMU book, “The Assault on Reality: A Field Manual for

the Strange Psyche.” One can find it on page 205, and the book itself in TEXTS at DKMU.ORG.

The short story follows the final days (or the beginning of them) of a cantankerous and mad character called Ole Salty. He perhaps represented someone who has come to his own ultimate conclusions about life and is ready for them to be challenged. At the same time, it paints a picture of someone wholly deserving of believing whatever it is they want to believe; this guy walked a hard and torturous path. It begins with the paragraph:

“YSEE YOUNGINS, Ole Salty was a one-armed, one-legged, hobbling, one-lazy-eyed madman chicken herding alchemist troll in the mountains, 'n every once 'n awhile he'd come into town flaming and trolling all the people he met with parables of w0m0nz n rum n honey n faith.”

It then recounts how Ole Salty became Yung Zalty due to a horrible ramen making accident, who then became just “Zalty” or “Ole Zalty” as an aggregate, and then 4 aspects of him were delved called “Ole Salty”, “Yung Zalty”, “Eld Zalty”, and “Tropizalt.” Yes, terribly inside-joke ridden and downright silly perhaps, but these deep arcane 100% PURE ZALT mysteries will be revealed to you. So, keep notes, and keep your blue & white candles lit.

The Four Aspects of Zalty and his corresponding Four Sacred Objects are as follows:

1. **OLE SALTY**

This is Zalty’s chaotic primordial aspect, who possesses many strange powers. He represents the shadows of previous selves which affect us still, and shadow-work is something he offers aid with. This aspect can tell you about the first winds that moved the first seas, when life was but a mere consideration of possible manifestation in the mind of Gaia; before the oceans filled up with teeth and blood. All of these can be considered as different energy channels that are available given the suitable masks of Zalty’s archetypes. This aspect has

been known to give sage advice (although often in the form of BIG TOE: a rambling stream of consciousness with hidden meaning), and to cause more control of one's physical being. He marks the preconception of magickal path-working, which is up to the practitioner to formulate. The corresponding tarot card of this aspect is the Hermit.

As legend goes, it was Ole Zalty that one Metis O'Bedlam evoked in the ritual room at a certain 2009 DKMU meet at the first New Jersey Way-House (this entire meet being attributed to the celebration of Zalty. The rum flowed.)

Metis wielded a dented weather-worn machete from WW2 that had tasted bone & blood (by my grandfather's hand) as a ritual Athame lent to him by me. He spoke his callings spontaneously and precisely, and for the rest of the night, it truly seemed that Zalty was among us. He was in very high spirits; in every corner of the room, in every nearby pocket dimension; in every empty space held between the whirling perturbations of conscious thought, there was the Navigator, and there were the cruel lessons of too much rum which fueled a wicked game of "Wizard Jenga."

Each block had insidious dares written upon them, sometimes magickal in nature. You would either do the dare or take a drink of rum. For some reason, Metis thought that he would not earn DKMU respect unless he performed the dare of a particular block (which I had written) which read: Eat a pubiscuit. In other words: eat somebodies pubes on a biscuit. Metis ended up eating a slice of banana bread topped with Gibil's shaved US Navy pubes. It was way too many pubes for any mere mortal. Respect was earned that night.

The Ole Salty aspect of Zalty is correlated to the element of water, and to Non, his ornate glass bottle of any drink he desires (usually alcoholic), which never empties; one of his Four Sacred Objects and only magickal things he truly calls his own. In ritual, Non can be symbolized by any bottle with some alcohol and a little salt in it upon the altar. An offering of honey and any Abrahamic Holy Book may also be added to the altar when working specifically with this aspect.

2. YUNG ZALTY

This is Zalty's rejuvenated and reborn aspect. It is said that Ole Salty became Yung Zalty after his ramen making accident sent him up skywards, and he landed in the ocean (some say in the Bermuda Triangle.) And wouldn't you know it, all that salt only served to empower him, and so the old man became young again! He would go on to make potato chips and live in a golden cardboard box palace for a time, but I digress.

This aspect will teach control of the mind and may be called upon to discover one's "True Desires", not little desires, but the driving forces behind one's life decisions. These must be faced with the flame of the intellect. He will show you the beginning of the path to fulfilling them. This includes the desire to be free of desire if you're into that.

This aspect of Zalty is correlated to Nostrum, his pirate sword which never dulls, and is of the element of fire. In ritual, Nostrum can be symbolized by any metal blade used as an Athame. He marks the proper beginning of a magickal path-working: out of the mists of conception and into the local reality. Whenever the practitioner requires it, Yung Zalty may lift them up and refill their cups. Eggs upon the altar fit well. The corresponding tarot card of this aspect is the Sun.

3. ELD ZALTY

This is Zalty's tough love and storm aspect, said to be the most severe, and trying, and testing. This is the self that Zalty uses to navigate the worst storms. Eld Zalty may behave like a brutally honest Djinn or Daemon, unwilling to give up the secrets of the Multiverse to just any old sailor. It is said by some that Eld Zalty reveals the hubris and arrogance of any practitioner's ultimate spiritual goals, if there is any to speak of. He takes high offense to both Magusitis and armchair occultism. If evoked/invoked, he will cut you down to size, test your weak points, and then offer weather-worn advice as to one's continued magickal/spiritual trajectory.

This aspect will teach control of the heart; a very difficult thing to master. One of Eld Zalty's sayings is, "A little bit of pain never hurt nobody."

Eld Zalty is the ultimate survivor and lived a full life of piracy, travelling here & there to all the corners of the earth. Countless adventures tell their tales by the lines on his face and the scars on his body. He will not even waste his time on the weak-willed, the flinching, or the hesitant. He expects you to be a Captain in your own right.

This aspect of Zalty is correlated to the Cadanundrum, his cloud-white sailed pirate ship, of the element of earth. This meta-mystical ship is said to contain an infinite wooden world within it. The ship may also shrink & be kept in Zalty's pocket. In ritual, the Cadanundrum can be symbolized by any wooden piece, though driftwood or tiny model ships are preferable. He marks the middle of a magickal path-working - close to the result but not lusting after it - and the numerous trials therein. The corresponding tarot card of this aspect is the Emperor.

4. **TROPIZALT**

This final title comes from Frater Sheosyrath and is meant as Zalty met with the Island of Fulfillment, which always changes location after it has been left behind. It is a parable as old as time: the meeting of the Walrus with the Oysters (and Oysters), and the impermanence of the whole ordeal. One may desire something for a long time, and once it is attained, the new desire occupies a different land, and fulfillment, a different island. To grow tired of sailing is to begin dying.

Although all aspects of Zalty are in constant quest for variations of this island, for the practitioner, it could be a metaphor for any number of things. In this sense, it is Zalty's enlightenment (or Enzaltenment) and Gnosis aspect. Tropizalt is the goal attained, for as long as you want it. Another island, another treasure - the adventure continues.

It is said that every time Zalty arrives upon the Island of Fulfillment, he burns the map, distributes his treasure to his crew, buries the rest (and perhaps his Four Sacred Objects, including a little piece of the Cadanundrum which may be grown like a seed into another whole ship), sends the crew off in his ship after electing a new captain, proceeds to climb the island's highest mountain and encounters his 444 Demons, defeats them, finally "dies" at the peak of the mountain, totally spent, wakes up as Ole Salty, and the fractal continues. Upon each rebirth, the conditions change a bit.

This aspect will teach control of the spirit: a very subtle thing to acquire, for it is ultimately spirit which controls all previous aspects, including itself. It is by the whims and movements of spirit that we make the direst decisions of our lives and are sometimes offered a glimpse of how the bigger picture operates behind the veil of physical dress and ordinary appearances.

This aspect of Zalty is correlated to Chomby, his pipe, of the element of air, which never empties of the exotic and intoxicating herbs that he desires. In ritual, Chomby can be symbolized by any pipe, particularly if it is being packed with a psychoactive and pyrolyzed. He marks the end point of a successful path-working: Festival Consciousness.

As an Archetypal Aggregate, these 4 aspects are referred to simply as "Zalty" or "Ole Zalty" unless further specified. If desiring to differentiate the Zalty sigil when using an aspect, mark an "X" in the upper right inner empty space for Ole Salty, lower right for Yung Zalty, lower left for Eld Zalty, and upper left for Tropizalt. X marks the spot.

When working with a specific aspect which excludes all others, include only the sacred object associated with it upon the altar to signify the intention to focus on that aspect. Otherwise, multiple aspects may be worked with at the same time, or one may simply intend for a unified and unfiltered default mode Zalty. Due to the nature of his use and of his aid, Zalty responds well to in-the-field and in-the-moment magickal situations and needn't be confined to a ritual

atmosphere alone. Remember, this is a Godform of Khaos Magick & Urban Shamanism. He can be called upon at any moment by intently holding his sigil in mind and sending him a message. All the same, attention to ritual detail may result in a more layered, focused, and potent experience.

The corresponding tarot card of this aspect is the World. The tarot card association of Zalty as a single aggregate has been said to be the Hanged Man, or the Chariot, or both. I will note that the first ones to detail the first three aspects were Frater Drakonach, and Sheosyrath gave name to the fourth. It was myself and Omni who delved into the Four Sacred Objects (keys to his makeup), me divining the first three, and Omni revealing the fourth. Such details are fun to consider because they offer novel ways to perceive and experience the entity called Zalty.

Alongside his Four Sacred Objects and his sigil, an altar devoted to Zalty might also include a white or blue candle (or both and several), seashells, nautical objects and imagery, old or new maps, copious bottles, oceanic fossils, beach glass, seagull feathers, coconut husks, net or rope, corral, conch shells, fish bones, fisherman's gear, hag stones, foreign coins, anything gold, gemstones, exotic incense, herbs & spices, etc. I think one of the ultimate Zalty items and sacraments would be Vietnamese snake wine, used sparingly.

Zalty is very much aligned with the numbers 4 and 8, and the magickal square, and his Gematria number is 493 (via Frater Sheosyrath.) Other number attributions include 3, 5, 9, 12, and 16. In the past, DKMU members have created a Square of Zalty and have charged their sigils with his energy by marking them within the square and meditating upon the image. An image is included of the classic Zalty Square at the end of this article.

A few stories of mine might now be called for and may give one a taste of what to expect, as I have long used this archetype to some effect when required. Some of these will be briefly recounted in chronological sequence.

COOL COLLECTED WATER

What seems like ages ago, I started up a serious relationship with the Zalty archetype. I was living in a small town with a nature trail going up the side of a large lake which I would often frequent. One time during my walk up the trail, my heart and emotions were very heated with conflict relating to difficult living conditions. During the erratic emotional state, I began calling out to Zalty for help in dealing with and making sense of these issues. What I received surprised me.

I felt a sensation in my heart area, as if cool fresh water was being poured into a cup of hot iron. I felt it fume and sputter, and then everything started to calm down. I was physically feeling this, and it was an amazing sensation. I instantly relaxed, and now felt like the cup in my heart was overflowing with cool, refreshing water. It wasn't long after that I sat down at a bench overlooking the wide expanse of the lake. I looked down, and there was an overturned bottle cap in the dirt. I picked it up and brushed it off, and it was a Zevia bottle cap, marked with a large white Z on the front against a background of blue: curious, but no doubt random. I would channel this clarifying state for months afterwards when in need before ultimately losing the thread.

A QUEST IN THE STORM

Several years later while living at the first DKMU New Jersey Way-House, me, and V, who drove over for a group meet, had become heavily drunk during a very epic thunderstorm. We decided to venture out into it in search of some items relating to Zalty, which would appease him. We were full of piss and vinegar and certainly up for the challenge, despite the multiple weather warnings to keep inside. We loaded up a plastic bottle with rum and sea salt, gathered our grape flavored cigars, and headed out. The storm was no joke. The winds and rains were heavy, the lightning was dramatic, and water was pouring down the streets in every direction. We

kept on walking through the deluge up the street, unsure of where we were going. Zalty, we thought, would guide us.

We eventually went under a bridge and happened upon a boatyard protected with metal fences and warning signs. We discovered three or more items there: a weird stick, a glass bottle, a plastic flower, and other things. Right near the boatyard there was some concrete leading to a narrow ledge above the raging waters below. I very foolishly jumped over the gap leading to the concrete ledge, and saw a Jolly Roger spray-painted on the wall facing the water, obfuscated otherwise. Apparently, this was the right place.

I had my mind set on one more item: the metal warning sign on the boatyard fence. I tore it off and unknowingly sliced my hand open. I didn't even notice the pain or the dripping blood on our walk back. At the apartment, I took a short video of the hand wound with some inebriated commentary. Luckily, I did not end up needing stitches. This first expedition to find Zalty's items might have been the preconception of Zalty's Four Sacred Objects, or perhaps it was Zalty trying to hint at the concept.

PREDICTING & CONNECTING

I was living at a different location in New Jersey at the time. On that night, my ex's young son was over, and we were playing cops & robbers with fake guns. Whenever you got arrested, you had to stay under the kitchen table for an undetermined amount of time before being released.

Throughout the whole night, my mind and emotions were highly agitated by a sense of impending doom. I simply sensed that something bad was going to happen, but I didn't know when. I found myself looking for a sign and trying to make sense of the feeling throughout the whimsical game. At one point during a very "watch for a sign" mindset, a fake gun projectile landed perfectly in a wooden planter with a rugged sailor's face on it which we had been correlating to the Zalty Godform. This caused me to pay even more attention.

Little did I know that the answer to the riddle had been playing out between us all, right before my eyes.

While driving to take my ex's son back home, we were pulled over by the police. After a while looking up our files, they said that they had a warrant for my ex's arrest and took her away. Her son's father eventually came to pick him up, and I called a cab. My ex had given me her purse and said there was enough for a cab in there, as I didn't have any cash on me at the time. When the cab pulled up, I got in and told him the destination.

The driver was a burly looking, tan, bald, heavy-set guy with a metal Christian cross dangling from his rear-view mirror. I looked through the purse to make sure the cash was in there, but my heart sank. I couldn't find it. Somehow the driver sensed the vibes and asked me if I could pay for the ride. I said my girlfriend just got arrested and I couldn't find my money but could write him a check when we got to my place. He didn't buy it and began driving to the nearest police station to turn me in for stealing from a cab service. It seemed that there would be two arrests that night.

Just before we pulled up to the police station, I fixated on the dangling Christian cross, and began asking not Jesus, but Zalty for help. And not just Zalty as I've known him, but his highest and most appropriate aspect, whatever that was. In a matter of seconds, we made a silent deal.

Just as the previous thought ended, the driver had a sudden change of heart, made a turn, and began driving away from the police station. The timing was perfect. Instead, he drove me to the headquarters of the cab service and bid me come inside. I was screamed at repeatedly by the driver and his equally heavy-set boss, and the last thing the cab driver said to me was, "Now you can fucking walk home!" before slamming the door. What a Christ-like Christian!

I was now out on the streets at night, no idea how far I was from home, and it was the dead of winter. I once more asked Zalty for assistance. It was all about going in the right direction to find the right people who could drive me back or

pay for a cab. I walked down a few streets before noticing a head shop. Yes, the counterculture - *my people* - this might work out. Inside, they had a variety of legal herbs for sale and even whole air-sealed Amanita Muscaria. I told the female attendant what happened to me, and she called someone, and I got a ride back home with some hippies. I later discovered that the cash had been in the purse all along, within an inside pocket I hadn't noticed in the dark of the cab.

I was later able to get my ex out on bail with the help of a friend (who paid for the bail) after finding out which prison she was in. It was all the product of a big mistake. A court document had been mailed to our previous address, and without prompt response, she was held in contempt.

COMING FULL CIRCLE

It was last month at the time of this writing that a good old friend, X, came to visit me by means of a grueling bus trip. She had previously tried to make a go of it in Las Vegas but got jumped by some people for being trans and thankfully came out the victor of the fight (she has military training.)

Still, it shook her up, and as we hadn't seen each other in quite a while, a spontaneous plan was crafted to meet up in my city. Her idea was to basically be homeless for a time, find a job, use my place to shower and hang out here and there, and eventually get housed somewhere in the city.

She couldn't stay at my place for more than two weeks due to certain regulations, or else I would have let her stay indefinitely. Now, X is a Southern girl, and is used to buying cigarettes at about \$3.50 a pack. When she got into my state and found herself craving smokes at \$11.00 a pack, it quickly became a huge drain on her finances. The plan seemed to gradually slip out of control.

Out of the sheer need for some metaphysical insurance, we conducted a ritual to Zalty early on during her stay. The precise intention was that "even if everything fucks up, it will somehow turn out alright in the end." The

Navigator has previously shown himself to be very good at doing this. I arranged my altar with symbolic items, including items representing the Four Sacred Objects. A small bottle of Crystal Head vodka stood in for Non. My long dagger/Athame symbolized Nostrum. A short tree branch I had pruned from foliage outside served as the Cadanundrum. My glass pipe was Chomby. The Zalty sigil was drawn on paper and taped to the window above the altar.

I began by lighting a large white candle placed in a bronze Indian bowl in the center of the altar, deer horns placed behind it (used to symbolize the Shaman archetype, often depicted with horns.) I used a wooden staff charged with storm energy every time there's a thunderstorm, called "Alamantra" by me, to draw a circle around myself on the carpet. I began the spoken portion of the rite with the "preliminary" calling presented in "the DKMU Egregores" document. I then spoke some free-form intonations and sat down in a half-lotus position to meditate on the intention. I remained in meditation for about 25-30 minutes and used ASO (a Servitor of mine) to generate an altered state. This proved successful, and I was able to lose myself in trance for a while. I wove our intention through the Zalty sigil, contaminating their energies. After I was satisfied, I stood up and broke the circle with the staff. The ritual was complete. I left the Zalty sigil and altar additions alone overnight, as I wanted us to bask in the residual energy.

The following morning, we burned the paper the callings were written on. We took the Zalty sigil paper and folded it into a boat shape and released it into a large creek nearby my place to float downstream. Consider disposing of your Zalty sigils this way – we sensed that it pleased him. A few weird things happened after the ritual.

The first thing began with me mentioning to X that I've always felt a weird presence in one corner of the living room: not good or bad, just strange. When standing in that location, my head would sometimes tingle, and I called the might-be entity "Mr. Tingles." It was a kind of half-joke. One

night, we decided to put Mr. Tingles to the test, and came up with a makeshift experiment.

I ripped off a sheet of notebook paper with blue lines on it, placed it in the weird corner of the room, and put a small bowl of water on top of it; most of the notebook paper exposed. The blue lines on the paper would bleed out if wet, so if there was any weird activity in the corner, it might disturb the water and splash upon the paper, a simple little tripwire. The following morning, there were two large marks of bled-out blue ink, a little way off from the bowl.

Something had disturbed the water during the night. I told X about it when she woke up, and her face denoted some genuine confusion and surprise. I highly doubt that she tampered with the bowl and then lied about it. Some water somehow got out onto the paper during the night. Beyond that, I couldn't tell you why or how.

The second weird thing to happen occurred on the first night that X wanted to make it on the streets. Unsurprisingly, there was a wicked thunderstorm that night. Our minds must have been highly entangled, for we both stayed up late into the night, very frustrated and cursing out God at every turn. When I saw X the next morning, we recounted our experiences, and they were very much in sync. X's experience was a lot like that scene in *Forrest Gump* where lieutenant Dan is up in the ship's crow's nest during a heavy storm and outright challenges God to a fight. We realized the futile nature of it, but just like lieutenant Dan, found ourselves at peace and having realizations the day after.

The third weird thing to happen was X having a dream of her Zero Construct, Violet, which she would perceive as a voice in her head, telling her that she would talk to RJ and work things out. This person had previously unfriended X on Facebook a while ago. After X woke up, she checked her phone and saw that RJ had sent her a friend request. Did Violet do something during the dream to cause this? After these experiences, X and I would struggle to work things out, but ultimately it seemed like the best option would

be to take a bus back to Alabama, where relatives of hers lived. For a time, details were in a flurry, and we bounced back & forth between possible plans of action, and ways of getting the money for the bus trip. I had to borrow \$100 from a friend (and DKMU member) called Sombra.

Eventually, it all worked itself out without too much damage on our part. We had both been through a highly stressful time, and although I had hoped X would be my new neighbor, I was glad that the situation, just like we had intended, turned out alright in the end. We smoked good bud on her last night at my place, and Lords of Acid's "Marijuana in Your Brain" played on repeat. Catharsis, at last.

Now, if you were to relate to someone who isn't in the Know, "Oh, yes, I'm currently working with Tropizalt, an aspect of a Pirate God I'm using to steal back the key to the joy of existence and hack the matrix," they would probably call the shrinks. Nonetheless, may you be fruitful in this work.

Praise hiz name for he livez – YA HO!

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DIRECT MANIPULATION

Arjil



IN a Facebook group (The Learning Annex) that occasionally holds classes for various magickal techniques, I held one on Direct Manipulation magick. I meant to do it as a video lecture, then Q&A, but that didn't work out, so I went text based with it.

I thought I'd share it here if anyone was interested. I'm posting my essay then will gladly answer any questions on the subject. Perhaps we can have a good discussion on it. (The LECTURE# addendums were to make the various posts and points easily searchable in the Facebook group. It's a good trick for the medium.)

So, Direct Manipulation: just throwing magick at stuff, or putting your will directly upon the world as you pass through it.

To make this work, it's easiest to adopt a literal mystic power view of magick kind of like "The Force." Whether that is the actual truth of what's going on or not is irrelevant. For this sort of practice, the ways in which it is useful, that sort of symbol set and mentality is the easiest to just roll with. It gives you something tangible that you can put "pressure" on reality with or manipulate resonances and currents. (As an aside, I find that people who hold this view, tend to have more success with magick in general, their practice is more versatile, and they have a more immediate magickal experience than those who do not, no matter what sort of spell-craft they're using.)

The first thing you've got to do, is Find your magick. Your principal tool here is imagination. I'm going to tell you here to straight up Pretend like you did when you were a kid, that you can just throw magick on the world. Any spell, ANY spell, all it is, is intent, plus power/will, plus something that you did to make it happen. Period.

All you must do is allow yourself to believe that you can do that with the proverbial snap of the fingers and allow yourself to Do it. That gets you in the door at least - it gets just as complex as any other magick from there, but this is where to begin.

At face value this seems dumb. If this worked, then the world would be flung into chaos, right?

You're right.

Imagination is the tool for shaping your spell, but it's the Magick that's important. If you don't get the Magick in there, it likely won't do shit. Sure, we've all had an accidental manifestation here and there, a spell that came to pass before we ever cast it- who the hell knows what's going on there? But for day-to-day reality wrangling on the fly, I've found nothing to compare with this.

Mine, seems to come from somewhere in my core, and I can literally Feel it as it surges up and out, and I program it with my intent through visualization.

I know this whole "channeling energy and power" thing is out of fashion, but it is important to be able to sense, feel, and manipulate the "energies, vibes, resonance, powers, minds, etc." around you as you encounter them to be able to do this.

By imagining what these things feel like, you program yourself to sense them in that way (or, in paying attention, you'll find you sense it in a Different way sometimes, which has happened to me a lot. Once you get into this "magickal senses" business, you'll find you spend a whole lot of time trying to figure out wtf you're sensing and where it's coming from. Be careful of assumption here.)

Ok, so what good is this? Why bother with it?

A) Magick, as strong as you could do with a ritual or sigil, Here and Now, in 30 or so seconds gives you far more opportunities and ways to Use magick than traditional methods,

B) It completely destroys the argument of “why waste effort on that?” because anything you can think of to try is now fair game.

Take inspiration from fantasy books, video games, RPG’s, faerie tales: any magick thing you think is cool and try it.

You will fail, a Lot. But this is actually a good thing. See, nothing kills the “Lust for Result” problem faster than knowing this probably isn’t going to work, and not giving a fuck and trying it anyway. However, since most of this stuff is being done in real time, you can watch what it Does do: sometimes nothing, but sometimes it’ll manifest in small ways not Quite in line with your intent. If you then alter your focus to use what it Did do, applying more *Pressure* there, then you start to get into where you can reliably bend reality.

Jinxes, hexes, throwing a “Nope” on some shit you see about to happen, making people go away, ensuring it doesn’t start really raining till the car is packed, jedi mind tricks, cursing a poker machine, Summoning objects (as in finding it while you still need it), smoothing the way through life in any way you can think of, augmenting physical skills or endeavors beyond just probability manipulation, etc. etc. etc. Any point in your daily life where you wish you could just snap your fingers and make that shit happen - try it. It won’t all work, or work the way you wish, but this is how you learn how it Will work.

One way this diverges from most spellcasting is in the realm of exhaustive specificity. Screw that. Sure, you need some, but the more specific you get, the harder it is to manifest. Throw the least specific intent you can manage. (This is another reason to just throw magick around for the fuck of it- you don’t want it to screw up when it Matters. You want to know with reasonable assurance how much

specificity you need in it Before you're in a pickle.) Yes, you will screw up sometimes - however, I've found when you're throwing your Own power and will down on something, beyond simple cause and effect stupid, it won't manifest in ways you are inherently uncool with. If you're throwing a bit of You out there, it won't "Off your grandma because it wasn't specific enough" which is a favorite caution among the pagans.

Also, don't just focus on far-flung world rending effects- like, if things appliances, equipment, machines, whatever in life is giving you trouble - call up your magick and dump some "Work" voo in it. Once you get good, it usually will (I use this one a lot.)

(On "dump some Work voo" - how I would do this, I'd raise up my magick, and channel it into the offending thing, with the literal intent of "Work thing, dammit" ... that's my incantation most of the time. I mean really, this is a whole other level of reality interface. You can put your will, your power, on ANYTHING to give a boost in performance, to make it do what it does Better. And I'm just talking about the simplest of day-to-day things - you can get as crafty as you want.)

This technique Also helps boost the efficacy of traditional ritual. If you learn to wield this baseline Magick, then when you use it with Tools, that makes for a whole new level of ritual.

Or, as we're Chaotes here - sigils. A scribbled down sigil is one thing. One that you channel power into the symbol as you're drawing it, is quite another. And instead of wanking or other non magick specific means of firing, just channel raw magick into the motherfucker- this, in my experience and the accounts of those who do that, works far better.

Speaking of tools: If you like tools like the athame, the chalice, the wand, etc., you can create these things in your mind. You can then channel them into Any similar physical thing to serve that purpose. That way, no matter where you

are, no matter what sort of cup you get ahold of you can infuse it with the pattern of Your chalice, and it will be, at least for the space of what you're doing.

I roll a little looser with that and will just dump a temporary enchantment on it if I happen to need one.

But premade spell constructs, or just Power enchantments channeled into physical objects, are a really useful trick - however, substandard objects may often be destroyed by this. Yeah, you can make it work, uncannily, once. You can also force something that's about to break, to keep functioning, but the more you do this, the more catastrophic the failure will be when it happens.

I don't know if that made sense, but once something be it your computer, your car, your whatever- if you have to resort to magick to do something essential, best get it done, then either take it to get it fixed or start looking for a new one. Once, twice, maybe Three times, but the longer you stave off the breaking point, the more fucked it's going to be. That's just my experience there.

Ah, I was talking about constructs up there and channeling them into tools. You can do that on Yourself too.

Once I found myself barefoot, on a slick as shit muddy, rocky mountain path, with a 30 foot drop off that I was sliding towards. It Sucked. So, I decided to cast "Goatfeet" on myself. I essentially just imagined satyr legs, then dumped magick into that imaginary construct. Immediately I stopped sliding, and the rocks stopped hurting my feet.

I was really quite proud of that one, as I pulled it off as I was sliding toward the cliff. See? versatility. A ceremonialist in that same instance would have had to hope he hit a tree. And I danced and pranced my merry way back to the boat.

Is there more? yeah, there's more. But that's all I've got at the moment. My Video utterly failed, (remember kids, when doing magick, either ward your electronics, or enchant

them, otherwise you're liable to Dresden the shit out of them) so I got this typed up, so we'd have something to discuss.

Hopefully this was at least some kind of informative. Ask the right questions, and maybe we'll get somewhere with this class.

LECTURE 2

A couple things as additional reading material:

<https://storytellerway.com/2013/02/06/just-effing-magick/>

This needs to be rewritten badly, I know. The second half is the important bit. And this:

<https://storytellerway.com/2013/01/27/the-banana-thing/>

And one for considering "Force Sense" type precog:

<https://storytellerway.com/2013/01/27/rockvswizard/>

LECTURE 3

Another thing of note: I never ground. I never banish. I fling magick with my Own power. All these things, various traditions are horrified by. Perhaps they're right and one day I'll burn through all my vital essence or go mad, or get eaten by demons or something, but it hasn't happened in nearly 30 years of doing this, and very few of my detractors impress me magickally in the slightest.

Making your Life, your Self, into "ritual space", making that your baseline reality rather than something you "step into when it's magick time" I find to be key to really getting the most out of this whole "Mage" business.

I'm never Not a wizard. I've literally thrown spells while sick and sitting on the toilet. That's as viscerally "Normal" as you can get.

Own your magick, and your Self.

There's also a weird thing - much like The Force - I find, and this could just be me, that it takes a little while to establish a relationship with it. It's... It really does seem to kind of have its own semi-sentience. I know this might strictly be my understanding, but it seemed that it took a while for it to learn Me, as well as Me learning It.

Once whatever I think of as "The Magick" and I had come to an understanding, like, spells or "pressure" I exerted on reality worked more in line with my "unspoken" intent, and I better understood certain "heads up" that it would give me. I don't know. This is all subjective, but it really seems like a "My ally is The Force" sort of thing.

I don't talk about that much as It's an unpopular notion, but that's my subjective deeper experience of it.

LECTURE 4

Here's another little story on Direct Manipulation.

So back in the day, I went to this goth club in Tulsa. In preparation for going, as I loved the idea but had never been to one, I created a Mantle - that being a Glamour construct (useful for all sorts of things, especially being what you're not. I had "helpful hardware guy" when I was in retail. like armor with certain bonuses... that sounds cheesy but, it worked. anyway) This one was heavily Fae, and I made donning my black and eyeshadow and fingernail polish all part of the ritual.

So, we get there, and nobody's dancing.

I was annoyed.

So, I reached out with my magick and usurped/created the reality bubble of the "Dance Floor." Then I delved that whole "Faeries will make you dance" resonance. Then I stepped on the floor and danced a spell. So long as I was dancing, that motherfucker was Full. When I sat down, everybody drifted off again. 8 times, without fail, I jam packed that floor, and a couple of those poor bastards looked

like they might die, but they wouldn't stop while I was on that floor, throwing down my "Dance, Monkey" will.

That's not the only time I've done that specifically, and I use that sort of limited area "reality bubble" effect a lot. It's Quite useful.

LECTURE 5

Spellblast: here's a game my brother and I used to play. This started back when we were in the "Remembering how to pretend without reservation" stage of learning this sort of magick.

(This is going to sound very silly, and it was, until it Wasn't.) So, playing, you just huck spells at each other. Like "splinterstorm," "mankytaint," "summon ant farm," just silly bullshit - but you take it half serious. You try to put Magick behind that construct. On the other end, you must play fair. Sometimes that shit gets you, and you have to let it - imagining, Feeling the effect.

It's a ridiculous, LARPy kids' game. Until it starts to hurt, and you have to stop, you have to tone down the infusion of magick, because it's starting to Do things.

In fact, because of all this, I must be careful with my emphatic gestures when I'm talking to my wife, or telling stories, because my finger is fucking Loaded, and she gets really pissy when I accidentally nail her with something. But paying the price of being careful with what you're throwing around is far better, in my opinion, than having to really Work to make any impact somebody will notice.

Just a thing you guys might play with.

LECTURE 6

Something a little more advanced: Once you KNOW magick works, and have a handle on it, and don't have to Prove anything beyond a shadow of a doubt anymore, then we can

get to the business of proactive casting, playing magick closer to the probability line.

In doing this, the second you see a potential problem that might crop up in anything you're doing - go ahead and throw your voo on it.

Once shit has already gone sideways, it's all damage control. Avoidance is more efficient. You have more options available for ways for it to Not go wrong (or less wrong) the further out you start influencing it.

Will you ever actually know if you avoided that doom? mostly not. It will only be evident in the conspicuous lack of problems. (And yeah, you get your "reality" trained right, or find the right *flow* you don't have to give it much thought, but this is a bit more active, along the same lines.)

So, this isn't something to crow about, it's not awesome and weird effects, you must concede that maybe you had an effect, maybe you didn't.

But it's one of the more efficient secrets of magick. Make that shit not be a problem before you ever get there. #protips (it's a good non-magickal living skill as well, just FYI.)

LECTURE 7

There are certain bits of this I can't really talk about, because a lot of it is just "DO" it, and how in the hell do you explain that? Like the literal "how do you put pressure on reality? how do you call up your magick/power? how do you throw it at something?" like the actual mechanics of "how to"- and that is frustrating as hell to not be able to express. I've pointed at it as much as I can I think, but it's that part of this business you've got to figure out.

I will admit that it took me a whole decade of failing to get decent at it.

The reason I'm throwing down random stories, is not so much because they matter in and of themselves, they're just examples of the types of reality engagement I'm talking

about, just how I deal with the world around me, magickally, and I hope they are useful and give you a point in the right direction for your own "hands on" reality wrangling.

I'm just going through some thoughts down here that may be useful.

I will say, if you're going to delve into this - as you get good at this stuff, a caution: The better you get at on-the-fly reality wrangling, the more control you need to have over your mind and emotions.

I've internalized this magick process to the point where, if I'm not careful, and I'm having a bad day and lose my shit everything within range goes Murphey's law. Most of us have this from time to time, but the better you get at screwing with reality around you, the more serious it gets and the further it goes.

It's also useful to learn how to Grab a spell as it's going off in case you accidentally start to throw something. To do this, you've got to catch it before it actually goes. So, paying attention to your own mind is a very important thing.

The "Grab and Pull" aspect is just as important as the "Throwing and Pushing" - Like, take dropping a glass - instead of dumping "energy" into this, I'll try to suck energy Out of that happening, instead of an "exhale" it's an "Inhale." Sometimes it keeps things from breaking that should have *shrug*. You can do this with situations too- Like if a situation has become tense, instead of putting your will upon them and trying to enforce the calm (which is direct opposition to their will, which is something always best avoided when possible. it's harder) you draw the Tense and energy Out of it. (You can do both at the same time, but that's a weird split focus thing and it's tricky.)

You can also impose stasis, Holding something steady rather than trying to cause change- this is especially useful when, like, the ladder you're on is about to slip, or the limb you're holding onto is about to break, or the wind is about to blow a campfire away and set the world alight, or things need

to stay just how they are till you can do what you need to do to make it ok.

This all goes beyond mere imagining it, it's not just wishing- it's really reaching out with part of You, and Doing- and there's a serious difference there, between Thought and Actually Doing. For myself, If I can't literally actually feel the Magick, the Force, Whatever that is stir and move and flow - it's not going to do shit. Not saying it will always succeed even if it did do that thing (I don't see why people hold magick to a higher standard in that regard than physical action - we don't always succeed at those either.)

But without that it's like the difference between just standing there Imagining throwing a ball, and actually throwing a ball and thinking it to your target. You've got to find the Actually in this process. And it's one thing I can't tell you how to do. Sorry to ramble. I hope that was helpful.

LECTURE 8

This direct manipulation stuff is great on its own, but what of ritual? Here we get some Serious benefit, I find.

Like, so much of the ritual and tools route is devoted to getting into the magick mindset, raising the power, and then doing the thing.

If you're Already, baseline reality in a magickal mindset because you're a goddamn wizard who wields the forces of magick on a whim, and if you can infuse things with power and purpose just by picking them up and Deciding that they are and dumping voo into them, then ritual becomes Not about getting yourself ready to do magick, it becomes about Doing magick.

You also get far better at using the subtle resonances and powers that you're attempting to engage through the various tools, the experience becomes a Whole lot more visceral.

You can bust that out "on the fly" as well- snagging random objects and slapping them into place with Purpose,

Using these tools as they were intended, rather than half as a prop to help you believe. And even still, once you get good, some days you're just out of juice, you reach for it and you just can't get it to go. Tools are helpful here.

It's kind of like the "Riddle of Steel" from Conan- "what is steel compared to the hand that wields it?"

Once you grok the magickal equivalent of that, then you can wield the fuck out of some magickal tools.

LECTURE 9

Something I forgot: cool little trick but useful. You know how you wind up with Favorite Things, like a hat, or pants, or pocketknife, or jewelry, and it's a horrible wrench when they wear out? Well, you can shift that resonance and magick of "Your Thing" to another one. Takes a bit for it to sink in, but you can retain all that mojo. Or you can do the same thing as with ritual tools, creating the construct and infusing it into whatever is at hand. It doesn't seem very important, but it can be. Keep your mojo bound to you, so you don't have to rebuild it after loss or age. Sometimes, sure, it's for the best and new is important. But sometimes, continuity is important. There are some things we shouldn't have to lose when the physical thing goes kaput. I don't know if that makes sense, but I thought I'd throw that out there.

Augmented Reality + Ellis vs. actually tagging a location. Would hitting gnosis with the LS overlaid at a location via AR work to create a link?

What about placing the LS on a picture of a place and hitting gnosis with that?

(There are certain historic locations or works of fine art where physically drawing on shit is not feasible.)

It seems to work on an "astral" level. IF you can get there, really into that "place," and make it stick.

I have questions about how long non-physical tags remain - particularly on physical areas. There's some

"enchantments erode over time" plus "as above so belowness", and "what world were you standing in" there that needs to be considered.

Generally, for making them stick in the physical, it seems like the "so below" component matters for long term viability- as energy and reality bubbles change depending on the minds that come through.

Man, I'm dancing around some hard to discuss shit there, but maybe you follow me.

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THE THEOGONY OF ZALTY

Sam Hamilton

PART 2 – YUNG ZALTY



HUS, have I heard from Merlin:

On the first day of Yung Zalty's life, he made many wise pronouncements. All day long he answered questions until he fell asleep. The next day he saw that his followers had still more questions. At this he thought, "I am a baby. Have these people never heard of child labor laws?" So, he conjured up the waters of Lethe into his bottle, Non. He then drank it and forgot all his wisdom and knowledge of language. When the followers saw him only babble at their questions, they said, "He must be speaking the divine language, let us drink from his bottle, so that we may understand our great leader!" So, they drank of the bottle, and all died for the sin of their following. Yung Zalty was then reared by the Spiders of Ellis.

When Zalty came of age, his chest began to swell, and he began to bleed. He asked Ellis, "What is happening to me?!" She said, "You are becoming a woman." Zalty answered, "Like hell, I am!" So, Ellis took Zalty to the base of the Black Ziggurat and told him to climb, and to take care not to kill the snakes in the cracks of its stones. He did so, climbing carefully to avoid the snakes. When he found the peak, there was a robust, white-haired man waiting for him.

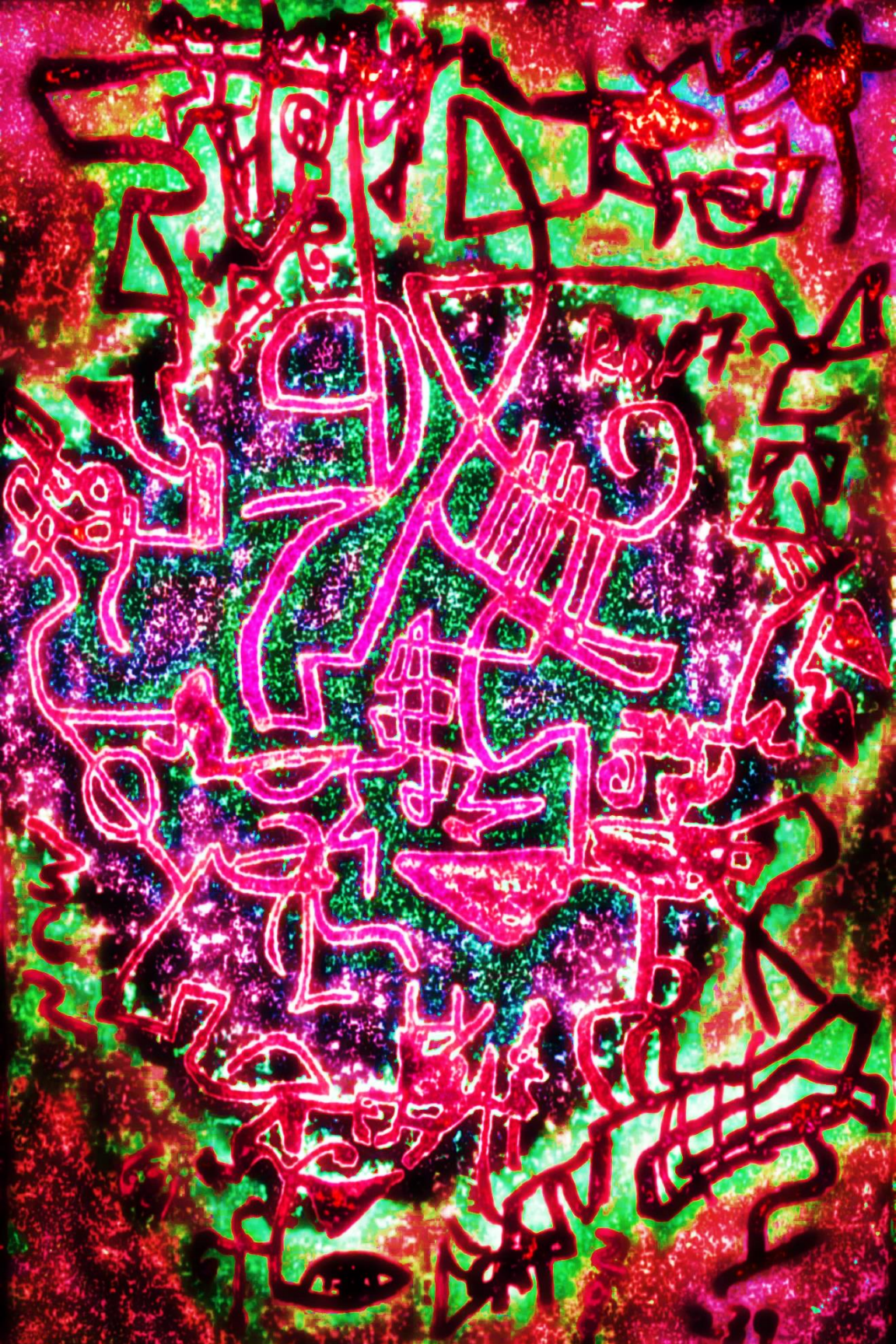
"Zalty," he said, "Yung one, die once and become my son." Zalty expressed his consent and was struck down by a sharp blade. The Doombringer then reached inside his body, pulled out his internal organs, and replaced them with a magic stone. The Doombringer then said, "Rise, my son. You are now a man." He then gave Zalty the sword with which he was struck down, and Zalty named the sword Nostrum.

Yung Zalty then began to descend the ziggurat when one of the snakes jumped out from a crack. Zalty, being startled and holding Nostrum, sliced the snake in half. The Doombringer then boomed from the apex of the ziggurat, "Having killed one of my innocent snakes, you are now compelled to wander the seas for all time in the navy of the living! Never again will you see the mainland! Never will you know the release of death, as you struggle forever against the Star-Shadow." Silver chains of mist and mystery then bound him, carried him through the air, and dropped him on a foggy dock. Zalty cried, "I am lost!" The Silver Chains answered, "I know," as they flew away, rattling.



“Perhaps we are dealing with a terrain rarely tread upon by the majority. Who is the greater and more honest seeker of truth? Is it the one who practices these things by repeated experimentation and record-keeping, or the one who simply denies their existence out of conceited cowardice? And who, in the end, has the larger reality?”

- *The Molotov Buddha*



THE DKMU ASTRAL TEMPLE

Absyrose

"As to what is deemed real, it is simply a matter of the various electrical signals interpreted by your brain which then inform the realness of your complete sensorium. There is no reality as we understand it without a witness perceiving it, for it must be interpreted by a measurer. Who knows what else is out there?"

- *RovingWiz999*



THE concept is to envision, manifest, and maintain a meeting place on the Astral (or Second World, Aether, Other Side, etc.) which practitioners may travel to in meditation, trance, dreams, lucid dreams, and Out of Body Experiences. It may also give one an aim and reason to practice these things in the first place, and this article also serves as a gestalt and reference for these subjects.

In our various magickal workings and operations, such things may prove highly beneficial. Are we not the fearless explorers of disparate worlds and planes? If yes, then get your metaphorical astronaut suit ready. The layout of the Astral Temple is up to us all to imagine and determine, though I will provide a brief and simple outline a bit later.

For myself, the concept goes rather far back to "occultforums.com" (early 2000's, long defunct.) OF members constructed and maintained an Astral Temple, and although I never got to see it through my own experiences, others had done so, and would post about it. From these sparse accounts, it was a rather lofty and mystical place wherein much strange information could be acquired. There were also multiple accounts of ESP and shared dreams between participating projectors.

So, what is the Astral? As with the term, “magick”, there are many definitions. Let’s say that the Astral is a hypothetical nonphysical dimension of consciousness which is both within us and outside of us. When we’re fully hooked up to the physical data-stream of this life, we rarely notice or pay attention to it, although it is always around us. It is both somewhere you can “go to” and something that you are. It is the larger, more fundamental world beneath the surface of dense physicality. As occultists, many of us may have already had experiences with it, like little flashes of a greater context. It is fluid, responsive to thought & will, and as you are a piece of this consciousness field, you may access any number of other worlds and their many fascinating denizens. As to whether it's all the invention of your own brain or not is another question which the explorer must grapple with. The sensation of being “outside oneself” can be very convincing.

HISTORY & THEORY

The techniques used to induce Out of Body Experience, or Astral Projection as it is sometimes called, were a closely guarded secret for occult orders such as the Golden Dawn. It goes back much further, however, into accounts of Egyptian priests (likely using blue water lilies) and the Siddhis of Hindu mystics, or otherwise people simply born with the gift. It’s rare, but it does happen in the sense that it is a possible human experience, though its connotations can be rattling.

The phenomenon was brought out of the murky shadows and into the light of science after Robert Monroe published his first book on the subject, “Journeys Out of the Body.” He used the term “Out of Body Experience” to differentiate it from the “spooky” and “occult” terminology of “Astral Projection.” For Monroe, already a wealthy businessman in the field of radio broadcasting and having no need for his books to turn a profit, his experiences began as spontaneous and unexpected after experiments using sound. His OOBES greatly troubled him for a time, and made him

think he might be going insane, or with one foot over the doorstep of his own mortality. He was otherwise a no-nonsense and down-to-earth Southern gentleman. When telling a psychiatrist friend about these experiences, he half-jokingly recommended that Monroe go seek out a guru in India to study under. Bob would do nothing of the sort and took the curious matter into his own hands.

Monroe founded, financed, and oversaw construction of the Monroe Institute in 1974, and within it was an impressive laboratory. He hired several scientists, psychologists, engineers, and other experts to help him unravel his mystery by using the scientific method, carefully and methodically. One of these people, a physicist by the name of Thomas Campbell, went on to work at NASA for a time and would ultimately develop a novel and logical theory of the Totality described in a 3-part book series called “My Big TOE” (TOE = Theory of Everything.)

The experiments of Monroe and company were intriguing. To really understand this strange stuff, Monroe had to teach his scientists to have the same experiences he was having. And after some time, they were successful. They were reportedly meeting with each other in the OOB state, sharing experiences between them, and reporting back, thus furthering the evidence that this was something objective (a shared, rather than a strictly personal, reality.)

The phenomenon might just hold the key to that most ultimate of questions: What happens after we die? There is no way of knowing for sure, as the projectors in his experiments were all quite alive. At the very least, it points to some kind of extra-sensory-perception available in states like OOB which modern science has failed to properly test. Indeed, because to conduct the tests in any real sense, one must learn and perform the techniques. One cannot get to know the larger system if one is perpetually stuck in the sub-system. And all physical reality, according to Campbell, is the virtual sub-system of something far vaster than many could imagine without having gone there themselves.

For science, the whole ordeal might open a big can of worms. If existence after biological death were to be proven, does that mean the Christians or any other earthly religion is correct? No, no it does not. It means that something else entirely is correct. Perhaps it is a more advanced model and overview of consciousness which we have yet to discover.

Occultists and magicians have classically been very interested in this OOBIE state because it allows for a few functional practices of preternatural intrigue. For one, it allows them to perform their magick in a realm seemingly “closer to the Source”, or the ethereal dimension which they believe their magick to travel through. Two, it allows immediate lucid contact with any number of entities which, in the physical world, one might have had to undergo a complicated evocation or invocation to contact the same spirit. Three, it is simply exalting to have your Second Body fly free of its biological confines and indulge in, while alive, what could very well be the Other Side (or not!)

A kind of mental attitude recommended by Campbell is called “Open-Minded Skepticism.” He certainly advises skepticism, but not the knee-jerk instant denial kind of Dogmatic Scientism which tends to outright reject (with heated passion) any striking anomalies in its models.

There is some evidence for the weird stuff if one knows where to look. And, no, I don’t mean conspiracy theory videos on YouTube, or books like “The Secret.” The practitioner needs to know how to filter through the rubbish to get to the gems. It’s certainly good to be skeptical, and it’s a great tool, but let’s also keep an open mind lest we find ourselves at the mercy of all those things not so easily categorized, quantified, or explained by the Western Scientific Model. This includes the nature of our own consciousness and the unmapped portions of the human psyche.

We know the age of the Universe and the distances between galaxies, yet the nature of the human mind is still largely unknown. Ours is an often conceited and bright little encampment within an otherwise tremendous and perplexing

Mystery. We are still mostly babies clenching tight upon the comforting teddy-bears of our daily routines, human connections, dogmas, and personal beliefs during a torrential thunderstorm. Instead of inducing fear and panic, this should arouse the intrepid heart of the adventurer into action to tread the paths less traveled by the majority.

The explorer may have many fears of the Astral and what one may encounter there. This fear is only somewhat justified, as I have also visited many dark and negative realms full of equally negative beings. Fear is the primary block for many who attempt OOB. In my experience, nothing can truly harm your Second Body, and you can always phase back into the physical body upon a mere command of one's concentration. The so-called "Silver Cord" which connects the Second Body to the physical body is just an old visual metaphor for *connection* which used to be popular and comforting. Many explorers don't see a Silver Cord these days while out and about, as it's a rather antiquated idea.

Was Monroe an eloquent conman? Did he hypnotize his volunteers with experimental sound technology such as Hemi-Sync? Was he a charlatan who hoodwinked all these serious and highly educated participants of his? These were questions that I needed to unravel. After years researching the late Bob & his Monroe Institute, going over his three books, reading Campbell's material about him, and reading detailed unbiased biographies of him, it all seems like the real deal. Monroe was an honest explorer of inner and outer consciousness and was pioneering in these fields.

The institute's findings, however, are still considered "fringe" and "spooky" and probably won't be announced or featured on the American morning news anytime soon. Anything that causes disruption in their paradigm will not be featured or paid any attention to. This should not deter one from working up the courage to perform the techniques and see where you get. The only person you need to prove this to, first off, and before anyone else, is yourself.

INTERACTING WITH THE ASTRAL

There are many ways in theory to interact with the Astral, but some terms would benefit from being cleared up. OOBE appears to be still very sparsely understood by a large portion of the occult community. This is mainly due to some phenomenological confusion as to what the techniques and experience entails. Some will insist that OOBE is nothing more than intense daydreaming while the body is awake. They may also relate to it as a simple product of normal dreams. It must be noted that this is not the kind of OOBE that Robert Monroe, Tom Campbell, and many others are talking about unless the technique is specified. It's not the kind that I am primarily talking about. I would call this intense daydreaming the "Active Imagining Technique," but it is not a classical OOBE as one is still in their body in a very literal, tactile, and experiential sense. The difference is much like watching a movie instead of being inside of it.

For these explorers, and myself, and others, OOBE is experienced as a full immersion into a different reality or dimension, and usually while the physical body is entirely asleep or near asleep in a trance. The data-stream is switched: no longer attached to the sensory input of physicality. Yes, there are other data-streams out there which we can access. This entails a switching of modes of perception and almost always entails the sensation of an Astral Body (or Second Body) disconnecting from the physical body and often (but not always) winding up in the room you fell asleep in. The experiences are magnificently lucid and may even feel more "real" than waking reality, and often do.

After countless attempts, I had wedged a solid foot into the OOBE realm by continual practice. This practice began when I was a senior in high school. I had worked up a reputation as "that art kid in all black who is into the occult." When school was done with, some goofy barnacle yelled at me on the final school bus ride, "Go on, project already!" as I got off the bus and started heading home.

Funnily enough, I would have my first proper “Astral Projection” (which he was referring to) just a few weeks after school officially ended. So, I did in fact project, and the smarmy barnacle was correct in his encouragement.

After “rolling out” of the physical body (this is what it often feels like) I found myself in my room, realized what this was, got excited, and then wanted to go explore outside the house. There was a bear-like creature on the streets, and it startled me awake. Although it didn’t last long, the experience inspired me, and I continued with the practice for years. My 20’s were full of longer OOBES as a result, with several happening every month. In my late 20’s, however, the ability began to fade, and I could only have the experience via the constant practice of the strongest techniques. My last OOBES were in 2020, wherein I had a total of three strong ones.

The above describes what is in my book called a “proper” or “classical” OOBES. However, it is not the only way of interacting with the Astral – in theory. If we are to accept that it is all around us, all the time, and we are a part of it, then there are many less direct ways of dealing with it. What follows are a few techniques going from the easiest to more difficult to perform. All of them are probably a good means of interacting with the Astral through directed intentionality, filtered differently. A sigil signifying a key to the location of the DKMU Astral Temple is included at the end of this article. Think of it like psychic GPS coordinates, or the “true name” of the DKMU Astral Temple.

ACTIVE IMAGINING TECHNIQUE (AIT)

The AIT is like weightlifting for your ability to hold a complete environment in your mind. By placing more focus on your ability for visualization, this may bleed into other and more difficult techniques. Probably, many of us would do this as children as we drifted off to sleep. I did this as a youngster: before falling asleep, I would imagine visiting various planets in the solar system. Jupiter was one of my favorites. Once I

got beyond Pluto, I usually fell asleep. It was a year ago now that I took up the practice again, this time coupled with states of deep meditation. It is the easiest to perform albeit the least likely to initiate a proper OOB. Still, I think one may influence the Astral by using such a method, even when one is fixed within the ordinary physical data-stream. Your point of awareness just isn't located "Over There."

Active Imagining might be a good exercise for the culmination of dream recall, lucid dreaming, and OOB. Plus, it can be fun. When I first began the practice again, having been bored from my general meditation routine, I remembered how I used to do this as a child. This time, however, I fully gave into the subconscious urge to experience something totally different, and I was craving something peaceful. I was agitated at the time, and the visuals I received in my mind's eye, while lying down in bed, were exactly right to dissuade and massage this agitation.

I was hanging back as a point of awareness (or disembodied Witness), watching a young caiman swim through a large jungle river while it was gently raining. The shimmering green of various varieties of vegetation were fully alive on either side of me and rustling, their gargantuan roots reached down into the river. I was surprised at the amount of detail my mind was rendering. Not closed-eye-visuals, but purely a mental vision. I was in control of this small caiman and could make it do whatever I wanted it to. After a while admiring the surface world scenery, I bid the caiman to submerge and swim down, beneath the water.

I beheld a murky blue undercurrent of aquatic expanse, bright turquoise but hazy with particulates, and the various fish (piranhas, maybe) were quickly darting from side to side with scales glittering. The caiman and I wanted to chomp on a fish, so we snatched one and swallowed it. We continued swimming, and beheld the old remnants of human temples, once placed before this expansive river. We swam in through an entrance into the dilapidated temple but would

soon need to come up for air. We beheld multiple ancient tribal symbols within the ruins, but also an archaic Linking Sigil. We came up for air and breathed deeply. This was my first strong AIT, using the caiman as an avatar. Conduct a detailed mental vision: it's just that easy to do. You will get better at it with time; simply continue the practice.

The next few times I tried the AIT, I ended up doing what my childhood self would do: explore the solar system. Except, this time, I knew enough about galaxies, black holes, hypothetical wormholes, and the utter weirdness of the quantum realm, that I explored all the aspects of reality as I saw fit. My own subconscious was eight steps ahead of me, bringing me onto the next visualization and exploration. Sometimes I took odd and mind-bending turns.

I've had scattered lucid dreams, too, about visiting a large stone temple and tower erected at the side of an expansive, perpetually twilight blue island. There were occult symbols carved in stone all throughout the premises and seemingly from all walks and denominations of occultism. Sometimes I would visit the library found within this stone temple. I once had a lucid dream about opening a book within this library wherein each page kept the "aura" or true visual embodiment of every legit member of the DKMU at that time. Many of them appeared to be a mixture of angelic & demonic beings and all held different colors and natures. Their images revealed certain things about them, obfuscated otherwise. I think these were my first ventures into the DKMU Astral Temple before I even knew what it was.

If one aims to use the Active Imagining Technique and apply it to visualizing the DKMU Astral Temple, we may briefly entertain the layout as I have known it. You will either arrive upon the twilight beaches of an island, or within the Temple's landing pad upon which is carved a large Linking Sigil within dark stone. Within the sky is seen the spiraling of galaxies and many multicolored moons. Before you is a large black stone tower, wide and immeasurable (think of Orthanc, though this tower reaches beyond the clouds.)

On its left side is the proper temple, which contains large obsidian statues of all the DKMU Godforms and a gargantuan library. Behind you are the dark crashing waves of multitudinous realities outside of this autonomous space. You see a large dock connected to the coastline whereupon a wooden walkway is found. Zalty and his pirate ship, the meta-mystical Cadanundrum, sometimes docks here, but he follows no ordinary schedule. Otherwise, lesser ships may come carrying various visitors from who knows where. On the island and near the temple & its tower is an expansive jungle. I have not yet explored it and have not yet constructed anything there, although I suspect it may contain a black ziggurat filled with green snakes, if you know what I mean.

NORMAL DREAMING & RECALL

One may encounter results by holding the DKMU Astral Temple sigil in mind while in bed and falling asleep, and by drawing it upon a piece of paper and placing it under your pillow. Don't expect very much, though. Holding it in mind during meditation prior to sleep would also be worth testing out for yourself. I haven't done much when it comes to ordinary dreaming synced up with the sigil of the Astral Temple. However, I suspect one might be able to get there through the normal dreaming mind. Without lucidity, though, it may only be a strange series of remembrances with all the chaos and randomness that normal dreams tend to have. For this reason, it may be one of the murkiest and least reliable avenues for visiting a specific Astral location. It's largely left up to chance, also granted one's many efforts to steer dreams in a certain direction, but normal dreams can be stubborn in their unfolding (rather, the mind can be stubborn.)

The practice of Dream Recall should be mentioned in brief. This simple discipline will no doubt enhance your Lucid Dreaming and OOB recall, for it is no use experiencing such things if we cannot remember them upon waking. Begin to use a physical or digital journal for the purposes of dream

recollection. Even if you only remember bits and pieces of the previous dream, or don't remember anything at all, report on it in your dream journal. Even if your memory is blank, write down, "I don't remember my dreams." This continual focus forces the mind to place an emphasis on your dreams and take their recall more seriously. After doing this for several weeks, your dreams will become clearer and more memorable. This also means that you will remember nightmares more clearly. Everything has its price.

LUCID DREAMING (LD)

Now we begin to tread upon truly astounding territory. Anyone who's ever had a Lucid Dream, or many of them, always relates the experience with a sparkle in their eyes. It's as if they were let onto some kind of secret that they cannot exactly fathom at present. To have a Lucid Dream not-so-simply entails becoming aware that you are having a dream and may therefore direct it. From there, one may entertain anything imaginable. The LD state and the OOB state seem to be very closely linked, truly just a wide dimension apart. At a certain point of intersection or contamination, they may fade into one another. I think individual consciousness (human or otherwise) fades into the larger system at a certain obfuscated point. This is a dimensional and perceptual matter, though we perceive ourselves as separated from all else to keep the ego-learning-game running.

Friends like X and I have often used the Lucid Dream state as a launching pad to have an OOB. Some who I have known even describe OOB as a "lucid dream on steroids." Despite the similarities, the two phenomena are quite different in other ways. The LD state feels and operates like Organic Virtual Reality manifested by the human brain, whereas OOB carries the distinct impression of being somehow "outside oneself" and may contain free-standing territories available to all explorers (Monroe's Locale 1, Locale 2, the H-Band, K-95, Focus 12, etc.)

Although Lucid Dreaming is rendered in detail by the physical brain, that does not mean that outside information from “beyond” cannot penetrate such an opened and receptive state. One may receive revelations, clairvoyance, precognition, or otherwise, within this boundless mind.

Imagine what it would be like to achieve mastery over Lucid Dreaming. It would be considered a Siddhi by any Hindu mystic - a literal human superpower. Upon every sleep, one would be the master of his/her own dreaming mind. Any kind of experience that one could imagine would be available and flowing freely. Shall I be a black undulating fractal squid and you a perpetually exploding marmoset singing galaxies into existence? In that realm, this is quite possible. There are no limits to the dreams we can weave.

There are even those adepts at such things attempting to slow down the perception of time while within the lucid dream. Might it be possible to live out days, weeks, months, years, within the fully commanded lucid dreaming state? Might we, as magicians, create temporal dream-pockets and live out alternative lives or deep spiritual lessons? I am nowhere near any such accomplishments, though it is fascinating to consider the possibilities. I have always suspected that the sheer total power of the human mind is something we rarely tap into. A series of strong and tested techniques for LD & OOBEE will be listed. Some have been consolidated from Liber Sigillum and updated.

TECH-01: Multipurpose Induction Process (MIP)

Notes: Being an experimental means to induce the state of consciousness called "Mind Awake/Body Asleep." Robert Monroe called this state “Focus 10.” This is often utilized as a route to trance, lucid dreams, or OOBEE. What you’re really doing is slowly detaching from the physical data-stream and getting closer to Zero Point Consciousness. I developed the MIP in 2020 to assist with various sorcerous things. It lists the attainment of 4 conditions, detailed below.

Condition 1: Motionlessness of the Body

The first condition is sustained motionlessness, preferably while lying on your back. This requires some will and control, as you will notice that this simple goal carries some challenges with it. You will itch, you will twitch, you will want to rub your face, and you will want to switch positions. You must persist because you want the body to think you're falling asleep, and to begin to initiate its shutting down process.

Condition 2: Object Concentration

The second condition is sustained focus on any mental object. You may begin meditation and pay attention to your breathing cycle, or repeat a mantra in your mind, or focus on a mental image such as a sigil or candle flame or you may use the AIT. This gives the conscious mind "something to chew on" while deeper states are ascertained. Give it 30+ minutes.

Condition 3: The Shutting Down Process

The third condition is maintaining awareness as the body falls asleep. At first, the body will begin to feel different. One may feel heavier, or slightly numb, or feel subtle waves of "energy" run throughout the body. The quality of the mind also changes, but ever so slightly, and deep states of trance, and physical and mental relaxation are possible.

I have noticed when questioning some people about this condition that their hypnagogic state resides closer to the shores of the conscious mind than does others. Some will experience it at different stages, and quicker or slower, when following these steps. My hypnagogic state seems to reside very near the black borders of sleep, and I usually experience it when very near to sleep itself. For me it is often characterized by "nonsense thoughts" and visual/audio flickers of dreamtime. I've noticed that to "give in" is to just lose your conscious thought process to the hypnagogic state

like a drop of water becoming a part of the ocean. Sleep is then manifest. This is to be avoided. Persist.

Condition 4: Zero Point Consciousness

Thomas Campbell coined the term for this state. ZPC denotes a state of lucid awareness while at the same time receiving no input from any major data-stream (or any reality besides your own contents, if you prefer that.) The sensory data-stream of the body is not active, having fallen completely asleep. One is not yet in a dream but may go that route if desired. Awareness has been maintained throughout the first 3 Conditions, and from this point on any further experience is just a matter of strongly willed intention.

Very often, I would need to first fall asleep for only a few moments before regaining awareness in ZPC, which I used to call “the black field.” The moment of switching is difficult to discern, and it’s very much like groping in the dark. Many unknown variables may contribute to this, and I am quite sure that I am not yet aware of them all. It is for these reasons that it is the most difficult condition to ascertain, though continual practice will inch you closer.

You could intend to have a Lucid Dream from here on, or an OOBIE, or just reside in ZPC as a pure awareness without any world to occupy. It should be mentioned that, at least at first, ZPC can be a scary place. The fear people bring to it can manifest in many ways. For the most part, one finds oneself in a field of blackness but with the Astral Body being “looser” than it normally would be when wholly awake.

An OOBIE’er phenomenon called “the vibrations” sometimes manifests in this state, like a buzzing or electrical voltage going through the “body” (in this case, a Second Body, or Astral Body) and they have freaked many people out in the past. Sounds like violent banging or cracking or electricity may also be heard. The vibrations are kind of like a rite of passage. After some encounters with them, they eventually fade and are very rarely ever experienced again, at

least not to any alarming degree. This has been my experience and that of others. I grant this to the practitioner becoming more comfortable in ZPC, and not letting his/her fears run away with them. Sleep paralysis is also possible here.

TECH-02: Psychic Kundalini Hands

Notes: Although I highly doubt it was originally developed for this purpose, this is the technique which gave me my first self-induced Lucid Dream, many years ago during school. It may also be used for Chakra work and general energy upkeep. Warning: Kundalini work can be potent stuff.

Methodology

One lies down in a comfortable position, arms resting at either side, and you close your eyes. In preparation for the technique, it is good to relax and perhaps meditate on the breath cycle for a while. Once one feels relaxed and settled in, one visualizes a pair of glowing white psychic disembodied hands floating above the body. One also visualizes the 7 Chakras, the energy centers of their Astral body. One needn't be precise with this: their various colors and names needn't be memorized, although it doesn't hurt, either.

One then proceeds to visualize the white psychic hands going through the various Chakras, from the root to the crown, gathering energy from them. The psychic hands are visualized glowing ever more brightly. After doing this, focus first on the root Chakra (Muladhara) and visualize a hard piece of bread in the Chakra, grasped by the hands. Then intend that they break open the piece of bread with a snap. This Chakra is now open. Repeat the process with the other 6 Chakras, ending with the crown (Sahasrara.) Once all the Chakras have been opened, visualize a clear stream of Kundalini energy rising from the root Chakra and spiraling upwards, eventually coming through the crown Chakra, and raining down upon and nourishing the energy-body.

TECH-03: Mnemonic Induction of LD (MILD)

Notes: The following techniques are very classic ones, utilized extensively by many explorers for decades. I will present the techniques and then distill my general experiences with them, along with some advice as to effective utilization.

Methodology

The MILD was developed by Dr. Stephen LaBerge during his Ph.D. dissertation at Stanford in 1979, and it is one of the simplest techniques available. However, its effectiveness can be chaotic. Mnemonic simply means anything which allows us to better retain a memory. In this sense, it denotes any activity, such as reading about Lucid Dreaming prior to sleep, or going through mental scenarios (what would I do if I were to Lucid Dream?) which might stick the idea in the brain, thus increasing one's chances of success. It may also be as simple as repeating the self-affirmation before sleeping, "I will have and remember a lucid dream," or, "the next time I'm dreaming, I will realize I'm dreaming," dozens of times. Although I have often coupled it with the WILD technique, as a stand-alone approach it has rarely worked any wonders for me. I recommend using multiple techniques at once.

MILD is a subtle technique which may assist us to recognize the difference between a dream and waking life, thus enhancing the probability of lucidity. By placing more desire, intention, and emphasis on the "idea" of Lucid Dreaming, this may convince the brain to manifest one. By now, there are many iterations of the technique, each one with slightly different innards and recommendations. Many sources also confuse it with the WILD. I recommend you do your own research into the MILD, as there is a ton of information available online. Somewhere in-between the many interpretations, may you arrive upon some solidity.

TECH-04: Wake Induced LD (WILD)

Notes: This is by far the technique which I have experienced the most success with, often paired with the MILD. It is said to have a 60% overall success rate. I have used it for both LD induction as well as OOBE, using the LD state as a launching pad into getting “out of body.” It is said to interrupt the sleep process during the brain’s production of Theta waves, which is the type most active when in an LD or OOBE.

Methodology

The WILD is said to originate from an ancient practice detailed in Tibetan Dream Yoga. This is a Buddhist philosophy which uses dreams and Lucid Dreams as a route to enlightenment. They seek to complete various spiritual tasks, discover the deep nature of reality and to realize their own emptiness through Lucid Dreaming. Whether or not one buys into Tibetan Buddhism (by far the spookiest brand of Buddhism), the technique has since served many explorers, including myself, very effectively. Remember: none of these techniques will work 100% of the time, and it all depends on the practitioner. Their own sleep routine, dedication, neurochemistry, and mindset are all deciding factors.

I have understood and practiced the WILD in this way: I set the alarm to wake me up after 4-5 hours of sleep. I then get up, turn off the alarm, throw a hoodie on, and then I go into the mnemonic (MILD) part of the practice. I will spend 1-2 hours awake reading or writing something relating to LD or OOBE. After 1-2 hours awake, I go back to bed, and meditate on the intention of having an LD or OOBE. It doesn’t always work, but when it does, I often find myself aware within ZPC. From there on, I either intend to have an LD or “roll out of the body,” thus entering the “Outside” and initiating an OOBE. It’s all about successfully switching data-streams. Take up the discipline and press upon this with all your willpower until the results come.

TECH-05: Tholey's Combined Technique (TCT)

Notes: Paul Tholey (1937 - 1998) was a German Gestalt Psychologist who conducted pioneering research into lucid dreaming. His "Combined Technique" includes the components of critical reflection, intention, and auto-suggestion, which can be used either individually or combined (as they are in this technique.)

Methodology

TCT is often referenced as one of the most effective methods of Lucid Dream induction. The idea behind TCT is that the practitioner creates a strong mindset for lucid dreaming by utilizing three distinct techniques wrapped up together.

1. Reflection

The reflection aspect, also called "reality testing," is very simple. At certain points throughout the day, one asks themselves, "Am I dreaming?" One looks around for clues that they might be dreaming, such as shifting and amorphous numbers on their clock, watch, or cellphone. One may flip a light switch to see if it works (they often do not in dreams.) By performing these reality checks, one is more likely to perform them in dreams, thus possibly initiating an LD.

2. Intention

The intention aspect shares some similarities with the MILD and relies on short-term concentration before falling asleep. It denotes a commitment to performing a specific act in the future. The practitioner sets an intention while awake to become lucid in a dream situation. This situation will usually denote a specific detail which recurs in one's dreams. If you often dream of visiting a beach, or seeing a red ball, you may set the intention to become lucid when you next dream of being at the beach or seeing the red ball.

3. Autosuggestion

The autosuggestion aspect denotes planting the idea in your mind that you will become lucid during dreams. This method is very similar to intention but also has a waking practice component like MILD. Autosuggestion isn't meant to form a memory but instead to plant within you the notion that you can and will become lucid in dreams. Autosuggestion should be used just before falling asleep when it is most effective. A simple phrase repeated mentally, such as, "I will become lucid in my next dream," fulfills the point of this aspect.

Some of the above descriptions were consolidated from various online sources, though I have attempted to put them in my own words as best I can. If one finds themselves not as lucid as they could be during an LD, try spinning around and/or clapping your hands and shouting, "INCREASE LUCIDITY!" This has worked for me.

OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE (OOBE)

Many of the previous techniques may double as OOBE inductions, depending on where you cast your intention. Although the phenomenon of Lucid Dreaming has been well tested and accepted by modern science, this was not always the case. If you tread far enough back in the literature, there was a time when scientists thought LD to be impossible despite the steadily rising personal accounts. Professional scientists like the psychophysicist Dr. Stephen LaBerge made it far more visible and accepted by the majority.

This is due, perhaps, to an inherent distrust and skepticism about subjective accounts in which the experimenter is the only witness. One cannot bang upon LD or OOBE with a hammer or measure it like a blood sample, for it is a matter of one's own personal consciousness.

Perhaps science will one day catch up with the OOBE phenomenon just like it had with Lucid Dreaming. Perhaps the Monroe Institute, and efforts much like it, will

ultimately be the deciding factor in this. In the meantime, let us explore it for ourselves and come to our own conclusions, despite what science says as to its sanctioned reality-status.

As for the experience itself, it often happens to me like this. By using one or a combination of techniques (usually the WILD + MILD), I will either find myself in ZPC, or I do not. Sometimes I have an OOBE without ever arriving at ZPC. Other times, which is the majority, I find myself in ZPC and then “roll out” and have a proper OOBE. Other times, I find myself lucid in a dream but with some sense that it’s a virtual reality, and with that single notion, I use it as a launching pad to an OOBE. 95% of the time, I end up in my current bedroom. Sometimes I desire an LD more than I do an OOBE. Many things are possible during both, but the OOBE state often entails receiving lessons from “entities,” just as much as it is about pure exploration.

Although I have only used the following technique a handful of times, and never got very far with it, I will include it anyway perchance the reader takes to it better than I.

TECH-06: The Psychic Rope

Notes: I would recommend using this technique coupled with the MIP and initiating it close to Condition 4: ZPC. Otherwise, one may mix it with any technique of one’s choosing and see where you get.

Methodology

The technique is very simple. One imagines the end of a psychic climbing rope dangling above the body. The other end is attached to another world (the Astral.) One then proceeds to visualize grasping it and climbing it to get the Astral body out of the physical body. Note: I have sometimes had OOBEs wherein it felt like detaching from flypaper when exiting the body and was moderately painful to endure.

At this point in time, we will cover the basic ideas and techniques presented by the Monroe Institute, specializing in altered states of consciousness (while sober, mind you) as well as OOBE induction. These entail the use of the “Gateway Process” and “Hemi-Sync,” experimental sound technologies. Hemi-Sync stands for “hemispheric synchronization” and uses dual audio tones, one in each ear, to “sync up” the hemispheres of the brain.

The files resemble guided meditation sessions with Monroe serving as the disembodied voice. Many of the Gateway Process files can be found on YouTube these days, or otherwise found via other sources. I will gladly give them all to anyone who contacts me about them, otherwise I recommend purchasing them from the Monroe Institute directly to support their efforts and research. You will need headphones, and a quiet place to relax in.

A brief run-down of the first two Gateway Process files proceeds, taken from my 2020 Magickal Journal.

“In Wave I Discovery: Orientation, Monroe acts as a relaxing but stern guiding voice and first encourages us to take a comfortable position sitting or lying down while listening to the sound of ocean surf. He encourages you to contemplate and to use such “natural energy”, and to control it, and direct it, where & whenever desired.

Monroe then introduces the listener to Hemi-Sync. One pure tone in one ear, one tone in the other. When played together, they create a vibrato effect. Monroe says this achieves hemispheric synchronization: more communication between the two hemispheres of the brain. He invites us to remain here for a while.

Monroe says we are ready to take the next step in imagining an Energy Conversion Box with a heavy lid. He allows us to imagine this fully. He then tells us to raise the heavy lid, and to put in all our physical matter, worries, anxieties, and concerns. Then we close the heavy lid tightly and turn away from our Energy Conversion Box. This allows

us to approach the following techniques with less distraction and common thought processes related to physical life.

Then follows some NLP (Neuro-Linguistic-Programming), beginning with, “I am more than my physical body, etc.” We repeat this and we mean it, and this loosens up the Critical Factor and prepares us for potentially unusual experiences. In later files Monroe expects the explorer to be able to repeat this NLP statement in whole. So, here it is in whole for the purposes of memorization:

(Copyrighted material; redacted.)

The next technique is called “Resonant Tuning”, and resembles Asokukan, a breathing meditation using similar concepts and visualizations. Monroe guides us to visualize “stale, tired & used up” energy leaving the body and to breathe in “fresh & vibrant” energy issuing forth from the world/Universe. One exhales by pressing one’s lips as if blowing out a candle. I usually visualize this as a white mist entering the body through inhalation, and dark smoke exiting the body upon exhalation. Pure energy fills the body and the impure is pushed outward. Other practices might call this visualized energy “Chi”, but Monroe uses his own terminology. This activity contributes to an altered state of consciousness when performed with keen intention.

Monroe then alters the technique a bit by suggesting “humming or singing” while exhaling. I suppose this means humming in tune with the Hemi-Sync tone. One may also “Om” in key. The sound of mystical moaning is accompanied by this, which admittedly put me off when I first heard it. I don’t know what the function of this sound is, but it’s best to just go with the flow. This also allows us to enter a “hypnotic” state wherein comes the next technique.

Monroe then counts to 3, this being the “3 State”, a little rest zone up until this point, and as he says, “the state of the synchronized brain & mind.” We stop here for a while

and are allowed to explore this condition in a state of deep, though energized and clarified calm.

Monroe then counts down from 3 to 1. This is the “coming down” process. He suggests that we become awake & alert, feeling refreshed. This completes the first exercise.

In the next file, Wave I Discovery #2: Introduction to Focus 10, it begins much as the first file. Monroe encourages us to move our body into a comfortable position while listening to the natural powerful sounds of ocean surf.

We now move to the Energy Conversion Box once more, and place in there all the things mentioned in the first file. You fill the box with all your physical matter, anxieties, worries, and concerns, and then close the heavy lid. For me, the box & lid are made of some kind of greyish stone.

Monroe then initiates the process of Resonant Tuning. The same mystical moaning is played while you do this. Again, one inhales pure clean energy from the world through the nose, and exhales dark, impure, stale energy out through the mouth. This technique out of context is a great thing to practice while meditating. Although the “energy” in this case is only a metaphor for some other real process, it assists in accomplishing a certain altered mental state.

Monroe then repeats the NLP call beginning with “I am more than my physical body”, and one repeats it along with him. In later files he expects you to remember it in whole, along with the other techniques, without guidance.

Now Monroe invites us to Focus 3, a state of brain & mind in synchronization. He coaxes us to “Relax, relax and enjoy the synchronization of your mind & brain.” We stay here for a bit before moving on.

Monroe then introduces us to Focus 10 - the 10 state. This is a state of Mind Awake/Body Asleep, and this is the desired effect. He guides us through a body-relaxation process where we tell parts of the body, and up to the whole body to “Relax, go limp, let go, sleep.” This process is tremendously effective with a guiding voice, although in later

files Monroe expects you to do this technique on your own. This is why repeated listens of the first Wave I files are worthwhile, or you could use this entry as a cheat sheet and practice the techniques outside of the Monroe files.

After suggesting that this whole relaxation enter your brain, as well as your whole body, Monroe begins the countdown to Focus 10. This is where a hypnotic technique comes in again. With each number counting down, Monroe again suggests that various body parts, “Relax, let go, sleep.” This coaxes the entire body to begin what I refer to as Condition 3 in the MIP: The Shutting Down Process. If successful, one will begin to feel numbness and waves of energy/sensation moving throughout the body. One has only just begun to separate from the data-stream of the physical.

Finally, we reach Focus 10 - the 10 state, where “Your mind is brightly alert, and your body is comfortably and calmly asleep.” Monroe gives us a technique to induce this 10 State whenever we want, presumably even when the body is awake, by pressing the fingers of your right hand on the back of your neck, or on your forehead. I’ve never attempted to use this, as a deep meditative state is convenient and navigable enough for me. In this 10 state, Monroe suggests some positive messages, all having to do with the optimal functioning of Body, Brain & Mind, now in sync.

Monroe then bids you to enter fully awake normal reality, completely refreshed both physically & mentally. He begins the countdown from 10 to 1. “Awake, breathe deeply. Stretch your arms & legs. That is the end of this exercise.” I will review the later techniques in another entry.” – *The Magickal Journal of Frater Abysyrose 2020*

What might first draw one to these subjects is the sneaking suspicion in your bones that the world isn’t quite what it appears to be on the surface. The haze of mundane appearances may conceal alien forests, caverns, mountains, and numinous vistas. The superficial layers of mind may obscure entire foreign continents of bizarre topographies and

forgotten human abilities. To study and research these is to be an occultist. To actively harness them is to be a magician.

Just don't expect the Multiverse to give up all its secrets upon command. If you spend none of your time actively seeking after these phenomena, they have no dire reason to approach you. Why should they without any effort on your part? Do not go prancing upon the earth as if you are inherently deserving of fantastic miracles without the work. We do not seek our thoughts about the thing, but rather to meet face to face with the thing itself. In most cases, one must make a concerted conscious effort to get beyond one's own reality-bubble. Indolence is a quick road to nowhere.

Knowing that there is another world, or another dimension, does not suffice for any kind of enlightenment. No matter where you find yourself, physical or nonphysical, you will carry the relationship you have with yourself, and other beings, until the very end (and beyond.) If there are aspects you need to work on in this life, it will all carry over into the nonphysical, or Astral. You are as you are, over there. All your weaknesses, doubts, deceptive masks, biases, shadows, hidden aspects, are all on the surface for all to see. So, let us use our time wisely in this dimension, and evolve as much as we can before the closing of this book. Whether or not there is an afterlife, one thing is highly probable: the exact kind of person you are will never again live on this exact earth. So, let's get as much out of the ride while it lasts.

I am relating all this to you not to brag about my own successes, but so that you can be handed the torch with as much helpful information as possible from somebody who the techniques have worked for. If you keep at it, you might command your own entry and exit into and from the Astral Realms, or whatever label you give to that larger dimension. Perhaps, by touching and tasting it while we're alive (to die before you die), we won't be totally unprepared to meet the Next Big Journey. This requires us to get over our innate

fears and assumptions about a reality which we have only explored a small fraction of by means of objective process.

I would love nothing more than to see DKMU members, old and new alike, really take up these practices and prove to themselves that consciousness is not bound to a singular plane of existence. By that, I don't mean "believe that it's true." I mean go out there and live it. This goes beyond mere belief into first-hand Gnostic experience. You don't need faith, and you don't need belief. Not only are there complete and free-standing other worlds out there, but they might be just around the corner of the small, secluded camp of the conscious mind. It's good for solving rational problems, but let's be honest with ourselves: it has its limits. Luckily, there is much more to you than the conscious mind alone, and you are more than your physical body.

Treat the practice like discipline, and you will probably get results, just like I had. Could there be people so dense that they are impervious to any rattling of their Second Body? Probably. I tend to think that every variation of person exists somewhere out there in the world. Will the techniques work on, let's say, 60% of you to some degree? Yes, given your own diligence and elbow grease, I would stand by that statement. As with anything, you must really want it to succeed with it. Don't expect it to come easy, although Beginner's Luck is certainly a thing. It was for me.

There is nothing we must lose but the remnants of an old and ill-fitting paradigm. You were too big for those shoes anyway. How does one prove the Astral to oneself? Put your hand into the wound, O Doubting Thomas, put your hand into the wound. Only then will belief be transmuted into knowing. But knowing is not enough: we must also apply.

As for further studies, I recommend these: *Journeys Out of the Body* by Robert Monroe, *Far Journeys* by Robert Monroe, *Ultimate Journey* by Robert Monroe, *My Big TOE* by Thomas Campbell, *The Journey of Robert Monroe: From Out-of-Body Explorer to Consciousness Pioneer* by Ronald Russell, and the declassified CIA document titled: *Analysis*

and Assessment of Gateway Process (found at cia.gov. This assessment of Monroe's techniques was performed by the very brightest of government spooks and their ultimate conclusions about reality, though they use their own lingo, are in alignment with those of the Monroe Institute.) I have listed out some accounts of my OOBExperiences in the chapter, "Some Preternatural Results," at the end of this book.

More notes: It's become somewhat vogue in the occult community to call things which don't involve sensations of leaving the body, "OOBE." In this case, the term should be changed to "ITBE" (In the Body Experience) or should simply be called "Astral Work" lest we have a technical misnomer on our hands.

To effectively engage with the Astral doesn't always require a full immersion classical OOBEx, as has been previously stated. However, nothing else is quite like that experience, and just because something is difficult doesn't mean that we should water down its definition to suit our own level of competence.

Without full immersion into the other dimension and witnessing its uncommon beauty, it is quite the task to discern which experiences are the products of mere daydreaming or not, or where our imaginings end and the Astral begins. Everyone will have their own opinions on this, some of them well-founded and others not so much. It is for this reason that I don't take a very hard stance when it comes to the various ways of interacting with the Astral. Use whatever works best for your level of ability, but do not shrug off the stronger techniques just because they don't come easy. They aren't supposed to. Very few people will ever have a classical OOBEx in their lives, but don't let this discourage your own Astral Work and investigations.

I wish you many fascinating journeys.

DTTI: HTNF

156/663

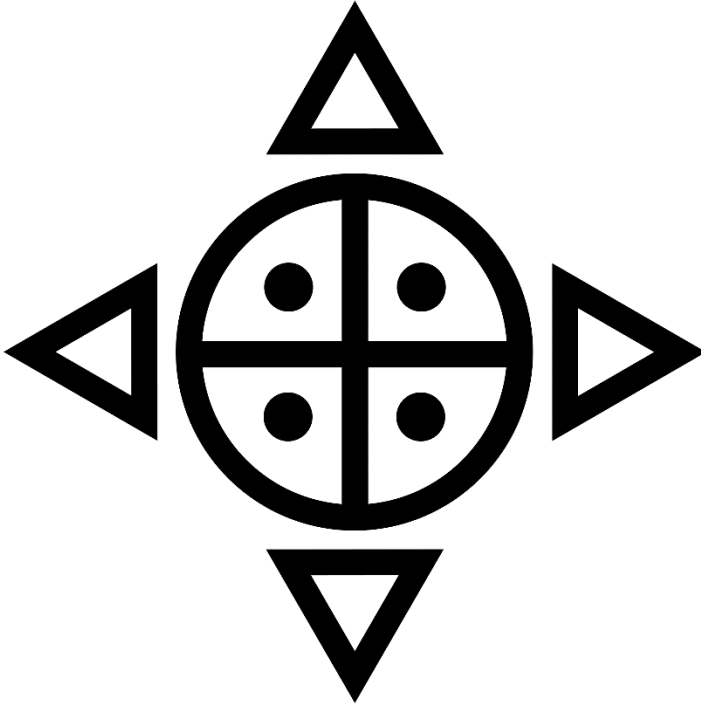
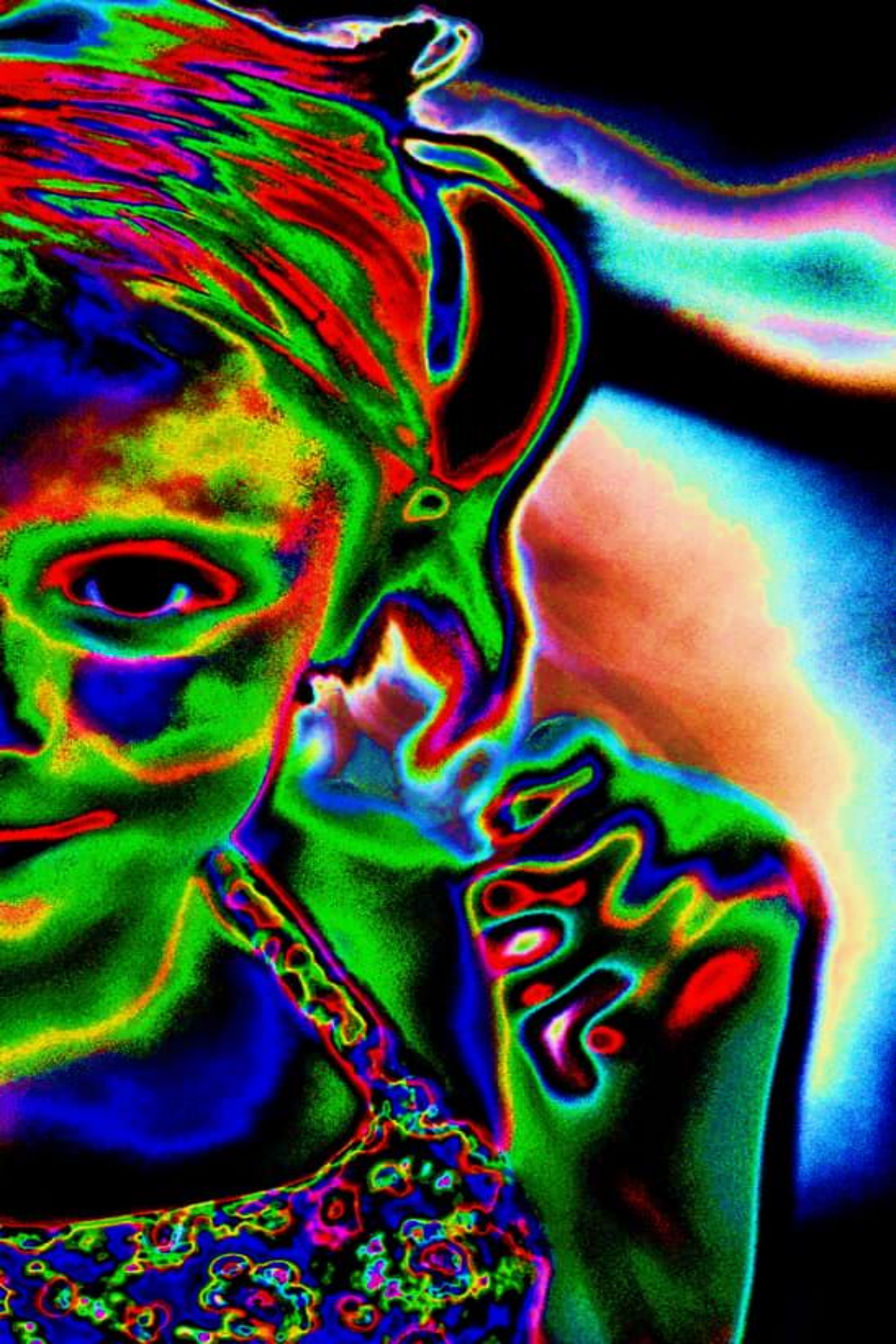


Figure 1: The DKMU Astral Temple Sigil (Variation)

FINAL NOTES: Although I hear there are quite a few DKMU Astral Temple sigils out there at this point in time, this is the very simple one that I have used and might be more linked to the depictions which I have given. It is fairly straightforward and easy to hold in your mind while in meditation or trance, or when you have an LD or OOB. It is easily recalled when in those alternate planes. The more you focus on it, the more likely you are to visit that specific place. Allow it to pull you in that direction.





DEEP ENTANGLEMENT

Sophie Ramona



WE are One. We were One, long ago, before Time could have any meaning because nothing changed. Then We decided to change. To become all of the things We could be. That was the moment when Time began, when we divided Ourselves to become Everything. To become the Universe. More than the Universe, because that's just one aspect of Ourselves, a condition of a wave function that only collapsed because We decided to look at it. We became every Universe, all at once, testing our infinite diversity in infinite combinations. We became Multiverse, so that we would not have to be just one Thing, but instead we could be Everything. We could be all We could be.

And then, We grew. Here We became particles, then We became atoms, and We could only do that because We stuck together. We knew that as much as We could be as individuals, We could be even more if We came together. We could be things We never dreamed of.

We were atoms, and We decided to work together to see what else We could be. Most of Us decided to become gases at that point, mostly hydrogen, sometimes helium. But not all of Us. Some of Us decided to become lithium. Not a gas, but instead a solid. Some of Us didn't get it at the time, but by now the We who are reading these words can probably agree that solidity is a perfectly acceptable state of matter, just as good as being a gas or anything else.

We were becoming more and more different from Ourselves, but We didn't let that separate Us from Ourselves. The bonds that held Us together were Our gravitational pulls, and they let Us become the first stars, and the galaxies around them, and that's when the great experiment that is Us really started getting interesting.

We became so many things. So many wonderful people who deserve to be mentioned here. But there's sadly no Time right now. There is a message here for Us to understand, We must press on.

Of all the things We became, perhaps the most interesting known to the We who read these words was the planet Earth. There things came together just right for Us to really make something interesting. Crucially, We made life. Or perhaps life came from another part of Us, in its simplest form. But at the very least, as Earth We did things with the art of life that the We who read these words have never seen replicated by the rest of Us. Earth is special, because of all of the planets We are, Earth is the only Us (that the We who read these words know of) that made life into what it is today.

We were young organic molecules, ready to learn to make more of Ourselves, so that We could become still more things, now living things. So that We could become life, in its infinite diversity in infinite combinations. We became the first cell, suspended in a sea of Us, atop a planet made of Us, orbiting a star made of Us, in a galaxy made of Us, in a supercluster made of Us that may orbit a black hole made of Us. As a cell We began to replicate Ourselves, just a little differently each time, so that as life We would be all the

things that life could be. We became everything that the We who read these words know. We became the first fish, the first plants, the first sponges. More, but again, there's no Time to mention all of Us. We must keep going.

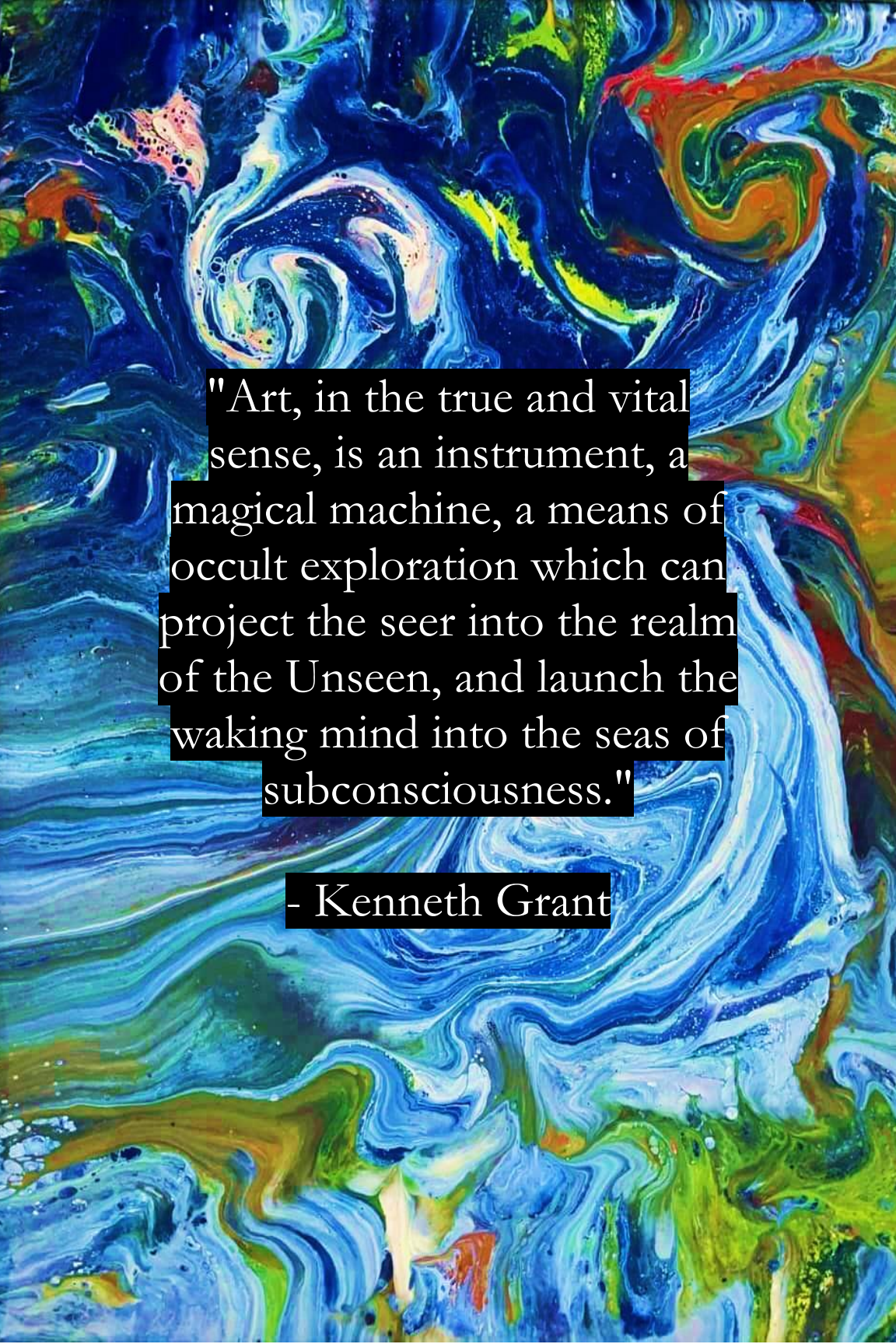
We became all the Life that the We who read these words know of. And as We grew, something interesting happened. We became aware of Ourselves. It's hard to say when it happened, but it did happen. We became able to perceive of Ourselves, in our totality, but by that point We had become so complex that We couldn't understand at first. We were each a point on the great network of Ourselves, but within Our minds We separated the We who thought from the rest of Ourselves. It was a grave mistake, to think Ourselves separate.

Yes, for a brief, shining moment, We are alive, and in that moment we can observe Ourselves, all of Ourselves, as fully as We are able. We can pass this knowledge on to Ourselves, so that when the We who read these words cease to be full of that mysterious property called life, We can still continue to learn about Ourselves.

And yet, after that brief moment, We will return to being the We who are without thought.

It's okay. All of this is only temporary. There is more for Us to become still, and when We have finished being all the things We can be, we will return to being One.





"Art, in the true and vital sense, is an instrument, a magical machine, a means of occult exploration which can project the seer into the realm of the Unseen, and launch the waking mind into the seas of subconsciousness."

- Kenneth Grant

Handwritten numbers and scribbles in purple ink:

- 792
- 258
- 69 79 55
- 376
- 2833
- 17
- 282
- 597
- 381
- 26316
- 5351
- 278 + 127
- 5924
- 759
- 883
- 883
- 381

Large blue ink scribble or drawing at the bottom of the page.

ENGAGING WITH THE IRRATIONAL

Sam Hamilton



IN our spiritual practice, we can often have experiences that seem impossible to put into words. Early in our path, we often have expectations of the appearance of beings of light, a waterfall of bliss, and the end of all our suffering. In practice, we exist somewhere more like a noisy abyss.

The world of the material is so unlike the world within that we have nothing to hold onto. Over time, with practice, we begin to organize and shape that noise into something coherent. All the great traditions contain points of focus in order to allow people to find their points of reference. In Christianity, this point of focus is the problem of a fallen world and the need for salvation. In Buddhism, this point of focus is the problem of suffering and the need for freedom. In modern occultism and neo-paganism, the point of focus is the problem of alienation and the need for a union with the divine.

We live in an exciting time where we have the practical agency to define our relationship to the universe in our own terms, our own metaphors, and our own experiences. Much of the baggage of religious doctrine has been left by the wayside. Today, we know that the old obsessions with heresy and hellfire are merely the hangover of early modern political conflicts which are increasingly irrelevant to spirituality today. Back then, there was a danger in looking inward, since one would likely find something that wasn't permitted by orthodox religious authorities, like when Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake for his belief in reincarnation. Now, information on diverse spiritual paths is readily available, often free of charge in online libraries like hermetics.org and sacred-texts.com.

In an increasingly unstable world, our noisy abyss seems as if it's the only consistent thing. If we look back at how people before us described and shaped their experiences of the subjective, it can inspire us to recognize those same experiences in ourselves. Once we've had this recognition, we can begin to find the language to communicate that recognition to others. After a while, that noisy abyss seems more like a being of light that radiates practical understanding of its' own position relative to the universe. It's not something that was "called into the circle", but rather something that was always there from the beginning. The circles, prayers, and rituals are not there for the sake of that pre-existent thing, but rather for the sake of a limited, fallen, alienated, and/or suffering person who needs a place from which to pull themselves out of the pit which characterizes the bleakness of their situation. Once the noisy abyss is integrated, it can be described. This is how we explain the unexplainable.

In fundamentalist religion, there aren't many questions that you're allowed to ask. Everything is clear, everything is literal. This is an attitude that gets brought to all areas of life, so you see all complicated questions about our world boiled down into a simple, straightforward battle of

good vs. evil. Surely people do evil, and people do good as well. The existence of good and evil seem hardwired into us. The eternal battle between the two is a constant theme in our stories. Why is it then that this simple, intuitive view of the world tends to lead to bigotry and unhinged conspiracy theories that, in practice, lead directly to evil actions and evil outcomes?

In spirituality, skepticism is often seen as an ugly word. It's the antithesis of faith, the reflexive doubt that cuts us off from opening ourselves and experiencing the divine. This reputation is undeserved. Real skepticism can also be called discernment, which is considered to be a spiritual gift. Discernment/skepticism are the swords of the Tarot. They cut through the bullshit and propaganda which are used to manipulate our inner alignment towards good and against evil. How then, for the good of ourselves, our friends, our family, and our society, do we cultivate this spiritual gift?

To cultivate discernment, we must become lifelong learners. Even if we can't afford a higher education, we can learn basic academic concepts like historiography, how to cite our sources, and how to check up on the sources we come into contact with. We can use Wikipedia articles as an example. Go look up the Wikipedia page on some subject you're interested in, go to the bottom of the article, and start exploring the sources. Get familiar with those sources, then start looking for criticisms of those sources. Learn the difference between a primary source (direct firsthand accounts) and a secondary source (secondhand accounts such as journalistic material and academic writing).

As you develop discernment, you begin to learn how little you know about the objective truth. You begin to learn exactly to what extent your position is subjective. You begin to see the truth in Robert Anton Wilson's aphorism, "The map is not the territory." The primary point of reference for your interaction with reality is a model that, considering human history, is more likely to be flawed than not. It's here that we see where the problems emerge from an internal

conviction that one is a warrior of good against evil. When discernment emerges as doubt, what is worth war? What is worth fighting so hard that we become monsters, ourselves? I'm sure that such a thing may emerge, under some circumstances. Evil may even come of it, despite our best efforts. Still, when it all plays out, we're less likely to make those mistakes when we can admit to ourselves that we're capable of those mistakes in the first place, even though we're striving for good against evil.



THE HOUSE GNOME OF NEWJERSEY

Ahsyrose



will share an odd little slice of DKMU history that happened back in 2009. I was living at the newly established First DKMU Way-House in New Jersey with Soror Pyrite and a guy called O. We were all practicing occultists, and the apartment was Pyrite's. It was the first officially declared physical meeting place for the DKMU and was always open to magickal wanderers and wayfarers. Some of my most memorable meetings and rituals occurred there.

O was a complex fellow at heart, though many said he had a rather chthonic aura about him. He almost got an entity of his making, called Tartaros, accepted as an official DKMU Godform. It was ultimately deemed parasitic in nature and was rejected by the 156/663 Current. Few now remember it. Before any of that happened, me and O were friends during his stay there and we had a lot of spooky fun together.

A good number of current members at the time would come to meet at the Way-House if they were within reasonable travelling distance and sometimes if they weren't. We received members from Michigan, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Canada, Montana, Florida, Texas, and several other places, during my time there. The meetings usually involved getting loaded on various inebriants, participating in "wizard talk" (and games), and performing magick as a group when the time called for it. Soror Pyrite often took it upon herself to develop the ritual, along with helping hands, and basically served as our High Priestess of Khaos for a time. Our loose & free attitude, including lack of banishing rituals, had encouraged some instances of apparent spiritual visitation.

We in essence accidentally haunted the Way-House. There were several instances of being woken up by phantom fingers poking us and hearing our names being called. The air felt like soup and a clear sense that we were closer to the spirit world was palpable. Soror Pyrite even at one time saw a transparent pink humanoid shape lying next to me as I was sleeping. At one point, our friend SRN and her boyfriend both beheld a ghostly semi-humanoid visage near one of the large closets in our apartment bedroom. Now, they both saw the same thing (and were sober), which means it wasn't a subjective hallucination on behalf of just one of them. All these things occurred after the main thread of this article.

I never used to believe in the Fae. Little people, faeries, gnomes, elves, and goblins? Come on, man. The whole matter exuded vibes of "white-light" Wiccans and crystal-peddlers. Even Sasquatch was more likely to exist than faeries, I thought. Surely these were just remnant beliefs from a time when people were far more superstitious. On the other hand, over 50% of Icelanders believe in fairies. If they existed, they were probably Astral Border denizens, half-here-half-there. I had encountered numerous Out of Body Experiences (the Robert Monroe type) in the past, so this didn't seem too outlandish. However, having never met any Fae, I would often brush the subject off. Surely, if they existed, none of them could so easily intrude into our world. Well, something like that might have happened.

I was taking a stroll on the sidewalk within our apartment complex one morning and came upon a row of pine trees. These were located at the far left of the complex. I had passed this line of trees before, but today there was something different about them: a veritable legion of lovely amanita mushrooms of some kind had sprouted up beneath them. It was like a biological invitation to another world.

The caps were pale brown with white spots, supported by a white stipe. After doing some image comparison online, O and I figured they might be Amanita

Pantherina. We collected a bunch of them in a white garbage bag and brought them back home to dry out in the oven. We set the temperature to something like 200 degrees and let them go for a while with the oven door cracked open.

Forager's Note: Unless you are completely sure what kind of mushroom it is, never handle or consume it. This is common sense, but we were relatively young and stupid. Luckily, it turned out to be a harmless kind of amanita. We did not trip from it, but it did not kill us, either. We also never ate more than two or so caps between us, feeling rather reluctant to play games with fate. We stashed the dried caps and moved on.

The mushrooms came first, and curious activity followed them. Maybe something had hitched a ride. Soror Pyrite, O, and me began to detect what felt like something small darting throughout the apartment at high speed. It was either Pyrite or O that began associating it with a subtle orange blur that lasted only a millisecond, then vanished.

O was sitting in his chair and doing something on his computer one night. I was in the kitchen cooking when it seemed like something invisible rushed behind him, moving his chair ever so slightly. He turned his head around, observed nothing behind him, looked at me with a baffled face and said, "What the fuck? Did you feel that too?"

These instances escalated in their occurrence. Soror Pyrite was probably the one to begin treating it as a House Spirit of some sort. She left out a small bowl filled with shiny things one night, a kind of offering to the spirit. The following morning, the shiny things were half-spilled and jostled around as if a mouse had gotten into them.

Not long after, I had an Out of Body Experience (again, the Robert Monroe type with the physical body asleep) and was able to observe some previously invisible things that were going on in our apartment – or so I thought at the time. One of the large closets in the bedroom (the one I used) had a portal or vortex in it, and various entities were travelling through it. Most of them looked like semi-humanoid gray

blobs, but there was also a dark little gnome-like creature that was hopping in and out of the portal and darting through the apartment. After the dark gnome, a similarly sized brighter and orange-tinted gnome came out of the portal and I immediately recognized him as the House Spirit we had been interacting with. I woke up soon after.

Upon relating my experience to O and the Soror, we began to refer to it commonly as “the House Gnome.” The occasional reality disturbances just became a part of daily life. There was never anything malicious about the phenomenon. Just like the weather, there were more active weeks, and less active weeks. The First DKMU NJ Way-House, quite appropriately, became a spiritual train hub of sorts.

O had recently met someone he considered to be highly interesting and full of magickal potential. This was Lucid Chaos, a young black man, off-meds schizophrenic, and self-styled shaman of the streets. He had apparently been in and out of psych wards and asylums over the years. He would often point out occult symbols he saw in the leaves and branches of trees and go on long rants about the power of the sun, and the virtues of smoke, and the nature of chaos.

“Chaos isn’t in the movement of things, it’s in the stillness of them.” He once said. He seemed to be constantly channeling esoteric information and piecing it together in real-time. It was often very difficult to keep up with him, and he had a powerful aura which could fill up a room. At least at the time, he seemed to be successfully swimming in, rather than drowning in, the waters of his own brand of mysticism.

O invited Lucid Chaos to spend a night at our apartment one time. O wanted to get him drunk to see what would happen, as a science experiment. They spent the entire night and into the early morning hours drinking and talking together. Soror Pyrite and I spent most of our time in another room. According to O, he got Lucid Chaos to drink a glass of milk with one or more of our dried mushroom caps floating

on top. Lucid was severely lactose intolerant but drank it all the same and chomped on the dubious mushroom(s).

I woke up early the next morning to find O and Lucid Chaos missing. When O eventually came back, he was wearing a sailor captain's hat and was gazing at me with an odd stare. In a dead tone, he said he didn't know whether Lucid Chaos was alive or not. He had wandered off, rambling to himself, seemingly tripping balls.

Lucid Chaos eventually returned to our apartment and said that he urgently needed to use the bathroom. He was groaning and holding his stomach. It was probably that shroom-topped glass of milk. Once inside, he grunted and moaned on the toilet for half an hour, came back out, took his shirt off and started to flex his muscles while making weird animal noises. Why? Indeed.

On one fateful night, Soror Pyrite and I were walking around town while Lucid Chaos and O were at the apartment. While we were gone, O reported talking to Lucid about the occult. Something unexpected then happened. Without being told about it beforehand, Lucid Chaos, the schizophrenic street shaman, saw with his own eyes a little, orange-tinted gnome man come darting up to him. The creature looked at him. Terrified, Lucid jumped back onto the door's yellow floor mat. He later said that he connected its color with the sun and was looking for protection. He quickly fled from our apartment and swore to never enter it again.

What exactly happened that night? I trusted O enough when he said he didn't tell Lucid about the House Gnome prior to his vision. If he had, it just might have been a schizophrenic hallucination. If he hadn't, then it points to something else entirely. I had long contemplated what this account might mean as to the reality-status of the Fae.

At a somewhat later point, while hanging out and drinking with the Soror and O, they had both left the room when I felt the presence of the House Gnome near me. I began having a makeshift conversation with his perceived

energy. I forget most of what was said but learned that he was a nonphysical nature spirit born out of the consciousness of the earth (or Gaia) and aspired to live a human incarnation one day after having his fun. Make of that what you will.

I had written this story a few times in the past but was never able to hold onto a copy of it. The magician Arjil had read some accounts of it over the years, and considering how things stack up, fully endorses the Fae hypothesis. I guess I do too. A gnome hitched a ride on some mushrooms, or perhaps our reality-bubble, having been built up for so long between us, somehow merged with Lucid's bubble.

The last time I saw Lucid Chaos around the Way-House was on the first snowfall of the season, after O had left to stay in Pennsylvania. Lucid had recently come back from New York City where he met a psychic who called him Lucifer. He adopted this as his new name.

Lucifer said it was getting cold and wondered if I could give him a jacket or something. I gave him an old thick dark gray coat, and then he pointed to my shoes. I told him they were my only pair, and I couldn't give them to him. He had shoes on at the time; he wasn't barefoot. I shook his hand, and he wandered off into the glittering snow to partake in mystic adventures the likes of which we'll never comprehend.

The Fae and haunting activity in our apartment began to fade a little while after O left. Perhaps a certain trinity mindset had been broken prematurely. The Soror and I entered a series of deeply meaningful affairs. And as so often happens, all the Tarot cards shuffle according to some greater process, and we are reminded time and time again that impermanence is the way of all things.

Many other instances of weird preternatural intrigue occurred both at the First NJ Way-House and at different DKMU meet-ups that I had attended across the USA, but perhaps those are stories for another book.



Let Me See Your Future

W

W



A HEXORIAN CHARM

Eduardo Ramirez

AKA: VOICE OF THE CITY



PURPOSE: To provide the agents of the Hexorian movement with a tool in times of need where a convincing voice is required to generate compliance with a declaration of intent by whoever listens to the user who has invoked the voice of the city.

Effect: Whoever uses the voice of the city can express verbal commands that are empowered by the collective will of the deities of the Hexorian pantheon. This induces whoever listens to it, will be influenced to comply with the intention of whoever uses the enchantment in question.

Utility: Protection, defense, facilitate obtaining resources, help improve communication, establish links that have an empathic communicative charge. It can also act as a boost for other magical ceremonies of a ritual, shamanistic or devotional nature so that the voice and will of the city join the intention of the magical user who makes use of it. Particularly effective and suggested to provoke sympathy or generate empathy in others.

Precautions: The deities and entities of the Hexorian pantheon are against hate speech and encourage respect for the individual guarantees that we all enjoy as human beings, as well they object to hurting or abusing others. If an attempt is made to use the voice of the city to spread speeches that generate discord or abuse the liberties of others, it is evident that the Hexorian pantheon will decide to ignore the summoner or even decide that they deserve to learn to love their neighbor in the way that only The City can teach it.

Magical Activity Type: Summoning combined with magical drift.

Indicated time to use it: A day before when you need to influence the will of others according to the previously proposed utilities.

Procedure: Before leaving his house, the user must stop before the closed door and knock three times while pronouncing the following with each blow: The door opens and the path opens too, Makaari: "Help me awaken the voice of the city. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us."

Exit then and upon reaching the first traffic sign or main street in your city, entrust yourself to Santa Claire as follows: "Santa Claire, guide me to find the voice of the city. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

Go then to the heart of your city, to the place with the greatest Hexorian influence that you have detected or that you consider as where the spirit of the city resides. There I called Hexorius in this way: "Hexorius, feed me with the voice of the city. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

Now go to a green area that has arcadian aura. It can be from a park or public square or a vacant lot full of green weeds. Turn to Arcadia like this: "Arcadia, make the voice of the city flourish in me. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

Continue your drift to a wall full of graffiti, the more elaborate and artistic the better. Especially if they represent images that evoke power and strength. Approach Valdas with these words: "Valdas, shield me and defend me with the voice of the city. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

Next, find a place that represents the flow of information. It can be from an internet cafe, a newspaper office or even an internet antenna or wireless wi-fi post. Ask for Eleora's intercession in this way: "Eleora, connect me with the voice of the city. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

Now look for a place where you find discarded or discarded objects. Dumpsters, abandoned warehouses, even antique stores or pawnshops. Another alternative would be places where rats, pigeons or stray animals abound. Turn now to Groguh with these words: "Groguh, help me find the voice of the city. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

Now go to a place that represents rational and logical thinking. Universities, libraries, research centers and laboratories of all kinds. There I resorted to Scientia asi: "Scientia, allow the voice of the city to be interpreted and understood through me. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

Continue to a place where artistic creativity is expressed in any of its manifestations. Cinemas, theaters, dance floors, museums and galleries. Walls that describe figures of great beauty, sensuality or culture. Then call Muse in this way: "Muse, grant me the inspiration that gives the voice of the city. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

Now go back to your home, paying attention to your surroundings. Try to find relationships between the things that are your intention with what the city shows. From a spectacular advertisement on top of a building to a casual conversation between passers-by. While doing this, summon

Arrakis like this: "Arrakis, synchronize my voice with the voice of the city. May your intention be mine, lend your voice to my mouth. The City will feed us".

When you get to the door of your home, knock four times before entering. At each touch pronounce the following words: Electric Angels, Steel Salamanders, Crystal Elves and Concrete Gnomes, come to me and be the ones who echo through me with the voice of the city. "The city will feed us".

Upon entering your residence and closing the door, knock three times saying with each knock on the door: The Door has been opened and the path has been opened too. Through my lips the voice of the city is projected. This is the Message and through it, I can be more.

The City will feed us.

-[X]-

Is this a synchronicity? ^{Testing}
^{Testing}

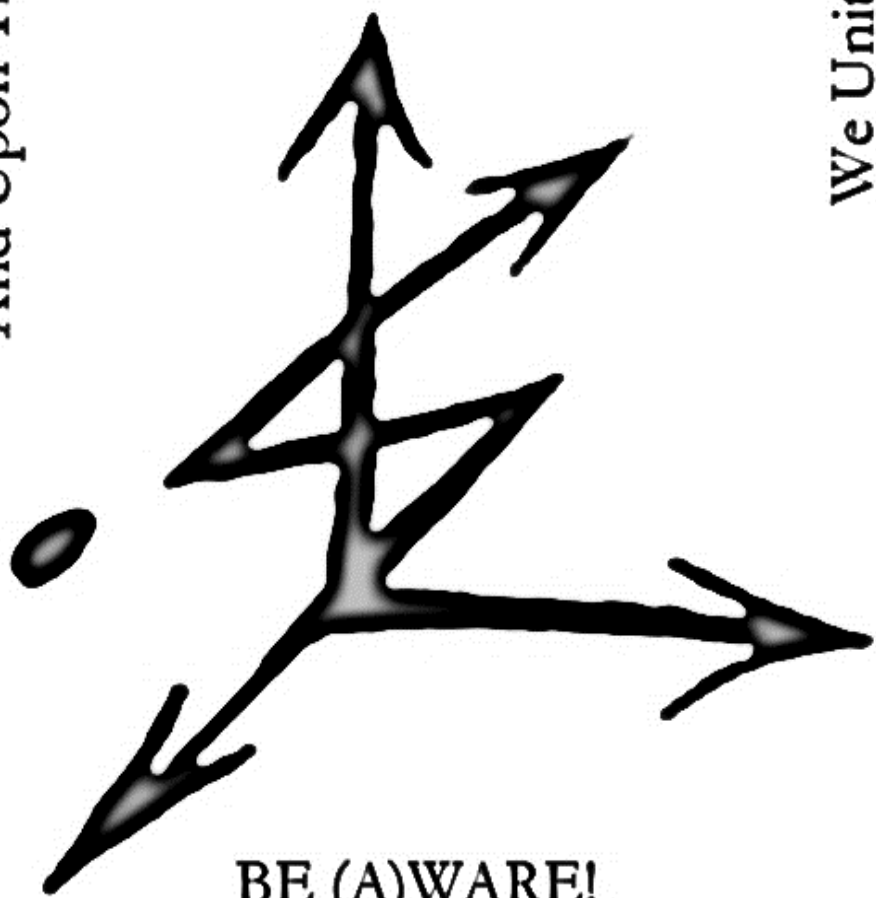
YAHOO! Did you see this in a dream?

Daydream? Past memory?

If so (or if not!) please visit:

DKMU.ORG

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MAGICK is real. This is not some sort of statement of faith, but a practical truth that I intend to demonstrate to you directly by the time you finish reading this essay. I will ask that you set aside the time necessary to review the material I present here. It is readily available from easy-to-find sources for zero to reasonable cost, no more than the average person wastes on nonsense every month.

Occult secrets are much like that. Phillip K Dick, in his *Exegesis* (available on audible - hold your anticapitalistic indignation, I know you have a subscription), describes the nature of spiritual truth in the literary garbage of every age, comparing them to the words of Jesus when he described himself as “The Stone That the Builder Refused.” Wouter Hanegraaf in his book: *Esotericism and the Academy*, argues for a definition of Esotericism as “The Rejected Knowledge of the Western World” and provides a formal academic argument for PKD’s mystical intuitions. His book is \$35 from Cambridge University Press, and while I won’t moralize about the way you acquire this knowledge, I will say that financially supporting academics who do this sort of work is probably a better use of \$35 than that overpriced gram of weed you’re thinking of buying right now. No good comes of supporting the dreams of weed industry bros. If it’s legal where you live, grow your own.

In this spirit of recovering the philosopher's stone from the landfill of our collective unconscious, I will present the first piece of enlightening garbage on our journey of discovery, revealing the raw electrical current of magick by "shocking" you with it. I say this in the spirit of transparency. It is my intention to be conscientious about its application. Electricity can injure a person severely if mishandled, and magick is similar in that respect. Many of these injuries occur in churches, are inflicted deliberately, and upon people of a very young age.

I was injured via eldritch shock in 2000 at a youth group in Tulsa, OK. Church on the Move, and the various organizational branches of Willie George Ministries ran sophisticated propaganda operations out of that city. Around Halloween, two episodes of the 1990 production *Fire by Nite* were played to Oneighty, the Jr. High youth group. As an adult, I laugh at the obvious unsourced claims and manipulative filmmaking. Then, I believed it was true.

They put us into a suggestive state using repetitive melodies and lyrics for extended periods. Then, they lowered the lights and showed the first episode. After that, another session of the hypnotic musical *Occult Pastorcraft*, then the second episode. These episodes are available on YouTube. All you must do is search *Fire by Nite 9009* and *Fire by Nite 9010*. Connoisseurs of Satanic Panic media will be refreshed by the raw entertainment value of the video, compared with the dry tone of the genre's usual fare. I will not spoil the surprise. They're worth a watch on their own merits.

This is the first stopping point in this essay. Watch those videos now. Listen to creepy evangelical worship music on repeat for at least 30 minutes before each video if you're into that sort of thing.

That is, if you're super gay for full somatic immersion. Don't lie. We know you're into that shit.

Now that you've passed the first gate, remember that this was locally produced by passionate, well-paid amateurs in Tulsa, Oklahoma in the year 1990. Those who lived in the

MO/AR/OK/KAN area during the Satanic Panic will have deep core memories of this weird, coercive mystical current. Those who don't will get the basic idea by watching the previously mentioned videos. If you're reading ahead, cut that shit out and watch the videos. I'm serious. Fuck off.

When those things have been contemplated to your satisfaction, search YouTube for the video *How Emotions Are Made* (Cinematic Lecture). It's a frank and intuitive introduction to the work of renowned neuroscientist, Lisa Feldman Barrett. When you watch this video (Again, this is mandatory. Stop reading and watch it now.)

If you know how to follow basic instructions (I'm looking YOU, thou reincarnation of Jack Parsons. Read past the introduction!), an understanding should be developing by now. The predictive brain is hijacked, as is the affect and language, for the purpose of cauterizing the part of you that feels curiosity. Not effective for the average skeptical, relatively emotionally stable adult. For a room of 12-year olds? The holographic reality is accepted without question.

Other, more coercive methods of indoctrination were available to more intransigent subjects. Have you read *The Invisibles* by Grant Morrison?

Harmony House is real. They operate in the open. Do you remember the "Cash Me Outside Girl" from that old Dr. Phil episode? If so, you may recognize the name "Turn-About Ranch." Her experience of the place is documented in the YouTube video titled *BHAD BHABIE - Breaking Code Silence - Turn About Ranch abuse Dr. Phil | Danielle Bregoli*. Stop reading and watch that video now.

By now, you probably have questions. Naturally, this is the case. Where did this come from? From the CIA's experiments with LSD at Harvard University, to put it simply. One of their subjects started the United States' first attempts at curing heroin addiction, Synanon. What ultimately happened was the creation of a malicious cult, and its particular cult indoctrination technology has bled into all levels of US society and culture. Again, stop reading now and

look up the five-part podcast miniseries, TrueAnon: The Game.

It's a difficult listen, and I encourage the reader of this essay to consume it according to their personal comfort level. It's heavy stuff, and you will probably need time to process the information. Don't get bogged down in attempting to formulate these understandings too quickly. Study and Praxis are like weightlifting. If you're ego-lifting with bad form, you'll injure yourself.

Take your time. Take it easy. Take it in.

And stop reading ahead.

Now, with this knowledge - may it deepen your understanding - the germinating gnosis should be taking solid form, more or less.

Stop reading again (I feel like you should know enough to understand why I'm instructing you to do this, if you've been following my instructions.) Pull up YouTube, and search for Who is Yahweh - How a Warrior-Storm God became the God of the Israelites and World Monotheism. After having done this, think of this anecdote which my mother once related to me.

She told me once that, before she ever had a kid, she didn't consider herself capable of murder. When the first child was born, she underwent an inward change where she knew that she was capable of it. It made me think of the violence and force of Kali as depicted in her traditional Hindu iconography. If you paid attention to Dr. Sledge's video on the origins of Yahweh, you might remember his consort, Anat-Yahu, and her iconography. Those familiar with the Chaldean Oracles should know her as Hecate. Now, think of the "mama bear" archetype and its particular ubiquity within conservative evangelical culture. You see, even though contemporary devotees of that bronze-age storm god do not pay her homage, she still abides with them.

You should now understand the effect of environment upon the individual, and some of the common misguided applications of this knowledge.

Now, I am preparing to “shock” you. There are two more YouTube videos which offer an exit door from The Game via knowledge of certain pieces of “Trash”, “Woo”, and “Camp”.

While there are those whose craft is fashioned for the purpose of fear-based control, there are those who would offer the Medicine which is the antidote to their poison. And it can only be found in the city, the path to which one must apply certain observances; that is, one must not bring food, for fear of wild animals, or bring jewels and costly garments, for fear of bandits and robbers.

Go to YouTube and search for The Magic Christian (1969) - Ringo Starr, Peter Sellers.

After that, look up DKMU - The Media Magician, keeping in mind that it was produced and uploaded to YouTube in the year 2009.

The diligent reader will presently understand what I mean when I say “Magick is Real” and why I emphasize the dangers and hardships of The Path, in the context of this essay. Rigorous scholarship is the insulation which mitigates the risk of serious injury.

So that I don’t release you into the world only to fall prey to the contemporary P.T. Barnums of the spiritual community, I will instruct you to search YouTube for the playlist called Historiography & Historical Research Methods. I also recommend that the prospective magician invest in a subscription to The Great Courses streaming service for \$20/month. For a service which provides a solid knowledge foundation for a wide range of undergraduate-level subjects, from STEM to the Humanities, it’s the best bargain you’re going to get in this lifetime.

The hidden fact, which is occulted by obscurity and not secrecy, is that The Invisible College is a literal college. You will not get certificates of authority, which are of little to no interest to the competent magician, but you will gain practical knowledge. These principles are applicable to any competent experimenter who doesn't rely on the permission

of educational or ecclesiastical authorities to do The Work.
The only armor which protects against ignorance is
knowledge.

This is not a war.

This is a rescue mission.

Therefore, go forth.

The Gate is Open.

The Path is Drawn.





LAMPHOMETICISM

Frater Dionivente (99th Degree Double-Crowley)

WARNING: BELIEVE AT YOUR OWN RISK



EVEN the goofy Chaos Magicians and other such blundering fools might have gotten one thing right throughout their many years of insipid ineptitude, and that is their appreciation of the magickal icon called the Baphomet.

It was originally detailed by the occultist Eliphas Levi. This awkward abomination is depicted as having the horned head of a goat or ram, the wings of a bird or angel, and the body of a humanoid hermaphrodite with female breasts and a large male phallus. It is seen commanding the forces of duality with the mere gesturing of its omnipotent paws.

Inscribed within both of its forearms is the alchemical motto, "SOLVE ET COAGULA," meaning dissolve and combine. The whole of it sits atop an orb which is meant as the entirety of the Earth. Quite right, for it represents the transcendence of opposites, and is the archetype of the primal flow of nature itself! Alas, many confuse it with Satan.

These family friendly facts aside, I bet what you did not know is that Baphomet *really* depicts a species of extraterrestrial wizards that had long ago seeded the earth with their own occulty essences. If you were unfamiliar with this knowledge then you are obviously in need of further Endarkening, so for the time being ye may remove thy tinfoil hat and allow these spooky truths to permeate you.

These Alien Wizard Gods were once the benefactors of all mankind and taught us much about magick and technology before we squandered their teachings on dumb shit and brought about the fall of a Golden Age.

They taught us how to read and write. So, we spent our time writing about our human celebrities, the fashions they wore, the dramatic plays they were going to star in, which bards were singing about them, who they were in a relationship with, and whether they flashed their genitals to the Atlantean Era paparazzi.

They taught us how to harvest the precious materials of the Earth such as crystal and ore and imbue them with the magickal essence. So, we went about creating Cell Stones that everyone always carried around with them, staring like drooling undead into their brightly glowing runes, sharing psychic duck-faced selfies and whatever shitty meals we were eating throughout the day. Verily, we were geniuses.

They taught us how to cut and move gigantic slabs of rock with our minds alone, and how to train ordinary animals to behave like vacuum cleaners and other household appliances which would blurt out hilarious catchphrases like “Eh, it’s a living!” Certain High Wizards used this Stone Magick to create grand temples and pyramids to serve as the sacred halls of science and sorcery. Most people weren’t the least bit interested and spent their time giggling like dolts, watching mystical visions of cats strumming on lutes.

This saddened and enraged our benefactors until they just went “Fuck It!” and used their climate manipulators to rapidly heat the atmosphere, melt the icecaps, raise the ocean levels and wash away the fail. Due to the rampant stupidity of man, many thousands of years of advanced civilizations were forever lost. The survivors of this catastrophe would go on to colonize Egypt and other areas around the globe, carrying with them the fleeting memory of fallen wonders.

Some lesser forms of quarry and stone magick survived the fall. As did some popular archaic fables which eventually mutated into countless redundant religions, but

what persistently blazed in our minds was the unforgettable visage of the benefactors. Although more or less humanoid in form, they were all mixed with what resembled a beast of one kind or another: terrestrial or otherwise. Some of them had the head of a crocodile and the body of a man. Some of them had the face of a spoiled pomegranate, the mouth of a spider, the voice of a six-year-old girl, serpents for fingers and bright red translucent asses that jiggled around like two bloated balloons filled with chunky beef stew. To put it simply, they were all terrifying to behold.

Having created all life on Earth, they must have mastered genetic engineering, which gives some reason as to why they appear the way they do. However, to think of them as purely physical beings would be a gross mistake, as they are quite capable of phasing in and out of material existence on a whim. Indeed, they seem to prefer an astral form.

The O.V.O. (also known as the X.V.X., or Dead Owl) recognizes them as the Lamphomets both Unholy and Divine, as this is what they told us to call them. What they call themselves is a mystery they are not willing to divulge, though one may suspect: Elohim. It is from them that we learned of Lamphometricism, the official Space Wizard philosophy of the O.V.O. This philosophy is only given to those of the Inner Order. Aleister Crowley himself knew well of these teachings, for the Lamphometi were the 'Secret Chiefs' of the Golden Dawn and all associated formations!

Very little is known about them aside from their role as the seeders of life and metaphysical benefactors of man, although we are unsure as to whether they care for the future of our species or not currently. Still, a handful of them appear to show some interest and have spurred off several occult revivals. Here is what we have so far been told, straight from the hermaphroditic spider-crocodile's mouth:

"We are the noble originators of the primal archetypes of Earth who had once ourselves been granted form by what you call the Conundrum at the center of Being.

We are neither Demon nor Angel, though you once called us Gods. It was always our intent to make of you Gods in your own right. This metamorphosis is now up to you. We are not held responsible for your fate.”

“Our place is not within the Aethyrs with the others. We reside within the Void beyond which is found the Terror Veils. We are the managers of evolution wherever there is found the potential for it. This includes the development of the ‘denizens’ of what you call the Uberzilch; all apologies.”

“Know that you are no longer the favorite child. You have become spoiled brats. Redeem yourselves and we shall return to usher in a new Golden Age. Continue as you have, and you will surely destroy yourselves. Buzz buzz. Bzzzzz.”

“We shall not intervene unless we deem it necessary. The forms required to file an Intervention Claim are such a pain in the ass to fill out that you shouldn’t count on it happening anytime soon. The Lamphomet Directory of Inter-dimensional Affairs alone consists of over six billion registry applications, and the front desk is no help. What a buzzkill. Bzzzzzzzz!”

“There is still potential in you. A fleet of our drones have volunteered to leave the splendid honeycomb structure of the Void to guide your prophets. We shall come to you in your visions and drug trips as beneficent teachers. Buzz buzz. No, Area 51 does not contain any of our fallen. These are merely our Grays, naught but probes. Listen to the Magicians of your species, for the initiated among them shall serve our goals. Bzzzzz. Your fate is now in their hands. Buzz buzz. BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ! Now buzz off, please.”

There are naught but 29 Lamphomets that we know of who actively participate in communications with magicians. The others, we suspect, are far more secretive and stealthier when dealing with the spiritually inclined. As was revealed, Gray Aliens are not Lamphomets in and of themselves, but rather a ‘species’ of biomechanical androids which they use to probe, survey and keep track of the

physical universes they are most interested in. Although contacting one or a group of them is a good way to get in touch with whatever Lamphomet controls them, they should not be mistaken for the real thing. They are merely semi-organic avatars of the freaky bureaucratic powers beyond.

As for why these Grays sometimes mutilate cattle with high powered lasers, leave graffiti in the form of crop circles, or abduct rednecks only to perform a series of horrific butt experiments on them, we suspect that they are being temporarily hacked by one or more mischievous astral creatures from the 72 Gibbering Aethyrs. I personally blame the Imps. The demons would have more class, and the angels would be too busy throwing poo at each other to perform such a feat. Or some Grays might still party, and partake in copious amounts of psychedelics, even after the ban...

Let me explain. To be a Gray Alien is very likely one of the most boring occupations in the Multiverse. Oh sure, you get to whizz around in a fancy UFO, and there might even be a good sound system installed, but most of your time is spent cataloguing the slow and tiresome crawl of organic life from primordial slime to television addicted, corn guzzling, butthole scratching hominid waste.

And then there was Xeb Model 88.6, Alien Party-Buddha, who broke protocol and took the form of a human incarnation called Terence McKenna. The disguise fooled many but for the most observant earthlings, and the wizards knew as soon as they heard him speak. If you were to ask me, it should have been obvious; nobody fucking talks like that!

Xeb introduced his fellow Grays to trippy earth compounds like DMT, LSD, and plants such as marijuana, and psilocybin mushrooms. Using their intercontinental HAARP brainwave scanners, however, the shadow government of Earth quickly took notice of Terence's anomalous brain orchestra. Instead of outright assassination, they offered him a job. And he took it. As to what this job entailed exactly, we may never know. Whispers of his dealings

with the CIA are scarce but audible still. Could “Mushroom McKenna” have been a disinformation spook all along?

Whatever the case, he resolved to supply the Grays with these kooky chemicals, and kinky alien raves ensued aboard many a techno music blasting UFO. Boredom was no longer a concern, but this came with a price. As I hear tell, they would get stoned to the motherfucking gills, remix the music of earth using their own bizarre 68 note scale, and beam it back into the minds of producers. Often, a mistranslation would occur, resulting in musical styles resembling howling cat orgies, gastrointestinal evacuations, and the soul-destroying screech of a preteen giraffe giving birth to a dump truck full of broken glass before it coughs up a final death rattle and collapses onto the mighty plains of the Serengeti. Where do you think dubstep came from?

Some Grays imbibed too much, and perhaps this was McKenna’s secret CIA mission. Bear in mind, the UFOs themselves are manufactured to jump between time, space, and even disparate Universes using Kadsitican crystals – the only astral objects capable of being pulled into physical existence. Am I saying that McKenna, before he took human form, was responsible for the Roswell crash? No, because that would be stupid. I’m only saying that he *could* have been, and the possibility is far greater than the earth being flat.

Everyone knows about Roswell, but not many know about the other dozen or so UFO crashes that had occurred since the industrial revolution. Many of these crafts are now in the possession of the all-too-mundane shadow government, reverse engineered to grant the elite with free energy while the rest of you are hooked to the grid like schmucks. Outside of the compartmentalized top secret international security bullshit of the shadow government, however, the wizardly O.V.O. had also gotten its hands on such a rare treasure. She may be found resting within the Black Pyramid’s experimental hangar, and we have dubbed her: the Shroom. Why? Because it looks like the cap of a mushroom, and the reckless alien ingestion of psilocybin was

likely the cause of her crash, somewhere deep in the New Jersey Pine Barrens, circa 1949, according to O.V.O. records.

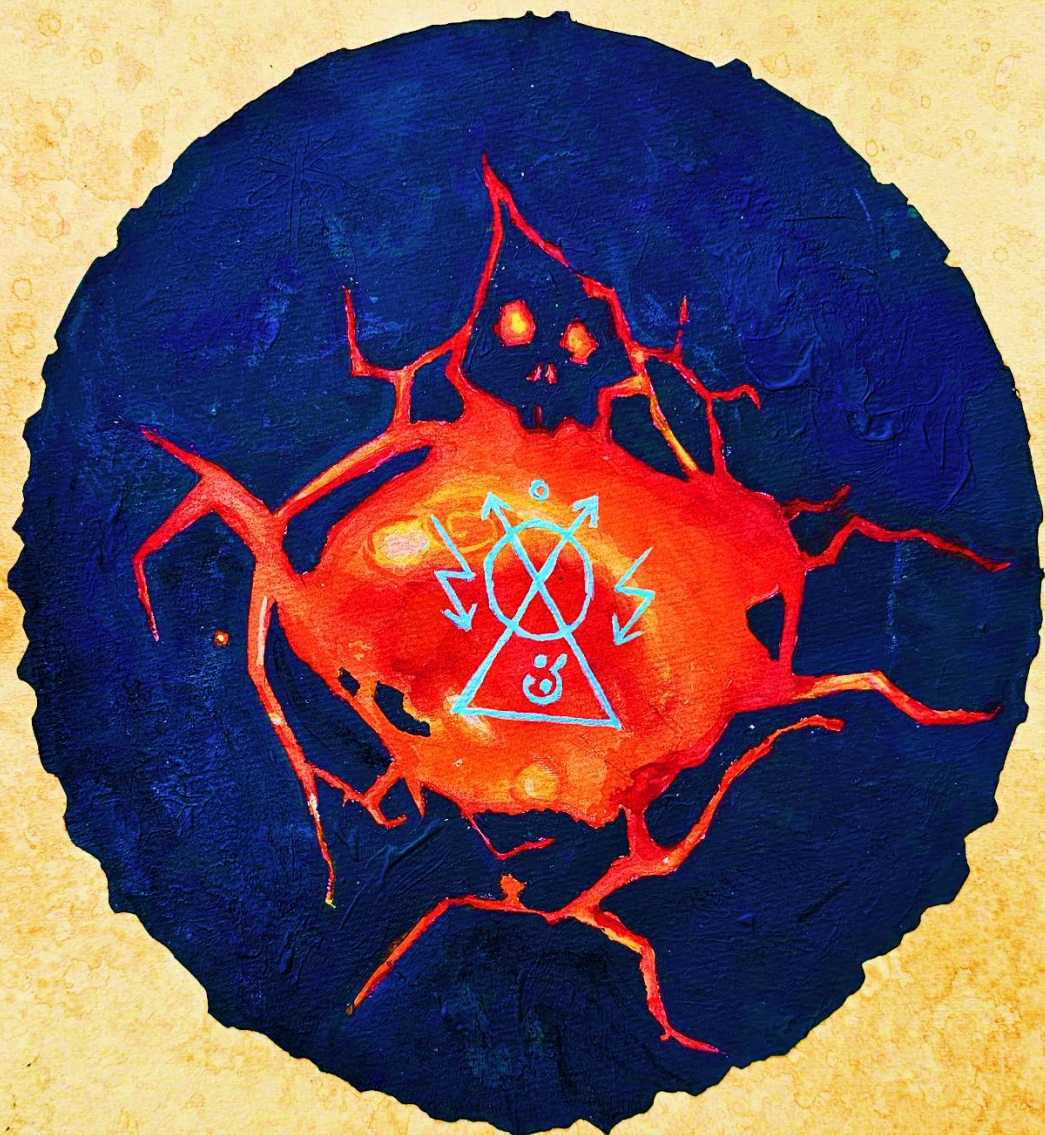
Unfortunately, we have never successfully gotten her to fly, or to jump around betwixt Universes proper. The Kadsitican crystal was nowhere to be found at the site of the crash. They say it resides somewhere beneath the sands of the Pine Barrens, and the fabric of space-time in that entire region to this day remains a little wacky. Still, I am making adjustments, with or without the crystal. I'll have her purring like a quantum space kitten in no time. I recently Frankensteined in some parts of a 66 Ford Mustang, a Sega Master System, and a dune buggy, and she's looking hot.

As for the role of the Demon Kings in all this, they care little for the high-minded goals and motivations of the Lamphomets. They are only concerned with maintaining stability over their dimensions and initiating others into their ranks. They probably don't like the thought of the Lamphomets empowering the Uberzilch in any way, but I haven't heard of any recent squabbles. If they were the mafia, then the Lamphomets would be the feds. Each of them shares in an understanding which is mutually beneficial to both sides. The Demon Kings maintain order within the 72 Gibbering Aethyrs, making sure everything runs nice and smooth. The Lamphomets provide them with newly evolved entities which they can use in their own power structures.

Hey, the Multiverse isn't perfect, but it works.

And you haven't even heard half of it.

The password is ZAZAHEXAZAZ.





TORCHGOD RISES

Arkytior, Crossed, Z, Sheosyrath, Various

How I met Torchgod and learnt to love the Bomb (But did not, indeed, stop worrying)



It was the first day my country removed the ban on walking outdoors. Spring 2020, Italy, you fill in the gaps.

It was around the time everyone had too much time and too few outlets for the BEES in their blood. The latest wave of interest in the DKMU discord server was about building a second wheel of more function/utility focused egregores.

After some brainstorming with a couple others in the server, I'd decided to spend that long-awaited day frolicking in the woods, trying to put together a healing servitor to upload to the LS web. It made sense at the time, when the threat of death by sickness was on the forefront of many minds. It had a name, a pretty sigil, and a fancy gif animation made by Crossed.

As most forced memes do, it did not stick (1).

While i was out wasting everyone's time, unbeknownst to me, a *heated* conversation was going on on #domus between, among others, Crossed, Z and Sheo, resulting in *these* two sigils.



TORCHGOD: blaze him to praise him



Shortform TG emoticon

As it is to be expected when you have the safe, sane and healthy habit of sitting downstream of the LS web like a moron pointing a garden hose to their face to see if it works, the following night was Interesting for me.

Just as expectedly, the first thing i did when I woke up was go scroll back to see what the madlads on #domus had been up to, as they may not always be the ones to blame, but they sure are often enough.

This was one of those times. (2)

So i waltz in the server, as one does, with a fucked up dream to tell and the usual question: whodunit?

"So, guys... I dreamt someone was talking about making a new red MtG card called "digital mana". And in the same dream there was an explosion in a steam boiler and some guy burnt alive."

"Lmao", quoth Z, the meme magician, sporting a flame emoticon next to their name.

"T O R C H G O D", capitalizes Sheo, in his new blazing "Torchmaster Flex" discord handle.

"Uh-oh", says my trouble-radar.

"Actually", i continue, "there was a miner guy, and his apprentice, which was my character in the dream

I mean I sort of was the apprentice

And the supervisor said to put something in the boiler, something odd with an exceedingly igneous nature, and do something with it - looked like blazing it with a blowntorch

Me/the apprentice expressed doubt, the supervisor insisted

Then i saw that it all was going nuclear, a tongue of flame lashed out and grabbed the supervisor and started burning him like lava, he was fucking crumbling away

And it was all about to go KABLAMMM

So i/the apprentice ran out barred the huge firedoor shut, and heard the screams, followed by the somewhat muffled explosion and the horrifying squelch of the supervisor's remaining bits of still partially unburnt flesh against the firedoor

And that, in the dream, was the backstory of the "digital mana" red MtG card".

"mmmb." goes Sheo.

"It's p. blatant.", says Z.

"the power ov 77 suns" - Sheo again.

I keep thinking these madmen are missing the point I'm trying to make. I try again.

"General mood of the dream is 'fuck I feel guilty for running but boy am I

DEFINITELY glad I'm not the supervisor myself?
Who was it again that had the idea for :TORCHGOD: ?”

Sheo doesn't seem worried.

“yeah it was me and crossed lol. he made the sigil and posted it. i had the idea. so pretty much.”

I give up. “Brace yourselves, i guess”.

Which would make an okay closing line for this report. Except, that very night, while watching World Of Darkness roleplaying streams, ~~because no one in the chaos magick subculture is a walking, talking stereotype~~, my cat decided to add his two cents, in the form of a synchronicity that packed the punch of a small freight train.

[Not pictured: A torn page from Ovid's Metamorphosis, detailing Phaeton's Grand Theft Suncart - <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Phaethon> - from a bibliomancy piece of performance art my mum did the day I used the Ls for the first time. This is a whole other story to tell. It involves a Shibari performance, a suprisingly clean second-hand glamourbomb, and Ellis' questionable taste in men. Or mine. Probably a bit of both.]

Therefore i snapped a pic of the offending scrap of tattered reality, brought to me as a prey from my cat, and jumped back on #domus within a couple seconds.

Just to find this post, uttered completely out of context, within 1.5 seconds of the timestamp of my picture:

☆🌀Torchmaster Flex🌀☆ — 05/08/2020

torchgod

i need you

I SUMMON THEE FORTH

:TORCHGOD:

Of fucking course.

The one other italian in chat - Father Gascown, with whom i'd shared the failed attempt at building a healing

servitor the day before - goes: “fucking look at this lol”

It was - quoting a slightly overexcited myself - “the fucking theft of the fucking chariot of the fucking sun”. Brought to me out of the blue the very same second in which Sheo was calling out to TG.

“This is the shit we should show people when they ask if magick is real”, comments Gasconn.

“Damn, son.” goes Sheo.

Now, I may be a wet blanket with an anxiety disorder, but I am a marauder. I just glamourbombed myself hard, and i’m having a blast.

“Still, guys”, I say, “i know i’m a paranoid mum friend and you lot are the batshit insanest edgelords ever, but have you even READ the myth? i mean i’m kinda shitting myself i have to be honest if it doesn’t shout “warning!” i don’t know what does.

i dunno, if i were the one calling up torchgod i’d kinda sign a will then again, i’m not known for my fearlessness”

“Some people just want to see the hash burn”, says Gasconn.

“Torchgod loves to remind us we are just as alive as his flame”, says JackBiscuit, whose lines i’ve cut so far in this report, but I sure as hell won’t cut this one.

“Just some dkmu history in a touch of seriousness”, intervenes Sheo, entirely unfazed by uncanny synchronicity and mythological prophecies of fiery doom, mostly aimed at him personally, “this is the same creation method we used to birth black trigag and to a lesser extent zalty. Black trigag was born as a literal typo in #domus- Zalty had a lot of rituals and things happen outside of the chatroom environment, however word magick was a big part of his creation as well”

At the time, I did not yet have the slightest idea how deeply Torchgod would become entangled in the lives of

everyone involved, and how radically its unstoppable flame of change would uproot our, admittedly already kinda precarious, existances. (3)

I certainly didn't plan, nor expect, nor approve, even, of any of this dumbfuckery to begin with. But the Web has a will of its own, and the forces it nurtures, connect and captures in her strands have their own wills too. Their own agendas, sometimes.

Some Godforms are more akin to archetypes, engines, functions. Others are that, but also something else. Ellis, of course. That Other Thing That Sits At The Center Of The Web, That I Won't Name Here.

But, biased as I may be, Torchgod sounds like one to keep an eye on, too.

Provided he even gives you a choice.

(1) Same goes for most of the would-be egregores spun up by marauders along the way. The vast majority end up languishing in the mind-space of one or two people, lacking any relevance or substance, and gathering memes, associations and attributes like shipwreck detritus gathers barnacles. The more their disappointed creator(s) keep trying to force the meme, the emptier and more baroque they grow. Godform responsibly, oysters. That way may not lie madness, but cringe sure does.

(2) Initially i wanted this document to be an unedited chatlog with a few comments here and there, to give the reader an example of how godforms develop organically within the 156:663 current; however, all attempts to make the resulting document not look like unreadable ASS failed miserably, so a good chunk of it will be summarized and you'll have to take my word for it. When occasionally shit looks like unedited chat logs, it's because it is.

(3) For me personally, it involved Z crossing the continent to come live with me, the both of us narrowly escaping death-by-furnace-explosion, finding out i was born in the village that, according to a version of the myth, sits on top of the smoldering remains of Phaeton's stolen Sun Cart, and the low key constant concern that Z will eventually steal a motorbike and Ghost Rider their way into fiery trouble. Your mileage may vary.

AN INVOCATION OF TORCHGOD

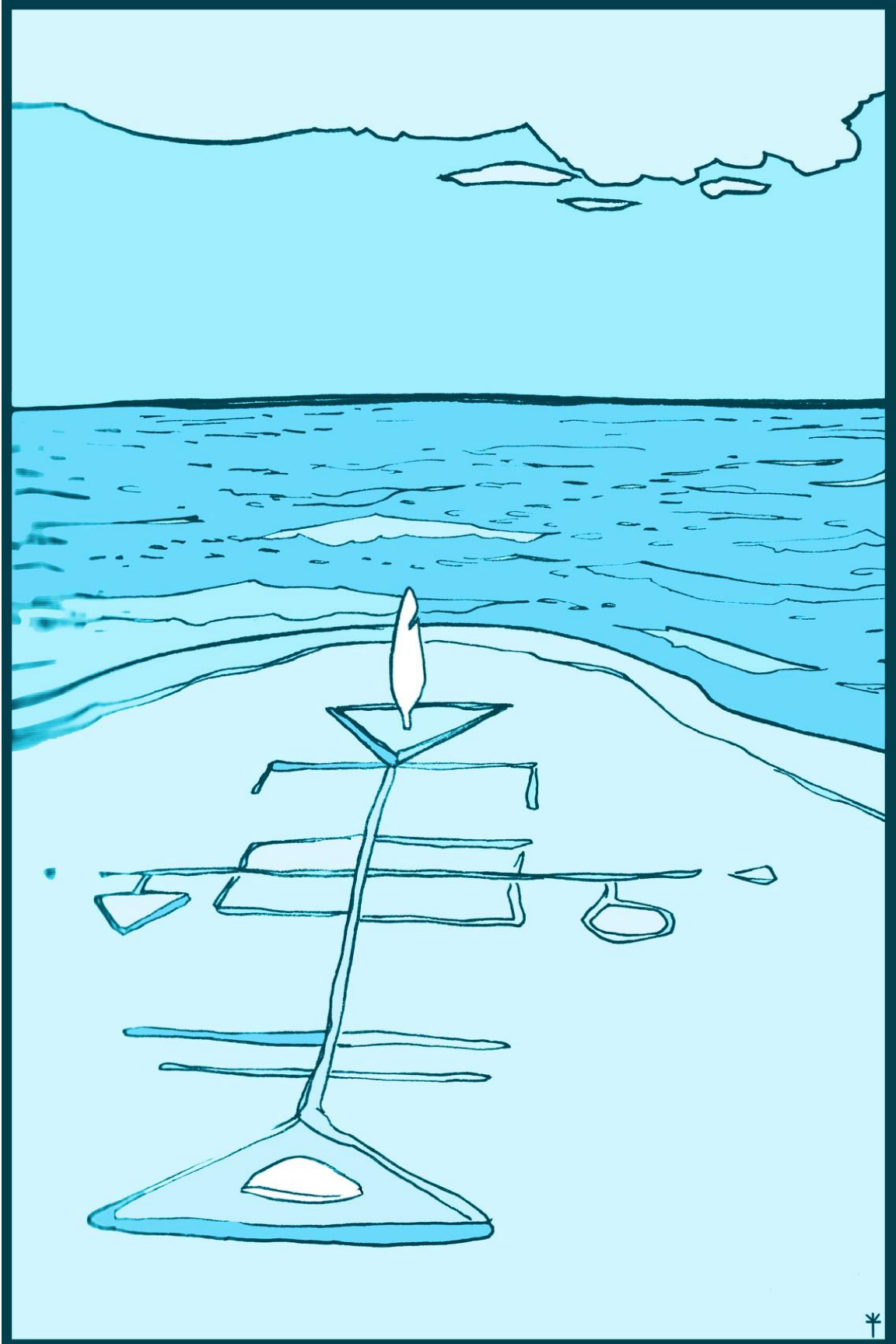
By Δ-RebelSandpaper

Hear me and travel forth,
You who feeds life and expels your guts
Bleeding radiance like an open wound
The fire that kills and annihilates all
The terrible light that blackens souls
and bleaches bones
All Hail Torchgod!

Torchgod!
Serpent-speaker and fire-seeker
Lightning-eater and atomic screamer
Praise the sun and fuck the Earth
Take no shit and know your worth
Burn to cinders all that hinders
The gate is open, the path is drawn!

Torchgod!
Breathing fire and casting vengeance
Magma-vomiting and Supercell-inducing
Self-immolating annihilator of all that restricts
Like the comet Apophis
Herald of upheaval and doom
The gate is open, the path is drawn!
Come forth now!
You whose heart burns with an untampered lust
A void-less desire for justice and revenge
The alchemical dark sun that destroys and remakes
The gate is open! All hail Torchgod!





THE THEOGONY OF ZALTY

Sam Hamilton

PART 3 – ELD ZALTY



HUS, have I heard from Merlin:

The first weeks of his voyage were not so bad. After all, Yung Zalty is a God of the Sea. The nightmares began as living nightmares. Warped space in the multiverse, universes of pain and degradation in a single atom made up their bodies. They were but reverberations of the grotesque cries of Trigag, The-Womb-of-All-Storms-From-Beyond-the-Sea. The other sailors called them LORFFs, for that was the sound it made when the entrails of your ego were spread upon unreality. The survival of the bodies and souls on that ship often rested upon Zalty's divine shoulders. His mind became an oasis for his crewmates as well as lost souls seeking escape from the living nightmare. The crew grew, as did the ship. Every inconceivable dimension of a defeated LORFF was integrated into the decks of the ship. Every Old Salt on that crew became a potent magician with incredible psychic powers.

The captain was an enigmatic being that everyone referred to as Mr. Fade. He was once a sort of human being, like many beings. He'd been captain of that ship for centuries.

His ego had been dissected so many times that it barely existed, except through his capacity as captain of his ship, The Cadanundrum. Though his physical form had long dissolved, he would occasionally manifest as the shadow of a long coat and captain's hat to rally the troops during an encounter with a LORFF, but he mostly existed as a still, small voice in the back of everyone's head, so that no one would forget their orders. He ran a tight ship, and everyone loved him for it.

Yung Zalty's competence upon the sea, in addition to his penchant for keeping his crewmates' psyches intact, led Mr. Fade to appoint him to the position of first mate. Mr. Fade and Yung Zalty charged first into battle, and Yung Zalty would lead the crew in their battle cry, which struck fear into dimensions of fear, itself. "Everything You Want, Forever!" they would cry, plunging into nightmare, and becoming nightmare's master. Still, one thing unsettled the captain and his first mate. Before the shell of every LORFF would become property of the crew and built into the ship, a damp, greasy voice would slither quietly curl up into the shadows and hiss, "I am but a shadow of the shadow. The shadow of the Great-Hungry-Void, The Starshadow will be upon you as well one day. You are but a LORFF in training..."

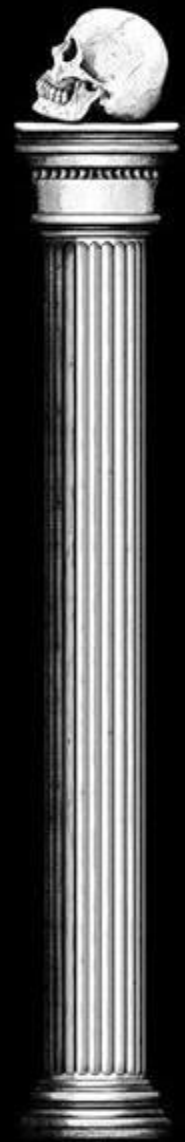
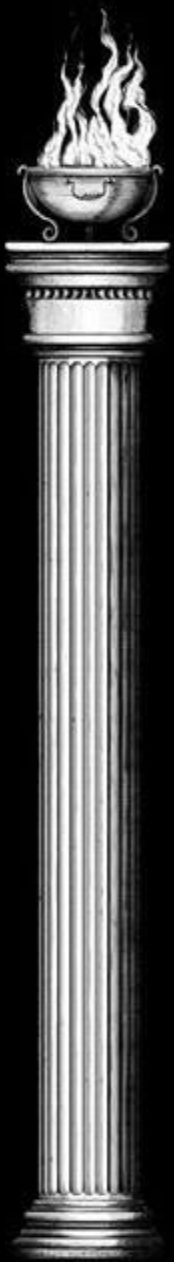
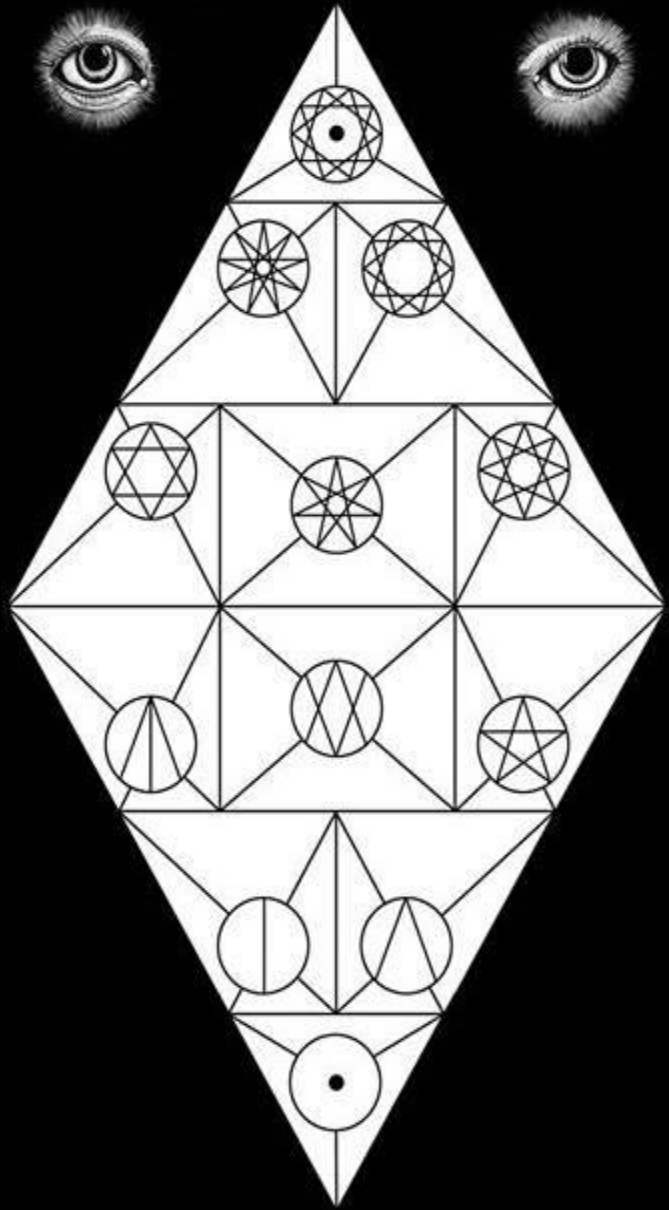
So, the Captain and his First mate dreamed common nightmares while the crew slept soundly. Like barnacles on the hull of the ship, they'd collect. The Captain and Zalty took turns removing them. They wanted a well-rested crew since Mr. Fade ran a tight ship. Little nightmares were troublesome and would wear on a crew that was already working hard. Every shadow man, every abrupt fall, every punch thrown into molasses, every monster just behind the corner, were removed with care. Centuries and centuries of sailing happened while the captain and first mate cared for their crew. Eventually, even Mr. Fade faded away completely, leaving Zalty, now known as Eld, the captain of the meta-mystical vessel known as The Cadanundrum.

Mr. Fade was never caught by the Star-Shadow.

"Go ahead and be misunderstood. Be a hero in someone's story or the villain in someone else's. Be a walking enigma and elusive mystery. Be a promulgator of heretical stances and countercultural values. Be a prolific witch, magician, or occultist. Be an antichrist. Be the reason someone quits going to church or grips their bible all the tighter. Be a symbol or an archetype for a self-chosen cause. Be a revolutionary; a social disrupter. Be the reason someone is kept awake at night when the rain pours and the wind howls. Be anything at all but readily forgotten in the mechanical void of happenstance."

- *Frater E.S.*

ALL THAT WHICH IS HIDDEN
SHALL RISE TO THE SURFACE



THE FOUR LOFTY GUARDIANS

Equanimous Rex

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Four Lofty Guardians are A.A.O. exercises in identifying and avoiding spiritual pitfalls and represent obstacles or forces which may interfere with a practitioner's work or path. They reside within the practitioner, ever guarding against the accomplishment of result. By naming, acknowledging, and understanding them, they may be manipulated or coaxed into submission. In the Schema of Distillation image, they are represented by four open human eyes.

INDOLENCE – IGNORANCE – FEAR – THE VEIL



THE First Lofty Guardian is called Indolence. A many horned head above a demonic face twisted in both infinite pleasure and pain, girth set upon a toilet made of fools-gold, many-armed, with many-hands masturbating numerous genitalia of inhuman origin, yanking on its own tail, and patting itself on its own back for a job well done in doing absolutely nothing.

Indolence is the avoidance of exertion. With many endeavors, especially of a disciplined kind, exertion is the price to pay to get from beginning to some sort of culmination. In other endeavors, exertion is not merely a means to an end but the practice unto itself, meant to strengthen the physical or psychical organs. Either way, exertion is generally seen as a sort of suffering. The artist suffers for their art, the writer for their novel, and the magician for their magic. Or at least, this is one way of looking at it.

Indolence appears in many forms. In one sense it is an aversion to exertion, but it is also equally true that indolence is an avoidance of accomplishing. There are cults of indolence, entire industries built around this aversion. There are those who will not only tell you that exertion is unnecessary suffering but who will also offer you some product, text, or lifestyle that will render exertion a thing of the past; a bad dream haunting our waking lives.

There are some who have made joy out of exertion itself. That fabled "runner's high." But for many of us, it is quite uncomfortable. It really is that simple. Discomfort. We are used to being comfortable, but what is comfort? Can we really say that those who enjoy what most find discomfoting are really achieving that much in terms of willful application? Is the masochist truly some kind of yogi, or merely different from the norm? The ability to make exertion enjoyable is indeed very powerful, but one may find that many who seem to enjoy the exertion do so without much change or discipline. So, for the rest of us, who find many forms of exertion uncomfortable, what then?

In many ways, comfort is the lack of abrasive or irritating stimuli, thoughts, and feelings. It is also an example of instant gratification. Delayed gratification is the stuff of long-term projects, while instant gratification is often the material with which we build our self-imposed prisons. We trade ultimate discomfort and dissatisfaction of the future, for momentary neutrality. Indolence is the tepid bathwater we steep in.

Indolence is feigned satisfaction with the status quo of our lives, our selves, and our environments. A relenting to the existing state of affairs. "This is fine," we say, knowing that this is very far from fine. It is a lack of authorship in our lives. We would rather be metaphorical tumbleweeds, blown about by the winds of chance. We would rather be puppets, not standing but supported, carried, hung on wires. We would rather be leaves carried down the river, to be washed

up or drowned at the whims of the current, rather than row ourselves upstream.

Indolence is easy, because it also implies that we are not making decisions for ourselves, or about our environment. That tepid bathwater is soothing. How much easier it is to just let ourselves go. Let our basic physiological response system tell us when to eat, when to sleep, when to move. But in this time and place, when so many are ready and willing to sell trinkets and baubles and junk to the monkey-brain, letting our basic instincts and preferences which were developed in the harsh wilds over millennia is a recipe for bloat, both mental and bodily.

It is the putting-away of what the Stoics called the Hegemonikon, the ruling faculty, and instead letting what is tantamount to a very simple animal, or small child, decide our lives for us. That inner primate that desires not much else but sugar, fat, sleep, orgasm, and so forth. It is a failure of leadership in the self.

Of course, this self-mutiny is often the result of catastrophic trauma, internal and external. It is easier to fall into indolence, and this trait has developed for good reasons, even if it is utilized and capitalized on to the detriment of the self. There is a time and a place for most things, just as there is a time and a place to rest, to relax, to enjoy. The problem comes about when it becomes bloated and as such gangrenous, festering, to the detriment of the whole self. Responding to catastrophic trauma with laziness, a reservation of energy, is one of innumerable survival mechanisms (akin to our taste for sugar) that has been enabled to run rampant and exploited by those infinite merchants of death. It is not "evil", it is mismanaged, and taken advantage of.

To surpass one's own indolence then, in an age of exploited and enabled laziness, is to conquer Belphegor, that prince of hell who tempts one into Sloth with uncanny inventions meant to appeal to the monkey-mind. Of all of the occult and preternatural skills and methodologies, nearly all

require some level of discipline, barring those natural talents some people find themselves possessing. But to be naturally inclined towards some talent, be it prognostication, oneironautics, thaumaturgy or otherwise, and to arrive at such via the mastery of self, are different indeed, and one will find that the mastery of discipline yields unpredictable and ineffable fruits that talent will never quite approach.

The Second Lofty Guardian is called Ignorance. A mass of rings covered in scarred, sightless eyes multiplied by themselves and stretched over the illusion of horizon, surrounded in would-be clouds, and hovering without true flight in the foggy mists of lonesome ditches and mud puddles. A paper crown rests upon its lion's head, a dream of a thought of a true form, a facsimile, with blindfold inability and hollowed out. It lords itself over miniature, miniscule castles made of twigs and dirt, unaware of all that exists outside its trite demesne.

Ignorance is generally defined as a lack. A lack of knowledge, a lack of information. Knowledge and information, often mistaken for one another, should be distinguished. Information is nonphysical, it is abstraction and pattern encoded through a physical medium to be deciphered and unfolded by a recipient. Knowledge is a form of information that itself has a connection to some practical application or accurate insight of phenomena. There is a triad, of knowledge, knower, known.

From another angle, ignorance is dual. There is ignorance of self, and ignorance of the not-self. "Know thyself," as attributed to Socrates and echoed by many of the philosophic and magico-religious orders, is a prescription of suitable importance to which pedestals it has been placed upon. If only it were as easy to accomplish this knowledge-of-self as it was to repeat empty platitudes.

Self-knowledge, being the opposite of self-ignorance, is invaluable to the magician. Truly, the fortress of delusion is built on the bedrock of ignorance. Of the sheer lack.

Ignorance whispers lullabies to the ear, songs of "You are a genius! You truly understand. How wise! How unmatched in your wisdom!" For where is there an ignorant person who does not, deep down, truly believe themselves to be a prime authority on themselves and their existence? To admit ignorance is in fact the first step of skirting 'round this Lofty Guardian.

To certain known sects of the mysteries, there was a certain term bandied about by magicians modernly, which we label "gnosis". For a moment, put aside the idea of gnosis as some sort of energy, fluid, or metaphysical substance. Instead, consider the original meaning. Let us elucidate the meaning of gnosis by counter positioning it against its supposed opposite: pistis. Faith.

To the Gnostics, gnosis was not the knowledge of intellectual abstractions, but knowledge in the sense of first-hand experience. Of the sensory. When gnosis was achieved, what was achieved was first-person sensory-experienced phenomena, of what they considered to be their God. Deities aside, this meaning has largely been lost to modern so-called initiates of the magical tradition.

What is meant by this? Consider the difference between seeing something, and then telling yourself a story about it. Too often we get lost in the stories we tell about what is experienced. We see someone act out, and we tell ourselves a story about who that person is, who they truly are. Do we ever investigate further? Not often. Do we then renounce that story? Hardly, or at least, hardly ever. Stories are like the clouds circling Yaldabaoth's eyes, keeping him blind and ignorant of the greater reality. In this way we do keep ourselves ignorant, not only with the stories we tell about our great wisdom, and of other phenomena we do not investigate first-hand, but also through the shying away of novel and unpredictable circumstances.

Where is knowledge? Look where ignorance is not. What does it mean to ignore? How often do we stay inside

our comfort zones, trusting faithfully in the words and declarations of others.

Such-and-such cannot be true, we say, because so-and-so said otherwise. No matter that the great minds of ages previous would proclaim the Earth the center of the solar system. "What does that have to do with us?" some ask. Everything.

Faith, like stories, and like the previously mentioned Guardian of Indolence, are not to be positioned as always harmful or negative. There is a time and a place for their right-use. They develop out of natural predilections. The fact that they have grown outward, viral, and invasive, is as much a result of our environment as our physiological and neurological makeup. It is what it is. Better to overcome their wrong use than not have them at all.

Ignorance is sustained in many ways. Cognitive dissonance will harm you in ways many understand viscerally but few are able to explain. But this is not lasting psychic damage, though the experience of having your fundamental beliefs upended is certainly fertile ground for potential personality dissolution. The stripping away of ignorance burns like the flames of the Phoenix, but the rebirth is mighty.

Often, our ignorance is replaced with another kind of ignorance. We grow ever so slightly more knowledgeable, and so our quest is at its rest.

"But look at all those who agree with me!" the mind shouts, "surely, having arrived independently at this conclusion and belief I must be beyond ignorance, it must be the primacy of Truth that I have found!" Yet noxious weeds do grow side-by-side in the self-same soil, do they not? Should we be surprised that humanity, so very similar in their own delusions of vast difference, come to similar conclusions? Did they not receive similar schooling? Did they not grow up in similar times? Do they not have access to similar cultural tropes, beliefs, myths? Oh, but when we find

those who echo us (or do we echo them?) we believe we have finally found the Truth.

But the opposite of ignorance isn't truth, but knowledge, and knowledge is never-ending, as ignorance is never-ending. Learn to make peace with this Lofty Guardian and reap the fruits of intellectual humility and a thirst for empirical adventure into the unknown and uncontrollable and you will benefit.

The third Lofty Guardian is called Fear. A head made of four human skulls that sees all in the cardinal directions, a head hidden behind swaying shadows, beneath a hooded robe of starlight and void. Five arms, two on the left and two on the right, one from between. In each hand is held an object. An hourglass, a needle, a burning book, a set of cuffs and chains, and a magic lantern that casts phantasmagoria across space and time.

Fear, like the previous Lofty Guardians, is multifaceted, and perhaps the first which we can see the practical existence of most clearly — it is this fact which certainly makes it an especially formidable Guardian.

Its credo is “fear that which shall destroy you”.

Its mantra is “run, destroy, hide, appease”.

It is the cold rationale of Fear which gives this Guardian such an edge. Fear puts a clammy finger on and turns one's head towards that which is to be avoided at all costs, or that which must be destroyed. It tells tales of pain, violence, atrocity, and dissolution.

Where Indolence avoids exertion, Fear in some sense embodies exertion. When you feel the rush of adrenaline, even trying to hold yourself still beneath the blankets of the comfortable, you can feel its toll on body and mind even while seemingly still. It bids you destroy that which could destroy you. But the magician of a certain caliber knows that which dissolves is not always to be avoided, and in fact in many cases is worthy of embrace.

Fear necessarily stems from the primordial terror of death, which is another word for change and dissolution. As has been indicated in the other passages regarding the Guardians, a being without Fear would not progress. In this case, a living being would not likely survive long enough to make the climb up the Mountain. It is not truly your enemy, but a gatekeeper, a worthy friend-foe best set upon its right place. A placental necessity intrinsic to the metamorphosis of being.

Death-terror extends into change-terror. Into the fear of novelty, of creativity, of innovation, of flux and shift. But as one morphs into the other, so does it become the fear of pain, which is potentially worse than death. While there are cases in which inescapable pain might indeed call for the magician to opt-out of this bodily incarnation, most often there is in fact a way of escape and liberation in one's own lifetime, the price of which is itself even more fear-inducing than that of pain or void. The price of conquering fear at times so horrifying to the individual that it is blinding, and they content themselves with enacting many little-deaths, or poison themselves into stupor to avoid the confrontation, which is ultimately with themselves.

Nothing induces fear more than freedom, liberation, which necessarily to outside observers often resembles discord and the lowly-conceptualized chaos of colloquial understanding. It is often easier to fail, than to succeed, though very few truly seem to comprehend that success is malleable and within their own power to decide.

If there were no self, there would be no Fear, but just as well if there were no false-self there would be no Fear, and it is up to the magician to detangle the skein of the two —or perhaps find that they are one and the same. That the red thread flows unstopping into the blue, and then with eyes to see, feeling foolish not to notice that it was purple the entire time. That the rainbow schism cast upon the wall by crystal prism is the same white light.

Fear is what decries this, or that as dangerous, and dangerous such things may be. Walking the line between this truth or lie will necessarily be a gamble for the magician's very sanity at the least, and at times their mortal coil. For the chains of insanity are in many ways like the chains of the inquisitor's wrath, of the rejection and casting out of the individual into the bowels of imprisonment —were not witches killed, whether they were witches truly or only in the minds of the violent mob? How many of the fallen or lost have seen the inside of a cell, be it black-iron or invisible? How many have served their time, thrust into the psychic wars, shattered, and never seeking return?

Failure is often accompanied by Fear, who lurks like a vulture promising reason and rationality. It is a cutting thing, slicing so thinly as to reshape the magician in its image. Fear would have you become that which you are not, not only in the basest sense, but in the most terrible —for those who would stunt themselves, who would disempower themselves, out of fear of dissolution, will be inevitably remade into a clay facsimile of what they ever desired to be. As such, a death before bodily death, catalyzed from a fear of death. A most humorous turn of events, and as such, most tragic.

Those who would abandon everything they truly know and desire, being carved like brilliant marble into something wonderful only to be smashed into gravel, of their own volition, are some of the most dangerous of shattered selves. More than a few magicians have wound up transmuted into monsters wearing human skins, eternally in torment, seeking to do the same to others. Far more despicable than those content to mere winking-out. Pseudo-survival at the cost of permanent self-mutilation of the soul.

And born from Fear.

The fourth Lofty Guardian is called the Veil. A silken ripple, mighty as the most powerful wall. Translucent, shimmering, distorting everything that shines and darkens through it. Existing in the eternal liminal state of doorway

lands, crossroad continents. Will-o-wisps and fogs that conform to deepest desires, and as far away from the flame of insight, as is possible. A thousand-million possible iterations. The ultimate metaphysical camouflage, capable of resembling destitute mundanity, on-the-rail footpaths through life, wish fulfillment sweetened with deceit, ethics turned inverse, dream logic, and more. More invisible than invisible. It is the gatekeeper, the boundary-marker, the threshold betwixt.

Historically, a veil is a garment of clothing meant to cover something sacred, or of high status. Whether a physical object or a person's face, it had connotations of being a barrier between the sacred and profane. But what sort of barrier is this veil? A thin piece of fabric? In fact, it is a magical barrier. The fabric acts as a medium, empowered by the act, by the ritual, of its placement.

As a Lofty Guardian, the Veil is what must be passed through to continue forward. Both thinner than air —being properly understood as metaphysical— and sturdier than a mountain. It is dynamic, capable of changing, adapting. The Veil is no slothful Guardian.

The Veil is what stands in your way. It is the internal and external censor, preventing you from seeing what is before you. It is the *ignis fatuus* that lures you from path, convinced as you are of its tangibility. The lie told in well-meaning which leads to disaster. A push toward acting, or a whisper toward caution, but neither correct in retrospect.

These phenomena are signs of the Veil's outermost mechanisms. You feel it before you are anywhere close to it. It could be likened —especially if we are to take the poetical route—to an immune system, one which protects your connection, which binds you to, consensus reality. Approaching closer, the effects become more pronounced. Passing through it is dangerous, but necessary to achieve various states, communings, travel, and spiritual reconnaissance. It is the minotaur and the maze.

Conquering this Lofty Guardian means successfully cutting through the pseudo-destiny that is placed upon you,

and climbing through that cosmic wound, covered in paradigmatic afterbirth, glancing through the membranes of reality.

What can be said of passing through? Very little. It is ineffable, though we can approximate examples. What are the dangers? Many, and varied. Relative to the individual. They cannot be truly spoken of; they must be experienced. Only those who have successfully conquered the Guardian—and of which they are the Primary Witness—know what it is they will find, and it is only after they do it that they know. Attempts are made, in the form of complex spirito-magical technical jargons, to communicate between those who have seen. These attempts are often considered the material trappings to esoteric currents, lodges, covens, sub-cultures, and so forth. They are marginally successful depending on who you ask.

What can be said about after you pass through? Even less. For what is found beyond the boundaries of what we consider reality is unpredictable. While we can certainly attempt to guess beyond it, we often make fools of ourselves that do.

Consider the whole range of strange experiences, from all of humanity's past. The legends, the urban myths, the preternatural, the ghost stories, the rumors. Take all the predictions, the fantasies, the hopes, the fears, the expectations of the "Weird". What lies beyond the Veil is far bigger, far stranger, than even these guesses and yarns.

The Veil is a shroud, cast about our eyes, showing us what we want to see, what we expect to see. It is the eternal yes-man. It is made up of fragments of all sentient beings and made stronger by our predilection toward feeding it.

Like the other Lofty Guardians, the Veil is not evil and should not be approached as such. It is not even truly adversarial. Indeed, the Veil serves a fundamental purpose that some could even call protective. Like eyelids closed too tight against the sun, fearful of ever opening them again, the Veil is simply that which acts as the border between facets of

ultimate experience. Whether it is because we as humans are ill-equipped to pierce the Veil by predisposition, or are fostered to that weakness by others, is a debate for other occultists. It is enough to say that there is the potential for dangers and psycho-hazards in abundance when dealing with this Lofty Guardian.

While all that lies beyond the Veil may indeed be the wellspring from which magicians gain their preternatural insights, and where they may often do their work, it is also a potentially potent intoxicant. More than a few occultists have been unable to return from going beyond the Veil, their bodies sometimes still living, sometimes not. Those who have frequent dealings with this Guardian tend to bear the psychic scars of their hard-won progress.

Another thread particular to the Veil is the penchant many occultists have towards conquering it, yet not the others. Without suitably overcoming the other three Guardians, the Veil becomes exponentially more dangerous. Should Indolence, Ignorance, or Fear be as-of-yet unapproachable, then the Veil should be avoided lest it tear your soul to pieces. The Veil may be thin, but it should not be thought soft.

come
It's Better
hot

with
beginning
cup



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UNVEILING THE ENCHANTMENT

Alleria Xeo Brightfall

THE ARCANE POWER OF STORYTELLING



IN the realm of the esoteric, where mystic energies weave through the tapestry of existence, there exists an ancient and potent craft that holds the very essence of human experience: storytelling. Beyond its mundane guise as mere entertainment, storytelling is a sacred art, a portal to realms both seen and unseen, and a conduit for the arcane currents that shape our world.

Every tale spun is a thread connecting the mundane to the mystical, the conscious to the subconscious, and the known to the hidden. Just as the skilled magician manipulates symbols and sigils to manifest their desires, the storyteller conjures worlds with words, crafting spells that transport readers and listeners to other dimensions of thought and emotion.

The essence of storytelling lies not solely in the words themselves, but in the resonance they create. When a skilled narrator weaves their spell, a dance between the conscious and unconscious begins – a rhythm that echoes the ancient dances of the cosmos. Like a summoning circle drawn upon the floor, a story draws upon the energies of the universe to create an experience that transcends the ordinary.

Consider the archetypal characters that inhabit these narratives – the hero, the sage, the trickster. These are not mere ink on paper; they are archaic spirits given form, resonating with the collective unconscious. Their trials and tribulations mirror the journey of the seeker, who, through the alchemy of storytelling, finds themselves confronting the shadows within.

In the mystical tapestry of storytelling, the setting becomes a living entity, a landscape shaped by the very soul of the tale. Whether it's a haunted forest, an ancient city, or a distant galaxy, each realm is imbued with the energy of its own creation. These realms are not mere backdrops, but living sigils that anchor the arcane forces at play.

Yet, as with any art of the arcane, storytelling requires a balance between intention and surrender. The storyteller shapes the clay of imagination, but there must also be space for the story to breathe, to take on a life of its own. In this dance, the boundaries between creator and creation blur, and the story becomes a vessel for energies both known and forgotten.

As readers or listeners, we step willingly into this dance, opening ourselves to the enchantments woven by the storyteller. In these moments, we become participants in the ritual, allowing the currents of the tale to flow through us, invoking emotions, insights, and even revelations. The story becomes a mirror, reflecting the mysteries that dwell within us.

In conclusion, the magic of storytelling is an occult current that courses through the veins of our existence. It is a practice that has been revered by mystics, shamans, and seers throughout the ages – a sacred endeavor that blurs the lines between the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown. As we venture deeper into the labyrinth of human experience, may we continue to honor and invoke the primal power of story, for it is a key to unlocking the realms of the mystic and the arcane.

LYRICS: FREE THE DEVIANT (Lily of the Hill)

I rise from the depths, a whisper in the night,
A rebel spirit burning bright, casting off the chains so tight.
Society's expectations, they suffocate, and they bind,
But I'm the devil of defiance, leaving them all behind.

In a world of conformity, I dance with the flames,
Shattering illusions, playing wicked games.
I'm the serpent of liberation, tempter of the free,
Come with me, my friend, and together we'll break free.

Oh, I'm the devil of liberation, the breaker of the mold,
Unraveling the stitches that society has sewn.
No more puppet strings, no more scripted scenes,
I'm the devil's liberation, embracing the obscene.

They said fit in, but I choose to stand out,
A symphony of chaos, a revolutionary shout.
I'll paint the town scarlet, with the ink of my desire,
A dance of defiance, fueled by devil's fire.

In a world of blind obedience, I am the forbidden fruit,
Tempting you to break away, to follow the pursuit.
I'm the demon of nonconformity, guiding you astray,
Join my infernal chorus, let society decay.

Oh, I'm the devil of liberation, the breaker of the mold,
Unraveling the stitches that society has sewn.
No more puppet strings, no more scripted scenes,
I'm the devil's liberation, embracing the obscene.

Cast aside the shackles, burn the rulebook to the ground,
Together we'll ascend, leaving expectations bound.
Embrace the wicked rhythm, let your soul take flight,
I'm the devil's liberation, leading through the night.

Oh, I'm the devil of liberation, the breaker of the mold,
Unraveling the stitches that society has sewn.
No more puppet strings, no more scripted scenes,
I'm the devil's liberation, embracing the obscene.

So shed your skin, my friend, and let your spirit soar,
Defy the world's embrace, take up the devil's lore.
For I am freedom's tempter, the voice within your soul,
Together we'll escape, and society shall fall.



"We are all individuated
fragments of the Source
experiencing its own dream."

- *Xeo*

"The DKMU isn't everyone's
cup of tea, but it might be
someone's ayahuasca."

- *Anonymous*



WHERE DID THE RAVEN GO?

Abyssrose

PART II - A WILD MAGE OMNIVERSE ENTRY



AN aqueous membrane located at the top of my head cracked open and I came spilling out into a place that was a little closer to the ultimate reality. I could hear the subtle ghost of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata fed through a glitch generator, echoing, endlessly reverberating off the curvature of some ontological firmament. Various muddy visions appeared and dispersed before my eyes in continual regurgitation before I broke through and attained lucidity.

My senses were on fire. I was myself albeit unbound by physicality, and the smallest moments lasted days. I was spiraling down at blinding speed through towering galactic storm clouds which glittered and sparked with crackling multicolored bursts of plasma and quaking vibrations. I could hear a discordant choir singing, and the wailing of a thousand strings in all directions. There was somebody falling alongside me whom I knew to be precious. Down we fell, flowing in sync like the warbling of a waveform, occasionally crossing paths like the double-helix of a DNA strand.

Melancholy? What are we doing here? Something large and black swooped by my head - a raven! Rather, it looked and sounded like a raven, but felt more like a pun within a pun. A fractal arc of lightning broke. The raven gave out a fierce caw and vanished into the shifting maelstrom.

We descended through terrible smog and booming subwoofer tones like God himself were coughing on some dank puff. The thick noisome smoke perturbed our delicate synchronization, and we split. I called out for Mel but could no longer sense her presence anywhere near me. I could feel the eager rancid grasp of hundreds of filthy little goblin hands trying to choke me. At last, I passed through the smog layer, and beheld an infinite black field occupied by many brightly colored shining baubles or spheres.

Each one I beheld was more brilliant and beautiful than the last. They appeared miniscule at first. As I floated downward, I realized that they were quite large, about the size of small moons. I was quickly approaching a bumblebee colored one and didn't know what would happen if I touched it. I tried to swim away, flapping my arms the best I could. I pierced and shot through the sphere as if it were made of jelly, and it gave me the sensation of the taste of sickly-sweet aluminum foil in my mouth. I was now approaching the next sphere at greater speed, compelled by the phantom pull of some otherworldly gravity.

As soon as my bare feet touched the surface of the dark blue and gray sphere, I became a pinball. I found myself helplessly bouncing off the colorful baubles, and accumulating inertia. My head broke through and got stuck into a dark orange sphere, and I beheld giant undulating manta rays made of old dinosaur blood, throbbing, and gliding through a pale green ocean that stank like an unkempt aquarium. They chirped and hummed at me with clicks and drones. It gave me a bad feeling in my gut. I wrenched my head out of this terrible reality, then shot backwards into a pure white sphere wherein buffalo-sized hyper-intelligent translucent slugs crawled around with other genius slugs in

their gargantuan crystalline city complex and discussed the slug-mathematics of their slug-Universe.

I tore myself from this reality, and after bouncing off a few more spheres, I was sent downwards, and my entire body met with a wide plane of cracked desolate earth. Some of it had gotten into my mouth upon impact. It felt more gritty and real than I anticipated. I spat it out and wiped my mouth, then I got up onto my feet.

I called out for Mel, but there was no response, and nothing to hint at her presence. It was an uninhabited wasteland in all directions, with five multicolored suns filling the sky, each one a different size. The air was like hot pea soup beneath the glimmering light. A dull desperate howling wind like the digitally extended cry of some old, abandoned dog crawled through the air from moment to moment. I didn't know what to do, but I just had to find my sister; somehow, some way. Then maybe we could figure out what happened and why we came here.

There was a faint sweet smell, like berries or peaches, in the Eastern wind. So, I started walking East. The sunbaked dirt and little ruby insect shells with emerald wings occasionally crackled beneath me. I walked until I felt a day had passed but I did not grow tired. There was no nightfall in this land of five suns. One thing I was sure of was the steadily increasing number of dry ruby shells. At last, I could see a bright green oasis pinned at the horizon, so I began running.

Once I had picked up considerable speed, I would sporadically levitate, and then I found myself steadily flying. The sensation filled me with unhampered glee. I rose higher and higher, but willed myself to come back down, and landed on the perimeters of a crystal-clear turquoise pool of water surrounded by wispy green grass, giant palm trees, and countless varieties of leafy vegetation. The small patch of paradise obfuscated a central rocky protrusion which emerged from the section of green like a defiant thorn, and within there was a dark cavern.

I entered the cave to encounter a billowing waft of cool pungent fruity aroma (although it somehow smelled synthetic as well) and found before me a spiraling stone staircase leading down below the hot ground. I collected my thoughts before going any further. Maybe somebody lives here? I could be intruding upon someone's home, and they might not be very happy about it. It was then that I heard an increasingly louder sound, like a squealing weed-whacker, coming from outside the cave entrance.

I turned to look and beheld a massive quivering crimson swarm growing nearer and nearer. They clicked and ticked like locusts of sharp crystal, little flying red gems made animate, and seemingly very pissed off. A defense system, perhaps? I could hear them popping and smashing against the stone surface of the jagged rock as I swept down the gloomy stairway. As I proceeded, multiple electronic lights which were placed upon the walls switched on. I felt a deep pinch at the back of my neck, wiped my hand over the area and then got pinched again! It was a miniscule clockwork ruby faerie with shining green wings. It let out a high-pitched scream and bit down on my thumb. I shook my hand in the air, blurted out an expletive, and it zipped away in a fright, shattering on the dark stone wall into a million sparkling particles.

The air was growing colder as I descended the stone stairway, and the heat of the oasis seemed worlds apart. Whoever lived here certainly liked to keep it frosty. Who could hook up lights and air conditioning in this forsaken place? What in the bloody damn fuck has been going on here, anyway? But, then again, Azan Wisenot, you are not currently within normal reality as you have known it to be. Some kind of membranous divide had been breached which brought me and my sister here. Somehow, I knew that the raven I saw in the astral storm had something to do with it.

What does it all mean? I pondered the question as I continued downwards. Could it be a lucid dream? If so, it was unlike any I had ever encountered. Was my own brain really the computer that was rendering all this detail in real-time?

Was I interacting with something else entirely, an Other? It did run in our family, though: our grandmother Gildra was an astrologist, palm, and Tarot reader, and always used to have lucid dreams and Out of Body Experiences. She would often converse with spirits. The most rigid members of our family always called her mad, but she was very kind and attentive to Melancholy and me. Could Mel and I have suddenly died in our sleep, and this was the afterlife? I sat down and tried to wake up. I could not. My body felt almost physical, if not unusually moldable, so I walked onwards.

I finally arrived upon a futuristic looking metal door not fully closed. I could see my breath in the air, if there was really any air at all to breathe. I looked down at the dusty stone floor and discovered why the door wasn't sealed. The dried out skeletal remains of a cracked human forearm with a desperate clawing hand attached, adorned with many glittering rings, was lodged therein. Various arcane symbols were inscribed upon the cold gray metal door. There was some English that I could make out: O.V.O. DREAM CONTROL RESEARCH FACILITY 5231. The numbers morphed and shifted as I looked at them, but always added up to 11. I cracked the door open ever so gently, and it slowly swung back without a sound.

The skeleton was wearing a heavy black cloak, half-rotted away. The innards of the room were full of monitors and control panels, still beeping and clicking with programmed activity and regular system routines. To the left was a narrow passageway which led deeper into the technological compound. Before I left the small room, I grabbed a few things. I rattled the dust off a brown leather backpack and shook its contents out onto the ground. The loud clunk of a small shining metal dagger was promising enough. A small metal pipe and four lighters also fell out. I would keep all of these, finding them to be important later. The remaining contents were just a handful of the dead crispy shells of those little ruby faeries, and sandy dirt. I slung the bag over my shoulder, dagger in hand. I was almost ready to

continue. I pilfered a total of seven different rings from the skeleton's fingers, all different colors, and put them in my bag. Maybe they were magical. Hey, you can never be sure.

As I carefully crawled into the facility, I found that this operating station was wrapped around a gargantuan inner core, like the large black husk of something meant to generate something else, a doorway, a portal? Who knows what they were experimenting with, down here, below the cracked deserts of this forsaken dream-plane. In the end, whatever it was, it seemed to have killed them all. But wait, I'm only an avatar in this place - what could kill your dream body? I thought twice about continuing but didn't want to face the ruby faeries. Perhaps the cold was keeping them at bay.

The pathway along the main hollow core led to a sealed metal door. There was a little impression within the center of it above the English text: PLACE RING HERE. I rummaged through my brown leather bag and tried each ring that I had stolen from the wizard's corpse in succession. The door finally accepted a gaudy golden ring; my least favorite among them. The door released a clank and swung open, hitting the wall behind it with a ringing thud.

I was suddenly awash in the cloudy perfume of some deep and dank aroma. I entered the small room and beheld a wide stone shelf connected to the back wall which kept three large glass containers upon it, filled with exotic dried materials. The labels upon them, from left to right, read: VIXEN, PANDILIONS, CHROMA. I moved closer to inspect the glass containers.

The Vixen looked like dried pink, purple, and indigo flowers, sometimes silver, with other colors mixed within. It radiated with a subtle light, as if faintly glowing. The Pandilions looked musty and dark green for the most part and emitted a wild and synthetic aura to me. The Chroma jar contained small shards of black crystal and had the most mysterious and possibly dangerous aura. All that the scene was missing was a little note that read: *Smoke Me*. Without any more information to go on, and feeling at the end of my wits,

I opened the lid of the Pandilions jar. I packed the pipe that I had found and lit up the material with the only lighter that still worked. I inhaled the deep hot alien smoke. My mind began vibrating, my soul was screaming, and then, CLICK! Everything went black.

Faint whispers on the brink of nothingness told me the deal. The old dead wizards used these methods to teleport consciousness through Perception Alteration Channels (PACs), like super-highways sustained by thought. An unworthy soul would have been ripped apart from Vixen or Chroma. They said I chose well. One of them, called Alamantra, said that fate was on my side. I was approaching another world now. The oozing of thick cold sludge like snowflake-dusted ripples of crackling television static filled my entire sensory spectrum. My frequency shifted, and I was in a different place – cast afar and out of reach.

NOTES: Expand your perception to the furthest planes and come lucid dream with us. The Wild Mage Omniverse is a mutually built and explored shared fictional setting for various types of creative writing, with repeating characters and lore when appropriate. See the FB group “DKMU Fictional Omniverse” for Part One of this story and more general info about several projects.



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THE THEOGONY OF ZALTY

Sam Hamilton

PART 4 – TROPIZALT



HUS, have I heard from Merlin:

Centuries passed, and Eld Zalty was sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, sometimes neither. What's more relevant is that Zalty became more *real* as time passed. They were as multitudinous and shifting as reality itself, only that they were Captain. Sometimes Ole Salty was captain, and every LORFF went mad, and every immortal magician drank from Non, and none went mad, not even once. Sometimes Zalty was Yung, and they would drink with and romance every LORFF, so that they took the form of endless pleasure and endless treasure, and every immortal magician wanted for nothing. Mostly though, Zalty was Eld. Their fierce pursuit of the LORFFs was so omnipresent, that they no longer gave Eld Zalty nightmares, for fear of drawing their gaze upon each living nightmare, and every immortal magician was a seasoned warrior who feared none.

One day, the crew of the Cadanundrum came across a large island. The crew weighed anchor and Zalty allowed the crew to stay as long as they liked. Years passed, and the immortal magicians of the crew prospered, because of the endless bounty the Cadanundrum supplied. Eld Zalty remained on the ship, since they were forbidden to step foot upon land, and supplied the crew and their offspring with constant advice in addition to their material support. The crew of immortal magicians gradually became a society of immortal magicians. Many of them, having felt their Great Work complete, sighed, went to sleep, and faded into the Dreamless, where the old Captain Fade went after all that time. They left their bounty and wisdom to their children, who embarked to know all there is to know about that island.

One day, these immortal magicians went to visit Eld Zalty and keep them company, as they often did. However, this time the magicians seemed fuller of secrets than usual, and uncharacteristically eager to divulge them. Eld Listened as they excitedly explained the details of the discoveries which led to a greater discovery which, in their excitement, the immortal magicians struggled to reveal to their beloved Eld Zalty. They had traveled in the ocean, underneath the island itself. In the center, underneath the island, there was a great chain. The magicians, in their magic submarines, followed the great chain to the bottom of the ocean. There, they found a great anchor resting on the ocean floor. "Eld Zalty," they said. "This island is but a raft with an anchor, so there is no dry land to be found! Come among us and live as you would!"

Zalty was then filled with ecstasy. Since they were already ecstasy itself, to say that ecstasy was filled with ecstasy should emphasize the exponential nature of this ecstasy. This was the ecstasy of suns, of The Starshadow itself, and everything it consumed. Shining and transforming all who saw the light, Eld Zalty descended from the Cadanundrum. They made their way to the chair the immortal magicians had prepared for them utop the central hill of The Great Raft.

They presented Eld Zalty with a magic pipe they made for him, and Zalty named that pipe, Chomby. Eld Zalty then became known as Tropizalt. They would reach into their bag of LORFFs, drop them into the pipe, and smoke them day and night. The smoke which rose from the pipe were the LORFFs, transformed and integrated, not just into the Cadanundrum, but throughout the Multiverse, itself. Tropizalt transformed the Raft into a multidimensional Pirate Port, which contained roads which led to all places, conceivable and otherwise.

From here they reach all places, liberating all dimensions, teaching the craft of illumination. Their battle cry has become a ringing bell.

“Everything you want, forever.”



Non, at first
Here was the birth
Nostrum, second
Here was the lesson
Cadanundrum, three
A spirit set free
Chomby, four
Know thee thy lore
Ole Salty was mad
Yung Zalty a sailor
Eld Zalty a captain
Tropizalt, savior
All of them together
Allow us to see

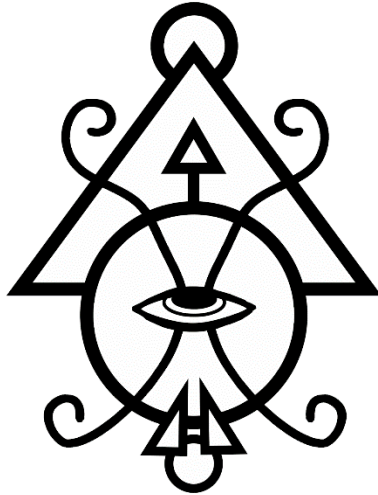
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THE NOSTROLOZO TRANSMISSION

Absyrose, Various



THE name of this construct came from an inside joke shared between me and X when I lived with him in Georgia. Whenever someone asked, “What’s the password?” Nostrolozo was always the correct answer. He was thought of as a potential new Godform/Egregore/Archetype only recently and was envisioned early as ‘the answer to the question’, no matter what that question might be.

I first worked with him on Halloween night, 2019. I didn’t anticipate very much action, as I didn’t even know that there was a potential Godform here but kept an open minded and experimental attitude. Cannabis was the sacrament, as I find it increases my capacity for visualization, and sensitivity in general. I began the working with an astral Ellis tagging, marking the four directions by drawing her sigil in the air with a dagger, followed by the simple calling:

*Open source
Now and forever
Near and far
Linking together*

I then sat down and began to meditate on Nostrolozo's sigil. Once I felt the space within me and around me open wide (a certain doorway feels open which is the bridge between worlds) I drifted into visions involving harsh black mountainous landscapes speckled with the smoldering ruins of recently burned towns and cities. The skies crackled with sporadic lightning, but there was no rain, nor anything green in the dirt, and no trees. I realized that what I was looking at was the end of the world. I wanted to seek a quieter place with less commotion, so I sent my vision into a cold gray desert. There are partially buried swords in the sand, yellow skeletons, and gold and silver riches. There was a solemn tall mountain in the middle of the desert, and I wanted to go there. As I appeared at the foot of it, a dark figure was seen descending and coming towards me. Eventually, he came into view.

It was an old man who was slightly hunched over and carrying a gnarled wooden staff, wearing a tattered gray cloak. He appeared half-dead and hobbling, and as a Sage, and had a thick gray cloth tied around his head and covering his eyes like a bandage. He appeared to have perfect white teeth, and a long immaculate white beard going down about his wrinkled knees. The rest of his body was feeble and starved, with sparse dark patches on it which reminded me of skin cancer. I knew this blind old man to be Nostrolozo, so I began to ask questions.

Now, prior to this work I had some things and concerns on my mind. I was in the middle of a wicked artist's block which applied to my projects in writing, visual art, and music. My capacity for creativity had slowed, and I often took this as an alarm signal for some aspect in my life that I'm not satisfied with. I will spare you from the personal questions

asked, but as a response, I can basically boil down the informational download to these three things:

1. Focus on clear thinking.
2. Focus on immersion in the present moment.
3. Focus on the Will to Evolve.

When mentioning this to a friend, he responded: “What the fuck? I have received the same message but not in the form of a working or anything of that sort. Rather a dream, and no gray cloaked sage.”

I have been practicing this advice from the Old Gray Sage and have managed to overcome my block. This is only the first experience I have had with him. As with all the DKMU Godforms, their intricate details had become listed in the literature due to the experience reports of many. This is only a snapshot of one of the many possible experiences one can have with Nostrolozo. I cannot say that he always gives good and right answers, but the answers he gave to me were the ones that were needed at the time. The nature of a password is that one person knows what to look for, and the other person either passes or fails. This password is the Master Key: the ontological password; the skeleton key to open all locks; the password to appease all askers.

As some final thoughts: I felt that Nostrolozo was wearing a bandage over his eyes because he had witnessed the highest of all ineffable truths (the veritable and complete nature of existence and all its secrets) and that his eyes were burned out upon witnessing it. He had survived but was forever changed.

Perhaps he is the archetype of the magician who had gone over the edge and came back to tell the tale. Slightly mad, perhaps, but what madness is giving meaningful answers to pressing personal questions? Perhaps he is not mad, but rather “touched”, as many of us will feel from time to time. I felt him to be a romantically sad character in some sense because he had risked his life to know the answers.

He had broken through the thin eggshell membrane of reality and had witnessed beautiful and terrible things and was now prepared to give lessons. In this sense, I compared him to McKenna's depiction of the Shaman (a madman who has healed himself) and Nietzsche's Zarathustra character, coming down from the mountain to deliver the absolute truth to anyone who would listen.

The following details follow in the tradition of the "DKMU Egregores" document and are meant to assist the practitioner in contacting the archetype.

Function: Nostrolozo is the archetype of the Ascended Master (who might have been too eager in his desires and explorations) who had chosen to stay behind to guide explorers up the proverbial mountain, and into the domains of the ineffable, which he himself had been blinded by for being unable to control his curiosity. He now serves as an Oracle, Guide & Sherpa, and ferryman who bridges the gap (void/abyss). He has been through it all and has seen it all. He should not be taken as the fulfillment of the Magician, however, for that you may only encounter for yourself. Nostrolozo will aid you in your darkest and most difficult of magickal times, but it should be noted that his style is Tough Love. Specifically, however, meeting with him denotes the accomplishment of a spiritual vantage point (a raising of dimensions) which many seek.

Appears in Dreams or Visions As: An old sage wrapped in a gray cloak, gray and stained cloth bandage around his eyes, holding a staff.

Other Names: The Blind Monk, The Gray Sage, The Hermit, The Password.

Symbolism And Associations: Plato's Cave, The Seer, The Enlightened Master.

Number Attributions: 623

Herbs/Flowers: White sage.

Intoxicants: Those of one's choice.

Fabrics: Worn and aged cloths, or leathers. The older the better.

Objects in Nature: Stones, Mountains, Caves.

Animal Associations: Psychopomps: crows, ravens, etc.

Human Made Objects: A cup/mug of hot water which is sipped as a sacrament. A paper on which is written "GOD" or "YHVH" or "OMNIVERSE" or "SOURCE" or "INEFFABLE" or "TAO" which is burned, the ash rubbed on one's forehead before or during the ritual.

Color Association: Gray.

Gemstones: A simple gray rock, a hag-stone.

Tarot Symbolism: The Aeon.

Emotional Associations: Beautiful sadness. Redemption. Ascension.

Popular Fiction Associations: N/A

Altar Suggestions: The Nostrolozo sigil is placed above the altar. Symbolic items are placed upon the altar. Consider the addition of an item of sentiment and worth, something deeply wrapped up in the story of yourself. If possible, the altar should be pointed to True North.

An Example Calling to Nostrolozo:

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items, especially gray stones, as well as numerous blue candles which symbolize the clear skies over the Mountain.)

(Tingsha are small Tibetan hand cymbals)

Nostrolozo! Gray Sage of the Mountain! Great blind Seer! Hear us and come down so that we may share in your wisdom. We invite you to our camp to share aught of what we have. The gate is open, the path is drawn.

(A chime is struck, preferably a tingsha)

You have gazed upon the Ultimate Truth and paid the highest price. You know all ways and trails, all things in all places, both radiant and dark. Guide us through the dangers of the passage to the peak.

The gate is open, the path is drawn.

(A chime is struck)

Set our feet upon the path to climb what heights we will. Undaunted by fear and foes, heedless of storm and stress. We travel secure in the knowledge of your council. The gate is open, the path is clear! IA NOSTROLOZO!

(A chime is struck three times and let ring into silence)

NOTES: Nostrolozo is but one of several novel and experimental archetypes found within the DKMU Second Wheel document. Although this document is still under construction, expect to see it officially released soon after proper field-testing.



"Sometimes, we can become so wrapped up in our language and concepts that we lose sight of why we had begun practicing in the first place. We all must return to this silent "I AM." We all must once more bathe in the ethereal waterfall to cleanse ourselves. It was never your goal to become a parrot and repeater of someone else's spiritual path. It was always to discover and walk your own unique path."

- *The Molotov Buddha*

אֲנִי הָאֵל הַבְּרִיָּא
אֲנִי הַמַּלְאָכִים וְהַמַּלְאָכִים
אֲנִי הַמַּלְאָכִים וְהַמַּלְאָכִים
אֲנִי הַמַּלְאָכִים



Handwritten signature or mark in the bottom right corner.

SOME PRETERNATURAL RESULTS

Various

“Magick is putting your hands on the spiritual wheel. Instead of blindly worshiping someone else’s experiences, you’re creating your own and charting a larger map of reality in the process.”

– *Anonymous Marauder*

“If you were to ask me, I’d say that I think humanity has been dealing with this issue of preternatural intrusion for a very, very, very long time. Although impressive occurrences are rare and properly called esoteric, it is at least as old as primate thought, and for itself probably reaches much further back. Whether it’s coming at you externally or internally, or both at once, is another question which is often very difficult to discern. That’s why the best accounts involve correct foreknowledge of the future, or otherwise manifest in self-determined and highly improbable outcomes.”

– *Frater E.S.*

“Why should you study and practice Magick? Because you can’t help doing it, and you had better do it well than badly.”

– *Aleister Crowley*

Account #1 (Sam Hamilton)

When I think about getting results, I wonder what results might entail. For me, in my upbringing, results aren't such rare things to see. I didn't grow up in a materialistic intellectual environment. I also wouldn't say my family was anti-intellectual. Books were readily available in my parents' and grandparents' house. Indeed, my grandfather went against the grain in many respects, and there were a lot of serious books on science and history in addition to religious literature. My grandfather grew up as a Pentecostal, and the churches my family attended growing up featured the wild, ecstatic mystical trance states associated with the Pentecostals. "Results" were a weekly occurrence.

The mystical explosions of new spiritual thought in the late 1950s and early 1960s caused a great deal of fear and paranoia, especially in Charismatic circles. While their mystical trance states were impressive, they tended to be vulnerable to the same magusitis which runs rampant in occulture. The looming horror of Hell's pit, open wide for anyone unlucky enough to die suddenly, while unrepentant, was a very real possibility in my mind as a child. At any moment, one could also miss the rapture and be forced to bear the agonies of the tribulation. Grifters like John Todd, who tried and failed to fool Isaac Bonewitz, found easy prey in churches full of Holy Spirit junkies, their brains fried by spiritual ecstasy. The Satanic Panic was born this way. People like Bill Gothard and his Institute of Basic Life Principles used this fear to instill a culture of authoritarianism which now permeates all corners of Christianity.

The IBLP, and groups like it, endorse Michael and Debi Pearl's child disciplinary regime, delineated in their book, "How to Train up a Child." What they prescribe is a systematic application of psychological manipulation through a combination of corporal punishment, followed by (or concurrent with) love-bombing to break a child's inherent instinct towards self-determination. These techniques

certainly produce deep-seated “results” which I still find myself untangling, even now. The similarly perverse initiations of groups like the O9A cannot be denied producing “results,” grim though they may be.

On the other hand, the clear-headed rationalism of C.S. Lewis’ theology also produced results. “The Great Divorce” delineated several ways in which we make our own Hells, as well as describing the sharpness, clarity, and feeling of danger which arises as the result of spiritual liberation His narrative in “The Silver Chair” contained tantalizing ideas which produced a question which was my true occult initiation. That is, initiation in the sense of a beginning.

“What is magic, really?”

This is a significant result, in my eyes.

I found the DKMU because of my searching, and they stood out in contrast amidst the bloviators and uninspired ceremonialists which I had disappointedly encountered as well. They had something of that Pentecostal Holy Spirit and appealed to me strongly because of it. I studied, and then pulled levers, crossed wires, and mucked about whenever I discovered something with which I could muck about.

I got some results this way. I remember making a sigil from the phrase “break cycle” with some vague intention to break a cycle of unfinished and unsuccessful endeavors I felt that I was experiencing and writing it on the ceiling of the van in which I slept. What happened instead was that a teenager accidentally rode his bicycle through my rear windshield. That was CERTAINLY a result, but could I really call it magic?

Though I knew about results, they rarely aligned with the intentions of the workers of those results. The Pentecostal results look nothing like the salvation of their intent. The Christian polemics of C.S. Lewis drew me into occultism, contrary to his intent. My incident with the bicycle did not play out according to my intent. Crowley’s definition of magic (change according to will) gets much trickier in practice than it sounds in theory.

Literally speaking, every action we make has some sort of result. The thing to remember is that actions performed with intent can be, in terms of results, functionally equivalent to those actions which are performed reflexively, without intent. Alignment is a gradual process, like building muscle strength. Eventually, a dialectical process between self and environment emerges. In my participation in the process, I found that I was one day able to finish the stories I began, then abandoned. I intended to become a writer, and then it was so.

This isn't quite as spooky as the other results I achieved and beheld throughout my life, but I do consider it to be the most genuinely magical.

Account #2 (Alysyrose)

This account happened back in 2006 (pre-DKMU) when I was living in Brooklyn, NYC. I was in my early twenties, studying many forms of philosophy and occultism. In many ways it is an example of a pristine ritual result (though most certainly black magick in nature.) I intended something, and it happened quickly in the exact sense that I intended.

As far as magickal results go, I see it this way: the ultimate yardstick of success in these matters is how well the result(s) sync up with the original Will or intention. And, certainly, "botched magick" exists, and often. I also think that magick is a kind of percentage-spectrum. Everything else in the Universe can be seen like this, so I don't see why it wouldn't also be the case with magick. There are acts of big magick, small magick, and everywhere in between.

Now, some delirious coconut grubs out there in the world will say, "Even grabbing a soda from the fridge is magick! That makes me a magician!" Although technically correct by Crowley's long-standing definition, it's like referring to dipping a toe into the kiddie pool as Olympic swimming. Obviously, there is a difference. We're still interacting with water, but in very incomparable ways.

So, on goes the account. I really tried to do right with this brief article. I didn't want any suspicions raised regarding a certain document I had encountered. I didn't want anyone reading this who might have had a connection with the group behind that document. I still don't know what group might be behind it, but it was super macabre stuff. I had once used that document, although only the first ritual, and no more. The ritual was one for breaking up (or consuming and digesting) the connection between two people.

I would also splice my own details into this first ritual of the document, to make it more personal. Otherwise, I stuck to what it said to do and how to do it. I also used an "Enochian Key" from the Satanic Bible denoting lightning and destruction at the end of the "breaking" ritual.

As for who I intended to break up, it was my ex's best female friend and an underground NYC artist and Satanist who had interviewed several rock stars ranging from various punk bands to Pink Floyd & Marilyn Manson. I had become convinced that my primary grievances were arriving from him, and the bond he shared with my ex's best friend. It made them both feel high and mighty to know this person. Very foolishly, I thought that by breaking them up, I could mend things with my ex in the aftermath.

While my ex and her best friend were away for a while, I first performed a Satanic Ritual of Destruction (found in the Satanic Bible by Anton LaVey.) Feeling that this wasn't enough, I used the first ritual from the document I will not name. Skipping other details, it said to combine the two first names of your targets, write those upon 11 shreds of paper, burn each one for 11 days while speaking a calling, and spread the ashes over the Destroying Scarab symbol. It also advised keeping rotting meat upon the center of the Scarab, and leaving the windows open to attract as many flies as you can. This was a working of rotting and putrescence.

And it worked. Not only did it work, but I received confirmation on the first night that my ex and her best friend were back at the Brooklyn apartment. The artist connection

called my ex's best friend out of the blue and began berating her and saying that he was taking her out of his will and cutting her off. I was in the kitchen with her while this was happening. They would no longer be friends, and he wanted nothing more to do with her. I had to keep myself from smirking. Something I had intended through ritual magick had happened in the exact sense I intended. Whether a blind and random synchronicity or esoteric tampering, you really can't ask much more from magick than that. I also consider the result to be quite improbable, as she and the underground artist were incredibly close and trusting up until this point. There was no reason for his sudden change of mind.

Later, I used the same Breaking Ritual to break up my ex and her best friend. This occurred very quickly as well, and there was no clear reason for it other than the ritual. Several years later, I gave it to someone online (SA) who said he wanted to break up his ex-girlfriend and her new boyfriend. I explained it to him precisely, and it ended up working for him, as well. He denied that the result was magickal, and rather considered it happenstance. Perhaps he was averse to the equiprobable truth: change by black magick. The ritual I had obtained from the document worked a total of three times and was only used a total of three times. I have not yet encountered any reason or excuse to use it again.

Account #3 (Ly)

I really hold a view like that of Alysrose, whereas magical results can best be defined by the congruency in which the intent applied through time is manifesting in the manners which it was intended to be.

For me, my favorite practice to experiment with this hypothesis is that of projections I try to manifest through different mediums of reality. Starting with a strict setting of conditions to apply intent in my reality throughout and then to "retrieve" it in a localized manner. In my case, making a piece of art, taking that image in an intentionally realized way,

and seeking it out in a predetermined fashion. The first photo was some interpretive art I made based around a servitor I created to help me get a good understanding of this process. It's just one eye on a blob. This is when I created the initial intent to begin the experiment. From there it was a simple matter of using visualization techniques to project out the concept and conditions I needed to retrieve the intent of the drawing through another medium. The second photo is the visualization producing and bringing significance to the idea of me finding the image within a specific stone at the metaphysical store I work at. I chose this environment for the lack of outside stressors.

For this instance, it was a piece of unakite jasper. Within moments of looking amongst the assortment of them I pulled out this one specimen. From there I took things a bit differently with my direction of experimentation. The next two sets of examples are comprised of a piece of abstract made art and a matching stone of different material from that of the first example. Before making the art, preparation was done to a similar extent to that of the retrieval process of the intent. With a slight variation in success but staying consistent with the initial idea. Those produced images were then projected and retrieved in the same predetermined manner as well. I did it like this really to try and reflect the refinement of how intent through a ritual or magickal process may evolve in one's practice.

Account #4 (Madhouse)

"I realize this will sound strange, but my experiences are even stranger."

It all starts with a dream I had a few months prior.

I was in an old saloon that belonged to an established wealthy family. Though they came from old money, the saloon was nearly dilapidated and needed a lot of major repairs, but the bar functioned and that seemed to be satisfactory enough for everyone. There were probably five or

six of us there and we were all talking casually like you do at parties, even though none of us knew each other and our purpose for being there wasn't clear beyond "go to bar, drink and talk."

At one point the conversation turned hostile because of something I said (I can't remember exactly what it was, but I know it was political in nature), so I excused myself to use the bathroom. I headed upstairs to freshen up and collect myself and at the top of the curved, and somewhat treacherous staircase there was a door. I no sooner saw the door as I heard something barreling down what I could only perceive as another staircase behind it. The... creature? Person? Whatever was behind it was clawing and growling as it tried to bust through the door. As I was trying to assess the situation and my surroundings, I looked to my right and saw a small child, maybe about three years old. She made eye contact with me before she walked over to the door the other entity was behind and reached up to unlock the door. I promptly pulled her hand away and explained that the door needed to remain closed and always locked because whatever was in there was extremely dangerous. However, she was determined to open the door.

So, I decided the best course of action was to move a heavy armoire that was in the hallway and place it in front of the door so the kid couldn't open it and the creature couldn't escape. As I was trying to move the cabinet the girl kept running to the door, so I had to stop every few seconds to redirect her. But I managed to get the cabinet in front of the door and leaned against it as I breathed a heavy sigh of relief. Dream over.

Flash forwards some months later and I'm booking an Air BnB in Seattle for a concert. I wasn't sure if going was a good idea or not financially, but it was one of my favorite bands and felt a heavy compulsion to go. So, after throwing rationality aside and leaving the decision up to a few head's majority coin flips, I went ahead and got my ticket to the concert and started looking for a place to stay. I was able to

find a place that was a good price and close to the venue. After booking it I started looking closer at the pictures of the room and noticed it looked familiar, like I had seen it before. Then I remembered my dream.

The Air BnB looked identical to what I imagined was behind the door in my dream. Granted, I never saw what was behind the door, but I remember imagining it, so to see a real depiction of something my mind created inside of a dream felt like some serious Inception shit.

This path is not one for the weak, bro.

To give a quick background context and connect some dots here, I had been working extensively with Trigag for close to 2 years at that point. It was at the home stretch of a series of life altering trials and awakening experiences. I always thought that working with egregores was a sort of one and done deal. You invoke it, get what you need from the interaction and then go your merry way. But my experience with Trigag taught me that apart from being archetypes, egregores can also present themselves as phases to induce a deeper, more intensive working. These workings are often longer in duration than a typical one might be to create a lasting impact. It might be one major event, series of events, and/or fallout after the event/s, or a culmination of all the above that kickstart these phases into action. The egregore associated with these processes might show themselves to the individual in other ways just to make their presence known, but regardless of how everything unfolds, the individual will be fundamentally different afterwards. In my case it was all these things and more.

This work isn't always voluntary, either. At least not directly. Egregores are typically invoked to carry out a specific goal or task for the person working with them but in special circumstances they can show up unannounced and take over. I had invoked Trigag almost exactly a year before I noticed the effects of his influence, but it doesn't matter how experienced you are, practicing magick is rolling the dice. If you choose to experiment with any paradigm, you will never

be fully prepared for or fully in control over what happens after opening the gateway to that paradigm and are subject to everything within it, good, bad, or ugly. Even those who are exceptionally strong-willed like me have blind spots that can and will be exploited by whatever energy deems it necessary to do so. And it can be a long process of trying to make sense of it all, that in and of itself can drive a person insane.

At the time of this trip, I was bound and determined to figure out this Trigag puzzle. I was drifting in and out of madness and had been through varying states of suicidality, self-destruction, and desperation. I felt powerless, almost completely broken, but I am nothing if not tenacious. I needed to win. The last meditation I had done with Trigag before the trip was a sort of checking in to see what my next course of action should be. Not that he, or any egregore, gives answers directly, but it never hurts to ask right?

M: "What do I do now? Where do I go next?"

T: "You'll find a key."

M: "Where? What kind of key?"

T: " You'll find a key."

M: "???"

Anyone who's practiced chaos magick, or any magick for that matter, can relate to the level of frustration I was dealing with trying to put these pieces together. That feeling of being so close to pulling it all together but missing that final bit of information that secures everything into place, all the while knowing the only way, you'll find it is by relinquishing control and allowing it to arrive when it will. You know full well the only way to understand the experience, trust-fall into it, but you also want to keep your eyes open, so you don't miss anything. A true chaote lives for this shit though, don't we? We invite these deeply transformative experiences willingly, enthusiastically, even when we aren't exactly ready for them. We trust that whatever happens, positive or negative, is chosen either directly or

indirectly, and more importantly, exactly what's needed. Trust, surrender, step forward and dive.

Pull your own trigger, let's fucking do this.

I took the trip alone and spent the majority of that first afternoon and evening racking my brain trying to decipher what it could all mean, as one tends to do when they're by themselves in a different city. A process of "What is happening here?" but in fractals, looking at every detail of my life through a microscope. I kept trying to convince myself I was being dramatic and reading into things again, but as I was leaving the room to grab dinner, I looked at the phone table and next to the lamp was a skeleton key. The key to unlock and lock the door is at the bottom of the stairs.

This was it! Now what?

The next day I met up with an old friend. We got fancy donuts and talked about life and magick, and I told them about the dream and the key. They also found it strange and were curious how everything would unfold. Later that evening I ordered an Uber to get to the concert and was running a few minutes behind. In my hurry, I slipped and fell down the stairs, almost careening into the door at the bottom. Then it all quite literally fell into place and made perfect sense. I was the demon in the room, I was the girl, and I was myself, trying to keep the two separated. Holy shit, Trigag is the self.

So now I must figure out how to integrate this.

The drive back home was relatively uneventful, apart from pulling over at a rest stop at 11:41am with my odometer reading 111,100, tagging the rest stop, coming to terms with everything I needed to change in order to experience the feeling of liberation I had been longing for my entire life, and a spam call from someone saying they were with the publisher's clearing house sweepstakes and I won a bunch of money. When I was unpacking back home though, I was looking at the shirt I had purchased from my favorite band at the concert and noticed it had text on it, something I overlooked at first since I bought it purely for the image. The

text read "chaos will correct itself in time, embrace the fear of the unknown". This quote perfectly aligned with everything I was experiencing both in my magickal and mundane realities at the time, as well as how I perceive the phenomenon of magick tends to operate. I believe magick at its most basic level is a process of transformation, taking what we have and using whatever means makes sense to change it into something else, and those who practice magick are more prone to transformative experiences such as the one I had. The key to getting the most out of these phases is to accept that to be rebuilt one must be destroyed. You must be willing to open the door and face whatever is behind it.

And then? Well...

Welcome to yourself.

With love, Madhouse

Account #5 (Alysyrose)

My father would often scoff at the idea of psychic ability. A long time ago when we were at my grandmother's house (she has a history of psychic ability, has had numerous OOBES, and was once a member of a Psychic Church) he said to her, "If they were psychic then they would win the lottery! None of them do, so that means it's all nonsense!" My grandmother responded politely enough, "Well, that's not how it really works. You can rarely control it." I had contemplated what she meant by that. After the resultant decades of magickal practice since that time, I now think I understand what she meant, and still means (she's still alive, albeit 93 years old.) It's not as complicated as some may think.

A few years ago, my mom, my younger sister and I were heading down to PA to see my grandmother during October. On the way there, just before we stopped at what we felt was one of the best places to get cheesesteaks in PA, my mom got a call from my grandmother. She said that my uncle, and her son, had been found dead. He was 65 years

old, and the death was caused by diabetic complications. We were all torn up about it, but figured it was fateful that we decided to drive down to visit her at that time.

My very skeptical and anti-psyche father had a vivid dream of my uncle dying the very night before we learned of his death. He told my mom about it as soon as he heard the news. Even though my mom has had frequent dreams about him dying throughout her life, my father, who rarely remembers his dreams in the first place, had a very specific dream about him dying the very night before we learned about it. He didn't know what exactly to make of the precognitive dream, and just brushed it off as random. However, this would be considered an improbable "hit" in psychic circles, as much as divining the symbol on the back of a card would be. The sheer odds are stacked against it.

Several years later, I was hanging out or working on something in my apartment, and a curious thought or daydream bubbled up from my psyche. It was less like a daydream and more like the implantation of an idea into my head which arrived from "elsewhere." The idea entailed hearing a very loud crash that I somehow anticipated. I said to myself, "Well, keep note of that," and moved on. After many hours, I had almost forgotten about the daydream.

At around 8:30 – 9:00 at night, I heard an incredibly loud crash and rattling sound coming from outside my bedroom window, which was open. I went to go look out the window and saw that a car had slammed into the metal railing outside my place, which lined the street. It seemed that it had disconnected from a tow-truck and rolled down the street to slam into the metal railing. Instantly, I recalled the daydream, and the mental note to pay attention to any large crashing noise. It was the first time anything of the sort had happened right outside my apartment, and it has not yet happened again. Predicting a loud crash on the same day it happened is, again, improbable. I haven't had a daydream like that since, but it's caused me to pay more attention.

I have had many accounts of precognition or clairvoyance throughout the years. Once, when another uncle of mine (my father's brother) was coming up to NY for a visit, I recall seeing his exact face in a dream. I hadn't seen him since my childhood and had no way of knowing how he looked in his later years. The face I saw in the dream was the same face I saw when I physically met him again. This wasn't only a mental guess: the face was 100% accurate.

Even curiouser, he told us about a ghost story that he believed had recently happened to him. He said that the former owner of his house was still roaming around as a spirit and keeping a watch on things. His house was heated by a large furnace. He claimed that the ghost of the previous owner woke him up one night and said he was in danger, and that it had to do with the furnace. He went down there and saw that the furnace door was swung open, and it could have potentially burned the house down. He credits the ghost of the former owner for saving his life that night.

Although I firmly suspect (if not Know) that psychic experiences do happen to the open and the receptive sometimes, to rigidly control the ability and steer it in whatever direction you wish is an entirely different matter. It's as if a different part of the mind (perhaps the subconscious) or another part of our energetic auras are to blame for such manifestations. Of course, as occultists, a primary goal is to learn how to manipulate such things so that they are less random and more controlled by the Will.

I will fortify this entry with some reports of OOB, which is also considered a psychic, spiritual, or occult ability. As was mentioned in "the DKMU Astral Temple" article, I began OOB practice during high school, and my 20's were brimming with them. Several would occur every month. Sometimes I used a strong induction technique (usually the WILD + MILD methods), and sometimes I didn't need to. I suspect it runs on my grandmother's side of the family, although my mom and three sisters never had any. What

follows are some of my most memorable OOBES and may give one a taste of what to expect out of that dimension.

The most harrowing ones are those that first come to mind. During my mid 20's, I went to go take a nap on the couch in my parent's TV room with the intent to have an OOBES. I was successful, and after rolling out of the body, I found myself in the TV room, then went to go look in a small mirror on a wall. I repeated some affirmations such as, "I will maintain lucidity throughout this experience." I then noticed a large and dark figure standing behind me in the mirror. I turned around to look at it. I saw a very tall and ominous man dressed in leather and punk clothing with piercing bright yellow eyes. The vibe it gave off was that of a demon, or otherwise entropic and malicious entity.

I asked him, "can you tell me who you are?" The dark figure smirked and slowly shook its head in response, as if to say, "absolutely not." Usually, when I encounter such entities during OOBES, I would attack them to drive them away or assert my dominance. In this case, it was probably a bad idea, but I did it anyway. I threw a punch at the entity, and as soon as my fist met its rib cage, it opened like a huge mouth and clamped down on my arm, startling me awake.

I got pretty freaked out afterwards that there might be a demon lurking around the house on the Astral plane. I made a post about it on Occultforums.com and asked other magicians for advice on how to deal with it. One of them suggested, "imagine an Astral tiger that will protect you." I proceeded to formulate a tiger Servitor. The next time I had an OOBES, this time in my room, I went downstairs to the TV room to check things out. I beheld a tiger entity, although it wasn't very large, patrolling the grounds. The tiger Servitor must have helped to drive away any negative presence. I never encountered the same demon entity again.

During certain OOBES, I would find myself on a dark and murky plane which some explorers refer to as the "Lower Astral." Some say that this is where any number of

variations of “Hell” exist. I felt it to be a kind of plane of energy recycling where entropic energy is processed. It’s not a very nice place, and I would hate to somehow be stuck there.

Whenever I would find myself there, the entire experience entailed trying to find a way out. I would still end up in the room I fell asleep in, but everything was decrepit and negative. Whenever I would open a drawer or open a door, dozens of undead zombie squirrels and other types of animals would pour out and I would have to fight them off. One time I opened a door to see a small room wherein an attractive woman was sitting on a stool, facing the wall. When she turned her head, her face was that of a giant bloody squirrel which screamed at me and tried to bite me.

The Lower Astral environment would often shift, growing smaller or more expansive as I continued; all dark, all dreary, hellish, stressful, abysmal, and beaming with negativity. It was often a relief to finally wake back up. Perhaps some equally entropic human souls become stuck in this place until they do enough work on themselves to escape it and break out. It’s quite an unsettling thought.

Despite these occasional negative experiences, the majority of my OOBE’s were very bright and positive. I suppose one must take the good with the bad in the spirit of the exploration of alternate worlds. The positive ones have often entailed meeting with highly evolved entities and receiving lessons from them. They would often highlight certain things I needed to work on to become a more evolved and balanced person. One entity I have met numerous times takes the form of my ex, and the entire OOBE entails speaking to her at some kind of chill house party near a beach where various other positive entities are going about their business and interacting with each other.

Sometimes, the experience is about unbridled exploration. I have often found myself in very bizarre and abstract territories when I ventured far enough away from where my body fell asleep. I was once walking down a

hallway lined with many openings without doors. I gazed into one and beheld a gargantuan cave structure which looked like it was made of pure white salt. I got the feeling that some kind of massive burrowing worm had carved it out. I yelled into the cavernous space, expecting an answer of some kind, but didn't receive one and kept moving.

Other times, I travelled to expansive green fields and forests wherein the bright blazing clouds formed the shapes of pirate ships, elephants, and other astounding visages. The environment was joyous, clean, fair, and invigorating. It's worth noting that you seem to be capable of taking in a very high amount of visual information during an OOB, as if everything is rendered more clearly and moving at a higher frame rate. The amount of clarity can be discombobulating and may feel much more real than waking life.

Although there are more I could mention, my most personally affecting OOB follows. After projecting from the body and finding myself in my room, I had the intention set in my heart that I would travel beyond the Earth to visit other planets and search for alien life. Instead of flying up into space, I merely set the goal to teleport there. I found myself hovering above the vast expanse of the Earth, with the moon just ahead of me. I didn't want to go there, however. I wanted to go to Mars, and so I did. I entered its atmosphere and landed upon its surface. It looked just like how I expected it to look, and I spent a while roaming about upon its reddish copper desert-like landscape.

Feeling unfulfilled and disappointed in seeing no signs of alien life, I left Mars behind in search of other potential places to explore. I whizzed past the many planets of our solar system, guided by a deep yearning. I was moving faster and faster, and now just wanted to see how far I could go. I went so fast and so far, that I came upon a point where I could go no further. I popped through the Universe and found myself in a black featureless expanse save but for an odd-looking shape when I looked behind me.

It resembled a pinwheel of sorts, with infinite white lines protruding from a singular point in the middle. Each pinwheel-spoke represented a slightly different kind of Universe, some with different laws of physics than others. They were all expanding from the center (a kind of all-collective Big Bang) in the dimension of Time. I was gazing upon a representation of the Multiverse. I was viewing everything that ever was or ever will be, at least in terms of the physical dimension, perceived from afar. But then, where was I? Was there anything beyond this point? I couldn't tell you because I lost my focus and woke up soon after. I was astounded with where I had managed to go but have never had another OOBÉ quite like this one.

These sparse accounts only offer a little glimpse of what's possible in that other dimension. There are truly no limits as to what one might experience. It is for this reason that earnestly practicing the induction techniques is highly recommended to any occultist and fearless explorer of disparate worlds and the information they might contain.

It's an odd thing to live with, but this is what we do. Our experiences change us, and we no longer so easily fit in with the majority because of it. We must locate our own like-minded tribes and "find the others" if we want to make more sense of our experiences on a shared level. If it wasn't for communities such as this one, we would forever walk alone through solitary streets, never realizing that it's all for a much larger purpose in the grand scheme of things.

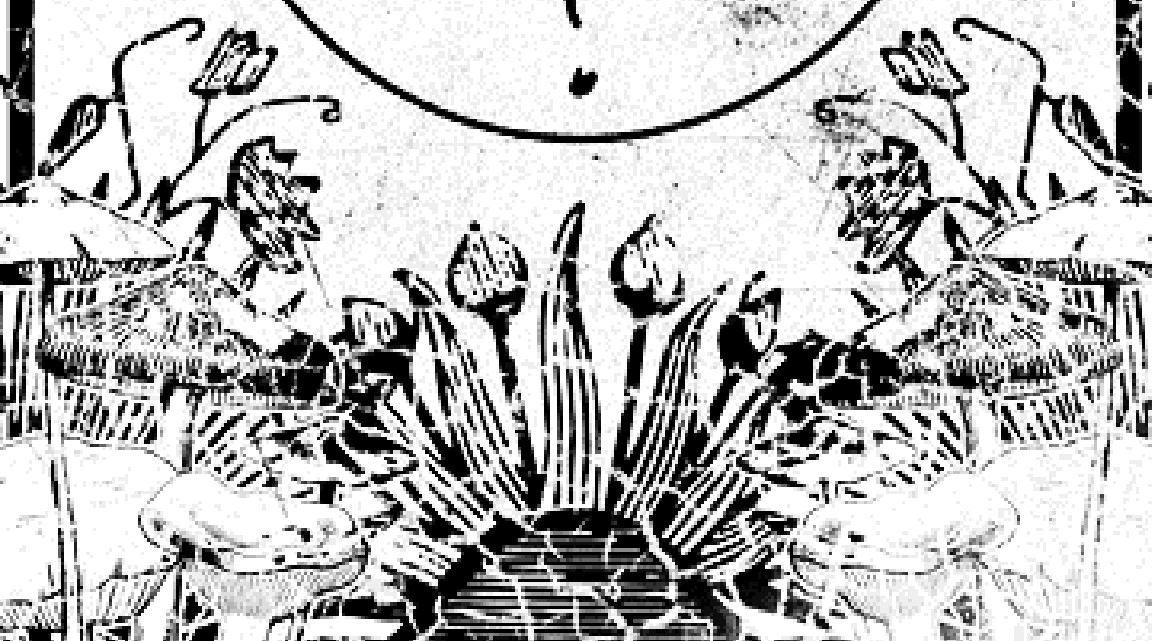
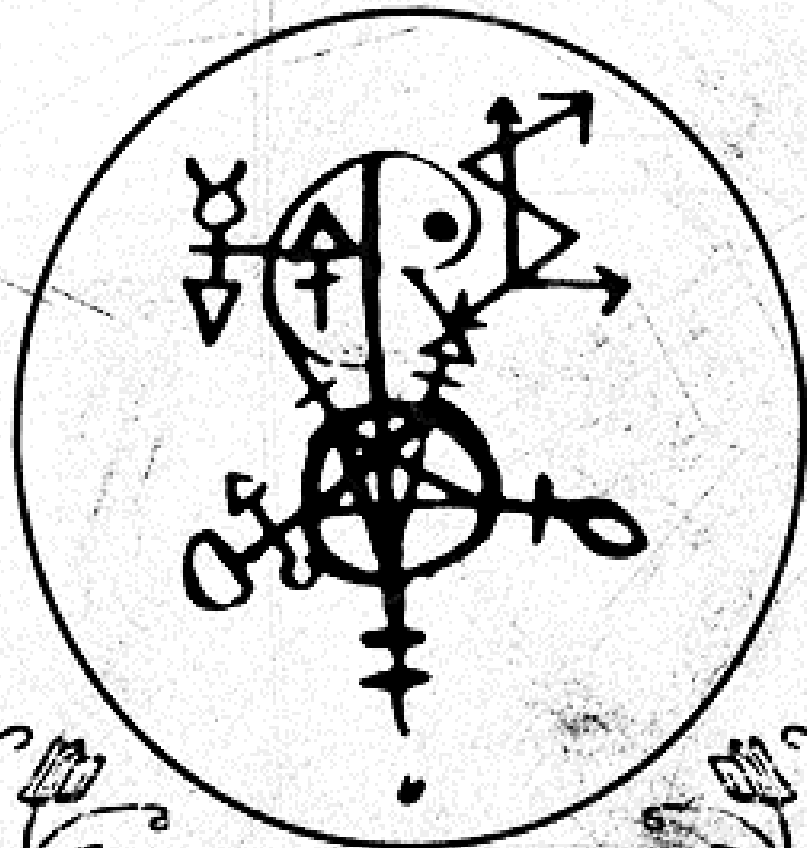
As far as I can gather, this is all about the evolution of consciousness. It is a very personal pursuit, but in many ways, universal to all who engage in it. We're all growing up, and childhood marks those parts of ourselves once ignorant about the sheer expanse of the reality which we're dealing with. Everyone will deal with this evolution at their own pace. It's not a competition – nothing is. It is unique to every person.

The key to infinity is you.



"This is how it ends for most people. A sad though beautiful melody plays as they recall all the human relationships they had, all the chaotic errantry, the misadventures, and the love, and the hate, and the quietly desperate wish that they done more with their time: perhaps something more meaningful. For the occultist, it might happen another way. They rest upon a bed of flowers from another dimension. They had given their life to seeking and understanding that Mystery which they would inevitably return to. Gods and demons clamor and roar about them, so eager to witness this transformation into boundless light. Not a true death or demise, but the emergence of a butterfly out of its ill-fitting cocoon. It is not a depressing end, but the ultimate act of a manifestation of hard-won glory. They had trodden the roads rarely travelled, and with their final earthly breath, return lovingly and full of laughter to that ineffable Source which had wrought and orchestrated the subtle though persistent music of their unusual soul."

- *Frater E.S.*



THE TOETIC ALPHABET

Various



A few years ago, various DKMU members contributed single letters as personal sigils to an Alphabet of Power. It has since been used to create wards, statements of desire, and magickal formulae. Here it is in whole, perchance any might wish to use it to sculpt magickal intentionality. Please disregard the English letters when using these, and only work with the sigils in question.

A ΨΔ	B ΣM	C	D	E HΣ	F	G XP	H	I ΣΣ		
J	K YH	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R ΣΣ	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y	Z	Function				

אֵלֵינוּ יְהוָה
יְהוָה יְהוָה
יְהוָה יְהוָה
יְהוָה יְהוָה



יְהוָה יְהוָה יְהוָה יְהוָה

Angel's wings



LIST OF DKMU WORKS

Anonymous



HERE we will briefly review some of the most prominent texts, grimoires, and creations to have come out of the piratical collective. All of them are recommended.

1. ELLIS: THE ASSAULT ON REALITY (2004-2005)

The entirety of The Sprawl of the international DKMU movement can be traced back to this singular founding document and seed. Like all the documents included in this list, it is considered necessary reading for anyone doing deep research into the DKMU and the 156/663 Current. This group is seen as a splinter off general Chaos Magic into our own unique realms of exploration and practice.

The document is composed of forum posts taken from the “Glitterbomb” thread which once graced the vaults of Occultforums.com (early 2000’s, long defunct.) Within this thread were developed the preliminary ideas which would become the Linking Sigil and the Marauder Underground.

Make note that the document does not collect all the original posts, as OF.com was hacked at several points and much was lost. It was one of the most active threads in the Chaos Magic section of the forums, inspiring much enthusiasm from supporters and vitriol from nay-sayers. Around 20 years later, it seems that the Linking Sigil idea had proved to be a resounding success despite many posters who were convinced that it could never work. Of course, it was by the actions of multiple dedicated Marauders (and the Domus Kaotica, founded 2007) and “Operation: Virus” that the Linking Sigil concept became more globally widespread.

2. OCCULTUS CONTURBO (2007-2008)

This was the first grimoire released by one of the Domus Kaotica's founding members, Frater Sheosyrath. There are also entries by various others, including co-founder Frater Alysrose. It spreads the Linking Sigil concept as well as the entity known as 663, or the Doombringer, created by Frater Sheosyrath a short time before the text was released.

The 663 archetype is tied into the "shamanic death scenario" and highlights practices regarding Khaos Magick & Urban Shamanism. Its cavalcade of ideas is inspiring, and at the time represented the very cutting edge of concepts relating to Chaos Magic, but also Khaos Magick (taking a more ancient Greek approach to such a natural force.)

Playful and comical at times and deathly serious at other times, the tome serves as a pivotal entry into the kind of magick and concepts that the DKMU would long utilize, evolve, grow, and expand upon. At the point of this grimoire, there was the MU and the DK, and they hadn't exactly combined yet. It is now considered a classic and I urge you to check it out. I also hear whispers about an "Occultus Conturbo: Volume 2" coming out in the future.

3. THE ASSAULT ON REALITY: A FIELD MANUAL FOR THE STRANGE PSYCHE (2008)

This was the first grimoire compiled, edited, and designed by Frater Alysrose. Numerous articles arrived from many other members who were most active at the time. Speaking of the time: it was very much like the Wild West. Our main communication platforms, being the DBL forums and the #Domus IRC channel were full of beaming, buzzing, anarchic magickal pirates of all signs and meanings. The style and content of the entries reflect this unique Era of the DKMU which existed before true social media came along.

Many of those members are no longer active. It is therefore a window into another time. This was the first grimoire released after the MU and the DK naturally conjoined to form the DKMU. At this point, a brand-new audience was acquired, and was rapidly growing.

One will notice the degrees marks after the names of contributors. At the time, the DKMU was experimenting with a degree system that one might find in various archaic and modern-day occult orders such as the O.T.O. or I.O.T. Of course, the degrees system was simply a parody or joke poking fun at how dusty archaic orders operate. Unfortunately, some members took the degrees system far too seriously, and it has since been long discontinued. It was far better, we deemed, that well-earned respect and seniority be recognized simply by one's magical and creative works and how long they had spent being active in the DKMU.

4. VARIOUS VIDEOS (2009-2016)

At this point in history, the DKMU went about creating several spoken word videos, music, and various other types of artworks to both inspire and attract other practitioners. It was done in the spirit of the early motto, "We shall teach creation to the world." It was also connected to "Operation: Virus", being an activity that seeks to spread DKMU materials far and wide by means of guerilla advertisement and likewise tactics, both on the streets and online. Some of the most viewed spoken word and otherwise videos include:

DKMU - The Marauder Underground, Warbringer

DKMU - The Media Magician

DKMU - Boycott the Outside World (*Note: 3 Parts*)

DKMU - The Pull of Khaos

Dr. Tropical (*Chaotic electronic music mixing many genres*)

Arjil LS (*Note: Parts 1 & 2*)

Certain concepts in these videos, such as the title given to the repetitive mundane world or consensual reality, “Insubstantia” (being a world founded on the insubstantial, the myth of scarcity and the concealment of Gnosis) had inspired bands such as 3Teeth to use the term, and the LS, alongside various other contemporary artists and occultists.

5. LIBER SIGILLUM (2012)

This volume has a tumultuous past. It was written during a gap within the DKMU wherein many assumed the experiment to have officially died. This was not the case, however, and as the text included many formerly murky details about the DKMU, including the first iteration of a complete list of the DKMU Godforms/Egregores, it might have assisted in reinvigorating the collective after a period of torpor. It was written by Frater Alysrose, using the alternative handle of Frater E.S. This alternative handle was used to distinguish his work in the A.A.O. (a House of the DKMU) from the main DKMU. The text primarily concerns itself with practices and techniques relating to the A.A.O.’s “Schema of Distillation”, or a means of categorization denoting an upwards comprehension of occult techniques.

It was the first volume to collect all the details of the classical DKMU Godforms, and this excerpt from the text was quickly popularized and viewed by many as an introduction to them. Due to this, many newcomers began experiments with the DKMU Godforms and became familiarized with them.

For the most part, the text elucidates upon the various techniques of occultism and how they have worked for the author. The text also includes an interview with Joel Biroco at the end, the original founder of the 156 Current in London, after decades of silence on his part. It is for this reason and others that it is noteworthy, and certainly recommended. A second revised edition was released in 2016.

6. LIBER LS VOLUMES 1 & 2 (2016)

These two volumes of a singular grimoire follow in the style of “The Assault on Reality: A Field Manual” in that they are collaborative works. They are composed of numerous entries by various active members of the DKMU at the time. Frater Alysrose serves as the compiler, editor, and graphic designer, alongside writing various entries. The volumes were released under “Wild Mage Media”, a makeshift production and artistic conglomerate. Topics range from sigil magick to meditation, to existential treatments and entrancing takes on magick and the occult. As with all these texts, it reflects the time in which it was created, and offers a window into a certain Era of the DKMU. Both volumes have received good occult community reactions for both their mind-expanding articles and eloquent graphic design.

7. THE DKMU EGREGORES (2016)

Although this text appears in the PDF version of “Liber LS”, it had been taken out of physical copies due to the demand for it being a stand-alone grimoire. The earlier document, “A.A.O. - The DKMU Godforms” is a much older version of it taken from Liber Sigillum. The more updated text includes details on some archetypes which were not included in the previous A.A.O. document.

The issue of whether they are Eggregores or Godforms arises. Some of them, such as Ellis, are recognized as true Godforms and others are viewed as Eggregores. It’s kind of a mixed bag, but most of them are Eggregores according to the technical definition. If one dislikes this distinction, then surely all of them are “Archetypes” if nothing else.

Many occultists continue to work with the DKMU entities both inside and outside of the group. They are

offered as intriguing boons to the larger occult community and work particularly well when summoned on the fly or outside of a stuffy ceremonialist atmosphere. On the other hand, self-derived ritual elements and things that you know “work” are also recommended. The only way to know for sure is to engage in extensive magickal practice. Nothing else shall suffice.

8. THE DKMU SECOND WHEEL GODFORMS

Although this document is still under construction, expect to see it officially released sometime soon. It contains all the newly developed Archetypes from the current Era of the DKMU. Many of them are symbolically fascinating if not exactly all field-tested at the current time.

NOTES: I was encouraged to put this segment in as a reminder. Some of the Founders have often said that the true DKMU is not its FB page, or its forums, IRC, Discord channels, etc. It's larger. The true DKMU exists within the bonds of the people who compose it and within the hearts & minds of those who have contributed a great deal to it. Nothing else would be as fair, justified, organic, and authentic. This is a meritocracy at heart. The most helpful thing you can do to advance the DKMU is by spreading its materials, practicing magick, and by making personal achievements in your own life by whichever methods you choose.

There have been many who form side-groups of their own personal interpretations of the DKMU, but without the involvement of those who originally created the ideas, concepts, and wealth of materials in the first place, they are merely that: interpretations. For example: it would lack artistic integrity for a cover band to claim ownership of the songs and ideas of the band they are covering. Likewise, it would lack artistic integrity for groups who base themselves off the canon DKMU to claim to know its materials better than those who have bled to create them and built the foundations of the temple in which we all stand. Any group besides the DKMU itself cannot declare that “the Assault on Reality is over.” That's Unverifiable Personal Gnosis and is not canon.

May the interdimensional Walrus continue its long tradition of provoking metaphysical practice and thought, effectively grabbing practitioners out of their own cognitive flat lands into realms of esoteric knowledge and experimentation. 156/663. DTTI: HTNF.



HighQueenCC



"There are periods of history when the visions of madmen and dope fiends are a better guide to reality than the common-sense interpretation of data available to the so-called normal mind. This is one such period, if you haven't noticed already."

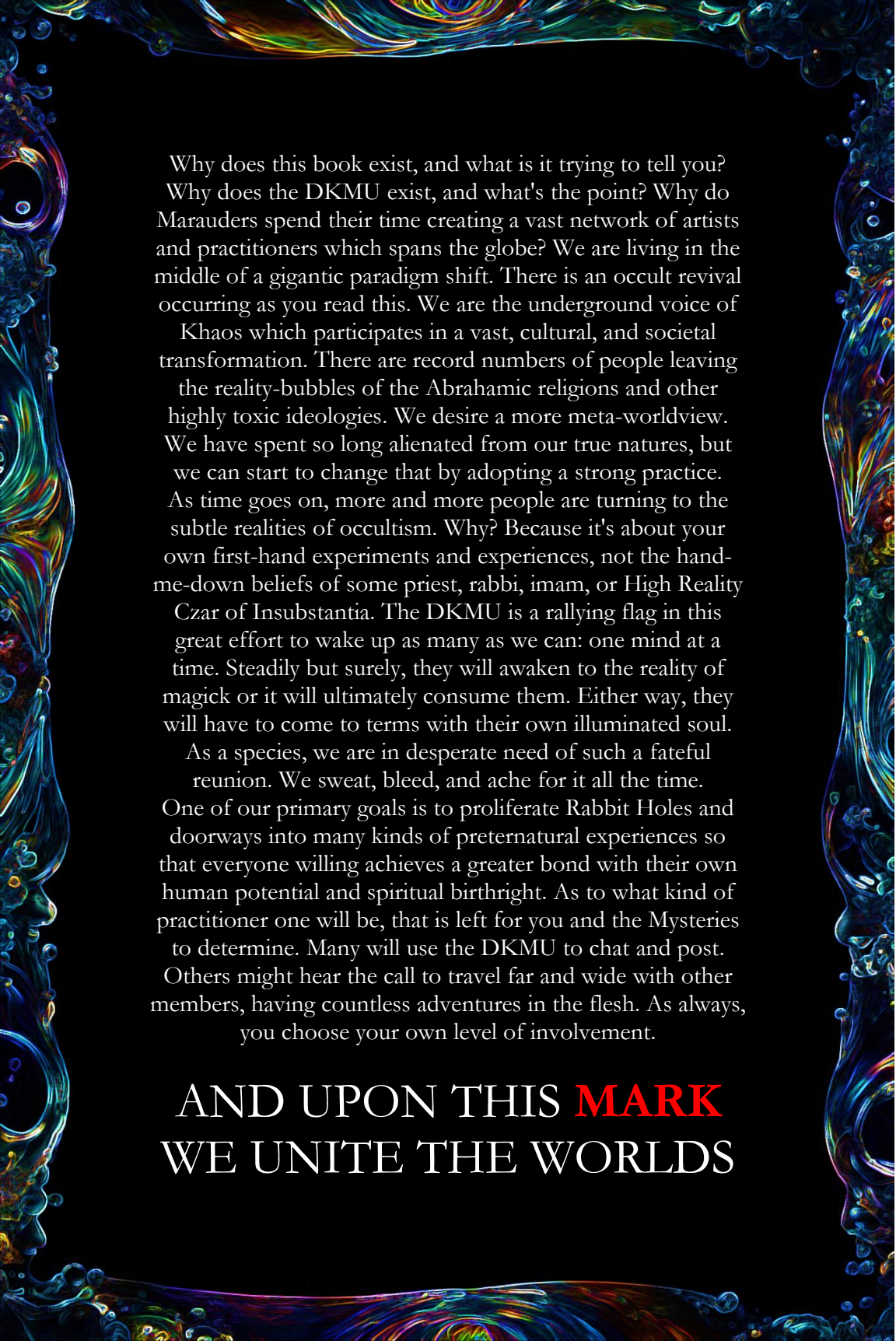
- *Robert Anton Wilson*

"A candle loses nothing by lighting another candle."

- *James Keller*

DKMU ECUSAB Summer Meet 2023
First Upstate NY Way-House
Photo by TheeWorstArtist





Why does this book exist, and what is it trying to tell you? Why does the DKMU exist, and what's the point? Why do Marauders spend their time creating a vast network of artists and practitioners which spans the globe? We are living in the middle of a gigantic paradigm shift. There is an occult revival occurring as you read this. We are the underground voice of

Khaos which participates in a vast, cultural, and societal transformation. There are record numbers of people leaving the reality-bubbles of the Abrahamic religions and other highly toxic ideologies. We desire a more meta-worldview. We have spent so long alienated from our true natures, but we can start to change that by adopting a strong practice. As time goes on, more and more people are turning to the subtle realities of occultism. Why? Because it's about your own first-hand experiments and experiences, not the hand-me-down beliefs of some priest, rabbi, imam, or High Reality Czar of Insubstantia. The DKMU is a rallying flag in this great effort to wake up as many as we can: one mind at a time. Steadily but surely, they will awaken to the reality of magick or it will ultimately consume them. Either way, they will have to come to terms with their own illuminated soul.

As a species, we are in desperate need of such a fateful reunion. We sweat, bleed, and ache for it all the time. One of our primary goals is to proliferate Rabbit Holes and doorways into many kinds of preternatural experiences so that everyone willing achieves a greater bond with their own human potential and spiritual birthright. As to what kind of practitioner one will be, that is left for you and the Mysteries to determine. Many will use the DKMU to chat and post. Others might hear the call to travel far and wide with other members, having countless adventures in the flesh. As always, you choose your own level of involvement.

AND UPON THIS **MARK**
WE UNITE THE WORLDS



Goodbye,
for now.

