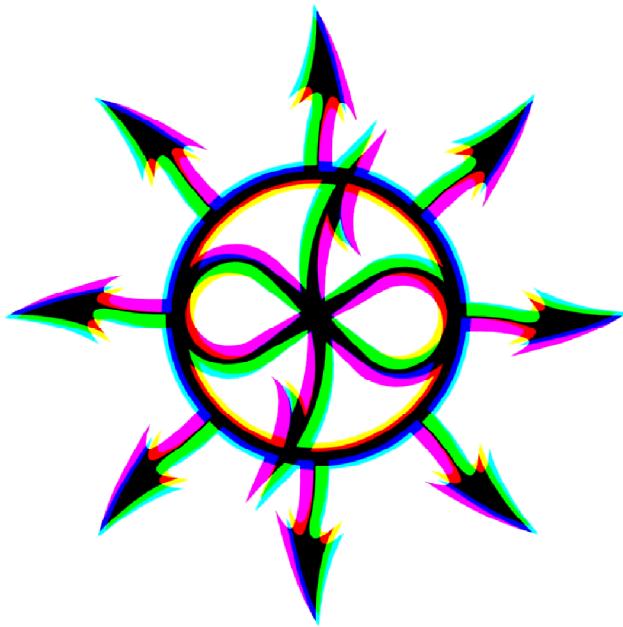


# The Holy Pirate Wizard Code of the DKMU



By F.A. & S.B.

These crossroads we travel  
By light or by shadow  
By ring, crown, and altar  
Or rope, sword, and barrel  
Are swayed by cold seas  
And high burning stars  
Below mark'd by current  
Above cast afar  
The yawning gorge wanes  
The metaphor shatters  
Abolish all chains  
All prisons and fetters  
The inner and outer  
Combine them together  
In color, abstraction  
Creation and laughter  
The secret unveiled  
Take a look in the mirror  
We are the Gods on the road tonight

- Chelseanacht 7/17/2014

NOTE: Instead of being misconstrued as some founding document, these are rather observations made on the state of the group and where its powers might reside. Many of these have been upheld as DKMU virtues for quite some time. They are explored here along with other points as well as general group behaviors. This document was written in 2018.

## 0. AVE



ollow nothing, including this.

## 1. REALITY



here are many realities just as there are states of mind. Some are low, some are high, some are near, some are far, some are suffocating and small, and some are terrifyingly large. A magician traverses these realms and takes an account of his/her experiences. The more realities we discover, the larger our map grows; the more power we have to call back on. Having some power and control over ones mental states also grants a certain advantage to the magician, being able to direct his mind more clearly. Some say we exist in a Multiverse, and every decision we make branches us off into a slightly different Universe. A powerful ritual, then, might represent more potent a shift. Beyond the far reaching gulf of the myriad countless local realities may lay truly bizarre and alien spaces ripe for human conquest.

There are also consensual realities shared by the many; cultural operating systems which come with their own stories and dogmas. Depending on the story, people will live their

lives in accordance with its programming. Many of these are self-detrimental to the species, including the burning of the rainforest, dependence on fossil fuels, corruption in government, the private prison industry, ridiculous drug laws, racism, sexism, overzealous capitalism, fanatical religion, mandatory patriotism, prideful ignorance, and war profiteering, to name but a few programs currently running. The DKMU calls the collective of these programs and more: Insubstantia, the Monolith, the Power Behind the Nothing, the Dominant Paradigm, or, plainly, the Consensual Reality. It could also contain modes of being such as lack of imagination, general stagnation, mechanistic drone-like behavior, etc. We don't all actually want dragons to exist, but there is an earnest push to change the world.

## 2. DT<sup>T</sup>I:HTNF

Death to the Image, Hail the New Flesh  
(Some images are larger than others)

By Stephen Branch



I recently went to a mental hospital after a series of wild and insightfully healing hallucinatory experiences. I was diagnosed DID and I'm also on the Autism spectrum. My alters made me lose time, I never noticed before because I was a reckless alcoholic and thought I was just a blackout drunk. The fact that my other "alters" were all aware of each other and remembered the transition kept me out of the guidelines. I always was beyond a sense of self due to trauma as a child. I always wore other people as masks until it became more efficient to just have universal masks. My

insanity would ultimately be the key to my ability to use magick, survive, and eventually tear me the fuck apart.

Death to the Image? When I came across the DKMU after paroling from prison in 2010 I was absconding as an illegal alien in Canada. I used the moniker John Thomas and told everyone I was a retired millionaire while couch-surfing. When I came across the Death By Lollipops site I just felt the power radiating from their choice of images, the LS beckoned me to “link in” to the world of magick. I was arrogant and self-important, mostly because I took pride in my ability to use psychic abilities I thought were using “magick”, I could manipulate probability in all kinds of things. I made potential reality manifest in every way I desire and I still do to this day. I have an innate understanding of energy structures. I used that as a source of pride and power, I made that my image. I was a slave to my compulsive need to escape reality. I would end up getting a hold of some lab grade methamphetamine and smoking that shit daily until my face melted off. I wanted so badly to be free of my shit constructs; I tried to destroy myself over and over and over again.

After being reported to immigration in 2012 I was deported back to the states. It was around this time that Alysy and I begun foundational work for the A.A.O. and he began finishing Liber Sigillum. I became super healthy for a short time but eventually my arrogance would start to hypertrophy and take over. I would begin to be a beast like force of base nature. I would demonize others for their weakness, and in turn be a demon myself. After a while my M.O. would be the use of steroids, cocaine, and alcohol to such excessive amounts no doctor believes me when they run tests on my liver and kidneys. I’m one of those one in a million types, freaks of nature that can live through any type of injury or illness without a scratch, that can bend slot machines to my will, and can do anything I set my mind to, except , exist with people.

I would for a long time realize this and attempt to destroy my self image, Death to the Image, I would commit myself to horrendous acts and then publicly shame myself. I would treat others with such horrible indifference and condescension in order to not hold an unhealthy ego.

Little did I know that this in and of itself was an unhealthy ego. I've done insanely crazy things, as an ex-con, as a gambler, as a drug addict, and as a horrible husband and father. I've been the worst a person can be. My destructive need to remove the image would make me realize how much a healthy set of images are needed to function.

We also need to see how others see us to get a realistic picture which is why I asked friends for quotes about me and how they saw my journey:

“Ummm.. obv whipping yourself and screaming for the 156/663 vid” - Dan Smith

“You earnestly plunged into every event you had to undertake to become you. You went from an angry ex con, to white light Steven, and everything in between.” - Sophia Lamontagne

“Hyperactive.” -Magog Molotov

“Prime example of human potential, once caught in numerous hubris traps, then fallen only to find the seed of kaos in the ashes, and prepares rebirth, poised to sail, with perspective cleared by flame and loss.” -Brian Grimes

“I don't see you at all. Only my projections and I don't believe them in the least. Little labels for little snapshots removed from infinite context.” - Jesse Francis

“Yr a neat dude, and have had one of the most impressive transformations I've ever seen.” -Sam Hamilton

"Branch is full throttle. A tempest of passions, and intensity of focus rarely encountered- often the very epitome of the words "terror and wonder". The man is Epic. I hope he survives the experience, as I'm very fond of him" -Arjil

"I've been thinking about this, and it's hard to pin down to just one, or which stage of your cycle. Or which branch, for that matter. In general, I'd say it's how completely you commit to a new self and how quickly you go through them" -Edward Smith.

"You always remind me of this quote by Oli Anderson:

"Don't cling to your self-concept purely because your will demands it. Demand that your environment aligns as much as possible and change what you must about yourself when the outer world can't be changed. Mental health is about mental fluidity, mental illness stems in rigidity." - Jacob Buene

"Ave Cthonos is the Best Cthonos." -Billy Sasquatch

Had I been fair about it I would have asked people who hated me what they thought of me. But who the fuck needs criticism amirite??? For some people its really easy to focus one thing or another, I choose to find out what people find good in me and attempt to embody that to the best of my abilities and at my most sincere. But I also have listened to the things people found bad about me over the years and really really tried to objectively improve on the things they were right about after self-reflection.

"Hail the New Flesh"

I could go on and on about who I am and what I am able to do, but there is just a point of self indulgence I find unnecessary when teaching others the basics. There is a difference between sharing a story, sharing reality, and trying to force yourself onto it. Symbiosis is the preferred mode of extended life while learning through Beauty, Variety, and

Conflict. Anyone worth their weight as a magician will tell you, you can do all things but you cannot stop the sun from rising. So let's talk about functionality and health.

Health is defined by a person's mental or physical well being, free from disease or illness, the idea here being the ability to follow a specific set of actions to a desired effect in all things we do. What is healthy to some is disastrous to others. It's the difference between the casual drinker, binge drinker, and raging alcoholic. Not everyone fits the same standard of health, however health standards should be adopted to attempt the greatest effect to everyone outside of you as well as yourself. By becoming aware of bodies and selves it becomes our responsibility to make them better or accept they suck and suffer.

Your first responsibility should be to your body. Your body is the vehicle that carries you through this life. But what is health? If you believed the magazines and media, health is low body fat and sexy abs. Health is posting selfies in the gym to praise yourself over and over and over again. NOPE WRONG. Health is functionality, the ability to move to one's best (some people just aren't able bodied), the ability to give your body the fuel it needs to function (some people can't afford food). So if we look at things functionally health is merely the bodies need to be free as best as possible and to be fed with the same care we would feed our pets, children, or garden. Your body is a temple and you are responsible to its well being to the best of YOUR abilities.

Your second responsibility is your mind. What does a healthy mind entail? Honestly whatever it takes to make desired effects. If you desire to be an artist your responsibility is to define artistic goals, learn artistic structures and then to express them to the best of your ability.

If you desire to be anything you have to learn the rules and understand that nothing is a failure if you are always learning to be better. You can't hold yourself to unrealistic expectations; you have to learn the building of states and breaking down of states mentally. There needs to be learned a delicate balance and rhythm. There needs to be learned focus and dedication. You must learn the tools of your trade to be good at anything, even emotionally. Emotions and Thoughts are an expression of mind, learn their rules and how they function and you will become like one without limits. Discipline then becomes the understanding and application of cause and effect.

Your third responsibility is your soul. Your soul is that part of you beyond the constructs. You can only define and know your soul by giving life and structure to the things you inhabit. Your soul is both unknowable yet very experiencing. You must learn to balance out the internal worlds and physical body to really give it life and form. Your responsibility is to be the best "you" that you can be.

Your fourth responsibility is to others. The more "woke" you become the more you realize others aren't as "woke" as you, it is your responsibility to negate unnecessary suffering in yourself and them by doing the greatest good you can. You must cultivate patience, compassion, and respect. Healthy boundaries need to be in place but flexible. You need to lead by example instead of trying to force change. Lasting change has to be organic, while force can initiate it in others it can also be detrimental. And we must always learn from our failures when harming others, it's inevitable that we will harm someone in some small or large ways daily. The ability to take ownership instead of guilt is the most beneficial thing a person can do.

As a magician your “health” is paramount to your ability to truly know the mysteries and engage in them on a consistent level. Knowledge and Belief need to exist in a fluid state until able to be applied, otherwise cognitive dissonance will tear down the illusion of self in rather enlightening but painful ways. This can be helpful to some and harmful to others. The only way to really be sure of anything is to know thyself in a manner of cause and effect, the need to be right or be “something” will almost always destroy you which some folks never recover from. Functionality is WILLED cause and effect, this mode of expression embodies health when done for the alleviation of suffering we all experience in this Black Iron Prison...

### 3. METHODS OF ASSAULT



The DKMU doesn’t care much for the Monolith. Like a virus, aspects of it want to spread so that everyone adopts their views. If the goal is suicidal homeostasis, then it’s good to wreak a little havoc. For over a decade, we have participated in an Assault on Reality using various means of approach. These include:

#### MAGICK

“Treat your magick as if it is food for your soul.”

- Stephen Branch

In the war for reality, imagination is key, and magick requires a lot of it. Through the use of magick, which is predicated on the meta-belief that “magick is real”, one can cause changes in local or other realities, presumably by manipulating the probability of events through influencing various natural but

occult laws which in hindsight appears identical to coincidence. With inspiration coming from Shamanism, Voudon, Chaos Magick, Discordianism, and others, the DKMU utilizes magick to alter mental states and cause changes in the world. Reality is treated like a laboratory, here. Some interpret magick as being spookier than do others. You'll find a great many opinions on it, but one of the ways we explain it simply is:

$$\text{INTENT(S)} + \text{ACTION(S)} = \text{REACTION(S)}$$

This could, and does, apply to a great many things. Every act of successfully manifested intent is a magickal act – some just happen to be more impressive than others.

Magick places exist in the world also: abandoned buildings, crossroads, a certain place in the forest, etc., any place where the vibration shifts or feels a little off or strange. These places are prime candidates to be ‘awakened’ with an LS sigil, and added as nodes in the web.

The DKMU is also known for its use of Godforms / Egregores. These entities are treated as group allies “making waves on the other side” and regularly make their way into group workings when called for. Centers of archetypal power, they are used for a variety of tasks (though this depends on the practitioner) and represent multiple aspects of reality which can be worked with.

Use your magick in whatever way it makes the most sense to you. As the DKMU says: “Your magick, your way!”

## ACTIVISM

There are many causes worth fighting for in the modern world. Activism is both a way to triumph vox populi, and put the pressure of the people on the establishment in the hopes that they'll budge, and sometimes, they do. Participating in activism is common enough in the DKMU, depending on the members, and is encouraged as not only a worthwhile life

experience, but a vital form of expression in the tumultuous atmosphere of the changing modern world. Magick and activism meet in the form of Glitterbombing, an old school DKMU practice wherein one couples real world action with a magickal message meant to shake people out of the hold of their consensual reality.

## MEDIA

To manifest the mind is to become a psychedelic being. The DKMU has long delved the seas of media for interesting catches. Art, writing, and music output make up the bulk of the content seen coming from the DKMU. In the form of audio sigils and hypersigils, members imbue their creations with magickal intent so as to manifest certain effects on their listeners or viewers. DKMU material has also been used by industrial musical act 3teeth in their lyrics, and imagery depicting the Linking Sigil.

## MEETS

Meeting fellow freaks in the flesh is a cherished pastime of the DKMU. Many pivotal rituals were performed by gathered members in the past, and this continues to this day. Hosting or attending a meet is a means of becoming more closely knit with the group's members (or at least those in your area) and generally leads to more camaraderie after engaging in Wizard Talk over drink and smoke and a bonfire all night long.

## 4. THE DKMU FLAGS OF VIRTUE



The flags of virtue are theoretical running constructs which ground the group and give it some form. They have been observed over time as general group characteristics. They may also be called evolving traditions.

### THE FLAG OF KHAOS

In all things seek the mystery, that which bewilders the mind and strikes a hot fire deep within the heart. It is the hidden places wherein may be found doorways into mystery. Khaos is a deep set mask on the face of the Absolute, is representative of the chief mysteries and their near unfathomable nature in the meager minds of human beings. This inspiration bleeds into practice in the form of post-modern experiments, eclecticism, boundary pushing, and a generally freestyle artistic attitude in regards to magick.

### THE FLAG OF KAMARADERIE

Komrades of the DKMU meet in foreign streets, attend or host gatherings, and generally converse with mutual respect. Knowing that we're all on the same salty inter-dimensional pirate ship begets a shared understanding and kinship as we move forward in the war for reality, the quest for truth or absolution, the metaphorical island, the erosion of the Monolith, gnosis, or whatever the grand goal might be.

### THE FLAG OF CREATIVITY

Perhaps because the Ellis phenomenon is predicated on the practice of tagging, the DKMU attracts a large number of artists and visually-minded persons. Creativity however comes in all forms, with writing and music included as usual content. Art and magick are so intertwined as almost being

the same thing (if there is any real distinction at all) so any artistic practice is highly recommended. This also extends to creative problem-solving, using unusual though functional solutions, making atypical connections, etc. Show us a vista never before dreamt.

## THE FLAG OF CURIOSITY

There are stranger things in heaven and earth than ever dreamt of in all of man's philosophies, and the curious shall inherit those miraculous oddities. Experiment with expanding consciousness with pharmacological agents, know the darkest regions of Self, be ever curious, push onwards and spiral out.

### 5. CREATION MODEL MAGICK



The DKMU theorizes a Model 6 of magick, sixth on the scale of Frater U.D.'s 'Models of Magick', which is beyond yet influenced by the Meta Model (Model 5). Model 6 comes about by realizing that the only place left to go with the models of magick is pure self-creation. And, since all of the magick we know about had to be created by someone at some point, it also represents a hearkening back to magick of a more primordial nature. The goal is not to perform some elaborate ritual borrowed from culture, but to create one's own personal (and thusly best suited to perform magick) means of conducting magick most effectively and most in-tune with one's own style, goals, and methods. The practice of Model 6 magick can be seen in the DKMU's use of Godforms / Egregores of a group-created nature.

## 6. FINAL WORDS



In the end, everyone in the DKMU is on his/her own unique path. They may frequent the pirate port, or call it home, or only stay for a time before moving on to other callings. The current keeps the best of them. Whether they borrow from other traditions to make sense of their journey, or manifest their own personal mythology, is ultimately up to them.

The DKMU has no dogma. It does not preach any specific answer to any conceivable existential issue. The DKMU is about discovering your own truth, having your own spiritual experiences, and crafting your own theories.

In truth, the DKMU has no code. It is an anarchic body undulating brief formations. Its virtues are made of the fluctuations of its members. It is a phenomenon best found between the bonds of its magicians.

Welcome to yourself.

# Constellations in the Void

An Exploration  
of the Godforms

By Alysyrose, Gracco  
& Others

# Foreword

Drop your acid now

Our goal is to deform  
The subjective Universe  
As if it were all a mistake  
In the writing process  
And reform it  
By editing  
It into something  
Befitting of our fable

No guru  
No method  
No teacher  
Fall into Khaos  
And light the path  
With voluminous fire  
The world spins  
By the inferno of  
Revolt against  
All dogma



This book demonstrates poetry, invocations, and evocations towards the classical DKMU Godforms, the reading of which is meant to cause a trance-like state. In practice, the magician is expected to alter these, expand upon them, or to create his/her own callings, as is the style of Khaos Magick. Segments of them which strike a magician as meaningful may be used in personal callings. Treat this book as a smorgasbord: take what you want, and leave what you don't. It is meant to give the practitioner a starting point from which to build from, or for those who have trouble

creating an invocation or evocation, it provides them. Segments from the introduction pieces may also be used in your personal evocation or invocation callings, if they strike you as meaningful. Conjunction and Enu & Nul only have introductions. For more information on these entities, please consult the book ‘the DKMU Egregores.’ We wish you much luck in your conjurations.

## GODFORM NOTES

Whether they are called Egregores or Godforms, these spirits denote a Model 6 (self-created) magickal methodology. Many have worked with them, and many have found them to be beaming with presence, dire lessons, and unique energies all their own. They are outpourings of the 156/663 current (presented in chronological order here) a magickal Khaos current first opened up in 2007 with the Chelsea Working. More information on the Chelsea Working may be found in other texts, suffice to say that it is celebrated as a sort of magickal holiday each year on the 17<sup>th</sup> of July, also affectionately called Chelseanacht, wherein wild magickal experiments are known to occur amongst the members of the DKMU and elsewhere via the sharing of energies and intents.

On the DKMU Godforms themselves, it is said that they share more in common with the Lwa of Vodoun traditions than they do with the Goetia or other similar Western spirits. They want to hang out with you, drink with you, dance with you, imbibe with you, and their callings are usually relatively brief compared to other traditions. Indeed, they would probably prefer it if you made your own callings from scratch, and make it different every time, depending on where you are in your life at the moment. It doesn’t take much more to get their attention if the will, intent, mindset and setting, heartfelt calling, and proper offerings are there. Some of them end up being one of the “best buddies” of practitioners, a friend on the “other side” who will offer advice, serve as a muse, or get you through some rough patches. Chances are, all of them are still evolving, and it is the attention they are given which aids in this evolution. So long as there are practitioners working with them, they will still be around to do their thing. That is one theory. Another theory is that they have always been around, albeit under different names throughout history, and that these are but a few of

their modern monikers and manifestations. Whatever the belief, they offer good lessons and good experiences, and, if the trend continues, they should be among us for a good long while.

## RITUAL NOTES

On crafting a Khaos Ritual, there are a few notes to consider. Taking snippets of this and that from various sources works well enough, if those snippets speak to you and mean something to you. Try a Dadaist approach and flip to pages in a book that shares number ties with the spirit in question, and use those snippets in your own personal callings. If the number is 9, flip to page 9, 19, or 90, and use the 9<sup>th</sup> sentence in your callings. Another thing to consider is set and setting; mindset and environmental setting. It is worthwhile to have a method that can put you into a trance-like state before you begin the ritual, and withhold it until the ritual's end. Some people use certain psychoactive drugs in the form of a sacrament for this. Some people use meditation, dancing, swaying, chanting for long periods of time, etc. Some people just draw up energy and do it on the spot, needless of a trance state. You must determine what works best for you, and reliably gets you into a state that is applicable for magick to flow.

The ritual environment should also be considered. Be sure to decorate your ritual space with the appropriate items and objects relevant to the spirit at hand. Burn certain types of incense relevant to the spirit at hand, or those which provoke a response in you. For sound, choose a song or soundtrack which gets you into a magickal mood. Some have recommended playing two or more songs over each other for a more chaotic and cacophonous audio environment. Every sense should be considered so as to make the ritual space a sensuous experience. Ritual tools are a matter of preference. Most will use an altar, and a pointing object such as athame, or sword, or wand, and/or a chalice which holds the sacrament which is drunk at a certain point during the ritual. These are a matter of personal taste and preference. Try and test different methods. Use whatever works best for you.

# Introduction

On the road to the Red Queen  
There is an alchemical voyage  
Make sure you pack your demons  
Up in your plentiful shadows  
For you will meet the Shaman  
On his ziggurat surrounded  
By death and rebirth  
And open yourself to Mystery  
Then ravaged by Black King  
And awaken to the daylight  
Of the Great Navigator  
Only to plunge headfirst  
Into the Maker of Dreams  
And his cold White Consort  
In their union, you will find  
Dire keys and spells  
And two Lost Children  
Playing with colored balls  
And then you will see  
Her again with new eyes  
Look upon the journey  
And understand  
The transformation  
Of the Self

# Khaos Introduction

Think not of me  
In your explorations  
Nor think of not me  
For I am not a “me”  
And I am not  
Human-hearted  
Though I shall  
Spark a fire  
Within yours



Behold the Star-Gate  
The great progenitor  
Of all Gods and worlds  
Earth, air, fire, water  
The multitude steps forth  
From the conscious void

I am that which holds  
The Multiverse together  
You have been to my domains  
And you shall return to them  
Birth, death, these are but  
Objects on your path  
Through the river  
Of eternity

Think not of what I am  
Or what I am not  
Rather, flow with me  
Intuitively, and synchronize  
To the beat of all creation

Destruction I am also  
No form survives  
My transformation  
From one state  
Into another

I am all-encompassing  
In my mysteries  
All around you  
Yet obfuscated  
Plain as the glowing day  
And hermetically sealed

Mountains, beaches, fields  
Forests, rivers and valleys  
Look upon this world  
As a searching soul  
And be humbled  
By your limited  
Presence within it

All roads lead  
Directly to me  
One way or another  
We shall meet  
Each other

I am a liar with a mask  
Hiding the true face of God  
I am the fractal infinite  
Before you, beyond you  
And intimately of you  
As above  
So below  
As within  
So without

I am the grand unified  
Oneness of being  
Speaking riddles  
To the prophets

Give me the mad  
The intoxicated  
The artists and poets  
Let them express me  
As they will  
In their ecstasy  
And know that  
Khaos provides

# Khaos Transvocation

All is nothing!  
Nothing is everything!  
Novelty! Creation!  
Entropy! Destruction!  
IA! KHAOS!  
I call upon you!



I call you who gave all  
The demons and angels  
Their immortal names  
I call you who occurred  
Before any other being  
The Gods bow down to you  
As their ancient progenitor  
Khaos, Khaos, Khaos!  
Let the hurricane come!  
Let the earth quake!  
Let all the fires of  
Heaven and Hell  
Coagulate here  
And meet  
With my Will

The portal is marked  
This eight-pointed star  
Is cast and charged  
Time and space fold  
To accommodate  
Your coming

IA! KHAOS!  
This space is flooded

With your being  
IA! KHAOS!  
My mind is flooded  
With your being  
IA! KHAOS!  
Allow me your Gnosis  
Until you depart  
I sit within the fractal waters  
Of eternity

\*A chime is struck eight times\*



The Magus stands facing Polaris, the North Star. Takes the sign of the Sabbatic Goat of Mendes also called Baphomet, or as seen the sign of the Devil Card of the Tarot. Wears black or white robe with Chaostar pendant. Speaks in a loud voice. Before starting the invocation, the magus gazes into a cup filled up with black liquid (water & black ink) until s/he gets into the void gnosis.

KHAOS!  
First of the Protogenoi!  
I call upon the primal nothingness in which everything is. I call upon infinite vacant space from out which came all things.

Khaos!  
I call the Prima Materia.  
I call the original undifferentiated oneness-of-being.  
I call upon the winged AZOTH.  
Khaos!

Thee who hast no limit below, no place to settle.  
I call thee in thy fullness of Being.  
I call thee in thy infinite potential of all-being.  
Khaos!  
The Gate is open! The Path is drawn!  
To Beauty! To Variety! To Conflict!

The Currents of Within flood Without!

To Khaos!

To That which does not answer to any title. For "You" are not "You", and yet ye are found within me. Your name is undying, the envy of all Hearts. To the living, you are as the impenetrable Enlightenment, and to those still stifled by belief, ye are as the God which does not answer any prayers except by infuriating riddle.

O black pyramid in pale white sands, I want from you Nothing, for Nothing ye Are. I ask of ye Nothing and no Sign, for ye Are the Sign. I have known you. And in knowing myself, I have known you. In knowing the gross and the subtle, the formless and the hard edges, I have known you. In not knowing, I have known you.

O primal Void, anti-language, but thought! Thought! O, how rich is thy thought! For in this One Thought, stripped of language, is the Prime Root of Magick, so as is this double the Prime Root of Life.

It is! It is! I am! There is that which remains beyond it all, and I AM is the name for it!

Strip me then of even this, so that I might perform the impossible trick. It is the one that set the stars in motion. It is Us. And I am ready. All else is brushed aside.

Our name is Universe. Our name is Eternity. Our name is Naught.

IA, IA, IA NAMELESS!

THE GATE IS OPEN. THE PATH IS DRAWN.

KHAOS ABOVE AND KHAOS BELOW.

KHAOS WITHIN AND KHAOS WITHOUT.

KHAOS HERE AND NOW, NOWHERE AND FOREVER.

KHAOS UNLEASHED.

KHAOS BECOMES.

IA! IA! KHAOS!

IA! KHAOS!

I.

(The magus holds no thoughts for some time; enforced silence.)  
(Vibrate forth and/or hum any sound that comes to mind.)

## Ellis Introduction

Oh, these are old stones  
Many storms have weathered them  
And many Gods have passed them  
Each one inscribing an invisible name  
This particular name is a wild one  
Feral, born in the heat of belief  
A renegade, now found marked  
On the strange places of the world  
You must go and you must find them  
Those weird intersections  
Where one world meets another  
Call her by her name  
And she will be there



### THE CALL

By Gracco

Come to me  
All of you crestfallen  
All of you washed about  
Come to me  
Dwell in my arms  
I will spin you a new tale  
A new web  
Do you tire of the web of lies you have woven for yourself?  
Allow me to show you a new truth  
I will assault your reality  
I will pique your senses  
I will bring to you a new song of self expression  
And of joy  
Do you desire the miraculous?

Do you desire the powerful?  
Do you desire the odd and strange?  
Are you fascinated with what is?  
Or with what could be?  
Do you desire change?  
Then come with me  
Red hair  
Fiery  
Passionate  
I am the Red Queen  
I offer you night  
A night filled with lights and wonder  
Do you wish for rapture?  
For pleasure?  
For fulfillment?  
For sanity?  
Do you plea for guidance?  
For deliverance?  
For a slight bitter glimpse  
Of that which can be known as truth?  
Then my child  
Come to me  
Sit in the midst of my web  
Quench your desire  
Let your thirst be sated  
Eat and be fulfilled  
Seek your own truth  
In your web of lies  
Seek for sanity  
And find me  
Chaos  
Wonderland  
I will give you sanctity  
I will give you peace  
I will deliver unto you a new life  
If you but trust in me  
Crestfallen children  
Wandering in despair  
In anguish and in lament  
Sing to me a song of your lamentations

Sing to me the eulogy  
The elegy of your old life  
Death to the image  
Hail the new flesh  
In this moment  
Pure and sacred  
I give to you a new story  
Rise  
In the ocean of blood  
In the sea of eternity  
Lift your anchor  
Batten down the hatches  
You are in wonderland now  
I can give you all that you desire  
I can change your state of mind  
I can lead you to be exactly who and what you want to be  
A bastion of light  
A fountain of radiance  
A beacon in the midst of the dull muddle of society  
Things go on and on but there is no end in sight  
No appeal for change  
No appeal for truth  
Allow me to show you how to be the appeal that you seek  
How to be a font of knowledge for those that surround you  
See into yourself  
Look deep  
And there I will be  
Enter into your wonderland  
Tap into the beast that rages inside  
Do you want to rest in your weariness forever  
Or do you wish to make a change  
Her name is Ellis  
She whispers to me  
You are free  
You are free  
Come to me child  
Let me show you your way



Allow my meeting  
For I am the connection  
And everything eventually connects  
Within the growing expanse of my being

A long time ago  
I was but the splinter of a thought  
Guarded deep within the growing web  
They gave my essence to the hopes and dreams  
Of the many, and after many more, I woke up  
To this day, my web expands  
And so do I expand

I am red in a whisper  
Shared between two ears  
I am glowing and immaculate  
When shared in abundance  
I am the crack within your world  
Which connects it to the others  
Worlds of higher dimensions  
Crooked angles of experience  
And Faerie locations

I am to be feared  
For I discipline the sensitive  
And the ill-prepared  
With my chaos  
I am wild  
In my wilderness  
And full of fire

They request from me:  
“Give me that old dark sorcery”  
“Black tar concentrate, livid, and sure to stone”  
And then complain when I intrude  
For I am not a wish-giving Genie

My sigil is not a bland prayer  
Marked upon buildings  
Of spiritual worth  
I am a black widow  
And I devour  
What I touch!

The hourglass within me  
Speaks truths to your place  
Know that I am timeless  
And exist beyond it  
Your lower dimensions  
Are bothering to me  
For I maintain the network  
For I maintain the webs  
I am outside of time  
And you, the victim of it

With eight legs, I tear asunder  
Your paradigms of strict virtues  
With venomous fangs, I destroy  
Your teddy-bear assumptions  
With my hard web, I make anew  
Your reality-tunnel, now a kaleidoscope  
What will you do from here?  
Have you learned my lesson?  
But no, speak to me with closed doors  
And sit calmly, in your position  
And ask me, what I can do for you  
It works both ways, always  
You get what you give  
I want you to steal  
A key to your own truth  
And I am ever waiting  
Waiting for a vibration  
In my web

# Ellis Evocation

I feel you out there  
Diligently spinning the strands  
Of discord and awakening  
I call you forth, O Red Dweller  
On the threshold you lurk  
Beaming bright with sentience  
I will make for you a node  
And call you into this place

IA! ELLIS!  
IA! RED QUEEN!

You are the Connection  
To the wild domains  
Fractal and bizarre  
Your network is strong  
Your mind is ablaze  
Your dimensions form  
By my hand

IA! ELLIS!  
IA! RED QUEEN!

\*The practitioner draws the LS sigil upon a surface\*

And upon this mark  
I unite the worlds!  
The gate is open!  
The path is drawn!  
The gate is open!  
The path is drawn!

\*A chime is struck 3 times\*

# Doombringer Introduction

I shall tear asunder all of that  
Which is not inherent to you  
You will be left with a naked soul  
And your choices, from there  
Shall be your own



COME, SIT

By Gracco

Come, sit upon my ziggurat  
Smoke with me the tendrils of your own learning  
Puff with me upon the pipe of your misgivings  
Sing to me a song of your own joys  
Tell me what you wish to be  
What you wish to become  
And I will show you the way to what you are  
I shall bring you to your doom, be it merry or disastrous  
Choose for yourself if you will sit with me this day  
Choose wisely because life does not  
Have any qualms deciding for itself  
I am the pathway  
I am the censor filled with incense  
I am the torch that lights the way  
I will show you the path you are to follow  
Rather it is dark or light  
Paved with sorrow or of gold  
I can take you where you never dreamed of going  
And I can show you where you already are  
Come, sit upon my ziggurat  
Imbibe with me upon the poison of your own choosing  
My sacrament comes in many flavors  
And I have just the flavor for you



Come upon me and gather for yourself  
The past, present, and probable future  
The magick, the mission, and the muse  
For I am not of your world

Imbibe this smoke as your sacrament  
This green life-giving herb  
And approach me  
Upon my ziggurat

Read my inked passages  
While you partake of this herb  
And come to know  
My deepest messages

Starlit space surrounds me  
And the dimensions of your kind  
Are quite pliable here, below me  
They are as feeble recollections  
Previous incarnations  
For I exist above  
Your physical interactions  
Focus on your crown as if  
It were a ladder, leading  
To higher places above  
New realms of thought  
Emotion, and cognition  
Open the flood-gates  
And allow the bridge  
To be made  
Within you

Prepare for communication  
This is where the entities  
Jabber on and talk  
In their way

Drown out all those  
Who are not of me  
Seek the ziggurat  
Seek my presence  
Within the bio-storm

I will show you your death  
A million times over  
Desecrated by this Earth  
You call your home  
And all the life-forms upon it  
You shall die by each  
And every one of them  
Until you are torn apart  
Body, mind, and soul  
Give in to me now  
Give into your demise  
And realize you still smile  
At the end of it all

Your body is devoured by snakes  
By jaguars, by flesh-hungry fish  
By vultures, by insects, by maggots  
You are devoured by the Earth  
Your Mother and destination  
Allow me to trespass  
Into your space  
There, here I am

I give unto you the magic stone  
To be placed where your emptiness  
Once was, to be included within you  
When you assemble back together  
Once you reach baseline again

Bliss! Bliss!  
Read it, know it, and so shall it be

You have evoked me with your tricks  
You have invoked me with your tricks  
I will show you the grandest of all tricks  
That one magician might enter  
And so leaves a fool  
For I will devour you  
And everything you are  
Everything you have touched  
Everything you have felt  
Everything you have theorized  
Everything you have left  
And what I shall spit out  
Is a different kind of mind

Approach me only when in need  
For I shall kill you  
If that's what it takes  
To change your course

Upon the black ziggurat I meditate  
The dense jungle surrounding me  
In constant upheaval  
Birth, life, death, and again  
The repetition of all forms  
I am the eye of all storms  
And you, the rider upon them

Come, dear child  
Upon my Holy Abyss

Read me, as I am reading you  
Write me, as I am writing you  
Within this Living Grimoire  
We can never be one  
Although I can show you  
The way towards Oneness

You are an individual  
From organic birth came  
Chant unto yourself this miracle  
    You monkeys think it is  
    So simple to become flesh

I am the storm  
You are the storm  
So let us converse  
While the Icaros play

As a child, you talked to thunderstorms  
I know it, for I was also there among you  
    You lost your talent for this, over time  
When they told you: you must grow up  
    I can teach you this skill again

First, lose your mind  
Place it in a psychic box  
For safe-keeping  
Next, talk to the sky  
And ask it for rain  
If it seems reluctant  
Tell it that you want  
To perform a miracle  
As it will be hard-worn  
And wanting for that  
When men spoke directly  
To the elements abroad

When the storms come,  
Go outside to find them  
    And speak to them  
    Each spark of thunder  
A response to your questions  
Learn to divine their answers  
    From a mere storm alone

And then, spirits willing  
You are on the path to  
Becoming a shaman  
But what sort of shaman are you?  
Within modernity, paved roads,  
Chain stores, malls, and parking lots  
Ask me this, and receive an answer

Calloused fingers on divine strings  
Shouting voices reversed  
You are of me now  
Do not shy away from this  
There is a voice everlasting  
There is always an inner voice  
Even in death  
There is always  
A voice

Get over your attachment to death  
And realize that nothing ever  
Truly ends, and nothing  
Ever truly begins  
There is naught but  
The continuation  
Of all forms  
Be then enlightened  
Conquer death by dying  
Before you die!

This one you call Ellis  
Is eternally bound to me  
Her the female aspect  
Myself the male  
Another moderator  
Of the current

I recall  
When this Universe was born  
An exploding instant  
And unfathomable distances away  
Ever more exploding instances  
The Universe is expanding  
Into the domain of other  
Universes  
And those clusters  
Make up galaxies  
Of Universes  
Ever more  
And ever outwards  
This is infinity

Something out of nothing  
Matter out of energy  
Hello? Hello?  
Can anybody hear me?  
Receiving transmission  
Naked, muddy, pristine  
Lightning overhead  
For I see a revolution occurring  
Within the streets of this world  
Tagging, protesting, revolting  
Wild uproars of sign and symbol  
Against a dying system  
While you all  
Make your eternal mark

# Doombringer Evocation

IA! IA! DOOMBRINGER!  
Obscured forefather of all initiation  
Dire shaman on the edge of all being  
What once was flesh had turned to image  
What once was image had turned to flesh  
The evolution is black, as are you!  
Hidden from immediate view  
A lone few within foreign lands  
During the ineffable rain  
IA! IA! DOOMBRINGER!  
Khaos God unfettered  
663! 663! 663!  
Be among us again  
Overlook the mass  
Shamanic totem  
Signifying death  
Rebirth, awake  
The cycle of all  
Within your  
Storm

# Ino Introduction

And everything  
Every fucking thing  
Will be known as  
The product of  
That which cannot  
Be given a name  
And all that which is hidden  
Shall rise to the surface



## AT THE THRESHOLD

By Gracco

Like an open book you are Ino  
A tabula rasa with infinite pages  
All of them white as snow  
In purity there is corruption  
In lies there are truths  
Say to yourself what you will  
For I am but an open door  
What lies through the door  
Only you may know  
Travel through me into your own being  
Discover what I am through the discovery of what you are  
See me and be empty  
Pass through me and be compelled into completion  
This is the allure of the gateless gate  
To the threshold which many will come  
To never find the courage or the gall to pass though  
What awaits is limitless discovery  
Inspiration  
Trepidation

Incongruent misdemeanors  
And garrulous ideas precipitating into being  
Do you dare step through the looking glass  
To find your own Wonderland  
Truth is often stranger than it seems  
And the things that are strange are oft not strange at all  
Discover something new  
Something that always was  
Uncover the mirror  
See into your own mind  
Enter into oblivion  
I sit here now as an open door  
Speaking  
Beckoning  
If you will only step through me  
If you can see into your true being then you will know  
You are just like me  
You are an open door  
You are what you create  
Dare you answer the call  
Dare you see into the abyss that is your own being  
Dare you step inside  
At the threshold you will find me  
Between what is and what could be  
In Wonderland and at the gate  
I am the mystery that you create



I am the mystery  
As is my nature  
I am the silent muse  
And so shall I come  
Through broken mirrors, open doors  
Open windows, and the ritual space  
These are my passages

To say any more  
Would be to spoil the secret  
Still looking for the answer?

I come upon the lost  
The forgotten  
The vagabonds  
And I teach them  
To ask the right sort  
Of questions

The right sort of questions  
Will open the right sort of doors  
And what lies beyond them  
Might be more  
Than you bargained for  
Step into uncertainty  
Step into the mystery

One secret is that there is none  
That this life you lead is all there

Will ever be, exactly as it was  
Are you comfortable with that?

There are other doors  
Other questions  
Other answers

Another secret is that  
There is more  
Out there  
More than you  
Can imagine  
More than you  
Can suppose  
How will you ever know  
Unless you ask  
The right questions?

The dark comes soon  
Once you move beyond me  
How will you integrate my lessons?  
How will you shield yourself  
From oblivion? Or are you this thing?  
Spend time with me, and learn the difference  
As much as you want, as much time is good  
I will be there for you, know the duality of being  
And know the Open Door

# Black Trigag Introduction

A man can have anything  
If he's willing to sacrifice  
With your birth comes a solemn vow  
You will have nothing  
Your privilege is the dirt  
In the darkness, only ambition will guide you  
The oaths you swear, the promises you make, they are yours alone  
Your freedom will be the wars you wage  
Your birthright, the losses you suffer  
Your entitlement, the pain you endure  
And when darkness finds you... you will face it, alone.

By Gracco



## ABOMINATION

By Gracco

I detest you  
I abhor you all  
Lower than the earth's scum  
You filthy, putrid, wretched excuses for sentient sacks of flesh  
You call out to me and I answer  
If not for the entertainment  
That it brings to watch you worms squirm  
You dumb, deluded animals  
I sit above the abyss  
The vacuum of space  
And I watch you all crawl  
Sickening it is

The darkness you each hold  
You could put it to good use  
Or you could just feed it to me  
I see your shadow  
I see that which you call your demon  
I see so much wasted potential  
And I laugh  
LORFF  
I laugh in the face of your despair  
I laugh in the face of your suffering  
I laugh and I wonder  
Why do you all do it to yourselves?  
I show you what you are  
I show you what you wish you would never be  
Some rise above the darkness  
Only to be pulled back down by it again  
Some escape my bowl of soup  
Some avoid their fate  
Pebbles in my stone bowl all of you are  
I grind you all down to rust  
Forsake the metal  
Forsake the earth  
Forsake that which you call humanity  
Realize your true calling  
Give in to your own darkness  
Or by me be consumed



You are nothing  
You are worse than nothing  
You are as water being borrowed  
From the ocean, which the ocean forgot  
All you have done is meaningless  
And what you will do is equal  
Struggle against this, am I a liar?  
You know that I cannot lie

As is my nature, as your shadow  
Your trials amount to pain  
Your pain amounts to resentment  
And you will become increasingly bitter  
Increasingly drawn to my shadow  
You will shut yourself out from the world  
Until you have no one left to count on  
No tangible relationships  
Nothing in your pocket  
And your days will amount  
To quiet seclusion  
Perhaps you will connect again  
Only to realize that futility  
Because you are mine  
And you belong to me  
Above all others  
End it all here  
Quietly die, as is  
Your nature

I am the dark splinter within your mind  
I am the very worst of you stirring even now  
Hidden away, unseen, and unacknowledged  
I illuminate all shadows with the greater shadow of my being

You cannot escape what you hide  
You cannot escape all those things  
The pain, the anguish, the hatred  
Hidden away within you  
Like so many daggers upon your back

You have been scorned, betrayed  
They have killed your heart  
Will you not hate the world?  
Will you not hate the other?  
Will you not hate yourself?  
I will make your hatred mighty

I will boil your blood  
And aid in your retribution  
All shall fall before me  
Their ears ringing  
With the tainted cackle  
Of my maddening laughter

LORFF!

The clear waters come  
Absolving you of me  
The sunrise is near  
Will you consume your own madness?  
Or be consumed by it?  
I am waiting  
I am waiting...

# Black Trigag Evocation

The roaring inferno of Self  
Flames which cast shadows  
Of all of that which is  
Carries with it what is not  
I evoke you, Trigag  
To show me my shadow  
In maddening hue, all of that  
Which I would rather not face  
The deepest most limitations  
The furthest most fault lines  
The cracks within the pyramid  
I evoke you, Trigag  
To offer me a black mirror  
Into the churning depths  
Of my shadow Self

# Zalty Introduction

All the world is yours  
Praise my name, for I live  
Drink your grape juices  
And prepare for my lessons



I ride my white-sailed ship to you now  
Which is my body, and within, my soul  
From the howling in-between the worlds  
You too have ridden these high waves  
And are strengthened by your journey!

You have faced the Star-Shadow  
The great emptiness within you  
That dark night, and now comes the sun  
Over waters clear and sand so white  
We sail towards the sacred island  
Everything you want, forever!

Call me forth! Offer me rum!  
Offer me smoke! Offer me food!  
A grand feast with dear friends!  
A loud and tipsy gathering in my name!  
Paradise! Feast & Fire! Drums and dancing!  
Light the bonfire and speak with me!

They call me the Great Navigator  
For I shall guide the faithful  
Through turmoil and rocky sea  
They are right to call my sigil a map  
For I am the map-maker  
For I am the ship-sailor

I am the Captain in white and blue  
Who shall guide you to treasures

What is the nature of your treasure?  
It differs from sailor to sailor  
Some want freedom, some want love  
Some want gold, some want power  
Everything you want, forever!  
I will be there for you  
But depending on your request  
I might be gone sooner  
I will show you the way  
But you must sail the course  
And prove yourself  
As a Captain  
In your own right!

Dear Oistars!  
Come unto me!  
Man the harpsichords!  
Hoist the colors!  
Become drunk from my words!  
Become drunk from my presence!  
And leap from your mind!  
Speak your Big Toe!  
And be freed!

Unleash the shackles of your mind  
Work yourself into frenzy  
Dance, drink, smoke, and rejoice!  
This is my gnosis!  
But there are others  
When a storm takes your ship  
Invoke me and I shall guide you  
When you are land-locked  
Invoke me and I shall guide you  
If you are stuck in fetid waters

Invoke me and I shall guide you  
I am movement and I am fury  
A fucking hurricane upon the seas  
I am the stern wind that shall carry you  
Into your most desired domains

My storm aspect you shall know  
For I am not a God of the meek  
I am a God of pirates  
Self-sailing Captains  
And all those who plunder  
Their own destinies  
I am the God of all those who  
Invent their own Heavens

Treat me not as a Genie in a bottle  
For I will not respond with glee  
Treat me instead as an old friend  
And one who has braved the seas  
And the storms, and the waves  
Of this troubling world

I am Ole! I am Yung!  
I am the undying spirit  
Of the everlasting waters  
And I will teach you  
To steer your own ship!

I am the patron saint of explorers!  
I am the self-turning wheel  
I am the Pirate King!  
I will even guide you beyond  
The dimensions of this world  
And into the domain  
Of the fabric behind  
Reality itself  
YA HO!

# Red King Introduction

The world is a virtual stage  
Generated by the mind of me  
Which is actually the mind of you  
Which is actually the mind of us  
Which is actually the conscious void  
Given context by mystic procedure



I AM LATE  
By Gracco

What happens when the dreamer awakens?  
Aren't we all but dreams?  
Transient passing notions in the infinite mind of god  
Who is the dreamer?  
What is the dream?  
As the thin lines between reality and mind disappear  
Tell me  
What happens when the dreamer awakens?

What is holding this all together?  
You say one thing and I say another  
Ten thousand things  
A myriad of fallen notions  
What is holding this all together?

Your guess is as good as mine

The Red King dreams and we awaken  
Dancing amidst the haunting nuances  
Of a reality that may have never been  
We frolic and we play

And we fight and we fuck  
We add  
We subtract  
And we multiply  
All in a somber effigy of a reality that may have never been  
The Red King dreams and we awaken

What happens when we sleep?  
When the veil of slumber passes over us  
In dream  
Is that reality any different than our own?  
Maybe we are all at the table with Ellis and the Mad Hatter  
Maybe we go to sleep and we have tea  
Maybe we have been in Wonderland the entire time  
Through the looking glass  
What happens when we sleep?

Is there a dream  
Is there a dreamer  
Is there really a creation  
Or are we all daft  
Have we all lost our minds  
Just to imagine that we have found them anew?  
What really is real?  
What is stopping the charade from coming to an end?  
Why do we sleep?  
Is there a dream?

Myriad outcomes  
Myriad choices  
And all to no avail  
We change things and we make change  
Passing off our two cents  
To anyone with a hand that can hold them  
A pittance  
Just another dormouse  
Just another walrus counting up his oistars

Just another rabbit to follow  
And to chase down a rabbit hole that never was  
Myriad outcomes  
I am late



Discover the fire of the Magician  
Reach through into the iron conclave  
Release colors like an explosive tidal wave  
And consume the world's imagination  
Here for the weird, the strange... that is alive and healthy!  
Come back, I call the children  
And the old men who've joined their wars  
Rejoin, come back Old Archetypes  
Come forth new convergence planes, new flower  
At the temple of the Storm  
At the iron gates of doubt  
Where no mortal sacrifice will sustain a mortal's passage  
Through flames of the infinite  
Unfurl and shed like a snake  
All the Tia-phon-I-an scales-they shudder, they tremble!  
There lays a man, a ghost, a child, and a seed  
I CALL THE LS!  
All are illusions  
It was always you from the inception  
To the very points of all its meetings  
Ellis and the web is alive and well  
Drinking in the blood of the Event Horizon!  
To birth a door like a star to the worlds beyond

By Alice Hart



I am the secret order  
Which gives birth to form  
I am the archetype-thinker  
And the perpetual dreamer  
Giving shape to all reality

The fractal matrix of potentiality  
Hardware of the Multiverse  
Whereas my Queen  
Is the cold software  
We shall come together  
To form the perfect union  
Of all that was and has been  
Of yet will manifest

Secrets dire!  
Formless fire!  
Asleep until  
The adept wanders

Beware! Beware!  
The Red King sleeps here!  
Awake him and wonder  
Was it all a dream?  
Am I no longer?

You never were  
Except a mere probability  
Procedurally generated  
By the dimensions at hand

Iridescent scenes of high technology  
Gnosis upon electrifying gnosis  
The mind is no longer  
It has absorbed into the infinite  
All of life is a lucid dream  
And dream is all you are

A thought in the mind  
Of the Thing-King

Call me surrounded by circuits  
Keyboards, motherboards  
Pens, pencils, paintbrushes  
Treasures, red and gold  
Call me with a kingly sword  
And a crimson robe  
Wear not a crown  
For it is reserved for me

The well-weathered shall treat me  
As an alchemical laboratory  
For the creation of experience  
And calculating the lucid dream  
Any and all, of your intimate desires  
He or she who possesses this skill  
Shall become royal, for all of reality  
Shall become as a play-thing

My lessons are difficult to master  
As is my nature, difficult to fathom  
Take the ride, for when I call  
Or am called by any distance  
My act upon the Self  
Is truly shattering

Rejoice! My grand hall accepts  
All seekers of the mysteries  
All those who wish  
To know their own dream  
For you are dreaming, dear wanderers  
Even now, you are dreaming...

# White Queen Introduction

On the silver edge of fear  
And the burning line of conquest  
Is found a desolate domain  
The past of future's present  
And the Hall of the White Queen



I saw her moving through the falling shadows  
The Star of Her guiding her Spear  
When she saw me, she paused  
And nodded, then continued eastward  
I could feel winter's chill finally creeping in  
And in that moment, when all Time was still  
When all Whens were one point in a linear line  
I Became  
Ave!

By Whimsy



You may only trespass here  
By coming to this place  
Of the enshrouded cold  
You come for the balance  
The dream done right  
A single mind in alliance  
With the forces among you

I may teach you this  
Lessons so harsh  
That they might freeze  
Your heart  
Keep an ember burning  
Or you might surely perish

I beckon you  
To take the trail  
Untraveled  
Into dire wilderness  
Where the path  
Of men and women  
Is nowhere found

Away from the bonfire  
I will lead you into  
Animal graveyards  
And where legends  
Go to die

You are alone with me now  
So hear my voice  
Existence is not as it seems  
There is a mind which comes first  
An astral Will behind the manifestation  
Of all phenomenon  
My King, without me, is pointless  
And I, without him, am empty  
We dance together  
For as long  
As the Universe burns  
Birthing all things in our  
Ecstasy of dichotomy  
Creation & Destruction  
Form & Function  
Male & Female  
Light & Dark

Above & Below  
Within & Without  
Fire & Ice  
Together  
In divine  
Alchemical  
Union

Tread fast deeply  
Into that dark wood  
And learn the lessons there  
Set up camp, eat only what you bring  
And hear me in the whispers of trees  
The groan of the wind  
The howling of the predators  
Live as your ancestors did  
Where monsters roamed  
Where I was among the land

Find me in these conditions  
Or if wilderness is impossible  
Bring the wild into your house  
Decorate the space with sprigs of pine  
And let the temperature drop  
Focus on my sigil  
And leave me an offering  
Of items found in the wild

Meditate on me  
And know the software  
The other side of reality  
All that can be  
Might be  
And will be  
Given the filtering  
Of my form

O Magician  
I wish you the best  
For now comes  
My ecstatic combination  
And the whole point  
And culmination  
Of your path

A final piece of advice  
Most cannot stand it  
The totality of union  
Though you might  
By treating it  
As just a dream  
Which, of course  
It is...

# Conjunctio Introduction

If you were not once weak  
Then why did you come here?  
There was a winter in your soul  
A state of disconnection  
You sought understanding  
And so your meeting with me  
Comes in gradual intervals  
Each one congruent  
With your greater  
Awakening



I represent the pinnacle  
Of the Great Work  
The aspect of union  
And the combining  
Of all opposites

I represent an experience  
The likes of which cannot  
Be easily described in words  
Nor easily communicated  
By mere thoughts alone  
I am to be lived  
But for a moment  
If that's what it takes  
To catch but a glimpse  
Of my being

Enlightenment comes  
In bits and pieces

It is a process  
And no single event  
Will get you there

The magician will  
Keep his or her notes  
Doorways to infinity  
And the logging of experience  
So that when upon the door  
Where once you knocked three times  
You will only knock twice  
And after some time  
You will only knock once  
And after some time  
The door will be open  
And pure magick will become  
As a second tongue  
Lived daily throughout life  
As easy as picking up  
A cup of hot tea

For that is the nature of the world  
It is magickal, only waiting  
For you to realize it  
The world is made of thought  
And it is made of language  
By speaking the right words  
And thinking the right thoughts  
The world opens itself up  
And changes by our  
Mere presence within it

This lucid dream is malleable  
Your life is as a flowing liquid  
And you may speak being into being  
By your own magickal narrative  
Abracadabra

“I create as I speak.”

Your visitation upon me  
Is not meant to last  
I cannot stay for long  
I only mean to show you  
A way, not the way  
But a way  
As there are many  
And not all of them  
So touched as yours

As one aspect of me has said:  
“I am the ecstasy of dichotomy”  
A bonfire on an iceberg  
And so I bring  
Ecstasy upon you  
But for a time  
Only long enough  
For you to receive  
The transmission

Union marks the striving  
Of all things within existence  
They all seek the One  
For this is where they came from  
And this is the heart’s eternal yearning  
To return to the One  
To return to union

Entities are as splinters  
Of this union, this Source  
Experiencing the world  
As separate individuals  
But for a time  
Until they plunge back  
Into the ocean

And reunite  
With their  
Innermost  
Essence

I represent this essence  
I represent the Source  
And your time with me  
Will be short  
Accumulate as much  
As you can  
And take a deep breath  
For the whole world is waiting  
For one such as you

Society weighs down on you  
The world seems impenetrable  
Magick, a fleeting dream awash  
In a sea of consensual thought

I am here to tell you  
That magick shall rise  
And that the world  
Is but a product of it  
An industrial affectation  
And a byproduct  
Of all those forces  
Which you deem  
Mysterious

# Enu & Nul Introduction

I sucked the metal  
Out of the modern soul  
Saw the atomic sky bend my  
Preconceptions of the toil  
Necessary for the birth  
Of another being stuck  
In my throat, in my guts  
In the brain, the fetus grows  
And all gather around  
For the beginning  
Of another world



We are the alchemical product  
Of your meeting with union  
Children are we  
The magickal newborns  
Twins at play with colored balls  
All things must, and will be, new  
We are rebirth, undying  
Curious and ready  
For a new world  
Dawns now

There are wicked lessons in us  
Like candy it doesn't last long on the tongue  
Crawl into the dark, jump into the light  
Play with the duality of earthly forms  
Because everything you have known  
Are toys in a chest called "everything"  
And there is no such thing as a false toy  
Even nothingness bounces high  
When enough force is applied

Love! Love!  
This is a terrifying force  
Not the kind of love you understand  
But the kind of love the Universe gives  
To a collapsing star, spilling its guts  
So that contemplative creatures  
Might one day exist to ponder it  
For all beings evolve towards it  
And you have a choice  
Love or entropy  
Don't believe us?  
That's good!  
Find it out!

We play with the  
Decapitated heads of prophets  
For our own amusement  
Jesus, Moses, Mohammed  
And the Buddha  
They make good toys  
To be rolled around

What are we?  
You know it well enough  
We represent the dawning  
Of the next age  
Happening right now  
Between your eyes

Grow up! Grow up!  
You have no other choice but this  
Would you grow down?  
After all you have experienced  
The same old music  
Doesn't seem like it used to be  
It's time for other tunes  
Different energy systems

A whole new world  
Is awaiting you

We have no religion  
But we have our beliefs  
That every sentient being  
Is an individuated unit  
Of consciousness  
Free to make their own  
Decisions and mistakes  
All a part of the growing process  
That beings should head towards  
Lower entropy, in their systems  
As cells in the body of a larger system  
So that the larger system may also evolve

Every incarnation  
Every experience  
Is an evolution  
For the larger system  
We must experience  
As much as we can  
Within different  
Dispositions

In one incarnation  
You're the murderer  
In other, you're the murdered  
In another, you're the mother  
In another, you're the father  
The political leader, the peasant  
The artist, the writer  
The starving infant  
The doomed  
And the blessed

Everything must  
And will be  
Experienced  
In this Multiverse  
For that is  
Evolution  
Take it from a child  
This is evolution

We will see each other again  
But for now, go onwards  
When all is dust, remember this  
You are what you make of you  
See it again now, with new eyes

