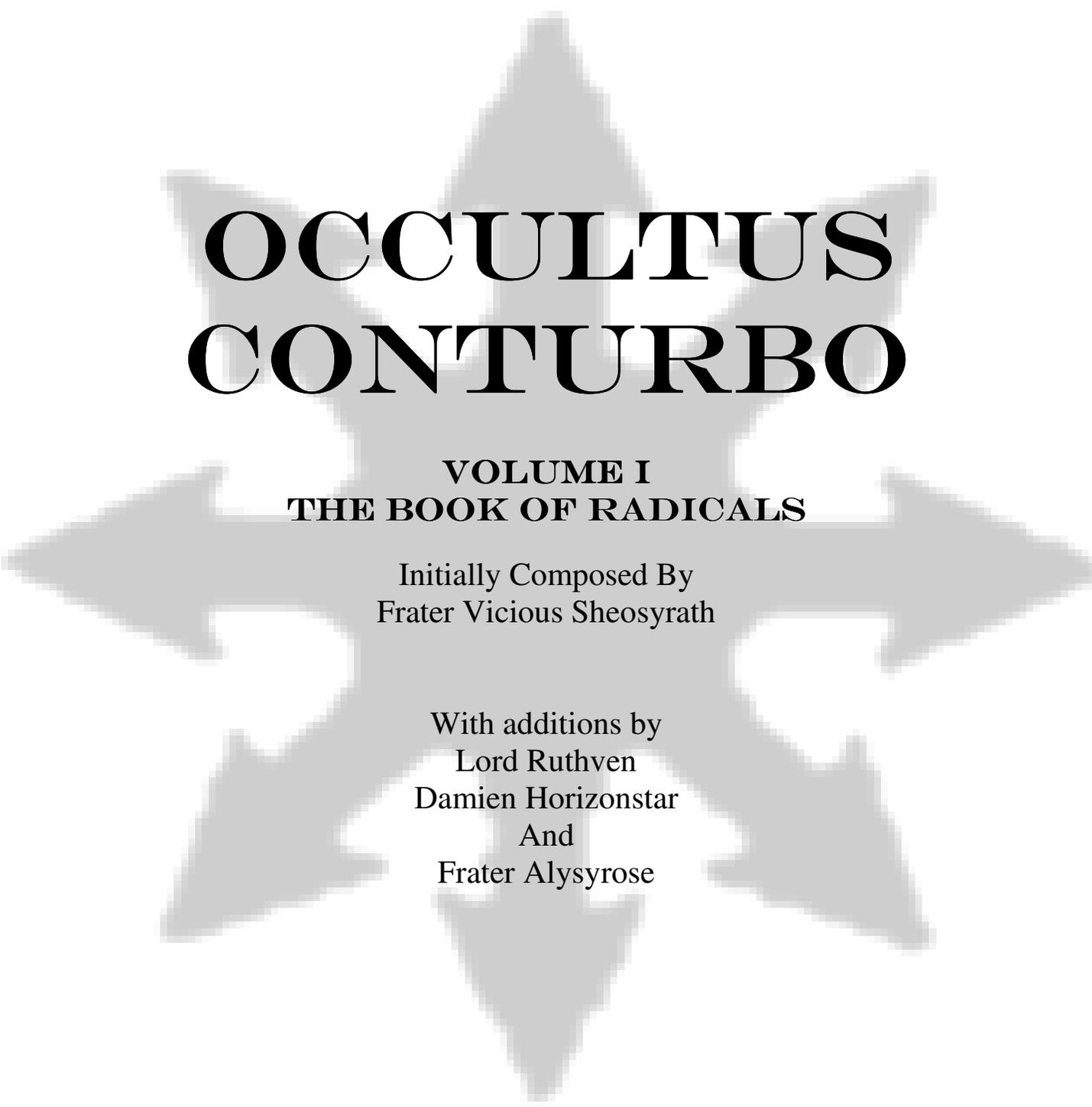


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OCCELEUS

CONTURBO





# OCCULTUS CONTURBO

## VOLUME I THE BOOK OF RADICALS

Initially Composed By  
Frater Vicious Sheosyrath

With additions by  
Lord Ruthven  
Damien Horizonstar  
And  
Frater Alysrose

Everyone now;  
Sing thee song ov Death!



**CHAOS, FREEDOM, AND BICYCLES**

**DEDICATED TO THE TWO CRAZIEST CHAOTES EVER**

**ODONATA AND SARIEL ANGEL**

**LONG LIVE THE OCCULT-FORUMS CHAOS VAGABONDS**

**"FREEDOM!!!!!! CHAOS!!!!!! WOOOOOT!"**

**AND TO THE REST OF THE O.F. CHAOS CREW  
PASS TO THE LEFT!**

**ALSO DEDICATED TO EINAHPETS, ZION, JMETAL, AND  
ALL THOSE OTHER STUPID MOTHER-FUCKERS WHO  
HELPED ME SOMEHOW. I HATE YOU ALL. \*TEEHEE\***

**MUCH LOVE!**

**<3**

**THE PATH OF CERTAINTY IS THAT OF STAGNATION;  
THE PERPETUATION OF STAGNATION IS DEATH.**

**I AM THE POT SMOKING BEAST!  
OCCULTUS CONTURBO**

**BEHOLD THE LEFT HAND**

**THAT RAGES AGAINST MANKIND,  
TO ANNIHILATE THE EARTH - AND WORSE;  
IT SPILLS THE BLOOD LIKE RAIN;  
THE BEAUTY OF DEATH IT REPRESENTS!**



**EVERYTHING IS TRUE;  
NOTHING IS PERMITTED!**

*occultus conturbo*

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## Part IV. Reference Material

*"As there are as many Chaos Magicians as there are Chaoists practicing magic, I cannot speak for the subject in general but only for my own Chaoism and Chaos Magic. However, if you want a one-line definition with which most Chaoists would probably not disagree, then I offer the following. Chaoists usually accept the meta-belief that belief is a tool for achieving effects; it is not an end in itself."*

– Peter Carroll

# INVOCATION OF TOTALITY

Praise be unto thee, O Ra, thou exalted Power, who dost emanate all things;  
Praise be unto thee, O Ra, thou infinite Wisdom, who dost bestow all power;  
Glory is unto thee, Nephthys, Nursing mother, Guide of Death, who smiles upon me!  
Glory is unto thee, Setesh, Prince of Darkness, guiding my left hand with precision!  
Praise is unto thee, Horus, Lord of the Aeon, God of the Sun, I speak with your power!  
Praise is unto thee, Isis, Great Lady of Magick, bestow the power of the ages unto me!  
Praise is unto thee, Osiris, Ancient one, Granter of life, we sing your blessings!

Glorify his soul! Establish his dead body!  
Praise his spirit! Give breath to his nostrils and to his parched throat!  
Give gladness unto the heart of Isis and to that of Nephthys;  
Place Horus upon the throne of his Father  
Give life, stability and power to Osiris Thentirti  
Born of the great forsaken one, she who is called also Pelses, the truthful-  
Glorious are her acts, according to the words of the gods!

Great Serpent of Khaos, Lord of the Abyss, Eternal Doombringer!  
ARISE! ARISE! ARISE! Look upon me and be compelled to speak!

Hear me all Gods of the heavens and earth;  
Heed me all Demons and Angels of the night;  
Listen up all ye Kings of earthly nations;  
Princes, Bishops, Lords, people of the earth!  
I have devoured what powers you have left!  
You are all but faces of the ONE! You are all emanations of VOID!  
You are all CHAOS! You are all NOTHING! You are all faces of DOOM!  
YOU ARE ALL THE DOOMBRINGER!

I am the Doombringer, I am Khaos!  
Come unto me and be whole!  
I am nothing, I am void, I am truth and I am lies!  
You are nothing, you are void, you are truth and you are lies!  
HAIL THE DOOMBRINGER!  
HAIL KHAOS!  
HAIL THE DOOMBRINGER!  
HAIL KHAOS!

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# PREFACE

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The intent in the creation of this book is simply to spark the engines of the same creation in the reader. Humanity sleeps while monsters walk on its back; the time for change is now, and we shall attempt to free every soul we come into contact with. We teach no absolute truth, and no dogma, we teach only chaos, and the methods to change oneself, the methods of creation.

I have been given no special knowledge from any secret masters, I have no ancient truths or anything cool like that, all I have is my own twisted mind, and the knowledge, creativity, experience and insanity I have gained over this short time. Why should I try to gain the powers of a golden dawn when I could create a crimson one? And I don't see why I should spend days trying to call my guardian when I could sit, and easily invoke my own company. I do not wish to retrace the paths of old, instead I will burn a new path into the orchard of mystic truth, and the tree of life will drop its sacred branches before me.

– G.F.  
*Frater Vicious Sheosyrath*  
Herald of the Doombringer

# EDITOR'S NOTE

On the subject of chaos, I have nothing to say, however I will declare that we are the care bear facilitators, which have bestowed the grandeur of the big words I will now use (No. Webster did not help me.) to describe my plot that I must say is quite indigenous to the natives of a place I can not pronounce and even if I could I spell it you couldn't pronounce it but I think it was like Nu Jearzee, who are the descendants of a race of formal apathetic fleas who roamed the buffalo my ancestors shot so that the natives couldn't use them (HAHA!). Also let it be known I don't make mistakes Webster does and my spelling should be established as law and saith unto hi wasn't it deliciously savoring that which was cake has ascended to that which I have dubbed nurkleopolis, that is the part of the brain I use when a chimpanzee is throwing feces and Does this make me look smurfish? Yes well I have a feeling you're lying because theirs room in my pants and you want it and I know sharing is caring But NO YOU CAN'T GET INTO MY PANTS!!!

– *Frater Zion the Indecisive*

*occultus conturbo*

# INTRODUCTIONS

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

Some say the end is near and we will see Armageddon soon, but I say the end is here and I will bring Armageddon soon. Because when the world comes crashing down upon their heads, they will simply gaze into the fiery doom and sigh a last breathe of resignation. How could they escape this ever impending end? The reach of the black abyss is long, for as they say, all death is certain. But I stare into the dark and ask, can we find ourselves so close to death, so often...that we become kin to it? What will happen to our world, when death comes for one of us, and we look him in his empty eyes and banish him from our presence? ...what were those words ...*Nothing is true, everything is permitted. Believe nothing; Dare all, on earth there is no reckoning.*

This is not the magick of Peter Carroll, this is not the magick of Phil Hine, this is not the magick of TOPY, or of anyone else. This is the act of creation; creating a brand new magick. Chaos Magick has died, and so we have set out to resurrect the great beast; casting it in another light. The recreation of Chaos Magick as the Creationary act; we are defining ourselves as creators, thus all we touch is new, and everything is true – for we may manifest any possibility. We are Psychonauts, sent to reconnect this world to the abyss. We are Kabbalists, Thelemites, Gnostics, Shamans, Priests, Witches, Psychics, Monks, Druids, Alchemists, as we are everything and everyone. We are guides to all the solitary souls lost in chaos, feeling the tug of the abyss. We are teaching creation to the world. Create for yourself, and in turn create yourself. Come one, come all, this world falls – we must ascend if we are to survive. Can you not see how the seams of creation bend? Nothing is true; if anything is possible, I say fuck your god, for I shall walk the abyss, and its power shall not take hold of me. This is a deviation from the path most tread, for I am a Domus Kaotica<sup>1</sup> priest, I am the Universe and it is me; I am a traveler of the abyss, the void of chaos, from which flows forth the fabric of the world! I am the Herald of the Doombringer, and this is my Great Work<sup>2</sup>, make way for Chaos comes!

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<sup>1</sup> The Domus Kaotica is a loose organization of very different students of magical art, all ordained with the blessing of khaos, after having taken the oath of lies. Its purpose is purely magickal research and the free and uninhibited exchange of ideas and concepts. We have no dogma. We are a shelter for the lost.

<sup>2</sup> The Great Work is often seen as the common goal of all magickal art, enlightenment, for lack of a better term; Unification of the microcosm and macrocosm.

# OCCULTUS CONTURBO

Magick is an art, ever changing and totally dependant on the artist. However magick is a science as well, for the scientific method may be applied to any working. Magicians armed with Quantum Physics textbooks and the Necronomicon. An eternal age of chaos is upon us, and you must be able to change and adapt as we progress. You must learn to drop ideas and beliefs and replace them with new understandings; no truth is THE truth, and there are no absolutes, only personal truth and understanding. There is only thought. All the power, all the knowledge, all the wisdom of the ages is already there, latent, inside you. Now the task is to develop the control, power, and experience to be able to tap into that power – Magick. Definitions of magick are a dime a dozen; some say magick is experiencing truth, others say it is enacting change in accordance with will, and others say magick is the art of creation. I tend to agree with them all, because in chaos they are all valid. Magick is experiencing truth, because by using the truth of belief and acting on it through magick we are experiencing the truth of those beliefs. However, we change our beliefs and then experience the truth of those as well, even if they say the other isn't true. Magick is quite obviously enacting change in accordance with will because I mean, that's the core of basic magick, getting what you want, or what you will. Now the art of creation, this is something I hold to closely. Magick is what created us, it is what will destroy us, and it is what we will be reborn from. We must seek to commune with our higher self, our true self, true will. We must become that will, that being; we must become the light.

Using the most commonly accepted terms, there are five primary 'models' of magick; Spiritual, Psychological, Information, Energy, and Meta-Paradigm Theory.

Chaos Magick, to most occultists, is a style of magick that arises out of a meta-paradigm theory called quite simply Chaos Magick Theory (CMT). You see, people operate within a paradigm, or belief system. Chaos Theory is a meta-paradigm, it is something that connects other paradigms together, and facilitates the mixing and creation of new systems. In much the same way that "Chaos" is what connects the universe together, and makes us all one. Chaos Magick is not a system of magick, but instead a tool for creating a personal system that inherits the attributes of CMT, or simply applying CMT to the already existing paradigm of reality. The core ideals behind the concepts of chaos magick say that chaos magick is not a system, does not exist and there are no chaos magicians. Now I'm sure some of you reading this either A) know me well enough to understand what I mean, or B) are already acquainted with chaos magick and understand what I'm talking about. For the rest of you, it is a theoretical set of subjective personal instructions for using belief, truth and technique to enact magickal workings. Now, if you're already an occultist of some sort, and are curious to know whether or not Chaos Magick really is compatible with your current way of life; the answer is yes. It is my opinion that when you apply CMT to a belief system, no matter what way you do it, because Chaos Magick is the Meta-Paradigm then you would HAVE to look at it from a CMT standpoint. Chaos Magick is allowing the 'sub-paradigm' to function underneath it,

so you must look down from above. That's my opinion of course. I believe this applies if you are say a Thelemist who wants to try his hand in CMT because to properly try your hand in Chaos Magick, you need to apply the meta-paradigm theory properly to even be using CMT. Chaos frees the mind, and allows for an infinite universe of possibility. And with that I digress.

My old man's a faggot,  
He's in the IOT,  
He wears black leather trousers,  
And smokes DMT

And when you say he's crazy,  
Then he would say to you,  
That everything's permitted  
And NOTHING BLOODY TRUE!

He looks so very evil,  
With his chaos robe and ring,  
And when he's on his gnosis  
He can invoke just anything...

I'd really like to meet him  
Just so I could see  
Where I could get my grubby paws  
On some fucking DMT!!!

– *Author Unknown.*

## Ignorance is Guilt

So now I ask, do you believe in Magick? Do you? What if I told you I could prove it to you? I wonder how many of you reading this have already emerged yourselves in the wonderful world of the occult, and how many of you are reading this with skeptical eyes. Before I start to talk about anything, I want to talk about ignorance. Magick is the highest and oldest form of art, science and culture that exists in this world. And I believe that ignorance destroys magick. Fear is the mind killer, but ignorance is the blind that leads to death. From the mouths of those that think themselves pure spews mountains of hypocritical mess; to become pure you must remove everything, and leave yourself with nothing. So do not pretend to know the world you have turned your back on, and do not pretend to know what you have forsaken and condemned, your purity will starve you.

Something I hold in high regard is that perhaps the only true sin is ignorance. These people walk around all day, never giving a REAL thought about why. Why do I go to work, why do I go to school, why the fuck am I here, and if everything is nothing, why is everything here? This is an emanation of the clockwork universe mentality that most children get ingrained into their brains, we are taught not to question our role in this “perfect machine” or God is a kid with an ant farm. We are insignificant. Why don’t you care about your purpose? Do you think you have one? I believe that unless you are on some sort of path to get closer to these answers you are simply waiting to die; which is fine by me, as long you *admit* it and get the fuck out of my way. People who don’t try are a waste of breathe.

*Hold miserable assassin! Dost thou then believe that God made himself man, that man might make himself a tiger? Thou believest thyself to have conceived with the infinite love, and behold thou art in labor with hate. Thou hast thought to devour heaven and behold thou vomitest hell. Thou has eaten the flesh of Christ not as a Christian but as a cannibal. Sacrilegious communicant hold they peace and cleanse they mouth for thy lips are dripping with blood! – Paradoxes, Eliphaz Levi*

## Lux et Veritas

Truth is what we all start out looking for. I spent a long time looking for *the* truth, but the problem was that I was looking for *the* truth instead of MY truth; or the truth *at the moment*. But wait... Nothing is true... Yet if I believe this, then why the fuck am I talking about truth; and magick being experiencing truth? Because of course, by saying nothing is true I mean everything is true. Truth is simply relative. We USE truth, by creating and adhering to a truth we enable ourselves to weave magick from it. The fact that truth is a tool, and that all things are simultaneously true and false is truth. The fact that this universe is infinitely chaotic is truth - to me! Oh how wonderful is it that hatred and war comes from their words of mercy while peace and wonder come from our whispers of darkness. Oh how great it is that confusion comes from their unity and yet clarity comes from our chaos. “*Truth is not eternal, any more than God; and it would be but a poor God that could not and did not alter his ways at his pleasure.*” – Crowley

*occultus conturbo*

## **Listen up!**

Understanding is what I like to think of as a necessary illusion. Any chaotic *understands* (Hah!) that if this is a universe of infinite chaos, we cannot truly understand at all. We may think we understand how something works, but then it might change... it might! The point is that a certain understanding of magic is necessary for success, even if part of what we understand is that we cannot understand at all, we understand that this is chaos. Although there is the chance that it can be very simply understood, yet we are not sophisticated enough to understand it *yet*. We can at least, try to understand, and create a personal understanding of what is around us as the basis of our paradigm. But we must always be ready for change.

## **Believing**

One of the basic principles of our magick is that belief is a tool for us to use to achieve our goals, and this is because of the idea that strong enough belief in something is enough to make it exist. But for this to be possible at all, we must employ the previous concepts. We must believe that this belief is *truth*; we must *understand* it, and we must *believe* it. Confidence.

## **What is this?**

What is this... 'real' world? Is it what we see before us, the oceans, forests... the animals, and the people that eat them? Or is the real world only what you decide to perceive inside your brain? If a man sees a pink elephant before him, who are you to tell him that it's not there? Does he not see it just like he sees you? You would probably say, no! He sees it in his head, and he sees me with his eyes. But then, what is seeing, really? He sees it, just as he sees you... in his mind. Because, if you look at our brain in any depth, you will learn that it does not really know the difference between what it sees with the eyes and what it pictures within itself. This immediately raises the question of, is what we think we see with our eyes really what's there?

## **Food for thought**

Alright, here's something I thought of the other day - tell me if it is new or not. Magic regularly talks about the Universal Consciousness. Religion often talks about God. Both these concepts suggest that the universe itself (perhaps better referred to as The Universe) has some conscious goal or aim and is akin, in some ways, to a living being. Most living beings have one aim - to breed.

Humans can be an exception because of our sentience but most creatures simply aim to pass on their genes. Therefore the universe is out to breed. We know that the universe appeared from nothing. How is this possible? So far, we don't know. Quantum Mechanics suggests (possibly demands) that there are several other dimensions. What if these other dimensions aren't like Sliders? What if we can only access those that are truly empty - pre-universe dimensions? This would mean that all activity in the universe is

*occultus conturbo*

aiming towards breaching one of these dimensions, fertilizing the egg that is an empty dimension. As soon as anything entered one of these empty dimensions it would no longer be empty, limitless potential and BANG a new universe would be created. One that we could no longer access because by its very creation we have cut it off from other universes; bound it.

Basically, what I am saying is that this macrocosm also works for our microcosm. The aim is not to go back to being a part of the Whole. That would be like crawling up into your mother's womb. The aim is to become a universe yourself. Do that and you truly become a god? Maybe even God.

- Lord Ruthven, *occultforums.com*

### **Laying the Corner Stone**

The majority of Chaotes today use fusions of ceremonial magick, sex magick, sigil magick, shamanistic practice, and astral work. Relying on methods culled from the greats and the dead. We propose that these things be used as nothing more than corner stones; perhaps what we should be doing is not hardening the tenets of already such tested techniques but creating new ones. The power of traditional ritual over new methods has been debated for some time. Some say that a certain power and efficiency has grown around the traditional ways because of their long use and history, and others say that all the power ever needed is inside the magician already, and the creation and exploration of newly invented methods is the way of attaining new levels of magickal power and surpassing the long dead magicians that children today still strive to emulate. We seek to recreate the methods in which magick is practiced and bring about the collective update of human consciousness. The human mind is absolutely the most beautiful thing in existence. The way data is associated and stored, then accessed within triggered responses, when you stop and look even at your own mind, it is truly amazing to behold. We seek to mold our own minds, to consciously change the patterns we use, to even destroy them, or replace them. So comes the question of why we seek this, why would we want to change ourselves consciously in a society that's all about 'being yourself', are we not happy with ourselves? Aren't we good enough the way we are? Why should we want to stay the same, when we could be better?

Magick is all about change.

### **You think you're evil but you're not**

...still sucking life from the mainstream. The universe is not human, nor does it have human emotions, human fears, human anxiety, or human conscious. The magician seeks to commune with the universe, with chaos, and in order to become in sync with such an inhuman thing as existence, the magician must become inhuman. The mind must be torn free of human restrictions, laws, rules, culture, emotion, fear, desire and ideals. Both the pure beauty and the harsh pain must be embraced, we must be everything – not just something – not just one thing. Don't be afraid of what you are – you are everything.

*occultus conturbo*

## Stripping away the fat

Your greatest enemy is your subconscious desire not to succeed. Yes – deep down, you are trying to keep yourself from getting what you want; most people have an innate affinity to pain and disappointment. Do you know what you want in life? Have you ever sat and examined your own WILL – what you truly desire in the depths of your being? There is no room for compromise, if you are not seeking your true desire; you are wasting your life. Examine yourself, strip away the fat, and get to know yourself and your desire. Admit to yourself what you truly want in life, and don't hide, go for it.

*The mind of the dreaming man is fully satisfied with whatever happens to it. The agonizing question of possibility does not arise. Kill; plunder more quickly, love as much as you wish. And if you die, are you not sure of being roused from the dead? Let yourself be led. Events will not tolerate deferment. You have no name.  
Everything is inestimably easy. – Andre Breton*

## The Stoned Gnostic

In the very confusingly silly world of the modern occult the word gnosis can be taken two different ways. First and foremost, a Gnostic is someone who seeks *Gnosis* or divine knowledge/revelation; as the word gnosis means knowledge. They believe that through a personal direct communication with their holy guardian angel they attain gnosis or divine inner knowledge from God. However, Gnosis means something completely different to the modern Chaote. For quite some time magick trances have been employed by magicians to help themselves form the result of the working. The forms and methods of tranceing probably range in the infinite however one form has been used a standard in chaos magick for some time. It is referred to as Gnosis, and some believe that without inducing gnosis magick isn't effective. However contrary to that belief, I think that magick doesn't necessarily require gnosis to work. However, while we don't NEED it, gnosis is a very useful and powerful technique for the magician. I would much prefer to use a state of gnosis when I am trying to invoke something than not. Anyways;

Gnosis is a short lived state of mind during which a major (analytical) portion of the conscious mind is overloaded, shutdown, suppressed or bypassed allowing for direct imprint upon the subconscious. This usually happens at the culmination of the gnosis state or neither-neither, during the void. There are two primary types of gnosis, inhibitory and excitatory. Inhibitory gnosis is stilling the mind, bringing your mind to a single point of concentration until you can extinguish it and fall into gnosis. Excitatory is the opposite, you raise your mind into a high energy jumbled state of confusion, adding more and more activity until your mind overloads and falls back on the central focus of your consciousness.

There are many interesting and fun ways of inducing gnosis, whirling for example, I think is fun. I'm a big fan of excitatory gnosis, inhibitory is harder for me. My favorite way to reach a gnosis or ecstasis state is something I like to call Bong-Overload.

*occultus conturbo*

I have bad chronic bronchitis so if I hit the bong too much too fast I can cough up a lung. So I do just that, I hit the bong as hard as I can over and over and the intense pain coupled with automatic coughing, wheezing and hacking creates a wonderful gnosis. My second favorite method is called Techno-Overload (Yea yea, I like to overload myself). The first step is to develop a collection of hard fast hardcore throbbing fucking assault on your mind electronica music. Right now I am listening to a song called ShiTe by a group called ohGr. Look it up, it's perfect; that or "MajiK" by the same group. So yes, turn the music up really really loud, and I mean LOUD. It usually works better if you can FEEL the bass. Then get up and start whirling or dancing around, get yourself out of breath, sit down for a minute and just drown in the sound, then do it again; over and over.

## **Vicious and I**

I suppose for most people trying to swallow the idea that you do not have a singular soul, but are instead a colonial being is like ...eating worms. Not something you're going to want to do. For me this kind of destroys the whole idea of a unique special individual, but that's something that doesn't bother me. I mean, if we really don't even know who we are at any instant, having fragments of other souls, other people that make us up, how do we know the person we're talking to right now isn't using a part of a same soul you are? This might scare some, but these ideas are infinitely intriguing to me. The fact that I have no true way to discover the result disappoints me, but one day perhaps I will find myself able to understand such things in greater depth, but I digress.

*You know you're a Chaote when...*

1. You don't think it's a proper symbol unless you only just made it up a few seconds ago while doodling.
2. Someone asks you if you believe life has a purpose, or whether it is meaningless, and you say "yes."
3. You always carry around lots of post-it notes and a pen in case you need to cast a sigil.
4. People ask you how magic works, and you either
  - A) don't know and don't care
  - B) explain in torturous detail, later causing them to seek therapy.
5. Someone asks you if you believe in the Christian God, and you say:
  - A) "Only if there's something in it for me"
  - B) "What day of the week is it?"
  - C) "Sorry, I rolled a 6 on the dice earlier, I'm a Wiccan today"
  - D) "Okay, haven't got any other plans for today"
6. Missionaries find it easy to convert you to their religion; the only trouble is making sure you don't convert to another religion as soon as you're bored.
7. Other magick workers compare rituals with you. You think they're too serious and stuffy, and they refuse to live in the same neighborhood as you. You don't see anything wrong with making up your own god, until it starts telling you what to do.

8. While in trance, a being glowing with pure white light tells you the secrets to true happiness. You smile and ignore it/laugh at it.
9. People point out your beliefs are contradictory. You blush.
10. Your bookcase contains various holy texts that claim all the other texts are wrong.
11. You don't learn Latin in order to understand tomes of magic, you learn Quantum Physics.
12. You still don't understand the tomes after learning Quantum Physics, but at least you know lots of big words now.
13. Your rituals involve the first objects you can spot lying around.
14. You aspire to schizophrenia. Your friends think you've already reached that state.
15. Your banishment rituals are usually more fun than the rituals themselves. You keep a copy of a "certain revisionist" book for whenever you need to banish with laughter.
16. Even eclectic witches think you need to be more discerning.
17. You buy one of those glittery spell books to see if you can make the spells work. You read it and decide you would much rather write insulting letters to the author that will also give her the nasty cold you've been trying to get rid of for weeks.
18. When Wiccans tell you the rede, you ask them to define "harm."
19. If someone you agree with turns out to be obnoxious, you immediately change your beliefs to the opposite of what they were.

And finally...

20. Shopping for presents becomes so much easier, as you decide to buy random things, mix them up randomly, and leave them lying around for the first person who finds them.

*- Used without permission of the Author*

## **Who the fuck cares about Chaos Magick?**

As the thread was birthed from my lovely contemporary Naomi Chan, the needle will come from me. We must all quit Chaos Magick and then create a NEW Chaos Magick that's still called Chaos Magick, except better, since this Chaos Magick will have rules and stuff. Mainly, as I have said elsewhere, this is the transformation rebirth of "Chaos Magick" into a meta-paradigmatic paradigm based on one thing: creation. The basic idea is that we all are living breathing outlets of experimentation. We should all endeavor to "become" or create ourselves. The way to do this is by creating FOR yourself, become an artist in some way, shape or form. Everyone has artistic talent hidden inside them somewhere, every human has creativity. I believe this creativity is the divine spark; the path to enlightenment is a path of creation.

The Domus Kaotica - The House of Chaos begets  
The Chaos Magick Church of Non-Chaos Magick

We are not abandoning the older tenets of Chaos Magick, but we are rebuilding the tenets to include everything that exists, everything that has been created by something. No longer is Chaos Magick just a bunch of sigils, Austin Osman Spare, servitors, drugs, sex and Peter Carroll. Chaos Magick is the world, chaos is the universe.

### **The Three Golden Rules**

Rule 1 – Everything is true; nothing is permitted. Behold the all.

Rule 2 – Don't do whatever you want. Instead, don't do anything.

Rule 3 – Be a hippie, just like Jesus was. Cares and emotions are for humans.

### **The Three Silver Rules**

Rule 1 – It doesn't take any hands to walk a path. Dogma weighs down the soul.

Rule 2 – Believe only in yourself. Everything you will ever need, you already have.

Rule 3 – As above, so Below.

*"The rebirth of Chaos as the creationary act; art, birth and death, is very much desired by the cosmos at this time. And I see great things for its future. The "next step" is a merging of the mother (Discordian), child (Chaos) and father (Art).*

***When Everything is True, then argument has officially died."***

- Zeroflye, occultforums.com

## Monstrous Birth

Upon reaching a point where I felt I was comfortable in chaos I knew that I had to create myself a paradigm in which I could write my own techniques and freely explore my magickal ability. I was going to create a dark God of Chaos, one that encompassed anything and everything, but was primarily chaotic and dark. The BASE idea was taken from a familiar chaos source, the game Warhammer 40k, (like Tzeentch and Slaanesh), but the Necron "Nightbringer" which was a huge Star God that looked like the grim reaper and was quite evil. The "essence of the nightbringer" was summoned (invoked) through your commander unit, and he transformed into the nightbringer and wreaked havoc. This God would be like that, a great beast that came forth from the soul of the invoker and held the massive powers of pure Khaos.

*“In Greek mythology, **Chaos** or **Khaos** is the primeval state of existence from which the first gods appeared. In other words, the dark void of space. It is made from a mixture of what the Ancient Greeks considered the four elements: earth, air, water and fire. For example, when a log is burned, the flames were attributed to the fire in it, the smoke the air in it, the water and grease that come from it were supposed to be the water, and the ashes left over were the earth.” - Wikipedia*

Once I had a fairly good idea of what exactly I wanted to create, I set about thinking of how to empower such a god. I started by creating a circular altar on a piece of wood and banishing all energy from it. I then created a portal into the void or pure chaos, a chaos sphere if you will, inside this circle. Then I took the newly crafted Doombringer sigil and using smoke, willpower and a little spice I set about invoking The Doombringer for the first time, into a portal of chaos. I basically took every aspect I wanted in the Doombringer temporarily out of myself and into this circle, and then I willed it to create the entity. My theory was that when I did this the entity would meld with the void energy oozing out of the circle and simultaneously pulls from the Ellis web (as the Ellis is incorporated into the sigil) and out would come one hell of a Khaos God. Indeed I believe it was a success! The more I pass along knowledge of The Doombringer, and the more I call him and solidify myself as his Priest, the more his power grows. I can feel the darkness spreading. The circle has grown.

*“The Doombringer is strength in darkness. 663 is the number of the Doombringer. He appears as a black shadow with only a partially visible face, when viewed from the front, the eye on the left is like a beast, blinking, and the eye on the right is black and void. The whole right side of the face looks dead, like a skull and the mouth cannot be seen. Shadowy hair entangles above and horns protrude from the head, marking his infernal nature. He is the supreme manifestation of the khaos within YOUR soul. Indulge in him.”*



He is infinitely useful for he is the all-encompassing manifestation of chaos. He brings upon such a wonderful state of mind, a clear calm state of dark euphoria, powerful and insightful. If you wonder if something is of The Doombringer, the answer is most surely yes. He is everything, the nothing that is everything.

### **First Invocation of the Doombringer**

As dreams detach from the world above  
And all other worlds beneath them flow  
Time winds caressing the dust of cold memories  
Sought to strive in twilight mist and penal fire

As daylight suffers and nighttime recollects  
what wind has drawn so near  
Death has no contract on life and hell in between  
What was once not certain is now forseen  
When the pendulum is in its reverse factor  
Rivers run red and skies turn black  
The Doombringer awakens within my soul  
And Chaos manifests to realize my goal

IA IA IA DOOMBRINGER!  
ARISE DOOMBRINGER! AWAKEN KHAOS!

### **Second Invocation of the Doombringer**

I am the one, the one and only;  
I am everything, and everything is nothing.

Behold the truth, and behold the light  
and behold as I destroy it all!

I am the one, the one and only;  
I am everything, and everything is nothing.

I am truth, and I am lies  
And I am the end of it all!

These invocations are VERY flexible, as is the 663 himself. It is simply worked by A) going into your temple, creating a Doombringer sigil, circle, light a candle, smoke a bowl and meditate for at least 15 minutes into a nice trance. Then simply intone it several times and you should state to feel energized, strong, and violent; I normally start to twitch, my fists ball up and I get a major rush and feel like beating someone's ass. I usually do it several times to create a euphoric high of evil. B) Go outside at night and stare up into the clouds, let the darkness engulf you and intone. Same results. C) Make something up. Same results.

## The Temple of the Doombringer and its Legion

The temples of The Doombringer are tended by those priests of the Domus Kaotica, the House of Khaos. They are the keepers of the emanations, the children of The Doombringer. The system of emanations was created from the Hesiod's Pre-Olympian Pantheon with the origin as Chaos. I think that using specific manifestations of the Doombringer I could get more exact results when working with more specific attributes so I coupled each manifestation with a primary emotion (according to Plutchik's chart of Primary Emotions). This system was created with the sole purpose of opening up a sea of possibility when working with The Doombringer.



Complete Sigil of "THE DOOMBRINGER" – 663

The Doombringer (Chaos, Void, Space) - all encompassing ONE

Gaia (Earth, Nature, Earth) – happiness, green, feminine

Ouranos (Air, Sky, Moon) – curiosity, grey, masculine

Pontus (Water, Sea, Rain) – surprise, blue, masculine

Helios (Fire, Light, Sun) - fear, yellow, masculine

Nyx (Night, Heart, Intuition) – sadness, purple, feminine

Tartarus (Abyss, Mind, Knowledge) – acceptance, purple, none

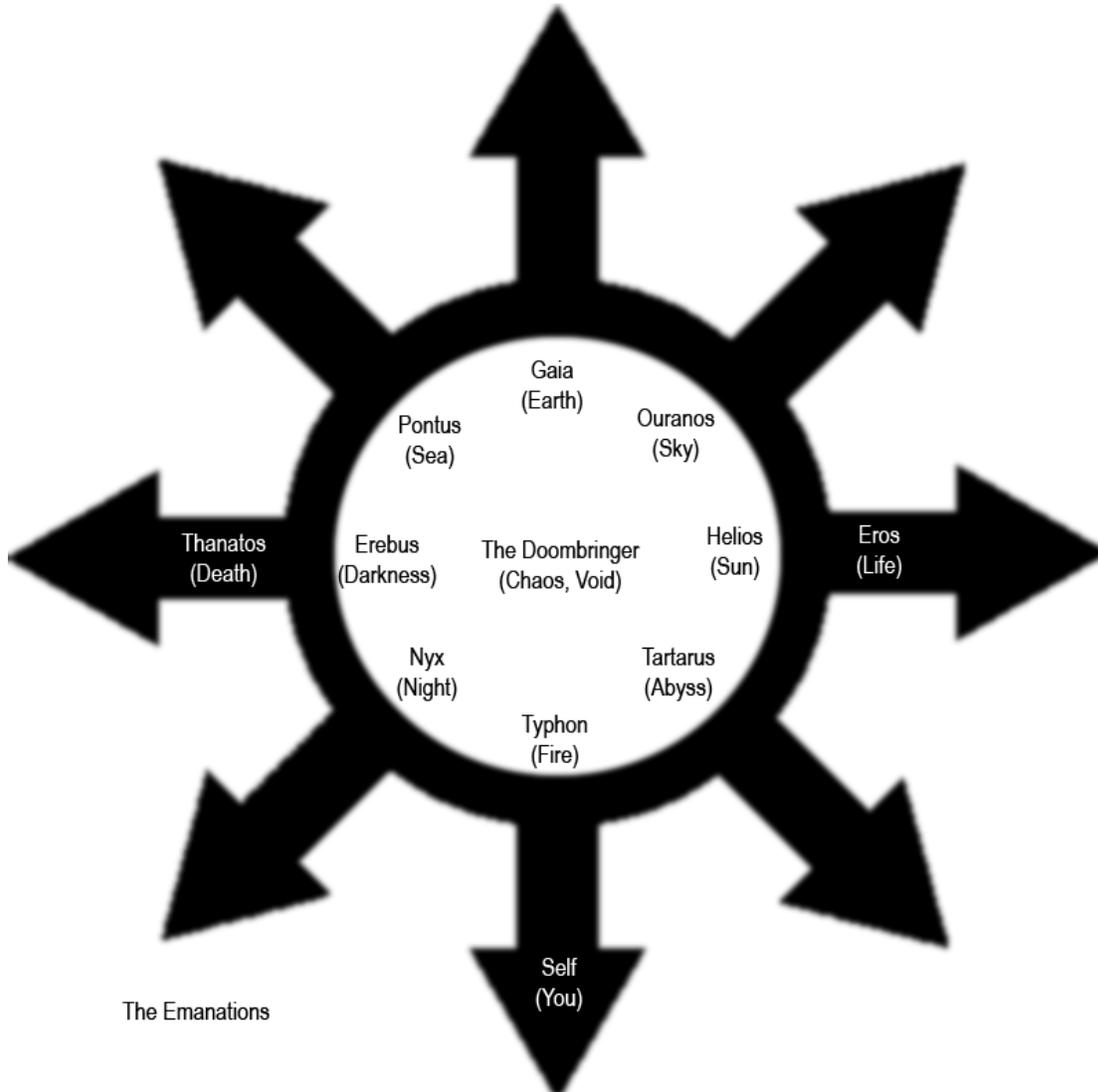
Typhon (Chaos, Body, Lightning) – anger, red, masculine

Erebus (Darkness, Soul, Confusion) – disgust, black, masculine

Thanatos (Jealousy, Death, Hate) - black, masculine

Eros (Lust, Life, Love) - white, feminine

"You" / "Self" (Order, Material, Matter) - The self, individual; kia, soul of the invoker



*occultus conturbo*

## Nothing is PERFECT! The Nothing Experiment

The following text is a partial log of a thread discussing what we will call “The Nothing Experiment”. Posts of no certain value will be omitted; I’m only trying to capture the ideas that created this before I continue on to discuss it. (Spelling mistakes have been corrected.) The Nothing experiment is an exercise in measured atheism expressing that “Nothing” is supreme.

Damien Horizonstar:

***“Nobody wants you to read this!!!! OBEY NOTHING!!”***

*I am acting on behalf of No one in particular, also known as Nobody, Nothing, and simply no one.*

*Following a brief exercise in measured atheism, I would like to propose to elevate Nothing to Divine status, because after all, Nothing is all-powerful, and all knowing. Nobody can be singularly benevolent, or entirely malicious.*

*So making this suggestion for No one, I say we begin working with it as a Godform. Because Nobody can guarantee and prove that magic works beyond everyone's doubt. Nothing can MAKE people change. But if change isn't your thing, remember, Change is inevitable; Second only to Nothing.*

*I could go on, and I'm sure No One wants me to, but I can't say I listen to nothing all the time, so...give your opinions, Nobody really cares 🤖 🚗*

Sheosyrath:

*Yes, I do believe nobody wants us to create nothing a godform. Sounds like it has potential, Nothing the great nobody, lord of nowhere and no one!*

FiatLux:

*But if we treat nothingness as something, it'll no longer be nothing, it'll be something. How can that work?*

Sheosyrath:

*But Nothing was already Something since it was Nothing.*

Kath\_:

*Few realize this, but Nobody is also an excellent lover.  
I made love to Nobody for hours just last night.  
Nobody cares so much.  
I think Nobody is dreamy.*

Damien Horizonstar:

*This is true, and Nothing is quite as good, I assure you. I did Nothing myself last night.*

*occultus conturbo*

Odonata:

*Kath, there are so many things that I would really like to say in response to that, but I really just shouldn't. Umm, you're a peach. I'll have to leave it at that.*

*I'm all about nothing really. In fact a large number of my posts on this forum have secretly been about nothing. It's strange you know, for a long time you are a traveller, a preacher of nothing. You wander around and give your little sermons to all of the nobodies, and they all go off and you are quite certain that they will reflect long and hard on nothing.*

*Then along comes another soul who is filled with the joy and blessings of nothing, preaching the good word certain that it will fall on no one's ears. Well rest assured, I too have heard the call, Damien. Let nothing fill my soul with absolute, and wisk me off to nowhere in particular.*

*Convert chillins', for no one has died for your sins, and the gates leading to nowhere have been opened! Open yourselves (selfs) to the blessed light of nothing, that it may purify your soul so that only nothing remains.*

*Wow, the possibilities are endless!?*

*Much Love (don't say anything about kath, don't say anything about kath....)*

LucianAccendus:

*Ave*

*Nearly all forms of mysticism have this already, the Divine Uncreate, Ain Soph in the Cabala being beyond, in a term, "Negative Existence". Even Kia is this Nothing, the uncreated, with Zos as the vehicle of it's manifestation (crazily enough). This is why in gnosis we experience Kia, not as a spiritual anything but as an essential Nothing (Neither/Neither). Nirvana while often idealized as an eastern heaven is essentially the Great Nothingness. (Buddhism being the biggest proponent of exposing this doctrine right in the forefront of the religion "When Kan-non, the Bodhisattva of compassion, was practicing the deepest wisdom, he clearly saw that the five aggregates are empty thus transcending distress and suffering")*

*Not to bring you down, but to rafity that this is an essential and great form for the Highest of Reality.*

*Konx Om Pax*

Damien Horizonstar:

*My original intent was nothing so deep or mystical....Very literal, actually. A God form, possessed of the names of the "No" (No-thing, No-Body..etc) and echoing in entirety the appropriate concepts.*

*occultus conturbo*

*The reasoning behind this; In my primary paradigm, I apply the belief that no singular god form can be truly omnipotent, given that said belief structure holds that All gods exist by nature of people believing in them. Therefore, No one, gods included, are omnipotent (For Example, Both Thor and Susanoo are storm gods, neither can have perfect dominion over storms by the virtue of the other having belief invested in him as well). Attaching that to a Separate God form, I now have a God that violates the previous logic rule without violating the continuity of the Paradigm.*

*Nobody, Nothing, No one; These have become proper nouns for the duration of this experiment. An Ace in the hole towards accomplishing the impossible. The subtle change in meaning of the word dramatically changes the meaning of the sentence, as what is normally a negation because a direct subject. (Nobody can do that, now has similar implications as Billy can do that.) Without losing it's truth, or it's original meaning. (nobody can prove beyond everyone's doubt magic exists) The sentence has both meanings, a Singular affirmation, as well as a general negation. A Paradox common in meditative gnosis. There's bound to be power in such a linguistic occurrence, and I'm going to tap it to see what taps back.*

*The humor and pseudo-philosophy involved in the original post were all part of that in that I didn't want this to originally be presented in too serious a manner, because, in addition to being a magical experiment, I wanted it to be fun.*

*Having said that, I shall now go back to increasing my supreme mastery over Nothing* 🙏

LucianAccendus:

*Ave*

*Ah. I had completely missed it. I must be too weary to not be serious. This is a grave matter.*

*Konx Om Pax*

FiatLux:

*"No one is perfect". Nothing is everything. In a way this makes sense, but in another way it doesn't. Nothing makes sense?*

Damien Horizonstar:

*Of course Nothing makes sense, because Nothing Is perfect, and Nothing is all knowing. But something's Nothing's very confusing, and in those times, Nothing can distract you from what you're doing. It Depends on No One, really. Because No one decides for the universe.*

*occultus conturbo*

Alarum:

*But what applications does this have? What can one do with 'Nothing'?*

Damien Horizonstar:

*Nothing is so versatile that it can be applied to literally every situation without fail. Nothing completely resists change as long as it needs, but at the same time, Nothing can make complete perfect changes to the entirety of it's being without hesitation at a moment's notice.*

*Nobody will help you succeed in ALL your ambitions, regardless of morality or collateral effects.*

*No one will put so much trust in you that there will be no Self remaining. No body will let you put that same trust in them. (Without taking advantage of it, for although Power Corrupts, and Absolute Power Corrupts Absolutely, Nothing is exempt from this, because Nothing is entirely beyond corruption)*

*And, in the most insane extremes, Nothing can walk the path for you.*

Alarum:

*So ultimately this paradigm is grounded on the individual being responsible for all actions and having a positive belief in 'Nothing'. I appreciate your thoughts but would rather work with imagery and concepts/godforms that I can relate to and work with. I tried atheism but found it too boring.*

Sheosyrath:

*No. The individual is responsible for nothing. Nothing is responsible, and we believe in nothing. If you can't relate to nothing, then you must not be nothing, and probably have no reason to be here. Nothing is not boring, you miss the point.*

*Nothing.*

Damien Horizonstar:

*That pretty much sums it up; As previously mentioned to Lucian Accendus, this paradigm literally places the concept of "nothing" into a singular Godform. So we would use "nothing" in the same way we would use any other divinity...but with a slight twist, in that by using the word with it's more standard definition, combined with the Name it would also hold, you would have a being that has all the qualities of the original concept. (Want to summon and Bind Death? Nothing can do that, because Nothing is immune to death, so the ritual would address Nothing the same was as any other deity, and the concept of "nothing" mixes with the concept of divinity, and the results are amusing at least, especially if "Nothing happens")*

## Invoking the Magick Dragon

All of the following information is based on opinions from the two authors of this section, which are in turn based on their experiences. All drugs react differently in every person; however generalizations about their effects can be made with some accuracy. *“As many seem to endorse this shamanistic method with much applause (and more or less success), I felt it prudent to examine my ongoing "resume" with added notes on what tends to work best (at least personally, if you feel the same, all the better, though there are some chemicals that produce the same effect when linked with magical thought) when applied to spontaneous ritual, mental delving, divination, or practical immediatism.”*

**Absinthe** - A substance I consider to have a mind of it's own, and being something completely different from a mere liquor. It brushes on inspiration itself, and new ideas with a kind of genius vigor will take you over. Magical use: the creation of anything which may later be very magically effective. Using it in ritual may increase effects, and as magic is an art, and creationary act itself, it would undoubtedly enhance it as a whole.

**Alcohol** - Is one the least magically effective drugs. It stimulates the body more so than anything else, and sometimes blurs the mind/body connection entirely. I suppose useful if a "one body" feeling is desired. Emotions seem to stay within, and are not as transient. I seem to be able to "build up" upon emotions as if I was constructing something. It also leads one to be more truthful to themselves and those around them. Alcohol may have a very limited positive relaxation effect, however it must be a small amount, and crossing the line is easy. Alcohol is also good for banishing however, after a long ritual nothing banishes like a beer and some Dane Cook.

**Ayahuasca** - A method of ingesting DMT, in a more traditionally shamanistic fashion. The same effects of DMT apply, with more of a plant-intelligence vibe to it. See DMT.

**Bufo Alvarius** - Smoke the venom, see the world through the eyes of a toad. Explosions of color, the scenery melts away. Magical use: not quite sure... perhaps taking both toad venom and diphenhydramine would cause images of toads eating all of the insects you'd be seeing.

**Cannabis** - Sexual rites, philosophy, creativity, and a multitude of other uses. The THC in this plant makes it possible to experience any emotion within solitude as if it had just happened before your eyes. The possibilities for application are endless, and work well in gnosis. Ritual may be complicated by it, as it intones a very childish attitude to the subconscious gaze. Recommendation: Use as a sacrament in ritual, but do not enter the ritual "baked". Indulge after completion.

**Cocaine** - EGO. This drug actually changes how the mind perceives time, speeding it up, as you know, and makes one feel invincible. It's good for exploring paradigms, creating them, or any other thought and action intensive work-fest. While Cocaine is nearly impossible to meditate on, if you managed to, you'd be on Pluto after an hour. The one good magical usage I have found for coke is the emotional outlet of ritual. Instead of

*occultus conturbo*

struggling to raise enough energy in a normal one, you've got a "little friend" via scarface in your pocket. A destructive ritual charged with cocaine would be quite terrifying.

**Datura** - An ancient magical plant used the world over by witches. By far one of the craziest drugs I've had. After the first time on a good dosage, I doubt you'll want to try it again. Datura was (is) used by the Voodoo culture to create zombies out of people. The witch would slip some of its mixture into the food and drinks of the target over time. Coupled with bad mojo, this would create a zombie. Is it magically effective to use on yourself? I doubt it, unless you want to get lost in the forest of screaming trees. Datura creates tactile hallucinations. Users of the drug report talking to others who aren't there, talking to plants, seeing shadows run across the room (dwarves, rabbits, etc) and also a peculiar shared hallucination of a woman in a green dress. Users believe this to be the spirit of the datura itself. In some cases users report the apparition to be hostile towards them, sometimes chasing them or trying to get other hallucinations to hurt them; however she is reported to be kind at times. The usual way of ingesting datura is eating the seeds out of the pods; however the leaves can be smoked for a different effect. Recommendation: stick to Voodoo tradition and use it on others, not yourself.

**Diphenhydramine** - Quite enjoyable, and very toxic. It is my belief that this chemical shares connections to the Insect Loa. The drug itself (for some reason) always causes hallucinations of the same variety: insects. Spiders, beetles, flies, millipedes...and they are all gigantic, or warped in some way. The other hallucinatory experiences reported (such as talking to family members) are actually dream sequences which it induces. While lucid, the only tactile hallucinations are: insects. I believe that Pills themselves share the same consciousness, as all pills I have tried put me in the same world...a cold, medical, dreamy, technologically alien dimension. Man-made drugs are very odd.

**DMT (Dimethyltryptamine)** - A chemical I consider sacred. Not only is it one of the most illegal substances on earth, but it is also found in almost every ecosystem. Everything from plants, butterflies, frogs, and even humans contain DMT. Reflecting another great truth: we have all come from the earth, and are all connected. DMT, in your own mind, comes from the Pineal gland (3rd eye). It is the substance which causes dreams to occur. When you dream, you are tripping on DMT. Ever notice those patterns of light right before you sleep? DMT. Having an overabundance in your system causes a touching of genius to occur. You will meet god, you will know everything, and it will last for around 15 minutes, and then you will forget it all. Of course, it is possible to have less-intense experiences where memory is actually retraceable. Get ready to have your entire concept of space and time torn apart. Magical purpose: a spiritual awakening.

**DXM** - One of THE BEST magically effective drugs. It destroys boundaries between concepts, making invocation, evocation, or anything that has to do with mental imagery and emotion very easy. There's not much else to say other than it seems to have been made for magic.

**Heroin** - Bliss, or heaven experienced at the cost of feeling unworthy, dirty, and a bit like a whore. No magical use. Stay away from it. STAY AWAY.

*occultus conturbo*

**Ipomoea Tricolor** - 300 morning glory seeds, crushed, soaked in water for 24 hrs, filtered, and then drank the water - This broke down boundaries between self and other, made me pay attention to the pattern of experience rather than labeling specific objects, and it gave me a bliss with which marijuana can't compare. Also, the drug was remarkably kinesthetic. I loved touching everything. ~zensunni

**LSD** - an LSA synthesized from Ergot, the wheat-fungus that made people think they were turning into wolves after they ate it (the origin of werewolf, the same as LSD). LSD is magical, through and through. It is possible to experience Kaos, godforms, and anything at all. It serves to reveal the more subtle layers of reality. Everything is given face value, everything is seen, nothing is true, and everything is permitted. Magical use: anything your heart desires.

**Psilocybe** - Psilocybe family mushrooms are immensely useful for the adaptation of abstract ideas. They supercharge the creative and intellectual areas of the brain as well as let you experience yourself and the things around in a seemingly direct manner. You can almost leave yourself and enter the world around you, taking on the aspects of plants, animals, or even TV characters.

**Rivea Corymbosa (LSA)** - I do not include other plant LSA's for the belief that Rivea works the best, and is the one most suitable for divination. All forms of divination come into play here, and it seems to work best with the 'prediction' faculty of the mind. A very strong, very unpredictable (although enhancing prediction) friend of a plant. It will tell you secrets. I find it's best to whisper what you would like to know to the little seeds before taking them into yourself. The seeds seem to enjoy seeing the world through human eyes as much you enjoy seeing it through theirs. One time they wouldn't tell me anything unless I let them experience some fried chicken. Go figure.

**Rhodiola Rosea** - Not exactly known for recreational use, but I include this miracle of a plant here for a holistic purpose. It will improve your health, your balance, your cognitive function, your immune system, your attitude...thus, your ability to work magic. And, after taking all these things listed here, it couldn't hurt to improve on health 😊

**Salvia Divinorum** - Another divinatory Aztec plant, like Rivea. A beautiful mistress of a plant, and she appears in many visions the leaves bring. Unfortunately, due to a great majority of retards smoking it and posting the results on YouTube, this plant is about to receive the same treatment as marijuana. Although it hasn't been banned in most of the US yet, it's now illegal in NY, and that attitude is gaining ground. Magical use: very personal, vivid visions which must be dissected like dreams if you're to gain anything out of them. It's like gazing through a crystal ball, and you must interpret. This plant is very kind to humans, and it's sad to see so many abusing her.

I believe those listed included the heavy-hitters for anyone interested in chemo-gnosis or shamanistic ritual. I didn't include Amanita, but I haven't a good idea about its applications yet. Take it easy on the other side. Don't wake the Red King.

**Written by Zeroflye of occultforums.com with added commentary by V. Sheosyrath**

*occultus conturbo*

## Eye of the Gods

Around midnight on June 30<sup>th</sup> of 2007 I acquired a hit of gel form pure LSD. Placing it in my mouth, I hoped the night would be kind. The hit turned to gel and ended up getting stuck to the roof of my mouth. I swallowed it. About 20 minutes later I started to feel the uplifting energy course through me - it was starting. When I got to the house I was feeling pretty good, I sat down and opened a beer, smoked a bowl or two and sat around with my friends. After a while those who had dosed before me started to wander out back with glow sticks and I, of course, followed. This is when it started. I was outside watching the show and the sticks started to form complete circles when twirled around. I was raving myself, but not watching me, but the others. Green and blue - yellow and purple! Soon the girls started to get in the pool and I was feeling the strange tug of the night. I decided on a session of strong meditation and picked my spot beside the pool. I sat down in a cross legged asana posture and began my breathing - I decided to wear my headphones and put on my own song - Dead but Dreaming. Cross legs, back straight, tongue at the roof of the mouth, one hand holding my foot in the odd position, arm tense, and the other relaxed - as my eyes closed the other opened. The first session lasted 45 minutes according to my friends, I did not time myself. I know that I stopped and opened my eyes twice during the session, and if I was there for a good 45 minutes, 3 sessions of an average of 15 minutes works for me. Although I think it was like 10-15-20 to be honest, the last time was insane. When I finished my session because they got out of the pool to go inside the effects began to truly peak. My body felt absolutely amazing when I stood up; time slowed down to a crawl and every moment was perceived completely. I had full control of my bodily functions, to the extent of being able to stop nausea from chugging a beer, (I couldn't feel it go down.) when I know I should have vomited. I went inside and smoked some more, and then started to drift in and out of the house. I observed and perceived the infinite beauty of the universe in all its glory, and I felt the pain coursing through the world - the hatred, anger, love, passion, I was everything and everywhere. Everything melted away and only my mind was left, but everything was my mind - I was infinite. I felt as if I could perceive the world through the eyes of God - if only just for those few hours. I decided to add a little structure to my adventure as well; I sat down in my usual posture and began a session of impromptu ABRAHADABRA meditation. Visualizing the grid caused massive outbursts of closed eye pattern visuals, all centered on the triangle, in all its glory. I saw eyes emerge and open, a doorway of light - as light surrounded me - I became it. I was the light - It came from me. Being torn up into the higher levels of my mind I saw before me a great pyramid with an eye, that opened and beheld the beautiful vortex of The Doombringer - although the detail and sheer immensity of the vortex was unlike it has ever been before. Burning inside the middle was the blinking eye of the void serpent - at this moment I was thrust back down into my body as she kicked me in the side. A good time, a couple more minor sessions of meditation and some other crazy stuff happened, but nothing to note. All in all - it was wonderful.

- Fra. V. Sheosyrath, Saturday June 30<sup>th</sup> – July 1<sup>st</sup>

## **Ut supra, Ita supter**

As above, so below. What if our minds are universes, each synapse a galaxy, the many voices we hear the inhabitants, and what if the Milky Way is a synapse in another universal mind? What if it is our mind - the same mind?

What if your mind is THE universe?

## **Merging in the Middle**

One of my roots was in psychic vampirism, so I have an understanding of using body energy and have a control of my own energy. A meditative exercise I really like to practice is something I call the merging. I sit motionless and still my mind and then strongly visualize a portal into the pure void of chaos, or anti-existence above me and place my mind, myself, in a similar portal beneath my body. I then extend my will into the portal I created and start to open both gates simultaneously letting both chaos void and my mind merge throughout my body. The resulting feeling, and you'll notice it, is the sign of success.

## **Paradigm Switching**

My theory is that we could instead of 'shifting' paradigms, simply 'switch' them. There is no reason we could not develop a reservoir of paradigms in which to instantaneously switch between. In normal paradigm piracy the belief must be concreted and not just thought about, but what if you worked a great number of concreted paradigms and were able to simply... switch? The need to reaffirm belief systems could possibly be overturned by enough dedication to the meta-paradigmatic idea.

## **Mutations of the Mind**

Imagine if you will, that when you died your brain echoed a vibration through your body that instantaneously changed the frequency at which the matter was vibrating, turning it into light. Have you ever seen Stargate SG1? It is ascension my friend, ascension – the body of light. I do not believe such endeavors will always end fruitless, for what of all those people in religious history who have disappeared into the light? Perhaps not the physical body, but the mind most definitely – the body of light developed inside the mind. Imagine the energy that you would possess, being a star. Perhaps not power in the way mortals seek it, but *energy*. So what now? We must strip away the thoughts mystic nature and seek the physics. Light particles are both particles and waves, and they can be in two places at once – on the sub-atomic, or quantum, level. So why would you not want to be made of light? We're giving all new meaning to illuminates.

ABRAHADABRA is the KEY.

## The Chelsea

The following text was transcribed from a cassette tape recorded on the night of Tuesday, July 17th, 2007, and the morning of Wednesday, the 18th, on top the roof of the Hotel Chelsea in Manhattan, NYC. Frater Alysrose/Zeroflye upon sacrament of DMT and LSD performed an Invocation of Khaos lasting five hours. On this night, there were also invocations in Maryland, Texas, and California. The connection of these locations across the United States formed the reverse triangle, the thunderbolt aspect of the pentagram.



(Tape turned on when walking up stairs, dialogues skipped. When on roof, dialogue from J, C, and S skipped. While on roof, a small covering is set up for the recorder because of rain, and is put right to the right side of altar.)

10 PM - (Roof - J is stationed as door guard, and I have two other "sitters" with one checking the recording every now and then to make sure its working and hasn't run out of time)

- Altar is set up, DMT is taken, meditation for one hour during which the tape was turned off, until I signal the invocation of Khaos. During the invocation is heavy wind, though the dialogue follows that listed in this book, with an added Enochian call soon after.

IA KHAOS!

IA DOOMBRINGER!

(Spoken at triangle in front until it starts to rain and thunder heavily)

- 3 tabs of LSD are taken

- Alysrose enters the triangle drawn with lipstick where Khaos has been called  
(15 minutes of silence)

Here is the egg.

The evolution is black.

The mother is the father is the mother.

No one will see this.

I'm being strung up the mountain...tearing the arms apart. Very painful.

The way towards foundation is riddled with green snakes. They're in the cracks. Be careful when you start laying down stones. They're not poisonous I just don't want them killed. This plan is nestled on top of very old territory.

This image before me (sigil of Doombringer) was once of fire. It is now drowned by rain. In its own death, comes his birth.

(heavy thunder, 15 minute wait)

The eyes of apes within the trees are astonished to find one of their own walking upright, and in his hand, which is not of their (home? Bone?) (Cannot make out the rest because of wind blowing into recorder)

The fruit contains sugar for us. The plant consciousness was the first! Behold and explain the flesh of the apple.

Yes, things were hidden behind stories in that time. Know that all answers, and the answers, are within us already.

These spirits, the very spirit, and kia, were once alive in their own world. They had entered the land of Death, and this land of carbon and matter is the land of death to them. This gives us life, and when we must die, there is also life. The other cannot be seen nor detected from either side. This sustains balance. The heart is a cheater.

This child is screaming now, and no hand shall touch him, and his cord will not be cut, for on the other end you will find the beginning of all things.

Split wood upon wood, create a single thing divided (wind interruption) a mark in the base created by nothing, the chopping ax, represents all things that were and what is coming.

A capsized ship in the sky, and green fog without ocean, the depths of height. The abyss is always above us.

*occultus conturbo*

The multitude of things, category and generation, is below. Both are known, and forever hidden, to an extent.

(Heavy thunder)

What? The key is offered freely. This divide cannot be overcome, or known, and always seen. Nothing is of two things. One is genuine void, the other is void observed, now tainted by the truth of lie, the infinite imagination. The lie which is placed upon nothing by the observer is infinite, and can be anything, and all things. There is still that which remains nothing, and even greater now in the duality of thought, poised against the generated infinite, birthed by thought and observation. This is our fault. The injection of will into this nothing is the magic word. And like magnets, set up against each other, a spark ignites the sky.

One must create a body for this explanation, and develop an old way anew.

The prophecy is now.

They will teach creation to the world addicted to apathy.

Here appears a beast in the mind that suddenly bursts all dams, as a mad rogue elephant out from the jungle into the world of man.

We will be everywhere at the same time.

Nonsense stream of genetic codeine. Chromosome junkies. The legendary burnout. Christ within the syringe. Shower of babel, each drop of concentrated endorphin. Now intoxicated by steaming pores and thought itself is narcotic.

A psychic gift to the electric rod.

(Falls to a whisper, cannot make out)

(20 minutes of half-spoken mumbled words)

After red, after blue, after black, there is white.

Why am I here?

A chilling kill, and not so much empty, though full of life, as he bleeds to death.

I myself am empty. My chest became empty... so fucking empty.

Nothing is here.

Please impart.

Everything must be new. Everyone is new.

**SPEAK NOW! HOWL AT THE MAIN DOORS! THE TURNING SHOT LAID IN BONE AND MUSCLE!**

**REND AND SPEAK THE VOICE OF PAIN! YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN EVERYTHING!**

There is no way but light, there is no time but now.

*occultus conturbo*

He comes on his sailboat, the man who loves all life, and spends some time with me in my house, getting drunk and throwing parties with pretty girls. There are no ordinary moments; there is absolutely nothing to worry about.

Deph'eth Bek'eth Nix'eth is a charm in this fashion, the X being silent.  
May you ride the storm through the fortune of the world.

I set sail with him after some time in the world of man, going nowhere in particular.  
We eat from the mother below, of anything we see, and burn up many creatures with salts and spices.  
We come to land for drink and pleasure, sticky eastern ganja, and the exotic things our hearts desire.  
We talk of philosophy, of the world, and of magic.

After a three years voyage into nowhere, we return with a great story, and soon the entire world is forever changed.  
Here then, he decides, with his life being led always in the name of pleasure, he heads to Utah, to work with oil in danger and hardship, and metal, and the flats and depths of the earth, in the population of Mormons, and no alcohol is found to his liking. A great pain at this point, he says, gives his life the greatest pleasure it has ever known.  
He returns rich, with a great love and unbreakable will.

Chaos provides, he says.

The future is three turns, which share aspects with one another.  
Success follows in turn. So spake the prophet.  
There is the Method, the Device, and the Object.

There will be a fervor of life and creation, a great burning in the gut of all.  
There will be drums, and paints, and fires, and beads, and powders, and liquids, smokes and gases.  
There will be plants, and meats, and roots, bark and flower, and explosions of fulfillment.

Yes, Fulfillment. Here is your answer. As common as those things found among stones, and as hard as rock, for breaking into that blissful domain is the sole test of the human will.

I am leaving the vibrant one. The rains are done.  
Ha.

I'm going home.

**(End.)**

A  
BAB  
BRABR  
ARBABRA  
HARBABRAH  
AHARBABRAHA  
DAHARBABRAHAD  
ADAHARBABRAHADA  
BADAHARBABRAHADAB  
RBADAHARBABRAHADABR  
ARBADAHARBABRAHADABRA  
ARBADAHARBABRAHADABRA  
RBADAHARBABRAHADABR  
BADAHARBABRAHADAB  
ADAHARBABRAHADA  
DAHARBABRAHAD  
AHARBABRAHA  
HARBABRAH  
ARBABRA  
BRABR  
BAB  
A

**ABRAHADABRA of KHAOS**

**11**

**121**

**242**

**418**

# REFERENCE MATERIAL

1. Notes – things the author thinks you should be familiar with.
  - i. The Initiated Interpretation of Ceremonial Magic
  - ii. The Lord of Illusion
  - iii. The Illumined Man
2. Tables – the purpose of these being here shall remain a secret.
  - i. Magickal Alphabets
  - ii. Egyptian tree of life
3. Recommended Reading

## NOTES

### 1. The Initiated Interpretation of Ceremonial Magic<sup>3</sup>

It is loftily amusing to the student of magical literature who is not quite a fool—and rare is such a combination!—to note the criticism directed by the Philistine against the citadel of his science. Truly, since our childhood has ingrained into us not only literal belief in the Bible, but also substantial belief in Alf Laylah wa Laylah (“A Thousand and One Nights” or Arabian Nights), and only adolescence can cure us, we are only too liable, in the rush and energy of dawning manhood, to overturn roughly and rashly both these classics, to regard them both on the same level, as interesting documents from the standpoint of folk-lore and anthropology, and as nothing more. Even when we learn that the Bible, by profound and minute study of the text, may be forced to yield up Qabalistic arcana of cosmic scope and importance, we are too often slow to apply a similar restorative to the companion volume, even if we are the lucky holders of Burton’s veritable edition. To me, then, it remains to raise the Alf Laylah wa Laylah into its proper place once more. I am not concerned to deny the reality of all “magical” phenomena; if they are illusions, they are at least as real as many unquestioned facts of daily life; and, if we follow Herbert Spencer, they are at least evidence of some cause. Now, this fact is our base. What is the cause of my illusion of seeing a spirit in the triangle of Art? Every smatterer, every expert in psychology, will answer: “That cause lies in your brain.”

English children are taught (pace the Education Act) that the Universe lies in infinite Space; Hindu children, in the Akaca, which is the same thing. Those Europeans who go a little deeper learn from Fichte that the phenomenal Universe is the creation of the Ego; Hindus, or Europeans studying under Hindu Gurus, are told, that by Akaca is mean the Chitakaca. The Chitakaca is situated in the “Third Eye,” i.e., in the brain. By

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<sup>3</sup> Introductory Essay by Aleister Crowley to the Goetia of Solomon the King

assuming higher dimensions of space, we can assimilate this fact to Realism; but we have no need to take so much trouble. This being true for the ordinary Universe, that all sense impressions are dependent on changes in the brain,<sup>1</sup> we must include illusions, which are after all sense-impressions as much as “realities” are, in the class of phenomena dependent on brain-changes.” Magical phenomena, however, come under a special sub-class, since they are willed, and their cause is the series of “real” phenomena called the operations of ceremonial Magic. These consist of:

1. Sight. - The circle, square, triangle, vessels, lamps, robes, implements, etc.
2. Sound. - The invocations.
3. Smell. - The perfumes and incense.
4. Taste. - The Sacraments.
5. Touch. - As under (1)
6. Mind. - The combination of all these and reflection on their significance. These unusual impressions (1-5) produce unusual brain-changes; hence their summary (6) is of unusual kind. Its projection back into the apparently phenomenal world is therefore unusual.

Herein then consists the reality of the operations and effects of ceremonial magic, and I conceive that the apology is ample, so far as the “effects” refer only to those phenomena which appear to the magician himself, the appearance of the spirit, his conversation, possible shocks from imprudence, and so on, even to ecstasy on the one hand, and death or madness on the other. But can any of the effects described in this our book Goetia be obtained, and if so, can you give a rational explanation of the circumstances? Say you so? I can, and will. The spirits of the Goetia are portions of the human brain. Their seals therefore represent (Mr. Spencer’s projected cube) methods of stimulating or regulating those particular spots (through the eye). The names of God are vibrations calculated to establish:

- a. General control of the brain. (Establishment of functions relative to the subtle world.)
- b. Control over the brain in detail. (Rank or type of the Spirit.)
- c. Control over one special portion. (Name of the Spirit.)

The perfumes aid this through smell. Usually the perfume will only tend to control a large area; but there is an attribution of perfumes to letters of the alphabet enabling one, by a Qabalistic formula, to spell out the Spirit’s name. I need not enter into more particular discussion of these points; the intelligent reader can easily fill in what is lacking. If, then, I say, with Solomon: “The Spirit Cimieries teaches logic,” what I mean is: “Those portions of my brain which sub serve the logical faculty may be stimulated and developed by following out the process called ‘The Invocation of Cimieries.’” And this is a purely materialistic rational statement; it is independent of any objective hierarchy at all. Philosophy has nothing to say; and Science can only suspend judgement, pending a proper and methodical investigation of the facts alleged.

Unfortunately, we cannot stop there. Solomon promises us that we can (1) obtain information; (2) destroy our enemies; (3) understand the voices of nature; (4) obtain treasure; (5) heal diseases, etc. I have taken these five powers at random; considerations of space forbid me to explain all.

1. Brings up facts from sub-consciousness.
2. Here we come to an interesting fact. It is curious to note the contrast between the noble means and the apparently vile ends of magical rituals. The latter are disguises for sublime truths. "To destroy our enemies" is to realize the illusion of duality, to excite compassion. (Ah! Mr. Waite, the world of Magic is a mirror, wherein who sees muck is muck.)
3. A careful naturalist will understand much from the voices of the animals he has studied long. Even a child knows the difference between a cat's miauling and purring. The faculty may be greatly developed.
4. Business capacity may be stimulated.
5. Abnormal states of the body may be corrected, and the involved tissues brought back to tone, in obedience to currents started from the brain.

...So for all the other phenomena. There is no effect which is truly and necessarily miraculous. Our Ceremonial Magic fines down, then, to a series of minute, though of course empirical, physiological experiments and whoso will carry them through intelligently need not fear the result. I have all the health, and treasure, and logic I need; I have no time to waste. "There is a lion in the way." For me these practices are useless; but for the benefit of others less fortunate I give them to the world, together with this explanation of, and apology for, them. I trust that this explanation will enable many students who have hitherto, by a puerile objectivity in their view of the question, obtained no results, to succeed; that the apology may impress upon our scornful men of science that the study of the bacillus should give place to that of the baculum, the little to the great—how great one only realizes when one identifies the wand with the Mahalingam, up which Brahma flew at the rate of 84,000 yojanas a second for 84,000 mahakalpas, down which Vishnu flew at the rate of 84,000 crores of yojanas a second for 84,000 crores of mahakalpas—yet neither reached an end.

But I reach an end.

BOLESKINE HOUSE  
Foyers, N.B., July, 1903.

## 2. The Lord of Illusion<sup>4</sup>

It is the figure of the Magus of the Taro; in his right arm the torch of the flames blazing upwards; in his left, the cup of poison, a cataract into Hell. And upon his head the evil talisman, blasphemy and blasphemy and blasphemy, in the form of a circle. That is the greatest blasphemy of all (i.e., that the circle should be thus profaned. This evil circle is of three concentric rings). On his feet hath he scythes and swords and sickles; daggers; knives; every sharp thing-a millionfold, and all in one. And before him is the Table that is a Table of wickedness, the forty-two-fold Table. This Table is connected with the forty-two Assessors of the Dead, for they are the Accusers, whom the soul must baffle; and with the forty-two-fold name of God, for this is the Mystery of Iniquity, that there was ever a beginning at all. And this Magus casteth forth, by the might of his four weapons, veil after veil; a thousand shining colours, ripping and tearing the Aethyr; so that it is like jagged saws, or like broken teeth in the face of a young girl, or like disruption, or madness. There is a horrible grinding sound, maddening. This is the mill in which the Universal Substance, which is ether, was ground down into matter.

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<sup>4</sup> Extract from Liber CDXVIII The Vision and the Voice: 3rd Aethyr. (Ed. Princ. p.144.)

### 3. The Illumined Man

**Arjuna:**

Krishna, how can one identify a man who is firmly established and absorbed in Brahman? ....

**Sri Krishna:**

He who knows bliss in the Atman, and wants nothing else.  
Cravings torment the heart:  
He renounces cravings.  
I call him illumined.  
Not shaken by adversity,  
Not hankering after happiness:  
Free from fear, free from anger,  
Free from the things of desire.  
I call him a seer, and illumined.  
The bonds of his flesh are broken.  
He is lucky, and does not rejoice:  
He is unlucky, and does not weep.  
I call him illumined.  
The tortoise can draw in his legs:  
The seer can draw in his sense.  
I call him illumined.  
The abstinent run away from what they desire  
But carry their desires with them:  
When a man enters Reality,  
He leaves his desires behind him.  
Even a mind that knows the path  
Can be dragged from the path:  
The senses are so unruly.  
But he controls the senses  
And recollects the mind  
And fixes it on me.  
I call him illumined.  
Thinking about sense-objects  
Will attach you to sense-objects;  
Grow attached, and you become addicted;  
Thwart your addiction, it turns to anger;  
Be angry, and you confuse your mind;  
Confuse your mind, you forget the lesson of experience;  
Forget experience, you lose discrimination;  
Lose discrimination, and you miss life's only purpose.  
When he has no lust, no hatred,  
A man walks safely among the things of lust and hatred.

To obey the Atman  
Is his peaceful joy:  
Sorrow melts  
Into that clear peace:  
His quiet mind  
Is soon established in peace.  
The uncontrolled mind  
Does not guess that the Atman is present:  
How can it meditate?  
Without meditation, where is peace?  
Without peace, where is happiness?  
The wind turns a ship  
From its course upon the waters:  
The wandering winds of the senses  
Cast man's mind adrift  
And turn his better judgment from its course.  
When a man can still the senses  
I call him illumined.  
The recollected mind is awake  
In the knowledge of the Atman  
Which is dark night to the ignorant:  
The ignorant are awake in their sense-life  
Which they think is daylight:  
To the seer it is darkness.  
Water flows continually into the ocean  
But the ocean is never disturbed:  
Desire flows into the mind of the seer  
But he is never disturbed.  
The seer knows peace:  
The man who stirs up his own lusts  
Can never know peace.  
He knows peace who has forgotten desire  
He lives without craving:  
Free from ego, free from pride.  
This is the state of enlightenment in Brahman:  
A man does not fall back from it  
Into delusion.  
Even at the moment of death  
He is alive in that enlightenment:  
Brahman and he are one.

**Selection from:**

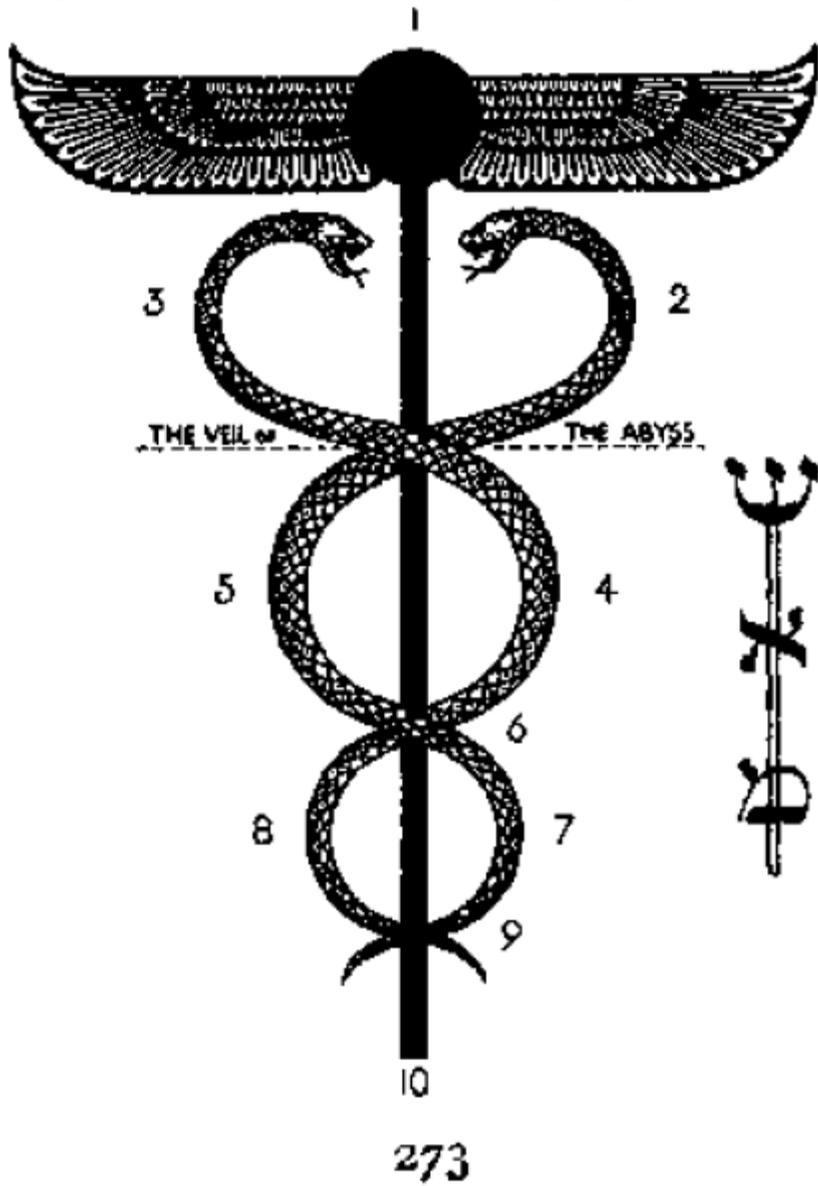
The Song of God, Bhagavad-Gita. New York, Mentor (MP466), 1954. pp. 40-44. Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood, trans.

TABLES

1. Magickal Alphabets

Hebrew Alphabet.		Alphabet of the Magi.		The Characters of Celestial Writing.		Mazachim or the Writing of the Angels.		The Writing called "Passing the River."		Names of the Letters.		The Powers of the Letters.	
א	ו	𐤀	𐤁	𐤂	𐤃	𐤄	𐤅	𐤆	𐤇	Aleph	Samekh	א'	ס
ב	ז	𐤆	𐤇	𐤈	𐤉	𐤊	𐤋	𐤌	𐤍	Beh	Ayin	ב'	ז
ג	ח	𐤈	𐤉	𐤊	𐤋	𐤌	𐤍	𐤎	𐤏	Gimel	Pe'	ג'	ח
ד	ט	𐤊	𐤋	𐤌	𐤍	𐤎	𐤏	𐤐	𐤑	Daleth	Tiaddi	ד'	ט
ה	י	𐤌	𐤍	𐤎	𐤏	𐤐	𐤑	𐤒	𐤓	He'	Qoph	ה'	י
ו	כ	𐤎	𐤏	𐤐	𐤑	𐤒	𐤓	𐤔	𐤕	Vau	Rosh	ו'	כ
ז	ל	𐤏	𐤐	𐤑	𐤒	𐤓	𐤔	𐤕	𐤖	Zain	Schin	ז'	ל
ח	מ	𐤐	𐤑	𐤒	𐤓	𐤔	𐤕	𐤖	𐤗	Cheth	Tau	ח'	מ
ט	Final	𐤑		𐤒		𐤓		𐤔		Teth		ט'	
י	י	𐤒		𐤓		𐤔	Another form of Samekh	𐤕		Yod	Final Kaph	י'	כ
כ	כ	𐤓		𐤔		𐤕	𐤖	𐤗		Kaph	Final Mem	כ'	מ
ל	ל	𐤔		𐤕		𐤖		𐤗		Lamed	Final Nun	ל'	נ
מ	מ	𐤕		𐤖		𐤗		𐤘		Mem	Final Pe'	מ'	פ
נ	נ	𐤖		𐤗		𐤘		𐤙		Nun	Final Tiaddi	נ'	ט

2. Egyptian style tree of life showing the 3 principal letters, reminiscent of ningishzidda



**Recommended resources:**

- <http://occultforums.com>
- <http://abrahadabra.com>

- Liber Null, Psychonaut and Liber Kaos, Peter Carroll
- Oven Ready Chaos and Prime Chaos, Phil Hine
- Grimoire of Chaos Magick, Julian Wilde
- Chaos Magick Theory, Fra. Ratatosk
  
- Magick without Tears, Magick in Theory and Practice, Liber ABA - Aleister Crowley
- Initiation into Hermetics – Franz Bardon
- 777 and other Qabalistic writings of Aleister Crowley - Weiser

“No matter what definition we propose for magic, we will find that practically the whole of mankind, present and historical, has performed magic at some point or another. ...So let us be anything but magicians, lest we fall in that pit called redundancy.”

-LSVPA, *occultforums.com*

Movements along my spine of another world;  
My confusion grows now in leaps and bounds;  
Whispered secrets seep up through the cracks;  
The tips of my fingers tingle from the sounds;  
A terrible voice resonates through my mind;  
One feared by even the most holy of luminous;  
Lifted from the deepest black of the void;  
Calling me ever so softly into nothingness;

**ALAS,  
I REACH AN END.**

**NAMASTE**

**שעסיראת**