

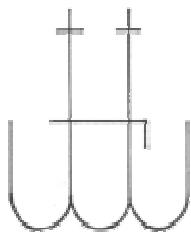
Awakening the Great Old Ones

by Stephen Dzikiewicz

On the night of Tuesday, 24th January 1995 e.v., when the moon was waning and in its last quarter, I performed an Invocation of the Great Old Ones. This was based on the research and meditations arising from my work on a Mantra for the Great Old Ones, which had in turn been stimulated by Kenneth Grant's examination of the word 'Tutulu' in his book *Outer Gateways*. The twin foundations of my own work were two inspired texts, which despite their clearly disparate origins and purposes, had served to transmit the same deep and creative, magickal current. I refer to Howard Phillips Lovecraft's *The Call of Cthulhu*, and to Aleister Crowley's *Liber VII, The Book of the Lapis Lazuli*, in the seventh chapter of which is to be found the key mantra of **Olalam Imal Tutulu**.

Prior to the invocation, I finally had succeeded in devising a satisfactory form for the yantra, or Sigil of Awakening, which was derived from the component letters of the mantra, as in the method made familiar by Austin Osman Spare. Although this technique is of sublime simplicity, it is essential that the symbol evolved should be aesthetically resonant with the perceived purpose of the mantra, or spell, for it to serve as an effective vehicle of magickal energy. Several alternative forms may suggest themselves as being suitable for the same sigil; indeed, in the case of a complex spell, such as the one involved here — in which each word is itself a concentrated focus of magickal energy — it may be useful to visualise the sigil as an evolving sequence of images leading up to the most complete form of symbolic expression that is desired. This will be made more apparent in the course of the description of the invocation, but to give some preliminary indication of what is implied, the following basis may suffice.

The purpose of the mantra is to awaken the Great Old Ones, of which Cthulhu, or Tutulu, is the archetype and primary point of focus. The sigil of Tutulu alone, therefore, is the initial component in the more complex symbol of the Sigil of Awakening as a whole. It is shown below.



Here, the tentacles of Cthulhu, symbolised as the twin towers of Tutulu, are closed together; they await the influx of that magickal energy which will polarise them into activity and release the horizontal bar which seals the pylon of the deep, enabling the star-spawn from the sepulchres of R'lyeh to come into waking manifestation. In

combination with the other elements of the Mantra of Release,-the completed sigil becomes the embodiment and celebration of this event.

Invocation of the Great Old Ones

I performed the invocation seated, at a table covered with a dark green cloth. (I was facing due north—west, but the actual, spatial orientation was not considered as being of significance in this simple rite which did not require any invocation of the Elemental Quarters, nor the casting of any Circle of Art). At the rear—centre of the table, on an oval mat, was placed a single blue-green candle; to its right was a small, brass incense burner containing ‘dark musk’ joss; and to its left was a small figurine, in green resin, of a rather spectral Cthulhu. In front of these was the Sigil of Awakening, done in black ink on white, A4 size paper. To the left were the texts to be used in the invocation, and to the right was a glass and bottle of red wine, to stimulate the senses and to provide refreshment.

At 11.30 pm, I commenced the rite by lighting the candle and the incense. Picking up my copy of *The Call of Cthulhu*, I read Old Castro’s account of the mythos of the Great Old Ones, of how they had come to the earth from distant stars, of their twilight existence — dead and dreaming’ — within their great city of R’lyeh, and of how it had sunk beneath the sea, and of the secret cult which had perpetuated their memory. I read the text quietly, but audibly; I was familiar with the words, and read them with a real sense of warmth and understanding. Then I subdued the electric light altogether, and focusing my gaze on the solitary candle flame, I began to repeat the incantation of Cthulhu:

Ph’nglui inglw’nafh Cthulhu R’lyeh wgah’nagl fhtagn.

I continued in this until the mantra became precise and fluid in its modulation; until it had become internalised and fully resonant within my being.

When I had persisted in this for some time and my mouth had become dry, I paused for a drink of wine. Then I took my copy of *Liber VII*, and placing it within the small circle of light upon the table, I began to read its seventh chapter. Again, my reading was quiet, but audible, and done with the passionate intensity of invocation: enjoying the lyrical beauty of its verses and fully appreciative of the sensual richness with which they described the intimate relations between the Adept and his Holy Guardian Angel. And, although Crowley himself would have been unfamiliar with the Lovecraftian perspective of my own current mode of access to his text, I found that it blended very well with my purpose. There was, of course, the familiar sixth verse which spoke of the mighty sepulchre, and contained the ‘mantra of release’ itself; but there were other verses that aligned themselves with my intent. Of these, the most notable were:

20: Thou hast stirred in Thy sleep, O ancient sorrow of years! Thou hast raised Thine head to strike, and all is dissolved into the Abyss of Glory.

29: *There shall be a sigil as of a vast black brooding ocean of death and the central blaze of darkness, radiating its night upon all.*

At the conclusion of the reading, I made a spontaneous supplication to the Great Old Ones, addressing them as the Mighty Ancestors and calling upon them to illuminate my consciousness with the knowledge of their Ways. Then, after a pause, I began to intone the Mantra of Release:

Olalain linal Tutulu.

This was done as a slow and solemn call, remorseless in its insistence; it was in the manner of a dirge for dead Cthuihu, I soon realised. As I concentrated on the mantra, I looked directly at the candle flame, then gradually I shifted the focus of my gaze to the Sigil of Awakening. At its base, I visualised the citadel of R'lyeh emerging from the Waters of the Abyss, and rising from these were the Twin Towers of Great Cthulhu: tall and steadfast, establishing the Pylon for his emergence into the waking World of Making. Arisen within the Pylon is the Sun at Midnight, towards which is ascending the Whirling Cross of Chaos, the talisman of the Opener of the Ways. As the power of the Great Old Ones rises towards the Sky, the summits of the towers burst into flame and all is dissolved in an effulgence of light, an all-consuming ecstasy of liberation.

Persisting with the mantra, I concentrated on the sigil and closed my eyes and visualised the sigil as engraved upon the dark doorway of the tomb of Cthulhu. I changed my chant to that of the Call of Cthulhu and invoked the deep darkness within that sepulchre of night, summoning the Great Old One into the light. When I resumed the mantra it developed a more insistent tone, a quickening, more joyful rhythm that was reminiscent of a vodoun chant. This was not a conscious decision on my part, but it was clear that the mantra had become a song of celebration for the rising of Great Cthulhu. As I continued with the chant, aware of the light and the perfume of the incense, all sensations focused within a small zone of intimacy surrounded by the darkness of the night, I experienced a strong realisation of the presence of the Ancient Ones and knew that the invocation had achieved its purpose. This had only been a preliminary rite, but I felt that my choice of mantra and sigil had been fully vindicated. I poured myself another glass of wine and began to make some brief notes on the rite: it was approaching 12.45 am.

Later, still seated at the table, I turned to Lovecraft's tale once again to read his description of "the nightmare corpse-city of R'lyeh," and to contemplate the implications of his highly-charged imagery. The main thrust of this is to portray the citadel of the Great Old Ones as a place that is totally alien and loathsome to human understanding, but inevitably, he is obliged to draw upon allusions which have their roots-within the cultural matrices of the human psyche, in order to achieve his aim. Thus, Lovecraft refers to "the cosmic majesty of this dripping Babylon of elder daemons," drawing upon the sexually apocalyptic vision of "Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth" depicted in chapter seventeen of Revelation. But there are more subtle allusions than this, other images which opened up their ornately-crafted locks to the exploratory keys of my invocation.

I identified the "great stone pillar sticking out of the sea" with the blue-green candle upon my altar: the flickering of its solitary corpse-light representing the dark shadows of dream insinuating themselves into waking awareness. This "hideous monolith" is none other than the funerary stela of the great priest Cthulhu, rearing its-cyclopean angles to the sky. It is carved with weird designs, among which I had identified the Sigil of Awakening. Lovecraft says of the scene, that:

"The very sun of heaven seemed distorted when viewed through the polarising miasma welling out from this sea-soaked perversion..." This fusion of images reminded me of a passage in the ancient Ugaritic text known as *The Tale of Aqhat*:

To raise a solemn stone for ancestors,
For the departed, a sun-disk;
To draw his wraith like vapour from the earth,
And guard his shrine from impious hands. (*)

For Lovecraft, the rising of R'lyeh and the liberation of Cthulhu was a cataclysmic event of menacing and unnatural proportions, which he described as "The Madness from the Sea." In contrast, the implication of my invocation was that the awakening of the Great Old Ones is a potent and transformative experience, not a manifestation of madness, but an apotheosis of the Hidden Light.

(*) *The Tale of Aqhat*: Translated with an Introduction by Francis Landy; The Menard Press, London, 1981. The text, which is very incomplete, dates to c.1365 B.C.

The astral sabbat

from the Archives of the Nyarlathotep Coven

There follows a description of the first collective working undertaken by the members of the Nyarlathotep Coven. The aim of this working was to create an initial dreaming-space - a gestalt shared by members of the group that could serve as a pool of imagery and other sensory modalities - in order the group's magical work, both collectively and individually, could resonate on a psychic or liminal level.

The astral or dream sabbat is a primal archetype of the familiar occult concept of the meeting with inner-plane contacts or masters. The key Lovecraftian tale that deals with this theme is "The Dreams in the Witch-House" in which protagonist Walter Gilman is gradually drawn, through his fevered dreams, to an astral sabbat:

"He must meet the Black Man and go with them all to the throne of Azathoth at the center of ultimate chaos. That was what she said. He must sign the book of Azathoth in his own blood and take a new, secret name now that his independent delvings had gone so far."

We all felt that gaining access to the astral sabbat would be a useful way to begin the work of the Coven. The first stage of this working was that all members should (if they were not already doing so) keep a regular dream-diary. Each night, members would strive, by their own ingenium, to attend the sabbat. Drawing on a variety of occult sources, the following methods were suggested:

- a)Creating collages of descriptions of sabbats - including those of Lovecraft, medieval descriptions of the witches' sabbat, sources of horror fiction, - films such as "The Devil Rides Out" and even appropriate music such as "Night on a Bare Mountain" or Black Widow's "Come to the Sabbath". Visual images appropriate also included the art of Austin Osman Spare, H.R. Giger, etc.
- b)Using sigils in the form of designs, mantras or chants with the intent of "experiencing the astral sabbat".
- c)Using the artwork of Spare, et al, as gateways to the sabbat.
- d)Visiting physical locations that seemed to be suitable locations for the sabbat and using the memories, associations and, where appropriate, physical objects to return there when a sabbat is in progress.

For this first stage of the working, we all recorded our dreams and waking astral journeys. Particular emphasis was placed on descriptions of the sabbat site, any repeated sounds, smells, and recurring visual images which could form the basis of a collectively-generated 'sabbat experience' which could be used for further dream exploration or later, ritual work.

Here is an example of one such 'sabbat dream' from Fra. Hali:

"I am visiting a large, decaying mansion in the wilds of Yorkshire. Beneath the house, and the surrounding hills there is a network of tunnels and underground rooms. The house is badly haunted with a great deal of poltergeist disturbances - lights cutting out and moving walls. Soror V. is there with another woman who says she is the Priestess of the Tunnels and that is where we must go to meet the others who are gathering at this place. I am afraid of the creatures who live in the tunnels but Soror V. calms me and says I have nothing to worry about."

Hali's dream is redolent of occult themes such as the Tunnels of Set, and tunnels haunted by strange creatures is a theme which also recurs in the writings of Lovecraft. Other members also recounted tunnel-imagery in their attempts to access the Sabbat, and we took it as a good sign of the group's developing gestalt (or egregore) that members not only began to report dreams of attending the sabbat relatively quickly, but also began to encounter each other in these dreams - sometimes in the form of animals such as ravens or owls, which would then transform into Coven members.

In order to heighten this increasing fusion of member's dream-experiences, Fra. Telesis suggested that we spend an evening together devoted to sharing the descriptions and imagery that each of us had been collecting in regard to the sabbat, and discussing the progress of our dream and astral work, to be concluded by us bedding down and sleeping

in the same room. This became a lengthy story-telling and brainstorming session - some of the descriptions of sabbats and gatherings of wizards and warlocks acting as inspirational meditations and 'journeys'. This meeting was also helpful in increasing the sociability between group members - allowing us a space to find out more about each other and our magical histories. Telesis' idea was that communal sleeping might increase the likelihood of Coven members dreaming about each other. And, when we compared notes the next morning, we found that the majority of the Coven had experienced strange dreams of one kind or another, and that both Fra. G. and Soror V. had had 'sabbat dreams' where they felt themselves to be accompanied by other members of the Coven, although they could not make out individual faces.

As this working progressed, we began to note recurrent images in Coven member's experiences, such as a network of tunnels; of flying to the sabbat; that not all the participants were human - many attendants were elementals, lamia or incubuses. The sabbats took place outdoors, with stone circles or 'black altars' as a central focus, or were held in underground rooms lit by guttering torches. Fra. Vorgis reported a recurrent dream in which he attended a sabbat in the midst of an arid desert landscape that he 'knew' was on another planet.

For the next stage of this working we created:

- A group sigil
- A set of audio tapes which were assembled in the form of cut-ups of Coven members reading suitable magical fragments - such as quotations from the Necronomicon taken from Lovecraft stories, and other 'inspirational' sources.
- Computer image collages of Coven members standing, masked and robed, in suitable locations and superimposed onto 'sabbat images'.

These were used as aids by members in their astral and dream experiments.

It was also suggested that we create a 'script' which would act as a group entry to the sabbat space. After some discussion, this idea was dropped for the moment, as we did not wish to place artificial limitations on the dream-imagery. What we did do however, was agree that members should strive to 'see' the group sigil devised by the Coven in their dreams, particularly as an aid to lucid dreaming - the idea being that if someone found themselves at the sabbat, they could try and use the sigil to summon other members there. This was never one hundred percent successful, but did lead to one or two instances where members reported encountering the sigil in their dreams, and, once focusing their attention on it, felt the 'mind-presence' of the Coven to be with them.

A variant of the dreamscape script was attempted by Fratres Hali & Vorgis, together with Soror Zirel, who created a script out of elements of their most successful dream experiences, and tried it as a waking 'guided journey' with the hope that it might allow some further confluence between their future dreams - with little success, apparently.

As this working progressed over time, we came to the collective conclusion that striving for 100 per cent confluence in terms of dream-imagery and individual experiences was not realistic - but that what we *were* doing was generating a good deal of imagery and associations which might be more valuable at a later date. What we also found interesting was the 'overspill' of dream/astral imagery into waking consciousness.

We began with the idea of the Sabbat as a formal ritual event, but after a few months or so of exploring the themes associated with the Sabbat, we began to move towards the notion that it could be a spontaneous occurrence - an intersection between zones/modalities of experience or entities/states of consciousness. In other words, the Sabbat is an archetypal *liminal space* - indeed, Fra. Vorgis put forth the view that the Sabbat could be viewed as an 'entity' of sorts - a sentient dream. The Sabbat is something we are drawn, or lured to. Perhaps it is a mistake to believe that that particular experience can be consciously controlled.

Cthulhu Invocation

by Fra. Zebulon

"O dark forbidding ocean,
what lies hidden in your depths,
down there beyond the ken of mortal man,
brooding in the everlasting night,
far beyond the realm of sunlight;
there lies a relic of a long-forgotten age,
it crouches, waiting, bides its time,
until it once more bursts forth upon the world.

I have dreamt of that place,
the black barnacled towers and spires,
the black barnacled towers and spires,
the basalt pillars garlanded with seaweed;
a fortress of the deeps, eon-old city of nightmare,
upon whose highest peak there stands a grey colossus,
a huge stone monolith, pitted by the passage of years uncounted.
This titan edifice crowns a crypt,
wherein lies the great priest, mighty Cthulhu,
unstirring in death's dream, until the stars are right,
then he shall rise to haunt the minds of lesser men,
when his citadel is thrown into the waking world that knows him not,
except in far-flung corners of the globe,
where sorcerers and shamans still hold sway,
and when the moon is pale, whisper litanies to his dreaded name."

One of the mythos associations of Cthulhu, the great priest of the Old Ones, is his function as the lord of dreams. When Cthulhu stirs in 'death's dream', the resulting telepathic wave sends a ripple of chaos across the world - the sensitive go insane, and occultists prepare for a portentous event (see Lovecraft's 'The Call of Cthulhu'). The deep ocean, where Cthulhu dreams, within the sunken city of R'Lyeh, can be taken as a reference to the deeps of the psyche - the subconscious or deep mind, within which lie the memories of pre-human stages of life. Note that, of the Great Old Ones, Cthulhu is the mediator between the Earth and human consciousness, and the truly alien star-spawn such as Azathoth or Yog-Sothoth. Cthulhu is a suitable god-form for the stimulation of telepathic 'sendings', and R'Lyeh a 'gateway' to the collective consciousness. This premise was the subject of a series of workings performed between 1979-80, sending a 'vibration' throughout the West Yorkshire region, acting as a kind of psychic telegram to draw other occultists into contact with Fra. Zebulon.

Method

A chamber in total darkness. Audio effects suggested a faint sussurus - a watery whispering. Preparations for the rites included fasting, sleep deprivation and prolonged immersion in cold water. The visualization sequence is as follows: a whirlpool into which one is drawn - moving down through the depths of the ocean, accompanied by a sense of great pressure and the swirling forms of strange deep-sea life forms. Then, in the distance, the dim form of cyclopean buildings can be discerned - the crazy geometry of R'Lyeh. Presently, the great grey monolith which crowns the tomb of Cthulhu can be identified. At this moment, a specially-prepared sigil (the glyph of one's magical intent) is hurled towards the monolith, and for a split-second, it glows brightly against the stone surface. There is an answering rumble from below - R'Lyeh trembles and one is hit by a wave of force and carried at great speed back to the surface and the normal waking state. Cthulhu has stirred, and a brief ripple has nudged your fellow apes - those who are awake to the call will respond in their own time.

Notes

1. It is not considered wise to go too close to R'Lyeh itself - treat it as the demon web between human and non-human space, or the Tunnels of Set in Kenneth Grant's *Nightside of Eden*.
2. R'Lyeh, has recently been identified with *Nan-Madol*, a ruined stone city consisting of artificial islets on the Pacific island of *Ponape*. According to local legends, the city "flew down from the sky" and was inhabited by a race of god-beings.
3. Sections of this rite have appeared in *The Handbook of Chaos Magic*, published in Austria by Fra. 717.

Beneath the Black Obelisk

by Stephen Sennitt

I walked through a field of tall weeds at twilight, pungent yellow blooms like giant dandelions, sap squeezing out into the marshy ground.

There was an atmosphere of expectancy, although I was completely alone; only the vague ghosts of those who had passed before me communicating some vibrant message which dwindled over the passing aeons; only the susurration of night voices which spoke through seashells pressed to the inner ear of the mind.

I came to higher ground, hard-baked by the black sun which wheeled overhead like a smudge of soot. Against the darkness, registering on the eye because of its stark angularity, was a monolith; a black obelisk marking the entrance to a vast crypt.

Did a rush of storm-wind usher me towards the gaping entrance? — or has the memory of my short journey to the abyss been wiped clean? No matter: I found myself suddenly poised at the entrance, the broken and rotting steps crumbling down and away into pitch darkness.

Beneath the noumenal shadow of the black obelisk I made my way down precariously, mortally afraid, at times half-frozen by the stifling weight of darkness all around me. An eternity seemed to pass in slow descent, fingers sore and knuckles scraped of skin, feet arched tensely like the claws of a frightened cat, teeth gritted together until my jaw ached and my eyes watered. And then — did I hallucinate a sudden amber flare? No, there were more:

torches burning down in the bottom where the inky blackness once more changed into pallid twilight.

After another aeon of painful descent I reached the first of the palely burning torches where a hooded figure waited for me, silent and inscrutable.

I was led out of the devastated rim of the pit into the vast crypt below where labyrinthine passages, flagged by colossal stone slabs, connected a seemingly endless series of curtained cells. After a short time we arrived at one which my guide directed me to enter. Pushing aside the rough, sack-like curtain, I passed into a narrow, grey-brick chamber with a raised dais on my right and a niche on my left, upon which sputtered a thick, crudely carved candle. Over the dais was a short wooden shelf upon which rested a single book, which leant precariously to one side causing the mildewed pages to fan out, frozen into place by dampness and time. For a long moment I sat in puzzled meditation, attempting to gather my thoughts, my attention naturally focusing on the candle; the single source of light and comfort to me. And it was as my eyes were drawn increasingly to the candle that I noticed a grotesque shape in the niche behind it, which at first I had taken to be the candles dancing shadow, but which upon closer inspection was seen to be solid and unmoving. Sliding the candle to one side I examined what turned out to be a statuette or effigy of a kind I had never seen before, though it was in parts driven with

crudely fashioned nails like the fetish dolls of Africa. There was, however, nothing remotely humanoid about this eidolon, which was a monstrous composition of squamous traits and blackened angular surfaces, vaguely crystalline as far as I could discern in the half-light, with various appendages in the semblance of wings and rudimentary tentacles, the whole of which presented an appearance of utmost absurdity, and yet I was wholly impressed by a sensation of utter, cold dread; with an emotion of abject despair, so vast and loathsome as to be completely overwhelming.

I slumped back on the dais and shut my eyes with a revulsion of the spirit I had never before experienced.

I suppose more moments of bewildered meditation and anxious pondering occurred, but this passage of time exists in a gulf of amnesia. The next thing I knew, I had apparently removed the book from its shelf and was leafing through its age-damaged pages under the light of the shrinking candle. Here were damp-smelling plates of figures I could not decipher, and crabbed hieroglyphics which lent themselves to no interpretive hypothesis. I pored through the hundred or so pages time and again, yielding no comprehension, but instead being instilled with a growing sense of unease, the very darkness at the light's perimeter seeming to gather like storm clouds.

With a conscious effort I shut the book and replaced it upon the shelf. Then I closed my eyes; fatigue was beginning to register along with various aches and pains, and I craved sleep. Before long, I began to drift, and indeed I must have fell to dreaming because it appeared that the book's cryptic sigils had transferred themselves, like after-images, onto the screen of darkness before my eyes, and were there squirming and shimmering with life and sentience, growing larger, forming distinct identities and appearances which were uniformly hideous and obscene — white, ectoplasmic imps and satyrs, succubi with barbed appendages like fluke worms, things which were meant to crawl but could fly. I jumped as I sensed these nightmares where about to descend on me, crying out in the darkness. The candle had burned out, and I was caught in a net of pitch blackness.

However, a split second later, the heavy curtain was swept aside and a hooded figure with a candle in his hand beckoned me to follow him without ceremony.

I was led through the dimly lit passages by my guide without meeting another soul. The silence all around was complete and eternal, like that of the deepest seabed. Finally we came to another curtain which the hooded one held aside for me, and on passing through I staggered to behold a vast, grey-walled chamber with a brass-coloured centre dais, upon which a giant black column had been raised, dwarfing the shadowy figure who gestured for me to come forward.

Then the first words I had heard in that place were spoken to me.

"I am the Messenger," said the shadowy figure, "and the obelisk you see before you disappears to its apparent pinnacle in the dark skies above the rim of my tomb, and its trunk pierces through the very heart of this circle, and its base, ah — the base lies

everywhere, in all times everywhere; in the same place everywhere; at the centre of All things everywhere He laughed, mockingly, and I looked up knowing before I did that the black obelisk *would* tower upwards out of sight, seemingly without end — because I knew it was the same obelisk I had seen before I entered this place, which cast its noumenal shadow over the lid of the abyss, and I knew the Messenger spoke the truth.

I sank to my knees.

"You are Nyarlathotep," I said.

There was no answer.

When I awoke with my wife sleeping soundly beside me, my heart gladdened. I lay in the dawn light contemplating my relief — but it was not long before I began thinking of that place again. I knew it existed in reality, and that I had not merely been 'commonplace' dreaming; rather my dreaming-self had visited a place it knew and had always dreaded, a place to which my waking-self would not go, but of which it had always had knowledge through subtle awareness of its counterpart's unspoken message —everywhere . . . in all times . . . At the very centre of All things . . .

The dream is the Messenger Himself. And the black obelisk is only one single limb of His daemon-master's infinite appendages.

Celestial Bodies in the Cthulhu Mythos

by John Beal

According to L. Sprague De Camp, Lovecraft was a keen astronomer, whose first interest was created through the classical myths associated with the constellations. The stories of H. P. Lovecraft-and other writers of the Cthulhu mythos often mention the roles of stars in connection with deities, events or rituals. -A certain number of these places are fictional, for example the planet Sharnoth, home of Nyarlathotep beyond this universe, in what might be termed Universe B. Others are real stars and planets, so I thought it interesting to investigate any mythology connected with them, and the meaning of their names.

THE PLANETS: Rather than list each individual planet and their associated myths, here is a synopsis of a few which seem particularly of interest. In the Lovecraft and Sterling story *In the Walls of Eryx* the setting is a Venus covered by lush jungle, through which the narrator searches for a crystal worshipped by the Venutian Man-Lizards, possibly a reference to the Serpent People and Shining Trapezohedron of *The Haunter of the Dark* and other stories. Venus is also mentioned along with Jupiter in *The Shadow out of Time* in which Lovecraft writes "There was a mind from Venus, which would live incalculable epochs to come, and one from an outer moon of Jupiter six million years in the past." Many of Clark Ashton Smith's stories are set upon planets, *The Door to Saturn* for

example and also *The Vaults of Yoh-Vombis* which is set upon Mars. Most of Smith's works however concern Planets in other star systems, for example *The Planet of the Dead*, the planet mentioned in *Marooned in Andromeda*, and *The Flower-Women of Voltap*. The final planet I shall mention, appears to be pivotal to the astronomical ideas in Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos. Yuggoth synonymous with Pluto, is the abode of fungal creatures who leave crab-like footprints and make inter-planetary journeys... 'on clumsy, powerful wings which have a way of resisting the ether". Kenneth Grant uses Yuggoth as a symbol of the boundary between dimensions, an idea expressed in the poem *Beyond* by Lin Carter:

"I have seen Yith, and Yuggoth on the Rim,
And black Carcosa in the Hyades."

It is interesting that Carter mentions Carcosa (the invention of Ambrose Bierce in his story *An inhabitant of Carcosa*) as lying in the seven sister stars of the Hyades, as this area of the sky is returned to again and again in the Cthulhu mythos.

FOMALHAUT (*Alpha Pisces Australis*): This name, like many others derives straight from Arabic. Its origins are Fum al Hiiit, meaning 'Mouth of the Fish'. It is not so surprising therefore that this star is located at the mouth of the drinking fish, *Pisces Australis*. Interestingly it is the only named star in this constellation and is the most southerly first-magnitude star visible from Great Britain. The fact that it is of first magnitude relates to the Cthulhu mythos deity Cthugga with which it is connected. Cthugga is described as resembling an "enormous burning mass continually varying in shape." Cthugga is also served by beings called Flame Vampires which again suggests an intensely hot abode.

ALDEBARAN (*Alpha Tauri*): Aldebaran is generally known as 'The Eye of the Bull', Taurus, due to its distinct orange colouration. Originally the name was given to the entire Hyades cluster, which it is in fact not a member of, but is some distance in front of. Its name again comes from Arabic, Al Dabaran, meaning 'The Follower'. This was due to the Greeks belief that the star followed the Pleiades. This star is linked to the Cthulhu mythos in an extremely interesting way. The original link was through the stories of Robert William Chambers in *The King in Yellow*, where it is the bright twin star, home of Hastur.

It is regarded by August Derleth as the Star where some of the Cthulhu deities emanated from. In this respect it is of interest to quote from *The Whisperer in Darkness*; "To Nyarlathotep, mighty messenger must all things be told. And he shall put on the semblance of men, the waxen mask and the robe that hides and come down from the world of seven suns to mock...", Robert Graves in his book *The Greek Myths* states that both the Pleiades and the Hyades were the seven daughters of the Titan Atlas, making them equivalent in mythological terms. The statement from *The Whisperer in Darkness* clearly shows an alignment with the seven sister suns of either cluster, thus connecting Nyarlathotep to Aldebaran's area of influence. Perhaps one can go further and express the possibility that Hastur, the King in Yellow, is one of Nyarlathotep's "thousand other

forms", since in the story; *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath* Nyarlathotep is described as wearing a "yellow mask". As well as this in the story *The Crawling Chaos* by Lovecraft and Elizabeth Berkeley, the destruction of the Earth is portrayed as seen by a Being on "Cetharion of the seven suns, thus connecting the area again to Nyarlathotep as the crawling chaos, the Nemesis of the Earth.

Another observation is that Aldebaran was once in the constellation of Mithras; which consisted of the constellations Taurus and Perseus. This connects to the star Algol, another star mentioned briefly in *Beyond the Walls of Sleep* by Lovecraft.

ALGOL (Beta Persei): This was the very first eclipsing binary star to be discovered: Montanan, an Italian astronomer in the 1600's was the first European to note and produce explanation for the stars periodic wink. Its Arabic name Al Ghtil means 'The Demon' or more precisely 'The Ghoul', and in English it also has the nickname 'The Demon Star'. Originally Algol was one of the stars making up the shield of Mithras, but later came to represent the malevolent winking eye of Medusa in the constellation Perseus. Due to it being the first eclipsing binary to be discovered the class of such stars is termed 'Algol-type' variables.

BETELGEUSE (Alpha Orionis): Although this star is labelled the Alpha star it is in fact dimmer than *Beta Orionis*, or RIGEL. The star is a red supergiant whose name derives from Yad al Jauzah meaning 'Hand of the Giant', or 'Hand of the Sacred One'. Apparently the name should be spelled Yedelgeuse, but due to poor translation of the Arabic into Latin it was wrongly read as Bad, Arabic for armpit, instead of the word Yad which means hand. This star lies some 650 light years away from us and it is a period variable star, altering its luminance by brightening and fading in an annual cycle. In the Cthulhu mythos it is regarded as the star from which the Elder Gods ruled.

POLARIS (Alpha Ursae Minoris): Obviously the name implies it to be the pole star, and it is in fact within 1° of the celestial north pole. However in Greek its name is Cynosura, and means 'dog's tail', thus implying that the whole constellation at one time referred to a dog instead of a bear. An even earlier Greek name was Phoenice, possibly connecting it to the name Phoenissa, (whose masculine form is Phoenix). The name Phoenissa means 'the red, or bloody one'. Robert Graves states it as connecting with Demeter and Astarte; Phoenissa's name implying the moon goddess's role of Death-in-Life. Interestingly Phoenix is stated as renaming the land of Canaan as Phoenicia, thus producing another possible link.

The Pole star will be at its closest to celestial north in the year 2100 and then will be gradually succeeded by the star Vega. This procession seems to be implied in Lovecraft's story *Polaris*, in the poem:

"Slumber, watcher, till the spheres,
Six and twenty thousand years
Have revolv'd, and I return
To the spot where now I burn.

Other stars anon shall rise
To the axis of the skies;
Stars that soothe and stars that bless
With a sweet forgetfulness;
Only when my round is o'er
Shall the past disturb thy door."

The use of the term ‘the axis of the skies’ in the poem is most interesting due to its connecting with the Arabic name for the star: Al Kutb al Shamaliyy, meaning ‘the axle of the north’.

ARCTURUS (*Alpha Bootes*): This stars name in Greek means ‘the bear-watcher’ or ‘bear-keeper’, and in Arabic is Al Simak al Rimah or ‘the lofty lance-bearer’. It was at one time the name of the entire constellation of Bootes, ‘the herdsman’. The constellations name also means ‘the bear-hunter’, and the word Bootes itself derives from Boetes the Greek for ‘clamorous’, and the Latin name seems to comply with this as ‘vociferator’ or ‘clamator’; the shout of a huntsman with his dogs (*Canes Venatici*). This star is mentioned briefly in a passage of Lovecraft’s story *Beyond the Wall of Sleep* suggesting that the dreaming consciousness of Joe Slater, (the hero) had "drifted to the worlds that reel about the red Arcturus".

SIRIUS (*Alpha Canis Major*): Kenneth Grant associates Sirius with the Lovecraftian and Babylonian deity Dagon, an idea which Robert Temple also propounds in his book *The Sirius Mystery*. Temple quotes from a Babylonian historian named Berossus, who writes of a group of Alien Amphibians whose leader was Oannes, later to become the fish-god Dagon of the Philistines. Berossus also speaks of another amphibious alien called Odacon, which Temple believes to be a corrupted form of Dagon. Temple’s book concerns amongst other things, an African tribe called the Dogon, who are aware of SIRIUS B an invisible-to-the-eye star, which they believe has a planet circling it from which the Amphibian Aliens came.

In Greek the stars name was Seirios aster, ‘the scorching star’; whilst the Latin was Kanikuly, due in both cases to its appearance in the ‘caniculares dies’ or dog days of the hot summer months. In Arabic it had the name Al Shira al ‘Abur al Yamaniyyah meaning ‘the shining one in the passage of Yemen’, signifying its position to the right of a Muslim as he faces Mecca. This star is in fact the brightest in the night sky and similar to ALGOL is also binary, with the white dwarf star SIRIUS B orbiting at a full revolution every fifty years. In Greek mythology it is also called Orthus which was the two-headed watch-dog belonging to Atlas, parented by Typhon and Echidne. Also in myth the Dog-star Sirius was regarded as Cerberus pertaining to the tripartite year. In Egyptian myth the dog-star was associated with Anubis, who according to Robert Graves can be identified with Hecate as the tn-headed bitch, eating corpse flesh and howling at the moon. Elsewhere Graves also identifies it with the Egyptian god Thoth and thus also to the Greek Hermes, both messengers of the gods, the role which Nyarlathotep serves in the Cthulhu mythos.

Cthulhuoid Copulations

by Frater AshT-ChozaR-Ssaratu, Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition

As a child, I was plagued by nightmares – fueled in part by my vivid imagination, my fascination with "monsters", and being exposed to personal violence at school (as well as vicarious violence via tv news & neighborhood gossip). At about age 8, my mother's uncle Henry taught me how to *wake-up* within dreamtime and how to use my dreams as a tool for examining and adjusting my personal relationship with the multiverse at large. I learned to assert my Will within my personal microcosm. By facing my fears personified by the various bogeys of my dreams, I began to dance creatively within maya rather than simply reacting to what others had created as though I were a consumer of fate or a victim of destiny. As my new perspective became more ingrained, monsters became my friends or guides rather than predators or tormentors. Strange inter-penetrations of my body with alien geometries became pleasant, rather than invasive or ego-threatening.

About 2 decades ago, I began to work consciously with the energies/entities of Lovecraft's mythos. At first I felt like a fieldmouse in a world populated by owls, hawks & rattlesnakes. But the farther I got in my explorations, the more I came to realize that my personal relationship with any energy or entity is one which is uniquely determined by me & the energy/entity in question – regardless of racial or ecological stereotypes.

This turn-around became fully actualized for me during a dreamtime initiatory sequence which took place (if memory serves me correctly) about 10 years ago (as time is measured on the plane in which I write this note).

I was part of an exploratory crew aboard the Miskatonic University research submarine *Grendal* off the sunken shoreline of R'Lyeh. I was naked, save for scuba tanks & utility belts. As I & the rest of my team filed past the bosun, she handed each of us a shoulder bag filled with condoms. At that point I knew (without knowing how) that Cthulhu was waiting for us just beyond the airlock. I knew that in order to prevent impregnation by Cthulhu, I would need to put a condom over each & every tentacle tip, cilium fiber, & every other protuberance which Great Cthulhu might extend my way in communicatory caress or tentative exploration.

To be honest, I was terrified. I was also expectant. I had been preparing for this moment for nearly a decade. But when the airlock finished cycling, & I was ejected into the warm, moonlit sea, I was totally unprepared for the ensuing ecstatic initiation.

For one thing, I could *smell*. Smell is the sense I rely on most to check-out energy flow between myself and others during waking consciousness (which explains, at least in part, my strong aversion to smokers). Heretofore, in dreamtime, I had been bereft of my sense

of smell. But now I was inundated with odors drifting at me from all sides. All erotic. All ecstatic. All inviting. I wanted *more!*

The geometry of this undersea grotto gave me severe vertigo – but it was not entirely unpleasant. (Raw power seldom is!) I felt as though any imbalance might well precipitate my demise – or worse. It was like being in free-fall while trying to navigate thru a rotating/undulating/breathing house of mirrors. Time folded & unfolded all around me. Every gesture, every choice I made opened up new timelines/closed off entire universes. My every stray thought became reified instantly. Conscious will manifested even more quickly. [Or was it just that my time sense had been so speeded-up that aeons seemed to me to be instants?]

I cast off my scuba tanks & discarded my bag of condoms. I would settle for nothnig short of total union! Visions of parasitic impregnations & infestations flashed before my mind's eye. I blanked my mind momentarily to banish an image of tentacled embryos gnawing at my entrails. While in a no-mind state, I opened myself up. The smell was delicious. So was the feel. I relaxed my no-mind state in order to reason with myself. If I was unwilling to trust the input of my own highly developed senses, who or what could I ever trust in the future? Throwing caution to the wind I swam toward my alien lover.

Cthulhu caressed me & penetrated me in every conceivable orifice – from my ass to my eyes, from my ears to the pores on the souls of my feet. Each penetration ecstatic/orgasmic/informational. I drew prana directly from the erogenously charged seaweater. I had no need of air to breathe. I became filled with the essence & substance of Cthulhu. In turn, I ejaculated into Cthulhu in a continuous stream for hours. Within us grew embrionic intelligences from hybrid dimensions. From Bill Seibert's perspective, he/I/we felt them come to maturity within his brain & inside his spinal column. I [that is to say, the Bill's ego] became conscious of the totality of consciousness within me/us. I/we became the childe of my/our union with Cthulhu – Oruborous sucking eggs out of my own tail. Auranos as both honeybee & pollen.

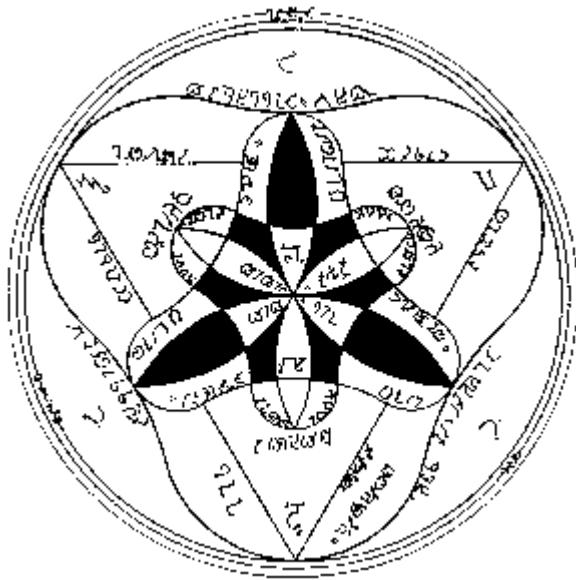
From what I am able to perceive, time flows differently on that plane in which Cthulhu is awake and orgasmically active than it does in the here-&-now. By morning [when I awoke back into my human body] I was centuries more mature than the night before. Yet, also more youthful. On the physical plane, I am no longer quite human. My physician once jokingly told me that I had the EKG of a corpse. Or a zombie. He re-did my EKG & I tested out normal. My stray thoughts can mess up EKG and EEG readings. My blood sugar levels, hormone levels etc. are more an outgrowth of my conscious thought patterns than my diet or any other external environmental factors. Organisms which are parasitic to other humans live benignly in my bloodstream & under my skin, except when I am indulging in a dark night of the soul.

If I go forth with the idea that I am asserting my Will in the universe, I will most assuredly meet energies/entities who will [assertively!] work with me to hone my will. If I seek to control or dominate then I will meet those who seek to dominate me. Personally, I prefer to interact symbiotically with each & every entity/energy I meet. For me, playful

synergy seems far more efficacious than hierarchical old aeon power struggles borrowed from our ancestor's ignorance & their underdeveloped comprehension of their own nervous systems.

In trafficking with the Great Old Ones, Elder Gods, & other such energies/entities, I neither invoke, nor am I summoned. Rather, I open myself up to a conscious experience of she/he/they/that which I seek. Sometimes I am *visited-by*, while at other times I *flow-to*. For the most part, such distinctions are rather nonsensical, for there are aspects of me which identify strongly with the human Bill Seibert & other aspects of me which identify with those alien eroto-intelligences which commune with the human Bill Seibert. In a very real sense, my communion/communication with these entities/energies is continuous. Ritual invocations work to accentuate my awareness of what is already in progress. My relationship with entities/energies in this realm is primarily sexual – that is to say *interpenetrating*. I/we/they exchange non-physical analogs of genetic material. Such exchanges cannot [in my experience] occur without full trust, cooperation, & ecstatic openness. In this realm, force [rape, duplicity, etc.] & other power games are not only non-productive, they seem not to be possible, [for me, at any rate].

The primary tool which I use for to open myself up to energies from the Lovecraftian dimensions is the trilateral circular vèvè shown below. I fashioned the original from memory after a whirlwind tour of its macrocosmic analog upon the back of Ithaqa, the Wind-Walker some 15 years ago. I then added appropriate labels [god names] through ordinary scholastic means, after translation into Enochian.



Over the years, I have come to appreciate that my human brain is but a minuscule appendage of my human mind. My human brain is [indeed] incapable of containing the raw energies of the cosmos. However, my human mind *is* capable of active egalitarian interaction with the most awesome entities/energies I have thus far met. Not to contain

them. Not to control them. But to merge with them & share [artistically/sexually/mathematically] with them.

Humanity can indeed be quite frail. Yet, I choose not to hide my humanity. From my perspective frailty is one of humanity's more delicate survival traits! Openness & curiosity coupled with frailty seems to engender tenderness & patience from those who have been nurturing instincts/consciously cultivated predilections. When I am in open exploratory mode, I greet and interact with the unknown with my tender exuberance. [When I feel unable to be open or exuberant, I am a hermit who shuns all conscious contact with the unknown.] I have no interest in playing power-over games with behemoths – I'd rather we fucked ourselves silly instead! If I were to hide my frailties, I feel I might be [inadvertently] crushed or consumed during raucous loveplay.

Cthulhu madness

by Phil Hine (1996)

Each god brings its own madness. To know the god - to be accepted by it - to feel its mysteries, well you have to let that madness wash over you, and through you. This isn't in the books of magic, why? For one thing, it's all too easily forgotten, and for another, you have to find it out for yourself. And those who would sanitise magic, whitening out the wildness with explanations borrowed from pop psychology or science- well, madness is something that we still fear - the great taboo. So why did I choose Cthulhu? High Priest of the Great Old Ones. Lying dreaming "death's dream" in the sunken city, forgotten through layers of time and water. It sounds so simple to say that I merely heard his 'call' - but I did. Gods do not, generally, have a lot to say, but what they do say, is worth listening to.

I recall one evening staying in a friends' flat. I'd been 'working' with Gaia. No new-age mommy with a channeling about saving whales or picking up litter. I felt a pressure inside my head building up - something huge trying to pour itself into me. Sensations of geological time - layers sleet through my awareness. The heat of magma; slow grinding of continents shifting; the myriad buzz of insects. Nothing remotely human. This sort of experience helps me to clarify my feelings on Cthulhu. Alien but not alien. A vast bulk stirring somewhere around the pit of my stomach. A slow, very slow heartbeat crashing through waves. Lidded eye peeling back through darkness, back through the world, the cities, the people walking outside, peeling back slowly. Peeling back through my entire life, all memories and hopes crashing into this moment. Waking from the dream of this to feel a stirring - a nagging disquiet; the absolute fragility of myself thrust back at me through crashing waves of silence.

This is the sense of Cthulhu madness.

Cut to walking through a forest. It is pouring with rain. The trees are bare of leaves, slimy, mud churning underfoot. I'm seeing them as clutching fingers attempting to snare the sky; as winding tentacles. Cthulhu is all around us. It is a squid-thing, bestial, dragon-

winged - a theriomorphic image, but such things are all around us, as trees, insects, plant life, and within us as bacterium, brooding viruses; born momentarily through the alchemical transformations taking place in my body even as I write. Hidden. Dreaming. Carrying on without our cognisance. Unknown beings, with unknown purposes. This thought builds in intensity and it throws me sideways into realisation. That Nature is alien to us. There's no need to look for hidden dimensions, higher planes of existence or lost worlds of myth. It's here, if we but pause to look and feel.

The old Gods are everywhere. Their features outlined in the rock beneath our feet. Their signatures scrawled in the fractal twisting of coastlines. Their thoughts echoing through time, each lightning storm an eruption of neural flashes. I'm so small, and it (Cthulhu) is so vast. That such an insignificant being becomes of the focus of that lidded eye peeling back across aeons of time - well, it puts me in my place, doesn't it. My carefully-nurtured magician-self ("I can command these beings, I can!") goes into momentary overdrive and then collapses, exhausted by the inrush of eternity. Run away. Hide.

Having tried to break out of the mould I have only succeeded in breaking down. I scream inwardly for my lost innocence. Suddenly the world is a threatening place. The colours are too bright and I can't trust them anyway. Windows are particularly fascinating, yet they too become objects to be suspicious of You (I) can't trust what comes through windows. We can look out of them, but other things can look in. I press my hand to the glass. What secrets are locked into these thin sheets of matter? I would be like glass if I could, but I'm afraid to.

Sleep brings no respite. The eyelid begins to peel back even before I sleep. I feel as if I'm falling, tipping like a child's top into something ... I don't know what. All pretence at being a magician has failed. This thing is too big. I can't banish it and even if I could, I have a strong sense that I mustn't. I have opened this door and unwittingly stepped through it, like walking deliberately into a puddle only to find that I'm suddenly drowning. Cthulhu's pulse-beat echoes slowly around me. Cthulhu is dreaming me. I was unaware of this, and now I am acutely aware of it, and wish to hell I wasn't. I want to sink back into unconsciousness. I don't want to know this. I find myself developing rituals of habit. Checking plug sockets for stray outpourings of electricity; avoiding particularly dangerous trees, you know the kind of thing.

I thought I was a rising star, yet I'm reduced to the four walls of my room. But even they won't keep these feelings out. Slowly, some self-preservation mechanism kicks into gear. Madness is not an option. I can't stay like this forever - another casualty of what is never mentioned in the books of magic. I begin to pick up the patterns I've let slip - eating regularly (at more or less the right times), having a wash, going out for walks. Talking to people - that kind of thing. I feel the sensation of the lidless eye peering out of abysses of time and memory, and I find I can meet that eye ("I") steadily. The environment ceases to be a threat. The self-protection rituals (obsessions) fall away, and after all' what is there to protect? The dreams change. It is as though I have passed through some kind of membrane. Perhaps I have become glass, after all. The thoughts of Cthulhu stirring down there in the darkness are no longer fearful. I find that I can, after all, ride the dream-pulse.

What was that lidless eye but my own "I" mirrored through fear and self-identifications?
I'm no longer haunted by strange angles. All resistance has collapsed, and I've found
myself a measure of power in it's place.

Of course this theme is familiar to one and all - the initiatory journey into and out of darkness. Familiar because of the thousand and one books that chart it, analyse it, and, in some cases, offer signposts along the way. Which brings me back to why I chose Cthulhu, or rather, why we chose each other. There's something very romantic about H.P Lovecraft. The same romance which brings people towards magic by reading Dennis Wheatley. As Lionel Snell once wrote "*When occultism dissociated itself from the worst excesses of Dennis Wheatley, it castrated itself for the worst excesses of Dennis Wheatley are where it's at.*" There's something gut-wrenching, exciting, awe-ful - romantic - about Lovecraftian magic. Contrast it with the plethora of books available on different magical 'systems' which abound in modern bookshops. Symbols everywhere - everything has become a symbol, and somehow, (to my mind at least), less real. Awesome experiences have had all the feeling boiled out of them, into short descriptions and lists - always more lists, charts, and attempts to banish the unknown with explanations, equations, abstract structures for other people to play in.

Lovecraftian magic is elemental, it has an *immediate* presence, and resonates with buried fears, longings, aspirations and dreams. The Great Old Ones and their kin can only ever be fragments of the mysterious, never to be codified or dried out for scholars to pick over. Yes, you can bounce gematria around until you've equated this god with that concept, and I do feel that gematria, if used appropriately, can become a thread with which you can begin to weave your own Cthulhu madness, tipping yourself into sub-schizoid significances. There are no Necronomicons - okay, I'll amend that, there are several *published* necronomicons, but none of them for me do justice to that sense of an 'utterly blasphemous tome' which sends you insane after a thorough reading. If it does exist, it's in a library somewhere where you will have to go through madness to get the key, only to find that what works for you, probably won't make much sense to everyone else. After all, to some people, *Fanny Hill* was blasphemous. The whole point of the necronomicon is that it is a cipher for that kind of experience which twists your whole world-view and, whilst the insights of that illumination are dancing around your head, impels you to act upon it - to do what 'must' be done in the fire of gnosis -whether it be Dr. Henry Armitage setting forth to Dunwich or Saul's conversion of the Greeks, the flames of his vision on the road to Damascus dancing in his heart. This experience, this core, out of which magis - power - bursts forth, for me is the core of magic - the central mystery, if you like. Gnosis of the presence of a god rips away the veils and leaves you gasping, breathless. Character armour is blown away (until it slowly accrues into a shell once more) and briefly, you touch the heart of that unknowable mystery, coming away with a shard embedded. It drops away, it works its way in, it becomes a dull ache, so we have to go back for more. Most of the 'set' magical rituals that I've done or participated in don't even come close to this. Yet all the magical acts which I have done, responding to external circumstance, the crash of events or some burdening inner need have thrust me into the foreground of the mystery. I can still remember seeing a witch priestess 'possessed' by Hecate. The eyes... weren't human. This year, in answer To my plea out of confusion and

torment, the wild god Pasupati stooped down low and peered down at me, a vision of blazing whiteness, the after-burn of which is still glowing at the edges.

Real magic is wild. I can feel the near-presence of the Great Old Ones at night. When the wind rattles the window-panes. When I hear the growl of thunder. When I walk up a hillside and ponder on the age of that place. To feel them near me, all I would have to do is stay there until night fell. Stay away from the habitations of men. Away from our fragile order and rationality and into the wildness of nature, where even the eyes of a sheep can look weird in the moonlight. Outside, you don't need to 'call things up' - they're only a breath away. And you are nearer to Cthulhu than you might otherwise think.

Again, it's a small thing, and rarely mentioned, but there's a difference between a 'magician' thinking he has a right to 'summon the Great Old Ones', and a magician who feels a sense of kinship with them, and so doesn't have to call. Anyone can call them, but few can do so out of a nodding acquaintance born of kinship. There's a great difference between doing a rite, and having the *right*. But once you've faced a god, letting its madness wash through you, and change you, then there is a bond which is true, beyond all human explanation or rationalisation. We forge bonds with the gods we choose and with the gods which choose us. It's a two-way exchange, the consequences of which might take years to be manifest in your life. But then, gods tend to be patient. Cthulhu dreams.

Dark Entries: An Introduction to the magick of the Cthulhu Mythos

by Fra. Zebulon, Dunwich Lodge, E.O.D

The Esoteric Order of Dagon is an international network of magicians, artists and other visionaries who are exploring the occult mysteries inherent in the horror and fantasy writings of the New England writer Howard Philips Lovecraft (1890 - 1937). The 'Cthulhu Mythos' (as it is generally known) depends from a number of Lovecraft's tales, plus those of other writers who employ similar fictional devices. The basic premise of the Cthulhu Mythos is that there is a group of trans-dimensional entities - known as the Great Old Ones who, "when the stars are right" can enter into our world via psychic or physical gateways. The Great Old Ones represent an 'Elder Lore' which antedates human civilisation and, to human perception, are both immensely powerful and alien. In the tales of the Cthulhu Mythos, there is a worldwide network (or conspiracy) of cults who worship the Great Old Ones and seek to speed their return to the Earth.

Lovecraft's inspiration for his writings came from his dreams, and his letters (he carried on a voluminous correspondence with fellow writers) show that he had a nightmare every other night of his life. In the following letter extract, he describes a nightmare concerning Nyarlathotep, one of the Great Old Ones:

"As I was drawn into the abyss I emitted a resounding shriek, and the picture ceased. I was in great pain - forehead pounding and ears ringing - but I had only one automatic impulse - to write and preserve the atmosphere of unparalleled fright; and before I knew it, I had pulled on the light and was scribbling desperately. ...When fully awake I remembered all the incidents but had lost the exquisite thrill of fear - the actual sensation of the presence of the hideous unknown."

Although Lovecraft wrote numerous horror stories, he had no belief or particular fascination with the actual occurrence of the fantastic. While he vehemently denied the existence of occult phenomena, his dreams gave him access to a wide variety of occult experiences and concepts, which he was unable to accept, and so branded the Great Old Ones as evil, and their cultist's practices as 'blasphemous'. Occultists however, recognise the power of dream-borne images. The capacity to experience lucid dreams that are internally consistent and contiguous to each other is a primary element of shamanism, indeed in some cultures, potential shamans are recognised by the characteristics of their dreams. The dream as a psychic gateway for the 'vibrations' of the Great Old Ones to enter human consciousness is a concept that recurs many times in Lovecraft's tales. His protagonists sometimes attend 'astral sabbats' in which they are initiated into secret cults, are shown sanity-shaking mysteries, and receive the dubious benefits of the Elder Lore. Such experiences are fairly common amongst magicians working in any system, as both spontaneous events and the result of 'willed dreaming' (using sigils for example) and experimentation with psychoactive agents. Several of the Great Old Ones appear to those who seek the Elder Lore through dreams (or who's search into 'the unknown' attunes them to the transmissions of the Old Ones), and the most prominent Old One is Cthulhu, a winged, cephaloid star-being who lies 'in death's dream' inside a crypt within the elder city of R'Lyeh, beneath the Pacific Ocean. Lovecraft's story 'The Call of Cthulhu' relates the events surrounding the brief appearance of R'Lyeh, which is heralded by a worldwide wave of insanity, as certain 'sensitive' individuals pick up on the dream-transmissions of great Cthulhu. In the Mythos, he is the lord of dreams, and acts as a kind of intermediary between human consciousness and the truly alien nature of the Old Ones such as Azathoth or Yog-Sothoth. His city, R'Lyeh, has recently been identified with Nan-Madol, a ruined stone city consisting of artificial islets on the Pacific island of Ponape. In the Mythos, R'Lyeh is constructed along the lines of a weird, non-Euclidean geometry, with strange angles and perspectives, in which the unwary can be swallowed up. The entire city is a series of gateways to other dimensions, and can be seen as a form of Kenneth Grant's Tunnels of Set. Weird angles and mathematics were also an interest of Austin Osman Spare, who perceived such things in dreams, but could not set them down on paper. R'Lyeh is a psychic gateway to the deeper strata of consciousness and dreams form the interface whereby there is two-way traffic of images from the waking awareness to the Deep Mind.

In Lovecraft's stories, much of the Elder Lore is preserved in a collection of grimoires, of which the most infamous is the Necronomicon (book of dead names), which over the years, has appeared in various forms. The Necronomicon is recognised as the archetype of 'Astral Books' - primal keys of discourse which are 'secreted' in the dreamworld and which may be 'earthed' in fragmentary form by artists, magicians and other visionaries.

Again, this is a recurrent occult experience, there existing a wide variety of works which have been clairvoyantly received or channeled via various entities. Within the E.O.D there exists a 'Dream School' (contacted through dreaming) which consists of a variety of locations, some of which are drawn from Cthulhu Mythos tales, and in which initiates may gain access to remarkable artefacts and books. A few years ago, for example, in a cyclopean monastery atop the Plateau of Leng, I was shown a series of tarot images of such intricate detail and vivid colour that although it was (and remains) quite impossible for me to set them down, it is quite easy for me to call them to mind even as I write this article. The 'keeper' of the images was quite willing to display them, but as he cynically commented at the time, knew that I would not be able to translate them from the dreamworld to the physical world. The Lovecraftian Dreamworld has its own topology - having links with both terrestrial sites, and places which are only accessible to skilled and intrepid dreamers. By exploring it, it is possible to converse with its inhabitants concerning Elder Lore, visit sites of renown and travel through both time and space, using a form of astral exploration that again, is primarily shamanic - that of shape-shifting. Images relating to shape-shifting occur throughout the Cthulhu Mythos, such as the transition from human to that of 'Deep One' - a batrachian sea-dwelling race that are the servants of Cthulhu, related to the god Dagon; or the transition from human to Ghoul. The magical concept related to such transformations is that of Atavistic Resurgence -the reification of earlier 'incarnations' of human consciousness, from the depths of the mind, into the waking awareness. Lovecraft pointed the way towards accessing specific states of awareness which relate to our reptilian ancestry and the so-called 'dragon brain' - the primitive limbic system which is the seat of our primal consciousness.

Another key to unlocking the secrets of the Elder Lore is the technique of scrying - in a glass or crystal ball. Both scrying glass and crystals which are attuned to transmit certain vibrations crop up in Cthulhu Mythos tales, often as a two-way process. The person who uses these devices glimpses other dimensions, but at the same time, the inhabitants of those dimensions become aware of, and eventually menace, the seer. This was the only way in which Lovecraft could accept the process of becoming receptive to images and 'transmissions' from the deep mind, as being charged with menace, insanity, and eventually, doom.

All the techniques thus far describe tend to be that of the solo practitioner, and are introspectively oriented. But Lovecraft also made extensive use of 'frenzied rites', which are again reminiscent of shamanism, Voudou, or even Witchcraft. Such physical sorceries are related to physical power spots - typically stone circles, specially constructed buildings or strange landmarks. They often involve animal or human sacrifice, incestuous interbreeding, and in 'The Dunwich Horror', a 'sacred marriage' between the entity known as Yog-Sothoth and a female cultist. Lovecraft continually allude to the 'degenerate' nature of Cthulhu cultists, probably reflecting his attitudes to race and intellectual attainment. But there is also an awareness of the degeneration of cult practices as the influence of the Old Ones dwindles in the world, due to the spread of materialism and the decay of rural communities. The entity Nyarlathotep occasionally appears as the mythical 'black man' or leader of the cultist's sabbat gathering - suggesting a human avatar as a base for cult worship, using the more physical gnoses such as

dancing, flagellation, sex, chanting, drumming, overbreathing and bloodletting. Modern commentators on Cthulhu Mythos magick have mistakenly assumed that Terror is the main emotional gnosis, because this was the feeling often experienced by Lovecraft's protagonists (and indeed, Lovecraft himself). Although fear may be initially employed, it soon palls as an effective lever for gnosis, however. The deployment of physical sorceries has led to a wide variety of experiments by E.O.D initiates worldwide, such as the use of Serpent Mound earthworks in Voudou-Gnostic workings by the Cincinnati-based Yig Lodge (Yig is a Serpent deity in the Mythos). Evocations of 'the Deep Ones' have also been carried out at a lake in Wisconsin. Some order initiates are currently interested in the use of mantras and 'primal speech', as well as off-key sound patterns used as an aural backdrop for the evocation of mythos entities.

Western magicians seem to have a tendency to try and 'fit' the Cthulhu Mythos into ordered systems of logic or correspondences. Lovecraft's executor, August Derleth, also tried to place the Great Old Ones into some kind of structure - giving them elemental associations and linking them to particular sites and forms. This can only be done to a limited extent, before one loses the 'flavour' of the Old Ones, which resides in their highly protean nature. Lovecraft makes it quite clear that humans cannot clearly perceive the Great Old Ones, and the entities are rarely described in clear or coherent terms. Rather, they are hinted at, or alluded to. Their very nature is that they are "primal and undimensioned" - they can barely be perceived, and forever 'lurk' at the edge of awareness.

The most powerful energies are those which cannot be named -that is, they cannot be clearly apprehended or conceived of. They remain intangible and tenuous. Very like the feeling of awakening from a nightmare terrified, but unable to remember why. Lovecraft understood this very well, probably because most of his writing was evolved from his dreams.

The Great Old Ones gain their power from their elusiveness and intangibility. Once they are formalised into symbol systems and related to intellectual metasystems, some of their primal intensity is lost. William Burroughs puts it this way:

"As soon as you name something you remove its power ... If you could look Death in the face he would lose his power to kill you. When you ask Death for his credentials, his passport is indefinite."

The Place of Dead Roads.

It is the very intangibility of the Old Ones that gives them their power, and allows the magician much scope for personal exploration of their natures.

It is generally agreed that the most 'powerful' magicks are to be found in the primal shamanic cults and survivals. The E.O.D is concerned with garnering the lore and techniques of what can be seen as primal, 'dark' shamanic magick, with a very wide scope for future development and expansion. It hints of the survival of a stellar ('when the stars

are right') based wisdom, and of roots which extend worldwide; and an elder lore which lies buried within our minds, yet may be tapped, both consciously, and in the case of Lovecraft, unconsciously.

*Note: This essay originally appeared in "Starry Wisdom" a collection of essays by members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, Pagan News Publications 1990. Since then, the E.O.D. has stirred into wakefulness yet again, and even now, its tentacles may be creeping towards you!

The Dark Messenger

by John Beal

Nyarlathotep

And at the last from inner Egypt came
The strange dark one to whom the fellahs bowed;
Silent and lean and cryptically proud,
And wrapped in fabrics red as sunset flame.
Throngs pressed around, frantic for his commands,
But leaving, could not tell what they had heard:
While through the nations spread the awestruck word
That wild beasts followed him and licked his hands.
Soon from the sea a noxious birth began;
Forgotten lands with weedy spires of gold;
The ground was cleft, and mad auroras rolled
Down on the quaking citadels of man.
Then, crushing what he had chanced to mould in play,
The idiot Chaos blew Earth's dust away.

H.P. Lovecraft.

The above poem is from H.P. Lovecraft's sonnet cycle, *The Fungi From Yuggoth*, which he completed on January 4, 1930. On closer inspection of the poem, I recalled some information in Robert Bloch's story, *The Faceless God* which may shed some light on this cryptic verse.

Bloch writes; "(Nyarlathotep) was the oldest god of all Egypt; of all the world. He was the god of resurrection, and the Black Messenger of Karneter. There was a legend that one day he would arise and bring the olden dead back to life."

This seems to connect with the first stanza of the poem, mentioning his re-emergence in Egypt and presenting his message, which goes unheeded, but seems in both to imply the resurgence of the Cthulhu Cultus.

Bloch continues:... "In the North the ice-flow melted, and Atlantis fell. New peoples overran the land, but the desert folk remained." (The Serpent-people in The Nameless City?) "They viewed the building of the pyramids with amused and cynical eyes. Wait, they counselled. When the day arrived at last, Nyarlathotep again would come out of the desert, and then woe unto Egypt! For the pyramids would shatter into dust, and temples crumble to ruin."

It continues in a most apocalyptic manner, expressing Nyarlathotep's evocation as the signal for the time when: 'The stars would change in a most peculiar way, so that the Great Old Ones could come from the Outer Gulf.'

A title of Nyarlathotep is 'The Crawling Chaos', this image can be likened to a fractal model of a bifurcating geometric pattern. Fractal geometry is produced between dimensions, and thus the crawling chaos could be represented by a fractal image such as a fungal conglomeration which cryptically infests the universe we live in and the 'Outer Gulf of Kenneth Grant's Universe B, branching mycelium every so often fruiting and sporing, sending messengers to spread its clandestine, unspoken word. The lines by Lovecraft; "Throng spread around, frantic for his commands, but leaving, could not tell what they had heard;" could relate to the Aeon of Maat, the wordless Aeon. Nyarlathotep in this role would equate with Aiwaz in relation to the messenger of the aeon 'behind' the aeon of Horus - Aiwaz' counterpart or double. In the glossary to *Outside The Circles Of Time*, Kenneth Grant says of Horus-Maat, "The double current which fuses the Aeons of Horus and Maat thus opening the Gate for the return of the Great Old Ones". Grant also states in *The Magical Revival*, that Crowley ranked Aiwaz as "ancient among the Ancient Ones... even in the land of Sumer", again equating Aiwaz with Nyarlathotep as "the oldest god of all Egypt and of all the world."

Lovecraft's idea of the noxious sea birth could compare to many ancient legends such as Atlantis, Lemuria and Thule, as well as his own myth of R'lyeh, all of which, in the final epoch, shall resurface and reclaim their dominions.

In the double of Aiwaz/Nyarlathotep, there is another interesting chaos theory image - that of the strange attractor/repulsor. A system which when modelled I imagine to look similar to a double helix, connected by devil polymers across the apparent central void. (The double helix shape - because of both Nyarlathoteps and Aiwaz' roles as messengers - equating them with Mercury and thus the caduceus).

To explain, a strange attractor is a series of possibilities which are present in a given system. According to Mandlebrot in *The Fractal Geometry Of Nature*, a strange repulsor is all the possibilities which do not fall within the attractor. Since it is unlikely, for example, for snow to fall in the Sahara, this would be a point on the repulsor. However, the two are obviously joined because it is probable over vast aeons, or by man's intervention, to produce effects in the attractor which would have normally been located on the repulsor, i.e. the ice-age and the greenhouse effect. Thus there are seemingly invisible links, devil polymers between the two systems caused by what Lorenz's successors termed 'the Butterfly effect' - something apparently insignificant changing

things on a grand scale. If, however, the events are cataclysmic enough, then it is theoretically possible for the repulsor and attractor to change places, going perhaps from the chaotic systems of today to the stagnant order of Ragnorok's frozen world's-end, or the Biblical fire-and-brimstone conflagration.

The idea of Nyarlathotep being, "the crawling chaos that howls beyond the stars... surrounded by idiot flute players," is also interesting; perhaps the flute players are playing fractal music, for example the nocturnal sound of insects or 'Al Azif', believed to be the howling of demons, is a fractal noise as are the sound of the wind and the irregular beating of cardiac fibrillation. In *Cults Of The Shadow*, Grant says of Choronzon that, "Its number 333 is that of Shugal, 'The Howler', whose types are the jackal and the fox, both emblematic of Set... The abode of Choronzon is in the desert of the Abyss beyond the pylon of Daath." This connects Nyarlathotep to Choronzon through the symbols of the Howling Guardian/Opener of the Way in the desert of the Abyss.

Taking Grant's idea of 'Universe A and B' as strange attractor and repulsor, creates a most interesting model to work with. For example, the Universe A attractor being designed like the Tree of Life, and the Universe B repulsor constituting the Tunnels of Set. Thus they are linked in Daath by Nyarlathotep, the crawling chaos, in this model portraying a devil polymer itself in and between universes A and B.

Using a sigil designed from the name Nyarlathotep I investigated the Cthulhu mythos deity through dream working. On the first night, that of 13th April 1990, nothing of consequence occurred. The next day however, around 7a.m. I received a sudden vision of kraken limbs rearing up in the air.

That night I had a very interesting dream. The dream began with me driving along a moorland road. After driving through a red light in a tiny hamlet, I turned down a desolate road. The car skidded to a halt at the top of a precipitous, fog-filled ravine. Then I heard the statement; "Nyarlathotep is 'the Dreamer'" and an eye glyph appeared before me, with the pupil and iris half obscured by the upper lid. Lines came from the centre of each lid, descending from the lower lid and ascending from the upper, both joining curved lines around the eye. Associated with the glyph was a pervading stench of putrefaction.

At this point the kraken tentacles crossed before my vision and I awoke with a sudden lurch as if from a deep slumber.

After returning to sleep I saw the word KANZD in vivid, fiery letters in the air above the abyss. I thought in the dream that the word revolved around the letter N, or Nun. Then, when the word disappeared, I found myself at the bottom of the ravine beside an amorphous, black, colossal form. It had recognisable 'appendages' protruding from its surface which included human torsos; bald-headed, night-sky-black men. The heads of the men were totally featureless, and the black colossus was ingesting them and expelling them continually, like a huge female Surinam Toad. (This animal has a peculiar method

of caring for its young, the spawn sinks through the skin on its back then, when fully developed, little toads emerge.)

High above, on the edge of the ravine, I caught a glimpse of a winged figure which I believed to be a Nightgaunt. It threw a screaming woman head over heels as a sacrifice to the colossus, then with claws outstretched its featureless head peered after the descending figure. With a sense of great relief I realised that I was invisible to both the winged-creature and the amorphous colossus.

Upon awakening I began to investigate the symbols and words of the dream. I quickly found relevant information in Crowley's *Liber 777* on the letter Nun, in which he states its meaning as; "a fish, a symbol of the death force of scorpio, generation through putrefaction." Thus a connection is made with the Cthulhu Mythos, through the scorpion which symbolises Cthonic regions, and also with the dream imagery, relating to the stench of the colossus and the birthing of the black men. Using gematria the entire word yielded three numbers which I believe are of importance. Two of these numbers were 562 and 13, KANZD ($500+1+50\pm7+4 = 562$, and $5+6+2 = 13$).

The number 562 corresponds to the word *Primordial*, whilst the number 13 corresponds to; *Unity*, *Emptiness*, *A City of Edom*, and the message: *He shall come*.

These words seem of relevance to Nyarlathotep in the following ways: 'Primordial' is a word associated with Nyarlathotep's role as the oldest god of all Egypt. The word 'Emptiness' is provocative of the voidal abyss in which Nyarlathotep resides as the Crawling Chaos, whereas a *City of Edom* could relate to the *Nameless City* wherein the Serpent-people dwell awaiting his return, predicted by the message, "*He shall come*."

The word 'Unity' relates to the next number I obtained through a numerological method which I now realise is erroneous. However, as a purely intuitive method I stand by its results as being perhaps more important than the previous two equations. I obtained the number 22 through a self-created version of the *Aiq Bekar* method ($5+1+5+7+4=22$).

This number connects the idea of unity with the Tarot card Justice. In *Liber 777* Crowley states that the number suggests; "the completion of imperfection," and "finality, and fatal finality", phrases with which I immediately began to perceive a link between Nyarlathotep and the Greek messenger goddess Nemesis. Other correspondences gave clearer evidence for my initial connection, for example the number also implies "The daughter of the Lords of Truth. The ruler of the Balance" and an even more straightforward connection appears in Crowley's statement that the number represents:

"Nemesis the ultimate automatic Justice of Nature."

This phrase was interesting in the light of Dr Richard Muller's 'Nemesis Theory', where he proposes that a dark companion star to the sun upon entering the Oort comet cloud, showers the inner solar system with comets approximately every 26 million years, thus causing the mass extinctions at the end of the Cretaceous period. Dr Muller has given the

star (which has yet to be discovered) the name Nemesis, the avenging messenger of the gods, bringing retribution to the presumptuous. The discovery in the boundary layers between where mass extinctions occurred and younger rock strata of crystals called Tektites also links to the idea in Lovecraft's story, *The Haunter Of The Dark* of The Shining Trapezohedron, a crystal used to send messages across "the horrible abyss of radiance."

In the same story Lovecraft writes that spectators thought they glimpsed "something like a formless cloud of smoke that shot with meteor-like speed towards the east," imagery very reminiscent of the Nemesis theory. The main character of the story Robert Blake says upon observing the objects descent; "What am I afraid of? Is it not an avatar of Nyarlathotep, who in antique and shadowy Khem even took the shape of a man? I remember Yuggoth, and more distant Shaggai, and the ultimate void of the black planets." This excerpt implies a connection between Nyarlathotep and the Nemesis star, which casts meteor-like destruction from the comet-cloud or black planets. Lovecraft used a segment of his poem entitled *Nemesis* to introduce the story which reads:

I have seen the dark Universe yawning
Where the black planets roll without aim -
where they roll in their horror unheeded,
without knowledge or lustre or name.

This section of the poem seems to portray the Oort cloud as the black planets, untouched by the suns rays and thus unknown, unnamed and unheeded. Another section of the same poem seems to relate directly to Nyarlathotep as the most Ancient god of all Egypt, and connects Nemesis to the frozen North lands where as previously cited Robert Bloch says; "the ice-flows melted and Atlantis fell."

I was old when the Pharaohs first mounted
The Jewel-deck'd throne by the Nile;
I was old in those epochs uncounted
When I, and I only, was vile;
And Man, yet untainted and happy,
dwelt in bliss on the far Arctic Isle.

Thus Lovecraft himself seems to have connected Nyarlathotep and Nemesis in his poems of the same names. In a further section of the poem Nemesis, there appears a description of Nyarlathotep as the Crawling Chaos inhabiting the void:

Thro the ghoul guarded gateways of slumber,
past the wan-moond abyses of night,
I have liv'd o'er my lifes without number,
I have sounded all things with my sight;
And I struggle and shriek 'ere the daybreak,
being driven to madness with fright.

In *The Dreamquest Of Unknown Kadath* Nyarlathotep the "Yellow masked" is regarded as the "horror of infinite shapes and dread souls" and is creator of a maze filled with "madness and the voids wild vengeance," which are his "only gifts to the presumptuous", which again connects him with the role that Nemesis fulfils in Greek mythology.

Returning to the number 22 again, it is interesting that it also relates to Crowley's *Liber 418, The Vision And The Voice* in which I found many interesting statements one of which foreshadows Bloch's phrase in *The Faceless God* where he speaks of the destruction of the Pyramids and Temples, and of when the stars are right for the return of the Old Ones. In *Liber 418* Crowley says that; "The Obelisks are broken; the stars have rushed together: the light hath plunged into the abyss: the Heavens are mixed with Hell."

In *Liber 777* the number 22 also corresponds to the phrases: "A man, dark, yet delicious of countenance", and "A dark man, in his right hand a spear and laurel branch and in his left a book", both perfect descriptions of Nyarlathotep as the dark messenger. This last description is also interesting due to its striking similarity to the generally accepted persona of the ancient god Mithras, a God which I believe also connects to Nyarlathotep/Nemesis. The final correspondence of the number 22 as meaning a 'Human-faced bull' connects the number to the constellation Taurus and thus to Aldebaran, the follower of the seven sister stars the Pleiades.

Originally the name Aldebaran was given to the entire cluster of the Hyades, another set of seven sister stars. The first link between any of the Cthulhu mythos deities and Aldebaran came in Robert W. Chamber's *The King In Yellow* where it was said to be the bright twin of the dark star, home of Hastur. It is also regarded by August Derleth as the star where some of the Cthulhu deities emanated from. In this respect it is interesting to quote from *The Whisperer In Darkness* by Lovecraft; "To Nyarlathotep, mighty messenger must all things be told. And he shall put on the semblance of men, the waxen mask and the robe that hides and come down from the world of seven suns to mock..." Perhaps Hastur, the King in Yellow, is one of Nyarlathotep's "thousand other forms", since in the story, *The Dreamquest Of Unknown Kadath* Nyarlathotep is, as mentioned previously, described as wearing a "Yellow mask." Whilst in the story; *The Crawling Chaos* by H.P.Lovecraft and Elizabeth Berkeley, the destruction of the Earth is seen by a being on "Cetharion of the Seven Suns".

Returning briefly once more to the realm of fractal geometry, it is interesting to note that John Dewey Jones in his stories about 'The Amygdalan Sects' writes of a fraternity which use the red glowing Aldebaran as a meditation aid to 'fractal/chaos gnosis'.

Aldebaran was once one of the main stars which made up the ancient constellation of Mithras, consisting of the modern Taurus and Perseus. E. O. James in the book, *The Ancient Gods* states that Mithras was "the mediator between the celestial powers and the human race" thus connecting this deity with the role of Nyarlathotep/Nemesis. Equally the generally acknowledged appearance of the deity is of a figure holding a spear, a 'shield' or wheel of fortune on which all the stars are emblazoned, and a cloak which is symbolic of the real heavens, whose fate Mithras mediated. The figure is similar to the

descriptions both of Nyarlathotep as the black messenger described previously, and also to the image of Nemesis, who according to Robert Graves in "The White Goddess" in her role as Diana of the woods held a staff in one hand and a wheel of fortune in the other, to show that she is the destroyer of the old year and the instigator of the new. Thus the wheel of fortune and other imagery seems to connect all three deities.

In *The Haunter Of The Dark*, Nyarlathotep forecasts that "When the stars are right", then the old ones shall rise once more. Richard L. Tierney in his work, *When The Stars Are Right* connects the rising and sinking of R'lyeh through astrological charts to that section of the heavens specifically containing Aldebaran and The Hyades. Quoting from Ptolemy he states that Aldebaran "has the same temperament of (sic) Mars", probably due to its red colour and the fact that it is regarded as the eye of the bull. This is interesting due to the constellation of Mithras containing the 'evil-eye' stars Aldebaran (The Follower) and Algol (The Ghoul).

In the December 1989 issue of "Scientific American" there appeared an article by David Ulansey entitled *The Mithras Mysteries*, in which he proposes that the Mithraic Cult was based on the realisation that "the acceptance of astrology led to a growing belief that the true dwelling place of the gods was in the realm of the stars." Mithras he contends, had power over the changing Aeons of time, controlling the rotating constellations on the Celestial Equator. He was associated with Taurus because around the time of the initial Mithras Cult (4200 - 2000 BC) Taurus was beginning its descent as the symbol of the Aeon, being replaced in the procession through time and space by Aries. Thus, Mithras as the controller of the Aeons, has the power to produce the moment "when the stars are right", being able to destroy the old Aeon and introduce the new. Thus all three deities turn the wheel so that it will, to quote Robert Graves in *The White Goddess* when speaking of Nemesis, "one day come full circle and vengeance be exacted on the sinner."

Dream Gates: the Yuggoth working from the Archives of the Nyarlathotep Coven

The Nyarlathotep Coven was founded to experiment with Lovecraftian or Cthulhu Mythos Magic. Rather than attempting to simply 'fit' Lovecraftian imagery and themes into current magical belief systems – such as tabulating mythos entities on the tree of life or writing spurious grimoires - our main approach has been to take our inspiration from the work of H.P. Lovecraft and other authors such as Clark Ashton Smith, Algernon Blackwood, etc., and see where it leads us.

Dreams are highly significant in Lovecraft's fiction – doubtless this is a reflection of his own propensity for creative dreaming, since we know that many of the images, ideas and even story-lines he developed were culled from his own dreams and nightmares. In Lovecraft's fiction, the protagonist often experiences strange dreams which serve to gradually ensnare him deeper and deeper into the 'other' reality of the Great Old Ones and the machinations of their servants. Examples include the telepathic dream-signals

emitted by sleeping Cthulhu in "The Call of Cthulhu" and the terrible experiences of Gilman in "The Dreams in the Witch-House". Through dreams, we can experience other realities and also bring back knowledge and inspiration.

The importance of dreaming has long been recognised by magical cultures. In some tribal cultures, for example, shamans are ‘chosen’ through the significance of their dreams, and vital information – new sources of food, hunting grounds, warnings of calamities etc. can be recognised through dreaming. It is only in ‘civilised’ societies such as ours that the significance of dreams are undervalued, although there has been a great deal of emphasis placed on the psychoanalytic interpretation of dreams using symbolism. Thus one is told that a dream of flying is in actuality, a dream of having sex. What then is a dream of having sex?

What is particularly interesting in Lovecraft’s fiction regarding dreams is that they are not only a point of ingress to other states of consciousness, they are also a point of *egress* for those entities and ‘forces’ which inhabit those regions. It is as though the dreamer opens (albeit in Lovecraft’s fiction, unwittingly so) a gateway through which he may venture or be drawn, but equally, those on the other side may pass through as well, sometimes using the dreamer as a ‘vehicle’ for themselves – a kind of ‘dream-possession’, perhaps. What can also occur is that the dreamer awakes to find that some strange object from his dream has somehow entered into his physical, waking state. This kind of event is often referred to as an ‘apport’.

It is this facet of dream-magic which we decided to explore, as a development of our earlier work in creating an astral sabbat and exploring the Cthulhu-R’Lyeh axis.

For this working we decided to use the image of ‘Yuggoth’ as the central focus. Yuggoth, often identified with the planet Pluto, may be considered to be a contact-point between human consciousness and the outer spaces which are the domain of the Great Old Ones (see “Cults of the Shadow”, by Kenneth Grant.) In the Lovecraftian mythos, Yuggoth is the home of the Mi-Go, a race of crustacean beings who worship Shub-Niggurath. In “The Whisperer in Darkness” we discover that the Mi-Go are able to transport the consciousness of humans and other beings across space and time. Thus they may be considered as a kind of psychopomp – not so much into the realms of the dead, but into a state of consciousness from which there is no turning back.

Like many other denizens of the Lovecraftian Mythos, the Mi-Go are encountered in lonely places such as mountains and forests. For us, this reflects another aspect of Lovecraftian magic which has received relatively little attention. There does seem a tendency for magicians to practice their rites and astral journeys within the safe confines of an indoor temple or safely tucked up in bed. One of the early decisions made by the Nyarlathotep Coven was that, where possible, our workings would be done outdoors, or at least would have a link to the wilderness which features so heavily in Lovecraft’s work. The Great Old Ones and their kin are almost inextricably linked to nature as a key passage from the Necronomicon in “The Dunwich Horror” states:

"They walk unseen and foul in lonely places where the Words have been spoken and the Rites howled through at their Seasons. The wind gibbers with Their voices and the earth mutters with Their consciousness."

Bearing this in mind, we decided to maintain this link by having at least one stage of each major cycle of workings set in a suitable outdoor locale. In working outdoors, we should stress that we were not just finding a suitable forest or hilltop and setting up a circle. What we wanted to find were sites which reflected a particular ambience – the kind of place where one feels that the veil between the worlds has been lifted, or even torn asunder. In this endeavour we were fortunate in that there is a rich store of folklore in the UK which relates to particular locales. In choosing sites suitable for working, we made the following considerations:

1. Access to the site. This relates purely to considerations of getting to the site, making arrangements for camping etc., and whether the site was visited frequently by tourists, etc., so that we could try and avoid being disturbed whilst we were there.
2. The history of the site, and folkloric associations – myths and legends around it.
3. A preliminary assessment of the ‘ambience’ of the site made by members of the Coven who visited it to check it out.

A Note: the Coven’s approach to Magical Exploration

The Nyarlathotep Coven is a collective of magicians, sorcerers, etc., from various backgrounds who decided to work together for a while exploring Lovecraftian magic. Some of us were used to an approach to magical work whereby once an aim had been decided upon, a ritual or pathworking script was drawn up to action that intent. The Coven decided at an early point in its existence that this method of magical exploration had severe limitations. We accordingly decided to make each ‘working’ a project of many stages, with the *modus operandi* of each successive stage determined by the results of the previous one. The following account demonstrates this method.

The Yuggoth Working

The broad aim of the Yuggoth working was to open up a gateway between the gestalt of the Nyarlathotep Coven and Yuggoth/the Mi-Go. This would serve as a launching point for individual and group astral exploration (ingress) and also the evocation or manifestation of trans-Yuggothian entities and symbols into the group’s magico-mythic space (egress).

We decided that the first stage in this process was to open up a channel of contact with the Mi-Go. For this preliminary stage, we chose a woodland area near Worthing in West Sussex. Since the 1960’s, this area has been the site of sporadic UFO sightings, and according to folklore sources, there have been several mysterious disappearances in the wood – of both animals and humans. Moreover, dogs are said to fear certain spots in the wood and there have also been reports of mysterious ‘clawed’ footprints found, of strange

amorphous shapes encountered, and of people suddenly feeling faint and ill for no clear reason. This sounded to us like prime Mi-Go country! We resolved to spend a night in the wood, just getting a ‘feel’ for it, and to take careful note of our observations, dream-experiences, etc.

Although the wood is in close proximity to a village, we encountered no problems with other people during the first evening, and we were careful not to have any obvious ‘occult equipment’ on display. The place had a distinct ‘brooding’ quality to it, and it was interesting to note that there did seem to be an absence of bird calls or the rustlings of small animals that one associates with woodland spaces. Two members of the group who moved away from the encampment during the night reported that they felt as though they were being ‘watched’, and Sor. Kyotto reported that she could discern small elementals flitting about, but one would expect this to be the case in wooded areas.

The following morning, we found that a small onyx pendant, which Fra. Telesis had strung to the branch of a nearby oak tree had vanished – we took this as a good sign and packed up, being careful to leave no litter behind us.

The next stage of the working was a period of a month during which Coven members made individual visits to the wood, and also attempted astral visits and strove to dream themselves there. Having agreed that the onyx pendant had been ‘taken’ by the genius loci of the wood, some members used a drawing of it as a ‘focus’ for their astral and dream-journey explorations. Sor. Kyotto found some very appropriate quotations (in the light of our work) in the book “Spiritwalk”, by Charles de Lint:

“All forests are one ... They are all echoes of the first forest that gave birth to Mystery when the world began.”

“... there were two forests for every one you entered. There was the one you walked in, the physical echo, and then there was the one that was connected to all the other forests with no consideration of distance, or time. The forest primeval, remembered through the collective memory of every tree ... Legend and myth, all tangled in an alphabet of trees, remembered, not always with understanding, but with wonder, with awe.”

It seemed to us that we had found a physical place – a power spot – which could be used as a point of ingress and egress between human space, and what Patrick Harpur calls ‘Daimonic Reality’.

After this period of individual work had elapsed, we again visited the wood collectively to discuss our findings. Fra. Hali for example, recounted a dream which had developed from focusing his mind on the onyx pendant prior to sleep. In the dream, he was travelling above the earth at great speed, and seemed to be entering deep space. Just before he awoke, he said that he became aware of a sibilant hissing in his ear, almost as though someone or something was attempting to whisper something to him. We had all felt very ‘drawn back’ to the wood, and some of us had the distinct impression that there

was a presence which, whilst it could be an aspect of the genius loci of the wood, was somehow ‘foreign’ to it, and only visited the wood occasionally.

The next phase was to make some willed, group contact with this presence. Note that by this time, we had stopped talking about the Mi-Go as we realised that trying to frame our experiences entirely within a Lovecraftian framework was counter to the spirit of the Coven. What mattered for us is that using Lovecraft’s images and themes as a starting point, we had ‘opened up’ an exciting adventure – and that the Mi-Go was a useful concept to set imagination and deed afire, but should not be adhered to too rigidly.

We discussed what to do next during our second collective night in the woods. Several suggestions came forth from this discussion, including:

- That we try and ‘open our minds’ to the ‘presence’ and attempt some form of direct clairvoyant communion.
- That we continue with our individual dream and astral work until one of receives an image or face which can be created to use as a fetish-object or mask in group ritual.
- That we remove some object from the wood such as a stone or piece of wood which allows us to make a further remote magical link with the ‘presence’.

In the small hours of the morning, two members of the Coven, Fratres Hali and Telesis, who had elected to maintain an all-night vigil rather than sleep, caught a glimpse of a faint blue light through the trees. Curious, not a little perturbed and also wondering if there were other people in the woods, they moved to investigate. As they moved quietly in the direction of the glow, Hali said that he could feel the hairs on the back of his neck prickling up. Telesis reported feeling suddenly very cold (this is another phenomena which is associated with the wood). Both said that they felt that the beams of their torches were somehow ‘weaker’ as they went further into the wood. They stopped walking after a few minutes and stood in the darkness, debating what to do in whispers. Suddenly, they both heard the distinctive ‘clink’ of metal against stone, very close by. They froze, and Hali later said that for a moment, he was almost overcome with fear. They crouched down, and after a few moments, when it became apparent to them that they were in no immediate ‘danger’, began to shine their torches around. They couldn’t see anything, and both said that the feelings of oppression and weirdness that they had experienced earlier had lifted. They returned to the encampment with some relief. Hali later admitted that he had been very tempted to perform a banishing ritual, but commented that he thought even if he had, he thought it wouldn’t have made much difference. When the rest of us awoke, we heard about their adventure. No one else had experienced anything untoward and no significant dreams had been reported. As we were preparing to leave, some of us went with Hali and Telesis in the direction they thought they had walked after seeing the blue light in the trees.

Whilst this party was looking around, Soror Zirel made a discovery. She was examining a gnarled and twisted tree-stump when she saw something metallic glinting just inside a knot-hole. Reaching in, she drew out Fra. Telesis’ missing onyx pendant! This was not

far away from the spot where Telesis & Hali had had their strange ‘encounter’ some hours previously. Zirel said that when she first grasped hold of the pendant, its silver base felt cold, and it tingled. We all examined the area but could find no trace of anything ‘unusual’.

This ‘return’ of the pendant, we all felt, was significant. It had gone missing over a month ago and was ‘rediscovered’ some distance from the place where it had disappeared. That, together with Hali & Telesis’ strange experience, seemed to indicate to us at the time that we now had our ‘magical link’ with the woods – an object which had disappeared into that liminal space represented by Yuggoth, and which had then been returned to us. At this point, we felt that the working had reached a point of closure, for the moment.

We decided to add the onyx pendant to our altar of magical objects and images. In our ensuing work, it was used in different ways, including:

- Being used as a dream-talisman by individual members.
- Being worn by a celebrant or ‘priest’ in ritual work.
- Being used to ‘charge’ a sacrament in ritual work.

The wood itself became a gateway for many astral and dream-journeys. Although members did return individually to the wood from time to time, we did not visit it again collectively for some time – knowing how quickly rumours of ‘satanic groups in local woods’ get into the media. This working produced a good deal of astral/dream images which were also used later in subsequent workings. This working also demonstrated to us the effectiveness of both the stage-by-stage approach to evolving a working methodology and of the benefits of working in a suitable locality. Particularly, the strange experience of Hali & Telesis served to reinforce the Lovecraftian ‘reality’ (i.e. the magico-mythic space which provided a backdrop of meaning and interpretation for the Coven’s experiences) we were attempting to create.

Fractals in Weird Fiction

by John Beal

"It is impossible to drop a pin without exciting a corresponding reaction in every Star.
The action has disturbed the balance of the Universe."

Aleister Crowley, *The Book of Thoth*.

The eloquence of Crowley’s understanding of what Chaos Physics now calls ‘The Butterfly Effect’ is evident in the above quote. He conceives a Universe where every point is interconnected, related in a grand ‘Strange Attractor/Repulsor’; where one event ultimately alters the destiny of events, millennia of light-years away.

His cosmic correspondences are echoed in the work of fiction *The Plutonian Drug* by Clark Ashton Smith. According to Dr Manners, the narrator of the story the drug

creates... "unusual plastic images, not easy to render in terms of Euclidean planes and angles." This incapability to be rendered in Euclidean Mathematics echoes fractals in that they are non-Euclidean, which means they do not comply with the generally accepted geometric shapes such as triangles, squares etc. The drug also creates another analogous property found in fractal images in that they both have artificial 'cut-off points, or boundaries. The drug produced... "a vast distance that was wholly void of normal perspective, a weird and peculiar landscape stretched away, traversed by an unbroken frieze or bas-relief of human figures that ran like a straight undeviating wall."

Apart from referring to the frieze as running like a straight wall, (a point which Smith expands upon to place branches along its surface) all the other descriptions can be regarded as being similar to that of many fractal images. Smith creates a vision of time as a strand of events - interjoined, constantly altering, all producing an abstract pattern. This strand is of ultimately infinite length and complexity, produced in a fractal dimension which cannot be accessed by Euclidean Mathematics, or by a normal state of mind. It is interesting to speculate whether the scientific concept of Time/Space could be modelled in fractal dimensional terms. Recent ideas of budding, bifurcating, universes, appear to suggest this as a possibility.

John Dewey Jones, writing for the newsletter *Amygdala* expands upon the idea of fractals and the transcendence of the mind in his fiction concerning *The Amygdalan Sects*. (Note: Amygdala is derived from Almond shape, i. e. the shape of the Mandlebrot set, it is also the name of a section of the mid-brain which according to Mortimer Mishkin and Tim Appenzeller in their article for *Scientific American* of June 1987 is, along with the Hypothalamus, the processing plant and general linking area for sensory information, memory and desire.)

Jones writes of "The Brethren of the Hidden Path of Adepts"; monks who visualise the 'object' (Mandlebrot set) as a mandala, using it to transcend and enlighten themselves. He paints a landscape of decadence, where the old civilisation has collapsed and the Brethren have to create the object as an astral image. To quote the Abbot of the Brethren: "We know that the eye can perceive details and gradations of color finer than any monitor can display. Just as the eyes are finer and more subtle than the monitor, so is the mind finer and more subtle than the eyes. And the soul is yet finer and subtler than the mind. Therefore, let the monk withdraw into a quiet place and withdrawing his senses like the limbs of a tortoise, let him fix his thoughts steadfastly upon the object."

The Brethren recognise two paths to the object, The first through dreaming, obtaining visions of... "pure, jewel-like colors;.., patterns of abstract relationships: others said their dreams [had] been too clear and distinct to describe in words." This I feel relates to how H. P. Lovecraft produced some of his finest works of fiction, accessing knowledge through dreams, normally unobtainable.

However, Jones writes of the second method of path-working involving the object as the Abbot explains: "... rise at three in the morning and go to the summit of the mountain, sit.., and gaze steadfastly in the direction of Aldebaran - we don't believe in any causal

connection between Aldebaran and the object, you understand, but we have found the reddish light of that star to stimulate the mathematical vision we seek."

The Dreams in the Witch-House by Lovecraft seems to echo the first method of the Brethren in the dreams of the hero Walter Gilman. Lovecraft says of Gilman: "Possibly Gilman ought not to have studied so hard. Non-Euclidean calculus and quantum physics are enough to stretch the brain; and when one mixes them with folklore, and tries to trace a strange background of multi-dimensional reality behind the ghoulish hints of gothic tales and the wild whispers of the chimney-corner, one can hardly expect to be wholly free from mental tension."

Gilman is lead by his interests into the domain of abstract mathematics... "beyond the utmost modern delvings of Plank, Heisenberg, Einstein and de Sitter."

Lovecraft describes Gilmans dream as... "plunges through limitless abysses of inexplicably colored twilight and baffling disordered sound; abysses whose material and gravitational properties... he could not even begin to explain."

He goes on... "The abysses were by no means vacant, being crowded with indescribably angled masses of alien-hued substance, some of which appeared to be organic while others seemed inorganic... Gilman sometimes compared the inorganic matter to prisms, labyrinths, clusters of cubes and planes... and the organic things struck him variously as groups of bubbles, octopi, centipedes, living Hindu idols, and intricate arabesques roused into a kind of ophidian animation."

Fractal doubles of these images can be discovered in many of the books on the subject. Mandlebrot in *The Fractal Geometry of Nature* describes and shows pictures of Appolonian nets, Cantor and Fatou dust - near-fractals that display distinct bubbling, similar to clusters of cubes and planes: Koch/Peano snowflake curves that look intensely like mazes. Other geometrical designs which are featured are the Mandlebrot set, Julia set, squigs (as the name implies a squiggle design) all having similarities to octopi, centipedes and intricate arabesques. The design called 'Hindu idols' by Lovecraft can be imagined in two ways, either as the 'body-shape' of Michael Barnsley's development on fractals in his book *Fractals Everywhere*, or as biomorphs, sigil-like designs fractally produced, which evolve like living organisms into multifarious forms.

At the end of the story Lovecraft describes Azathoth as the Ultimate Chaos - similar to a jewelled Mandlebrot set in an all-enveloping crown.

Other stories by Lovecraft also allude to bizarre images of Fractal Geometry. Examples are: *At the Mountains of Madness* Where he uses abstract geometry to describe the ancient city of the Old Ones; and *Through the Gates of the Silver Key*, where the abstract patterns observed by Randolph Carter on the threshold of the gate are reminiscent of the flowing, bifurcating forms of fractals. Lovecraft's use of fractal images in *Through the Gates of the Silver Key*, is reminiscent of Smith's in *The Plutonian Drug*, since both are describing voyages through Space/Time. As example of this Randolph Carter, the hero of

Lovecraft's story, upon using the silver key is surrounded by... "dim half-pictures with uncertain outlines amidst the seething Chaos, but Carter knew they were of memory and imagination only. Yet he felt that it was not chance which built these things in his consciousness, but rather some vast reality, ineffable and undimensional, which surrounded him and strove to translate itself into the only symbols he was capable of grasping."

Algernon Blackwood's *The Pikestaffe Case* uses abstract geometry's to enable 'Pikestaffe' to perform an 'Alice through the looking-glass' trip into an extra-dimension. Pikestaffe's blackboard was covered in diagrams that "perhaps were Euclid, or possibly astronomical." He also had notes which have fractal equivalents; for example Pikestaffe's landlady discovered notes with a diagram that she described thus: "In the centre, surrounded by scraggly hieroglyphics, numbers, curves and lines meaningless to her, she saw a diagram of the full-length mirror."

The last piece of fiction I would like to mention which is similar to the fractal geometry's of Mandlebrot, Julia, Cantor and others is *The Hounds of Tindalos* by Frank Belknap Long. In his story, Long uses very similar concepts to those in Smith's *The Plutonian Drug* and Lovecraft's *Through the Gates of the Silver Key*, enabling the main character Halpin Chalmers to traverse back into time into the ultimate abyss of chaotic geometry.

Thus all these stories are like chambers in the "Witch-House" - the house on the borderland of an abyss where dwell incredible "Mathematical Monsters."

Gematria Profile of Nyarlathotep

by Stephen Dzikiewicz

"Nyarlathotep Mighty Messenger... come down from the world of Seven Suns to mock... Great Messenger, bringer of strange joy to Yuggoth through the void, Father of the Million Favoured Ones..."

The Whisperer in Darkness, H.P. Lovecraft.

NIRLATHTP, 780	=	MChQRI RZI MTH VMOLH, the innermost mysteries below and above
	=	ShPTh, lip, language; shore, boundary
	=	Ophis , serpent, snake.
NIRLATHVTP, 786	=	ShMSh OVLM, Sun of the World; Eternal Sun
	=	PShVTh, smooth

	=	asteios , pleasing, beautiful.
Niarlathotep , 656	=	Messias , Anointed One
	=	OQLThVN, Crooked One
	=	ShShVN, joy, gladness.

Lovecraft first introduced 'Nyarlathotep' in a prose-poem of that title. Written in 1920, it was based on a dream. Here, he identifies the enigmatic prophet Nyarlathotep with "the crawling chaos" and describes how "the impelling fascination and allurement of his revelations" ultimately lead to some "revolting graveyard of the universe," which is haunted by the "thin, monotonous whine of blasphemous flutes from inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond Time."

Nyarlathotep , 1046	=	aei polon , perpetual mover, a title of Pan
	=	Eli eli leina sabachthani , My God, My God, Why have you forsaken me? (Matthew , 27.46).

"Into my loneliness comes -
The sound of a flute in dim groves that haunt the uttermost hills.
Even from the brave river they reach to the edge
of the wilderness. And I behold Pan."

Liber VII, Prologue of the Unborn, 1-4, Crowley.

Nyarlathotep , 1776	=	Apokalypsis alethejas , Revelation of Truth
	=	O Messias ek nekron , The Messiah from the Dead
	=	To alethinon Inysterion , The True Mystery.

These attributions clearly emphasise the Mercury-Messenger Avatar aspect of Nyarlathotep; He who is the Messiah of Chaos, the First Emissary of the Great Old Ones, and the Dark Lord of the **Necronomicon**.

H.P. Lovecraft: Visionary of the Void

by Phil Hine

"The Sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but someday the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our rightful position therein, that we will either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age."

H.P. Lovecraft, The Call of Cthulhu

Howard Philips Lovecraft (1890 - 1937) refracted the more bizarre events of his life through his fiction. Colin Wilson typifies him as an 'outsider', and there is much biographical information to support this view. Lovecraft certainly felt himself to be an 'outsider' in early Twentieth Century America. Having lost both his parents at an early age, he was brought up by two maiden aunts, who encouraged him not to go out by telling him that he was 'hideous'. He retreated into the world of fiction, becoming a prodigious reader of fantasies...

Lovecraft liked to see himself as an 'English gentleman' - a persona that became so fixed that it influenced much of his attitude to daily life. He felt himself to be very much out of step with the pace of modern America - which possibly explains why so many of his protagonists are antiquarian scholars or reclusives. The major underlying themes of Lovecraft's work rest not so much in the traditional claustrophobic fears of death and decay, ghostly hauntings etc.; but rather on the agoraphobic fear of immeasurable gulfs of space; the infinite abysses of the dark cosmos where the human mind, suddenly perceiving too much space, is stretched to such a limit that it snaps. The sense of being alone in a vast wilderness of cosmic dimension is encapsulated in Lovecraft's assertion that humanity is but "an island in a sea of chaos - and it was not meant that we should voyage far." Lovecraft biographer L.Sprague de Camp called Lovecraft's cosmic pessimism, 'Futilitarianism'. In Lovecraft's personal philosophy, as in his Cthulhu Mythos, humanity was utterly insignificant in the vast scheme of the cosmos.

Lovecraft's inspiration for his writings came from his dreams, and his letters (he carried on a voluminous correspondence with fellow writers) show that he had a nightmare every other night of his life. In the following letter extract, he describes a nightmare concerning Nyarlathotep, one of the Great Old Ones:

"As I was drawn into the abyss I emitted a resounding shriek, and the picture ceased. I was in great pain - forehead pounding and ears ringing - but I had only one automatic impulse - to write and preserve the atmosphere of unparalleled fright; and before I knew it, I had pulled on the light and was scribbling desperately. ...When fully awake I remembered all the incidents but had lost the exquisite thrill of fear - the actual sensation of the presence of the hideous unknown."

Lovecraft's writing regularly appeared in the pulp magazine, *Weird Tales*, edited by Farnsworth Wright. *Weird Tales* also published the work of several of Lovecraft's correspondent-friends, such as Robert E. Howard, (the creator of Conan the barbarian) Frank Belknap Long, and Clark Ashton Smith. These writers, and others corresponded with Lovecraft, commenting on each other's writing, and developing each others' fictional

devices. Soon other beings and concepts were being added to Lovecraft's original set of Cthulhuoid beings. The Mythos library of 'forbidden books' was also expanded - Clark Ashton Smith bequeathed 'The Book of Eibon', for instance.

The Great Old Ones

Lovecraft's pantheon of Mythos Entities, The Great Old Ones, are the nightmarish pan-dimensional beings who continually threaten the Earth with destruction. They lie 'in death's dream' sealed beneath the ocean, or beyond the stars. They can be summoned 'when the stars are right', and can enter the human world through a series of gates - power spots, magical lenses, or, as in the case of 'The Dunwich Horror', through rites of sexual congress between aliens & humans.

The Great Old Ones are served by various human, and non-human cults in wild and lonely places, from 'degenerate' swamp-dwellers to the innumerable 'incestuous' Whateley's of the fictional region Dunwich. These cults are continually preparing both to bring about the return of the Old Ones, and also to silence anyone who does stumble across the awful secret of the existence of the Old Ones.

The return of the Old Ones involves, as Wilbur Whateley puts it in *The Dunwich Horror*, the "clearing off" of the Earth. That is, the clearing off of humanity, apart from a few worshippers and slaves. This apocalyptic reference can be asserted as metaphorical, or as referring to an actual physical catastrophe - Nuclear holocaust perhaps? Perhaps Lovecraft wished to emphasise that the Great Old Ones would give no more thought to wiping out human than we might give to wiping up water on a table. Exactly why the Old Ones wish to return to Earth is never clear, but we might assume that for them, Earth is close to the bars and convenient for bus routes!

Lovecraft is careful to point out that most of the Old Ones are, in fact, mindless, or 'idiot gods'. Only those who are already insane or degenerate could worship them sincerely. Only Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos, is given a human semblance of intelligence. The Great Old Ones do not form a distinct pantheon, and in Lovecraft's original formulation, did not correspond to elemental stations or any notion of good vs evil - such modifications of the Mythos came from August Derleth. When it comes down to it, the Great Old Ones are huge, horrible, and hungry. Little is known about them since to get a good look at them is usually more than any human can stand, and most encounters with them are inevitably terminal in Lovecraft's fiction - for the protagonist and innocent bystanders (whom the creatures often consume as hors d'ouevres before making the narrator the main course).

Critics of Lovecraft's style have complained that his narrators seem to be somewhat dense when it comes to recognising what is going on around them. They read the letters of vanished relatives, or peruse the Necronomicon, whilst around them, monstrous beings are stalking the district messily eating people, and then hanging around the narrator's house causing weird effects which he usually dismisses as subsidence, or atmospheric anomalies. After reading a few tales, the reader knows what to expect, and can easily

become impatient with the narrator. But this is a realistic formula of human behaviour. When confronted with the possible reality that there are monsters out there who are waiting to eat us then take over our real estate, who might not look for alternative explanations? The poor occultist who leaps up and says "its all the work of the venusian slime toads" is likely to incur ridicule, if not institutionalisation, leaving the Venusian slime toads to carry out their evil plans.

Given the above then, it is unsurprising that contemporary occultists should be interested in the Cthulhu Mythos. Lovecraftian rituals have been served up by writers such as Anton LaVey (The Satanic Rituals), Michael Aquino (head of The Temple of Set), and Pete Carroll (Illuminates of Thanateros). Kenneth Grant, in his progression of 'Typhonian' works has made much use of Lovecraftian imagery in his interpretations of the work of Aleister Crowley and Austin Osman Spare. Michael Bertiau, head of La Coulvoire Noir, the Voodoo-Gnostic order, has also incorporated elements of the Cthulhu Mythos into his work. Following August Derleth's attempt to cohere the Cthulhu Mythos into an identifiable cosmology, several occultists (notably Kenneth Grant) have attempted to work the Great Old Ones into an 'identifiable' system of one kind or another.

While such attempts display the Western occultists' penchant for building up symbolic metastructures, I feel that such systematizations of the Great Old Ones are a misappropriation of Lovecraft's original sense of them. Their very nature is that they are "primal and undimensioned" - they can barely be perceived, and forever 'lurk' at the edge of awareness. The most powerful energies are those which cannot be named - that is, they cannot be clearly apprehended or conceived of. They remain intangible and tenuous. Very like the feeling of awakening from a nightmare terrified, but unable to remember why. Lovecraft understood this very well, probably because most of his writing was evolved from his dreams. Lovecraft's denial of the objective significance of dreams, including his own, has suggested to most Lovecraft scholars that there is no foundation in the exotic claims made by the Occult interpreters of Lovecraft's work - and to be fair, Lovecraft positively denied belief in the irrationalist doctrines with which he associated occultists and mystics.

The Great Old Ones gain their power from their elusiveness and intangibility. Once they are formalised into symbol asystems and related to intellectual metasystems, some of their primal intensity is lost. William Burroughs puts it this way:

As soon as you name something you remove its power ... If you could look Death in the face he would lose his power to kill you. When you ask Death for his credentials, his passport is indefinite.

The Place of Dead Roads.

A strong undercurrent throughout Lovecraft's writing is a rejection of modernity. There is often a conflict of belief between 'civilised' city-dwellers who are dismissive of superstition and folklore, and country-folk who are steeped in the wisdom of the Great old Ones, yet somehow degenerate and decayed. Lovecraft continually alludes to the

'degenerate' nature of Cthulhu cultists, probably reflecting his attitudes to race and intellectual attainment. But there is also an awareness of the degeneration of cult practices as the influence of the Old Ones dwindles in the world, due to the spread of materialism and the decay of rural communities. Some commentators have accused Lovecraft of racist attitudes, but I feel it would be more accurate to say that in Lovecraft's fiction, no one individual or group can escape his sense of doom; scientists will at some point stumble upon the horrifying secrets of the universe, whilst country-folk, european slavonics and South-sea islanders will degenerate into non-human mutants. Sorcerors who summon the Great Old Ones will at some point pay the price of sanity or death. Everybody get it and the horrifying madness of "what is out there, waiting" is only a footstep away. Once you have passed into the realm of the Old Ones, there is no turning back.

There is no room for dualistic concepts of 'good' and 'evil' in Lovecraft's mythos. There are no 'forces of light' who might be invoked to save us from the horror of the Old Ones. They may occasionally be outwitted, but this is more a matter of blind luck than any skill or ability of the part of humans. Even if one of Lovecraft's protagonists survive an encounter with the Great Old Ones, they are burdened forever with the knowledge of what lurks "out there".

Some intellectuals, enthused by Lovecraft's visions, have attempted to place his mythos within a Nietzchian perspective - saying that the Great Old Ones represent the forces of Superman who stands beyond good and evil, aware only of primal desires and passions. Lovecraft makes it clear that the Great Old Ones are not merely a casting-off of traditional morality - that they have about as much interest in us as we do in cattle. Sooner or later, even the devout worshipper of Cthulhu will be bent under the knife.

Lovecraft's vision, his *futilitarianism* - is particularly appropriate to our current age, where postmodernist thinkers claim to have destroyed the future and ransacked the past in an endless search for 'kicks' of one sort or another. Increasingly, we are echoing Hassan I Sabbah's statement that "Nothing is True" - or perhaps more accurately, nothing can be trusted. Living as we do, in a society which is rapidly mutating itself by means of computers, camcorders and cable TV; in which men can walk on the Moon, whilst others sell their children to the organ dealers; where the mysteries of life are probed during DNA manipulation and the realities of other people's death served up on prime-time television, it is easy to be cynical, and difficult for any concept of truth to remain inviolate and essential.

In a culture where the edges of present time are crumbling into the future at a rate that is often difficult to comprehend, the sense of connection to historical time is vague, to say the least. The contradictions of post-Capitalism have fragmented consensus reality to a point where alienation and powerlessness are endemic in our culture. Occultism offers an alternative: a sense of connection, perhaps, to historical time when the world was less complicated, where individuals were more 'in touch' with their environment, and, had more personal control over their lives. The occult subgenres holds up a mirror to Consensual reality. Occultists readily sneer at Slave-God religions and then piss

themselves in ecstasy buying a genuine set of Aleister Crowley socks. There is much talk of the magician as a dangerous rebel or anarch of the soul by people who go on to 'legitimate' their position by waving charters, certificates and copyrighted logos. I mean, who really gives a fart, other than the fools who will buy into anything which resembles even faintly 'ancient wisdom.' This is often the position taken by so-called 'magicians' who seek to elevate themselves by claiming to evoke demons, summon Satan, or command entities such as the Great Old Ones from other dimensions. These are the cries of the powerless and fatuous attempting to elevate themselves by claiming authority over 'forces' which they imagine can be controlled by such as they. There does seem to be an attraction between would-be 'superman' occultists and an exhaustive range of dark gods, dead gods, deep-fried gods. It seems to me that the would-be 'superman/satanist/mighty adept magician (delete as appropriate) is, underneath all the justifications, out for legitimisation of themselves as "outsiders" - it's easy to maintain such a view of yourself as the noble, doom-laden outsider, whilst at the same time being invisible and insignificant. Lovecraft's vision is that of the utter insignificance of humanity in the rolling darkness of the cosmos. I have usually found that those who profess to know this void, who call themselves Satanists, supermen and Outsiders, are entangled in two virulent memes - BEING RIGHT and GETTING EVEN. Alas, apart from imagining themselves as the lords of De Sade's Castle of Silling, or dreaming of power without responsibility found in some paperback tome with a latin name, these self-avowed creatures of darkness never quite seem to manage any actualisation of their 'will to power'. William S. Burroughs once commented that "anyone who can pick up a frying-pan owns death." All too often, it seems that many people are content with vicarious thrills - attempting to 'own' death by surrounding themselves with the icons of their heroes. Isn't it a shame that most of those who cry that "Might is Right" will never get the chance to stamp on the weak - unless of course they cease to be 'outsiders' and join some institution which allows them to do so with impunity and government approval.

KHU HRU - a brief analysis

by Fra. Xenos XXIII

Throughout the latter half of the 1980s I have been working constantly with the cosmic forces known as the Old Ones, gleaning scraps of intuitive knowledge here and there. One particularly enticing reward of such work has been the persistent reference in visions and dreams to a Grimoire known to me as 23 NAILS a "book" or repository of formulae related to, or a part of, the so-called NECRONOMICON.

As far as I can ascertain. 23 NAILS is an "astral document" that translates on the Yesodic plane to a series of visions of cosmically ancient cities, each city being in itself a sprawling, sentient entity. Penetrating into this "cities" of which there are 23) requires a "rending of the veils" using the "Nail" to open the gateway. (The Nail can be considered here as being interchangeable with the sword a more traditional symbol of the power of analysis). Once the gateway has been rended open, the vision of the city proceeds...

One *such* vision I received showed a titanic, (organic?) city-entity whose centre was a colossal tower, from which radiated tentacular roads and Labyrinthine, crumbling streets, populated by robed, batrachian figures. This "city" was called KHU (tun-um) HRU; a name of the entity, and also its magical formulae. Here follows a brief analysis; First the words in capitals:

KHU = the seat, or throne, of magical power, relating in this context, to the central image of the city, the Tower. According to Grant: "The Magickal power. par excellence....".

HRU = the oracular intelligence of the Tarot, the Lord of the double Wand of Power. According to Grant HRU is the "Watcher in the Tower. . enclosed within the Sign of the Elder Gods... the Watchtower (is) situated in the 'Desert of Stars, not far from the Temple of Babalon'".

As the seat of magical and oracular power, this entity-city lies beyond the veil of dreams within the intuitive centre of every Star (every man and woman); as the generator of magickal energy and the initiator of Dream, KHUHRU is identical to Lovecraft's buried CTHULHIJ, who yet dreams still within the dead city of R'leyh.

Analysing the words within brackets. at first nothing transpires, but when the words are *reversed* their importance is revealed.

Tun = Nut Nuit = 0; the goddess of Infinite space (in which the dream—city of KHUHRIJ exists).

Um = Mu = the oracular cry of rapture, or the "ejaculation" from the Tower - a formula of sexual magick related to the Tower and the Mouth. The number of Mu is 46, which is interesting because, according to Grant, this is also the number of the "'Key of the mysteries', for it is the number of Adam (man)." Again: "The number 46 also connotes the "*dividing veil...*" (My emphasis). A number of KHUHRU is also, 46.

What we have here is a magical Name and Formulae indicating an entity (or, if you prefer, a zone of energy) which can be utilised to promote magical power and oracular states. The invocation formulae is implicit in the related symbols. which I have briefly analysed.

Nyarlathotep: Master of the Sabbat?

by Fra. Abbadon 1

The very amorphous intangibility of the Great Old Ones makes them difficult to work with magically. While they are, as encapsulations of vast, primal energies, images of much power, it is difficult to fit them into the standard techniques of ritual magic. Attempts to place them in symbolic metastructures such as the Qabalah, using elemental, zodiac, and other correspondences only serve, in my view, to limit their power. As the

Great Old Ones have no magical ‘personas’ in the same sense that other deities do, there seems to be little point in attempting rites of invocation, at least in the way that invocation is generally constructed. They can be approached however, using dream-exploration, inner-world mindscaping and scrying. These tend to be very much solo techniques, and there has been comparatively little attention focused on group work within the Cthulhu Mythos current, at least as articulated by the Esoteric Order of Dagon in its present form.

One of the Great Old Ones who, at least some of the time is clothed in human form is the Crawling Chaos, Nyarlathotep. Although, as with the others of his kin, Nyarlathotep has an infinite number of forms, his most important appearances in the Lovecraft mythos cycle are as the ‘Black Man’ of the Witch-Sabbath. As the Crawling Chaos he mediates between the truly alien and cosmic Old Ones, and those humans who aspire to worship them, or as in the case of Randolph Carter, seek forbidden knowledge from them. Nyarlathotep has been identified with Satan and also Aiwass. One of his zoomorphic forms is that of a black, faceless sphinx - a magical beast whose powers, according to Levi, are the basis of all magic - to Know, to Dare, to Will and to Keep Silent. The sphinx form of Nyarlathotep also recalls the sometime necessity of assuming monstrous forms in order to approach the Great Old Ones.

Nyarlathotep can also be understood as an initiator-figure; one whose actions are more conscious and intentional than the ‘idiot’ Old Ones or the dream-stirrings of their priest, Cthulhu. Nyarlathotep may appear within many different magical worlds - the Egyptian tradition, Witchcraft, Satanism, Thelema, the Ma’at Current and even in the chaos-clashing ecstasies of Acid House! He holds the keys to knowledge of the past, and as his ‘avatar’ Doctor Dexter demonstrates (in Robert Bloch’s *The Shadow from the Steeple*) the knowledge of a terrible future.¹

In this regard there is an interesting book - *Witchcraft: A Tradition Renewed* by E.J. Jones and Doreen Valiente (published by Robert Hale). This text outlines a darker, more ‘sinister’ approach to Witchcraft which has been previously expounded upon by the modern revivalists. In the system presented here, the ‘Man in Black’ appears as a coven officer, whose role it is to mediate between covens. In some witchcraft groups, the Man in Black is a male magician who acts very much as an independent adviser.

There is much that could be gained from creating a Cult of Nyarlathotep, using techniques culled from Witchcraft, Shamanism and perhaps Voudou. In dream-work, for example, participants could focus on meeting Nyarlathotep as the Man in Black in dream, and leading them to attend an astral sabbat. It may even be desirable to create an outer cultus which borrows one of the above magical systems, and in which contact with Nyarlathotep only occurs progressively, the entity perhaps taking on the character of a ‘Secret Chief’ or ‘inner-plane adept’. Initial contacts on the astral could later be followed up by invocation by possession - the ritual design based on (to use Lovecraft’s term) ‘frenzied rites’ such as those alluded to in *The Call of Cthulhu* or *The Horror at Red Hook*.

Note

The ‘Doctor Dexter’ avatar makes another connection with Thelema - his atomic power research can be linked to the "War Engine" mentioned in Liber AL, and the development of Nuclear Power Stations - the modern ‘temples’ of the Old Ones.

Reluctant Prophet

by Stephen Sennitt

H.P. Lovecraft may have had access to supra-mundane dream-levels that enabled him to prophecy the nuclear destruction of our world. The question of whether he foresaw a coming age of cosmic terror and chaos has been knotted up in controversy since his death in 1937. Two major schools of "Lovecraftian" philosophy have since developed: the first, a large body of adherents who prefer to see Lovecraft as a talented creator of weird fiction, supernatural horror yarns (meant primarily as entertainment); the second, a small body of adherents who prefer to see Lovecraft as a channeler of cosmic-occult truths, disturbed but clueless as to his real role of receptor/translator.

Strangely enough, there is good evidence for both views. Lovecraft states clearly and often that unearthly, disturbing dreams were the source of his fictional output. [1] Lovecraft scholar Dirk W. Mosig [2] has compared Lovecraft's weird dreaming states to the type of condition Jungian psychologist Leon Festinger calls "cognitive dissonance" [3]. To quote Mosig:

"...weird fiction, such as that written by H.P. Lovecraft, depends for its effect on dissonance resulting from ...a contravention of fairly universal expectations concerning natural law."

Lovecraft as "an oneiric writer, finding his dreams a source of dissonance, may attempt to reduce the dissonance by transforming his dreams into art ... denying them objective significance." [4] Lovecraft's denial of the objective significance of dreams, including his own, has suggested to the first group of thinkers that there is no foundation in the exotic claims made by the second school of thinkers - and to be fair, Lovecraft positively denied belief in the irrationalist doctrines with which he associated occultists and mystics. However, as Mosig has pointed out, the degree of dissonance between Lovecraft's nightmarish dream experiences and the experiences in his waking life, was such that he needed to develop a method of controlling the dream-world in order to maintain the ultra-rationalist attitude he subscribed to during waking hours. This method of control became his fictional oeuvre: The Cthulhu Mythos.[4]

This extraordinary body of work will probably need no introduction here. Lovecraft's bizarre literary creations, the primal monstrous gods, Cthulhu, Yog-Sothoth, Azathoth, Shub-Niggurath and others are amongst the most staggering symbols of the age - or more

specifically, the age to come. As Lovecraft points out in his most famous story central to the mythos, *The Call of Cthulhu*:

"The Sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little: but someday the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our rightful position therein, that we will either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age."

This paragraph states perfectly Lovecraft's literary standpoint; one which in his conscious, waking attitude he could refute as a mere fictional device. But as Mosig suggests, which would we say was the real Lovecraft? Lovecraft seems to have clung with no little desperation to his rationalistic convictions. If we were to examine his nightside consciousness for a time, the reason for this may be revealed.

As Lovecraft critic Thomas Quayle points out in his article "The Blind Idiot God" (Crypt of Cthulhu #49), the type of supernatural fiction Lovecraft wrote was not based on the traditional claustrophobic fears of death and decay, ghostly hauntings, etc.; but rather on the agaraphobic fear of immeasurable gulfs of space; the infinite abysses of the dark cosmos where the human mind, suddenly perceiving too much space, is stretched to such a limit that it snaps. Perhaps this expresses Lovecraft's own inherent agaraphobia and unwillingness to develop in a rapidly changing century. Mosig likens Lovecraft's dilemma to what futurologist Alvin Toffler calls "Future Shock"; the alienated feeling of being completely out of touch with the socio-scientific whirl of events. The difficulty with this interpretation is that (certainly on the surface) Lovecraft seemed more than capable of dealing with the exhilarating thrust of Einsteinian physics, which portrayed a cold, unemotional universe of cause and effect. However, he revealed his true feelings in the information he tried to dismiss or present as trivial entertainment - his 'creation' of the Cthulhu Mythos and its terrifying entities and semi-entities.

London-based occultist Kenneth Grant has suggested a possible source of Lovecraft's ideas. He likens Lovecraft's perception to a faulty lens receiving distorted images; in this case, distorted by Lovecraft's personal fears and conscious rejection of the information which was transmitted to him in dreams. Grant likens Lovecraft to the notorious British occultist Aleister Crowley, and makes explicit connections between the entities Crowley claimed to have contacted using his own methods of dream control and the entities of Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos.^[5] Whilst concrete evidence for this assumption is negligible, interesting comparisons can be drawn from examination of Crowley's and Lovecraft's personal attitudes, and it is possible to conclude that had Lovecraft possessed Crowley's aptitude for magick, he may have presented us with a similar picture to that of Crowley's New Aeon, or Age of Horus; the age of Force and Fire, in other words, the Nuclear Age.^[6] Taking the previously-quoted passage from "*The Call of Cthulhu*" into consideration, we can see that the "entities" of the Cthulhu Cults are perhaps no more than Lovecraft's fearful approximations of the types of energy the Nuclear Age will release. As we teeter on the edge of the brink, within full face of destruction, it is not surprising Lovecraft's sensitive lens, as Grant would have it, should become so distorted.

Images of dead cities erupting from the sea releasing pre-Atlantean horrors ("The Call of Cthulhu"); strange mutations - half-breeds between man and monster ("The Dunwich Horror"); radiation which blights the landscape and drives men insane ("The Colour out of Space"); Yog-Sothoth "...who froths as primal slime in nuclear chaos..." - these images all suggest an Age of Destruction where the New Gods are yet the Primal, Ancient Ones; as if to suggest, as Grant does in his "Outside the Circles of Time"; that "the Old Ones will return..." those forces of space-rending nuclear power which created our world can be resummoned to destroy it.

Lovecraft speaks of such forces in many of his tales as coming from "Outside", suggesting a way of ingress by a fusion, creating entrances or 'windows' into this, 'our' dimension, possibly via the atomic explosions of the 1940s when "the seal was dissolved". [7] Also significantly, these forces from the nightside are now shadowing-forth, invading the Astral Plane[8] as though rooting themselves in the collective subconsciousness which allows them insidious access to the human life-wave.

Whether such sinister ideas can be taken seriously is beyond the guessing of the present writer. I present the information as an example of the eerie foreshadowing future events tend to take in the light of the present. What there is no doubt about is the increasingly uncertain future of mankind. Faulty lens or not, I think H.P. Lovecraft had a pretty good idea of what was to come. His actual mode of expression, bizarre, quirky as it might have been, suggests a man deeply disturbed by visions of a bleak, ruinous future. That he tried to dismiss the objective significance of such visions and deny the dream-world is more revealing than the uncomfortable idea that Cthulhu and his minions might actually exist ... We should be satisfied to admit that H.P. Lovecraft's prophetic ability created a more interesting man than mythos. He was the world's first Cosmic Agaraphobic.

Notes

1. See his many remarks on this fact in: H.P. Lovecraft: Selected Letters Vol 1-5 (Arkham House, 1965-1976).
2. In his essay, "Lovecraft: The Dissonance Factor in Imaginative Literature" - The Miskatonic, Vol 4, No.8 (Lammas 1988)
3. Mosig quotes Festinger's article in Scientific American (October 1962):

"to understand cognitive dissonance as a motivating state, it is necessary to have a (clear) conception of the conditions that can produce it. The simplest definition of dissonance can ... be given in terms of a person's expectations. In the course of our lives we have all accumulated a large number of expectations about what things go together and what things do not. When such an expectation is not fulfilled, dissonance occurs. For example, a person standing unprotected in the rain would expect to get wet. If he found himself in the rain and he was not getting wet, there would exist dissonance between these two pieces of information."

4. Mosig in the cited Miskatonic essay.

5.See Grant's books: The Magical Revival (Muller 1972); Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God (Muller 1973); Cults of the Shadow (Muller 1975); Nightside of Eden (Muller 1977); Outside the Circles of Time (Muller 1980).

6.See "Outside the Circles of Time" where Grant specifically suggests this interpretation.

7.Outside the Circles of Time p242. Grant quotes then-O.T.O member Soror Ahadnahadna.

See Grant, 1. "Nightside of Eden" and "Khabs" 'official newsheet of the (Typhonian) O.T.O. which contains pertinent articles on the subject.

Rite of Transmutational Sorcery

by Frater Qoph 100

This working is inspired by the aestheticism of the Mythos of the Dark Gods and as a model of functioning chaos energy, the results reached via the method below cause an inner vertigo that tends to over-ride personality interference and thus an immense change in conscious perception occurs.

Method

The sorceror is to identify with an aspect of 'pure' manifest chaos, represented in this model by the Cthulhu Mythos entity AZATHOTH, "blind and idiot force at the centre of infinity". This invocation is dangerous, but will confer a great deal of perceptive power to those strong of stomach! The chamber should be in total darkness. Choose a heavy cloying incense to dim the ego-senses and meditate upon the presence of AZATHOTH in an awkward position; one which causes strain or excitement. No instrument of the Art should be used except for the metaphysical.

In your chosen posture a mantra scream should begin, low and muffled, coming from the stomach, somewhere near the groin. This should be felt to tear from the physical body as it emerges from the throat, becoming increasingly raw, more animalistic as it progresses. Eventually the scream must rise more frequently and become the total centre of being as you feel it lift from the dark pit of your stomach into the dizzy vortex of blackness; ripping you apart, rending you free; summoning AZATHOTH from the abyss of deepest dreaming chaos.

Aids to this Working

A sigil may be used as the preordained image of the Primal Scream. This will have the effect of providing an image of Azathoth, though it will be an abstract, impressionist image. Care should be taken to avoid being sucked into Azathoth's voidal entity, and this

sigil will do the job by forcing a subjective identity on it which the sorceror may "freeze" and contain. In this way, the invokation will be limited but more tangibly successful; the magician becomes an aspect of Azathoth. Such a working is very dangerous but can go further and is infinite in its drastic consequences.

Projection into the abyss may be stimulated using hallucinogenic plants, although great care should be taken in their use.

Uses of the Rite

Perception of the very outer limits of consciousness can provide immense changes to the Ego which will diminish if the invocation is successful, thus enabling further magickal freedom due to the intensity of the experience. Directed magickal results may be obtained by meditating on their fulfilment or sigilized to be reified by the invocation. Such as: obtaining some material desire, perception of other worlds, contact with other sorcerors, curing/injuring physical beings etc; but the main aim of the ritual is to effect a lasting and devastating change in perceptive consciousness.

Rite of the Ghoul

by Ryan Parker

This post is a rite I developed about five years ago after reading K.Grant's ideas on the "mortuary feast" of the lamas of Leng, Andahadna's "The Feast of the Hive" and "Demon Feast", and Spare's "Feast of the Supersensualists". "Pickman's Model" by HPL also was a big influence as was the Tibetan Buddhist Tchod rite and "the demon's feast". The actual nomenclature of this rite is derived from the infamous 18th century printing of "Cultes des Goules" used by Abbe' Boullan in his Lyons workings.

This rite was designed to be used in a group setting. However, it can be modified to be used on the "astral", by a solo magician or partially on the "astral" by two celebrants. Also, this rite was written from my own Cthulhu mythos perspective and should be modified to fit into whatever myth system the magician uses. This rite (like all magick) should not be considered to be carved in stone. Otherwise it becomes just another dogma to transcend!!

Location: Outdoors in a rural setting. There should be no evidence of the very existence of man at the ritual site except for those objects used for the rite itself. The site should reflect the meaning of "wild" in the word wilderness.

Time: At night well after dark. Because of the rite's association with Nyarlathotep (Nyharluthotep) and therefore Azathoth (Asa-Thoth) the ultimate time to preform this rite is "when the Sun is in the Sign of the Ram, the Lion, or the Archer; the Moon decreasing and Mars and Saturn conjoin" Short of this any time that the celebrants feel that "the spheres do intersect and the influences flow from the Void".¹

Materials: the Altar of the Old Ones, the Incense of Zkauba, animal offal (obtained from a butcher), theatrical make-up, animal and human skulls (replicas will do if they are realistic), A tape player and a recording of drumming at 3-7 cycles per second², a charcoal burner,; optional are entheogens³. Also the magician should use whatever obsessive fetishes she/he feels will add to the process.

In this rite the imagined body as well as the ego-complex of the magician is devoured by the other celebrants (the ghouls). At this point the magician transforms into one of the ghouls her/himself. The rite is now at the climax and the Ghoul/magician joins the feast of offal and engages in ritual copulation with the "corpse" on the Alter of the Old Ones. Again quoting Mr. Hine "Undercurrent of such a ritual is the idea of relinquishing control to others, and of facing one's own taboos and desires in a way that means that they cannot be dodged or evaded."

Set the Altar of the Old Ones in a clearing of a dense woods. Above the altar place a large wooden "banner" to act as the "Center of Focus" in the opening. On this banner the Egyptian hieroglyphics for Asa-Thoth (Azathoth) and Yak-SutThoth (Yog-Sothoth) should be painted on the top. Below these but in larger Hieroglyphics the name Nyarluthotep (Nyarlathotep) should be painted in a bold style. At the South end (the head) of the Altar should be placed several animal skulls and at least one human skull (or a realistic replica). Below the Altar (below it's foot end ie north) about ten-twenty feet should be placed a large quantity of animal offal (from a butcher). A single small charcoal burner for the incense should be the only source of light. This burner should be placed between the altar and the "banner".

Opening:

This rite should not be preceded by any form of banishing. Nor should any use of a type of magick circle be used. The attitude of this rite must be one of total helplessness before the demonic forces that will devour the magician. For this reason the magician will be placed in the center of the other celebrants nude and without any weapons or other magickal objects. The other celebrants should also be nude (to increase the animalistic/taboo atmosphere) but should be wearing theatrical make-up in order to give their faces and bodies a monstrous/animal-like appearance. The acting priest of the Old Ones (one of the other celebrants not the magician) begins the rite thus:

The priest starts the drumming tape and throws a large amount of the incense of Zkauba into the charcoal burner. The priest holds his left hand in the Voorish sign and the celebrants do likewise.

Priest: "Hail the limitless Void! Priest: Ia! Yog-Sothoth the infinite Chaos Celebrants: Hail Yog-Sothoth Priest: Ia! Azathoth the primal center of the Void Celebrants: Hail Azathoth Priest: Ia! Nyarlathotep Mighty Messenger Celebrants: Hail Nyarlathotep Mighty Messenger

Priest: Nyarlathotep, purveyor of Chaos, Lord of Ghouls, remove the illusion of reality from the mind of (name of magician) by the annihilation of that mind! Watch over this feast of Ghouls as (name) is killed and devoured. Rejoice in your black gulf that Chaos is once again unleashed on the earth.

Celebrants: Hail Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos!

(Nyarlathotep is featured in the opening because of "his" close association with the ghouls in myth. The mention of the Other Gods helps to create a sense of continuity with previous mythos work and serves to create a link with later work.)

(Priest and celebrants give the sign of Kish)

Priest: (name), you offer yourself up to the ghouls as a sacrifice.

(name)you are now now completely helpless before the might of the Old Ones and their minions the ghouls!

(name), your mind and soul shall be ripped apart and you shall be reborn in darkness. As this happens remember that "the wailings of the mad are but the birth-cries of the new man-the old man gone like dust in the desert wind. Cleansed of the lies of mankind, the new man-the man of darkness-is free to absorb the beauty of nothingness, to glory in the stark night of the utter void. As your useless reason dissolves, Rejoice!"⁴

(During this opening the magician is laying on the ground near or on the offal. The celebrants form a rough U around the magician with the altar at the opening of the U. The magician should maintain a mind-set of helplessness during this opening. It is also important that the magician allows Her/himself to slip into a state of fear and then paranoia.)

(The main body of this rite does not involve the usual sort of ritualistic elements common to western magick. The majority of this rite involves the chaotic acting out of Sub/Superhuman drives. Therefore, to make the transition, from the relatively ordered opening to the bulk of the rite, smoother a specific technique is needed. The technique used is gradually going from R'lyehian and Enochian phases and words to pure "glossolalia" or speaking in tongues as the Xians call it.)

Priest and celebrants together: Z'rdo K'af' Caosago Mosp'l'h T'loch, Z'rdo K'af' Caosago Mosp'l'h T'loch, N'gha Z'rdo Hoath Adphaht Affa p'lz'n, N'kai Z'rdo Hoath Nyarlathotep, Z'rdo "-all ollog. Z'rdo "-all ollog. Ia! Nyarlathotep Fhtagn N'gha n'gah ia thos N'kai!!!

(The celebrants begin to use glossolalia [the rapid delivery of vowel and consonant sets at random]. In the beginning the Celebrant may wish to use random combinations of any of the Enochian or R'lyehian words above. N'gha and N'kai are particularly useful for entering a animalistic state. These words have a incredibly long history {pre-human?} and posses strong magickal "morphogenic" fields. The use of glossolalia when combined

with drumming and the use of entheogens {as it is in this rite} can rapidly create a strong state of Gnosis in which possession is likely to occur. In this rite the celebrants should combine chaotic and frenzied dancing with the use of Glossolalia. The celebrants begin to chant random syllables and dance animalistically. When they, as a group, feel themselves to be possessed by ghouls they begin to walk/crawl towards the magician to begin their feast. The magician her/himself should remain silent during this period. She/he should allow her/himself to be taken into the state of fear that should naturally be aroused by this stage. She/he should allow thoughts like "am I going to loose my mind?", "Am I slowly going crazy, what the hell am I doing out here!" "what if they really kill me" "are they loosing it, maybe they lured me out here because they wanted to do a REAL human sacrifice" etc. etc. The magician should allow Her/himself to fall into a state of fear and paranoia. She/he should be intensely aware of her/his utter helplessness. The use of entheogens will greatly increase this state of mind. The feast should be wild and uncivilized. The ghouls should nuzzle, bite, lick, claw, and use offal to rub the body of the magician. When the ghouls start feasting on the offal {which they smear on the magician then eat or wipe across their mouths} and the imagined body and soul of the magician they should mock and taunt the magician. Remember the ego-complex as well as the imagined body is to be consumed. Tactics such as mockery "dismember" the magicians sense of self importance.

The magician should begin to sense a feeling much like being lost. This rite should create a profound type of sensory-overload. When the magician feels completely lost in this state, a temporary type of ego-death occurs. This state is to be embraced when it comes. When the magician feels the state to have reached a peak she/he begins her/his transformation into a Ghoul. The celebrants may reinforce the transformation by rolling the magician around in the offal. The magician should begin to make whatever animalistic sounds or motions she/he feels appropriate. When the transformation is complete the magician walks/crawls to the Altar of the Old Ones. On this Altar a is the "corpse" (one of the celebrants wearing make-up to look dead). The Ghoul-magician now copulates with the "corpse". This should involve the same type of nuzzling, light clawing, and light biting that is common in animal sex. The celebrants should nuzzle and rub against one another (or also engage in sex if they choose). The body of the "corpse" can have a particular symbol or sigil painted on it to create a link between the mind of the Ghoul-magician and the thing symbolized. The application of this technique is Highly individual and needs to be explored on your own.

When the celebrants feel that they are coming out of the possession they should use the Laughter of Azathoth. This is a completely mindless and chaotic sort of laughter that can serve as a transition between states. ("banishing by laughter") This laughter must be the same in feel as the laughter of the insane. There should be no "reason" for it or behind it. After the Laughter of Azathoth the celebrants should lay or sit on the ground with their eyes closed and allow whatever experiences that come to happen.

When the magician orgasms (or feels the act complete) she/he also uses the Laughter of Azathoth and lays on the ground too be swept away by whatever visions come.)

When the group feels the rite complete they should close thus:

All: Ia! Nyarlathotep lord of the Ghouls. We rejoice in the success of this Rite of Chaos given to us by you. We thank you for watching over this rite.

(no special closing other than a short and simple one like that above should be used as it would tend to create a separation between the Rite and "normal" life.)

Obviously the most important element of this rite is timing. The formal rite should begin about 20 minutes after the entheogens (if such are used) have been ritually taken. The period of Glossolalia and dancing should last at least 15-20 minutes but can last much longer. It is especially important to allow enough time for this stage. Even if a celebrant feels her/himself possessed by a ghoul she/he should keep dancing allowing the state to intensify and the ghoulish hunger to grow. It is also important to take enough time for the magician to enter a strong state of fear/paranoia. During the feast the Ghouls should make allot of body contact with one-another and the magician (thus breaking a cultural taboo). The feast should be long enough to create a lost or egoless feeling in the magician. However, it should not be so long that it numbs the participants. The final stage in which the participants lay on the ground in an ecstatic state again should not be so long as to create a separation from the rest of the rite. Judging the correct amount of time is something that can only come with practice.

A review of intent: This rite is intended to allow the magician to deconstruct the boundaries of her/his ego-limits and step back from her/his cultural programming. At the same time the magician acknowledges the atavistic desires and complexes which are characterized by society as "evil" or "animal". It is a "ritual feint at psychic dismemberment, where the magician offers her/himself to be ripped apart by her/his own demonic complexes in order to be reborn. The undercurrent of this rite is the idea of relinquishing control to others and facing one's own taboos and desires in a way that cannot be dodged or evaded.

Ethics, Legality and the Rite of the Ghoul

This rite should only be (and indeed CAN only be) carried out by people who profoundly trust and like one-another. Because this rite involves only consenting and informed adults and does not involve the harming of either people or animals I feel that its use is ethical. However, because of the nature of this rite I feel that it is very dangerous. All participants should be made aware of the high risk of psychological damage. The author strongly suggests that readers refrain from using illegal entheogens. The use of legal entheogens must be an individual choice. The author strongly recommends that you do not do this rite on a physical level. Fairly good results can often be obtained by preforming this rite on an "astral" trip on in a lucid dreaming type format. In conclusion the author feels that this rite can (and always should) be done on the physical plane in a ethical and legal fashion. However, because of the danger inherent in this rite the author does not recommend that it be physically enacted.

Notes

- 1) This "ultimate time" is derived from Turner and Langford's controversial decoding of Dr. John Dee's Liber Logaeth. This is said, in Liber Logaeth, to be the time in which man can most easily gain access to the realm of Azathoth and therefore Nyarlathotep. The Altar of the Great Old Ones and the Incense of Zkauba are also derived from this decoding of Liber Logaeth
- 2) Drumming at 3-7 cycles per second causes a phenomenon known as sonic-driving or Neuro-entrainment. This produces a "shamanic state of consciousness" in which the magician can work.
- 3) entheogen can be used by all participants to increase the intensity of this rite. There is a long history of use of entheogens in magick and shamanism. The use of legal entheogens is not without risk and should be considered carefully.
- 4) The portion of the opening in quotes has been adapted from the "excerpts from the ritual books of the order" in "The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight" by Marc Hutchison

Some Brief Notes Regarding the on-Going Work of our Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition

by ASHT Ch0zar Ssaratu 103

Author's 1994 Preface

This little essay was originally penned by me, Bill Siebert, otherwise known as AShT Ch0zar Ssaratu ,in 1987 for confidential distribution to members of the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition (MAE) as part of an on-going project to create a body of written material to prepare those seeking initiation into this Ophidean/Elysian Mystery School.

The MAE was designed as a syncretic mystery school amalgamating the techniques, world views, and mythologies of all participants --ideally, without bogging-down in disputes of dogma or hierarchy. Before talking about MAE, I will give a bit of background on myself.

Since 1967 or so, I have been actively involved in magick and paganism, albeit as a solitary. In 1977 I probationed in and became an initiate of the Typhonian branch of Ordo Templi Orientis headed by Kenneth Grant. I remained an active member of this Thelemic Order (attaining the rank of V) until 1984 when I was suspended (later to be expelled in 1985) by K.G. because he felt my Will was not aligned with that of the Orders. In 1981, I

co-founded Math of the ChRySTAL HUMM, a Shamanic/Alchemical Thelemic Powerzone based in an old rundown farmhouse with 23 acres of rolling fields & woodlands <our ritual space> in upstate New York. In retrospect, I believe my Great Work parted from Grant's mainly because the focus of my Will was at that time going into my on-going magickal endeavor to reify an ecumenical thelemic powerzone & profess house, rather than devoting myself more fully to promulgating the Law of Thelema under the aegis of KG and the Typhonian OTO.

In 1985, I became one of the three founding Sovereigns of the Chthonic-Auranian OTO, branch of the OTO-- a wholly new manifestation of the Order claiming no imprimatur from Crowley, and doing away (as much as possible) with hierarchy grades & restraint of individual enthusiasm. The Chthonic-Auranian OTO is dedicated to exploration-&-union of the Dark/Light Mysteries of all onic formul. At about this time, I also became a regional coordinator of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, a Lovecraftian Mystery School descended from the Sirius mystery cults of egypt Babylon & Sumeria, by way of Gateways within creative individuals who are capable of dreaming the mythos, and making it accessible even to those who do not believe their dreams to be real. It was into the maelstrom of these mythic forces that the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition took form and birthed itself at Math of the ChRySTAL Humm some where in 1986 or 87.

It is now 1994. A lot has transpired since this essay was written. I left Math of the ChRySTAL HUMM in the hands of friends in 1988 to pursue the study of Megapolistomancy within dance clubs and dirty back streets of Buffalo New York. About 1989 or 1990 Math of the ChRySTAL HUMM reabsorbed itself back into the void from whence it came. The house & land which were the physical basis for this powerzone has been foreclosed upon by the banks. The Chthonic-Auranian OTO is alive-&-well, prospering under the guidance of its many capable Sovereigns. I have been out of contact with the EOD since 1988. From what I have been able to ascertain, the EOD is no longer operating on the outer.

The MAE has been evolving in fits & starts since parting from the nurturance of Math of the ChRySTAL HUMM powerzone in 1988. The MAE is, a living viable Current --from my perspective, alive and growing within each of us who played with its magick at Math of the ChRySTAL Humm. Yet, although I believe the MAE is a many headed hydra, I can only speak of it through the lens of my own personal experience. Synchronous with my own personal journey of re-discovery, the MAE has become a wriggling semi-somnolent pupa dormant within me --absorbing & reifying a new megalomanic context to augment its elysian primal nurturance. The 1994 publication of this essay is designed to arouse the Miskatonic Alchemickal Expedition from its six year hibernation to begin its work anew.

Currently, Bill is living amidst the social decadence, political corruption, and stagnant decay of New Orleans with his wife-&-Priestess Raven Greywalker. Together they are studying and learning arcane mysteries from diverse encounters with various megalomanic power-spots and with the plethora of individuals whose ancestry and magicks stem from an amalgamation of Haitian and African Voodoos, strange native

American magicks, even-stranger heresies brought here from France and Spain by various prisoners of conscience fleeing from the long arm of Inquisition and Crown --as well as those not-quite human fringe-people whose swamp, bayou, & river ancestors possess a certain bactrian look analogous to their Innsmouthian kin, yet with an indolent balefulness not often found beyond the foetid nurturance of Louisiana's biological social spiritual and political backwater. Compounding this genetic, spiritual, and ethnic mire is an on-going influx of disaffected and disenfranchised persons from the world around, drawn to New Orleans by its astral and literary beacon proclaiming it to be a Mecca for the weird.

Into this complex milieu, AShT Ch0zar SSaratu awakens once more to prod the hermit, Bill, into literary fecundity.

Original Preface

Lest there be confusion, let me state here that this little essay is written from my own personal internal perspective. I feel strongly that most of my fellow expedition members would agree with the content of what I am saying, but many of them might find my vocabulary a bit unfamiliar.

Among Thelemites, our expeditions are currently known as Holy Guardian Angel Workings. Back in the days when our expeditions were less focused, some (who placed themselves on the fringes of our endeavors) called our workings Pagan Parties. Gatherings is the most common local term. Up until recently, I have been rather silent about my intense internal work with Lovecraft's Mythos -- preferring to keep my Lovecraftian magicks to myself, while integrating myself consciously & openly into whatever mythology my fellow expedition members were weaving. But the time for silence is at an end. With this paper, I begin to open the inner workings of my personal mythology, the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition, to all who may be interested working this Current.

Preliminary Remarks

The purpose/methodology/tools of the Miskatonic Alchemical Expeditions are difficult for me to put into words. The expedition is not a dream school in the way I use that word. Our work involves physical plane waking-consciousness magickal endeavors. The expedition is a coordinated anarchistic group endeavor to create an environment in which dreams/phantasies/visions are projected outward within our working group (Circle). We assist individuals to reify their internal Universes within waking consciousness with intentionality & responsibility.

I sometimes feel that the word Initiation is a bit mis-used/over-used, but I feel that it does indeed apply to aspects of our work. In my experience (corroborated by K.Grant), initiation cannot be guaranteed thru any rite. Initiation is a connection which jumps-starts an individual into an exalted state of consciousness. Initiation is rather elusive, & sometimes appears to be transient. I have found that initiation works most powerfully

when the initiatory link is clearly made in both directions-- i.e., when the initiator & aspirant keep playing leap-frog with one another-- so that both experience a powerful initiation, and each is very clearly aware of (& acknowledged for) h-is/er role as initiator.

I suspect that one-way initiations accrue karma, which neutralizes or masks the long-term effects of traditional top-down initiations --at least until the initiator dies (or leaves office), or the initiate severs connection with the initiating Order to formulate h-is/er own internal initiatory links). Perhaps commercial initiators (such as those in various New Age Spiritual Psychology Movements) charge steep fees for their services as a way of absolving the inhibitory karmic link in the here-&-now.

As I say, we do not claim to guarantee initiation. We provide a setting, a set of tools, and a community, by which we assist one-another (and selected outsiders) to activate our self-chosen and ever-evolving phantasy reality during daily waking consciousness --i.e., in our "ordinary" lives, not just during our rather intense rituals. Attempting to comprehend our work intellectually can be very misleading, especially if mental gymnastics are not grounded in actual day-to-day experience of our work. As I attempt to convey the flavor & intensity of our work, I sometimes get the feeling I am attempting a task of the magnitude of conveying an experience of chocolate mousse to someone who has lived h-is/er entire life on a diet of un-seasoned white rice, stale bottled water, & vitamin pills.

Set-&-Setting

The setting for our rites is (ideally) primitive & isolated --where the niceties of civilization (morals, clothing, social taboo, etc) can be consciously put-aside by each expedition member individually, each in the manner/degree which is in accord with each individual's True Will. During our all-night Circles, some people revert to a pre-human or a non-terrestrial state, while others retain their human persona as they channel information from alien races (or gods, angels, demons, etc). Some --who become uninhibited, sexually aroused, and who have located <one or several> suitable partner(s)-- make love in total abandon; while still others commune within the sexual energy field in non-physical ways, &/or talk with trees or crystals. For this type of Working, the setting must be isolated so no one feels the need to stifle or edit any energies which come pouring thru. [As I said, all this doesn't make much practical sense unless you've experienced it firsthand!]

On some occasions, some (or all) of us create-&-perform group Dramatic ritual to coordinate the mindset of the group at the on-set of our free- form all-night Shamanic Circle. Whether or not we stage a formal ritual, we encourage each person in Circle to do whatever personal ritual(s) &/or energy balancing s/he feels would assist h-im/er in manifesting h-is/er inner self. We then communicate various entheogenic sacraments to assist us (individually & as a group)in manifesting trans-rational consciousness.

Entheogenic Elixir

[addendum made in 1994: Of the various entheogenic elixirs which we experimented with from 1980-88, the basic recipe we found most efficacious was composed of a concentrated infusion of *Psilocybe cubensis* stems-&- pieces (prepared after the manner of Soxlet) in cool 190 proof grain alcohol. This elixir was then concentrated by distillation of excess alcohol until insoluble waxy residues began to accumulate in the bottom of the flask. The slurry was filtered while hot and the filter paper then washed with hot ethanol to resolve any active constituents trapped in the residue. The filtrate and the ethanol washings were combined, then diluted approximately 50/50 with Chambord raspberry liquor, then stored in a home freezer till a few hours prior to use. {Preparation time: approximately 1 week @24 hours/day.} At an appropriate moment during the all-night ritual <as the cone of power was being raised>the elixir was diluted approximately 50/50 w/ Coca Cola. The sugar, caffeine, and alcohol included in this process were all found to be sympathetic adjuncts to the active entheogen, psilocybin. The estimated dose of psilocybin was approximately 75-300 mgs per serving. Although traditional ethnopharmacologists claim 50 mg. to be the maximum useful dose of psilocybin, I have found that doses far in excess of this to be efficacious given an appropriate Set-&-Setting. During our expeditions, some persons regularly consumed 3 or 4 servings over a 4-8 hr period. When available, an additional drop or 2 (1000-2000 mcgs) of liquid LSD per person would be added to the cup as well. At a few other times cannabis infusions in ethanol were added to this basic recipe, but massive amounts of THC made the elixir too lethargic and had a tendency to give some folks a bad case of the spins every time they turned their head. Human kalas (consecrated sexual fluids) were often added to the cup just prior to consumption. Rescue Remedy, a homeopathic stress reliever obtainable thru Heath Food stores was found useful in helping quiet the jitters of too rapid a "take-off".]

Sacramental Guidelines

We have found that certain guidelines (which we are constantly up-dating) are useful for sacrament consumption. From my perspective, I find the following to be quite useful:

- a). Some form of ritual in which a common sacrament is consecrated jointly, then communicated. Usually, we use a cup ritual -- both for its esoteric symbolism & so that we can truly share in the same sacrament. The elixir we normally use is always brewed with unknown potency, so that it becomes virtually impossible for the rational self to meter the dose. I find that the rational mind (my own, & most other folks as well) is often fearful of the transition to trans-rationality via the un-rational.

Once the leap has been made, the rational mind has a lot of fun integrating/assimilating trans-rational reality, but the first approach can be real scary sometimes. Perhaps we detect subliminal astral presences, such as the Hounds of Tindalos or the mad flute players, which then induce panic in the most intrepid of explorers!

- b). In conjunction with the cup ritual, each explorer is asked to state why s/he is in attendance. Flippant, shallow, or incomprehensible answers are clarified thru further interactions. If clarification does not prove to be feasible, that person is asked to leave the circle. In formal Circles at major Festivals involving strangers, we also collect money for

sacrament at this time, while ascertaining that each individual has met all of the pre-requisite criteria (e.g.: having personally cut-&-hauled their weight in firewood to the ritual site, being willing to remain in Circle till the morning sun is visible in the dawn sky, vowing to handle any bad-trips responsibly --i.e., without projecting them outward into the group at large, etc.

c). The texture, contrast, & clarity of the Working is greatly increased if in addition to the commonly-shared sacrament some explorers communicates individual sacrament as well -- each in accord with h-is/er own Will. I call this interaction of individual alchemical energies the Orchestra Effect. Each individual sacrament provides an attunement to a unique perspective on the Multiverse, while our shared sacrament ties-us- all-together. Practically speaking, each individual gains access to simultaneous experience of many unique perspectives, usually (but not always) while maintaining h-is/er unique individuality. Some sacraments (such as Euphoria) promote mentation, while others (such as 2CB) encourage emotive feeling. Telepathy (both on a rational level & via the sensorium of the hind-brain) is common in our Circles. Once, one of our explorers seemingly stumbled thru solid matter. On another occasion several of us witnessed another explorer handle hot coals without being burned. During a very early expedition, a water glass began to over-flow like a fountain, while the glass remained full to the brim. At one of our 1985 expeditions, we experienced a tornado and thunderstorm inside a tent, with winds was so fierce that I was unable to fall-over no matter how hard I tried, while a camera 20 feet away remained dry & was not blown from its flimsy tripod. As I keep mentioning, The work of our Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition is not easy to talk-about in a purely rational context!

d). Internal balance is crucial for this work.; The philosophical framework of Thelema (discovering one's Will & DOING it.) coupled with the EST technique of being "At-Cause" in one's Universe can induce an aspirant towards creating an approximation of a karma-free state -- i.e.,no hidden strings jerking h-im/er around). I sometimes remind myself --as well as all others within hearing if I am being extrovert at the time-- that if I am at-cause in my Universe and Doing my Will, then there can be no un-willing Victims in my Universe, all Persecutors act in a conscious manner, and I have no need for Rescuers. On a micro-cosmic level, we council nutritional awareness & personal transformative alchemy. All-night rituals can prove taxing to those who live their lives by external clock cycles. Sleep deprivation, vitamin depletion & depressed blood sugar levels can bring all sorts of un-resolved issues out in the open and into manifestation, especially when energy levels are all cranked-up by powerful ritual, sexual prana, and entheogenic stimulation. While I feel it is essential to dump &/or transform toxins and to play-out all un-resolved conflicts, I encourage expedition members (this includes me, too!) to do their homework --all-night vigils, eating what they consider to be a nutritious diet, fasting & an on-going regimen of personal introspection/meditation/ritual work-- before engaging in powerful transformative group workings. To promote balance at our Circles, we encourage one-another to take vitamin/mineral supplements. Lately, we have begun to have some sort of pot-luck meal (melons, Bar-B-Q on the ritual bonfire, fresh bread, etc.) during the wee hours of the morning, when our human biosystems can sometimes be starving for some food prana (but we are often too busy to notice!).

Conscious & deliberate use of sex, entheogenic sacrament & ritual within a supportive setting all assist the rational mind to gently step aside, while opening-up the Third Eye & Crown Chakra. The elixir mentioned supra --inspired by Doctor Laban Shrewsbury's hermetic mead-- is most efficacious in facilitating this state, especially when used in conjunction with other alchemical compounds which open the Heart, enhance Sexual Creativity, or activate &/or stimulate the other chakras.

Samadhi & Dissolution of Duality

When all chakras are open & functioning at their highest levels, there does not seem to me to be any meaningful purpose in attempting to distinguish between humans-&-gods, angels-&-demons, good-&-evil, or reality-&-fiction. Each person becomes intimately connected-to/congruent- with h-is/er personal phantasy reality. A Buddhist may realize that s/he is the Buddha or transcend that state of attainment to become one with the infinite; a Lovecraftian mage may experience sexual union with Cthulhu or discover that s/he is at one with the chaos of Azathoth; a Christian may become the Christ, or may experience Jesus & Lucifer as two facets of the same cosmic gem. A person may identify with h-is/er genetic past, or with some extraterrestrial race. S/He can become a totem power animal, or come to a realization of being a human incarnation of Gaia.

I am not talking about intellectual comprehension here. Intellectual comprehension of the merger of the mundane with the transcendent is not difficult for anyone with a well-developed ego &/or sufficient spiritual pride. [Many students of contemporary Western magick fit into this category.] The rational mind is more than happy to convince itself that it is God. I am not speaking of that kind of realization. I am speaking of full-fledged actualization (samadhi coupled with focus of individual Will) of godhead.

It is also possible to actualize total union with the cosmic ALL/No-Thing, but commenting further on such a state is beyond the scope of this essay.

Real Work of the MAE

I find things get really interesting when someone realizes that even though s/he can indeed choose to be Christ, Buddha, Azathoth, Satan, ET, Gaia, a virus, etc., s/he can also choose to be fully-actualized in-&-of h-im/er-self --i.e., as Jane or Fred, or Stacy. When the ego stops trying to be God, & becomes a god instead, the real work of our Expedition begins in earnest! If/When an explorer becomes aware of h-is/er cosmic nature, and is able to ground h-im/er-self in trans-rational reality, it then becomes feasible for h-im/er to interact with other cosmic beings -- neither limited by Space, fixed in sequential Time, nor locked-out of any particular reality framework. Within this cosmic framework, all who work- &-play here jointly create reality.

[Note: It is also quite possible to create total-&-complete Nightmare and propagate terror thru-out the Multiverse, or to rend the fabric of Maya completely. I do not recommend

this course of action as a group endeavor. Likewise it is possible to tap-into the Cosmic All/No-Thing as a mystic, rather than as a magickian (i.e., from an ego-less state with no point of Will). That too, I find to be a rather solitary undertaking. I have involved myself with each of these endeavors on various occasions in myriad different lives within infinitudes of alterity. Each is powerful, educational, & <seemingly> necessary to the multiverse (at least as I know it). Hindus call this cycle Brahma/Shiva/Vishnu (named after gods of Creation/Destruction/Preservation). From my present perspective, I find co-Creation with other cosmic beings to be the most fun challenge in the Multiverse. Destruction is too easy & preservation is not to my temperament. So I have made Chaotic Creation (i.e., Creation with no central god figure to coordinate things) the focus of my lives' work. I co-create pleasant evolutionary realities by working with those on similar paths. Although destruction & preservation are indeed woven into the fabric of my existence <I kill plants-&-animals to eat as well as for my personal convenience; I reprint classical texts to preserve their message for future generations>, I leave grand Rites of destruction, and performance of un-changing Ritual to those who enjoy these endeavors! The Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition specializes in evolutionary creativity.]

Depending on:

- 1) how many persons in Circle are able to manifest as cosmic beings,
- 2) our ability, Will, & desire(!) to recognize others who are in a similar state, and
- 3) our ability/Will/desire to assist those who are still in transition, it is sometimes possible to create a very powerful self-balancing mutually gratifying Mythological framework. Within this larger Mythological framework, it is common to have functioning magickal eddy-realities, within which the interfaces of each personal reality dance with one-another.

To phrase it another way -- SaSaR (Sex & Sacrament & Ritual) combined with close camaraderie amongst expedition members, & a shared set/setting of Circle-space & expectation, induces the boundary edges among people in Circle blur. The slightest thought (whether expressed or stifled) manifests within our collective reality. [As practitioners of Kria Yoga teach: Thought is Creative!] This newly actualized creation can be channeled, focused, &/or modified thru acts of Love under Will. As the evening progresses, Reality (i.e., our collective Maya) takes on a mythic flavor (exactly which mythos depends on how each participant has prepared his/her internal mind-&-emotional set ahead of time and the degree to which s/he is willing &/or able to share (via poetry, ritual, storytelling, lovemaking, conscious touching, chakra stimulation, fire-walking, etc) h-is/er personal Mythos with the rest of us. When our weave of rational/emotional connections is sufficiently powerful, conventional reality dissolves completely and our jointly-created fantasy takes on mythic proportions. Individual dreams weave together & play themselves out in our waking consciousness, not just in private dreamspace.

Our work might be likened to Psychodrama, but with a focus of reality engineering. Israel Regardie once wrote that magical attainment is independent from psychological balance.

Such limited attainment may well have once been the norm when most magickians worked solitary, but (to me) the quest for magickal attainment must include active exploration of psychological edges --the places where insanity and genius are all but indistinguishable-- or the magickal endeavor is simply not worth my time & effort. The Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition uses various psychological balancing techniques to make the exploration of edges easier & more productive, but as we learn how to achieve-&-maintain balance, our work escalates, rather than slacking-off. We work Magick (inducing Change in harmony with Will), not just mental health. Our dream enactment is collective, rather than individual, so that our personal quirks balance one-another out -- which is one of the main reasons why our expedition contains a varied cross-section of individuals. This provides a clearer/cleaner contact with (& actualization of) energies than is usually possible in a solo working, no matter how advanced an individual adept.

We have no "faculty" in our expedition. We all explore together. Some of us have more experience than others, but we play leap-frog adeptship with one-another so often, that it does not make sense to me to designate a faculty. We do, however, have a core group of intrepid explorers. We have a local core of Thelemic magickians, augmented by individuals & sub- groups from other well-developed magickal powerzones. New members for our expedition seem to manifest as we become ready to handle their energy. For some, one expedition is sufficient for a lifetime. Others drift in-&-out of our Circles as they discover themselves & test-out their point-of-Will. Let me point out once again, that I am at the center of my personal universe. Everything I say is grounded in my own personal perspective -- which is to say, with me at the core of the expedition. Yet, from the perspective of some other member of the expedition, I may not even be in the core group at all!

[Note made in 1994: Now that I've given you all sorts of non-hierarchical disclaimers about how I may or may not be in the core group, lets get down to some details! Appended below is the text of another introductory essay I penned which approaches the MAE from another angle, that of an initiatory Order. What follows was once given in secrecy to a select few. I ask you to treat it as you would any other Secret document --in the words of Herman Slater's now defunct Earth Religion News:

Protect the Mysteries, Reveal them Daily!

Practicum

The Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition is field-trip oriented R-&-D community which operates within that sentient web of initiates known on the outer as the Esoteric Order of Dagon (EOD). From my perspective, the Mis katonic Alchemical Expedition operates hand-in-hand (perhaps tentacle- in-hand may be a better euphemism) with the Chthonic-Auranian Branch of the Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO).

It is assumed that each applicant to the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition of the EOD is a functional Thelemite whose understanding/appreciation of the Mythos is based upon direct personal magickal experience with our energies, not merely an academic interest

in the literary genre of weird fiction or a sociological/psychological interest in those who channel/advocate the Mythos. That is to say, each applicant is expected have an understanding/appreciation of Will, Love, and personal responsibility from a Thelemic perspective, be willing/able to put these precepts into practice in his/her daily life, and be willing/able to function as a Thelemite within magickal community. Each applicant is further expected to submit on-going records of magickal workings, dream diaries, fiction, essays, &/or evocative Art which demonstrates his/her vital connection with the Mythos as a magickian or a mystic. Magick may be defined as causing change in conformity with Will. Mysticism (in this context) may be defined as a passive link with the Mythos which generates syncretistic harmony &/or dissolution into the Mythos itself.

Initiation into (or affiliation with) the Chthonic-Auranian OTO is by no means mandatory for affiliation with the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition. Members of other branches of the OTO, as well as autonomous Thelemites are welcome within the ranks of the MAE. The EOD does not require acceptance of Liber AL vel Legis as a requirement for membership. The MAE does, however, require that each expedition member accept Thelema and live by an individual ethical code of Will, Love, and Personal Responsibility. Whether you accept the veracity of Crowley's channeled writings is up to you -- concepts are important, not packaging!

I strongly urge all those interested in active participation in the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition to apply for membership into the EOD. Although it is possible to work with the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition in the short-run without formal affiliation with the EOD, I do not recommend this course of action for the long-term. I find that formal affiliation is synonymous with commitment. I have found that those who cannot --or will not -- commit themselves to an organization are (in general) not dependable. The on-going work of the MAE involves deep serious personal commitment -- not only to your own personal Great Work, but to the local & global community in which we work/play/grow/explore (both individually & collectively). Hangers-on often become deadweights.

We are building an ever-growing group gestalt, whose food is a shared information base & an ever-evolving group mythology. Personal Commitment to the group is a first step towards formulating perfect love & perfect trust which is our primary sacrament.

[Note made in 1994: While I still agree in principle with the sentiments expressed in the previous paragraph, there remains the difficulty of locating functional Magickal Orders worthy of one's loyalty and support. Since neither the EOD nor the MAE are presently functioning on the outer, and since (in all probability) the Chthonic-Auranian OTO does not have a functional group in your area, I can make no reasonable recommendations at present. In my personal experience with myriad Magickal Orders, which <for the nonce> shall remain nameless, I have found far more spiritual corruption than true enlightenment, far more power games than fellowship or brotherhood, and far more hiding behind paper initiations to cover ignorance, than open sharing of knowledge or admittance of ignorance --

e.g., "I'm truly sorry, but even though you have been experimenting with VIII carezza for over three months now, I am unable to discuss your work with you because to do so would be inappropriate, for the mysteries you are exploring are 'beyond your grade'. If & when you have earned access to our Sovereign Sanctuary of the Gnosis, I will be more than happy to discuss this topic with you more at length" (Soror 789, circa 1977).

While I still contend that refusal to work within the structure of a magickal Order can indeed be a symptom of egoistic imbalance, working within a corrupt Order is no solution. All I can do at this point is wish you good luck in your search!]

The Focus of Our Work

From my perspective, the work of the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition is always evolving & does not really fit into neat categories. Chaos does not lend itself to description in a linear essay format. Although I have chosen to speak of the work of the Expedition as though it could be separated into neat little boxes, such categorizations can be misleading. Needless to say, the little boxes I portray are my own.

[I once had a vision of entering the abyss by a rear entrance. All of the various gods, demons, angels, and other sundry beings were lounging about playing poker, skinny-dipping in the great sea, and otherwise enjoying each other's company. Then someone saw me & began shouting over a PA system: "Qliphoth to your shells! God/desses to your Spheres! Everybody get into your boxes!" -- In the abyss (as in this world) everything overlaps. Neat boxes exist only in the minds of those who choose to separate their life experience into categories.]

On an individual basis, members of MAE utilize techniques of conscious dreaming, astral projection, & self-induced trance states to explore various realms of dream, nightmare, & vision. As we re-enter normal waking consciousness via the gateway at Dath <which (to me) typifies the energies of Herschel (Uranus)>, expedition members focus their dream images into conscious awareness & outward expression via Hod (writing, scientific/magickal technique, etc.) or Netzach (Art, Music, etc.). It is within this realm that exploration reifies personal initiation within the here-&-now.

On a group basis, members of Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition utilize Shamanic (Netzachian) & Ceremonial (Hodian) magickal techniques to focus their individual consciousness & the gestalt of the group itself thru the astral gateway at Yesod and into the worlds of dream, myth, and creativity. These expeditions are undertaken as group endeavors to manipulate/explore the worlds of dream without the need to give-up waking consciousness.

On the Dangers of Over-Specialization

It is my feeling (based on personal observation of my own imbalances & much research over the past two decades) that over-emphasis on individual exploration can lead to introversion & isolation which borders on the pathological. A solitary magickian wakes-

up alone. S/He becomes aware of his/her inherent trans-dimensional nature apart from a community of peers. S/He works the Path of the Hermit in order to tap-into his/her initiated self. Adepts of this path progress rapidly to become Masters of the inner planes, but often at the expense of being able to relate to their fellow humans as anything other than tools for their personal trip. For within the initiatory context of vision & dreamspace, everything is a projection of the self outward (a diagnostic tool to speed integration of personality) &/or a spirit sent to guide the initiate upon his/her path. It is easy for a hermit to become an exalted adept --yea, even a God. But (all too often) s/he is not able to perceive the initiation of others who work analogous formul of attainment. Smug superiority over his/her magickal comrades coupled with fear/loathing/disdain of those whom s/he considers to be mundane often limit the degree to which such individuals are able to manifest their true natures in the here-&-now.

Aleister Crowley, Nicola Tesla, Austin Osman Spare, and H.P. Lovecraft all spring to mind as examples of initiates who woke-up alone. Each was a genius. Each had a profound effect on the world I live in. Yet, each was severely imbalanced in his relationships with other people. Tesla was perhaps the most extreme. He could not tolerate being touched. He felt it disturbed his subtle magnetic fields. He once moved a thousand miles from his home simply because someone put his arm on Tesla's shoulder! Of these 4, I feel that Crowley worked most diligently to balance his solitary inner plane Workings with connection to community (being tapped-into non-solitary sex magick probably helped a lot)! But in community, he acted as though he were the most advanced initiate on the planet. Based on the number of people who moved in-&-out of his life, it would seem that he was somewhat difficult to be around for protracted periods of time. He surrounded himself with people whom he used as tools &/or endeavored to re-form into images of himself. I learned a lot from Crowley. But, after many years of being a Hermit, I am now working to balance my exalted Hermetic initiations with group interactions within a community of magickal peers.

On the other hand, I am finding that those who work almost exclusively in community (Wo/Men of Earth) can also grow in an imbalanced manner. As my personal experience with this formula is more limited than my hermetic experience, I can more readily perceive the weaknesses of Wo/Men of Earth than their strengths. The Hermit perceives the Universe as being a tool for his/her personal initiation. Hermits are cosmic children. The Multiverse is their school & playground. Wo/Men of Earth are cosmic parents. Sometimes they get so caught-up in being responsible that they seem to have forgotten how to play.

When Hermits & Wo/Men of Earth clash, it is often over the role of healing/nurturing. The Hermit wants to play games of initiation & create heroic mythologies. The Wo/Man of Earth wants to play parent or healer. There are times/places for games of high initiation, and times/places for games of healing & nurturing. When these two currents work in balance, everything is copacetic and magick flows on all levels. To me, the positive interweaving of the magicks of the Hermit & the Wo/Man of Earth create a space in which the godform of the Lovers can manifest.

Problems arise (from my perspective) when time/space has been set-aside for initiatory game playing, and True initiation occurs. Under such circumstances, the flow of raw magickal power thru an unfolding gestalt can sometimes be mis-perceived as a symptom of a disease process (e.g.,a psychotic episode, life-threatening physical ailment, magickal attack, etc), rather than as a positive initiatory experience. A Wo/Man of Earth who is not able to tap-into his/her Hermetic godform has a very strong tendency to intervene in a nurturing/healing way -- even when those energies are counter-productive to the Work-at-hand.

From my perspective, a gestalt is a functional magickal organism. Each individual within that gestalt takes on specific function(s). Sometimes a person will breathe as though s/he is hyperventilating, or somebody else will stop breathing, altogether. Neither is dangerous. During one initiatory experience, I stopped breathing for over an hour (timed by a clock) without any serious repercussions other than a splitting headache the following day. While in another gestalt, a very powerful Hermit was working intimately with Fire. A Wo/Man of Earth attempted to intervene -- for she felt that the Hermit might hurt herself. The Hermit was self- possessed enough to laugh at the Wo/Man of Earth, then pick up some hot coals to demonstrate that she was able to care for herself -- magickal reality was maintained!

But such a high degree of self-possession is rare, even among highly skilled Hermits, when they operate in a group gestalt. Worry trips (no matter how well-meaning) can throw me off-balance. I might have suffocated had I been surrounded by well-meaning nervous nellies who wanted to rush me off to a hospital. The woman who handled fire could have been seriously burned if her certitude faltered at the wrong moment. I have a much easier time manifesting paranormal phenomena in my solitary work. I have become quite used to clocks running backwards, and seeing strange alien beings looking out at me from my bathroom mirror.

[By the way, I was quite cognizant of paranormal manifestations many years before I began my researches with psychoactive sacraments!]

In my opinion, a Wo/Man of Earth who is over-due for an extended magickal retirement is real prone to ground the group's energy whenever s/he feels threatened by feelings/thoughts/phenomena which clash with his/her reality framework. In extreme cases, lack of emphasis on individual personal development seems to manifest as an underdevelopment of an individual's Hadit-Point, making him/her susceptible to major freak-outs during group workings. I perceive freak-outs as being related to feeling a loss of center when each individual Hadit-point merges into the group gestalt.

If a freaked-out person gets sick (allergy attack, faints, etc.) &/or projects his/her dis-ease outward onto an empathic receptor in the group gestalt, the group energy is effectively re-focused from High magick to a medical/psychological emergency, which (it would seem) is more normal to some than the initiatory paranormal universe which I prefer to inhabit. By dampening, stifling, or distracting group energy, the imbalanced Wo/Man of Earth

effectively limits/disperses exponential initiatory growth which gestalt consciousness engenders, unless s/he can be brought to balance by other members of the gestalt.

This is where I feel the Lover comes into play. Those who embody the godform of the Lover are able to relate to both the Hermit and the Wo/Man of Earth without losing center, and without becoming judgmental of where the other person is coming from. A Lover is able to relate to each of the wonders/ joys/ responsibilities/ challenges of being a Hermit and of being a Wo/Man of Earth --without losing perspective on that which transcends each separate task. A Lover is a Peacemaker who unites all in Love under Will. Lovers are (from my perspective) a godform which ameliorate the functioning of Hermits within community, and Wo/Men of Earth within paranormal reality.

Mathew Henry once commented that peace is such a precious jewel that he would give anything for it but truth. The godform of a Lover is sometimes attempted by those who do not really understand what is like to be a Hermit or a Wo/Man of Earth. In such an instance, the ersatz Lover may attempt to smooth things out, without really being able to catalyze resolution. Such practices (in my experiences) lead to a fracturing of community. To me, a Lover is functional as a balance-point between Hermits and Wo/Men of Earth only insofar as s/he is able to relate to both via personal experience, not just empathy.

I speak of Hermits, Lovers, and Wo/Men of Earth as though they are separate beings. Such over-specialization (if it really existed) would be ridiculous. I am working on all three grades -- as is everyone I know! The appropriate balance of Hermit, Lover, & Wo/Man of Earth within each of us is a highly delicate & ever-evolving balance, which we explore & fine-tune on an on-going basis. I encourage (& expect) each Expedition member to work/play/explore with those individuals/groups he/she/they may feel are appropriate, using whatever techniques he/she/they deem useful-- There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt!

[Please note: As this essay is being published long after the demise of Math of the ChRySTAL Humm Powerzone during a period of somnolent dormancy of the EOD and the, the following section, Affiliation with the Miskatonic Alchemickal Expedition, is included solely for the sake of completeness. At present (1994) there is no MAE or EOD to apply to, so no address will be printed. Those involved in a Great Work similar to my own, may contact me c/o the editors of this magazine.]

Affiliation with the Miskatonic Alchemickal Expedition

We cannot initiate anyone into the EOD. We do not feel that initiation of this kind can be conferred from without --it emanates from within as the result of personal exploration & synthesis. Initiation is a personal process of flowering/unfoldment. Initiation is a side-effect of getting in-touch with one's self, and discovering/creating relationships between one's self & the rest of the Multiverse. Although the EOD does not confer initiation, we

are willing (yea, even eager!) to recognize initiates by the fruits of their labors --their magickal/creative output.

If it is your will to seek affiliation with the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition of the EOD, please send me a personal letter stating your will in this matter. Let me know what you feel you have to offer our group & what you are looking to get from your association with us. Please include your biography (earth-plane as well as magickal), along with any pertinent information about yourself & your personal explorations which you are willing to share at this time. I would really appreciate a recent photo of yourself, along with your birth data (date/time/place). If you are involved (or have past affiliations) with other magickal groups (local/regional/international), please tell me of your experiences with them insofar as you are able without violating any confidentialities or oaths of secrecy.

Acceptance into the Esoteric Order of Dagon requires some form of evidence of your activity in the Great Work. Evidence can include any/all of the following: samples of your dream record, records of Magickal Workings, essays on magickal technique/philosophy, creative magickal fiction &/or Art (or photographs of your Art) which demonstrate your connection with the Mythos. Those who are new to communicating their visions may find it useful to use fiction as a vehicle of expression.

Dream fragments which provide detailed description of rituals, alien entities, bizarre settings, &/or actual text (or artwork) from astral books or manuscripts are particularly useful to other dreamers. But even brief fragments of dreams can sometimes provide a key word or image which another dreamer is seeking. If your artform does not lend itself to written or pictorial evidence, please discuss your work with me. I am sure we can come up with some method for you to demonstrate your activity in the Great Work.

Be sure your letter requesting affiliation with the EOD contains your legal name & mailing address, as well as the magickal name (or motto) by which you choose to be known within the EOD. Your application will be evaluated personally by me, shown to members of my close magickal family, then forwarded (with comments/recommendations), to R'yleh Lodge. What you submit may become a permanent part of the EOD's Library of Dath &/or the library of the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition. Submitted material will not be returned to you. Please do not submit original manuscripts or artwork, unless you are donating them to our library.

Neither the EOD nor the Miskatonic Alchemical Expedition charges dues or initiation fees. You are expected to pay only for those goods & services which you specifically request. Donations to help pay for postage &/or to support our on-going publishing projects are always welcome. As material flows into the Expedition library, I will make copies available to other Expedition members who request them. Individual expedition members are requested to submit material to me for internal EOD use. We encourage expedition members to submit material directly to the Library of Dath at R'yleh Lodge & to Black Moon Archives. Material submitted to me will not be distributed to the general public unless you tell me it is ok for me to do so.

1994 Postscript

Despite the optimism with which I penned the above essay some seven years ago, Math of the ChRySTAL Humm and the Miskatonic Alchemickal Expedition have both crumbled into dust. What happened? To say it was time for me to "move-on" or to "continue my magickal journey elsewhere" begs the question and answers nothing. To write detachedly of the fall of the interlocking powerzones which I helped create and which in-turn gave me birth, is both beyond my ability, and would serve no purpose other than to allow me to beat my breast and air my grievances. Rather than play Hamlet or King Lear, I choose to eschew the realms of linear reality to speak allegorically of that which I am too enmeshed within to write of--either honestly or compassionately.

Sometime in the mid 1970's, I was becoming more active in the Typhonian OTO. I asked my then superior, Soror Tanith, why it was that Magickal Powerzones came together around a core of dedicated people, generated lots of energy, which in-turn attracted more people to the powerzone --only to have the whole thing eventually collapse in on itself, never to be heard from again? Tanith answered that she felt that a powerzone was, by its very nature, impermanent. Her answer was too pat and far from satisfying, but by its very nature, her answer created an itch in me (much like a bit of grit in an oyster) to explore this question further.

From my present (1994) perspective, it seems to me that powerzones are willfully created transient magickal engines--which are also unconsciously engendered immortal inter-dimensional organisms-- which attract ingenious and imaginative magickal beings to itself, who then drive themselves into a frenzy of taboo-breaking cross-fertilization in an effort to find &/or create mutual understanding and give birth to a new world --in which they give birth to one-another and themselves. Inadvertently, these Bornless- Ones also create spores of mutant magickal memes --initiatory multi- dimensional tinker-toy mandalas which catalyze transubstantiation of human and trans-human consciousness in all who play with them. When the spores reach maturation, some cataclysm (egoistic dissonance, financial strife, external persecution, etc.) breaks-up the harmony of the incubating powerzone womb & the (now defunct) powerzone spreads its initiatory spores into the void to co-mingle & cross-fertilize with other spores from myriad defunct &/or living Powerzones, Magickal Orders, Occult Philosophies, etc. to continuously spawn new magickal engines and organisms wherever the confluence of forces find favorable alignments of Stars.

Thus, when the cycle of eons has ended, and the Phoenix returns in weariness to Heliopolis for its self-appointed immolation, it is not the end, but a new beginning. For out of the ashes of the dying Phoenix arise dust motes which swirl and congregate under the influence of a billion whirling galaxies to coalesce --giving birth to myriad new phoenixes, strong in the vigor of their youth, shrieking orgiastically as they fly thru the worlds of (wo)men and their gods exploring conquering & remaking maya into their own images --as godlings are wont to do!

Anyone up for some interdimensional perichoresis?

by Bill Siebert, now known as Alobar Greywalker. Contact details:

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