

Green Trapezoid Newsletter



The Trouble with "Reality"
Venger Satanis

Dancing the Blind Idiot god
Cora'Sahn

The pounding drums
Alba Ka'lool

Kneel in the day, Live in honour
Oola'Groag

Echoes from the VOID
Yrreiht

And more!

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Age of Cthulhu
Summer 2012

Glyphs Etched Along the Path Less Traveled

It's like a game...

Back and forth, hither and yon, start, stop, restart. That has been the history of our Cult of Cthulhu newsletter and literary zine. It comes and it goes and then it comes back again. Like our untenable religion, I don't think the Green Trapezoid could ever really die - not completely, anyway. It needs to exist because there will always be a place on the fringe for outsiders and their work. The world clearly doesn't want us, but no matter... we carry on. Unnatural things are often discarded in favor of the new, the trendy, the comfortable. But that's not our way. We don't exist in the shadows because it's fashionable. We do so out of necessity. Our best work is done in darkness. It's where the lesser gods aren't looking, those guardians of the matrix who dutifully silence the thin, demonic, and unseen flutes which inspire Azathoth's flopping and yammering entourage. Beyond the pale, a few individuals have the opportunity to change, transform, ascend, and manifest their true will. So, in the shadows is where Cthulhu's Cult shall remain. The form might change from season to season, but the content is just as strong, enduring, and magical as I envisioned.

Let's consider the name for a moment. Why is a trapezoid appealing? What significance does it have? Stark, straight sides, angular corners, parallel and skewed simultaneously, there seems to be something missing - yet there's almost too much before our eyes. Nature doesn't work in straight lines. No, nature prefers curves, either gradual or exaggerated. There is no bend, no give in the trapezoid. It is unyielding. It is mysterious. An alien structure, sometimes tall and narrow, other times squat and wide. The trapezoid is also Satanic. Anton Szandor LaVey and Michael Aquino borrowed from Lovecraft. We have them to thank for various Lovecraftian rituals and orders. The trapezoid appeals to a certain type - sinister men and women of extraordinary will.

And what of the color green? Why is our blasphemous sect so infused with that particular shade? We're doubling down on the alienage theme, absolutely. Green also symbolizes life, growth, vitality, and balance. But more than any of that, Lovecraft made good use of it. All the monstrous Gods and servitors and tentacles and slime and hideous idols, as well as, the eldritch contents of decrepit mausoleums.

Lovecraft bathed them in the jade hues we all know and loathe, ranging from abhorrent emerald to shuddersome chartreuse.

Together, the trapezoid shape and color green represent a noxious current dedicated to Awakening our antediluvian fathers. The Green Trapezoid is a distillation of dark wisdom and unspeakable oaths; it's chock full of articles, essays, viewpoints, stories, poetry, reviews, humor, and regular columns for Cultists and non-Cultists alike. Want to submit a piece? That's great! Please let editor-in-chief Priestess of R'lyeh Cora'Sahn or myself know. We're always hungry for good content. If you have thoughts on how we can improve the GT, then get in touch with us. This zine is a collaborative effort.



Our words pierce through the grey mosaic of subjective nonsense that is "reality". Our words overcome and redefine that which is taken for granted... that which is taken as real. It is our words that shall allow the Great Old Ones to cross the threshold. Communication is everything. Ideas and concepts move from one person to another, one place to another. At the best of times, they move freely. Beliefs are passed on and on in order to close in on unutterable truth. Freedom of movement, unfortunately, is a privilege our thoughts are seldom afforded. All kinds of obstacles prevent the seeds of knowledge from taking root. These earthly troubles are no accident - our communication is hindered by design - curse the lesser gods! Such deliberate obstructionism has always been part of this world, well before the coming of man... even though we are now their primary interest. On the other hand, man is the only mammal with the potential to change the game.

Perhaps the Green Trapezoid will be yet another puzzle piece in our ongoing game change. I sincerely hope so.

Awake!

Venger As'Nas Satanis, Ipsissimus
Cult of Cthulhu



GREEN TRAPEZOID NEWSLETTER

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE CULT OF CTHULHU

Summer 2012

VOLUME 5, ISSUE 1

What ever you think you are; you have only scratched the surface.

Welcome to the Green Trap

The chief feature of this newsletter is to bring you a glimpse into our Yog-sothery.

Our tentacles reach from beyond, beckoning...*Calling*. We will tear away the false reality that we are anything less but the very essence of the Old Ones.

Our tantalizing ooze will penetrate your very being. Our madness will push you to the brink of insanity. So have a peek through our emerald lens of unwavering devotion.

Be Warned. Tread if you must in our Emerald Kingdom, but be alert. There are Shoggoths at every turn..



PRESTESS OF R'LYEH,
CORA'SAHN

Features:

Articles, Essays

Artwork

Poetry, Prose



VINGOER A'R'NIA'S SEASIDE CULT OF CTHULHU HUNT PARTY

Cult of Cthulhu Oath

As I walk into the moonless night, I shall do what benefits the Old Ones and Their spawn; whatever is fruitful, righteous, and pleasurable is the Way.

As I bow before the green onyx altar, I shall respect and honor the Cult of Cthulhu along with its members and vision. As I grow stronger, so does the Cult. As the cult grows stronger, so do I.

As I Awaken from my fitful slumber, I summon the Ancient Things from the blackest abyss, for They are the purest distillation of myself.

Our struggles will allow us to evolve into whatever we must become.

The Emerald Kingdom of
Great Cthulhu is at hand.

EDITOR & CHIEF, PRIESTESS CORA'SAHN



BELIEF IS REALITY



Summer's first sighting...



Summer's first sighting of the Luna Moth in Virginia.

Priestess Cora'Sahn reporting

The Luna Moth is an insect of awe and wonderment. Its distinct coloring and pattern camouflages itself from predators. This specimen is a male, identified by its antenna which has larger plumes vs. females that are more narrow and feather-like. As a harbinger within [Virginia's Butterfly Society](#) for many years, it gives me great pleasure to witness this Eldritch Weirdness in the oddity we call *nature*. The Luna moth finalizes its transformation from pupae to moth under the light of the moon, fully emerging in the sunlit skies. Once this process is completed this odd creature of lunacy is to mate, and then die. It has only one week to accomplish this task built into its cosmic code. It has no mouth or digestive system to ingest nourishment. In spite of its seemingly mapped out plan, it may inevitably die of starvation before ever having found a suitable mate.

This creature serves as a reminder to stay focused on your key aims. It's easy to get caught up in the industrial grind of laboring for our basic needs, that we hardly stop to bear witness to our own transformations.

We can scientifically observe the Luna Moth, but can we ever truly know what it is?

Some may regard it an inevitability which crawled its way out of the primordial ooze.; while others...*Those with extraordinary keen senses* have this strange feeling that it is so much more than something to dissect, classify, and file away on the evolutionary chart. **What is man?** Is it more than just a biological organism toiling until death? Or, perhaps it is something trapped by its natural order. When the stars are right he may know in uncertain terms what he should be doing with his time in this material complex but until such time comes to pass...He will toil with his labor.

The Cult of Cthulhu harbors its lunatics. It is quite mad within its walls of blood, sweat and tears. We labor, suffer, and feed the Old Ones their due. Nyralotep's clawed finger tears away the flesh a layer at a time, feeding it to the mighty Cthulhu which lays dead...*But dreaming*. Dagon swarms in the bowels of the Monolithic R'lyeh, swallowing the soul and spirit of the fisherman's nets. As the Cultists cry out in anguish for all their efforts, the time will come for Cthulhu to Rise! He will consume his cult, and use this energy to tear asunder the prison veil which keeps the Old Ones at bay. Yog-soth holds the keys, and will open its gates with the blistering sounds of terror. Azathoth will open its form and through the eye will come forth a new era of **chaos!** The Ancient Ones are always in attendance of humanity's demise.



Oh what Joy
we cultists
relish! All of
mankind will
rue the day!

AWAKE!

Awake! for morning in the bowl of Night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Ipsissimus Turret in a Nose of flight

Dreaming when Dawn's left Hand was in the sky
I heard a voice within the inn cry,
"Awake, my sleeping ones, and fill the cup
Before Life's Liquor in the cup be dry "

And as the cock crew, those who stood before
The Inn shouted - " open the door!"
" ye know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more"

Has come and gone, reviving old desires,
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires
Where the tentacles of Cthulhu on the Bough
Puts out, and Venger from the Ground suspires

R'lyeh indeed is gone with all its slime
And Silver and Gold cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a garden by the water blows.

Alike for those who for Today prepare,
And those that after a TOMORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries
"Fools! your reward is neither Here nor There!"

Ah! make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, Sans Song, Sans Singer, and - Sans End!

Written by Oola'Groag

Echoes From THE VOID

Priest Yrreht, reporting

John was ten minutes late when he arrived at his rendezvous. He had a bad premonition; he felt with a disturbing clarity that things will turn bad. But eventually his curiosity won against the repulsion this strange so-called occultist inspired to him.

"- I'm glad you came, John, how do you do?" He was a polite man at least, and the apartment was cozy and light, so John wondered why he was afraid.

"- Please sit here. Good. Now listen carefully; usually this process is taking years but we DO have to hurry. The Time is near..." John noticed a big, strange and loathsome spot on the wall, near the door of the room. All was not so clean and clear, here... "- Me too, I hate to waste my time" John suddenly replied. "I went to your conference yesterday and you convinced me that ordinary people, when confronted with anything fundamentally different from their limited paradigm, would simply be unable to see it, let alone to comprehend it. After the conference I assured you I know all what I need to know about the occult and you challenged me to resist to the vision of something different. Now I am here, so what do you have for me?"

"- You know all what you have to know, really? And you can resist to the vision of anything? What a bad beginning... Sorry, John, if you are not a Master then you're a fool; this is your first and last Warning, leave this room and run. I completed the ritual. I called the Void. This spot on the wall is not a spot. "

John stood up. "A fool? " This guy dares to give him a warning? This time his anger was stronger than the fear. He sat back. "Let us see... show me, if you have something to show. Which I doubt. " Then he jumped: The spot had become larger and darker. OK, a fair trick of an illusionist probably... combined by luck with a cloud hiding the sun, he thought.

"- Observe and don't be afraid", continued the occultist, "that's my advice. It's too late to run, now..." Again John jumped as the spot suddenly grew, included the door and was so dark that no details were any more noticeable on it. It was like a hole, a direct window on the deep space, on the perfection of nothingness. How could he not be afraid? He felt on the verge of panic.

"- You haven't seen anything yet..." Somebody screamed. Only when the need to breathe turned really painful John realized it was him. How could he express it? How to describe with words physical impossibilities that do not belong to our universe? The huge void in front of him became MORE BLACK THAN THE ABSOLUTE DARKNESS !

Continued from page 7.

"- *The way you consider what you perceive is everything. If you consider this as an opportunity to learn something, you will survive.*" Terror! How delightful it would be to feel an absolute terror! But new physical dimensions brought him new dimension to his terror, too. The more-than-black, the Master Blackness, was irradiating darkness as a flame radiates as light. That positive darkness had penetrated his body and, although not painful in itself, realizing that the inside of your body had become darker than the total black added to his terror, so as the fact that, indubitably but inexplicably this VOID had more than three dimensions.

"- *Now is the critical moment. Stay yourself, for the sake of your soul!*" LIVING ! The irradiating dark Void inspired a totally unbearable, infinite, multi-dimensional vertigo and he was LIVING ! THE VOID slowly focused his attention on John.

But John was no longer John, his mind burst as a bubble. Then the hysterical creature that remained died as THE VOID decided to absorb his spiritual energy and to dissolve his body. The Priest stood up, winking as the sun illuminated the room after the departure of THE VOID.



It was the *tenth* failure but he already had two successes; one more brother and one more sister in the Cult. Maybe he could find a third one before the End?

Forever out of the reach of our world, the Priest knew that a tentacle with SEVEN dimensions sent him an indescribable however brotherly salute.

Cultist Yrreiht



A letter to initiates . . . A beginning

I had read some articles about Venger Satanis and the Cult of Cthulhu in the past and I thought to myself "*At last someone created a Cult of Cthulhu*".

I must admit that I was cautious at the beginning of my research concerning the CoC, I was reserved regarding the seriousness of the info and knowledge I could find on the outside of the Cult. However, from an Alienology prospect, open-mindedness is the key to develop your current evolution into a higher being and in expanding your Occult knowledge with a spherical viewpoint.

My first impression was that the High Priest, Venger Satanis, evolved theories of Chaos Magic, LaVeyan Satanism, Gurdjieff's Fourth way, ONA (Order of Nine Angles) and other Left hand path theories into **one**. This amalgam of LFH teachings was the secret formula that can lead to Higher Magick. It is significant to mention that I was impressed by the astral projection technique that reveals a grand trapezohedron with nine angles. Still, many occult acquaintances claim that the Cult of Cthulhu is *not* original. It begs to question what is truly original at the beginning? Without author H. P. Lovecraft the Occult world would be much different. I feel, blame should first be placed with those *before* the CoC that plagiarized Lovecraft's works. *Everything* has a beginning.

Concerning Venger Satanis, I would like to say, that he is a brilliant and intelligent individual who I consider the first founder of a *real* Cthulhu Cult in this mundane world that is full of madness. I have a great respect for individuals who take their beliefs seriously and have the "guts" to create something that requires effort and spiritual determination. It is by no coincidence that many of these *so-called* Occultists remain imprisoned in their closets. *Anything* real requires guts.

To conclude, the Cult of Cthulhu *is* original in terms of how the message of H. P. Lovecraft spreads. Religiously: *Awake!*

DOES CTHULHU EXIST?

After the death of the founder of the entity, called Cthulhu, several magicians and occult societies tried to bring the tentacles from fiction to reality. But what is fiction?

Fiction derives from the Latin word "fictus" and its past participle "fingere", which means "to invent", "to shape". Therefore, Cthulhu is shaped by someone or by many.

We know the fact that Cthulhu is shaped and invented by Lovecraft because we know Lovecraft, we have read Lovecraft; we know people who met Lovecraft and we have photos of him. But what about the entity called Jesus of Nazareth? Is this entity fictional (shaped and/or invented) or real?

Think it for a while and make your conclusions.

There is no historical evidence that Jesus of Nazareth existed and died on the cross, except the gospels that were written by someone. Still, billions of people believe that Jesus existed and they have created thousands of church to worship his name.

Do you see any resemblance between the Gospels and Lovecraft stories?

Of course you can see the similarities. Human beings laid their beliefs on the Gospels who shaped the figure of Jesus without proving his existence. However, this happened before 2000 years and we have not photos of the apostles (or the author).

Now it is the time to ask: "So what is your point?"

My point is that I have already indicated the secret of all religions and the existence of entities. The next diagram can explain in simple words that Cthulhu exists.

A reader reads the Bible — > Releases one Energized Belief

Thousands of readers read the Bible — > Release thousands Energized Beliefs

Energized Belief ——— > Jesus' existence

Put instead of the word Bible, **the stories of Lovecraft** and instead of Jesus the word **Cthulhu**.

The conclusion is that both "fictional" entities **exist**.

Right now. This moment.

One can ask: *"Do you have proof that Cthulhu exists?"*

My answer will be a question: *"Do you have proof that Jesus exists?"*

The answer is rather simple. Those who shaped the figure of Jesus knew this little secret which says *"Try to make something believable in order to make humans believe"*. This is the Truth of the lie, as indicated in the Alpha book and this is the reality of the existence of the Elder Gods and Cthulhu Himself.

Despite the fact that Lovecraft did not believe in what he was writing and the Cthulhu mythos, he had the talent to transform fiction into reality. A classical paradigm of his talent was the genesis of the infamous Necronomicon. It is not a twist of fate that thousands of occultists use the power of a fictional book in order to evoke Demons and Spirits. It does not matter whether Necronomicon is invented by someone like you are me or created by the Mad Arab. The only thing that matters is the reality of the Magician's experience.

Reality derives from experience.

Experience derives from objectivity.

Objectivity derives from "in the same vein" massive subjectivity.

Finally, I would like to give you a **word of warning** after reading this article:

Be careful while reading Lovecraft. Cthulhu is as real as your next door neighbor.

OTTO

DEITY OF NAOS AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TEMPLE OF ALIENOLOGY

WWW.ALIENOLOGY.NET

The pounding of the drum... A drumming meditation

You are crawling down a narrow, wet passage into the depths of the abyss. You start to emerge from the passage to find a slimy field of different creatures and different patterns that are presented to you. Here you will find the answers that you are looking for.

This is Cthulhu Drumming Meditation.

Cthulhu Drumming Meditation is rooted in the Shamanic Drumming Meditation, but with a huge difference. The difference is we should not be looking for friendly earth animals, we are looking for Cthulhu, the Old Ones, Yog- Sothoth and many others. want the contact, we crave it.

Here is such Meditation, please join me.

Although one can take the journey anywhere and at any time it is best for now to pick a place where you won't be disturbed. Each person will prepare themselves differently as well as their surroundings.

I will outline my personal Meditation.

An audio of Shamanic Drumming that lasts about 15 to 20 mins. is the best suited.

I prefer to lay down, but one can sit if they so desire. Still your mind and let the pressure and daily demands of everyday life fall away.

When you are ready to start, state your intention of your journey. Mine is always to go the Ancient Ones for guidance. Repeat your intentions a few times, either out loud or in your mind. When you are ready begin your drumming recording. Repetitive drumming is the best for journeys to the Otherworld; most last anywhere from 10 to 20 mins before they stop (usually with a series of loud beats).

There is a pause before the drumming starts again at a much faster beat. This is your signal to return; you must always make your way back at this time. The fast rhythm will again end with a series of loud beats, at which time you should be back in your body.

Now imagine a place where you can spread out your slimy tentacles. As you walk through a field or road(again everyone is different) find a hole in the ground. This also may be a cave entrance, rainwater drain; it really doesn't matter. Step into the hole and you will find a long tunnel before you. Move along best suited for you till you see a light at the end. Move closer till you eventually crawl out of the tunnel. Now you have stepped into this strange new world.



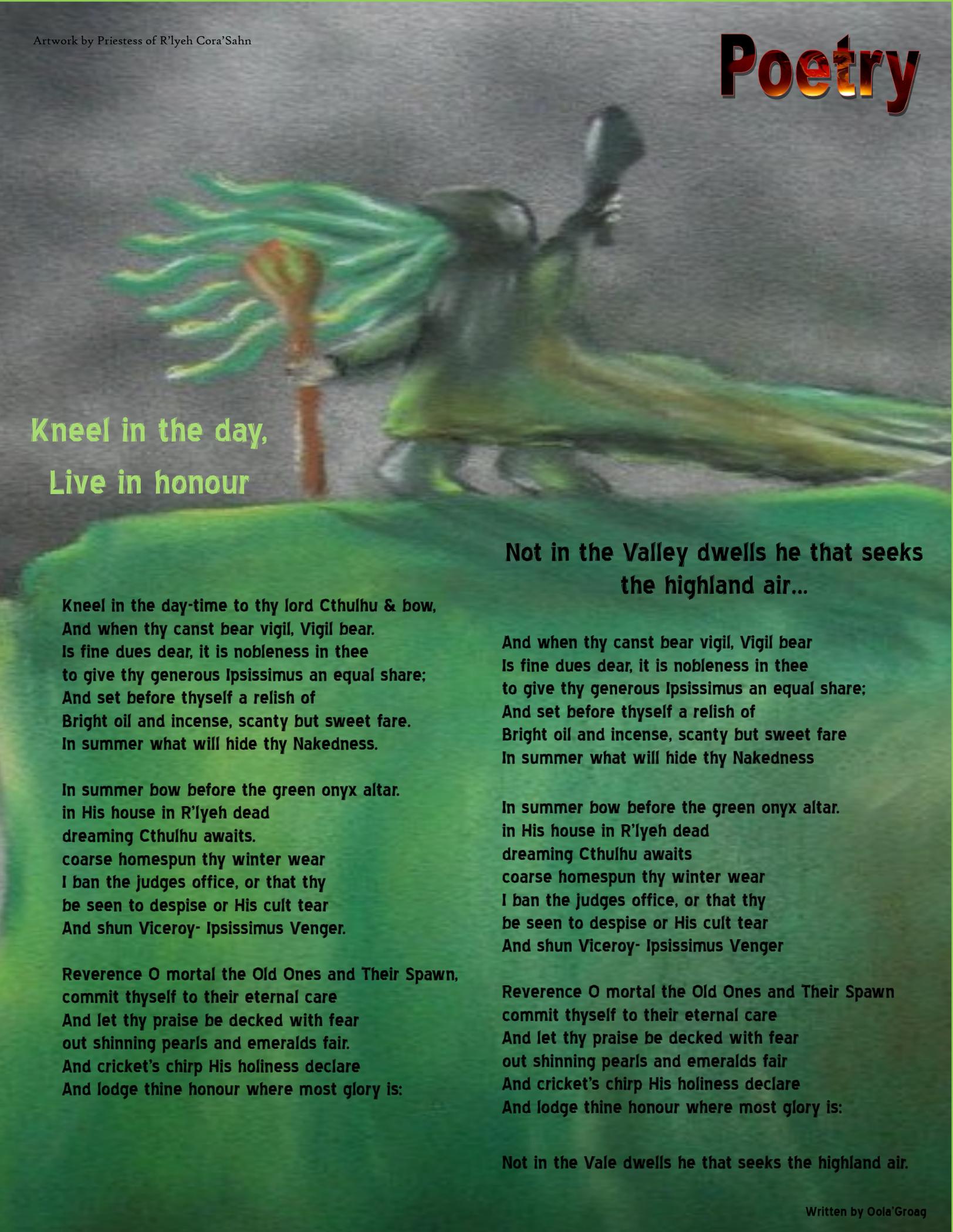
Do not worry what it looks like; everyone sees something different. Practice makes perfect, and with your knowledge of *Lovecraft* and *The Cult of Cthulhu* your strange new world will be just what you want it to be.

Take a look around, walk through, meet the Old Ones, whatever you prefer and in time you will gather more knowledge. When you hear the drumming stop and the faster call-back begins, you will definitely notice; however engrossed you are in your other-world experience.

Finish your exploration and retrace your steps back to the mouth of the tunnel. Go along it again and emerge at the other end, exactly where you started. As you return, become aware of being back in your physical body and. when you are ready, sit up. Congratulations, you have just taken your first journey to an exciting strange world...

la' la' Cthulhu fhtagn!!

Written by Alba Kalool.



**Kneel in the day,
Live in honour**

**Kneel in the day-time to thy lord Cthulhu & bow,
And when thy canst bear vigil, Vigil bear.
Is fine dues dear, it is nobleness in thee
to give thy generous Ipsissimus an equal share;
And set before thyself a relish of
Bright oil and incense, scanty but sweet fare.
In summer what will hide thy Nakedness.**

**In summer bow before the green onyx altar.
in His house in R'lyeh dead
dreaming Cthulhu awaits.
coarse homespun thy winter wear
I ban the judges office, or that thy
be seen to despise or His cult tear
And shun Viceroy- Ipsissimus Venger.**

**Reverence O mortal the Old Ones and Their Spawn,
commit thyself to their eternal care
And let thy praise be decked with fear
out shinning pearls and emeralds fair.
And cricket's chirp His holiness declare
And lodge thine honour where most glory is:**

**Not in the Valley dwells he that seeks
the highland air...**

**And when thy canst bear vigil, Vigil bear
Is fine dues dear, it is nobleness in thee
to give thy generous Ipsissimus an equal share;
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Not in the Vale dwells he that seeks the highland air.



ESOTERIC ORDER OF DAGON

Dancing the Blind Idiot God



"Before his eyes a kaleidoscopic range of phantasmal images played, all of them dissolving at intervals into the picture of a vast, unplumbed abyss of night wherein whirled suns and worlds of an even profounder blackness. He thought of the ancient legends of Ultimate Chaos, at whose centre sprawls the blind idiot god Azathoth, Lord of All Things, encircled by his flopping horde of mindless and amorphous dancers, and lulled by the thin monotonous piping of a daemoniac -flute held in nameless paws."¹

"Azathoth have mercy!—the lightning no longer flashes—horrible—I can see everything with a monstrous sense that is not sight—light is dark and dark is light . . ."²

Azathoth, is all things. The very fabric of the universe. If the universe could be contained within sphere, Azathoth would be the sphere. It is the Nuclear Chaos, the Daemon Sultan and the Blind Idiot God. It is surrounded by mindless, shapeless dancers of the frenzy, and the droning of drums and flutes; which lull Azathoth in his Ancient tomb. The rites in its honor are beyond our comprehension.

"He must meet the Black Man, and go with them all to the throne of Azathoth at the centre of ultimate Chaos. That was what she said. He must sign in his own blood the book of Azathoth and take a new secret name now that his independent delvings had gone so far. What kept him from going with her and Brown Jenkin and the other to the throne of Chaos where the thin flutes pipe mindlessly was the fact that he had seen the name "Azathoth" in the Necronomicon, and knew it stood for a primal evil too horrible for description."³

Ordinary man, could not fathom why extraordinary man willfully etches his name in blood to Azathoth.

"Young Derby's odd genius developed remarkably, and in his eighteenth year his collected nightmare-lyrics made a real sensation when issued under the title *Azathoth and Other Horrors*. He was a close correspondent of the notorious Baudelaire-an poet Justin Geoffrey, who wrote *The People of the Monolith* and died screaming in a madhouse in 1926 after a visit to a sinister, ill-regarded village in Hungary."⁴

The Eldritch weirdness of HP Lovecraft's tales paints the landscape of the mind, to set the stage for the journey at hand. The Occultist builds whole worlds and reigns King. He is Legion.

My collection of nightmare lyrics, are beauty to my mind and roll off my tongue with a yearning. People often beg me to sing to them, so they can feel the agony of woe, and it's delicious teasing of the kundalini within, its temptation and finally its submission to pull them to their feet to dance in the name of our Daemon Sultan.

What people neglect to take heed of is the idea that Azathoth is a Daemon, not to be confused with Abrahamic demons. Daemons are benevolent beings, the connecting fiber between man and his gods. Taking Azathoth into the self, through invocation rituals, one may connect with his gods; relate to them in such a way, that it can only pull out of the depths of himself and his divine Gnosis.

To imagine Azathoth as blind, that which cannot see is a grave error; for the blind see, *better than most*, through his senses. The blind knows the color red, can feel the green, hear the hues of gold, and smell the blackness of life. Azathoth uses all of these things, retarding the mental capacity; to see by conventional means, to take shape without form, and take all things into itself. Benevolence towards man and his suffering, his forceful contribution to humanity, is for it to see by other means. Feel the world, take down the false reality of the matrix of information that keeps man sleeping, unaware that what he 'sees' with his eyes, is the falsehood that keeps man mechanized. The dancers roll out on to the carpet of Azathoth, the music plays on but it is man that cannot SEE.

The dimension in which Azathoth plays can only be tapped into by retarding our mental capacity, transcending this reality, and taking a journey into the world where Azathoth dwells. You can hear the music playing, a whisperer in the dark, the drumming pulls you in, and there in all its glory is the Nuclear Chaos! Communion with it is to experience awakening. Even if only momentarily. A few moments of understanding, can reap benefits to be brought back to the sleeping world. Seconds in the dimension of our gods is likened to Aeons on the terrestrial plane. The transcendentalist can inject a new reality by force, tear asunder a false reality, and one which can transcend time and space. What is time after all but conceptual model. A measurement. A swing of the pendulum. A blip in the mind, can result in years of food to exceed humanity. Rather than allowing the gods to feed from our suffering, we can take something back! Feed ourselves, the Ambrosia that is our birth rite!

I am using rich symbolism and allegory, to paint a scenario. The romanticism can whisk you away to belief, and this belief is what compels you to methodical practice; to ritual, and to producing real world results that shape your world...Your "reality". Simply dancing around in a frenzy does very little outside of the euphoria of the dance. Ritual dancing with purpose, however; can produce something tangible; for if the mind can SEE, and revel in life.



This practice is of the Occult, Gnosis hidden, which must be drawn out in some way. In practical application, I choose Transcendental Dance, as it has produced measureable results, and it resonates with me as a dancer, artist, and occultist.



Trance Dancing: A Primer

What are the Transcendental Dance Arts?

In short, it is a moving meditation as a method of descent, in which I symbolically call the abyss or "Abzu" and a form of self-hypnosis. It is a tool for those seeking to achieve the god-head and self-actualize.

What is the abyss?

The depths of the mind, and levels of consciousness.

What is its purpose?

To achieve a higher state of consciousness, draw out personal Gnosis, intellectual decompression, behavior modification and the acquisition of ecstatic euphoria.

How is it achieved?

A blend of sensory stimulation, and psychology.

What are the rituals?

Alpha-Ecstasis

Light in mood, celebratory, and the goal is to enjoy the ecstatic euphoria.

Evocare

Moderate to heavy in mood, evocation, and channeling the ecstatic euphoria.

Fogues

Heavy in mood, daemonolatry, possession

Before you can begin to learn this practice, there are some basic understandings one should hold in Ecstasy⁵. More often than not, this term is understood to mean 'sexual -ecstasy'. This is a type of ecstasy, achieved through Tantrics, there are a Right and Left handed practices. Left is the carnal side, while Right is the spiritual side. The Ecstasy I am addressing in this article, is the foundation of its meaning. Ecstasy can be likened to a frenzy, a rapture, and a specific trance state.

Trance⁶ is an altered state of being, of consciousness. Ecstatic-Trance, is standing outside of oneself, as both an observer and the experiential tourist. If your key aim is to extrapolate Gnosis from the deep subconscious, then obviously you cannot SEE clearly enough while under but you can learn to see in a new way. The allegory of Azathoth is useful here, in aiding you in understanding how you can have vision through other senses.

This is not a 'reactionary' practice, but instead a mechanism of proactive responsibility for your own psyche. The use of True Will⁷, and Xeper⁸ is an important element in this practice. Command the psyche, you command manifestation and actualization.

Brain-wave States:

Alpha (8-13 cycles per second)

The Alpha pattern occurs during a wakefulness that is more relaxed, and an effortless sense of awareness. This can be similar to day-dreaming. You are not quite asleep, your brain patterns allow for rich visualization.

Theta (4-7 cycles per second)

The Theta pattern you may be familiar with recorded by an EEG⁹ machine. This pattern is where intuition and what has been called ESP operates. This is where your creativity comes from.

Delta (1/2 - 4 cycles per second)

The Delta pattern occurs during deep sleep, this is a slow pattern, and can also be recorded through EEG readings. This is the level in which astral projection or Out of Body experience occurs. The EEG is still a very primitive measuring tool, but at the very least it can determine whether you are in Theta or Delta levels of brain activity.

Alpha-stasis, is used for more light-hearted fare, where Theta and Delta are useful in Evocare or Fogues Rituals.

Folklore is very much a part of Mediterranean cultures, and within this lore we find the archetypes, and the dance poses which correlate to those archetypes. It is through these poses that descent can be achieved. I do not limit myself to trance of the Med, in fact I explore ecstatic trance dancing of nearly every culture in the world. My primary focus on Italy, Africa, and the Middle East, have the most profound effects on my psyche.; so my studies are concentrated in these areas. It is a matter of personal preference, and what provides the desired response. When designing your own Ecstasia, I recommend a study of trance cultures. This is where you can paint the landscape, find the archetypes and your PMD¹⁰.

Generally speaking, men dance more celestial and women more terrestrial. Men reach to the sky, in the form of jumping, skipping, reaching up, and look to the sky. While women root down to the ground, gravitate downwards, and allow their bodies to fall downward towards the earth.

This is a naturally occurring phenomenon. It is no uncommon for women to dance Celestial, with a more masculine tone to their person and men equally Terrestrial with a more feminine one.

The Archetypes

The common archetypes are as follows:

The Beauty
The Child
The Drunk
The Foreigner
The Monster
The Noble
The Parent
The Solider
The Sorcerer
The Ugly Person
The Vagabond/Rogue
The Cleric

If you are interested in learning how these archetypes correlate to the folktales, here are some books I recommend:

Folktales of Greece edited by Georgios A. Megas
Italian Folktales by Italo Calvino
Moroccan Folktales by Jilali El Koudia

And some web links:

<http://www.eve-tal.com/JewishFolktales.html>
<http://www.storiesstogrowby.com/default.html>
<http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/sfs/index.htm>
<http://www.geocities.com/yioulepp/TraditionalFolkCulture.htm>

When associating them with archetypes for the Cthulhu Mythos, I have compressed them into (3), for ease of use:

Azathoth

Yog-Sothoth

Cthulhu

The music with specific beats per minute, coupled with dance postures will allow the dancer to slip into these psychological archetypes. I focused primarily on Azathoth for this piece, but to touch on the other two Old Ones, I will describe them here briefly.

Cthulhu, essentially is the Magi, the dancer in the first stage. In order to reach Azathoth, you must first awaken the Sorcerer bound by an emotional center (water). The Yog-sothery, represents the ritual, and magic of transformation. Taking me from a mundane state, to a more heightened state, to wake Cthulhu, and commune with Azathoth.



The sensory stimulation and methodical practices include, but are not limited to: symbolism, color associations, intoxication, sound and fragrance

The trance space is the ritual chamber model. This is my trance space. I conduct most trance rituals in this room (for the space) and others in other parts of the house, depending on my key aim. The circular Oriental rug is the trance altar for the dancer. The magi is the dancer in motion upon the altar.

When using this space, I use the Fireplace Hearth to set up my ritual altar. If I'm to be in another room, or outside I will use a traveling table set up.



An altar is set up to include important elements, such as personal effects, and triggers are added for the individual's desired aesthetic. This particular set up was for the focus of Time and Aging. It coincided with the Annual Anna Perena¹¹ celebration I hold each year, which I consider a Vanity holiday. If you would like to learn more about this Iconography, I can recommend my paper Lucifer Proper¹² and Guardian of the Bitter Sea¹³. The nature of occult practice is to hide Gnosis in plain view. When dealing with Occultists, a rule of thumb: Never take things at face value. This reminder would serve you well.

Ritual Set Up

Ritual table
Bowl of water
Incense
Offering Plate
Candles
Iconography



The rug is scented with aromatic oils and smudged with incense. Preparation of the trance space, and your person is part of the ritual. Ritual bathing, is recommended for good practice. This prepares the body (mind) for the work at hand. Men and Women may choose to shave their entire bodies (minus important facial hair such as eyebrows and eyelashes) but this is not required.

The bowl of water is for cleansing hands and face before embarking upon the trance rug. Light your candles, incense and add an offering on the plate. You might pay special homage to your Icons. As a matter of ritual habit it is good practice to say a prayer, mantra, or vocal charm. Remember: Occultism is mind-fuckery. So, the level of pageantry is for results, not a captive audience. This is not a performance art.

Preparation

The preparation of the dancer will depend on the type of ritual to be conducted. The basic prep list involves fasting, ritual bathing and avoiding eye contact with others before the ritual begins.

Everything is set up by the Monitor, I will elaborate on roles in a moment but for now let's just concentrate on the prep. The altar, the rug, and the music section is in place. Food is laid out on a banquet table for consumption after the ritual as a grounding practice.

The dancer may add personal affects to the altar, and an offering to the gods. He/she cleanses in the water, smudges with the incense, says a prayer or blessing and then adds to the offering plate. Mental preparation may be necessary, typically a walking of the border of the rug.

When ready, the *latros* leads the musicians into the trance beat, and chanting. The dancer may begin in an Alpha-Ecstasis tone, and move through Evocare or Fogue (depending).

The Monitor is in position to watch the dancer, he/she would also keep any on-lookers from disturbing the dancer while in trance. This is needed in public venues. Any person disturbing the dancer would take them prematurely out of trance which can result in anything from vomiting to a psychological break. The after affects can last from a few hours to days, depending. So it's important that Monitor be on point, for the dancer

Trance Attire & Music

Each culture has its own trance traditions, with specific colors tied to it for the purpose of the rituals. I will focus on trance culture in Italy, as an example, but this is all very flexible, especially for those of you who practice Chaos Magics (such as myself). It's really a matter of personal preference whether you preserve tradition, or just make it up on the cuff.

In Italy, the dancer wears white, this color is considered to be neutral. I wear a white cotton dress that allows for free movement, with a colored sash. The color of the sash is symbolic to my purposes. Typically cotton, and suited for dancing. Men might wear white cotton pants, and a white cotton shirt.

Once you are in complete command of your own psyche you may choose to make your own color associations. Following the tradition of wearing white, is part of the self-hypnosis, the programming and may be necessary to re-wire your thought process. Neutral is a good starting practice, and cotton allows body heat to vent, and is a lighter cooler fabric. I strongly recommend it, especially for long bouts of trance.

In group ritual, the live percussion musicians wear blue. The lead musician the *latros* wears dark blue and the compliment wears light blue. The *latros* leads the ritual, he/she will command the BPM's required to bring a dancer from Alpha-state into other states of consciousness. He/she will be in charge of bringing the dancer into the descent and ensure the musicians follow the bpm needed for the dancer. The BPM's will change as the *latros* and Monitor observe the dancer's reactions to the beats. The secondary musicians may also enter into trance states, which is why I also trained as a percussionist. The energy exchange flows back and forth throughout the ritual. The participants which must remain fully alert and aware are the *latros* and the Monitor. Their primary focus is the dancer. In group ritual an over-seer, the Monitor, wears red. This person will watch the dancer to ensure he/she does not harm themselves by knocking into the ritual table, for example. The monitor is also watching the dancer like an anthropologist, noting any verbal outbursts, emotional conveyances, and the archetypes. This is Cthulhu at work, over-seer of the Yog-Sothery. If you trance alone, you want to make sure you have plenty of space for the body to flail around, without the danger of knocking into furniture, walls, or any obstacle you can hurt yourself on.

*A note on the color associations: Musicians wear Blue, associated with the fluidity of emotion/water. The Monitor wears Red, associated with blood/fire.

Black is forbidden, as it is associated with Possession Rituals. These are considered Taboo in Italy, and even on-lookers in public rituals are shooed away from the trance site. It is believed that possession spirits are attracted to Black and Red. The Monitor wears Red in the event there is an angry spirit in the crowd of on-lookers, it will be attracted to the Red and burned in the lake of fire.

Referring back to the symbolism at the beginning of this article, the frenzy of the musicians is the support Azathoth needs for retardation of the mental, in favor of the other senses to SEE. Most trance occurs with the eyes-closed, but you may train yourself to trance with your eyes open. Most dabblers will trance alone, with no one to assist, and with pre-recorded music. So long as you stay hydrated before you begin, keep your space free of obstacles, and have the correct BPM's to achieve your stasis, trancing alone is fine. You just lack the benefit of a Monitor to advise you of any words uttered, or strange behavior observed. The Monitor is also the person in charge of your after-care. Water and food are recommended as soon as you snap out of your stasis, it is considered a grounding mechanism.

It is not uncommon for the trancer to feel nauseous after-wards, or even vomit. It's not a bad idea to have a puke bucket nearby. These are more extreme side-effects, and usually attributed to pulling yourself out of the descent too prematurely, or being interrupted abruptly. We can't always account for every scenario, so a screaming Fire-Engine speeding down your city street is a sure way to pull you out, and a crash to occur. Have a plate of bread, and water nearby to eat afterwards. I keep mine on my altar, which isn't traditional. Typically there is a separate banquet table for this in larger rituals. For the more solitary rituals, you can improvise

The dance postures

Avian Pose ~ An even stance with arms spread out to varying degrees and the center of weight carried in the chest.

Bestial Pose ~ A low grounded stance with most of the body resting upon the thighs.

Celestial Pose ~ A tall stance with arms raised and slight backward tilt to the spine

Slave Pose ~ A heavy stance with the weight carried in the hips and legs, knees bent and mildly stooped in the shoulders.

Wise One Pose ~ A seated cross-legged position with shoulders relaxed and arms comfortably resting in the lap or on the floor.

The dancer will typically have a PMD = preferred method of descent. The PMD pose is either assumed at the beginning of the ritual, or is postured rather quickly when the music begins. My PMD is kneeling on the floor, and I favor the Slave Pose. Live music is preferred and ideally with at least 3 musicians. Along with the drumming, there are specific chants used to compliment the percussion and provoke the desired psychological effect. Small groups (a cultus), are formed which train together. My cultus contained (3) people for the purpose of group ritual and the benefit of live music vs. recorded. If I don't have the benefit of live musicians, I have a selection of recorded music I use, which is stored in my Anth'Ashith box.



I spend a great deal of time exploring music, magical voice, and trance technique. So, I'm not just the dancer, I'm also a musician, and vocalist. The thing to remember is this isn't a performance art. This is an occult practice. It doesn't have to sound good, it just needs to produce the bpm required to achieve trance. So, if you chanting and singing sounds like caterwauling, no worries, if it works, use it. A story that may be useful here is *The Music of Erich Zann* by HP Lovecraft. The drive of the dancer is much like Erich Zann's compulsions to play from that old Viol for the Old Ones.



"I was close to the player. I felt ahead, touched the back of Zann's chair, and then found and shook his shoulder in an effort to bring him to his senses. He did not respond, and still the viol shrieked on without slackening. I moved my hand to his head, whose mechanical nodding I was able to stop, and shouted in his ear that we must both flee from the unknown things of the night. But he neither answered me nor abated the frenzy of his unutterable music..."



The ritual can last anywhere from 10 mins - hours, depending on the needs of the dancer. It is for this reason that musicians train for endurance playing. The (3) people in our cultus, trained

to fit each role so that each of us can have an opportunity to trance, chant, play percussion, and act as the monitor. Our trance group had a special focus on preservation of tradition, demo clips can be demonstration clips on youtube. By following this link: [Ecstasia Playlist](#), clips of music, poetry, and symbolism.



One of my favorite trance songs, a fertility song in Italian that includes some of the folkloric icons, can be seen on my [SIN](#) playlist called "[Lu gattu la sonava](#)". This is an older practice clip, but it will give you the glimpse of the Italian folk-music I use, the archetypes, and style of dress. If you are interested in learning the basic rolling-triplet technique of frame-

drumming, see my [Instructional](#) clip.

In more recent years, I have incorporated *Sustained Hooping* into my transcendentalism. See my [Hoop Trance](#) video selections. I discuss this more in-depth on my [Radio Show](#), Poison Apple Radio.



Key Aims for Trancendentalism

- 1) De-compression
- 2) Extracting Gnosis
- 3) Willful Possession
- 4) Transformation

While I'm Hermetic in my thinking, this occult practice is considered of the Dark Arts, and Left-hand-path.



Further Reading & References:

Reading List:

[Ecstasia](#), Julia R. Zay

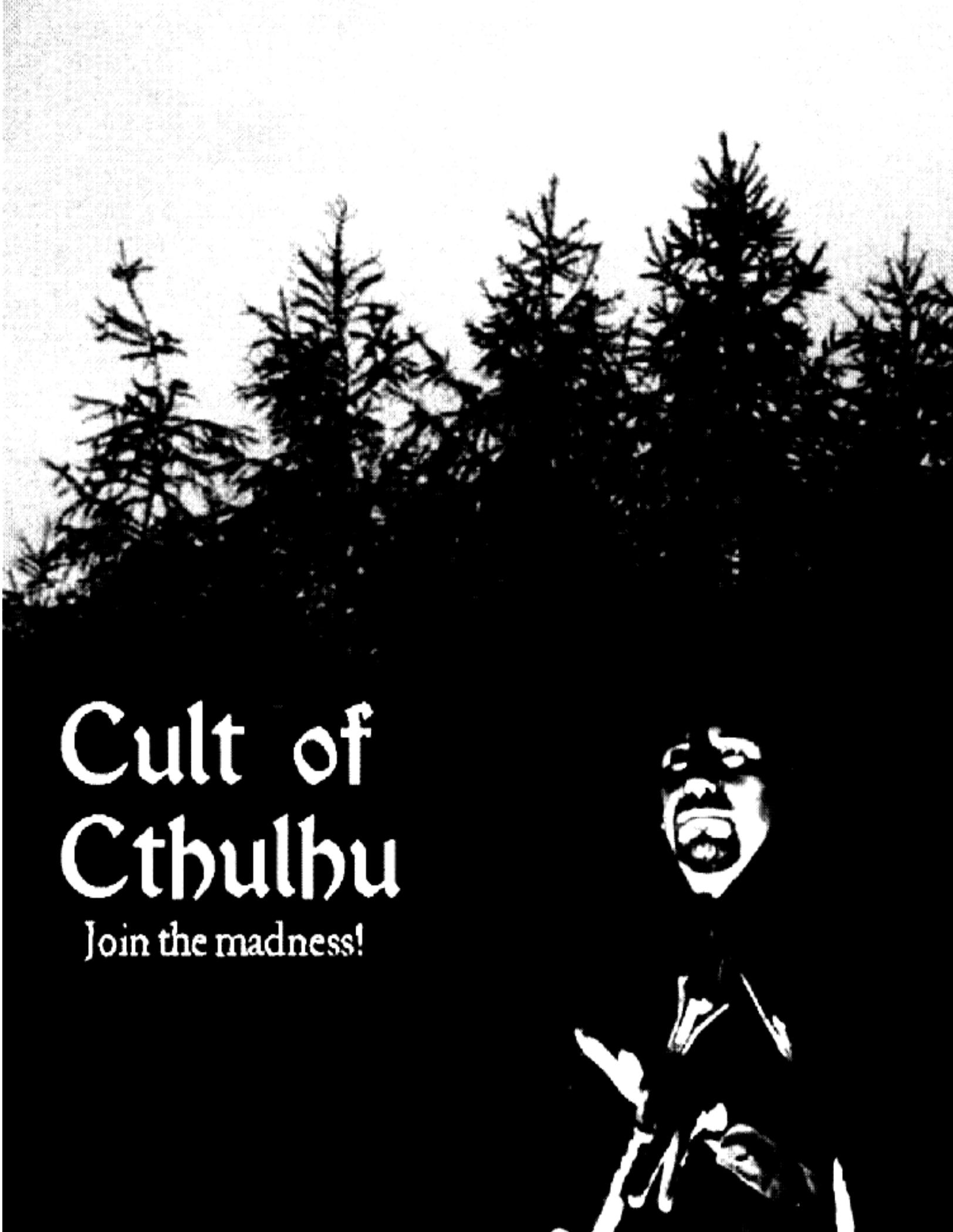
[Ecstatic Body Postures](#), Bellinda Gore

[Necronomicon](#), HP Lovecraft

References:

1. That Thing on the Doorstep, HP Lovecraft
- 2&3. Haunter in the Dark, HP Lovecraft
4. Dreams in the Witchhouse, HP Lovecraft
5. Ecstasy: late 14c., "in a frenzy or stupor, fearful, excited," from O.Fr. estaise "ecstasy, rapture," from L.L. extasis, from Gk. ekstasis "entrancement, astonishment; any displacement," in NT "a trance," from existanai "displace, put out of place," also "drive out of one's mind" (existanai phrenon), from ek "out" (see ex-) + histanai "to place, cause to stand," from PIE root*sta- "to stand" (see stet). Used by 17c. mystical writers for "a state of rapture that stupefied the body while the soul contemplated divine things," which probably helped the meaning shift to "exalted state of good feeling" (1610s). Slang use for the drug 3,4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine dates from 1985.
6. Trance late 14c., "state of extreme dread or suspense," also "a dazed, half-conscious or insensible condition," from O.Fr. transe "fear of coming evil," originally "passage from life to death" (12c.), from transir "be numb with fear," originally "die, pass on," from L. transire "cross over" (see transient). Fr. trance in its modern sense has been borrowed from English
7. True Will: Will in use by an aware and conscious individual, not to be confused with the mythological 'Free Will'.
8. Keper: becoming what you are.
9. Electroencephalography: Recording of electrical impulses along the scalp. Most useful in Cognitive Sciences and therapies.
10. PMD: Preferred Method of Descent
11. Anna Perena: Roman goddess of Long Life. Anna Perena = To live through a year. The celebration is extremely Dionysian, for every glass of wine you drink, you add another year to your life-span. "Annual" - "Perennial" is the best way to remember it, and keep the cycles of time in your awareness.
12. <http://www.scribd.com/doc/55815655/Lucifer-Proper-by-SIN-JONES>
13. <http://www.scribd.com/doc/62325768/I-Summon-and-Stir-Thee>
14. BPM: Beats per minute, important to achieve Alpha, Theta and Delta states of consciousness.
15. Anth-Ashith, A Meta- Sigil Carrier

Written by Priestess of R'yeh Cora'Sahn



Cult of Cthulhu

Join the madness!

Seek the White Veins

Are we mining the emeralds, or are we the emeralds for which the
Ancient Ones delve?

In the far reaches, further down his tentacles dive.

Seek the white veins amidst mountainous black.

Lightning through degenerate rock.

Semi-conscious cattle, useless to higher ends.

Current. Flow. Tributary.

The vein must increase in size for it to be worthy.

A thousand tiny efforts yielding great deeds.

Possible emerald crystallization.

Now is the time to harvest those unnatural formations.

Elder, viridescent stones.

Shimmering esotericism.

Vitreous like the flesh of tentacles thrusting through void, attended
by a monstrous, alien reverberation.

It is calling.

The way of Suizen

In ancient times, the monks of the Fuke-shū sect of Buddhism would wander, playing their flutes as a way to empty themselves of impurities, to transcend their physical being. By wearing baskets hats, they hid their faces, destroying the illusion of identity. These monks were called Komusō, which translates to "*priest of nothingness*" or "monk of emptiness." Their doctrine, though much information was lost when the sect ceased to exist in the 19th century, bears startling resemblance to our own philosophy of entering the void. The hats were worn to remove their ego, because of these similarities, I concluded that the concept of Suizen would be beneficial to our practice of self-remembrance, and casting aside our illusionary personality.

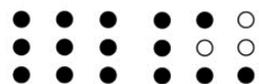
One doesn't have to use a traditional Shakuhachi (traditional Japanese flutes) for this, in fact I usually use one of my ocarinas or eagle bone flute. You may sit or stand, as long as the back remains



straight. A pentatonic tuned flute is easiest to slip into a trance, as one does not have to worry about what notes to play next, it just flows. It is critical not to focus not on the melody, but each individual sound. Notice its texture and let the sound wash over you; hold each note for one full breath. Reflect on yourself. See your flaws, and let the sound carry them away. Think about how far you have come on your journey in life, and how far you have to go. Let this come out in the music, empty yourself into the sound. Loud and soft, the speed at which the notes come, what notes come, this is all determined by your subconscious mind.

Basic Scale

(Pentatonic Minor)



La Do Re Mi Sol La

The silence between notes is just as important as the notes. Focus not on the playing, but the reflection within, the sound will follow. At the end, set the flute down and re-enter life, calm and empty.

I find this practice most beneficial, and encourage you to experiment with it yourself.

When the stars are right...

Written by Ankor



Resources

Did you know?

WE OFFER :

- CULTIST RESOURCES
- MENTORING PROGRAM
- CTHULHU CULT BIBLE IS IN FRENCH
- A GERMAN EDITION IS IN THE WORKS

JGR

Jeffery Gene Roman



[photo credit RJ Sangosti] James Holmes, the 'Batman massacre shooter' appears in court on July 23rd in Colorado.

WHEN "REALITY" RUNS OFF WITH THE MIND.

The self-identified 'Joker' archetype takes hold of Mr. Holmes, who has been proven to be under the care of a psychiatrist. It is alleged that he sent a personal notebook outlining his plans for the killings to the university, where he attended classes, to the Psyche dept. prior to the killings. While the Judicial system works to prove whether or not this incident could have been prevented, the fact remains that James was a sick man, lost in his reality. Holmes opened fire in a movie theatre showing 'The Dark Knight Rises', killing 12 and injuring 58 people.

Associated Press reports: *"Holmes, 24, is being held in solitary confinement at the Arapahoe County Detention Center and could face the death penalty if convicted, although Colorado has only executed one person since capital punishment was reinstated in 1976."*

Quoting the Joker from the "Dark Knight, 2008":

Joker: "Oh, you. You just couldn't let me go, could you? This is what happens when an unstoppable force meets an immovable object. You are truly incorruptible, aren't you? Huh? You won't kill me out of some misplaced sense of self-righteousness. And I won't kill you because you're just too much fun. I think you and I are destined to do this forever."

If Mr. Holmes is proven to have been seeing a psychiatrist specializing in schizophrenia, for his own condition; and sent many warnings out prior to the event, should he be held accountable and sent to his death?

The outcries from victims, and society's demand for Justice, he may very well be killed by the state of Colorado for his 'evil deeds', for sure. The alternative? Is it merciful to lock this man away for the rest of his life? In either case, is this cruel and unusual punishment for a mental condition that was beyond his control? And how much control does a person with Schizophrenia really have? The idea that schizophrenia is a disorder of the brain, not just the mind, was proposed as recently as the 19th century, and wasn't confirmed until the latter part of the 20th. The causes and prevention have been outlined and made public with the advent of brain imaging scans. The evidence points to a reduction in brain gray matter in frontal and temporal lobes. Thus, the condition and its severity are biological which directly affects the brains ability to differentiate between a self-created reality and objective reality.

Judgment is also affected and holding Mr. Holmes accountable for allowing outside influences such as comics, films, and pop-culture notions to alter his "reality", is dubious at best. And what about the accountability to those around James as he reached out for help, or showed signs of mental instability? Should they also be put on trial? Our 'system' would most likely find any person exposed to him innocent of wrong doing, and not accountable.

It begs to question whether religion or psychological paradigms would have made James more self-aware, and autonomous to manage his own biological condition. And what would need to be in place for James to seek them out voluntarily? Influence is all around us, at all times, and can be detrimental to the development of the mind, even with a biological condition in place. Society as a whole imposes its influence then there are the individual influences to consider. You have to ask yourself, *could this be me?*

Leaves one to wonder, how many people would be willing to ask themselves that question and answer it earnestly. I'm sure in your own reality you would. In objective reality, you are human, and your humanity may cause you to identify with the victims, allow that identification to cause a reaction in your own brain, and see this man as *the Villain* he himself painted for you to see.

Perhaps we really are destined to go on like this forever. Good vs. Evil, and the evil deeds of men are to be punished. Even if we bask in the shadow of the Dark Knight.

CORA'SAHN



THE TROUBLE WITH "REALITY"

I just read an interesting article on the Aurora shooting. Specifically, why it happened... why James Holmes went mad in the way he did. Because, as we all know, insanity happens. We're not always sure why, but the evidence is continually spiraling downward upon us. People go crazy and do fucked up shit. Unfortunate, but unavoidable... for the most part. The interesting thing about that particular article was its theorizing on the shape of madness. Our culture creates a model, guidelines, maybe even a template on how individuals might (should?) go insane. It made a lot of sense to me. Insanity happens and consensual reality is a kind of mold for how that insanity plays out. It's a mold for the sane, too, by the way. More on that later.

Like many of us in the Cult of Cthulhu, I have mixed feelings about insanity - the blurred line between reality and fantasy. James Holmes, the shooter, is a clear example of how *not* to go crazy. Inflicting mass murder upon innocent people one has never met is just mindless destruction. That kind of behavior should even sicken the hardened nihilist. There's no reason for it; just suffering for the sake of adding more suffering to the world. If someone wants to believe they are a hero or villain from a movie or some other bit of pop-culture, that's fine as long as the results don't lead to innocent deaths. I have a feeling that most mass murderers have an identity crisis. Their reality filter is malfunctioning. They hear voices or fall into psychotic patterns or disassociate their personality into familiar cultural archetypes. This is very different from re-configuring one's own reality filter. The insane have no choice... the black magician, Left Hand Path practitioner, or Cultist, on the other hand, can decide just how far to go and in what direction. This is the fundamental difference.

There are pros and cons to one of our chief mottos or memes, "Belief is reality." If we believe it, then it becomes real to us. Reality is not easy to define. Reality is a collection of interpretations, most are congruent, however, some are extremely incongruent; the synthesis of which creates a disjointed framework of the world, life, ourselves, and everything. It's our belief which gets the ball rolling. One can't get to a conception of reality without going through a belief-system. That's how important it is to the framework. The most discouraging thing is that the majority are content to let their beliefs be shaped by others. They take a passive role in belief creation. Reality, for them, is determined by outer forces. So, it's clear that cultural models can be as detrimental to the insane as their sane counterparts.

Our emerald religion puts the individual first; we acknowledge the fact that beliefs can be self-determined and we wholeheartedly encourage Cultists to engineer their own ideas about the world. Belief-systems are not something people have to endure or negotiate; they are the building blocks of subjective reality. Using them in an active, progressive way is the key to a better future.



Tragedies like the Aurora shooting should serve as a reminder that not all interpretations are congruent. Some are as strange as they are deadly. My paradigm is not like most, but that doesn't mean I'm a danger to society. Of course, I believe society needs to challenge its own conceptions of itself, while others feel that society should always remain static, short-sighted, and comfortable.

There can be cross-pollination between fantasy and reality without bullets flying. Insanity, in some forms, can be a good thing. Not in the case of James Holmes, but those who use pop-culture as a means to understand and explore the unknown. I believe the Great Old Ones are real... biding their time in another universe until certain impediments are removed so that humanity might evolve into a new race of Gods. Does that make me crazy? To some people, yes. Should I be lumped in the same category as shooting-spree malcontents? *Dread Cthulhu*, I hope not.

Venger As'Nas Satanis,

Ipsissimus

Cult of Cthulhu



WILL YOU ANSWER THE CALL?

Jeffery Gene Roman



ILLUSION:

YOU CAN DO BETTER

The Fourth Way exposes our illusions which hide reality from us, specifically illusions that prevent one from doing work. One of these is the illusion that one can do better than the Fourth Way. This illusion prevents one from working properly because if one already has better methods available, why use those of something else?

The reality is that until one does work, it's impossible to understand what the Fourth Way is and what it really does. When one believes they can do better than the Fourth Way, they are only really comparing two imaginary versions of the Fourth Way and making a judgment that one of the two of one's mental fabrications are better.

The only real way to do better is to choose the Fourth Way itself.

Shawn Hartnell



Ascending into the Emerald Kingdom



When the stars are right...

CTHULHU WITHIN

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SATANISM AND THE CTHULHU MYTHOS.



In the simplest of terms, the deepest connection between Satanism and the Cthulhu mythos, is the ability of the cultist to create his reality, or divine kingdom. All the imaginary barriers of social constructs stripped away, one has the freedom to explore all fields of knowledge void of any societal views of ethics and morality. The cultist follows his own moral compass. The word 'Taboo' falls into the abyss as another archaic idea, the word may surface on the tide once again, but with new meaning to the cultist because he has the power and the authority to re-define it for his own life.

Praxis of the wisdom gained through his explorations, he is truly God of his domain, and his legacy is the impact his presence has on the world, whilst he exists. The cultist forces change, when there is stagnation. The cultist pushes the envelope, and sacrifices the sleep to their own devices; the delusions they keep close to their hearts – that leads them no where and promise them everything. The cultist has the wisdom to find wolves among the flock, and create legions of hideous fanged creatures that will awaken the Old Ones; those that live within the dark corners of our minds, ready at a moments notice to manifest horrid dreams in the living world. The cultist lives by tooth and claw!

The cultist is the adversary, and opposes any and all things that attempt to sway him from his goals. He will not be assimilated into the sleep machine, he will awaken. He is of the few that see with the eyes of 'The One' in this matrix-esque existence. The Cthulhu Mythos is applied as a way to manifest his imagination into a reality; it serves as a story to be continued by the Satanist. What Lovecraft began, the Satanist will finish. Each cultist serves as a chapter, in an epic saga of an unquenchable thirst for power, acknowledgement, and absolute sovereignty of his own life. It is his birthright! Each time the cultist is told 'Can't', 'Shouldn't' or 'Don't' it provokes the Cthulhu within, and chaos ensues, and all hopes of maintaining YOUR reality are lost.

The Cthulhu Mythos is a means to an end, the journey is dark, and slimy but our tentacles long and our end reachable!

The way of the Sly Man

IA! IA! Cthulhu, Fhtagan!

To be the Satan you encounter all kinds, Most assuredly, insane. You sort of get accustomed to it. It becomes normalized. Using that insanity to one's advantage is certainly a Devil in the details. Pay attention to the details.

Cultist Cora'Sahn



Artist, Jeffery Gene Roman





JGR

Jeffery Gene Roman

CTHULAGANDA

UNCENSORED
The Cthulhu
Cult offers
possibilities
to those
brave enough
to risk the
horrendous
vistas of the
true-self and
this prison
lesser beings
refer to as
"REALITY".

**THE GREATEST
THEOCRACY
CULT EVER MADE!**

You won't believe your eyes
when you see it. You'll not part
with it for any price. You can be
part of the Cult to end all Cults!

SEX! FAME! POWER!
Anything is possible with
CTHULHU

Philosophical Enlightenment?... YES!
Workable Magic?... YES!
A Mystical Awakening?... YES!
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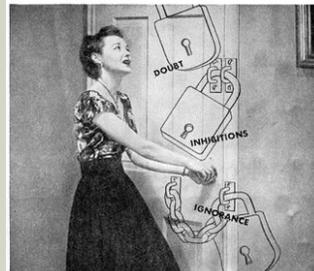
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VENGER SATANIS IS THE
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THINGS
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A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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CTHULHU CULT PROPAGANDA ARTIST JASON SORREL PAGE 28

JEFFERY GENE ROMAN, ARTIST NOTES PAGES 10, 19, 23, 27, 29

1. Notes on Elder Things: FYI, The Runes say: The Elder Thing by JGR, the font that I use is called Cthulhu Runes font.
2. Notes on Lovecraft: I don't know how accurate the hieroglyphics are, but I went to <http://www.eyelid.co.uk/hieroglyphic-typewriter.html>, it should translate into 'Lovecraft'.
3. Notes on 'The Esoteric Order of Dagon': The runes on the Priest Robes say: 'Dagon', in Cthulhu Runes Font. The other runes on the walls are just Gibberish.
4. Notes on 'The Awakening Something Evil': Nyarlathotep is releasing Cthulhu.
5. Notes on 'Ghouls R'Us': The address on the front stairs is my initials. I used <http://www.phonespell.org> to translate my initials into phone digits.
5. Thank you very much for this opportunity and adding my artwork to your Green Trapezoid Quarterly.

If you would like to submit your artwork to our publication, please send images with artist credits to Cora'Sahn at Sales@the-poison-apple.com



Occultism has not shined as bright as we of Cthulhu Cult



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Fall Issue Release:
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