

the Angel of Forbidden Ideas - a pathworking influenced by V for Vendetta

Please pass this around with credit to the author (Kingsley Evans) and also please use it and tell me about the results.

At the end of the pathworking you end up with a (suprisingly powerful) new familiar which can work flexibly with you for a variety of tasks.

Initiators have often been tall and black and mysterious as with Nyralathotep, and The Black man of the sabbat.

This work uses V from V for Vendetta as an initiator and guide, but it doesn't require familiarity with the character.

It goes well to a track called "dossier" from "Apocalypse Now" but background music can be at the discretion of whoever leads the working by reading it. It's best read slowly to give practitioners enough time.

The text . . .

A clockwise spinning chaosphere comes up to you forming a portal.

Everything flickers between scenes and things stabilise with a round doorway in front of you with a red V on it.

The door opens away from you towards a dark quiet alleyway beneath a murky dismal sky.

A tall cloaked figure gestures theatrically urging you to walk through.

As you do so, you notice that his face is hidden under a guy fawkes mask.

He walks you through desolate streets, all windows closed up, everything apart from him seems frightened, and stifled in an oppressive atmosphere, but his presence makes you feel safe.

He takes you to an underground passage and explains that he's taking you to see your enemies, and that you're going to see the things that they're afraid of.

As he walks you through strange chambers of arched sandstone walls, you start to see things out of the corner of your eyes. You pick up strange, elegant and beautiful impressions from all around you.

Some of them feel like memories.

As you walk the passageways open out into wider grey walled chambers; space seems to ripple and change slightly. It seems that you're moving into a subtly

different dimension, where the stuff of reality has more play with the stuff of dreams.

Exuding a strange charisma that seems to awaken you to seeing and sensing and feeling more than you did, the tall figure tells you to prepare to see your enemies, your own personal rogues gallery of what he calls "the citadel".

The roof opens out to a dull twilight up ahead, and rows of what look like wax works stretch out in front of you. The nearest ones look familiar and with your heightened senses you can perceive their hatred and their persecution of thoughts and ideas.

Some of these thoughts and ideas were yours.

Others were meant for you, but you were prevented from hearing them.

Others still were the truth you wanted to know in times when you were lied to, deceived or kept in the dark.

Although they seem almost frozen into mannequins, they emanate oppressive rumbles against your freedom and your freedom of thought.

A thousand failing tactics of censorship and suppression spew forth in an ugly slur of unworthy insults and threats and then thousands more.

A guttural soundscape of the worlds greatest compliments - insults from fools!

You watch them with growing enlightenment towards all this, sensing and understanding the motives and inertia's which make them do this.

With each insight comes working understanding of these processes of suppression and denial.

The tall figure tells you that they can not kill ideas, and "that which does not kill us makes us stronger"

Around the wax work figures, flitting lights of information become visible, out of their reach, the information they tried to control or deny, the ideas and wisdom they tried to kill.

The hostile rumble grows uglier with frustration as the dancing streams of information grow brighter and more vibrant, tormenting their persecutors, each of them surrounded in a personal hell made of information that they tried to control.

The bright tendrils reach out to each other, joining and dancing and hybridising in

a swirling mass of evolving idea.

The wax works grow twisted with impotent hatred, groaning and crumbling as the living idea creature merges into a vast sea of living information. Swirling tentacles of radiant intelligence sweep around as the wax works turn in on theirself collapsing into stumps and melting into pools of nothing.

Demon to some, Angel to us, the tall figure tells you that this is your own personal angel of forbidden information, your genius in the garden of forbidden delights.

Watch as the angel grows brighter and livelier, pulsing with ever changing patterns and fractal forms of information flow within.

It reaches out towards you and it gives you a bold symbol for itself, and it gives you a name for itself.

As you soak in the blessings and wisdom and qualities of your angel, it lights up the world and the sky around you.

Setting you free to understand and to find your way, and at the same time making you humble, with room in your psyche for awe and wonder.

Behind the mask, you can feel the tall figure smiling.

He tells you that you have begun to move like a domino in a chain, but there is still more work to be done.

He points into the distance towards the citadel - the undestroyed system of interacting means of suppression, still directing oppression over the rest of the world.

It is up to you now to find uses for your angel, your new spirit ally; it has brightened your world already, and every time, you use it, it will bring others closer to freedom as well, everyone in their own unique and different way.

The wall behind you flickers, and there again the round door with a V on it. You step through it and it closes.

The disk of the door springs eight arrows and spins again forming a portal, taking you home.

return and rehabilitation or further operations as you see fit . . .