IPSISSIMUS

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Part I
Fastening the Wings

A sure method must be elucidated on the matter of self-godhood and its attainment. The trickeries of sorcery and devotions of mysticism are but paths to the same palace, but ritual and prayer must be set aside and a straight line must be drawn from one point to another.

From my journal of metaphysical experimentations, in a conversation with the Aeon of Ra: "Remember the words, 'Hael Mah Tankel,' 'I Am the Path.' You are the Path, and the Palace at the end of the Path. You know all things, you simply need to remember them."

You are the Path, and the Palace at the end of the Path. You are the seeker, and you are that which is sought, and you are the journey between the two.

The years between my parting from the methods of occultism, especially its more sinister manifestations, and the present were spent largely in a grand experiment in my own godhood. Guided by gurus, Spiritual Masters, and the spiritual entities that I was able to call upon, I learned a great many truths about my nature as an Eternal being, a Limitless identity - a God. First among these is the solidity of that reality, the

unwavering certainty that I am, just as all beings are, God. And that, as a conscious nexion, the individual is capable of consciously experiencing his own godhood. Not only is he capable, but it is his ultimate destiny, it is the unwhispered thing that drives him forward and upwards in his experiences of incarnation. This truth, the understanding of this truth, does not come by study or by intellectual contemplation, or by faith or acceptance of the unthinkable, but by experience. "The more you act as supreme architect, the more you become one."[1] Conversely, the more often you become the supreme architect, the more you will act like one, and the greater your conscious experience as such will become.

All other realizations that I had, and that anyone can have other than this primary one, constitute the method of attaining a more concrete realization of the first, adding upon it in depth and girth. The surety of those methods is recognized when the fruits that they offer are consistent, and their results are reproducible.

All religions have struggled to teach what is herein so plainly laid out. All messiahs have tried and often died to shed light on this simple guide. Every science, esoteric and mundane, has as their unspoken goal the very immortality and limitless potency that these works unveil.

None of this is new, however. It has simply been forgotten.

Chapter One
Feathers to Fly

Tucked deep inside the warmth of my mother's body, her safety keeping me safe, her nourishment feeding me, I could sense that she was powerless. She wanted with all of her will to hold me, to love me, to raise me as best she could, but the circumstances in her life would not relent. She was powerless. And I felt it too, a crushing weight like the deepest waters, suffocating and threatening to implode my frail body.

Powerless.

For months I felt it growing slowly, my descent into the oceanic abyss traveled by the inch, one inch every day for months, compressing me with the monstrous force of powerlessness. Her fear kept me afraid. Her doubt made my conviction in the ability to surmount a tyrannical reality buckle. Her powerlessness became mine, inherited like her blond hair and hazel eyes, swallowed into my body as if fed through our shared umbilical cord.

Then I saw her, in the blinding light and blurred, wet canvas of an open world, I saw her. Her love and pride, still sensed although I was no longer inside of her, were drowned out by the sure and unrelenting knowledge that she could not take on the mantle of the Mother. She tried, for months more,

to defy destiny and to be reborn as a demigod capable of the miraculous, but powerlessness prevailed.

A man with power, a Father too, offered to take this burden from her, and he did. The power that he held, however, was far too much for him to absorb and assimilate, and so as it spilled out onto the floor beneath him it soaked his being, his soul wicking up the wet upon his feet, sickening him with spiritual pneumonia. He refused to be a powerless one, however, and so he continued to invoke the untamable power. Children were the siphon into which he would drain his overflow. He had several siphons, some of them his and some collected on his journey, but as they sickened from the onslaught of overflow that he forced into them and as they became weaker and less capable to relieve his own torment, the gods that he worshipped sent him me, his final siphon.

I was still too small when he collected me, still too frail to feed his sickness into me, and so he waited, and as he did all of the other powerless siphons clung to me, the unsoiled filter, as a hope for purity and light and love.

One day this man who overflowed with power burst from the flood of it, taking on the role of Caine and slaying his righteous and upright brother who demanded that his sacrifices to God be pure. The power had taken him, and as his sin was discovered and he was put into chains, he too realized that he was powerless.

The government was confused with what to do with several broken siphons and one unused one, lying in my bare crib covered in feces, bones showing through my skin. I went here and there and to other places, other homes, with children who were not broken at all – who in fact had never even been used! I was confused, but I was comforted by the knowledge of the one constant upon which I could rely, and I waited for powerlessness again to cradle me in its arms.

A boy watching television on a Wednesday night saw me on a program, although I don't recall being filmed. He had

four sisters, none of whom wanted to make bows and arrows out of willow trees or to build forts from straw and sticks. He called on his parents to see me on the television, because he was sure that I was to be his brother.

When they came to collect me and my two black garbage bags and one small suitcase filled with my belongings, the man who would become my father smiled. He was a big man, tall with strong arms, broad shoulders, and a gigantic smile. I don't know that I've seen him smile that big since.

They had a large house with plenty of rooms, and my own bed on the bottom of a bunk in my new brother's bedroom. I wasn't able to cross midline, meaning that my right hand could not interact with objects on the left side of my body, and the reverse, due to the lack of three-dimensional objects in my four years of development. So, until that was corrected, I slept on the bottom bunk.

My new mother started taking me to a school where I learned a little bit of simple sign language like "butterfly" and "rhinoceros," as well as speaking, recognizing shapes, and mastering balance. I was never sure why I had to go to this school when my new sister, only a year younger than I, stayed at home and played, but I was told to, and so I did.

It was one day when, unaided, I walked the entire length of a balance beam that I understood that I was learning not how to walk, talk, or play, but I was learning the secrets through which I could gain conscious and precise power over my own body.

Power wasn't given to me by fact, but instead was learned, suffered for, and eventually earned through discipline.

I was always the type of person, even as a child, that when I had learned something that to me was new and perhaps for me revolutionary, I would run and tell the whole world what I had learned, thrilling in explaining and illustrating and pantomiming and doing whatever it took to communicate both the essence and the importance of the thing to my sometimes quite literally captive audience. That has never changed.

When I was twelve and began experimenting with the occult and studying medieval witchcraft and the knowledge of substantial spiritual contact solidified into reality, this curious attribute was magnified. At sixteen years old, I had formed my first occult Circle, and at seventeen my first coven.

After years of struggling with the various occult disciplines aimed at viewing with opened eyes anything of spiritual substance, at leaving my body with full conscious recollection of the events, and of commanding the energies around me to physical phenomenon, and experienced quite a bit of success at all junctures, I still needed more. I turned to the religion of my upbringing, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in hopes that combining my occult disciplines with a religion which purported to offer godhood – which had always been my ultimate goal - I would finally unlock its mysteries. I was met with sheer disappointment. A year into my membership in the church, and a marital engagement to one of their greatest disciples, I was introduced to a man who would forever alter my path, who seemed to be Destiny Incarnate. This man appeared to me, not in a crowded restaurant or a busy street, but *appeared* to me in the center of my locked bedroom, where I was reading from various religious texts, the Rig Vegas being chief among them.

"The path is cleared now," he said. "All waters have been made aright." And then he vanished, the body that had seemed so solid and corporeal simply dissipated before me into nothingness.

I, too, had learned various methods of astral projection, soul travel, bilocation, and remote viewing, although I had never been able to solidify my presence with such a critical mass as to appear physically present. And so I followed the spiritual stranger, focusing my soul's attention on his face, his dark skinned, beard covered face. My body seemed to tremble and gyrate back and forth, my equilibrium completely lost in the leaving, the floor dropping out from beneath me to reveal the absence of anything that reality sits upon, my head spinning

Ipsissimus

The whole of Crowley's work and teachings, from the opening of the Aethyrs to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, had the single aim of the attainment of this state, of embodying Ipsissimus. Indeed, this is the unspoken and unwritten aim of every spiritual path.

While neither this book nor this author adheres in the slightest measures to the teachings of Aleister Crowley or the A.:.A.:., no term could quite summarize the final goal of Ascent as succinctly as Ipsissimus.

And again from Crowley's comments on this, the most mysterious grade of the A.:.A.:., from Magick in Theory and Practice, "He is sworn to accept this Grade in the presence of a witness, and to express its nature in word and deed, but to withdraw Himself at once within the veils of his natural manifestation as a man, and to keep silence during his human life as to the fact of his attainment, even to the other members of the Order."

Introdu

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Introduction

My father didn't help me build my wings. In fact, he considered that the entire feat and even my consideration of it was a waste of time. I should instead be focused on economics, academics, on finding something stable, something earthy onto which my mind should be fixed. My mother considered the task of rising higher through such a flight than even Babel could offer to be a demonic task, an inception not of my own genius, but of the minds of conspiring cultists who had obviously led me astray.

But the Sun was there, beyond the sky. Not the solar orb that gives light to the flora and the fauna and the critters crawling the crevices of the crusted earth, but a sun that only I seemed to see, a center of Light and Glory, whose rays

condensed as energy and matter and thought and feeling, into all of the worlds below. It was to this Sun, this Eternal Source, that I intended to fly.

Simply fastening waxen wings with harnesses around my torso would not accomplish the outrageous task at hand. No, I would have to construct a mechanism which would endure heat and wind and rain and the obvious pressure of the flight itself.

My body, the very same and original organism of my physical construction, would become my wings. I strengthened this organism through a dialectic discipline, starving it to ensure that it would prevail through hunger, letting it sit in the cold through the nights unprotected as to ensure its durability through hardship, exposing it to desert heats without clothing to condition it to withstand such solar devastation, and then working it under heavy loads so that it would not crumble at the critical moment of the flight.

The day arrived for me to fly, to soar towards that sun. It was not a day that I had pre-determined. I had not marked it on a calendar. I had not scheduled it in my planner. But the sun called to me on that day, and told me to come, whispering that all of the doorways and windows were opened. And so I harnessed my body onto myself, as my wings, and I stood on the rocky earth beneath me, the granulates of desert sand itching between my toes, and I began to lift, slowly at first, but once the motion had begun, there was nothing I could do to slow it.

Wind whipped through the feathers on my back and stung my eyes as the invisible current pulled tears across my face. The buildings that were once so high above me passed below like a simple model of a thing to be constructed, the cars and boats and even the airplanes beneath me being recognized in their sheer primitiveness, as I, unaided by any other mechanism than my body, soared above it all, towards the sun, becoming blinded by its glory, sweat streaking down my reddening skin.

Rather than burning me, [illegible] into its grace as I neared it, all of [illegible] the stars fading into meaningless [illegible] was reached, the phantoms of [illegible] spotted vision. Just as the ancient [illegible] deeper into the sun, into the mid[illegible] my ears humming with the knowl[illegible] eradicated from my understandin[illegible] times converging in a choir of sil[illegible] whispered to me, a door opened [illegible] very center of the whole thing. [illegible] disappeared. Thought disappeared [illegible] the sun, but I was the sun, the ra[illegible] the blackness of space, lighting [illegible] me. For a moment, I was God.

As the rapture of that re[illegible] smiled at the wonder of it, the bu[illegible] and then the phantoms, and then t[illegible] wasn't sure what was happening [illegible] earth's relentless pull, my body [illegible] than I had flown, not towards the [illegible] absolution, but towards the dust, [illegible] ripped them from my wings.

My bloodied and burnt b[illegible] but I stood, near featherless wi[illegible] looked to the sky, towards that su[illegible] that goal that I will never shake, [illegible] of Limitlessness.

Rather than burning me, however, the sun accepted me into its grace as I neared it, all of the planets and the lights and the stars fading into meaninglessness as the first tier of glory was reached, the phantoms of the spirit dancing across my spotted vision. Just as the ancient gods embraced me, I sank deeper into the sun, into the middle of it, into the second tier, my ears humming with the knowledge of all things, time being eradicated from my understanding, all events and ideas at all times converging in a choir of silence. And as the bodhisattvas whispered to me, a door opened to the core of the sun, to the very center of the whole thing. Image disappeared. Form disappeared. Thought disappeared. I was no longer a visitor to the sun, but I was the sun, the rays of my light streaming into the blackness of space, lighting up the spheres circled around me. For a moment, I was God.

As the rapture of that realization took me, and as I smiled at the wonder of it, the bodhisattvas greeted me again, and then the phantoms, and then the sun drifted farther away. I wasn't sure what was happening until I was already in the earth's relentless pull, my body soaring a million times faster than I had flown, not towards the sun, not towards my beautiful absolution, but towards the dust, feathers whistling as the wind ripped them from my wings.

My bloodied and burnt body slammed to the ground, but I stood, near featherless wings still on my back, and I looked to the sky, towards that sun that I had become, towards that goal that I will never shake, towards my own recognition of Limitlessness.