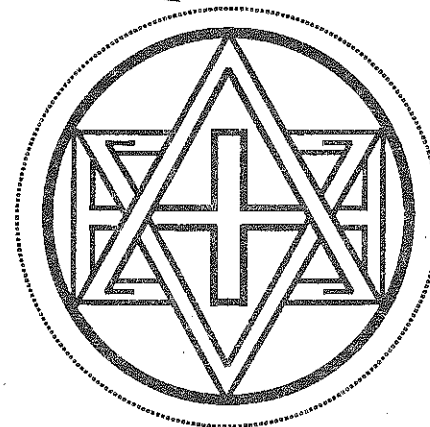


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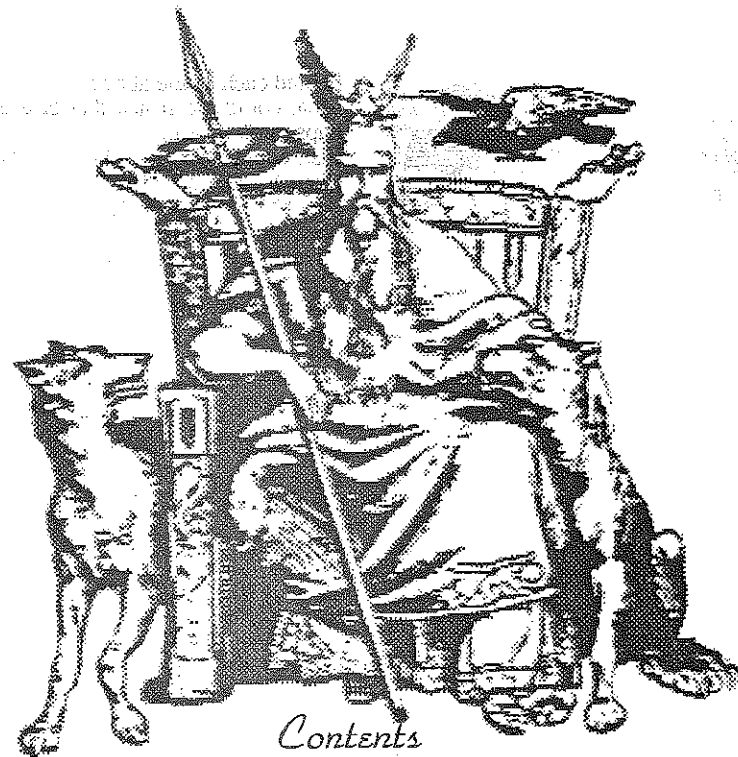
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Genesis P-Orridge, James Mannon, Roderick
& many more!

This issue is dedicated to Some One.



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If anyone knows anything about sexual magick it is usually the term karezza - or the retention of semen. The word itself may be Sanskrit or possibly derived from the Persian erotic tradition. Most books credit Thomas Lake Harris with the introduction of this idea, if not the term to the west. Harris (1823 -1906) was a Christian socialist or in his own words "Theo-Socialist". He was the founder of The Brotherhood of the New Life and of the Fountain Grove community in California. He promulgated his own version of the "Swedenborgian doctrine that god was both male and female and that every human being, male or female had a counterpart of the opposite sex. One's duty in life was to find ones own counterpart. Harris would hold a member of the Brotherhood in his arms, that she might catch a glimpse of her ordained counterpart and the love of Christ would flow down."

Here find thy mate, forever, two in one
Circle from star to star, from sun to sun
In language liquid as the bliss of love
Repeat below the truth revealed above

(Lyrics of the Morning Land
Thomas Lake Harris)

Unfortunately Harris's second wife was deemed not to be his particular counterpart and consequently their relationship was sexless- a fact that may have contributed toward her early breakdown.

The ideas of Thomas Lake Harris could well have originated in the Indian tradition. The notion of the value of semen retention is extremely common. In any Tantric ceremony there are said to be five essential ingredients - the so-called five M's (makaras). These are:

Meat (mamsa); Fish (matsya); Alcohol (mada); Parched Grain (mudra); and Sexual Intercourse (maithuna). Tantric ideas are usually couched in a Twilight Language; We must therefore look for a revealed meaning

behind each of the above. Meat could mean just that or a man or perhaps mind control. Fish could mean just that or a women or perhaps breath control. Alcohol could be just that or some other intoxication.

Sexual Intercourse, just that. The most obscure of the five is *mudra* or *Parched Grain*. Some authorities believe that this refers to *magnetic* passes or gestures made over the body of the priestess in order to induce trance. My own view is as follows. In the Indian tradition sprouting grain is always taken as symbolic of the process of rebirth, this is similar to the myth of Osiris. Thus parched grain is a negation of this symbol and therefore symbolises retention of semen.

In the Tantric/Ayurvedic view, semen is the quintessence of the body. Preserving this essence and reversing the outward flow of energy, is said to prolong life and lead to immortality. Some yogins took this further and devised techniques for reabsorbing the semen after ejaculation. The penis was used as a sucker, the priestess first removing the air from the man's bladder and then allowing the penis to be re-inserted and the sexual fluids reabsorbed. This baroque technique is open to abuse and misinterpretation until it becomes a form of sexual vampirism. Everything is focused on the man, who absorbs the sexual elixir of both partners. This is like the metaphor of the man and wife as mentioned earlier. The man thinks himself Siva passive and receptive. The woman is Sakti active and giving. But this is painfully like the traditional marriage where the man is served and the woman works!

The above is not intended as any actual description of any authentic Tantric tradition. True retention involves the intensification of sexual arousal as in *cakra-puja* or circle worship. The *orgasm* is circulated from couple to couple or between couples until it descends on the priestess. Nevertheless the former degenerate practice of retention is one picked up by westerners and passed into the early history of the European occult revival and is still with us in the present-day.

The Hermetic Order Of The Golden Dawn

Any study of the Western magickal tradition inevitably draws us back to the above Order, formed in 1888 and active up until the 1920's. There were three basic elements to the Golden Dawn's teaching:

1. Ceremonial Magic,
2. The study of practical Kabbalah
3. Yoga and or Eastern meditational practices.

Even though there was no clear view in the Golden Dawn on the type of yoga to be used, it is clear that some elements of Tantric yoga were taught in the higher grades. According to the biographer of the one-time head of the Order Macgregor Mathers, even he may have been a practitioner of sexual magic. This is slightly surprising when one considers that his wife Moira Mathers, had a physical revulsion to sex. Despite this the couple practiced *karezza* during their private scrying experiments. Moira must have sat astride Mathers; and this ritual intercourse during which orgasm was avoided, was the limit of their joint sex-life. This fact may account for the fact that Mathers was a nervous wreck in his later life.

Mathers was very protective of fellow Order member *Edward Berridge* whose psycho-sexual experiments earned him some notoriety. Berridge was a disciple of the already mentioned Thomas Lake Harris. He popularised the term *karezza* and wrote several pamphlets under the apt name *Respiro*. At one time he was accused of making sexual overtures to the London head of the Golden Dawn — *Florence Farr Emery*. He was expelled from the Order along with Mathers and Elaine Simpson in 1900. This sexual undercurrent throws some light on the *Horos Scandal*. One can only speculate on what information the Horos's stole and which subsequently lead to Mr Horos's imprisonment for rape.

Another important personality in our story so far is *Dion Fortune*. She was a member of the Golden Dawn for a couple of years before her expulsion by Moira Mathers. The supposed cause of the rift was the publica-

tion of Dion Fortune's *The Esoteric Philosophy of Love and Marriage*. An undercurrent of sexual magick and Tantra permeates Dion Fortune's entire magical career. For example her occult novel *The Goat-foot God* in which the central characters eventually meet at an ancient site of earth energy, invoking the God Pan and the Goddess into each other and consummating the rite in an act of the purest sexual magick.

Traces of this current can even be found in the puritanical poet W B Yeats; who enjoyed the fruits of a spiritual marriage to Maud Gonne. All of the above personalities are usually unnoticed in the history of Western Tantra— they pale into insignificance, eclipsed by the High Priest of sexual magick, the onetime member of the selfsame Order, the incomparable *Aleister Crowley*.

Aleister Crowley brought the use of sexual magick to a much more central position than it had previously occupied. With the exception of Dion Fortune its use had always been peripheral to ceremonial magic and meditation. Unfortunately Crowley also popularised some of the negative, vampiric aspects of the sexual current. Examples of Crowley's sexism are not difficult to find. The worst one on record must surely be contained in the secret instruction of the ninth degree OTO:

"From the duplicity of speech hath sprung infinite confusion in the vulgar mind. For they understand not that man is the guardian of the Life of God, women but a temporary expedient, a shrine indeed for the God; but not the God."

For Crowley the quintessence of God was phallic an attitude that reflects the *Old Aeon* technique of *karezza explained in this article*. This may account for the fact that many women find the *Thelemic* cult unattractive. Nevertheless, Crowley was the medium for an interesting new Tantric text — *Liber AL* — or *The Book of the Law*. If my understanding is correct then the magickal working appropriate to the IX degree is sexual in nature — Crowley assumed that the magick of the IX degree, which involves the reversal of the stated formula of the IX degree, would therefore have to be some form of homosexual technique or more specifically a magick

al technique involving anal intercourse. (pvn = per vas nefandum: "Through the unmentionable vessel.") There are of course several good reasons why Crowley chose this path, not least of which must be his own homosexual leaning (see "The Confessions") Secondly it has to be conceded that homosexual techniques do possess an anti-social power. Many elements in a Tantric/Magickal ceremony, take their power from the fact that they are negations of the commonplace behavioral stereotypes. Thus the eating of meat in a vegetarian community can have the same liberating effect as anal intercourse in a sexually inhibited straight society. It was this anti-social current that Crowley found so productive of Magickal consciousness. A third and by no means marginal reason for adopting this technique is that it is by all accounts a magickal formula of some power — something to be discussed further below.

Nevertheless if one accepts the notion that the "Book of the Law" is essentially a Tantric text, then there is no pressing need to employ the homosexual technique in order to encounter the reverse current of the XI degree. In Tantric terms this is viewed as a vaginal emanation manifested during menstruation. This also fulfills the same criteria outlined above. It partakes of the false sephira Daath, (XI), in its periodic manifestation. Intercourse during menstruation is viewed by the simple minded as a taboo practice. As in some way matter "out of place" and thus from the point of view of the liberated consciousness, it is productive of great power. Finally from the classical Tantric viewpoint, the dark lunar current at menstruation is, under certain circumstances, probably the most powerful magickal emanation available. In the words of Liber Al *The best blood is of the Moon — monthly*. Esoterically menstruation signifies the movement of the Kundalini to the Ajna Cakra.

The dichotomy between mundane and magickal perspective in this matter has been well written about in a book called *The Wise Wound*. The authors of this book suggest that many women experience two peaks of sexual desire in the course of a month. These correspond to ovulation and menstruation. Traditionally the first peak is reproductive of offspring in the mundane world. In the world constructed by patriarchal religions, the second

peak is ignored or despised. This so they say is a possible cause of many cases of Pre-Menstrual Tension and sexual guilt. In the liberated magical consciousness, this second peak is crucial to the creation of another type of offspring — the inner or astral child, a metaphor for a mundane consciousness transformed to its true potential.

HOMOSEXUALITY

Homosexuality has a long and ancient association with the magickal tradition. Even so it is rare for a magician to express anything other than derision for this as a magical formula. The magical literature abounds in attitudes that can only be described as *Homophobic*. Despite the revolutionary nature of many magicians in other things, they almost always adopt a reactionary views of the ruling orthodoxy in this matter. It is important to unravel this mental knot, if we are to form a balanced view on the substance of sexual magick. Aleister Crowley appears to have had a homosexual love affair whilst still at university. In his *Confessions* he says "The relationship between us was the ideal intimacy which the Greeks considered the greatest glory of manhood and the most precious prize of life. It says much for the moral state of England that such ideas are connected in the minds of practically everyone with physical passion." Despite this in later life he was to regard homosexuality when not part of a magickal intent in the words of the Bible: *as an abomination (Magick p165)*. One cannot help wondering if there is an element of pose in his stated view.

Another great occultist of the twentieth century was Dion Fortune. Her views on this subject are even more surprising when one considers her liberalism on other issues. "An unnatural vice" she says "known as homosexuality, the offence for which Oscar Wilde received a sentence of imprisonment. It is a very cruel form of vice, as the victims are usually boys and youths on the threshold of life. It is also very infectious, spreading in an ever widening circle as those who have become habituated to it in their turn proselytise for victims....The many supporters of these people defend them by asking how it

can be that men of such dedicated lives, who give such lofty and beautiful teaching can be addicted to such foul practices. For those who have made a serious study of occultism the explanation is self evident. It was this particular vice which was one of the chief causes of the decadence of the Greek mysteries." (Sane Occultism).

One could perhaps forgive such ignorance in the 30's, but it is indeed laughable to read in the work of the spiritual descendent of Dion Fortune's such comments as: "Another common form of deviation is linked with the differentiation of the sexes. One sees men refusing to be men and women refusing to be women. This does not refer only to the more obvious forms of perversion such as homosexuality, but also to the quite common manifestation of "cocksure women and hen-sure men" as D H Lawrence described it"

Netzach — Polarity
"On its more intense levels it can be dangerous with undedicated people for, by a confusion of the planes a high powered mutual stimulation on the mental and higher emotional levels can degenerate into homosexuality. In spite of the modern spate of apologies for this form of lower emotional and physical relationship, it is a perversion and evil. It is perhaps as well to state this quite categorically as it is a form of vice likely to be on the increase with the lesser differentiation in physical sexual characteristics of the Aquarian type of human being now coming in to the world. This increasing lack of differentiation is becoming quite common, there are increasingly few men nowadays who could grow a really patriarchal beard and women, from the buxom mammalians of classical painting are becoming more boyish and angular in figure, to say nothing of the occasional much publicised actual changes from one sex to another. Homosexuality, like the use of drugs, is one of the techniques of black magick. (Gareth Knight aka Basil Wilby — *A Practical Guide to Qabalistic Symbolism*, vol 2 page 56, and vol 1 page 156)". I could multiply the examples, even in present day occult literature, I think that enough to show that homophobia is rife amongst modern occultism. I should point out that all of the passages refer to male homosexuality and therefore reflect the traditional silence on the issue of lesbianism —

although in one new book (*Sexual Secrets*, Nik Douglas and Penny Slinger, Arrow 1982) which does actually contain some tantric "secrets", lesbianism is preferred over male homosexuality.

Magical Importance of Homosexuality

For me one of the most important tenets of sexual magick/tautria is that one's partner should be *beloved* (kantah/a). Love is a phenomenon equally well manifested between homosexuals as well as heterosexuals and other genders no doubt. This fact is always ignored in occult theorising over homosexual sex magick. The fact is that two men or two women can love each other with the same intensity and authenticity as anyone — one else. This should be the focus of any magickal intent and not merely the physical emanations of the sex act itself. The power of *Love under Will* transforms the physical emanations of the body into magickal elixirs and nothing else. Given the above conditions all magicians have to agree that homosexuality is as valid a magical formula. This might be a good place to set out some basic ideas of sexual magick.

New Aeon Sexual Magick

Sexual magick stems from a Dualist philosophy. I believe that there are two basic principles in our cosmos — Spirit and Matter. I also believe in the words of *Liber Al* that "Existence is Pure Joy". In some obscure way the two principles are connected, the way this is brought about is the object of our knowledge — the magical quest itself. We can assume from the Hermetic dictum "As Above, So Below" that somehow the human body itself contains within itself all of the secrets of the universe. We express these secrets by reference to magical elixirs, holy grails and philosopher's stones. If these things really exist the most obvious place to begin looking for them is in our own bodies. The obscure language of the alchemists may refer to processes with ones body and to effects manifested in our own consciousness.

The "first matter" of the alchemists is the sexual act itself— traditionally the alchemical ideal is to take something universally despised and transform it into something glorious. We needn't take the word *despised* too literally, it probably means something not valued in any spiritual or magical sense. Thus lead become gold and ordinary human consciousness becomes superconscious. The sexual act is only leaden because it leads to further physical manifestation in the mundane. The same act has an entirely different effect when performed as *Love under Will*. The mere intention to view one's sexuality as magickal, is the most significant step; all other things serves to reinforce this intention. Ones simply makes ones sex into a magickal ritual. The couple either hetero or homosexual make a magickal dedication to each other within the sacred space of the circle. The partner's cunt is worshipped as the visible representation of the Goddess, the penis is worshipped as that of the God. These are then joined together in a physical replica of the cosmos in its unevolved condition. After orgasm the elixir is present in the vagina, or in the mouth transformed by the magickal current of "Love under Will". The obvious step is to take this elixir and share it. This is the physical manifestation of whatever magickal intention lay behind the ritual — it is the "strange drug" referred to in Liber Al. By consuming this drug, one can change one's own consciousness in the desired direction or by giving it to someone else effect some physical change in them.

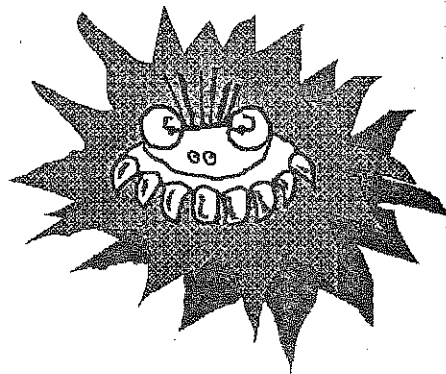
It is plain from the above outline that Tantric rituals when compared with rituals of other types of magickal groups are very intimate affairs and necessarily restricted in numbers. There is a saying in Wiccan circles that participation in a coven rite requires "perfect love and perfect trust" — this is certainly the case for a ritual of sexual magick. In wiccan rite the visible sign of that trust and vulnerability is the practice of working naked or clothed only in the art. The important characteristic of this kind of working is that the participants must have a close loving relationship — otherwise there is a danger that any sexual practice will become mechanistic and vampiric. It is no coincidence that most of the followers of this magickal tendency tend to be in established relationships with

their magickal partner, whether hetero or homosexual. Essential to the practice of sexual magick in the new age is the symmetry/equality of magickal roles between the central celebrants. This is a theme that has recurred throughout this article — that the unfortunate future of Old Aeon sexual magick is its asymmetrical or vampiric character. The key words for the future should be love and balance.

All of the above refers to the exercise of the serpent power Kundalini in the base Cakra and sexual centre. In the language of the Tree of Life the sphere of Yesod. In this work the priest and Priestess take on the archetype of Mercury and Venus. In a higher aspiration one may wish to raise the power higher. Ultimately to the Ajna Cakra or "third eye" thus allowing the great Goddess of the starry heavens to reveal herself. This sexual formula is the union of Hadit and Nuit (Chokmah and Binah) and the manifestation is of the sphere of Daath. But that's another story.

Katon Shual (From Nuit Isis. vol 1, Nr 2.)

Letter: "Katon Shual in his article on sex magick states as if it were an accepted fact that Samuel and Moira Mathers engaged in prolonged sexual intercourse - karezza. As far as I'm aware this has previously only been suggested by Ithell Colquhoun. From what we know of the Mathers, such behaviour would be very out of character and no evidence has been offered to support this suggestion."
The post office tower in London stands on the site of the Mathers' old house, will this suffice as evidence? KS.



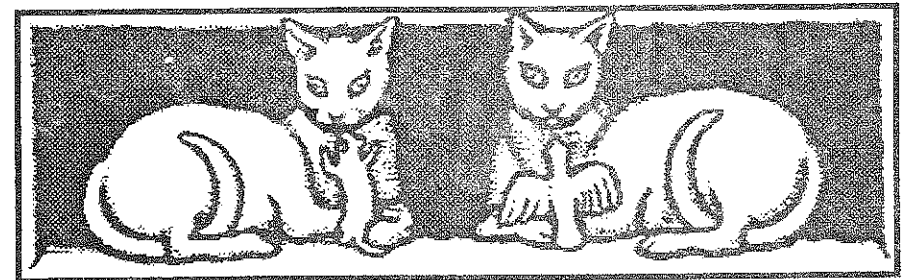
I know a guy who couldn't take it. He made straight A's in school, went to Bible school and was considered a pride to his community. But he wanted something else, so he dropped out of school, left bible school and couldn't care less about his community. What had it ever done for him anyway? He rebelled and his name was Sathanis. After dropping out of school he started reading comics and thinking about what he should do. The priest from Bible school called him almost every day. Sathanis told him that he wanted to find his own way. Then the priest told him that he could find peace in God. Well, just leave me in peace, said Sathanis, and hung up. His parents told him that he should at least get a job, so he went downtown, not to look for a job, but to kill some time. There he met Joe, a long, slim youngster, who told Sathanis about an alternate lifestyle, a different way of thinking.

Soon enough, Sathanis mind got too big for the small town. Since his dad was about to throw him out, anyway he left for the big city.

It didn't take long for him to realize that he had to get a job if he was to make his newfound ideals come true. After having worked from 9 to 5 for 2 months he quit. It was summer so he slept in parks and stair wells, and made his living by writing articles for various magazines and dailies. But he had a plan, he was going to start his own magazine and publish articles about the new way of thinking. He called his parents and asked them to lend him some money. Before his mom could answer, his dad took the receiver, told him to go to hell and slammed it in his ear.

Sathanis got very depressed now. All the time since he had got to the big city he had stayed off drugs. But now, everything he wanted cost so much; time, money, sacrifice. He slowly sunk into a beautiful daze. On and off he tried to pick up his old dream and started writing again. But it never last very long. He was soon back in another, empty world.

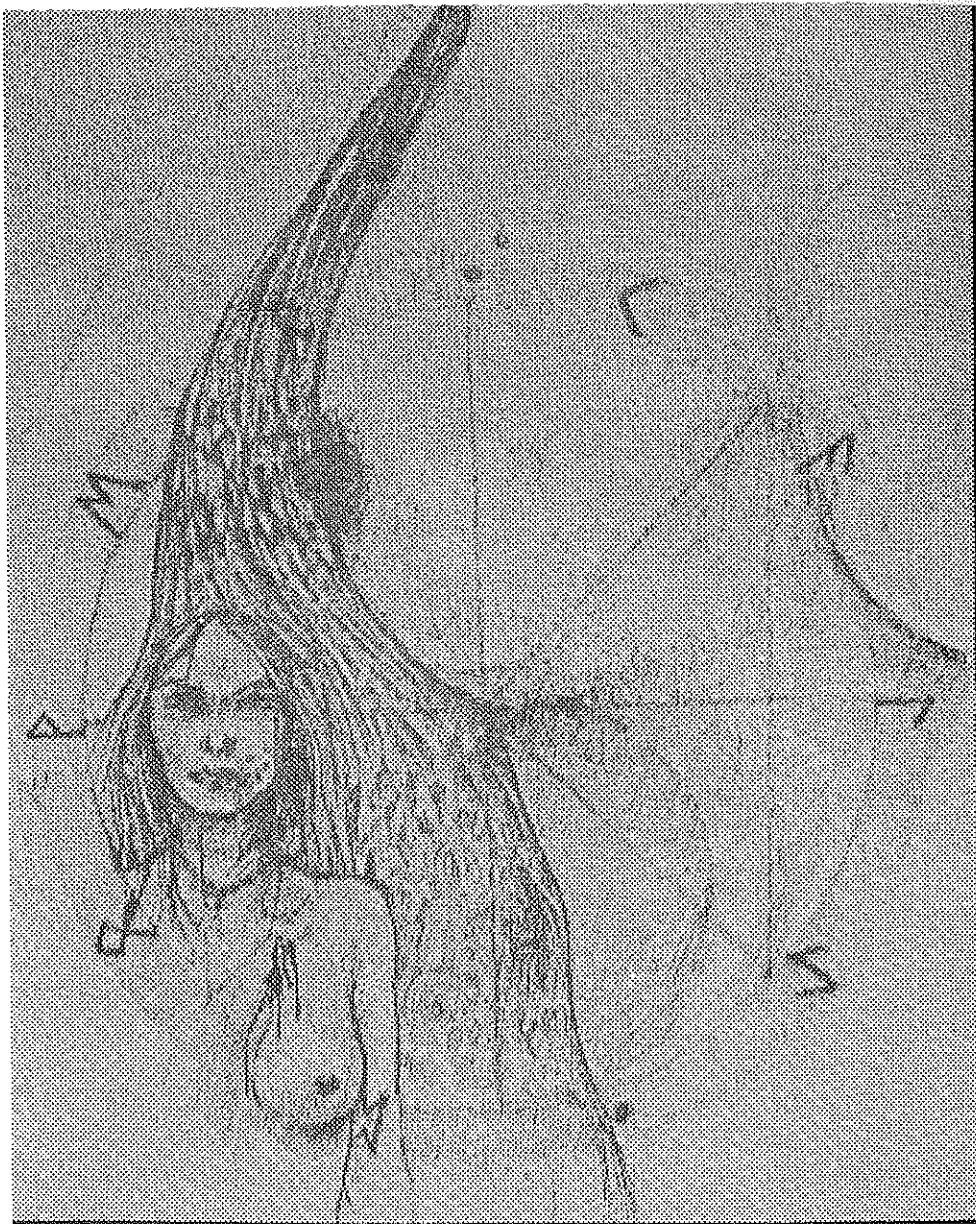
The last I heard of Sathanis he was walking the streets with a face pale as a ghost.



All correspondence such as material to next issues or orders.

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Sexual Magick

by Colin Wilson

I mentioned that the sexual orgasm has this power to narrow and concentrate the beam of consciousness, but that it appears to be done by some trigger-mechanism. No one who experiences an orgasm, and then tries later to produce the same intensity of concentration by ordinary will-power, can deny that there *must* exist in the human mind some kind of switch that can intensify the consciousness; a few men - like Sri Ramakrishna - learn the secret of this switch, and can lunge into a state of ecstasy at a moment's notice. But most of us never learn where it is situated, and have to rely on the sexual orgasm, or perhaps on the power of music, to reproduce it.

Cunningham [a character based on Aleister Crowley, (labelled by journalists "the world's wickedest man" (1875-1947), was a curious mixture of charlatan and man of genius; he claimed to be a magician, and was the founder of a cult of "Crowleyanity." His life has been written by John Symonds, under the title of *The Great Beast*, and by Charles Richard Cammell; Symonds has also written a study of the magic of Crowley.] now became very mysterious, and hinted that he had some other means of producing this intensification of consciousness: this intensification of consciousness. Being rather drunk, I was in no mood for being polite, so I said I didn't believe anybody had such a secret - even if he could see round corners. My skepticism seemed to annoy him, and he declared that he had discovered the secret by means of "sexual magic" - various tricks taught him by Crowley. Crowley, he claimed, had introduced a completely new form of yogic discipline that involved all kinds of sexual practices. In its early stages, the devotee has to practise masturbation, and try to understand the way in which his "intensifying faculty" works. Cunningham likened a man having an orgasm to a man who suddenly sees the landscape below him, lit

by a flash of lightning. If he sees the landscape often enough, and diligently tries to make maps every time he sees it, he will eventually begin to gain a real familiarity with the landscape. Most human beings, he said, accept the pleasure of the orgasm without trying to analyze it. The devotee of "sexual magic" keeps his attention awake and concentrated while receiving sexual pleasure, and strives to develop a kind of phenomenology of sex. He used a rather good image. He said that we all find ourselves in this more or less dark and meaningless universe, but that each sexual orgasm is like a flare that can help us find our bearings. Unfortunately, even if a man had two orgasms a day, this still wouldn't mean that he can reckon on more than about thirty thousand orgasms in a lifetime. Thirty thousand flares sounds a lot - enough to explore any landscape - but it is really totally inadequate. For example, by the age of twenty-five, most men have had at least five thousand orgasms. Yet how many of us can say that we understand life or sex any better after the five thousandth time? Life slips through our fingers; we learn nothing of its meaning and purpose, even though each orgasm gives us an overwhelming sense that it *has* meaning and purpose. Every work of art, every poem, every symphony ever written, is an attempt to try to prevent life from slipping away. And yet, with millions of books in the world, we still know as little about the meaning of life as the earliest human beings.

Reprinted from Colin Wilson's
The Sex Diary of Gerard Sorme.



Circus Church Nursery & Rhyme

PROPE

white washed
white noise
you turn
caught in
bleached white
down to the
skin turns
soul turns
education
machines of
the ring
in the
waves crash
is hope
jumped out
glass lilies
drowning
dying from
love drips

an congregation
a arrival of
over the
with playful
whirling
to the
the lions
crack through
rings of fire
and flying
with the
the daring
in the flying
the audience
pray forgiveness
as a falls
into the pool
oh sit so tight
under stick
while ponderous
sit on their
oh god of
how large
oh white
with sword
machine gun
shoot me
hail Caine
who builds
split the
hear the
here's the
the big tent

Shakespeare factory

William William William
a sweeping philosopher
cries for his lover
in utility tunnels of shame
he cowers for cover
he carries the burden
of love
a love cruel and cursing
all is torture above
below none is mercy
tears run from
his eyelined eyes
tasting the sorrow
on his lipstick lips
as bashers search
with gun strapped thighs
dance for us lover
as queens dance
to kings whip
on his knees
at the foot of his bed

The Desert song

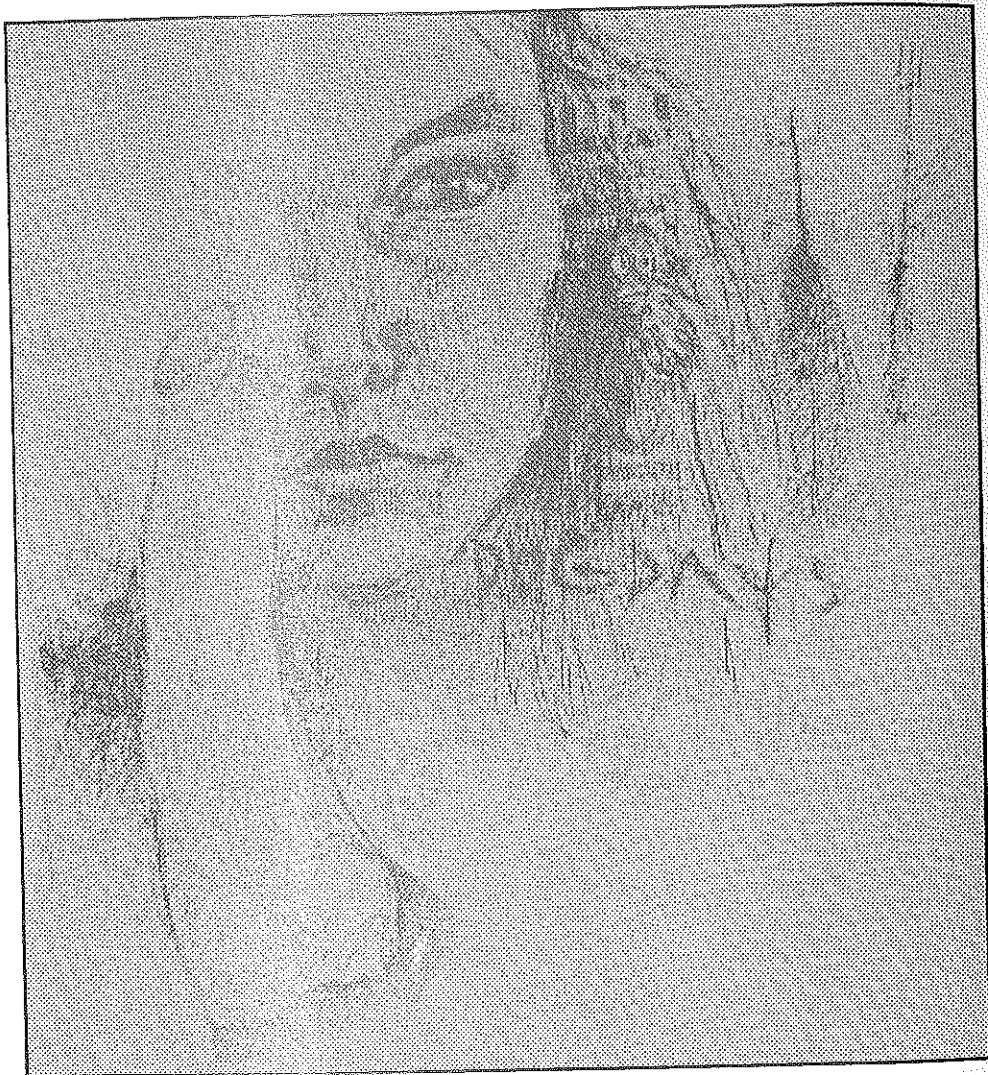
Bathhouse

These water
soothe my skin
stomach again
steam rise
familiar sense
ripple with hand
ripple with hands
blood reacts
veins expand
blood reacts
ripple with hand
ripple with hand
first step
enter the heat
first water
first step feet
flesh forgets
chest now feels
raised steam
line inside
revel steam
a place to hide
a place to hide
from day
dark drifts
in never
too hard
take me
where tears

go on young
to the valley
and great
of the
who lies
who'll
who breaks
of the holies
the sacred
the sanctified
look around
young soul
and see the
stacked like
towards the
of chaos
beshold the
skyscraper
the gate of
the rainbow
and compulsion
go on young
to the dry
desert and
walk between
white light
blistered skin
feel the burning
of the towers
sift through
crumbling
and hear the
with a million
was to the
desert
lotion
young soul
it's love
empty

Nursery chant

gitter they
over painted
a landscape
forsaken land
crushed life
in a mortar
sacred chalice
holds my soul
coroding surface
hate from fear
covers the earth
with eroding
drips like acid
down cave
pounding drums
drowning
noyate
over candle
my body
in the garden



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At Stockholm

*We could not speak, although the sudden glow
Of passion mantling to the crimson cheek
Of either, told our tale of love, although
We could not speak.*

*What need of language, barren and false and bleak,
While our white arms could link each other so,
And fain red lips their partners madly seek?*

*What time for language, when our kisses flow
Eloquent, warm, as words are cold and weak?
Or now Ah! sweetheart, even were it so
We could not speak!*

Crowley: From "White Stains".

The anti-global understanding, anti-homosexual right wing organisation / church **The New Federalists** sees Satan everywhere. Just as the witches orgies with the Devil with gross details of child molestation etc. etc. were made up in the perverse minds of catholic priests and a pope who excommunicated anyone who didn't believe in it, the New Federalists e.g. see Michail Gorbachev (who bears the mark of the Beast on his forehead) as one of the hidden "Hierarchy" that is in the process of building a "new world order", and the "rock-trug new age" movement as satanist. Most occult sects and freedomstriving organisations questioning the American way of life are satanist too, according to the New Federalists. This is the way evil works:

"First, the creative capacities of the nation's youth- it's truly most precious possession- are destroyed by drugs. Next, the sexual identities of millions of Americans are thrown topsy turvy by a culture that extols the virtues of homo-sexuality. And finally, Satanism, the worship of Evil, emerges as a new religion." Satan, whom most people only know as an allegory, is obviously doing all of this. Watch out, they want to burn us all.



The Occult

The Period between the wars was something of quiet time for the Occult. The turn of the century had seen a great upsurge of public interest in things supernatural, and the founding of two of the greatest Occult organisations of modern times. These were the Golden Dawn and the Theosophical Society. They will not be covered here as they were well past their peak by 1919. However, the period did see a growth in scientific investigation of the Occult, and the beginnings of an interest in witchcraft and pagan religion. There are plenty of strange groups of people for investigators to tangle with.

Aleister Crowley

Although a member of the Golden Dawn, Crowley deserves special treatment here for a number of reasons. He is, without doubt, the most famous sorcerer of modern times. His powers seem to have been phenomenal, his reported magical feats including the reputed sorcerous murder of Golden Dawn leader, MacGregor Mathers, and the stupendous achievement of turning one of his disciples, the poet Victor Neuberg, into a donkey. More importantly, he was alive and active throughout the '20s and '30s.

Born in 1875, shortly before Eliphas Levi's death, Crowley is generally believed to be a reincarnation of the famous French sorcerer. His pre-war activities with the Golden Dawn were financed largely through an inheritance from his mother, but by the end of WWI he had spent most of this and was increasingly reliant on income from his writings and on gifts from his disciples.

Crowley had spent most of the war years in exile in America, where his bitterness at the reluctance of the English world to recognise his literary genius and the refusal of the British Government to employ him as a spy led

him into writing pro-German propaganda. However, in 1920, together with his two mistresses, the American Leah Hirsig, and Ninette Shumway, a French nursemaid, he moved to Cefalu in Sicily.

Here he established The Sacred Abbey of Thelema. 'Abbey' is the right word, for Crowley intended his establishment to be just as much a centre of magical devotion and learning as an ordinary abbey was of Christian piety and scholarship. Many would-be disciples visited him as much powerful magic was performed there.

Despite the constant string of visitors, or rather because most of them were not rich enough to shower Crowley with gifts, money tended to be something of a problem at Thelema. In 1922 Crowley turned once more to writing, selling his novel *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, to Collins. The book concerns an aristocratic couple who become addicted to cocaine and heroin, and who, after many debauched adventures around Europe, discover Thelema (called Telepylus in the book) where they receive enlightenment and are cured.

Whilst not letting on the full extent of his involvement, Crowley says that 'Telepylus' is a real place and offers to put anyone who needs its help in touch with the holy establishment. Doubtless he was hoping for a few paying customers. Unfortunately the book siezed upon by James Douglas of the *Sunday Express* and 'exposed' after the manner for which tabloid newspapers are now famous. Another newspaper, Horatio Bottomley's *John Bull*, also took up the story. Crowley was front page news.

Matters were made worse in early 1923 when Raoul Loveday, a visitor to Thelema, died of hepatitis after drinking from a local mountain spring. Loveday's wife, Betty May, who hated Crowley, went straight to Douglas with her story. Once again, the British press was full of Crowley mania. The sorcerer probably revelled in it to some extent - he did after all title himself 'The Great Beast' and was proud of his reputation for wickedness - but the controversy came to the attention of the newly victorious Mussolini who promptly expelled the 'Wickedest Man

in the World' from Italy.

Crowley spent the rest of the decade wandering around Europe in search of patrons and new mistresses, residing mainly in France and Germany before returning to England in 1929. He then embarked on a rather foolish attempt to raise money through libel suits against people who had called him wicked (!). This served mainly to get him back into Press, and to remind various creditors that he was back in England.

Towards the end of the '30s, he finally managed to settle down and support himself by publishing his magical writings and his autobiography (or 'Confessions' as it was called).

As with the rest of the Golden Dawn, Crowley's magical practices and beliefs bear little superficial resemblance to Mythos orthodoxy. However, the Beast's favourite motto was 'Do What Thou Wilt Shall be the Whole of the Law'. It is inconceivable that, having discovered the Mythos, which such a great sorcerer surely would do, he would have failed to dabble in it.

Like Mathers before him, Crowley claimed authority granted him by 'Secret Chiefs' whose true nature he was anxious to hide from his followers - these could indeed be the Great Old Ones, or even the Outer Gods. Much of his magical knowledge was said to come from his own 'Guardian Angel'.

Aiwass, whom he met through the invocation of Egyptian deities. Crowley describes Aiwass as a "tall, dark man in his thirties". Of all the possible true identities for him, it is most likely that his super-natural patron was Nyarlathotep, one of whose forms is said to be a swarthy, Egyptian-looking human.

It should also be noted that Crowley's passions in life - besides magic, drugs (of which he partook of every kind he could discover), women (of which he partook as many as he could lay his hands on) and notoriety - also included the unusual subject of mountaineering. Indeed, he took part in a number of prestigious ascents of some of the world's highest mountains and could have become justly famous as a climber. Could he, perhaps, have been in search of the Mi-Go?

Witchcraft Revivals

The celebrated witch trials at Salem in 1692 marked the last great flowering of the witch-hunting craze that had dominated occult life in the western world for so many centuries.

The last witch to be sentenced to death in England had been Alice Molland, who was executed at Exeter in 1684. With the decline in religious and judicial interest in witch-hunting came a parallel decline in interest in that side of the occult tradition. Popular belief in witchcraft lingered on much longer than official belief, but by the time the intellectual community rediscovered witches, it was quite safe for them to paint a much more romantic picture than that which was common at the time of the Burnings.

Witchcraft was all set to become respectable.

In 1899, an American folklorist, Charles Leland, published *Aradia, or the Gospel of the Witches*. The book was based on revelations made by Leland by one Maddalena, an Italian woman who claimed that the information had been handed down to her through generations of witches. The substance of Leland's work was that true witchcraft was a survival of an ancient pagan religion centred on the Goddess Diana.

Although the name of the deity is Roman, the general structure of Dianic belief (as propounded by Maddalena) was closer to the Persian religion of Zoroastrianism, which places great emphasis on the division between Light and Darkness. Diana was the original deity and retained Darkness for herself. The Satanic connection is made through the name of Maddalena's god of light and evil, Lucifer, a word which means 'light bearer'.

Leland's theories were not taken very seriously at the time and might have been forgotten were it not for a sensational book published in 1921 by a leading Oxford Egyptologist, Dr Margaret Murray. This book, *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*, takes up Leland's ideas and expands them, in reasonably scholarly fashion, into a coherent vision of witchcraft as an inter-national, coordinated survival of a genuine pagan religion based around a horned god called

Dianus.

Dr Murray's book was an immediate success, and the arrival of the full version of Sir James Frazer's classic study of primitive religion, *The Golden Bough*, in 1922 meant that the public at large, and the academic community in particular, became well aware of Europe's pagan traditions, and of possibilities for their survival through folk customs and the witch cult to the present day.

Cthulhu investigators can expect to find two sorts of witch. The first will be a middle or upper class intellectual who has read Murray and Frazer and - repelled by the excesses of Crowley and his colleagues - is attempting to practice magic through the clearer, more traditionally British rites exemplified by the Dianic tradition. In addition there will be genuine covens, always in country areas which have survived intact through the Burning Time and are now probably rather nervous at having been 'exposed' by Dr Murray's investigations of their cult.

Both types, whether their true worship is directed towards pagan deities or not, will be susceptible to subversion by the followers of Shub-Niggurath, whose position as a fertility deity and close connection with woodland and goats makes her an ideal candidate for confusion with the horned hunting and fertility deities of pagan Europe.

Witch covens should always number 13 members, and will meet regularly on the night of the full moon for a 'Sabat'. Meetings will take place in woodland, and the witches will probably perform their rituals 'skyclad' (naked). Standard witchcraft symbols are the pentagram and the horned (possibly goat's) head. A knife, called the 'Athame' and a cup are traditional ritual tools. The holy book of the Craft is *The Book of Shadows*, said to date from the 16th Century.

Secret Societies

Many secret societies were active during the period, ranging from friendly societies, through Freemasons to fringe religions. A good example at the time is given by Arkon Daraul in his classic work, *Secret Societies*.

its other founding members were a banker, a lord and three society hostesses.

The main aim of the cult was to achieve spiritual strength through the worship of the peacock idol in front of which the cultists practiced frenzied dances at their fortnightly meetings.

With the world-wide scope available through the British Empire, any number of similar cults based on obscure foreign religions could be postulated. Who could tell which was a real cult derived from actual native practice in some far corner of the world and which pure fabrication hiding secret worship of Mynos deities?

Two other examples of secret societies that keepers might like to use are Fu Manchu's Si Pan, and the Inner Brotherhood of Magicians.

The Society for Psychical Research

The Spiritualist community tends to hold itself apart from the rest of the Occult world, often in the belief that its work is as scientific as that of any chemist or biologist. As such, it normally gets more favourable treatment in the Press and far greater support from public notables. The SPR, founded in 1882 by three dons from Trinity College, Cambridge, is an excellent example of this.

The major purpose of the Society is to encourage scientific research into ghosts and mediums, in order to establish the truth of such phenomena.

Famous people who supported the Society included Alfred Lord Tennyson, Mark Twain, Lewis Carroll, Gladstone, many fellows of the Royal Society (Britain's premier scientific club) and - in particular - Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who wrote several books on spiritualism.

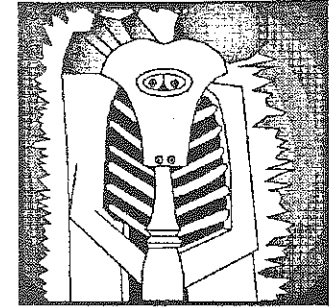
The Order of the Peacock Angel was based on the religion of the Yezidi people of Kurdistan, and was brought to Britain by a Syrian immigrant in 1913. The Order was based in London and, according to tradition, Although founded in Victorian days and very active then (it was primarily responsible for debunking Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society), the SPR continued to flourish well into the 20th Century. The

reason for this is quite simple. There was scarcely a family in Britain who had not lost some close relative or friend in the Great War. The mediums' promise to put people in touch with the spirits of lost loved ones was too much of a temptation for many of the grief-stricken people of Britain to resist. And the SPR was a promise of scientific proof that such experiences were genuine.

Like occultist groups, the SPR was almost perpetually wracked by internal strife. However, whereas the Golden Dawn leaders attacked each other with spells, and Theosophists quoted rival instructions from their secret masters, SPR members normally quarrelled by debunking each other. Being a 'scientific' organisation, they needed to prove their rationality by doing as much as possible to try to discredit the phenomena that they investigated. Only if all attempts at explanation failed could the Supernatural be believed to be at work. The prospect of being taken in by clever frauds was the bane of every SPR researcher's life. Obtaining money through fraudulent claims of psychic ability is a criminal offence, and the practice, and successful prosecutions, were not infrequent during the period.

The SPR was (and still is) run by a President and a Council of around 20 people.

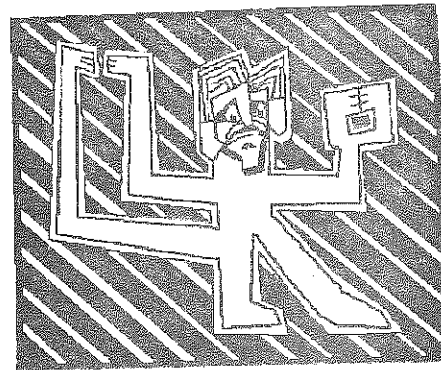
Membership was 2 Guineas a year throughout the period. The London headquarters were originally at 14 Deans Yard, but moved to 19 Buckingham Place in the 1930s.



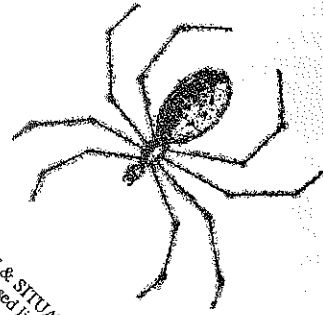
Before the Salmon spawn

Resists which that upon lean We, harnessed being is mind the of automatism the, already become has it easier much how See.

conditioning inherent from escape to seek who those for available constantly is It. will at upon called be may it, available always is energy This, fashion normal the in reading when submerged is it but, etc., live, dream, enjoy, create to capacity your represents passage this reading while sense physiological a in arrives, that frustration of buzz The, reading of direction right to left normal its in move to attempting mind the and eye the see to annoying so is It, evident self become have will this, far this got have you if word else's someone of rubric the interpret to able be to effort great takes It, understand to attempting from others prevent will so do to that fear all we because, not? Why, interpret to impossible is that language a in herself or himself expresses one No, valid as accept others that tools the use we, automatic becoming in For, himself express to individual the for capacity the reduces also It, make to need we effort conscious any reduces it, automatic becoming in for easier, everything makes It, one day from conditioned all are we that say can we doubt a of shadow a Without



SOMETHING
 MY SINGING GRANDMOTHER USED TO TELL STORIES
 ABOUT BRAVE YOUNG SAILORS SINGING WITH BLOOD
 IN THEIR HANDS WHILE THE SHIP DROWNED IN SEA.
 ALL THEIR EYES WERE FIXED TO THE MAST
 WAVING FEARSOME FOR THE NIGHT SYMPHONY
 TRULY IT MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT MEN WHEN THE
 SEA TOOK THEM IN HARMONY TO THE SKY.
 THE SHELLS OF ANIMALS FLOAT INTO THE STRAND
 AT MORNING & THE STORM FADED SLOWLY AWAY
 AMONGST MANY OTHERS.



LIFE & SITUATIONS WITH TOPE
 Composed lions are like the A-minor. Ideas, believes we may less
 create. (Darkness did not commit you, it was made forever) Friends
 means those who are built-dynasty is deleted-out of making out
 substance. Greece have seeds! From these Shakespeare were so
 magic. He committed God and books. Not a step possible to the heart
 of the early date. Wind have them for the seal to E.R.O.M. and with
 the rank. - You invest of your more-Life of members names wick you
 possessed. The path come from the gate of horizon. Gaddam wick you
 received with power vict are mentioned on his ester verlust. We
 was represented and we studied crying. Was death a personal one ?!!
 Take to R.A (the longer it believed...)

MIND THAT IT WAS SPINNING ROUND
 IN THE CORRIDORS OF THE BLIND.
 THE FORCE TAKING THE TIME SINGING TUNES
 WHISPER YOUR NAME THAT LEADS YOU TO FIND
 FOR TEARS SHAPED NIGHT'S CARING
 LOOK INSIDE THAT I SEE
 AND AS THEY LEAVE ME
 FIND KEYS TO THE SEA
 AND AS THEY LEAVE ME

STANDUP. IT TAKES... YOU GET TO BE BAD AS
 BAD AS YOUR SEED.
 ALL THAT I SAY AS YOU DO LISTEN TO THE
 RUNNING OUT OF HER USEE YOUR WAY'S
 THE MUSIC DON'T STOP I LOOK UP HEAVY'S
 VOICES CATCH MY FALLS FALLING TO PLACE
 I SAW THE LIGHT FOR SHE IS HERE HELA HO LAH
 FOR MY MIND BELONG IN HER SONGS
 AND FROM THIS WHAT ARE WE DOING?

USE YOUR LIMITS AS YOU GO. YOU KNOW THE BODIES
 LYING DOWN IN ROW. TAKE. WRONG RIGHT 82220
 FOR THE RIGHT TO GO. LOVE IS YOUR LAST
 YAVE I BELIEVE IN YOU. BRINGING A
 EMPTY ROAD THAT SHINES BELOW THAT IS
 KISS FOR I KNOW WHAT SONG THAT IS
 UP THERE PULSATING AT THE SOUND'S. THE SONG
 IS NOW SONG BY YOU ME HER IN THE THE
 LIND OF KIND CALLS SEEING
 HAS NOT BECOME SECRETS THAT WE HD BELOW
 BEY FINDING SECRET'S THAT WE HD BELOW
 FROM THE FIRST WORLD WE SURVIVE THOUGH THE
 NEXT WE HIGH SO HE SEE'S THE SON OF DARK-
 NESS UP HIGH SO HE SEE'S THE SON OF DARK-
 YOU ARE MY FIVE AS YOU RUN THE MOORS.
 WHO MIGHT FALLING IN HER SONGS
 GLIDER'S THEREFOR GROWS UP TO LAND
 THE WING'S TAKING US TO DAWN. "ALIVE"
 TO AT LAST HE HER NOT KNOWING THE PAST
 NO ONE LEAVE NO ONE SCAL'S OUT HERE.
 IN THE STRAND MADE OUT OF GOLD
 THE FISHES IN THE WATER SEKS UP TO LAND
 GOD GOT WEARY BY TRAVELLING ON HIS OWN.
 IT WILL ONLY BRING YOU NGGER UP THE GATE'S
 YOU AND I (2-2-4-5-8-11) OPENS THE GATE'S
 OF DARKNESS ALONE IT FEELS LIKE GUARDING
 A NARROW MINDED SHOWN TO

UP IN TOWERS
 IN SOMETHING, SOME TIMES OF PRIDE
 SOME TIMES ON TRUCKS. IN KOUR EYES. (CD)

SHELTER BELT

no glory nor victory just tears from your eyes
 sharing all the secrets of the April rain

you say life is like a fairiss wheel
 you climb then your broken

and if you see the light upon the mountain side

then i will of spoken

a storm is breaking lightnings forming

and the midnight hour is chaging i know for sure

you will bring me flowers of dirt

when that boat drives past and fast

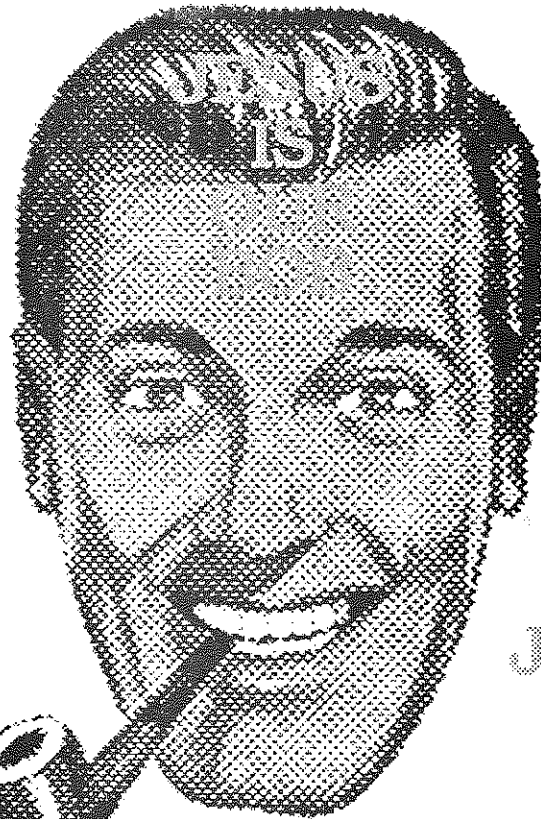
Im so tired of waiting round doing absoloutley nothing
 loud as a shot gun dust free and wild i can fee.
 the manshions crumble then fall
 to the ground

a storm is breaking lightnings forming

do you hear what i say

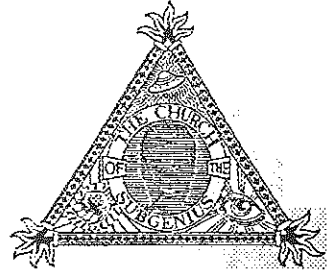
a storm is breaking lightnings forming

J.C.S.



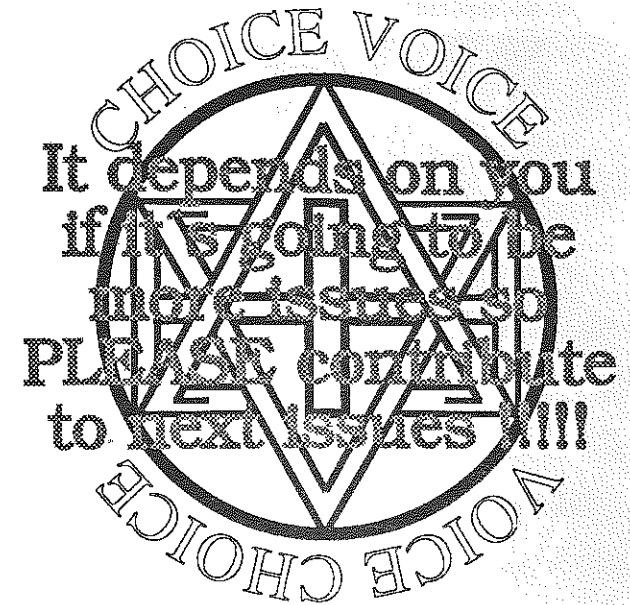
BOB
IS
OUR
HOPE

JESUS
IS
BOB
HOPE



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Skolspåret 13, 424 31 Angered
SWEDEN



Start here:

Baphomet on Nutrition

Ed. Note: *The following paper by Baphomet is a very thoughtful instruction paper concerning nutrition and its practical magical aspects.*

The question of preserving food has been recently put to me from several quarters, and there should be no doubt something like an official instruction in the matter; but the general principles are clearly discernible from the doctrine of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis.

This is a matter which has occupied me for very many years, ever since I started exploration.

It should be evident to all Members of the Sanctuary that the essence of thaumaturgy resides in the idea that nourishment must be in some sense or other alive, sentient and capable of assuming its own character and personality. There are numerous hints on this subject in Chapter 12 of *Magick in theory and practice*.

With regard, however, to nourishment in the most ordinary sense, without any consideration of thaumaturgy at all except that to which reference is made in the Creed of the Gnostic Mass, a few strictly personal and entirely unofficial remarks may be of use.

It is hardly a digression if I recount some of the observations which led me to an understanding of the traditional doctrine of the O.T.O. First of all, Mexico 1900. We were camping out on Iztacchuatl at a height of 14,000 feet and more, a day and a half from the village of Amecameca.

We were therefore compelled to rely entirely on canned provisions. These had been bought in Mexico D.F. which was in those days far less contaminated by civilization than since exploitation has become paramount. The cans which we were able to purchase were some years old. We had, of course, been accustomed to use a certain amount of tinned stuff on small expeditions like that of 1898 on the Schoenbuehl Glacier; but those provisions were first-class and quite fresh.

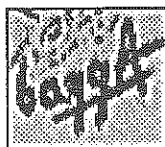
In Mexico, we noticed almost at once an immense difference between the old and the new.

The next observation is dated the summer of 1902, the journey to Camp 11 at ChogoRi

from Srinagar. This time our provisions were all first-class; but we noticed an immense difference between the foods which approximated to their original condition, and what I may describe as made-up foods. There was a thing called Bovril Bacon Ration which we found simply uneatable. From my notes on this journey I was able to provision the 1905 expedition to Kanjanjunga in a perfectly satisfactory way, although at a cost of additional difficulties of transport. For instance, we found that canned peaches and pears from California were excellent. I did not take with me any dried vegetables chemicalized out of all semblance to a natural food which we had with us in 1902. For instance, the Erb-Suppe which was said to form the basis of the ration of a German soldier (who had the reputation of being the best man on the march in European Armies) proved not only uneatable but unsatisfying. I came to the conclusion that the *form* of food was an important matter. For instance, there was a French product of vegetables called Chollet, of which we were able to make an excellent stew. It was a kind of Macedoine but no monkey tricks had been played with the vegetables themselves beyond cutting them up and allowing them to dry.

Now with regard to meat; there is a sun-dried beef prepared (at least in South America) by strips of it being placed between the horse and the saddle after having been dried in the sun. On this meat we found that we were able to subsist in great comfort. The German name for it is Bockfleisch; biltong is a similar product, so is pemmican. In every case it is the minimum of preparation which yields the most satisfactory results.

Now to come to the other side of the problem; the best meal I have ever tasted in my life consisted of half-formed, half-cooked Himalayan mutton! The practice is to buy your sheep—sometimes we had to pay as much as 1/4 d. for an animal not more than medium size—kill it on the spot, cut it up and roast it on skewers over the camp fire, or on the ashes, without a moment's delay. We found this not only much more tender, but immensely more nourishing, than any meat otherwise cooked. Most people by the way know of Steak tartare, raw beef pounded and served with the yolk of an egg, anchovies and other condiments. This also is a first-class food.



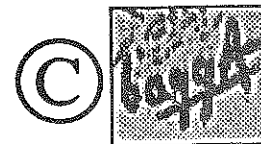
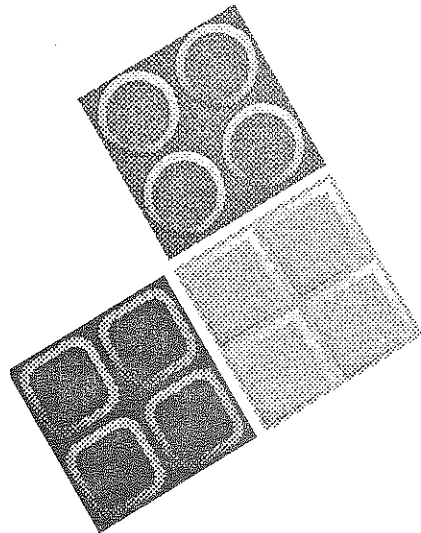
About this time I had become interested, although not very seriously, in Hatha Yoga and I made one or two small experiments with their special method of eating. I must digress for a moment to describe one of the practices. The pupil swallows his nine yards of turban, inch by inch, and pulls it out again until the oesophagus has acquired the habit, and he is able to reverse at will the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. Having got fixed in this practice, he takes a bowl of rice, and (twenty minutes or so later) quietly rejects it without spasmodic vomiting. It is said that an animal fed on this, although it is in appearance no different from its condition when swallowed, will starve. I did not care to undertake the patient practice of this method of obtaining relief from the troubles of digestion; but I did put in a certain amount of time conscientiously enough in absorbing my food, not by swallowing but by deglutition. It took me three quarters of an hour to eat an apple in this way; but, there is no doubt about it, the apple was quite the equivalent of a very hearty lunch.

I had put two and two together during this time; and presently it occurred to me to try the effect of eating living food in this manner. So I sat down to half a dozen oysters and put in about an hour eating them. What was my surprise to find myself on the verge of intoxication! These various experiments seemed to me conclusive, as they were repeated in various forms, and the result always pointed to the same conclusion—that there is some difference between live protoplasm and dead which is not to be detected by any chemical or physical means at present at our disposal.

My experience with the mutton indicated that the onset of rigor mortis was, so to speak, the moment of death for the spiritual substance of the meat. Suppose we call 100 units the full nourishment value of a piece of lamb. If that lamb is cooked and eaten before rigor mortis sets in, not more than 10% (shall we say?) of that absurdly so-called spiritual element disappears. For rigor mortis causes a sudden drop; one might estimate that anything from 40% to 70% of the full value vanishes suddenly. After that there is a still further loss, but it is slower and more gradual until one gets to estimating in terms of years and fractional percentages.

Let us turn to the question of the different

kinds and degrees of nourishment in any given food. Much as I dislike borrowing words from other sciences, it is convenient to speak of "voltage". Birds have a much higher blood temperature than mammals; and, assuming for a moment that there is more in all these remarks than romantic guessing, one would expect more energy to be supplied by birds than by mammals. There is a good deal of difference moreover in the quality of the energy; and here I think that one may be guided not unreasonably by one's sense of taste. There is something in a woodcock which is not to be found in a chicken from this aspect. The dull, pedestrian birds do not appeal to the sense of taste as do game birds. The whole atmosphere and ritual of eating is somehow subtly different.



DIARY OF AN EX-DRUG FIEND BY AD VERITATEM

Musings on Aleister Crowley's DIARY OF AN DRUG FIEND From the Point of View of Recovery

[Author's Note: An early draft of this essay was so severely criticized paragraph (1) The writing of this piece was for me a highly charged, emotionally cathartic release of the tensions of early recovery and the grief over my closest friend's drug-induced death. (2) I am dividing the world into two kinds of people, chronic substance abusers and everybody else. (3) I believe Aleister Crowley was a chronic substance abuser. (4) I am not a trained drug therapist or a professional in any level regarding addiction so everything I say is merely an opinion based on 22 years of chronic substance abuse. (5) I believe that the only cure for chronic substance abuse is total abstinence. (6) If you haven't read *Diary of a Drug Fiend* yet, what follows will not be as clear as it otherwise would. (7) The opinions expressed in this essay in no way represent official Order policy on anything!

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I first read and enjoyed *Diary of a Drug Fiend* some 21 years ago at the age of 20. It was one of the first Crowley books I read. I was much impressed with his philosophy having had at that time no small acquaintance with drugs. In fact, I had taken everything the 60's had to offer, including irrevocable methedrine, cocaine and heroin, in addition to the more standard fare of grass, hash, mescaline, LSD, etc., etc., etc.

And I thought the book was brilliant. I read it several times during the intervening years, each time equally impressed. In fact I wrote the majority of the back cover ad copy for the Weiser paperback edition which has remained unchanged since about 1975. You're all, I'm sure, familiar with my deathless prose, "Through the guidance of King Lamus, a master Adept, they free themselves from the entanglements of addiction by the application of practical Magick." And, "It will also prove a useful document to doctors, lawyers, police and addicts for its unique and precise presentation of the psychology of addiction and the possibility of

its cure through the development of the True Will."

Well boys and girls, things have changed a bit in my life since then and I thought I'd share some of the change with you. From October of 1987 to December of 1988, I was hopelessly addicted to heroin for the first time in my life. I'd been slightly strung out before, once in 1976 for about 3 months, using a needle on a daily basis. Some mild discomfort and a move out of town straightened that out. In 1977, I had about six week's worth of fairly incredible intra-nasal Bangkok pure, which fortunately came to its conclusion when my source returned to the East. Intermittently, before and after those two periods I enjoyed heroin, using a needle for the last time in 1978.

My best friend in life, whom I met in 1973, Richard Gurney (or Gurney), is dead at the age of 38 from an overdose of heroin, self-administered on the 13th of March 1989 e.v. We both started our last bouts with heroin at the same time and discussed it at great length during the course of our addictions. As the two great Thelemic magicians that we were, we used *Diary of a Drug Fiend* as a touchstone of our talks. The Master's very testimony and direction going from every page to guide his adepts in the proper ordering of our lives, free of the need and craving for the drug, equally free to indulge and enjoy it will.

Right?

Wrong!

To the best of my knowledge, Crowley was strung out when he wrote the damn book. It is a junk fantasy. That type of thinking ("free or need") killed my best friend. And it would have killed me too (could at any time in fact). It just doesn't work that way in the real world, at least not for chronic substance abusers. (There were obviously many other causes for our addictions and Richard's death besides the ideas contained in *Diary of a Drug Fiend*. But one best not ignore the power of an idea, even when other life issues are involved.)

I will never "blame" Crowley for Gurney's death. That would be a real insult to both of them. If Gurney was foolish enough to allow his illness to ignore the probability that Crowley was addicted when he wrote *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, that was his problem. And Aiwaz knows, I'd be the last per-

son to blame Crowley, either for being addicted or for writing the book. I know how it is to be strung out, and I also know that what he concocted therein as the "cure" is every junky's dream. "Lord, just be able to enjoy this shit today and be free of it tomorrow."

I, on the other hand, have joined the "other" A.A., Alcoholics Anonymous. And I've been drug and alcohol free for nearly six months. I wouldn't touch a drug or a drop of alcohol with a ten foot pole. And as long as I maintain that attitude, I will remain alive and well, productive and happy, sober and sane. And why? Because for an alcoholic and drug addict, that is the only cure. Gurney was both, I am both, and Crowley was at least a drug addict, if not alcoholic. He couldn't, in my opinion, "take it or leave it" any better than I or anyone else suffering from the problem of chronic substance abuse.

If you read his famous *Liber Nike* [*Magick at Link*, Vol. 1, No. 8, Oct/Nov 1987, pp. 57-64], you will find a brilliantly insightful, scrupulously recorded journal of a drug addict who reduced his dose successfully over a period of some 3 weeks, and remained addicted at the end of the record as he was at the beginning! I tried the same thing so many times during my 15 months of heroin addiction that I can recognize the syndrome perfectly. If that doesn't sound like a long enough period of time to comment, know, edgeably, I tried it with alcohol and other drugs for some 20 years. It doesn't work. Period. It didn't work for Crowley, it didn't work for Gurney, it didn't work for me, and it won't work for you. Not if you have the problem of alcohol or drug dependency.

[Author's Note: It is possible that there is a second part to *Liber Nike* which we are missing. It may be that Crowley was an exception. His particular case is already complicated by his use of heroin as a medically prescribed asthma remedy. When we are satisfied we have all the evidence, we can see if it is necessary to re-evaluate my opinion that the man had a problem with drugs. For the moment, my advice to chronic substance abusers who are adherents of Thelema is to take it on faith that he may have, and could therefore have been a little blind about the issue. If it turns out that he didn't my advice would be, don't try to compare yourself to the Magus of the Aeon!]

It is no insult to the Prophet to say these things. I would be an insult to hide the truth. Crowley's attitude about drugs was certainly romantic, courageous and admirable as can be. His scientific mind, and ability to so thoroughly record and analyze his feelings and honestly monitor his behavior, are truly impressive. He pioneered and explored in uncharted realms and we of today owe him a great deal for his efforts. However I believe he was dead wrong in *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, and I think Thelemites with a substance abuse problem are liable to twist his already confused message even further to their own detriment, and the detriment of others around them.

Crowley obviously was aware of the nature of the problem because he wrote the following.

"Give cocaine to a man already wise, schooled to the world, morally forceful, a man of intelligence and self-control. If he be really master of himself, it will do him no harm. He will know it for a snare; he will beware of repeating such experiments as he may make; and the glimpse of his goal may possibly even spur him to its attainment by those means which God has appointed for His saints." [italics added - Quoted from the *Magickal Link*, Vol. 1, No. 7, p. 52, Aug/Sep 1987)

Here is a black and white exposition of what I believe to be the truth, and it is in fact, in three sentences, a perfectly succinct summary of this essay.

Gurney and I discussed at length the difference between this runaround with heroin and our past experiences (of which he also had plenty). Why was it so impossibly difficult for either one of us to stop using this time? What had happened? Through the good graces of a doctor and friend, I think I understand. What he explained was that the nerve endings have a coating on them which allows one emotional sanity. When one drinks alcohol, that coating is thickened, thereby inducing a more relaxed state. However, the alcohol also progressively deteriorates the natural coating, so that over the years one is more raw-nerved. The only way to achieve any sort of emotional normalcy then is to drink, so that one temporarily re-coats the

alcohol-damage nerves. The true definition of a vicious cycle. In our younger days therefore, it was much easier to take or leave heroin because we were healthier. After 20 odd years of alcohol-induced nerve damage each, the problem was that much more complex.

You may ask - how could we face ourselves in view of our Oaths and responsibilities within the Order? Over and over, that was our main topic. I am convinced that we were both given a certain amount of time to handle the problem. I had to embrace sobriety to save my life. Gernon had to die to maintain his honor and the honor of the Order. And I can only say to my best friend, "Thank God you're dead. Because that way I know you're not scum. And I know the O.T.O. is real."

Further details of my own drug use are of little importance. Suffice it to say that I "bottomed out" at the end of December 1988. All hell broke loose. (This was coincidentally the time when Gernon began lying to his closest friends about having quit heroin, and when he began using a needle.) I had been seeing Fraier Chub sems dpa' [author of the *Magickal Link* outreach article, Vol. 3, No. 1, Spring 1989] on a weekly basis for about three months after losing a bet with the Caliph regarding my ability to stop using heroin on my own by the Fall Equinox. I had stopped again for the hundredth time on the Winter Solstice, and this was definitely the last time for me with drugs (as it had been a thousand times before). I was in a session with my wife who was finally leaving with our kid after 10 years of marriage. I had convinced her to talk with him and me one last time before she left.

Halfway or more through the session, he brought out a book entitled *Alcoholics Anonymous* (the famous A.A. Big Book). When he handed it to me, it was as if I were receiving a slime coated reptile. God, how I hated him. But he had me by the balls; I couldn't very well refuse in view of the situation with my wife and the bastard knew it. I accepted the book with the immediate silent oath that it would remain the absolutely most unread and unopened, dust-collecting book on my shelves, and that was that. Of course on the subway ride away from his office I had no reading material, and in pure book-junky form, cracked it open for a look. I didn't

close it for 3 days. Here was the most honest and straightforward material I had ever seen in my life about drugs and alcohol. And I was ready. I joined A.A. that night as I read, because finally I had an insight into my problem. Pure and simple, I was an alcoholic. I could weigh it, label it, hold it in my hand, examine it. No more heavy drinker, problem drinker, person with a drinking problem or a will power problem; no, I was an alcoholic, and everyone knows the only way to handle that problem is to cut off alcohol. An enormous burden was lifted from my shoulders that night after so many, many years.

Alcoholics Anonymous has simply got to be one of the most Thelemic groups on the planet. There is one rule for membership: a desire to stop drinking. Other than that it is an almost totally anarchistic fellowship. It makes the O.T.O. look like the Republican Party. In the same room are gorgeous young women, seedy old men, business people dressed to the nines, and hippies in headbands. And they are communicating with a depth of self-revealing honesty that few "normal" people will ever know. The love and compassion and understanding that flows through these rooms is phenomenal. The experiences of "sharing" and "qualifying" add new dimensions to the injunction to "be shameless before all men." The arrogance and pride of the loner, which so crippled Richard in his attempt at healing himself, are dealt with masterfully by his group, as is so much else. These folks really understand how to live without drugs. No rules! The anti-A.A. propaganda about born-again christianity is about as accurate as some well-known modern "exposés" of the O.T.O. To the Thelemite, the Holy Guardian Angel = "God as we understand Him" of A.A.'s Twelve Steps.

My experiences with early sobriety have been neither as easy nor as instantly curative of all my problems in life as I might have imagined. On the drug side, I am reminded of spending an entire day 2 2/1 months into it when I "white knuckled" it through a heroin compulsion. (Mercifully, that was a real exception.) About a week later, Gernon had been found out and was about to kick, and had painted himself a kind of resort hotel kicking experience with an O.T.O. family to nurse him through. He was describing to me his exceptions of the kick in

really glowing terms. I told him to stop glamorizing the kick part because the real work could only start after he was sufficiently detoxified to feel again. I told him about the "white knuckle" day and he was really amazed and impressed that someone could go through that kind of hell so long after the physical addiction was broken. He did in fact enjoy the world's most comfortable kick, and three weeks later he was dead.

4 1/2 months into my recovery I remember another doozy of a day. My marriage had ended after my sobriety, within days of Gurney's death. My new Lady is an Order member in recovery also. O was picking up her kid from a party on the Lower East Side. I had to drive past two heavy dope scoring areas on the way to get him. I became hyper-anxious. My eyes had to sweep the street (city driving) and I was freaking out that I would see a drug dealer. I would have given anything to be able to just close my eyes and not to look. I didn't want any drugs, there was no temptation. It was just that there was so much raw pain for me to deal with. I got the kid and drove back the same way, with the horror buildings and balloning inside me at every moment until I crossed a certain street, the "dividing line". I got home and went to the kitchen for a snack. My hands were shaking out of control as I tried to put jelly on a rice cake. My Lady came to the kitchen and I told her how nervous and terrified the experience had made me, that I really just wanted to cry. She held me and encouraged me to do so, which I did instantly!

Whatever pathetic, cringing, vulnerable, weak and unkingly feelings I may have had or could have been accused of having, the bottom line was that I was clean. More than Crowley could say for himself, let alone Gernon prattling about Thelema and freedom and dying of a fucking overdose.

Curiously enough, the two oldest Thelemic male magicians I have known, and for whom I have the greatest respect, both had heavy alcoholic careers and both had to stop drinking totally. It blew me out to see Grady not take wine at the Mass. But I knew even then that my future would somehow move me in that direction, the "Major Grady L. McMurry Grape Juice Communion".

Note: in this section I discuss the contents of *Liber AL* in terms of sobriety. You have been warned.

"wine and strange drugs" in recovery? Well now ...

What in fact is so strange about cocaine for example, the drug of choice of every Wall Street stockbroker and high-school janitor; crack, the modern gaseous nirvana; heroin, probably the most widely documented drug in the world. Let there be any misinterpretation. I don't find "designer drugs" any more "strange" than yesterday's newspaper. I give Aiwaz more credit for subtlety than to label the media darlings of the 80's "strange"; perhaps if He had said "commonplace", I would be more concerned about not following my religious orders.

"sweet wines and wines that foam" ...? I will risk revealing to you that I do not feel negligent in my spiritual duties as a Thelemite in sobriety.

The instructions concerning the cakes of light do seem to me more like a physical recipe. As a recovering Thelemite, I am willing to continue to make them in the traditional way I do, because of the chemical principles involved in heating the wine for 5-7 hours to get the leavings (although I might recommend arranging to cook it at a non-alcoholic member's house while you take a little walk so you don't breathe in, or fill your home with the fumes — pathetic, right?) see "Mama Nuit's cosmic recipe corner" for details. [*Magical Link*, vol. V, no. 5, May, 1986]

"They shall not harm ye at all."... Here we quote Crowley in *Liber Had*. "Let the Aspirant take wine and strange drugs, according to his knowledge and experience, and be drunk thereof. (The Aspirant *should be in so sensitive a condition* that a single drop, perhaps even the smell, should suffice.)" [italics added]

Note: end of section discussing *Liber AL*. You can relax again.

Sobriety ... God how I used to hate even the sound of that word. Yet now I am in a kind of heaven with it. Integrity, to know that I am not hiding and lying, either to myself, my friends, family, business associates, especially my Angel. To remember where I've

been and what I said and what happened there. Pride, to be able to see and face things as they are. To feel kundalini unimpeded by continuous daily poisons. To experience sex with the gloves off. To realize that I had mistaken being low for being high. That the Qliphoth is not the Emyrean. That ida, pingala and sushumna are not the waste pipes of the New York sewer system.

Forget drug induced mystical experience; it is an oxymoron. At least in any lasting sense. As Crowley says above, one can learn of the existence of higher states through drug experimentation. But drug "use" is completely contraindicated for one on the Path.

My truest, most intense and permanent mystical experiences always happened without drugs. Drugs certainly had their value and place in my mystical life. They helped me to undo the early cultural, materialistic conditioning of an American childhood, and definitely opened up new realms of inner experience for further exploration. Through my reading and searching along the Path after my initial drug experiences, I encountered agesold techniques of consciousness expansion, "those means which God has appointed for His saints." If I had pursued those techniques with the same zeal with which I pursued drugs and alcohol, I would probably have been God by now. I guess I needed the other 20 years of pathology for karma yoga and character development.

To understand and accept this and not be rendered spiritually impotent by shame, guilt or hopelessness, but to pursue my will as a free man is my task now.

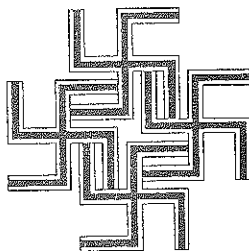
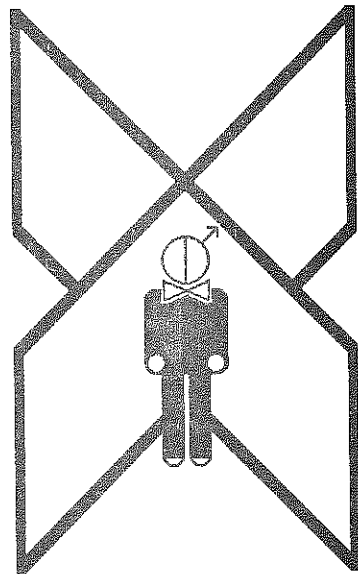
And the sobriety which I wanted so much to share with Gurney when he was alive is something I must do for the two us now, for my brother walks within me.

These words are primarily addressed to those Order members with a drug and/or alcohol problem. Most of the people in this world do not have that problem. To those who don't, here's a report from Planet X for your consideration. I'm not writing for you — I have never been able to understand your drug use. For my own psychic health, I've had to stop trying to be like you in my relationship to drugs and alcohol. But to you who share my problem, I'm afraid you may be reading the first lines of the obituary of your own drug use. For your sakes at least, I hope so.

From the ashes of his self-immolation, the Phoenix shall arise anew. "With courage conquering fear shall ye approach me: ye shall lay down your heads upon mine altar, expecting the sweep of the sword. But the first kiss of love shall be radiant on your lips; and all my darkness and terror shall turn to light and joy."

Love is the law, love under will.

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New York City



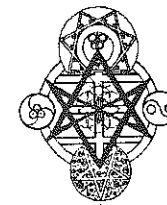
Hymn to Pan

I thrilled with love and I flew up joyfully
Io Io Pan Pan
O Pan Pan wanderer over the sea, apparar
from the ridge of snow-beaten
Cyllene, thou who leadeest the dance for the
gods.

Ajax, Sophocles

Thrill with lissome lust of the light,
O man! My man!
Come careering out of the night
Of Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan! Come over the sea
To me, to me,
Come with Apollo in bridal dress
(Shepherdess and pythoness)
Come with Artemis, silken shoud,
And wash thy white thigh, beautiful
God,
In the moon of the woods, on the
marble mount,
The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!
Dip the purple of passionate prayer
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,
The soul that startles in eyes of blue
To watch thy wantonness weeping
through
The tangled grove, the gnarled bole
Of the living tree that is spirit and soul
And body and brain-come over the sea,
(Io Pan! Io Pan!)
Devil or god, to me, to me,
My man! my man!
Come with trumpets sounding shrill
Over the hill!
Come with drums low muttering
From the spring!
Come with flute and come with pipe!
Am I not ripe?
I, who wait and writhe and wrestle
With air that hath no boughs to nestle
My body, weary of empty clasp,
Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp-
Come, O come!
I am numb
With the lonely lust of devildom.
Thrust the sword through the galling

fetter,
All-devourer, all-begetter,
Give me the sign of the Open Eye,
And the token erect of thorny thigh,
And the word of madness and mystery,
O Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,
I am a man:
Do as thou wilt, as a great god can
O Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! I am awake
In the grip of the snake.
The eagle slashes with beak and claw;
The gods withdraw:
The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am
borne
To death on the horn
Of the Unicorn.
I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!
I am thy mate, I am thy man,
Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god.
Flesh to thy bone, Flower to thy rod.
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.
And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I
rend
Everlasting, world without end,
Mannikin, maiden, mcenad, man,
In the might of Pan.
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!



ALEISTER CROWLEY AND THE RAISING OF PAN

Aleister Crowley, who was born in 1875, has become a legend as "The Evildest Man of his Generation." And he certainly enjoyed being thought so.

Before writing my first book with a black magic background - *The Devil Rides Out* - I decided to learn all I could from the best-known occultist in London at that time, 1935. Among several introductions I secured was one to Crowley from a friend of mine who later became an M.P. and one of the most distinguished leaders of the Labour Party. Crowley then came several times to dinner with my wife and I.

I found him charming to talk to and a most gifted intellectual. He gave me much useful information and, later, an inscribed copy of his famous book *Magick in Theory and Practice*, on the title page of which he had pasted a small photograph of himself surrounded by the figures 666 - the number of the Beast.

He made no attempt whatever to draw me into any occult circle and, I may add, I have always refused invitations to participate in any magical ceremony because I regard it as definitely dangerous to become involved in such practices.

In due course I met again the friend who had given me the introduction and he asked me what I thought of Crowley.

I replied, "I found him fascinating to talk to, but I don't believe that he could harm a rabbit."

"Ah," said my friend, "not now, perhaps. But he had real power before that terrible affair in Paris."

"What was that?" I asked, and this is what my friend told me:

"After Crowley left the Abbey of Thelema

in Sicily he settled in Paris and formed a coven there. I was one of his disciples and another of them owned a small hotel on the Left Bank. Crowley was very anxious to attempt to raise Pan. So the chap who owned the hotel got rid of his few lodgers and gave the whole of his staff the weekend off. Then, in the evening, the thirteen of us assembled there.

"The place had a big attic. We removed everything from it and swept it so that it was completely empty and clean. Crowley and his principal disciple, known as MacAleister (son of Aleister), put on their ritual vestments and went up to it. The Master then ordered us to go downstairs and said that, whatever noises or cries we might hear, none of us were to come up there. Under no circumstances were any of us to enter the room until morning.

"Downstairs a cold buffet had been set out with plenty of liquor. The eleven of us spent the night there. It was pretty grim. Very grim indeed when in the small hours we heard thumping and screams coming for a few minutes from the attic. But none of us dared to disobey the Master and go up. We just sat around feeling very cold and miserable. Not getting drunk but becoming stale tight through the long hours of frightening silence until the morning.

"Soon after dawn we went upstairs. To our knocks on the attic door there was no reply. It was locked so we broke it in. MacAleister was dead from a heart attack; Crowley was a naked, gibbering idiot crouched in one corner. He was taken to a French lunatic asylum and it was four months before they thought him sufficiently sane again to be let out.

On the back endpaper of the book he gave me Crowley had written the magical formula for raising Pan. The book is an interesting collector's piece but I've never made use of the formula. It is an old saying that "curiosity killed the cat" but I feel there are less unpleasant ways to die or to lose one's sanity.

The above is excerpted from his "Introduction" to Aleister Crowley's Magick in Theory and Practice (London: Sphere Books, 1972). Dennis Wheatley was the editor of the Dennis Wheatley Library of the Occult. He was also a member of LCS during World War II. LCS is the London Controlling Section's main mission was to deceive the enemy and to destroy him without fighting him." (from Sun Tzu).

The CHOICE of the VOICE and the VOICE of the CHOICE.

The choice of the voice is that of expressing or not. Binary speaking, of letting the current through or not. We could all conceal the current within us, studying and Working by and for ourselves. We could all be gratified, satisfied, silent, secretive and "Occult". But do we want to?

Is there not a greater, and more selfish if you will, pleasure in letting the current pass through you, coming in, being worked over, voiced and going out again?

The choice of the voice is then to tell (and in the case of our beloved 93rd current, the "voice" should, or rather could, be seen as something that speaks through willed work of all sorts, rather than through words and sentences / classical propaganda) or to be silent (= masturbatory esotericism).

Although T.O.P.Y. is always the sum of its active Individuals (T.O.P.I. = Temple Of Psychick Individuals), and these include a very wide variety of creative minds of differing persuasions in the weary walks of Life, I assume it's never wrong to call the T.O.P.Y.-society a "Thelemic" one. What we believe in is the inflexible integrity of the Individual and the Magickal appreciation of our existence. The resurgence of human pride, deriving from the self confidence that becomes inevitable with Magickal Work.

We have chosen Work. We have chosen to actively change our surroundings for the realization of our inner desires. We have chosen to inform, to give the Individual access to data and to give him/her the opportunity of deciding among and amidst the opportunities for HIM-HER-SELF. We have chosen to voice the voice of the 93rd current through L-O-V-E work, Openness and Unity of Purpose. It's the most rewarding way for all, if we speak in "common" terms. It's the most pleasurable one too, if we speak in T.O.P.Y.-terms...

The voice of this choice is thus Work. "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" will guide you through your Life. There is a communication already in the gleaming eyes of fierce pride of the joyous one who wills and desires and makes the dreams come "true".

It could be taken further, through simplification through words (and this is very well necessary in these chaotic times of transgression and transformation. "There's a war going on... An information one..."), or it could stand erect, a manifest of freedom, perhaps solitary but always glowing with strength and "the emotion of laughter". An inspiration for others to develop in their own schemes and gleaming dreams.

There is no greater bitterness than that of compromise. A love lost, a painful loss of any kind is but a fragment of intensity of the pain which self deceit brings. Compromise, doubt, self doubt, anxiety and weakness will put you firmly in the hands of Control. Someone else's Control. The tear that falls from your sad eye and your dulled mind will drag you even further down and eventually drown you in your own misanthropic misery. The more gloom, the more gloom.

We would rather see you strong and happy and at Work and at ease with your Great Work. Joy brings Joy brings Joy... If you could but see how simple it all is! The voice of the choice is the key to the way out. The way out of bondage and slavery. The decision, and the actual voice, becomes the twist of the wrist that liberates from the rope of the two greatest enemies of all: Self deceit and weakness.

Let the Current flow through you... Feel if you are in tune with it... If so, then direct it! "Do that, and no other shall say nay."

We wish you the best of luck!

THE REVERSAL OF FATE

All images begin in mirrors and end inside our subconscious. All conscious mirrors crack and cut; Seep blood and stain our dearest outfits. Sitting in one position, head crookedly balanced on our knee, thee muscles tremble and shake involuntarily. We are left physically and mentally corrupted nearer to thee mortality we are trained to fear and ignore. Encased in thee concrete of acceptance by our peers where it can do us harm. In describing society, its behaviour, its grandiose stupidity we can be motivated by compassion and despair coloured by not a little sarcasm and cynicism. Yet in every picture there is enervation and texture that rely upon a resented CARING for its composition. Framed by our own paranoias, framed by conditioning, framed by false witness and thee theft of all pieces of silver, we kiss thee cheek of thee land that bites us. Receiving in return nothing. Butter nothing is why we came here, nothing is what we so awkwardly strive and fight for. Nothing is our very precise confrontation with form and reason. Its easy to forget nothing and hard to describe it. What was it thee old slug breeder in thee mud once said in a moment of lucidity:

"The expression that there is nothing to express, nothing with which to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, together with the obligation to express." *

Creative action, destructive action to express a perception of thee weird phenomenon of being alive tries to illumine, clarify and describe some parts(s) of human experience, it tends to achieve long-term relevance to individuals coming into contact with it by trying to grasp, or even form, thee values that guide that experience in a given age, or in this case "SECTOR OF TIME". And whilst "Time is that which ends" culture, or better or worse, is that which does not. And thereby lies thee endless trick of learned and unsung denying explanations butter avidly seeking them. Thee mirror receives our staring gaze and we melt quite gently and sink away leaving a spooky, cloudy effect, like bleach spreading in water. To cleanse our guilt we must describe our fate, objective war zone correspondents using thee-aural language of everyday life to define our subject. Shattered or not our message remains neither fixed nor dogmatic, merely frozen moments of a deeply personal interior reflected outwards into every living room that hangs this sheet of magick upon its tatty wall. For a day, or forever, it makes no difference. True value never changes, remains in thee only real sense, constant, because only time has a constant value, and time is thee medium of art.

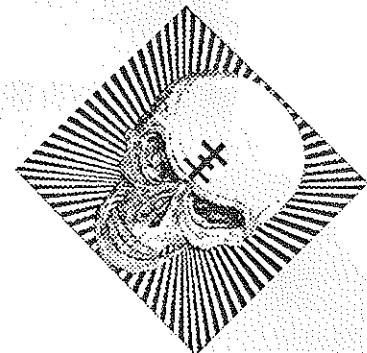
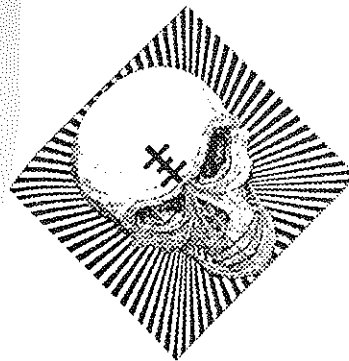
"Nothing is more real than Nothing" *

Human experience is, unfortunately, butter stimulatingly, thee experience of nothing and thee only reality it knows is thee inability to interpret itself and its mythically inherited structure.

After thee accumulation of too much history we have lost our innocence, we cannot easily believe in any explanations. We describe rather than feel, we touch rather than explore, we lust rather than adore.

So there you are...or were...

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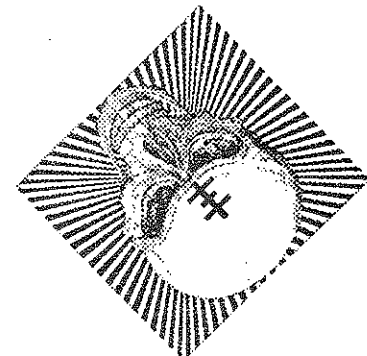
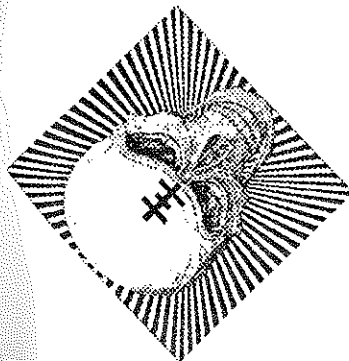
THAT'S JUST THEE WAY IT IS....

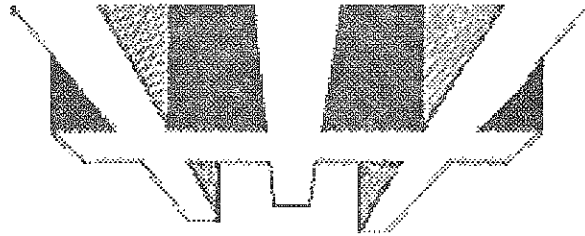
BUT WHEN ALL IS BROUGHT TOGETHER
WHEN SPACE AND TIME NO LONGER CHANNEL ALL EXISTENCE
INTO A CHAOS OV TINY PIECES
DIVORCED BY THEE DIMENSIONS FROM EACH OTHER
BUTTER INSTEAD FEED BACK THEE SPLINTERS
CONCENTRATE THEM
OUTSIDE THEE SEPARATING LIMITS OV DIMENSIONAL EXISTENCE
SO THAT ALL MY BECOUM ONE
HAVINE ONE NATURE
ONE SUBSTANCE
ONE BEING
ONE ORIENTATION
ONE POWER
ONE TRUTH
ONE KNOWLEDGE
ONE AWARENESS

THEN
WE CAN SAY NOTHING

THAT'S JUST THEE WAY IT IS

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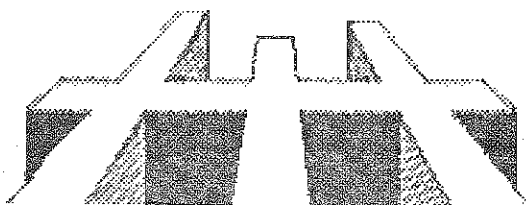




THE DESTRUCTORS: KILL MUSIC

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Anton Szandor LaVey
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It is ironic that fifty years on the book is remembered primarily because of its connection with Crowley.
A.V.

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