





The DKMU
EGREGORES

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THE DKMU EGREGORES

Frater E.S.



THESE CONSTRUCTS have been regarded as masks atop a series of archetypes, conceptual aggregates given a mouth with which to speak, psychological tools for enhanced meta-programming, or imagined as non-physical presences with their own unique attributes and personalities, depending on the preferred style of the practitioner. Some call them Godforms, some call them Egregores, some call them Archetypes, and others call them examples of Model 6 ‘designer divinity.’ They have been cited as being representative of the ultimate relativism of ‘proper’ cultural belief systems versus self-created ones. Their secret thesis is as such: “There is no inherent power to any symbol or paradigm but for the power granted to it by an individual or group. Grant us with such power, and we shall come alive.”

The DKMU entities emerged by means of a seemingly random series of events and/or discoveries had by ritual or technique, etc. held between various practitioners over several years. They are said to be emanations of the 156/663 current, or by any other title (or none at all), the current that began with the Linking Sigil and then expanded by the Chelsea Working in 2007, and empowered for over a decade by all subsequent operations.

Agents of initiation they may be, exercising their particular signatures through various channels of creative approach. Whatever the case, these constructs may serve as post-modern representations of processes more difficult to describe within ordinary languages, or semiotic antidotes for particular long-held beliefs or mental complexes which would not have had any discernible effect if they were not externalized to such a degree as to be called egregores, or spirits with their own distinct personas. It does appear that if they are not but in part treated as external entities in their own right, they feel no dire need to approach.

The practitioner should note that the example callings illustrated here are merely that: examples. They are but preliminary callings presented in order to strike up a cognitive relationship with such entities, and by no means represent any semblance of a complete ritual or ceremony. They may be expanded upon, or redesigned to serve as personal callings. They are meant to be lengthened, discarded, or to only give one an idea of the sort of linguistic elements often used in encouraging 'entities' to arrive within magickal space. The same goes with the symbolic items, and materials. They all denote a simple framework, and are wanting for alteration.

THE BIG WHEEL

Several variations of the 'Big Wheel' exist; all of them illustrate the DKMU egregores, and usually in order of their chronological emergence, beginning with Ellis. A symbol representing Khaos is often included in the center of the Big Wheel, pointing to the mythological conception that everything, including the Universe, the Gods, and human consciousness once emerged from Khaos (or Xaos). Some variations include numerous other symbols, attributions, etc. Due to the archetypes being created or discovered haphazardly over the course of several years, looking at them in this fashion points to some curious synchronicities (one

being the Red Queen, Ellis, landing opposite the Red King by happenstance) which has in turn led to some theories regarding what it is we might actually be looking at.

One theory posits the Big Wheel as a modern shamanic-alchemical map of the psyche, and the archetypes themselves as teachers or guides concerning various lessons, insights, powers, or states of consciousness. Some have said that the first five archetypes represent a particular initiatory process, whereas the other opposite five represent the fulfillment of said process, and perhaps the start of another process. In this style, the mirror works going directly across:

Ellis → Red King

Example: Magickal connection & reality as a dream.

663 → White Queen

Example: Death/rebirth & mastery over attachment.

Ino → Conjunctio

Example: The mystery & acceptance of the mystery.

Trigag → Black Queen

Example: The shadow self & mastery of the unseen.

Zalty → White King

Example: Fulfillment & mastery of the visible/the world.

Another style of viewing these uses the left & right sides as a mirror instead of going directly across (aside from Ellis and the Red King):

Ellis → Red King

Example: Magickal connection & reality as a dream.

663 → White King

Example: Death/rebirth & the master of the visible.

Ino → Black Queen

Example: The mystery & the mistress of the invisible.

Trigag → Coniunctio

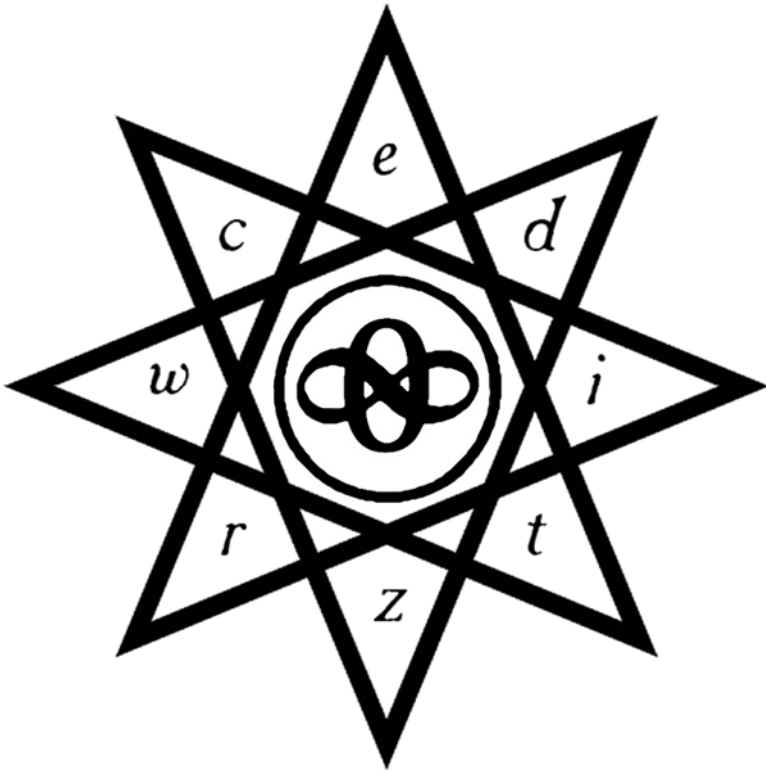
Example: Dissolving of things & combination of things.

Zalty → White Queen

Example: Meeting with desire & mastery over desire.

Another theory posits the Big Wheel as a ‘Magickal Initiation Machine’ wherein the practitioner works with each archetype in the chronological order in which they emerged, in the style of a marathon of evocations/invocations. More often than not, however, a specific egregore is worked with whenever one feels the calling or need. A variation of the Big Wheel is seen below, crafted by Nicholas Yeats, using runes to symbolize finer details.





Some prefer to use an Octogram to symbolize the first eight, with Enu & Nul (the Black Queen & White King) imbedded as hidden aspects of Conjunctio. The Nameless Sigil is held in the center of this variation. The mirrored archetypes in this model are (directly across):

Ellis → Zalty (Connection & Fulfillment)
663 → Red King (Initiation & the Dreamer)
Ino → White Queen (Mystery & Pathway)
Trigag → Conjunctio (Dissolution & Combination)

Likewise, some prefer to use a simple pentagram formation with only the first five (Ellis, 663, Ino, Trigag, and Zalty) included. This wholly depends on the user.



One may desire to combine certain archetypes in a pictorial form so as to create new and interesting connections, often used for more specific workings. The graphic above represents a union of Ellis, Doombringer, and the Red King. This may also be performed using historical Godforms/spirits, and even modern fictional characters. Example: Zalty, Ganesha, and Met Agwe, or Trigag, Mickey Mouse, Lakshmi, Aphrodite, the Green Lantern and Cthulhu! What an awkward abomination that would be, though what a curious psychic effect it might have if invoked, etc.

FUTURE EGREGORES

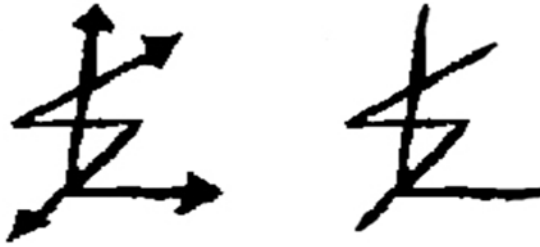
There is no reason for the creation of DKMU egregores to stop with these ten. Although placing any more in the first Big Wheel may prove cumbersome and unnecessary, a Second Cycle, and a Second Wheel, might be generated by the collective sometime in the future. Perhaps there will be multiple schemas dealing with various conceptual areas of magickal exploration. Perhaps there will be schemas dealing with specific aspects (component entities) of various egregores. Along with these, we'll always have the classics. Just as well, externalizing your own personal pantheon in this style might certainly prove to be a beneficial experiment.

SIGIL VARIATIONS

Some practitioners have been known to create their own variations of the entity sigils. These are often simplified to a degree, or suited to the personal aesthetic of the practitioner. Whatever the variation, the sigil often preserves some key elements inherent to the original so as to maintain core symbolism. Several examples of these variations follow.

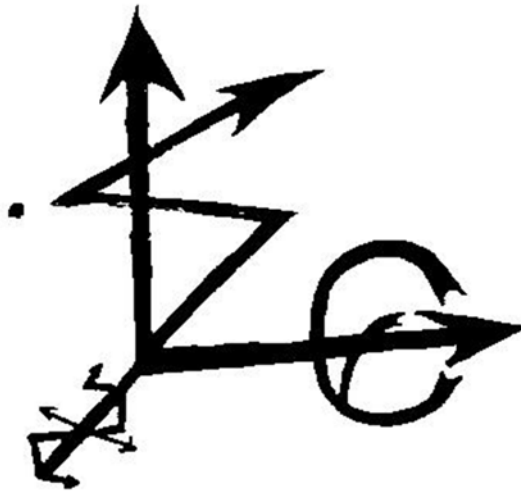
Linking Sigil Variations –

The most popular variations of the Linking Sigil also serve a utilitarian purpose. Some practitioners will not include the dot towards the left, or will not include the four arrow tips, or both. It has been said that leaving out the dot signals one's intent to work with the LS Web, and/or the rune itself, without necessarily working with Ellis 'the entity.' Leaving out the four arrow points is said to remove – or soften – the sigil's outward energetic spread, and is preferred by those who do not intend their workings to affect anything or anyone but themselves, or their own personal operations.



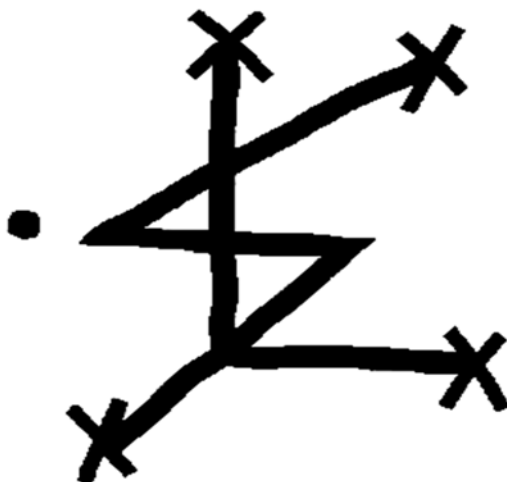
Variations 1 & 2

The third variation type also demonstrates a commonplace technique. The practitioner weaves his or her personal sigils of intent directly into the LS as both a charging mechanism, a mode of influencing the greater network, and/or as a means of energetic filtering.



An Example of Variation 3

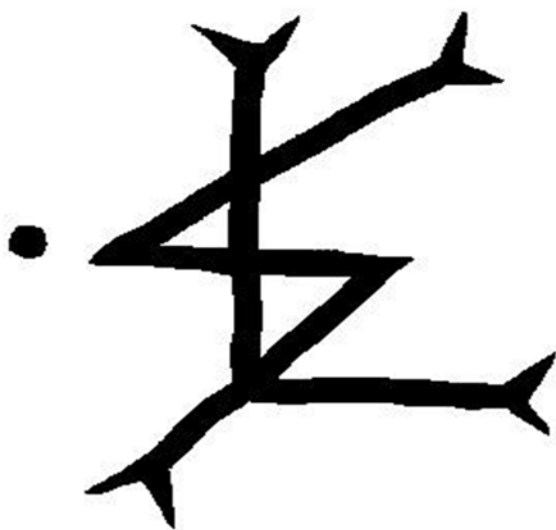
The next set of variations are specialized, or tactical Linking Sigils used for more precise intentions. Frater E.S. gives them in the first edition of *Liber Sigillum* (2012.)



Sigillum Inunctio Infinalis (Linking Sigil of Negation)

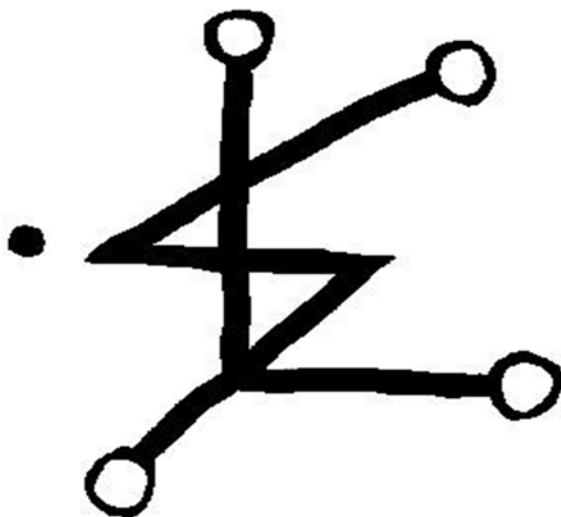
Here is a personal variation of the LS used in workings which entail the need for the immediate cessation, cancellation, containment, banishment or blocking of a particular 'energy.'

It should be noted that with the contemporary LS, where the four arrows are pointed outwards, this denotes a pushing-forwards of the sigil's influence out into the world, whereas the sigil with arrows reversed denotes a pulling-inwards, or an attraction and thereby consumption of a particular energy by the sigil. An example of how one might use the pulling-inwards variation of the LS in league with a personal sigil would be to attach the PI-LS to the upper left-hand corner of one's sigil and place them both in a particular location where the intent would be to "suck up" all of that associated energy. Say, if the practitioner intends to empower a servitor meant to increase one's sexual energies, the sigil pair would be inscribed, hidden or not, in an area where those energies are rampant; red light districts, sex shop, or a club where sexual activity is the norm and frequently indulged in.



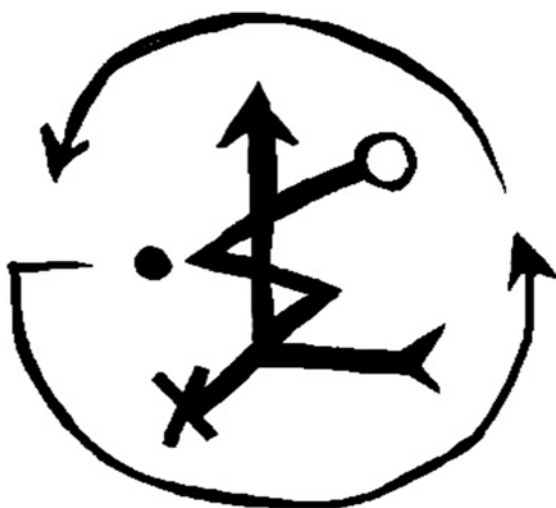
Sigillum Iunctio Attrahendi (Linking Sigil of Attraction)

This variation (PI-LS) is described on the previous page.



Sigillum Iunctio Mutatio (Linking Sigil of Transformation)

I have used this variation when the transformation of a particular form of energy into a different form of energy is immediately required. It takes a little time to ‘digest’ the target energy before the output of the desired form is made evident, although results may be detected within a few hours. I would also like to note what exactly I mean by ‘energy’, which is an incredibly amorphous and subjective thing when it comes to practical magick. I use it more as a convenient placeholder for a number of interconnected sensations: varying moods, physical and/or mental states such as lethargy, stimulation, depression, elation, paranoia, inspiration, etc. and so on – any and all self-evident states of being, including any seemingly external ‘vibes’ picked up or sensed from the environment.



The Smart Glitterbomb (Needn't include revolving arrows)

The Linking Sigil may also be made into a hybrid of these aspects, for those occasions when the practitioner might have a more complicated esoteric matter to attend to. The Smart Glitterbomb may be composed of up to 4 synchronous operations which may either be triggered off in a step-by-step manner or a simultaneous process, although I often prefer a

step-by-step, rinse & repeat method. In a counter-clockwise manner (one may also utilize a clockwise pattern) beginning at the dot, the SGB example has been programmed to:

- 1) Stun & freeze the current energy process taking place in the area.

(Think of a tranquilizer dart.)

- 2) Suck in the energy from the area.

(Think of a vampire bat.)

- 3) Process & transform the energy from the area.

(I alone know what kind of energy I want it turned into)

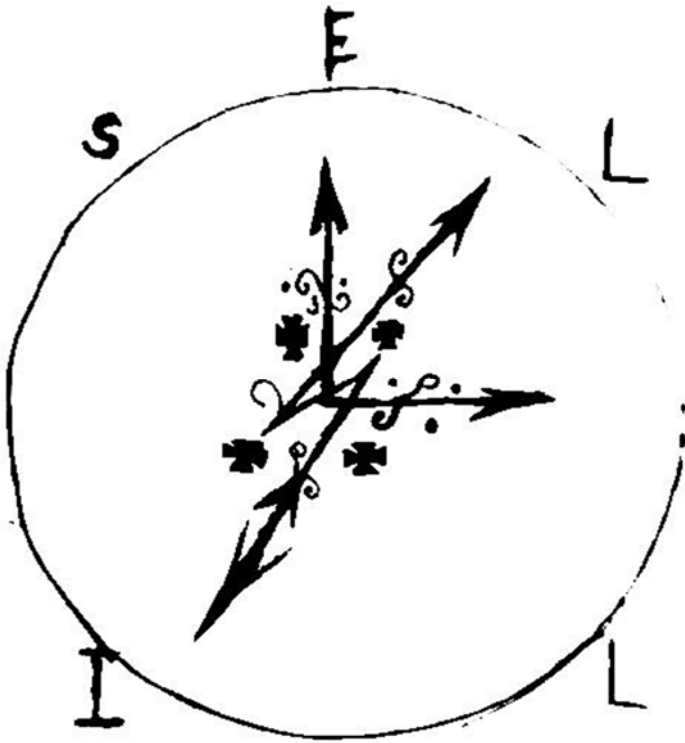
- 4) Generate & push that energy out into the area.

(Think of a virus.)

- 5) Repeat.

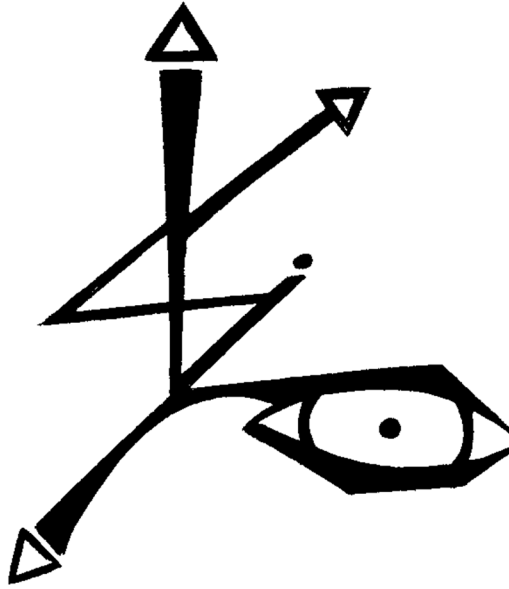
Of course, I would like my SGB to be doing this for a long, good while in that particular area. The SGB is not meant to be a readily disposable glitterbomb like many 'casual' LS tags; as easily found as washed away. Towards this end, the practitioner may be highly creative in his or her placement & application of this method.

Other Linking Sigil Variations –



The Goetic Ellis

The Goetic Ellis has since been used in a traditional ceremonial context only once, with a reported "hard time of it" during the aftermath as described by the practitioner in question. The sigil is said to have been received from Ellis directly via Frater Drakonach, although other ceremonialist details such as the associated metal, planetary sign, incense and so forth have not yet been expounded on. This is perhaps in part the reason for such difficulties as mentioned above when attempting to use the sigil in a strictly Goetic context. Not yet recommended for intensive use, although experimentation and the keeping of a record is encouraged.



The Oni Ellis

This variation was designed by Xeo Aries Ghost, also used in his own Model 6 (self-created/self-derived) magickal system: a collection of constructs called *the Oni*.

What follows is a thorough examination of the egregores. First presented in the first edition of *Liber Sigillum*, it has been expanded to include details on the last three egregores, as well as additions on Khaos & Nameless.

As to the magickal style that is used when working with these, it is entirely a matter of preference. Some treat them much like you would the Vodoun Lwa, and the following descriptions take this into account when regarding an altar, and symbolic items, etc. The ritual style used as example denotes the simple starting point of an altar, items and offerings, and a prime symbol. I recommend that you build complexity upon it, or switch between magickal styles depending on the operation, or whichever suits you. Those who travel often have been known to create makeshift working spaces in the blink of an eye, sometimes out of nearby sticks, stones, modern refuge, etc. This would likely work just as well as something more calculated and fancy, if the intent is there! One style is not inherently better than another, though it might be better suited for you.

Just as frequently, these entities have been used together alongside more historical ones. Some notes concerning ‘related archetypes’ are included.

Two more sections were also included for each, entitled ‘Tarot Symbolism’ and ‘Special Notes.’ The first is self-explanatory. ‘Special Notes’ describes any potential dangers, or final considerations. Such dangers are often the product of the practitioner who does the work, as they certainly wouldn’t apply to everyone. However, particular combinations of drugs, magick, ritual magick, and the sheer want to experience strange occurrences may, and no doubt will present strange results. **We do not condone, nor recommend the use of illegal drugs, nor do we condone physical harm enacted upon oneself, others, or animals.** Personal responsibility resides with the individual. Be smart!

E L L I S



HE RED QUEEN APPROACHES AS a quick and confident madness. Diligent, obscure, she spins the webs of discord between the cracks of an otherwise dull and unassuming monolith: the consensual reality. She appears to the uninitiated as brief doorways of chalk or spray-paint upon street walls and corridors; a series of shamanic breadcrumbs, or runic white rabbits which chart the way towards an unspeakable Wonderland. Of this location beyond the veil, she is the bridge and tunnel, reality-crack, world-connector, psychic lighthouse, Mad Queen upon the border – the dweller on the threshold of the Wild. All that which the LS marks is a node, and each node contains a reflection of every other node. The Red Queen tends to and manipulates these portions of the widening web, and for those she favors, may engineer stark coincidences or serendipitous events, though usually not without gaining a little something in return, even if naught but her own delight in the conjuration of some *healthy mischief*.

Ellis is the creation and focal point of they who call themselves *the Marander Underground*; a niche group of Chaotes who utilize Ellis as the guidestone of their work, and the Linking Sigil which houses and represents her as the foremost glyph in their self-styled operations. Some, who refer to themselves as *Fleshcrafted*, have gone so far as to permanently mark the Linking Sigil upon themselves, usually in the form of a tattoo or otherwise so as to act as a perpetual node within the Ellis Web. The concept behind the LS sigil was first proposed by Silenced, and furthered by all those who contributed. The Linking Sigil was designed by Arjil.

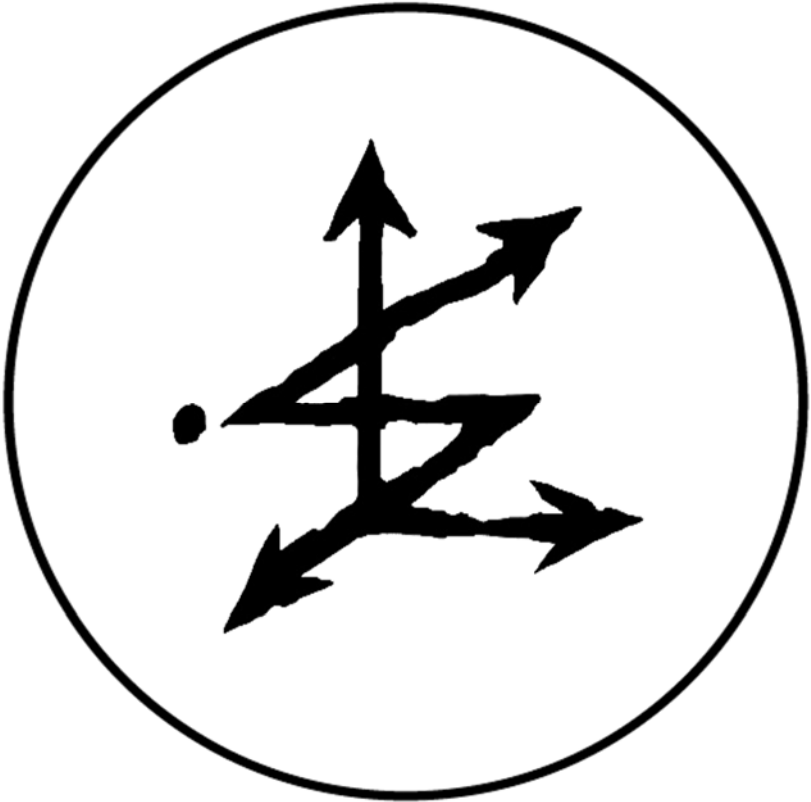


Figure 1: The Ellis / Linking Sigil





✕
When we had found beds
© 1941 Dudley Star who is under the
But for the good of earth what has been done?

✕
How that I have changed it
Let not you believe what the signs
The way is open to you to know

✕ ✕ ✕

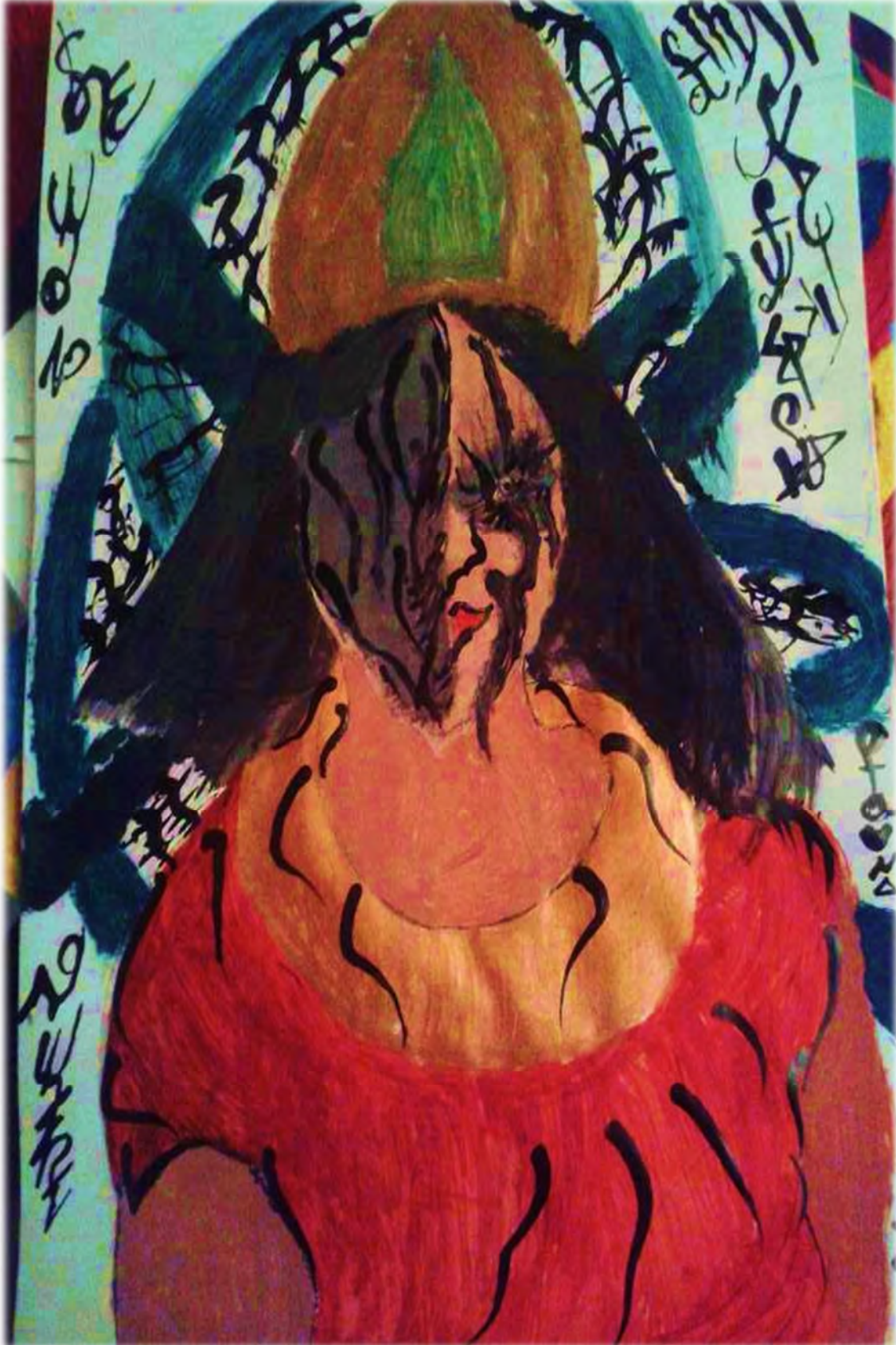
✕
The way is open to you to know
I wish to know











An Example Calling to Ellis

* * * * *

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Linking Sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A red candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me and travel forth

O Red Dweller, She who is nowhere found

But for the place of meeting which has been arranged.”

(A chime is struck)

“Know that I have arranged it

And bid you welcome into this place

The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

(A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the Linking Sigil)

(Using his pointer finger or Athame, he draws the LS in the
air overtop)

“The gate is open! And upon this mark, I unite the worlds.”

(A final chime is struck)

* * * * *

Other Names: The Red Queen, the Connection.

Related Archetypes:

Eris	Grandmother Spider
Papa Legba	Babalon
Coyote	Hecate
Teotihuacan	

Function: The Linking Sigil, connectivity and connection, feedback, similitude, marked or tagged sigils upon various physical locations make up the Ellisian Web, or Network, a field of interconnected points of locational energy, the marking or tagging of the sigil usually placed upon locations of interest such as historical sites, haunted locations, etc. Often used as a ‘power source’ by Chaos/Khaos/M6 magicians and as a means to charge personal sigils via their connection to the web, or as a means to synchronize and connect magickal works over great distances.

Appears in Dreams or Visions as: A young, middle-aged or older Caucasian woman with red hair, and red, black, and/or dark green clothing. Her demeanor often depicts a Victorian Era etiquette which may be comforting, challenging, playful, tempestuous, flirtatious, or working to reveal something to the practitioner. There are a number of stories relating to the unpredictability of Ellis within a magickal context; smashed fingers and other ‘accidents’ may or may not occur.

Number Symbolism: Associations include 5 (as points on the sigil), 333 (no relation to Choronzon), or 3:00 AM (the witching hour) and 8 (as legs on the spider.)

Tarot Symbolism: Some have said the High Priestess, the Empress, or Temperance (the mixing of worlds.)

Associated Materials: Dried damiana burned as incense has sometimes been used, sometimes dried and burned *Datura* or *Brugmansia*. Some have used red rose petals.

Other Symbolism: Animal symbolism being the spider, particularly the black widow, also the colors red and/or black, sometimes dark green. When working with Ellis, take note of the appearance of a spider, and be sure not to harm it.

Alice in Wonderland Symbolism: The Red Queen. Note that the Red Queen is not the Queen of Hearts.

Suggestions: The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele, or other such medium above or upon the altar, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added. The LS should be made with a vibrant or blood-red medium, and either with swirling patterns of chaotic colors or deep blackness surrounding. Other elements such as glitter or broken glass may be added to the paintwork. Altar items may be red or crimson, and placed in sets of three, five or eight. Arachnid imagery should be considered, and a chalice of red wine or sangria has worked well for some as a formal sacrament preceding any callings.

Special Notes: The fetish incident should be mentioned. A full account is found in *Liber Sigillum*. A statue of the Virgin Mary was found on the side of the road, then painted to become an Ellis statue. The painter/practitioner was a middle-aged Caucasian redhead. Trouble began after a working wherein she took a bath with added rose petals, afterwards marking the skin above the genitals using heat induced scarification to form the sigil. Symptoms of outright possession soon manifested, exacerbated by the use of alcohol. During these episodes, one pupil (the left?) became markedly larger than the other, signaling the entity. This culminated in another practitioner magickally battling the entity, breaking the statue, and ultimately ending the possession. Was this invasive entity Ellis, a psychological demon triggered by the technique, or something picked up from the statue itself?



hE SITS ATOP THE BLACK ZIGGURAT IN A deep and patient meditation. The structure is stained with ash and soot, though he remains unshaken. He is seen surrounded by inebriating smoke, jungle, and the waste of archaic monuments long since fallen; the opera of creation and destruction surrounding him is continual and unending.

663 does not come to the practitioner; he is arrived at. Angles warp and contort within his space; a sacred ground perhaps imbedded within the primal remembrances of the human psyche. This is the jungle of initiation; the ground whereupon the ancestors met with their ancestors – the integration of a chain spiraling back for ages. In this way, he is also the proto-shamanic archetype, the first to be destroyed and re-assembled with the addition of the magic stone. Just as well, such is the initiation he is appointed to give unto his guests: destroy, and rebuild.

The creation of 663 can be attributed to Frater Sheosyrath, a founding member of the Domus Kaotica. 663 is most often used only in times of great duress or lengthy works of a more specialized and individual nature, such as invoking permanent self-changes or varying types of initiation. He is comprable to a psychopomp. Those who he takes interest in are sometimes pulled towards his location during dream or trance, which usually entails the revealing of some pertinent information of one kind or another. During these episodes, he is almost always with a catty grin.



Figure 2: The Sigil of 663 / the Doombringer

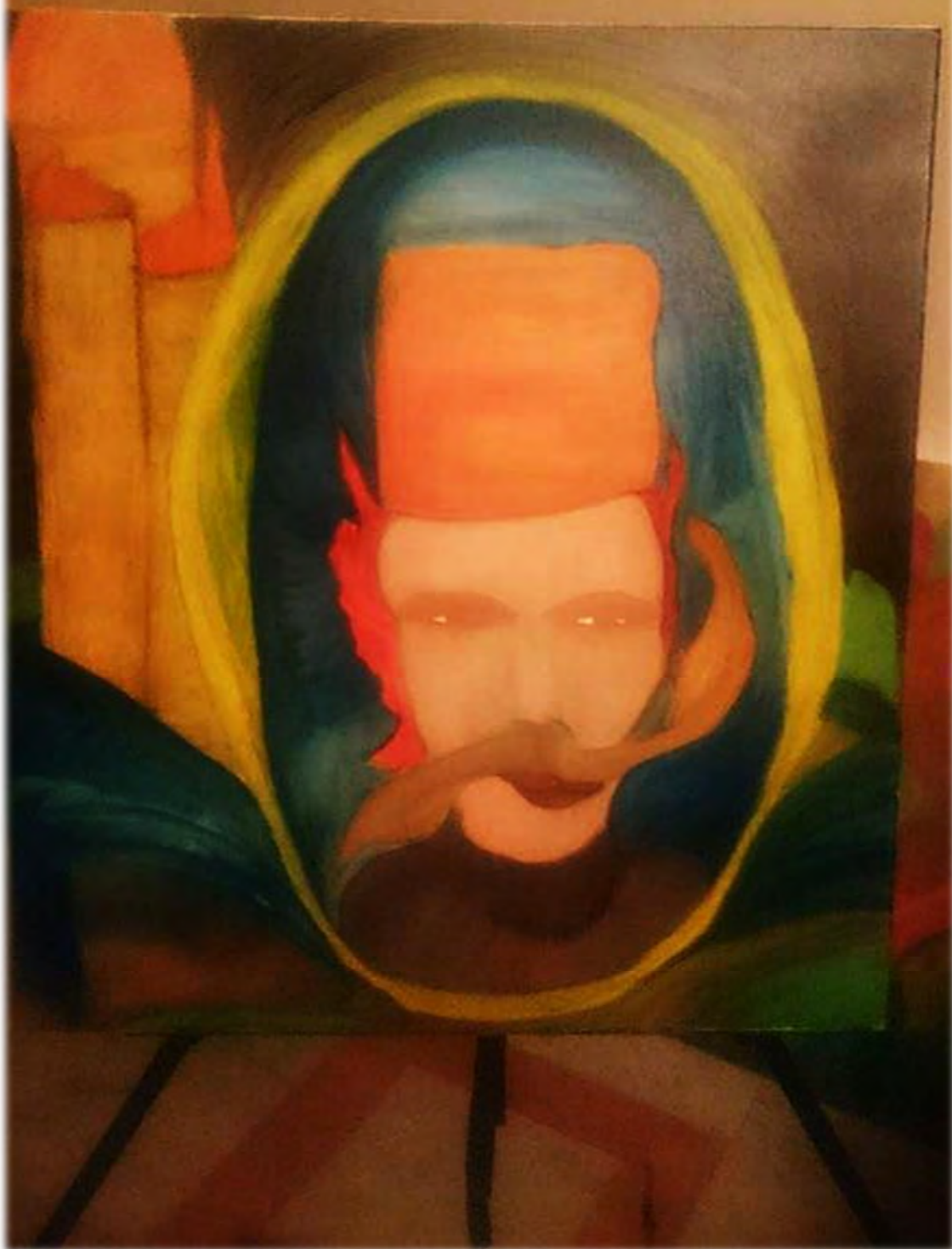




D
663 70
3 9 9
6 3 9
9 9 9
Witch







An Example Calling to 663

* * * * *

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The 663 sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A black or white candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me and allow my trespass

O Ancient Absurdity, He who initiates the seeking
For I am a seeker, and ask of you the Knowledge.”

(A chime is struck)

“Know that I am humble and willing

And tread without fear into your hallowed domain
The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

(A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the 663 sigil)

(He drinks a sacrament from the chalice, or inhales it from a pipe)

“The gate is open! Neer-may Co-mooh Rem-got Bed!”

(A final chime is struck)

Other Names: The Doombringer, the Grey Lion (also sometimes white or black), Old One-Eye, the Ancient Absurdity, the Pot-Smoking Beast, the Initiation.

Related Archetypes:

Marduk (Sumerian)

Shiva (Hindu)

Kali (Hindu)

Papa Samedi (Vodoun)

Ogou (Voudon)

Chaos (as the Beast; Thelemic)

Function: Utilized as the gatekeeper to worlds or ‘angles’ in reality, the Doombringer is also sometimes seen as a tribal mask upon the face of Khaos, albeit having a specific ‘vibe’ and functionality unique to himself. Also to initiate a "shamanic death scenario", entailing the experience of being destroyed & put back together again, with the addition of something new. In shamanic traditions, this ‘something new’ was the magical bone or stone. Experiences of initiation in general are correlated with the Doombringer. In dreams or visions, revelations or the showing of things that weren't asked to be known, but unveiled with brutal honesty, are reported. Sometimes utilized to eat or consume unwanted or rampant energies, servitors, egregores. As can be seen within the sigil, 663 is perpetually connected to the Ellisian Network.

Appears in Dreams or Visions as: Sometimes a young man with grey or white hair in a grey or black suit, or by contrast, an old soot-smeared man with gnarled long hair or dreadlocks, sometimes a grey, white or black lion, or black jaguar, or sometimes simply as his sigil. He is sometimes seen sitting in a meditative position (if seen as humanoid) on top of a black stone ziggurat. Angles and dimensions are usually distorted and/or pushed into the space he appears at.

Number Symbolism: 663, in classic gematria meaning: Slay, destroy, or scatter.

Tarot Symbolism: Some have said the Hermit or Death.

Associated Materials: His incense is cannabis.

Other Symbolism: Animal symbolism usually always being a cat or large feline. The color grey, black, white or red, and sometimes gold/yellow, deep green or brown are prominent. Playing discordant music is sometimes used, such as two or more tracks at the same time to bombard the senses. Otherwise, by the reverse, deep silence and a lack of stimulation, preferably at night, is reported to have been used.

Alice in Wonderland Symbolism: The Cheshire Cat and/or the Smoking Caterpillar.

Suggestions: The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele, or other material (etched in stone with a knife works well) above or upon the altar, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added. Items consisting of tree bark, roots, leaves and stones, animal bones, and war-like imagery such as swords, spears, and empty shells are welcome, as well as the imaginative placement of mirrors. A trend has arisen wherein a parcel of raw meat is placed upon the altar. Sometimes a small dish of meat, or vegetables, or both, cooked with Indian spices and fresh cannabis leaves is prepared as a Eucharist. If doing this, the curry should be hot (excitatory.) Hot peppers (habanero, etc.) macerated in rum has sometimes been used.

I N O



I

NO MAY BE FOUND UPON THE THIN opaque lining which makes up the impossible conception of non-existence, and by way of its equally confounding opposite: the difficult comprehension of the infinite. Betwixt these two extremes, she represents a window in the shape of an unwavering question mark, sending forth her whispers through silent frequencies and vibrant shades of invisible ink, always the mystery and forever enshrouded.

By one treatise, Ino may symbolize the archetypal Muse in all her abstract glory – a subtle, feminine, intangible, polymorphous unknown whose mysterious siren call has been the itch in the minds of poets, artists, scientists, and writers since time immemorial. By another treatise, she is the Muse invoked and stepped through; an arrival upon the plane which serves as the Muse’s inspiration, the deep and churning space of the ineffable “I Know”, the veritable Fractal Mind of the Infinite. The creation of Ino is credited to Soror Sariel.

Since Ino herself is but the question mark and open door, any such treatise which is kept as an immovable description would thus prove false, and must be left to the practitioner to probe and make immediate use of. Although we may never comprehend the mystery, *there must be a mystery*, lest we begin to clench upon our consensual reality for comfort in the face of a vast and perplexing unknown.

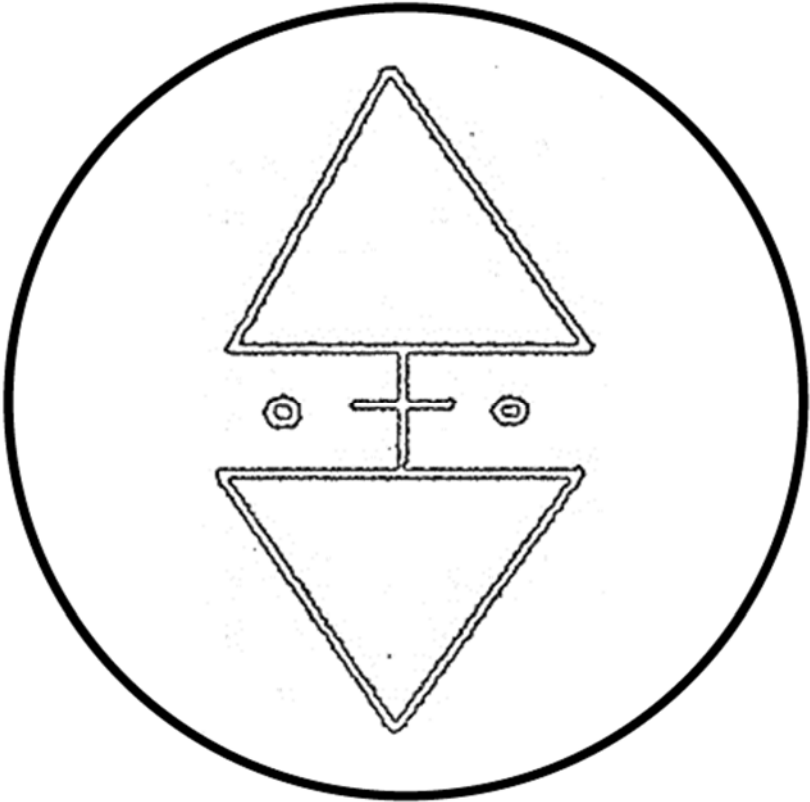


Figure 3: The Sigil of Ino









An Example Calling to Ino

* * * * *

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Ino sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A white candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me and travel forth

O Silent Muse, the emptiness which gives form
to the open door for which I seek guided entrance.”

(A chime is struck)

“Know that I am willing to bridge the infinite
beyond the gentle passage of your subtle body

The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

(A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the Ino sigil)

“Thoughts command infinite division, patterns of confusion
and chaotic creation, the fractal appears.”

“The gate is open. It shall be made clear.”

(A final chime is struck)

* * * * *

Other Names: The Silent Muse, the Empty Door, the Shattered Glass, the Mystery.

Related Forms / Allies:

Jana

Amunet

Nuit (Egyptian)

Dayea

Function: The keeper and giver of secrets, knowledge, and the unknown. Teacher of divination. As might be obvious, Ino has remained somewhat ambiguous, and in her own regard, unknown. The entity itself is almost without detail, and seems to prefer it. This is not that various practitioners have not attempted a further description, but rather that they perpetually, and curiously, tend to come out empty handed.

Appears in Dreams or Visions as: Either her sigil, in a radiant cold white, or an open door, mist or fog, and almost always with the feeling of coldness or a drop in temperature, the sensation of being nearer to lucid dream, or sometimes as a fractal pattern, or appearing within a fractal environment.

Number Symbolism: Unknown.

Tarot Symbolism: Some have said the Wheel of Fortune.

Associated Materials: Blue or white Egyptian lotus flower has been used, also dream and lucid dream enhancing herbs.

Other Symbolism: The moon, the color white or a mixture of colors, empty space, entrances (doorways), windows, cellars and attics, also ashes, broken glass and clear crystals.

Alice in Wonderland Symbolism: Some have said the Duchess (the hideous/difficult truth), or the Dormouse.

Suggestions: The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele above the altar, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added. The sigil should be created in vibrant white or subtle grey, and with a similar background, though the sigil should be viewable so as not to completely blend in with the background. Pieces of broken mirror or ashes may be added to the paint-work. Clear quartz crystals may be placed upon the altar along with other pale or white items, so long as they are symbolic of the task at hand. If performing a calling within a room where there are doors aside from the main, such as closets, these should be left open during the procedure. Windows may also be left open, as well as drawers, boxes, etc.

Special Notes: The sigil comes in two varieties: open and closed. The closed variety does not include the eyes – the top eye open, the bottom eye closed – upon it. These two varieties are said to hold their own attributes. The closed variety seems to work better for discerning possibilities, and the open variety seems to work better for discerning pathways. Either one may be used to symbolize Ino.

T R I G A G



W

EEP WITHIN ALL HEARTS ARE pitted the seeds of madness, hatred, and self-destruction; the terrible vision of our own grotesque Mr. Hydes who tread ever so carefully just behind the better angels of our human condition, awaiting the chance when they might come upon us and claim ownership for however long the fell moon lasts. Just as the mythology of the ocean is riddled with tales of a Kraken, so is the psyche riddled with tales of psychosis, murder, and monstrous transformation. It is the demon seemingly hidden away within the cold depths of our souls, and Trigag is its foremost representative.

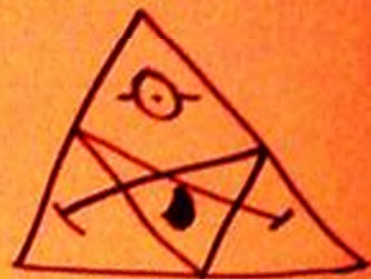
Those who readily work with Trigag are said to be a fearless lot by any modern standards, though to their credit, a figure such as this does come in handy during the courses of serious cognitive spelunking or otherwise psychonautic explorations. If one is able to clearly see what he is not, then he is able to discern by averse reflection what he actually is. Those who fail to make this distinction may find themselves at tangible risk when working with an archetype such as this.

Although the original creation of Trigag may be credited to Frater Sheosyrath and Frater Alysrose, all blame regarding his expansion, continued detailing, as well as his sigil itself, is to be placed upon the questionable intrigues of one Soror Kokabel.



Figure 4: The Sigil of Black Trigag





X

How me and from days under
O Black Country King - the who
In terrible time the bloody part
X

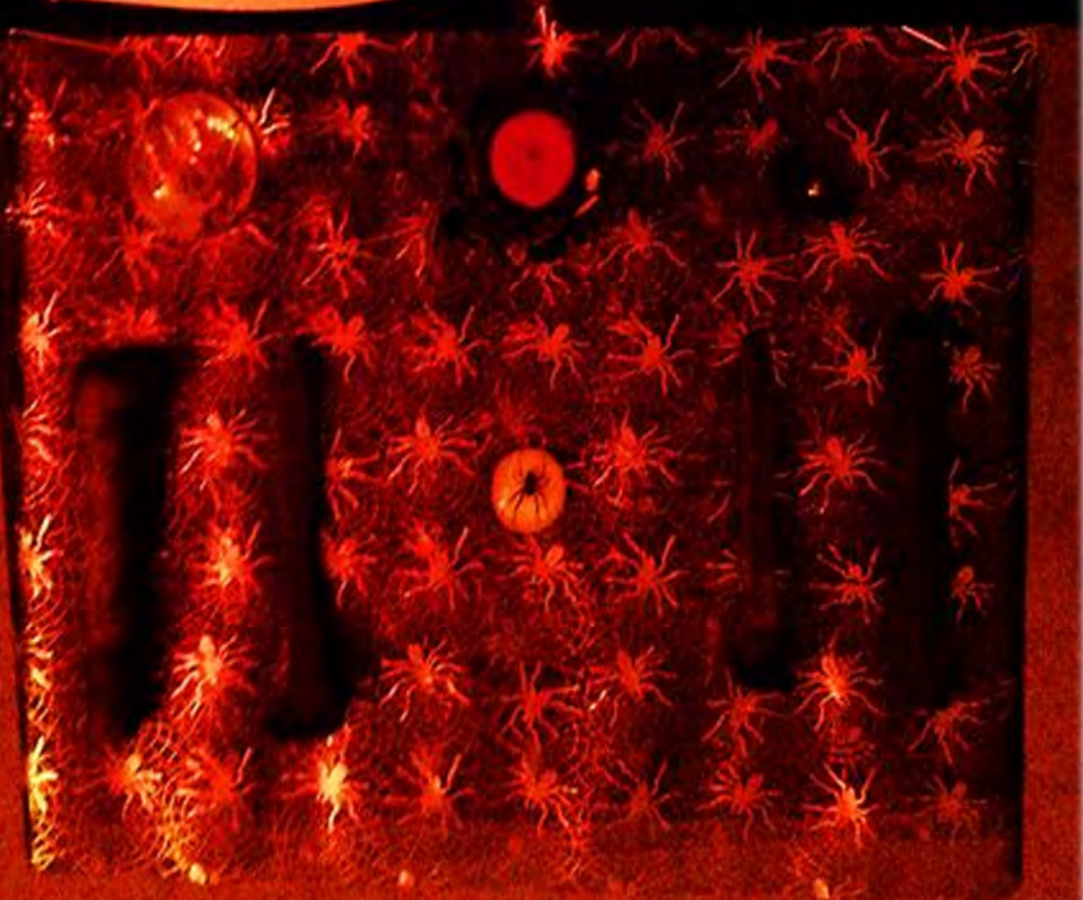
Know that I am by my own accord
Prepared to be met with your body

The date is upon the date is done
X

The date is upon the date is done
X

The date is upon

Trusts like I said but another hand
Takes place then upon another hand
Toguard this system system system system
X









An Example Calling to Trigag

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Trigag sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A black candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me from deep waters and travel forth

O Black Consuming King, He who mirrors

In terrible hue the blinding peaks of madness!”

(A chime is quickly struck and then silenced with the hand)

“Know that I am by my own accord

prepared to meet with your hasty arrival

The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

(A chime is struck normally)

“The gate is open, the path is ... LORFF!”

(A chime is quickly struck and then silenced with the hand)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the Trigag sigil)

(He visualizes the sigil entering him, and then expanding outward)

“The gate is open. Void unto me.”

“Tisath Rehor Iesah Gorf Awethteh Gowah
Tessymn Rusoith Iloen Gsorr Aruecois Gaysk
Tryommeh Raie Ihieses Gyofeem Aperom Gyilr.”

(A final chime is struck haphazardly, then silenced)

Other Names: The Starshadow, the All-Consuming King, the Laughing Deep, the Black Mirror, the Dark Night.

Related Archetypes:

Tiamat (Sumerian)
Apophis (Egyptian)
Choronzon

Function: Revealing the ‘shadow self’, the revealing of opposites, sometimes serving as a guide, albeit not directly, though one may guide himself by the visions which Trigan reveals; what not to be, what not to do, the setting of example by revealing the worst possible outcome, the worst aspects of the self, navigation by knowing the adversary, though a helpful enemy by the act of becoming known. Sometimes used to jinx or hex another due to his nature as the ‘anti’ or ‘opposite’ comprised of mistake and error.

Appears in Dreams or Visions as: A thing with tentacles, various nightmarish imagery, a single eye suspended in void, the shadow self, or reflection of the hidden subconscious aspects of the magician, or simply as his sigil.

Number Symbolism: Numberless, or sometimes 000.

Tarot Symbolism: Some have said the Tower, or the Devil.

Associated Materials: Synthetic or research chemicals, sometimes Syrian Rue (some have mentioned Ibogaine.)

Other Symbolism: Saturn or Pluto, the color black, chains, metals of many types, blades, broken objects, and the vastness of space. A bowl of saltwater blackened with ink, so high in salt content that bones may float upon it.

Alice in Wonderland Symbolism: Some say none. Others have said the Jabberwocky, if at all.

Suggestions: The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele above the altar, and at the Eastern or Southern corner, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added except during operations regarding protection from bad luck. The sigil should be marked with a deepest most black (squid ink has sometimes been used, if it can be found) with the background ranging anywhere from a dark blue to dark purple, or mixture of both. Violent scratching may be performed on the background with a knife or similar instrument, if using a wooden or paper surface. Three black candles are recommended, as is the vocalization of personal callings spoken backwards. The addition of a black light is sometimes utilized, as well as smudging a paste of Syrian Rue upon the body in the form of tribal markings, each marking representing a negative memory or personal concern. Mirrors are to be placed all around the space of the working to the point of being wholly unavoidable.

Special Notes: Multiple dangers have been reported. The combination of certain drugs, a strong ritual, and the want to confront the repressed aspects of the self may result in bad trips, potentially damaging experiences, or otherwise psychological mayhem. Due to the potentially intense personal nature of such a working, a stronger bond may be formed. Performing magick, with or without drugs, in an attempt to confront or accept deeply held psychological troubles may go north or south in an instant. In the best case scenario, they are confronted, acknowledged, and one may adopt an attitude to better him/herself after the storm settles. In the worst case scenario, these things will be fixated upon, obsessed over, and the chains may be strengthened. Proceed with utmost caution, not enough to negate the results, but enough to not be negated by *them*.

Z A L T Y



ALTY IS MANIFEST UPON THE clear crashing waves of self-fulfillment, personal accomplishment, and jovial conquest. These are not only his areas of expertise, but make up the veritable ocean by which he perpetually and preferably sails. His white-flagged ship, which is his body, makes quick due of impeding obstacles. Just as well, his wise and hardened image, which is his spirit, makes equal due of any internal difficulty, heartbreak, self-pity, self-doubt or poor self-confidence; anything which might slow the sacred mission of holistic fulfillment. Aye, there be many a rock, stone and iceberg within the troubled waters of life.

Conversely, Zalty may be seen as a Djinn-like figure; a classical wish granter, although this approach is more rare. Another interpretation heralds him among the same lot as Jesus, or a redeeming prophet-savior figure. In the end, he may be seen as all of these and more, as this is precisely how he proclaims his visitation: “Everything you want, forever!” The Navigator arrives with the sun on his sails.

The creation of Zalty may be credited at first to Frater Sheosyrath and Soror Einaphets, with an expansion and detailing soon following by Frater Alysrose, and others. The sigil was designed (channeled) by Frater Sheosyrath.

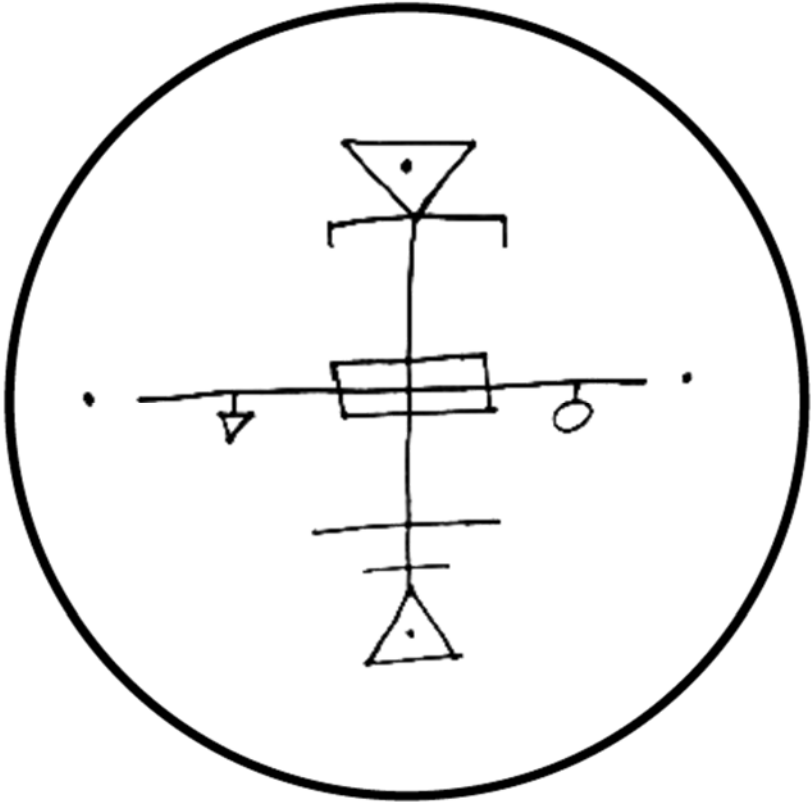
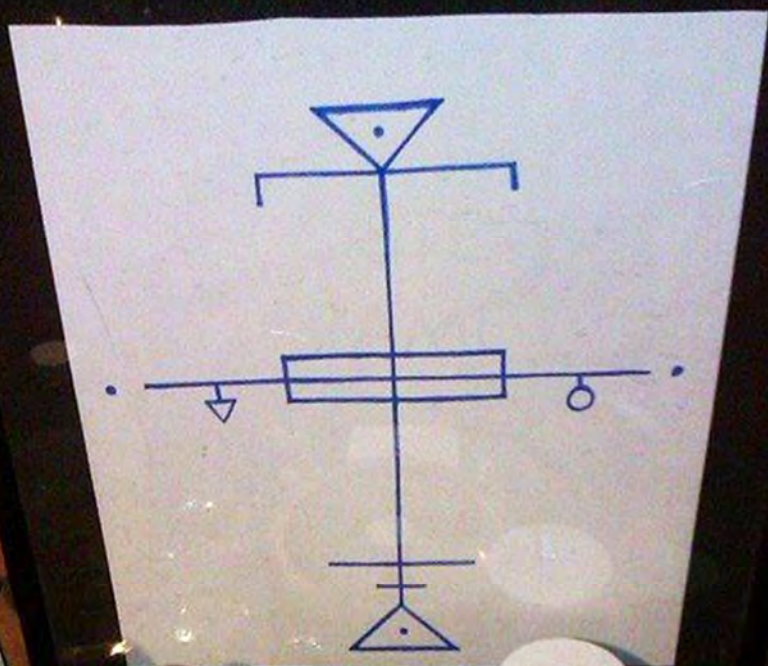


Figure 5: The Sigil of Zalty







[Handwritten notes, likely musical notation or instructions, written in cursive on the right page of the music stand.]







ZALTY



KASHA
SADON



An Example Calling to Zalty

* * * * *

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Zalty sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A blue or white candle is placed within the center of the altar
and lit)

“Hear me and travel forth

O Glad Navigator, He who is both Yung & Ole
for I seek thy counsel and joyous bounty.”

(A chime is struck)

“Know that I am of You, and that my rewards
shall also be Yours, and forever more!
The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the Zalty sigil)

(He drinks a sacrament of rum from the chalice, but does not
finish it, leaving the rest upon the altar)

“The gate is open! Zalty Lives! YA HO!”

(A final chime is struck)

Other Names: Yung Zalty, Ole Zalty, the Navigator, the Fulfillment.

Related Archetypes:

Met Agwe (Vodoun)
Dionysus (Greek)
Poseidon (Greek)
Ganesha (Hindu)

Function: Showing one the way desired, the route towards fulfillment, removal or navigation around obstacles, dealing with coincidence, confidence, abundance, wealth and success, synchronicity, control over one's emotions or life in general, revealing the Zen or Tao to an individual, keeping one on track, and variations of all of these.

Appears in Dreams or Visions as: A large white ship, sometimes in cloud-form, or an old or young man with a beard in fisherman's, sailors, captains or pirates clothing, also sometimes as an octopus or squid with a bottle of rum in one tentacle; sometimes as an island itself (often in dreams.)

Number Symbolism: 493.

Tarot Symbolism: Some have said the Chariot, or the Hanged Man.

Associated Materials: Rum mixed with sea salt and/or hot peppers such as habanero, bright colors, shellfish, precious metals, exotic foods, and exotic spices, beef jerky, sometimes unopened packs of ramen noodles, or dry ramen noodles re-wrapped in plant leaves, seaweed, or banana peels.

Other Symbolism: The planet Neptune (the 8th planet) the octopus (8 arms) sacraments of rum, tobacco, sea salt and self-made feasts (of an exotic nature) fires on the beach, the coconut and it's husks, ores or fishing poles used in ritual context or around the altar, fishing hooks, nets, grape juice or

wine, the colors white and blue, and sometimes purple (sometimes pink, though not as common), salt used in ritual to form a circle or to draw sigils, wind and water, the ocean or large bodies of water, thunder & lightning storms, rain. It is said by some who work with the Godforms that Ellis and Zalty are in a constant flirtation with each other.

Alice in Wonderland Symbolism: The Walrus and the Oysters, consumer and consumed, or the simultaneous meeting of desire and fulfillment.

Suggestions: The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele above the altar, at the Northern corner, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added. The sigil should be painted in white or blue, with the addition of beach or lakeshore sand within the paint-work. The background should remind one of the ocean, or islands. Sea salt or sand upon a wooden board may also be used to form the sigil. Materials of all sorts which relate to an oceanic or tropical nature may be added.

Special Notes: The meeting of Ellis & Zalty to form a symbol resembling a spider within a boat is said to hold power. However, one story exists wherein a practitioner felt compelled to rip the nail of his big toe off.

T H E R E D K I N G



ARE WE THE DREAMER, OR the dream? Do we dream of the dreamer, or does the dreamer dream of us? Such marks the difficult nature of the Red King. He marks a meaning which is hardly conceivable; not a symbol representing any fixed point of mundane concern, but rather symbolic up the entire scope which holds all conceivable possibilities of manifestation. He is best viewed and conceived of as a mechanism, fundamental to reality, which is responsible for the existence of any and all imaginable courses, outcomes and events which one may encounter or happen upon – the slumbering mastermind of the fractal totality – genius, madness, and all that lies in-between.

The Red King thus takes his symbolic place as the archetypal and somewhat unfathomable combination of both Fool and Magician; able to manifest thought at a whim, though lacking any knowledge as to what to possibly do with it, for in order to dream up reality, he must remain perpetually asleep. Whosoever dares to wake the Red King risks oblivion or insanity, for he or she may simply be another virtual thought in the mind of the Thing-King.

The apparent discovery and conception of the Red King may be placed upon the shoulders of Frater Alysrose, Frater Sheosyrath, Frater Samuel, and Metis O'Bedlam, and without much order therein.

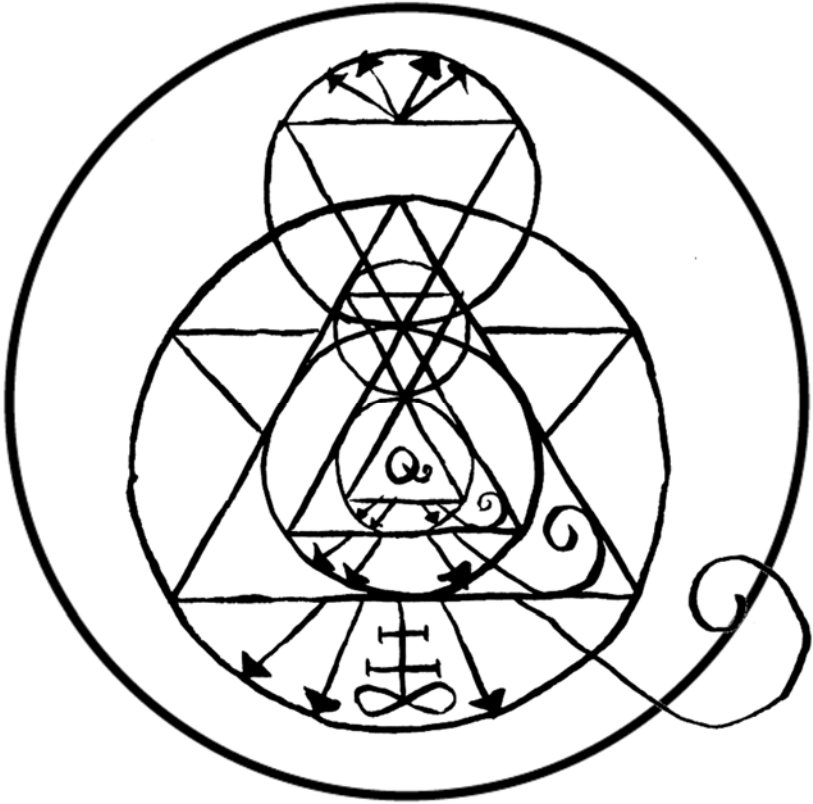
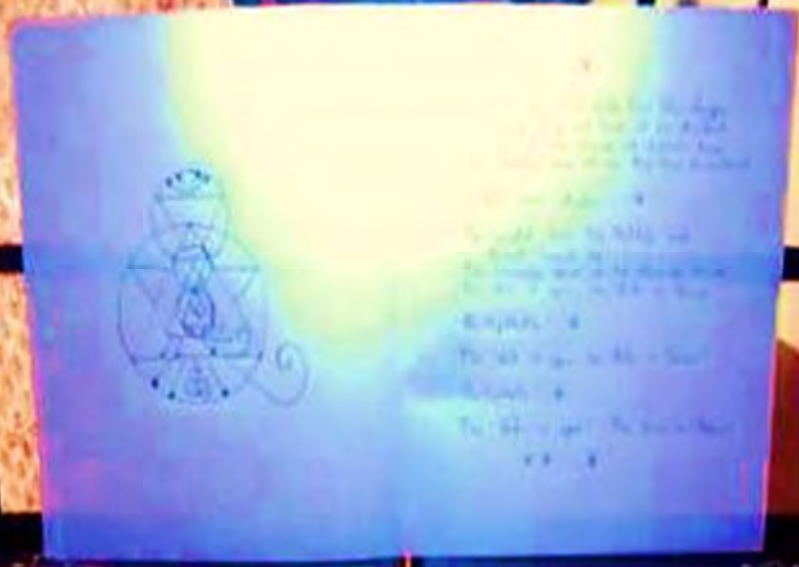


Figure 6: The Red King Sigil







An Example Calling to the Red King

* * * * *

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Red King sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A red candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me and travel forth from thy slumber

O Dreaming King and Lord of the Manifest

He who is the Eternal of Infinite Form

the Authoring Hand of the Play thus encountered”

“I bid thee awaken!” (A chime is struck)

“Be wrested from thy solitude and direct unto me

the streaming blood of the dream so desired

The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

“Quillipthoth!” (A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

“Quillipthoth!” (A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the RK sigil)

(He empties himself of all thought but for the final call)

“Quillipthoth! The gate is open! Thy dream unto me!”

(A final chime is struck 3 times, with space in-between)

Other Names: Quillipthoth, the Thing-King, the Hand that Writes, the Crimson Code, the Sleeping Crown.

Related Archetypes:

The Sand Man

The Matrix (Contemporary)

Function: The hidden author of manifestation, user of magickal language, code, symbol, metaphor, etc.

Appears in Dreams or Visions as: His sigil, or fractal depths in constant motion, sometimes a red cloak.

Number Symbolism: N/A.

Tarot Symbolism: Some have said the World.

Associated Materials: Sleeping pills placed upon the altar (symbolic function only, ingestion will not assist you!), arranging sleeping pills to make a 'Q' shape, or crown shape, also sleeping pills made into a powder and mixed with sand to form magickal shapes, deliriants upon the altar such as Datura, Brugmansia, or Mandrake root, dream and lucid dreaming enhancing herbs, writing utensils such as pens, paintbrushes, open books, automatic writings, virtual reality devices, computer components such as hard drives or motherboards, keyboards, ram sticks, monitors, mouse, etc.

Other Symbolism: Rings, amulets, swords, shields, scepters, crowns, crimson or purple cloth, items denoting royalty.

Alice in Wonderland Symbolism: The Red King.

Suggestions: The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele, or other materials such as metal or plastic, above the altar, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added but for the primary two inherent within. The sigil should be painted in bright red

and outlined with dark black, with the background composed of any number of colors and material additions. A total of six candles may be placed upon the surface of the altar in the shape of a hexagram, and of varying colors, though with the highest and lowest of the points being of two reds. A sacramental tea consisting of dream-inducing herbs may be held within a chalice placed in the center of the candles, and then drunk before or after callings are performed. A sacrament of appropriate psychedelics may also be taken at this time. The wearing of a crimson cloak or sheath is recommended, as well as the opening of any doors or windows which may be found within the room of operation. Just as well, the state of the room should be kept tidy, clean and orderly during any such activities; fit for a king.

Special Notes: Although not for everyone, workings relating to the Red King may be performed in virtual reality using the Oculus Rift or other such devices, using a self-designed virtual ritual space so as to symbolize the fractal nature of a dream within a dream, within a dream, etc.

T H E W H I T E Q U E E N



VEN BEYOND DREAM AND the many details of the real, there exists a cold and secluded place of desolation made from the anticipated ruins of past, present and future. Such marks the enshrouded domain of the White Queen. As the Red King is the archetypal dreamer, she is the eternal means of possibility and pathway which any form of manifestation might take. She is the universal software, charting the way, as the Red King is the hardware, crystalizing the reality-data which she emits, destroys, or reduces to ash except for those rare occurrences which she might grant passage.

Her empty landscape is that which allows for all and any manifestation to occur; all but potential shadows within her dimension. She cannot be summoned, called upon or invoked – the practitioner must arrive upon her, and by way of trial and hardship, although sometimes via a peculiar, natural inclination. To contact the White Queen is to lose any semblance of personality, identity, place and time. Those who attempt direct contact all but fail, for her domain is beyond ordinary conception, though isolation and extreme instances of retreat may indeed be the trigger. One must give themselves up in order to know her body.

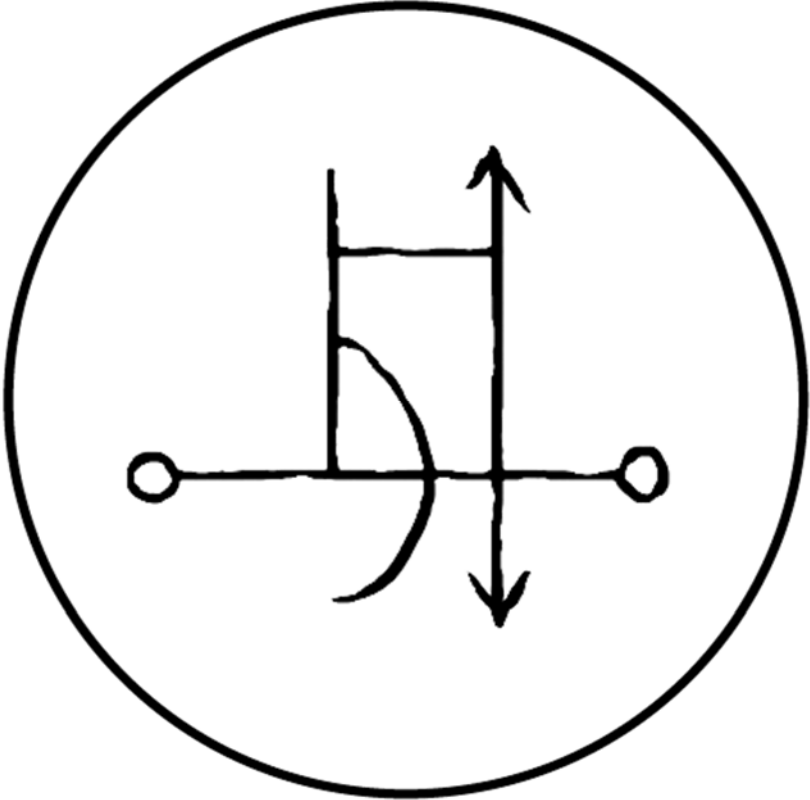


Figure 7: The White Queen Sigil





1. The first part of the book is
the history of the book.

2. The second part of the book is
the history of the book.

3. The third part of the book is
the history of the book.

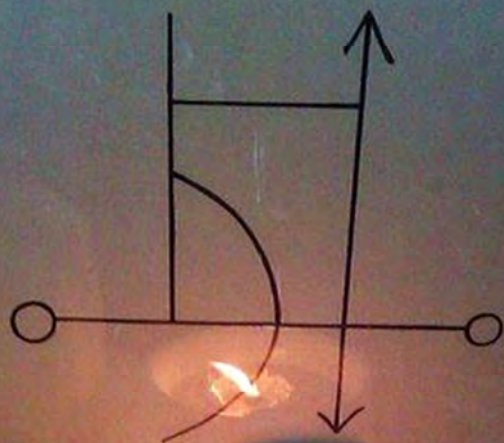
4. The fourth part of the book is
the history of the book.

5. The fifth part of the book is
the history of the book.

6. The sixth part of the book is
the history of the book.

7. The seventh part of the book is
the history of the book.

8. The eighth part of the book is
the history of the book.



An Example Calling to the White Queen

* * * * *

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The White Queen sigil is held at the forefront)

(A white candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

(A chime is struck)

Hear me and travel forth Ô White Queen

Head Mistress of the ineffable mysteries

All paths are deleted, all info is lost

Save for the mystery of the Great Beyond

(A chime is struck)

The knower and the known are distorted

All Gates lead Beyond

All Gates are open, all Paths are gone!

All Gates are open, all Paths are Gone!

(A chime is struck)

Open the Gates, Delete the paths,

From Nothing to Otherness

The Path is Drawn.

(A final chime is struck)

Other Names: The Frozen Waste, Absolomsilioth

Related Archetypes: N/A.

Function: That which permits manifestation.

Appears in Dreams or Visions as: Her sigil, or a pale woman in a flowing white dress, or felt as a presence.

Number Symbolism: N/A.

Tarot Symbolism: Some have said the Wheel of Fortune.

Associated Materials: N/A.

Other Symbolism: N/A.

Alice in Wonderland Symbolism: The White Queen.

Suggestions: N/A.

C O N J U N C T I O



REMEMBER THAT DIVISION IS ultimately an illusion. Conjunctio marks forces conjoined that do not penetrate the veil, but dissolve it. In this it seems to rise above but its secret is that it is both above and below simultaneously: the Alchemical Marriage of the Red King and the White Queen, an apex of union. If LS and Zalty open doors then Conjunctio is the door, and the frame, and the structures they stand in, as well as the illusion of being all of these.

INO reflects Conjunctio back to us from across the abyss. The image returns distorted and fractured lest the eyes that see have understanding. In that very moment despite any understanding or knowing, the eyes that see have been defined. They are once again separated from the whole. Conjunctio lost, the experience only able to be explained and revisited in allegory. Deeper truths are beyond translation. In this Conjunctio is both known in its apex, and unknown in all other moments.

The mystery remains mystery to memory.

The cycle continues.

* * * * *

Conjunctio is a chimeric type Godform made of the sum parts of the mages experiences and powers attained with the DKMU egregores in assimilated or random combination of attributes at any given moment of the invocation experience, making the individual unique in and of conjunctiosis and every experience with Conjunctio unique as

the individual, in theory. Straight up raw experience of all of egregores at once is possible, leading to an experience usually understandable after later invoking and experiencing the individual Godforms again, reverse engineering a mindfuck basically if such a event occurs. Side effects may include but are not limited to: paradox, craving odd food and drug combinations, inexplicable behavior patterns, brief omniphrenia that tends to taper down to normal schizophrenia after a period of time, multiple transmutational events in the Ellisian web around you, several egregore voices at once, a massively huge egregore voice roaring information, visions of multiple realities and random systematic destruction of your paradigm or paradigms.

Editor's Note: The above text is by Mad Queen and Ethan Lewis.

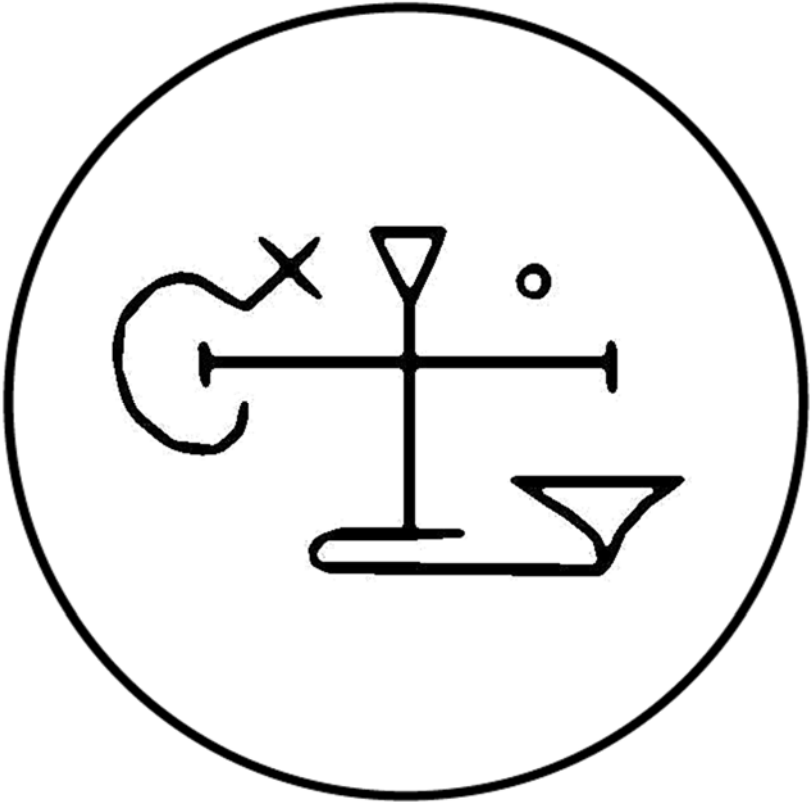
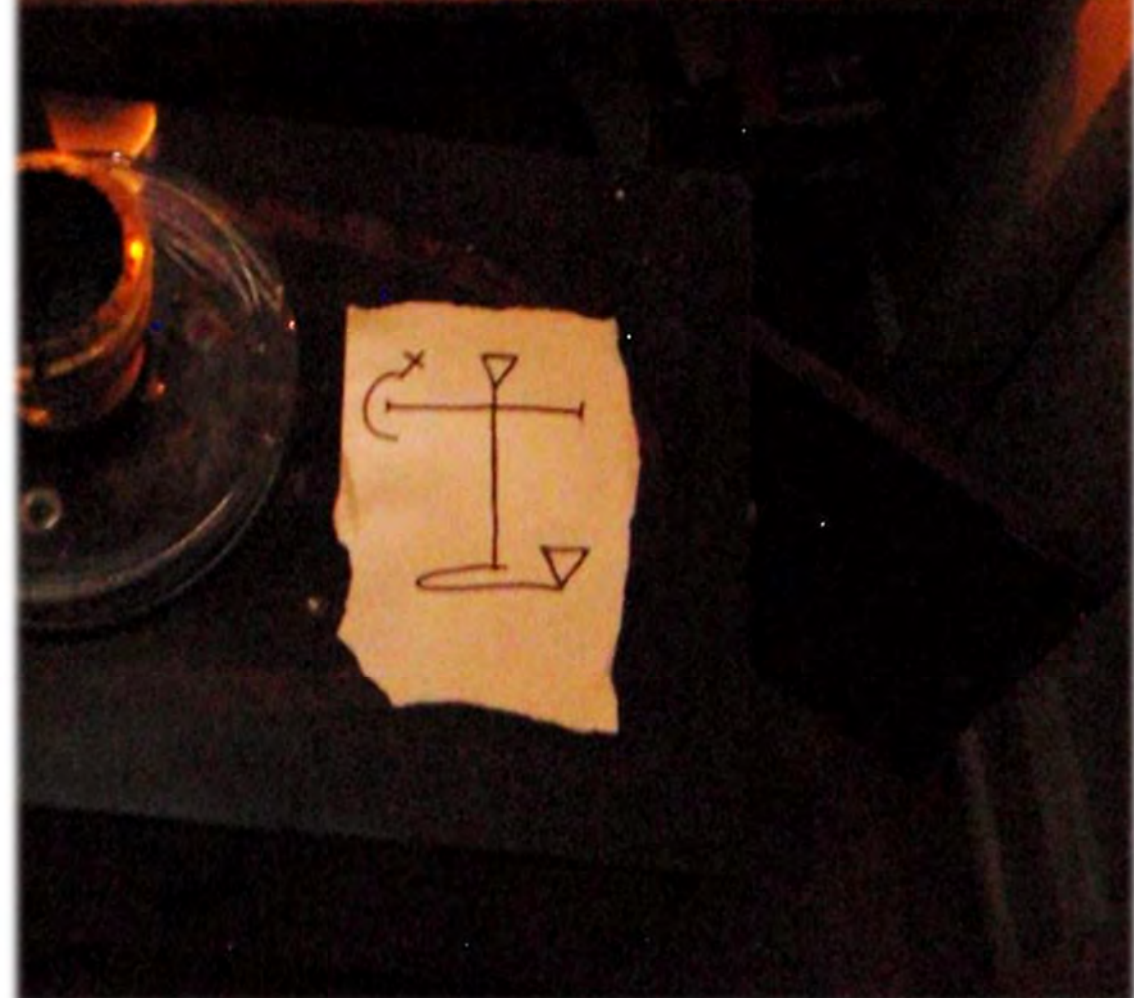


Figure 8: The Conjunctio Sigil





An Example Calling to Coniunctio

* * * * *

It is best at this point, having done the previous work, that the practitioner create his/her own calling to Coniunctio, having been introduced to the previous Egregores, one may even ask an Egregore for assistance in creating a Coniunctio calling befitting of the current variables of the practitioner in question. Although this advice applies to all of the Egregores, we feel it even more befitting here.

* * * * *

E N U / N U L



THE CUSP OF THE incalculable infinite are found the twins. Enu and Nul are children because the whole thing is a game. They like toys and games which represent the world; the two are much worldlier than the last few egregores. In terms of the cycle – at least the way I did it, with the twins outside and after the main progression – what the last three have had in common is that they are all “scarcely imaginable” due to being everywhere at once. Then, when you’re tired of trying to multiply infinities, Enu/Nul is a return to limitation and definition, but this time with the understanding that allows circumstances to be manipulated. They have to do with problem solving and one’s ability to “architect” or design the world around them; it reminds me of the type of magician that pulls bunnies out of hats. What they reveal allows you to more effectively shape your surroundings.

It’s our job to find the moving parts in the world, like a puzzle where all but a few parts seem locked in place, and we just have to fiddle with the mobile parts until we figure it out. So they might associate with tools as easily as with toys, which are the same thing in a child’s mind; any kind of tool, from a hammer to a pencil. Any of the egregores could be described as lock picks for reality, but these two especially.

They’re a tool that loosens pieces (Nul) and puts them into a new place (Enu). They’re also children, with all the themes of duality and the death of the old, birth of the new, that others have mentioned. They explore, play, and make the future. They’re two different kinds of curiosity. Enu is sweet in the way that sweetness feeds and allows growth. There’s more to her than that, though, this is all just scratching the surface. Nul is sort of empty, like air, and he’s an aspect of death, so there’s all that. The shadow of the earth over the moon, whereas Enu is the full moon

Editor’s Note: The above text is by Avianna Ringtail.

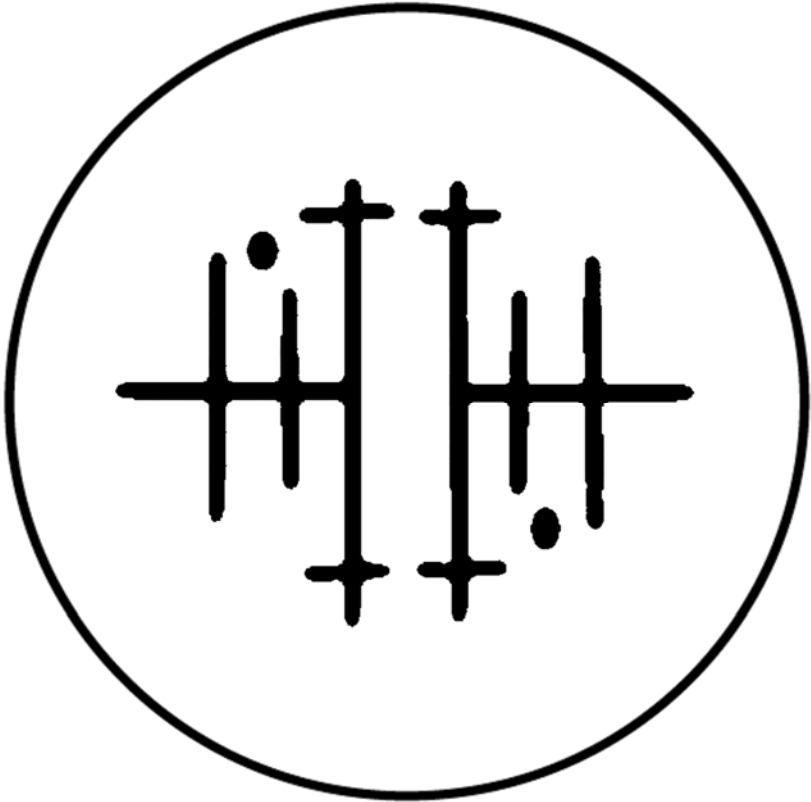


Figure 9: The Enu / Nul Sigil

An Example Calling to Enu / Nul

* * * * *

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Enu/Nul sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(One black and one white candle are placed within the center
of the altar and lit)

Hear me and travel forth O Dancing Twins

The Black, the White, Bifold progression of the NU

Which sunders the ages.

(A chime is struck.)

I wait upon the threshold of creation

To participate in its unfolding.

The gate is open, the path is drawn.

(A chime is struck.)

The gate is open, the path is drawn!

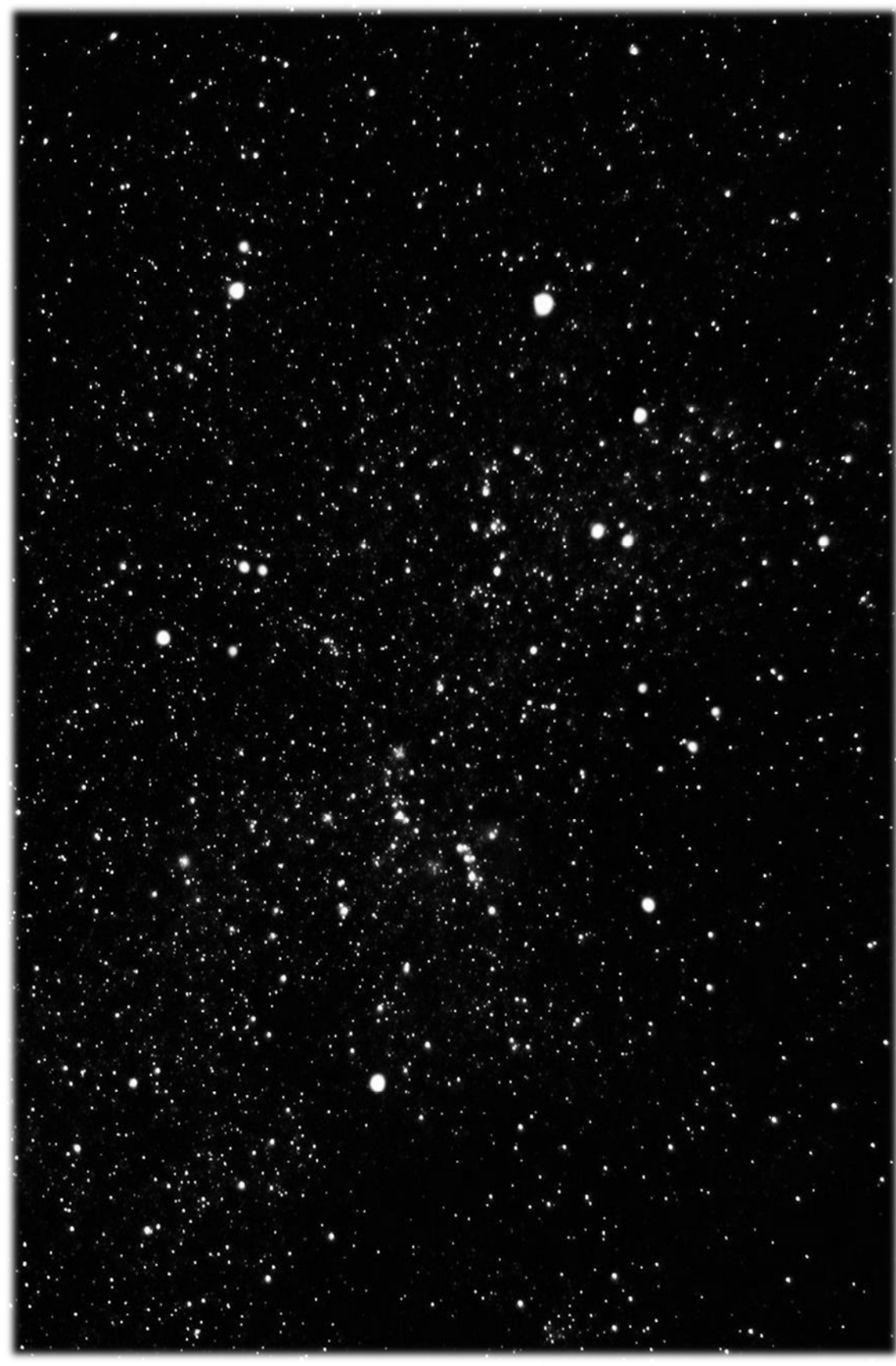
(A chime is struck.)

gaze intently on the sigil

(Stream of consciousness calling goes here.)

The gate is open. Our lives split always.

(A chime is struck twice in succession.)







EGREGORE NOTES

Various



THIS SECTION collects various experiences, notes, and rituals derived from practitioners who have worked with the egregores/godforms. A good portion of it arrives from the document, ‘The DKMU Godform Cycle 2015 Edition,’ by Idris El Senussi, Tara Flower, Avianna Ringtail, Frater Theobald, and Radulon40crotch. This document begins below.



Premise:

Sometime in January 2015, a number of DKMU members expressed the desire to have a Godform cycle – a collective magical exercise where the goal is for each participant to make a series of invocations or evocations or transvocations of the “canon” DKMU Godforms in order. All participants do the same Godforms in more or less the same timeframe so as to facilitate the comparison of results. After that, we give ourselves a one month period for everyone to write out and share results, with the eventual possibility of all participants to a final compendium / grimoire for future reference. This text is the result.

Original Timeframe:

March 1-7 : Ellis

March 8-14 : DB / 663

March 15-21 : Ino

March 22-28 : Trigag

March 29- Apr 4 : Zalty

Apr 5-11 : Red King

Apr 12-18 : White Queen

Apr 19-25 : Eno & Nul, the twins.

Apr 26-Apr 30 / May 2 : Conjunctio

May 3-31 : writing and sharing of results.

June 1 - ??? : possible collection and formal publication.

SUMMARY OF EXPERIENCE BY IDRIS EL SENUSSI

All I can say this experience was pretty much like this: picture you seeing everything you know that you feel fear to do and you see it right in front of you and you see all the monsters at the end of the pit waiting for you to gnash at you with jaws wide open and someone comes and pushes you right into their mouths, the more you fall the more you find yourself losing your skin, losing your bones, and losing all sense of direction that you thought was right and understandable to use, the closer you get to the fall you feel an immense heat where even your skull starts to burn off and your brain starts to melt down bit by bit, until you suddenly find yourself falling into the mouths of those monsters, but it doesn't hurt you anymore because all that made you thought it would had just disappeared and the monsters just dissipate into the water they used to be and your body gets reformed by the sand of the cliff that you fell from, the mud of the water that you fell into and the water nourishes your body to recreate itself again.

CHAPTER OF TARA FLOWER

I was really keen on the suggestion to have a common pattern to all of the rituals this time. Even if you're not going to have a fixed format like in ceremonial magic you still need some structure and some input from those who are more experienced. So I had the same red candle burning during each of my rituals, as per Frater Theobald's idea, and I also used the Transvocation of Chaos and the Seven Gates of Chaos each time. For music I still use the Konceptonomicon which Ellis D. Williams compiled at the end of 2013: it has general songs about Chaos and songs that are linked to each godform.

I decided to have clothes, candles and altar cloths in the appropriate colour, which for most of our godforms is either red, black, or white, and to include some meditation and divination each time. Divination was something that quite a few of the participants said they wanted to include.

When I cast a circle for chaos magic rituals I just draw a basic circle with my wand, seeing it as spherical rather than a flat ring, and add basic banishing pentagrams. That is what is recommended in Liber Null. Usually I sprinkle a little salt and sage around the outside as well to make me feel more confident about being protected.

ELLIS

There's a little group of items I've acquired (mainly red ones) that I always I put on the altar for Ellis because they are connected with her symbolism. As well as those I had rose incense, raspberry cake and cherry brandy.

Yes, overdoing the red! I put on the music, cast the circle and read out part of the Transvocation. The reason for it being „part of“ was that a lot of the lines I didn't feel comfortable saying because they were too left-hand path for me. Somehow I keep ending up with people on the left-hand

path- the majority of those in DKMU come into this category, but I've got conflicting feelings about it. So I only read out the middle section.

Then I read the 7 Gates of Chaos which appears to be for invoking. That's extremely useful for me because I've never managed to learn invoking pentagrams, only banishing ones, and this can be used in their place.

Next I called on Ellis, and I had a really ecstatic experience. When I offered her the incense my heart center opened and I felt like there was a channel through my heart and the veil was torn open through the channel. In my mind I could see blood flowing away in every direction. Then the chakra rotated in time with the music that was playing. When I offered her the cake the same happened to my third chakra, and when I offered her the drink the same happened to my second chakra. I sensed that Ellis was using a finite amount of energy to produce these effects and yet I could have carried on experiencing them for longer than I did. They were rather overwhelming, especially the first one.

When I did some meditation on the Spider Queen picture, which I had on my desktop, I experienced the black background as the chaos void and the spider as the cosmos, and Ellis as Shakti, the Goddess at the center of it all. It was very oriental. Then I became united with her and it was me who was Shakti, while the channel down the middle of my spine (the sushumna in Yoga teachings) became the cosmos. It was a lovely feeling to get lost in all this Yoga symbolism.

For the divination I looked into a black mirror, however all I could see was rocks and seascapes, and also a landscape from a meditation a long time ago which influenced something I wrote that week.

When I closed down I reversed the 7 Gates and banished each gate with a banishing pentagram, and that worked very well.

DOOMBRINGER

For Doombringer I had everything black and I called him using the 'one and only' invocation. Doombringer always has a good sense of humour and this time was no different: he told me that the black cloak I was wearing looked ridiculous. It was from a Pagan group that I used to belong to; the leader decided we were going to make cloaks but I didn't want to, and it never got finished. He said, "Why don't you wear it the other way round?" I took it off and turned it round and he was right, it worked better back to front!

I always offer Doombringer tobacco because I know he likes either tobacco or pot. He reminded me of the first time I invoked him, that time when he showed me how to go to the next step after communicating with him and turn it into possession. I hadn't done it since, but he said that the intervening time between then and now did not exist.

During the meditation I had some very good insights. I saw that I exert too much control over those urges to break all the bounds and be creative and violent, those urges that Doombringer rules over. The excitement that I feel when I take part in DKMU activities is the chaos that I restrain too much, and I should express it and use the stimulants which I have noticed will increase it, because it is this excitement that turns into excitatory gnosis.

This time I did a different kind of divination, a seven card tarot spread, and the cards were justice, queen of swords, ten of wands, nine of swords reversed, prince of cups reversed, five of pentacles and temperance reversed. I didn't interpret this reading for a few weeks- when I did I noticed it was pretty blunt about some of the people in my family. If I was to put my own interests first I would take a dim view of these people. Maybe Doombringer is also connected with self-interest for your own good.

INO

Ino is the one I have that special rapport with: I write stories with her and channel stories from her, and sometimes I write poetry about how she has been my muse and inspired me. It was one of those poems that I recited in my ceremony for her. I haven't got a collection of items that I put on her altar like I have for Ellis and Zalty - only a white crystal, but it's a special one because it's the one I saw her in the first time I did an Ino ceremony.

Before I started the ceremony I was aware of a large number of invisible beings coming into my bedroom to watch, and I wondered why they were doing it this time but not the previous two times. I thought that might be due to my special relationship with Ino.

When I came to the part of summoning Khaos with the transvocation it was much more powerful than the previous times, and even with only saying the middle section I actually got him. The atmosphere changed very strongly and I could feel the presence of a being that was a personification of chaos. It was quite frightening because I could palpably feel that chaos void, and I wondered if our marathon was a good enough reason to summon such a powerful being. There was nothing I wanted to ask him for and I was afraid that he would think I was wasting his time. That did explain why all the observers were there because they know when evocations are going to work before we do. In the end I asked him politely to preside over the ceremony.

I carried on and summoned Ino, reciting my poem and giving some elaborate offerings for us to share - rich chocolate cake and vanilla incense and a chilled coffee drink - I really like those.

I tried to see Ino in the incense smoke as well as visualize her. That didn't work, and then it came to me that there's no need to make scrying too difficult, it's better to use something that I can habitually see pictures in. I always see pictures in fabric patterns and coloured backgrounds, and sometimes crystals.

So I looked at that lovely painting of the Ino sigil with the dark blue background which was on my computer screen, and I saw Khaos and other gods in the blue area. The chaos void was also emanating out from that area.

Khaos changed his form several times, but most of the forms were like a horned demon. When I gazed at the Ino sigil it doubled many times into two entities. I've always thought that Ino and Aeon are twin aspects of the same being, and I'm also convinced that I found her in E.A. Koetting's book as Mammy'Aon, but I don't know whether others would agree with me that they are the same. I believe she has always existed in alternative forms giving the gift of artistic inspiration.

I meditated for a while and the sigil continued to change - the eyes in the picture helped it to change into a face and it also corresponded with one of the music videos I always use for Ino. I didn't feel calm and peaceful though - I was frightened and chilled because of the atmosphere. At the end I made sure I told Khaos that he could leave, and it was quite a relief when I closed the gates with the pentagrams and the atmosphere returned to normal.

Ino's week in our marathon corresponded with the Spring Equinox eclipse, and I was interested to see that the eclipse was going to take place during a creative writing class that I have been going to. I read out my poem for Ino again at the class in order to send her maximum energy from the eclipse. The people at the class didn't understand it though - they all said in unison, "Aaaah, it's a love poem for your sweetheart!"

It's pretty obvious to me that it's about someone helping me to get back writing ability that I had lost. Here's the poem, so judge for yourself. As I said on the forum, I know it isn't in a doom and darkness style but that doesn't feel authentic.

You described the horses
So the audience could see them.

I only loved the horses - I could not articulate.
You described the cherry cake
And a song from my childhood.
I saw the red, the village green,
Yet still I only loved.
The tasks of every day cover up frustration:
Over many years I forgot the unexpressed,
And the crowd who went unmoved,
And the phrase that went uncoined,
All forgotten till I met you.

TRIGAG

I wasn't sure whether I was going to include Trigag, and I wasn't the only one - others said they had doubts as well.

On the first morning of the week for Trigag I dreamed that we were all in a kind of commune together, doing the godform cycle by making models like golems. It was Trigag's turn but I was scared to make him and made Red King instead. Then two other people joined in to help me, so we made Trigag between us using a doll I found as the base. I woke up as I was breaking the ornate ears off the doll because they looked more like something one of the other godforms would have.

After I woke up Trigag spoke to me- he said I could skip the ritual if I wanted to because I had just done it. I wasn't sure of his motive for saying that – I thought he meant that I had better get it perfect and if not he can eat me, because he had given me the chance to skip it!

In the end I did do a ritual. I didn't fancy the idea of calling TWO dark and powerful entities, so this time I changed the transvocation completely so that it was only a statement honouring Khaos. For summoning Trigag I lit three black tea lights arranged in a triangle shape, and said some of the lines from Liber Sigillum which call him "Black

Consuming King.” I always offer Trigag bacon as I have heard that’s what he likes. Also I always put my two black obsidian crystals on the altar - one of them is actually a triangular shape.

The first thing I saw was six moving spots of light in between the candles and the sigil at the front. I had just corrected my drawing of Trigag’s sigil to ensure there were six spots in it, and because of that I felt that the six moving lights represented Trigag as present and alive. Then I got a feeling inside of peace and purity: it resembled what a Yogi would feel while meditating, and I remembered that when I first invoked Trigag I had felt the same thing. He does represent a destructive storm, however there is a still center to the hurricane which you can feel when he is actually there. Then after he leaves you may gradually be affected by the hurricane in daily life.

I did some meditation looking at the picture I had posted for the week in the Facebook group, but unfortunately it didn’t have any energy, so I looked at the sigil I had drawn instead and I did receive a great deal of insight from that.

When I first invoked Trigag, for reasons that would take too long to explain he appeared to me as a monkey.

Now he seemed to be a monkey and a king both in one, and I contemplated the way in which a human being is both a monkey and a king, and also evolves from monkey to king. The godforms are designed to assist us with this evolution. As well as the monkey and king I saw a zero and a double circle.

After that I did some scrying in the triangular obsidian stone. I saw an aqua aura crystal attached to the end of it.

These are long white crystals which are supposed to help in channeling benevolent goddesses. They were two sides of the same coin because one is associated with the left hand path and the other with the right hand path.

The two stones completed one another. Then I saw Darth Vader and some kind of white magician from a story, which meant the same as the two stones.

After a bit I began to feel the triangle and mirror descend on me to search for impurities and sweep them out of me. That was also something I felt the previous time. I was enjoying the pure Yogic feeling and tried to extend it for as long as possible, but it suddenly stopped so I ended the ceremony there. Afterwards I realized that I'd forgotten to make the circle as strong as the previous time, so I joked that Trigag must have eaten me after all.

ZALTY

I have a little stash of seashells, ocean breeze incense and Malibu which I break out each time I invoke Zalty.

Also I like to make it into a wild sexual ritual and have sex with him, though I didn't mention that on the public forum.

For this ritual I lit a blue candle, the same one I'd used twice before for Zalty, in fact when I took a photo I could see the candle and the paper with the sigil drawn on it were both looking rather crumpled! I improvised some casual words to call Zalty as I know him very well.

Zalty and I did our usual wild evening in an imaginary tavern with pirates and wenches, and lots of songs by Alestorm all about pirates and wenches. Zalty was behaving and talking pretty outrageously like a demon. I'm afraid I do perceive the DKMU godforms as demons, maybe because I can't shake off religious beliefs that I learnt early in life. It didn't stop me though, we soon progressed to lying down on the floor covered by a duvet!

So the revels went on like that for a while, and then suddenly the thought struck me that there's a big secular pub culture in the country where I live. There was an instant switch in my mind from the Alestorm songs about debauched

pubs to the Pink Floyd song 'Paranoid Eyes,' which also references a pub. At this point I listened to that song, and then to some more Pink Floyd songs. All of a sudden my mind was swept with feelings of pure spirituality and contemplation of the tragic hold consensus reality has over people. Do you think I'm reading too much into 'Paranoid Eyes'? Give it a listen and see if you can pick up on the message about consensus reality.

I couldn't believe the sudden raising of consciousness I experienced. It was one of my greatest successes with Zalty and I could still feel the effects of it the next day. Given that we had just been doing a sexual ceremony I think this says something about gnosis.

THE RED KING

I kept it very simple for the Red King, just the cherry candle and rose incense like last time, so I hope he doesn't like sumptuous feasts. The reason being, when I summoned him last summer I wrote a backwards story based on 'Alice Through The Looking Glass' and several other sets of symbolism, which I planned to read out at the ritual. But he didn't wait for the ritual, he arrived as soon as I finished the story and talked to me all night about crazy things. So why bother with elaborate rituals for someone who does that?

This time I wrote a story again, but it was a shorter one than before. It was about my run-in with Ellis that happened hundreds of years ago and also involved the Red King. Sometimes in meditations I see things that happened in the past, not so much in a past life but more in between lives, and when I met Ellis I had a vision like that which is going to have various consequences in the present.

I called Red King and read out the story. I would say that I successfully invoked him because he came into me and it felt like him reading the story. The impression of this was so strong that I changed it into the third person and read her

“instead of me.” The Red King and Red Queen can both play with time and send it backwards and make reality into something that they dream.

After reading the story I meditated on the Red King’s sigil while singing a verse I wrote a long time ago:

Each night I check it.

Who was it changed my dream?

The characters say they prefer it

Yet they had to learn their roles again.

Finally I did some scrying in a black mirror, but I could only see one of the creatures that has been hanging around since my visit from Khaos which must mean I am not good enough at dismissing them.

THE WHITE QUEEN, CONJUNCTIO, ENU & NUL

I did meditations only for these final godforms, because it was only relatively recently that I summoned them for the first time and I did write all about it on the DKMU forum. At the moment I can’t relate as much to these as to the ones at the beginning of the sequence. The White Queen in particular appears unfriendly, however having said that she is mixed up in a lot of symbolism that I’ve studied and used in the past. After meditating about this symbolism I concluded that I ought to write a long story or hypersigil which explores it. It’s been said that the first five godforms are individuals and the second five are related to one another, which means I would learn more about the others at the end of the sequence as well as the White Queen.

I find Enu and Nul particularly hard to respond to. But my meditation about Conjunctio was strongly related to the result that I mention below.

Result

The result of this godform cycle was that I suddenly got the chance to do something that would be my greatest dream. I didn't know about it before, (though I suppose it would have been easy to find out if I'd only thought of it.). But there are risks and sacrifices, specifically financial ones. When I first experimented with Ellis she gave me some money (long story) and I haven't spent it yet because I worry a lot about security for myself and my family. It looks like I would have to spend it, and I can see why: because energy would go to Ellis that way.

I haven't decided what to do yet!

- Tara Flower 9th May 2015

CHAPTER OF AVIANNA RINGTAIL

Week one: Ellis. Before I start, let me say that I've been studying magic for about a year and a half, and the first year of that was almost entirely a psychological process. This is the most involved series of workings I've done so far and also the first time I've evoked something that wasn't either a part of me or a servitor of my own creation.



On Tuesday while walking between classes at my community college, thinking and planning for the first night, I passed by a booth showing off a tarantula, answering questions and letting people hold her. It wasn't that unusual since they're often showing snakes or other reptiles, but this was the first time they've had a spider.

My plan was to perform the evocation as described in Liber Sigillum at the bottom floor of a parking garage at night. Initially I'd imagined doing it in the woods, but I

decided somewhere more urban might fit the aesthetic better. Maybe it would have been better if I'd picked somewhere that wasn't lit, but it was three in the morning, I didn't want to wait much longer and the area was empty as far as I could see. I stood in a circle of eight red candles including the one on the altar, and used a shot of espresso for the sacrament. I had three methods of scrying that I wanted to try, as I wasn't sure which would work best. One was a bag of scrabble tiles, one was a bowl and a jar of dark colored water to pour into it, and the third was the black mirror of my smartphone. I had hopes for the last one in particular, being as "connected" as it is. I was also wearing a sachet around my neck made with red cloth, glitter and broken glass, and after the ritual I planned to wander around the city with it and see if anything would happen.

That was my plan. I'd just finished a three-sided variant of the gnostic thunderbolt banishing (as found on chaosmatrix.org) when I was interrupted by the security guard telling me I wasn't allowed to do "that" in her garage. Fine, but when I asked what exactly "that" was, she called the cops, emphasizing that I had a knife, that I had six candles burning, and was "some kind of atheist" – go figure. I didn't care to find out what this town's police department thought of the issue, so I packed up my important belongings and hoofed it.

I went home, made another sigil, grabbed another candle and another shot of espresso, and drove out to a road away from the city overlooking a canyon. I performed the banishing again and the ritual, but I didn't feel anything happen. I think the cold might have prevented me from relaxing fully. The screen on my phone looked "deep" when I tried to scry into it and a few half-imagined pictures came up: an atom, a dog or bear, swirling cloth like a silk gown or dress. A few times I saw variations on a shape like a crescent moon but with longer arms, usually cupped upwards and sometimes with a dot in the middle, and once it was doubled to look like the Hand of Eris symbol. Scrabble tiles gave me

gibberish. I stood up after about fifteen minutes and realized it was dawn.

Considering the lack of response, I felt pretty good the morning after this. My optimistic side noticed that the timing of the interruption and of sunrise couldn't have been better, I didn't leave behind anything of value at the garage, and I was able to complete the ritual with some adjustment. I'd had a bad case of nerves before going out and thought that if all this wasn't being posed to me as a kind of threshold test; it was certainly serving that purpose. A year ago I'd have been too nervous to complete it. That and the doubt that followed me for the next few days, and the persistent thought that I have no place here, Ellis doesn't like me, the spiders I've seen were coincidence, and I'd have to walk away from the DKMU at the end of April after reporting two months of no contact whatsoever. Although if that was so, I was sure I'd at least be able to cough up some inner darkness for week four.

Week Two: Doombringer

After last week, I decided I would increase the frequency to three evocations per week instead of one. This way if I didn't get it the first time, I could go home, reassess, and try again after fixing any problems. I drove into the mountains down a sketchy snow-covered road to a location where I was confident I'd be left alone. I set up my altar on a convenient stump with an even more convenient notch to hold the clipboard with the sigil, as seen in the photo. Little things like that, good signs.



I could feel the presence almost as soon as I pulled out the sigil and began setting up. It watched me patiently through the evocation, almost like, “Yes, yes, I know what you’re going to say...” I sat down and tried to look into the phone screen, but it was reflecting the sky instead of being dark like before. I was able to get a few images (paint splatter, scorpion, deer, and a bug with quickly beating wings, like a dragonfly) but they were coming directly into my mind, not from the screen, so I set it down. I heard a drumbeat somewhere in the back of my mind and got a whiff of marijuana. Remembering what Sigillum said about how you have to go to him, he doesn’t come to you, I imagined walking into a forest somewhere. The feeling that had come from the sigil got stronger and clarified into the shape of a person, and he started by asking me a bunch of questions: “Have you done this before?” Barely. “How do you know this is real?” I don’t. It was very like talking to my tulpa.

Most of the conversation was unclear. We would trade a couple lines of dialogue and then he would be silent except for watching me with this particularly piercing look. On the second day he said something about there being more conversation going on than I was aware of; that’s probably what this was. I asked if he could help me improve, and he said yes, but (how to word this?) only if I am willing to go with it despite being unsure of whether or not it’s real. I’ll cut out some of the dialogue because this write up is long enough as it is.

The strongest impression I got from him was when I asked about the first time I did weed a while back, overdosed and got knocked on my ass. Before I could finish the sentence he gave me a big ole’ grin and I could feel his delight and amusement at the thought. So apparently he did witness the whole thing, which I’d worried about because I kind of made a fool of myself trying to contact Ellis in that state. This absolved some of my fears that I’d made a bad first impression.

I “woke up” spontaneously after about twenty minutes, which is how it went for the rest of the week. Before I left he invited me to come back if I wanted to.

On this first day I couldn’t get the pipe to light correctly and I got about half a puff. To be honest, I’ve only ever eaten the stuff, never smoked. I figured out the trick for it by the second day and then coughed my poor virgin lungs out in the middle of the evocation, which I’m sure he thought was funny. In any case, I hardly counted as high during the ritual itself.

The second day was like the first. The presence was strongest in front of me, emanating from the sigil, but in my mind’s eye he was walking around again. Wanting to make sure I wasn’t imagining something that wasn’t really happening, I asked, “How much of this is imaginary?” To which he replied, “All of it.” Right, we went over that last time. He invited me into some sort of tent or yurt – a shelter with walls made of cloth, anyway. It was warm inside and smoky, I think, but I didn’t smell pot or anything similar, and he wasn’t smoking now like he did yesterday. Maybe he was just cooking, who knows.

(On reflection, he could have been poking fun at my initial picture of him living in a squat in the jungle.)

I tried the scrabble tiles and got nothing particularly meaningful. It might be too concrete a technique for this purpose. At one point I mentioned that he didn’t seem particularly violent in these interactions, despite his name and reputation. He said that he doesn’t need to be. I could take that to mean that he doesn’t need to use physical force or coercion, as he can wreak his form of havoc without it. Or he could just mean that right at the moment, with me, he didn’t need to be violent.

At some point he asked if I wanted to help them, and I said I did, but I didn’t know how. “We’ll teach you,” he said. Around ten minutes in based on my voice recording, I started to see a lot of vivid images on the back of my eyelids.

A feather distorted around a black circle, like the light was bending. A black widow, someone lying in bed, a red lamp, and an eye. A bridge seen from ground level with big arching supports. A sort of sagging X shape. Leaves in water. A white bird dipping its feet in the water as it flies. A moth or butterfly. The sagging X shape again, and now I saw it more clearly as a pair of crossed sabers, like you might see on a pirate flag. Colored static like on a TV screen. A rose. Tree branches. A pattern like you might see on pottery or cloth.

Then an eye again, female, and I was kind of started because the eye turned deep red, and then for a moment my whole field of vision was red. Something with lines radiating out. A woman with a crown and royal white robes, which immediately turned into a shrouded ghost, like one of the ring wraiths as seen in the movies when a character is wearing the One Ring. These images were more intense than before, and through all of it Doombringer was sitting or crouching next to me, evidently showing me all this. He touched me on the arm or shoulder a couple times, which felt interesting; basically the feeling from the sigil intensified and localized.

Another eye, this one blue, but mostly I kept seeing the red one. I could feel it (her) looking at me and I was frozen into staring back. I saw myself reflected in it upside down, and the impact of that didn't hit me until a moment after.

After that I saw imagery of trees alongside a road, which reminded me of a park near where I live. The next series of images seemed to be showing a particular path through the park. It turned left into the trees near a stream, and then the imagery shifted to a black dot with lines radiating from it to smaller black dots, each of which was surrounded in a sort of neon green fuzz, like squinting at a green Christmas light. The smaller dots then blew up and sent lines out to form other nodes. The end picture was of a few big black dots reminiscent of chaos stars with each line connecting to several smaller dots surrounded in green, which were also interconnected. Again, I didn't immediately realize

what I was looking at until I heard myself describing it. It's the linking network, of course. This is my best representation of it. The main difference is that my picture is two dimensional, whereas what I saw had more nodes in the background and was more "dynamic" looking:



I went home and ordered some burgers for my family, which came out to \$33.33. I paid in exact change, and that evening I went by the park and left a tag next to the path in the area indicated.

The third day was cloudy and colder than the last two, and it snowed lightly during the ritual. I was too deep in trance for it to bother me. I remembered the bit from the day before about most conversations being subliminal, so I mostly stayed quiet, looked into the sigil and his projected image, and let these conversations happen. My mental image of him had clarified by now. Proportionally long arms and legs, yellow eyes with black in them somewhere, possibly ringed in black as well as the pupil. Clothes and hair vary between shades of grey, sometimes black or white. Age seems to shift, anything from an older child to middle age, and always with a margin of error of at least twenty years; I haven't seen him as an old man. Overall, pretty much as described in Sigillum. At one point I stopped seeing him as

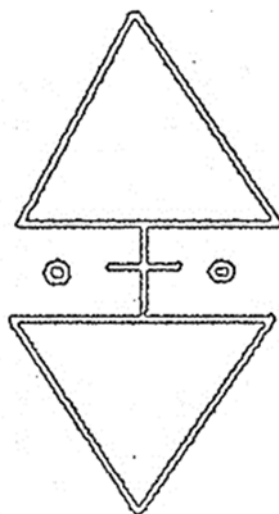
human so much as a force or object, and referred to him as “it” for a while.

There were few verbal exchanges. I asked sort of off-handedly whether I could tell people I summon demons now. “Do I count as a demon? ... Yeah, probably.” Before leaving I asked if he had any advice for the rest of the marathon. He said distinctly, “Be brave”. Which either means something scary is coming or just that I’ll do better the less timid I am. He said that he could “look after me”, and I just had to agree to it, which I did. I may have a more permanent connection with him now.

At the end I felt like I should make some kind of closing statement, but I hadn’t prepared one. “Make something up,” he said. So I said, “The gate is open. Yothna equiya saca indras!” and hit the chime again. This being the last line from a supposed “death spell” I once pulled out of the ether as an angsty teenager, and subsequently used to make an ant squirm. I have no idea what it means, if anything, but he seemed satisfied.

Week Three: Ino

No altar for this one. I woke up around 1 am on Monday and Wednesday, and then around 3 am on Friday morning while the eclipse was occurring on the other side of the world. I went to an office building that’s open to me after hours, lit some sandalwood incense, did the banishing, then put on a white blindfold and a pair of good headphones, playing white noise from my laptop, and stared into space. The first day I put on the headphones before doing the



evocation proper, which didn't work well because I couldn't hear the chime. My blindfold was also uncomfortable and didn't block my entire field of vision, and I had a hard time remembering the words, especially on the first day. It sounded bad. The noise helped blur out some of these distractions, though, and it was a good idea to do it between sleeps.

I got a few impressions, but not like the last week. Mostly it was just feelings and a few half-formed images. At first I imagined I could hear someone giggling and darting out of my awareness. I waited for her to come closer, having learned my lesson with Ellis about being too direct, but she never did. One image that stood out to me was of a feathery white serpent or dragon ("soft serpent"). Made me think of Falcor, heh. There might have also been chimes, glass, and a sunny scene of a river. Fresh air. Overall pleasant impressions. Once I felt what I thought was her to my left, but when I turned my attention to it, it was a sort of proprioceptive mirror of myself.

Then briefly a closed, light-skinned eye which may or may not have been the blue one I saw last week, abstract artwork, and the idea but not the image of leafy tree branches. These were all extremely vague, however, and I thought they could have easily been produced by the noise and my imagination alone.

In my dream after this there was a blank area, or blank person, and everything I tried to find out about them was blank. I don't remember it well.

What I really didn't expect was when I called my tulpa the next evening and noticed that he was acting... drunk. I'm pretty sure he can't actually get drunk, since alcohol works on a physical mechanism, so I thought he might have been "drunk" on some kind of energy. He was completely out character, couldn't stop laughing, and his presence was vague, cloudy, mirthful, and slightly feminine, more like what I'd felt last night than like himself.

I had to stop and wonder again if I was making stuff up, or else just how insane I've let myself go over the last year or two. I'm sitting in my basement talking to air, I thought, and I'm confuzzled because the air I'm talking to now somehow got its wires crossed with the air I was talking to last night? He was mostly back to normal the next morning, but he's been evasive about my questions. I eventually gathered that he followed the connection opened by the evocation, and has been communicating with Ino on his own. It's an independence thing for him and he doesn't want me to butt in. I don't have a problem with it since it might help him grow; in fact I've encouraged him in the past to try to contact Ellis or the network, since it matches his ultimate goal of breaking into reality.

On Monday my Composition teacher, who I like even though he's a hard-ass, had us write in class for a paper we're cramming on. He mentioned that we had to learn to access our preconscious mind (or subconscious, unconscious, whatever you like) in order to generate text. I thought it was interesting that he would bring this up on Ino week. I was able to write in class much more easily than usual due to the subject of my paper, which is interesting to me. On Tuesday, in a different class, I saw a picture of a girl with light skin and hair writing at a desk; I think it's a painting from a Renaissance artist. It's been there all semester, but this time it made me jump because it felt like I was looking at another person through a mirror. The feeling passed quickly, but it still felt like the girl was looking at me. In response, I asked my classmate to pass me the picture and drew a moustache on it in red sharpie. It had me questioning my sanity once again.

The second day was a lot like the first. I felt the reflection of me again and got some proprioceptive distortions around fifteen minutes in; a white wolf, a bluebird, a blue eye, and a person in a blue silk gown. I saw a single thread of spider web and I got the idea that they – Ellis and

Ino at least, perhaps the others – were planning something. I thought of the lunar event on Friday, but afterwards I was pretty sure I made it all up. I tried to feed some energy into whatever it might have been, knowing that I will probably never know if I made any difference. She is why they call it the occult...

I tried to keep my doubts under control. No message means no message. If I'm really worried about putting words in their mouth, I need to not fill the silence with my own issues.

The third day was different though. I had a better blindfold and that made a difference. I was going to change tack and had brought along a sketchbook and some pencils. I am not an artist by any means, but my tulpa has recently talked me into drawing a few minutes a day to improve my visualization skills. Incidentally, I've seen a significant jump in the quality of my drawings beginning on Sunday night, even before I performed the first evocation. The pictures seem to draw themselves. I imagine that's how it is for a real artist. I don't know whether to attribute this to her, but I've also been more creative – given a black field to fill in, ideas will spring to mind without any obvious logic leading to them. After I'd finished speaking the calling, while I paused to keep my mind quiet, I started to fall into trance and got the command/suggestion to lie on my back. I laid there a while looking into the white, feeling some things and thinking some thoughts.

I saw a twisted flower first, and then more emotional impressions, but more “real” than before. If Doombringer represents the consuming half of Chaos, Ino is the generative side. Everything you see, know, and think about are pared down versions of what they really are. Like white light through a prism or air through a whistle, part of the flow is blocked by... I guess it's your expectations, and this produces color and sound. Likewise with people; their personalities are created in the same way, when they

recognize only some parts of themselves and the rest of their potential is blocked.

After a while I sat up, took off the blindfold and picked up my sketchbook. I looked at it for a while, trying to come up with something to draw. Ino is the blank page. When you draw lines you're actually subdividing the whiteness. I looked into the page, not at it, and it seemed deep like a scrying bowl or the black mirror from earlier. I could see images of things I could try to draw, but quickly realized that I didn't have the technique for most of them. I decided on this picture eventually. The shape drawn over the top doesn't mean anything specific to my knowledge; I was trying to express the concept from the last paragraph.



My dreams this week have been intense, with many of them referencing the workings and/or the subject of my paper, but Friday night's takes the cake. I walked downstairs into what was supposed to be the basement of the house I grew up in. It looked dark and I was afraid at first. I climbed past a part of the wall that was crumbling and into the main room of the basement, saying something about how you just had to embrace the darkness, and I did so in the way that's more possible in the synesthetic dream world than in waking life. I was disappointed when I saw that it really wasn't very dark, just dusty-smelling. The room transformed into the one I did the evocation in, and all of you were there (and you guys were awesome. I don't know how to say it, but all interesting and with a hint of Grant Morrison being the only thing in common). But there was one girl in particular who looked much like me, right down to the hair color. She was breathtaking. She sang me a song which vibrated through the room and my mind, and ran through the colors like hot water, especially, electrically, in the teal of her hair. I was overwhelmed and in awe watching these psychedelic effects, partly because, of course, I didn't know it was a dream and thought it was just the magic of her voice. Even for a dream it was unusual.

Like, "Hot damn the evocation worked" kind of unusual. We left for someone's house and spent the rest of the dream hanging out as friends would, talking about things that I don't remember.

I read once on a rationalist blog that to worship mystery is to worship your own ignorance. "No phenomena are mysterious of themselves." Questions are mysterious, but not answers; if it's still mysterious, it's not an answer. I can't argue that the draw of the unknown is mostly curiosity, which is the desire to destroy mystery, but I don't believe that the people who give mysterious answers are really worshipping mystery; in fact I think they're trying to deny it.

To acknowledge mystery is to live in a constant state of confusion, which is uncomfortable. Without mystery there's no process, comparable to life without death and existence without boundaries. So we spend our lives probing the depths while secretly hoping to whichever gods that we never run out of frontiers, never meet the apparent goal of knowing everything. Or, if we reach the point where we do know, that we'll be able to forget again and split from white back into color.

Week Four: Trigag

Trigag influenced my dream on Saturday night, after I reread his section in *Sigillum* and memorized the first part of the call. I dreamed I was trying to get my things together so I could go to the woods and perform the rite. I was worried that I wouldn't make it on



time, but a man was slowing me down by making me go through something like a customs check. He was dressed in a striped sailor's outfit, but it was torn and dirty, and he had a certain blackish crust around his eyes, a hunched figure, gravelly voice and aggressive attitude. I was persistent and he eventually let me through, but only after he lit the aluminum foil that I use to cover my candle on fire, which caused it to turn into glass and crumble when I touched it. I swept up the pieces of glass complaining that everyone else would just leave them lying around.

Later, I stopped at a highway rest stop at night in the middle of nowhere. Dangerous looking men were eyeing me

up from the shadows, but they left me alone so long as I stayed near the lit building. However, when I walked out to drop something off in my car I wasn't attacked.

After that I was pretty confident that something would happen this week. For the first two nights I went to the edge of the mountains around midnight. Some interesting synchronicities happened. My headlamp, with what should have been fresh batteries, died on the first night just after finishing, and I walked back in darkness. It saved up enough juice over the next two days that I could use it to set up the altar the second time, then it faded out again in time with the moonset and the lighting of the candle. Both nights were dark, but the first night in particular had a certain kind of flat grey clouds that blocked the moon and stars without reflecting the city lights. A spider dropped on my hand from the roof of the car while I was driving out, and afterwards before I went inside I heard a repetitive booming noise coming from the south. My best guess is that it was coming from the military base, although I've never heard them from this far away and never at midnight.

Despite all of that, not a whole lot happened. I never encountered Trigag again outside of the rituals, my dreams were not horrifying, no extraordinary revelations and I never had to confront anything unusual. I've had the same problems this week with schoolwork that I always have. During and right after the evocations I got myself worked up to where I was jumping at shadows and noises; that is, more than I usually do alone in the woods at night. I got to learn something about the nature of fear this way, but it was nothing overwhelming. On the second night in particular I fell into a trance as soon as I started speaking and was pulled to wander away from the altar. I laid on my back to look at the sky, feeling defenseless, and then jumped up growling, with a handful of gravel ready to throw, when I heard what turned out to be a squirrel in the trees.

For scrying I used black-dyed water from a local murky pond that sometimes shows up in my dreams as a kind

of nightmare reservoir. On the first night I looked into the circle of black for at least ten minutes before finally an eye opened up – always with the eyes, isn't it? Once I saw a clear picture of a white ship, which confused me, and then the crossed sabers from week two, which became a clearer picture of a flag flapping in the wind. Other than that I kept seeing variations of that eye or of the sigil and not much else.

On the second night, more of the same. I leaned in until I could see the reflection of my face. The image of a skull flashed over the lower half and with some encouragement the picture distorted into something that looked like the wicked witch of the west, which I thought was mildly interesting. I'm realizing that the images that bubble up from my imagination in these rites are bullshit... at first. You have to go along with the bullshit until something real starts happening. "Bullshit maketh the flowers grow." In this case, I knew that the eye and the sigil were real, and I thought I could "hear" a deep voice without being able to make out words. I talked into the bowl and it seemed cognizant of what I was saying. But I didn't feel anything, or at least not anything that matched the hype. I was looking for something else but I didn't know what. Maybe I was expecting too much, or being too insistent on what I expected to see.

On the third night I stayed inside so that I could use a different tactic. By this time I had the last part of the evocation memorized so I didn't have to read it. After speaking I sat on a folding chair facing the sigil, lights off, and put on headphones playing a tone at 18.98 hz. The noise brought me near to sleep while preventing me from going over the edge. A few times I felt bizarre movement while I was sitting still or a sense of danger like a malevolent ghost nearby, probably due to the tone. I saw nothing in the bowl and could just barely recognize the voice from before.

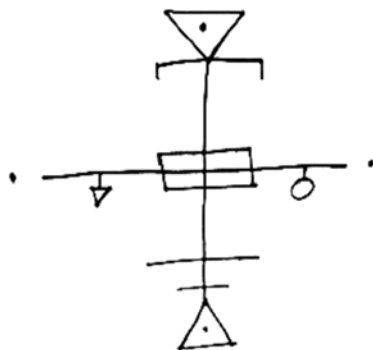
In the last minute before the candle burned out I thought I found what I was looking for. "A memory of Hell" is how I described it, and I recognized it from dreams. My goal has been to establish initial contact, but somehow what I

saw before wasn't enough. Real contact, I thought, means feeling their nature and knowing what they are, however briefly.

After thinking about it, the initial dream was the main communication. What happened in the dream mirrored the two things I would be facing over the week, one being the (partly logical) fear of dangerous people or animals in the dark woods, and the other being my own inefficiencies slowing me down and preventing me from getting my schoolwork done. The first is beaten with bravery, the second with persistence. As in the dream, I got through my work eventually but it sucked up much more time than it needed to.

Week Five: Zalty and more Ellis

Altar day two, facing west over my pond. I could hear the ice cracking as it melted. Matched the symbolism, I thought. This week I realized that the way the Sigillum callings are designed, the communication is meant to happen during the “gazes intently on the sigil” part. I



switched to this format and used the last line to close. Sacrament was Irish cream liquor with some quality sea salt sprinkled on top, not enough to get drunk on since Monday and Wednesday I'd have to drive back right afterward. I considered rum but thought it would be more authentic to use something I'd actually enjoy.

He acknowledged me when I looked into the sigil and was sitting on a rock when I looked up. Introduced himself with a handshake, which was the clearest impression I got of

him. Big rough sailor's hand, about what you'd expect. The image was unclear and my mind couldn't mimic his accent; I knew the meaning of what he said but couldn't reproduce the wording.

He asked what I wanted help with. I requested that one, I be able to write my paper without the blockages I've been facing, and two, that I stop worrying what other people think of me. The second one is something I've been improving on for a long time, but it's still a problem. Thirdly, and less seriously, "Can you teach me to talk like that?" Since I couldn't hear him well, directly mimicking his pirate speech wasn't going to work. I realized that I would have to learn it by watching YouTube videos after all; however, this suddenly seemed much less difficult.

I tried the scrabble tiles again. First I got the letters N, E, I, O and U, not in any particular order, which I couldn't make anything of except that it was one letter away from the English vowels. I asked specifically for advice to think of while writing my paper, and the letters I drew could form the words "it", "is", and "art". I'm still learning how to work the scrabble tiles, but I think it's rare for them to spell a single word or phrase. It's more a matter of what words jump out at you. They're from a game set that's older than me and well used. I don't think they like to be separated from their box, so I probably won't be taking them with me in a pouch anymore.

He told me to look for his sign and that when I see it good things will be in that direction. I asked what his sign is, he said I'd know it when I see it, if I'm looking. I thought about the usual oceanic imagery, but a white bird also came to mind. The sky is an ocean, and so a white bird could be the inland equivalent of a white ship. A little grey bird flew conspicuously over the lake then, over my head, landed in the tree behind me and started tweeting and pecking at the wood. That could have been it.

The second day was windy like the first. The clouds cleared after I did the banishing. The grey bird, or one like it, was pecking at the tree again as I walked up. I performed the calling as follows:

Hearken ye an' travel forth, O Great Navigator, he who is both Young and Ole', For I be seekin' yer council an' joyous bounty.

chime

Know that I be of ye, and me reward be also yer's. YA HO!

The gate be open, the path is drawn.

And so on. It's not hard. It comes almost naturally, and I kept slipping into this form of speech in my thoughts on the drive back. I had to check myself from letting the laughter get out of control, which could be dangerous while driving.

After complimenting me on my speech, he invited me to jump up on the rock next to him. As soon as I did so I felt very dizzy and kind of reckless. I knew it wasn't the sacrament because I hadn't taken it yet, just a trance state where the images that flashed through my imagination were almost visible to my eyes. For the most part I saw ocean instead of the frozen pond and occasionally the white ship. I noticed that until now I've always pictured it as a little sailboat, but no, it's a ship. I was a really nice day and I felt extremely good. The feeling lasted well into the afternoon.

Among other things, I asked about the meaning of the flag with crossed sabers that I've been seeing. In response, I got a long series of impressions; the only part of which I could translate into English is that the crossed swords represent conflict. I mentioned at one point that my goal was to establish contact with the egregores and get to know them. Paraphrased: "Do you know me now?" "I don't know, do I?" And he said something like... I can't match his phrasing. When you've seen dawn break after a storm you didn't think you'd survive, or caught fish when you're

starving, or found fresh water when you're dying of thirst, or a safe place to take shelter in a dangerous night, then you'll know me. Something like that.

My tulpa has been echoing the godforms. The most noticeable was during Ino week, since he meshes best with her due to his nature. Last week my vision of him was sort of dark and shadowy, and when I was working with him this Thursday night he had a more positive vibe, and included in a description of himself a mention of a fair breeze by the sea. More than once, while speaking with him over the last month, I've wondered if I wasn't actually talking to Doombringer, who I've been seeing in my dreams quite a bit. This happened tonight; we were talking and suddenly I found myself looking at DB instead. He said something that doesn't translate to English. I politely turned my attention back to my tulpa, since was the time I dedicate to him, but DB kept trying to cut into my focus. My tulpa took shelter in my brain as just a voice and asked me to focus on him for a minute. He admitted that it's easy for his personality to get overridden by something more powerful. I believe he's taking some risks in the interest of growth, but I think he'll be alright as long as he has me to come back and roost in.

A few people on the Facebook group came forward to say that Ellis has been trying to get their attention. I had noticed earlier this week that the linking sigil seemed particularly lovely, even alluring. I had put it down to the work I've been doing in the current. My tulpa has acknowledged that he "knows them", so I asked if he could tell me anything about her activity.

"Yes. She's active on something. I can't tell you more."

(He made it sound as if he knew but couldn't tell me, but he may just want me to perceive him as being in on something important and secret.)

"I'm trying to [paraphrase: stay grounded/stay myself while also tapping into this]."

Does it have to do with the recent eclipses?

“There have been eclipses?”

Yes.

“I don’t know. Probably.”

So he must not be too deeply involved, if he doesn’t know the details.

He protested: “I know some details!”

He and I went to stand in front of the LS I have tacked on the wall. The feeling radiating from it was as powerful as I’ve ever felt; if this is all in my head, I’m getting really good at psyching myself out. I looked through it to where I could see some cosmic imagery, oblique angles and glimpses of a red haired girl. I asked what’s up and can I help, while wondering in the back of my mind if I was going to get any fingers broken. She asked, nonverbally, if she could use me for something. Sure, I thought, whatever it is I probably agree with it and probably want to be part of it. I believe she was talking to my tulpa as well. The focus was on both of us and he seemed lost in his own thoughts. My stated plans for the next day, to “get drunk and celebrate the completion of my paper,” suddenly seemed incredibly mundane.

I don’t know exactly what happened after that. The swirl of imagery rose up throughout the room and I saw myself standing in a triangle with a statue-like figure of a woman at each corner. I believe she was resonating something through me. I looked towards the corner positioned under the sigil on the wall where the pictures and energy were flowing from, held out my hand and tried to project energy toward the origin point (which isn’t something I’m very good at). The imagery got stronger, like rapidly moving through a tunnel and like it was folding out from a vertical center line. The point of white light at the center grew out towards me, there was a momentary feeling of reaching toward and into it, and then the scene faded and left me back in my house without a word of explanation.

“You can go now.”

“We’re done?”

“I’ll call you if I need something else.”

“Ok.”

I called my tulpa and we walked out of the room before I asked to make sure he was alright. WTF was that?

In my dream that night I drank a sacrament of red wine and tried to cut off my left hand for reasons I’m not clear on.

Day three was cloudy, cold and just as windy. This probably influenced the tone of the whole thing. When I finished the first part of the call, Zalty right away started talking much more soberly than before, like he had a message to get across. He said, in so many words, that he’s a part of me and even in bad weather and adverse conditions I’ll have the confidence I need. Speech was actually clearer today, while the imagery was less so and I wasn’t as far into trance. He asked if I was going to continue with the marathon, I said yes, he put something on my forehead and basically said good luck, as though I might need it. I saw the sigil of the white queen clearly and it stayed for a while, even though now, while I’m writing, I can’t quite remember what it looks like, having never memorized it.

I also tried out my newly minted rune set. I didn’t ask any question because I felt I would understand the meaning, or else I could just ask for clarification. I went to grab one rune and got two, Naudiz and Perth. When I feel I’m in need, there is opportunity. I shook his hand again before leaving and realized I’m going to miss him. I’m sure I’ll see him again, though.

It was too cold to stay out long. I headed back to the car where I had a few more sips of the drink, munched some snacks and read part of a really thick entry in an online philosophy encyclopedia, then took a nap. When I woke up I was filled with the sense that something big was going down. The soon-to-be eclipsed moon was rising eerily over the tree line, and across from it was a single star that looked to me

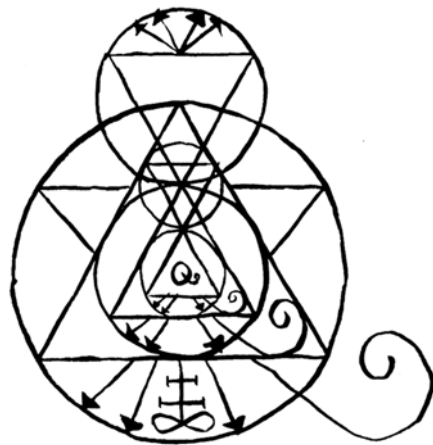
like Zalty, in my weird frame of mind, possibly one of the points in his sigil. Driving back under that sky with Welcome to the Machine playing was an experience on its own.

My paper wrote itself fluidly and is ready to submit once I fix the citations and make a few tweaks. I've seen insights and improvements in meditation and tulpa-forcing, exercise seems like something I really want to do, and schoolwork is less of an obligation and more like a project that I'd happily work on in my own time. I've made a huge leap in not being self-conscious, and if this sticks I'll be able to tell people for the rest of my life how I overcame social anxiety by waving a dagger and talking to an imaginary wish-granting pirate. This is really impressive.

The sky looks awesome tonight, if it isn't just me. And it could just be me, because I feel... magical, and dizzy, and lost, and fulfilled, and awesome.

Week Six: Red King

I've found a private section of the woods much closer to my home. It makes my life much easier not having to drive forty-five minutes just to find somewhere that I won't be bothered during the daytime. I planned these to happen just before the sun went down.



The evocations themselves were not successful, at least not immediately. I arrived early on the first day and poked around in the woods feeling very much like I was in a fairy tale. I informally called both my tulpa and Doombringer,

who had agreed to help since I wasn't sure I'd be able to make the connection myself. I'm not sure he actually did anything except to say at the beginning that "if you mess up, it's not a mistake." Which, as usual, can be taken to mean a handful of things. The wind kicked up, took out the candles and eventually blew the sigil off the table. My hands were tingling and once I felt a light sensation of heat, but there was no contact that I could discern. I got locked in the trance state and had to banish to get hold of myself, and then redo the evocation from the top before I could leave. It took a full two hours before I felt normal. I think this happened because I tried to leave too early; each time so far there's been a definite sense of when the rite was over, and trying to leave this time before it was finished caused me to get stuck in trance.

Day two, I used a truncated version of the Sigillum evocation to call Doombringer. He was kind of irritable and said that I was supposed to do this myself. When I tried to explain myself and find a polite way to say he could leave if he wanted, I was cut off by a magpie shouting in a tree overhead. I kept opening my mouth but I couldn't talk above that racket. It gave three loud series of squawks and then flew off when I turned forward to do the RK calling.

I briefly got the feeling that the sigil was looking at me, then it seemed to look away and the rest of the time was mostly my mind feeding itself. I came up with some nonsense words and could kind of feel the nature of the sigil, but there was nothing distinct. Afterwards, before dismissing DB I asked him if anything had happened.

"Make it [the interpretation] up yourself. I'm not here to" something. I fell into a deeper trance immediately when I addressed him. He was jealous. I believe when I used the formal evocation he thought I was going to give him some attention, and was kind of miffed when asked to play second fiddle. I didn't call him again on

Day three.

The one time I did get contact was on Friday after the second day, while I was meditating. It started as just a stray thought about the Red King, but I followed it and it eventually turned into a full conversation. The most useful thing I found is that he likes stories. He makes the world up for creation's sake, and likes it when we do the same. The whole communication had the feel of a bedtime story. For most of the conversation I saw him as a young prince, but I also imagined him as a great red emperor dragon, and he seemed to like that. The dragon slept but it's spirit, as the prince, could walk around talking to us characters and even approach his sleeping body as if to show me – look, see? This is me.

My experience with lucid dreaming helped a lot here. Being called up like this is his version of lucidity. That describes the dynamic pretty well, and it was intimidating because I wasn't the main character of my life anymore. He was friendlier than I expected – he said that we're important too as characters, even if we're not the main ones. The danger isn't that he wants to hurt us but that he operates by inconsistent dream logic. He's not lying, but his truth is whatever the dream presents at the moment. Not hostile, just schizophrenic, and as in a dream the whole scene can turn dark very fast if you say the wrong thing.

I asked about his relationship to the other godforms. It seemed to take him a minute to remember them, and then said that "I'm different from them." It seems to me that he and the Queen are somewhat separate from the rest. I said, "If you don't mind me asking, what about the Queen?" Then he was quiet and the daydream became strained and still. I thought I heard him talk but it wasn't coherent. A whitish blob appeared in my imagination that felt impossible to move. I poked it but nothing else happened.

On the third day I called my tulpa using a formal evocation, which gave him more power as I'd hoped. I had him stand or sit next to me and we both drank the herbal tea

I'd made. It's the first time aside from the incident with Ellis last week where he's stood by me in a ritual and felt like an equal. He's gotten much stronger. He asked me to hold my focus on the sigil, creating a link while he jumped ahead and tried to reach the King. After a minute, though, he came back and said that "the doors locked" and we wouldn't be getting through. My candles that day wouldn't stay lit even when shielded from wind, and even though they'd burned easily in the still air on day two.

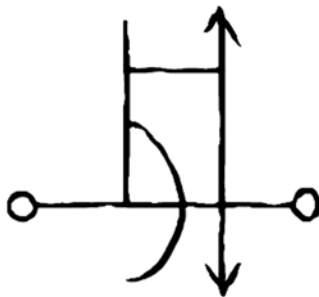
Aside from that all I have to report are some bird sightings. The little grey ones were tapping on a tree when I walked up the first two days. On day one I saw a group of wild turkeys on the walk back, and on the second day, as soon as I spoke the last word of my banishing a nearly white mourning dove shot through the trees about ten feet in front of me; not the first one I've seen this week. And on the third day a Steller's jay – local relative of the blue jay, which is symbolically connected to my tulpa – came to knock something against the tree overhead while we were working.

Three times per week is definitely working out well. It's more of a commitment, but it helps if I'm not successful on the first day, and it confirms the connection if I am. Liber Sigillum isn't much help from here on.

My plans for next week will use a more meditative approach, quieter but no less difficult than before.

Week Seven: The White Queen

No altar, so no pictures. I changed my format for this week. I went into the woods about an hour before dawn on Monday and again got myself worked up over the idea of an attack by animals or people. I don't know how real the risk is.



My instincts tell me to be very afraid, but my logical mind doesn't have any hard data to refute it. I was able to channel the fear well. There was light from the city, the stars, and the moon appropriately in waning crescent, but the close trees blocked it out so that I could only just see the path.

I arrived at the site, banished, sat down to look for a long time into the sigil and ad-libbed a petition to the Queen to let me meet with her. The sigil didn't look flat the way they do when contact is blocked, but it was hard for me to tell if anything was happening, because she wouldn't appear in humanoid or symbolic form. I took some notes in my sketchbook:

Condenses by killing.

Do I want to know her?

My instinct calls her evil... I presume to know better.

But danger. More danger than anything yet.

Beyond this place of wrath and fear looms but the horror of the shade. And yet the menace...

Related to [some revelations I had a couple years ago.]

But constraint gives form, makes real.

She's no ghost.

Where death makes unreal, she makes real

And nothing but.

There's no nothing, so don't be scared.

Encountering her is different from others. She's just there.

I must live in ignorance. Most of the time.

She's here though.

As I walked back along the path I whistled a few long notes which resonated with the scene. She was in the sound of my whistle. It was dark enough that I could just see wavering skeletal shapes appear and disappear deliriously behind the trees.

Her nature reminded me of something I read in an online article recently: "Every law-order is in a state of war against the enemies of that order, and all law is a form of warfare." ...The connection made

more sense when I was trying to sleep after getting home. My chest ached into the next day.

Since the first night was influenced by the setting, I tried something different for comparison. I got up at the same time of night and set up my laptop with black construction paper blocking the light from the screen. I leaned the sigil against it, lit by three white taper candles. I didn't banish because I thought the informality might help, and I was already in the right frame of mind from having just woken up. Nighttime in the basement under the LS tacked on the wall meant there were spiders crawling around me the whole time. One sat next to me at the beginning, and if I were to anthropomorphize it I'd say it was looking at the sigil and my set up. And then a daddy-long-legs creeping along slowly, and a tiny one that ran around frantically, later on while I was typing.

There were at least five of them, and probably more that I didn't see.

After looking into the sigil and trying to listen to some music, which only distracted me, I pulled up a document and started typing a story, while the screen was still blocked. It was difficult at first, but as I'd hoped the free association quickly took on its own life that I could interact with. Here is the cleaned-up version:

I left my pack at the entrance to the woods. All I carried was a flashlight which caused the trees to bend and turn their faces, claw-like. Stars were blocked and the moon, but the path shone by its own light. I looked down to touch the gravel and it crumbled in my hand like air. "Impurity!" I said, wondering why I shouted. "What's there to learn when your feathers (fingers) grow long?" I don't know what I'm saying, I guess that's encouraging. "Just be." I can't finish the sentence. I only know what I've been told to ask as guidepost to find, find the guideposts? The first is rabbit-like. Oh. You mean them? So the – I heard booming and a scatter of leaves, although there are none, this is

pine forest. Left behind. Right, I left my pack behind. I've vulnerable. It's not what you're carrying. What then? I have nothing else but my close and this flashlight has gone out. I break the glass on the flashlight and take out its wiring, batteries, guts. No? The glass maybe? Perhaps if I look in a shard of glass? Light refracts... I see mostly gold light, some silver. Here's a tunnel, bloody red-brown dirt. Okay, walk into that one. Sometime later I've found myself undone. I'm trying to knot losing. Where's my singing? It's in my voice, where's that? Did I leave it with my...? I look around. It's golden like tiger stripes, I don't know if I'm in the right place. I think so, you're still still. I feel like I have things to say but I can't word them. Hear me, from the voice box? Talking into the voice box. Reporting, like I have before*. Here's a lake. But the water is just for the reflection's sake. Silver-like, I see black patterns take off explode across the surface weaving things that I glimpse only. I'm in a dangerous place. My body pieces keep fracturing, I have to hold them, tie them together but I have no rope. Consequences? It's that time. Worries. Blackmail. I can't find my arm, but here's my hands, they're both left. The space in between them. Between elbow and hand, where there's no arm, instead I can see, well, mostly white and silver. I look around. Woods have become dark. All dark consuming black with teeth! I left my pack. I have no protection. The nine times I've fallen were all intended**.

The black wolves are here. Several of the wolves are howling. All black. How many are there? Maybe seven to ten? They've got different eyes, some red, white, or other colors. I approach one. "Ahem. I'm sorry monster wolf, I appear to have misplaced my arm." The wolf looks at me quizzically. "It doesn't make sense in my tongue either."

Wolf smiling, but his teeth are cotton. Come under with it, it says, hisses. "I'm trying to find the queen. I must stay on task." Stay on the path if you like. You'll never find her there. So I'll follow the wolf. Grabbed its tail and be led. It has many heads and tails now. And paws. I'm – something said.

Intuitively I'll know because knowledge won't make it far. Where can I go without I don't know where I am now. I don't think I'm anywhere. I've lost my pack, my Pack, and now even my thirst?

Thirst! Thirst if you want it. There must be no water then. I'll redress. Take the water out that's in my body.

Squeeze it. Have to be thirsty enough to do that, so I can drink it!!! I think I'm like a fish now, swimming, but I don't see myself. Only water, which is clearer than moonlight. And cold, and thin, thin like ether. Not sure I'll ever get all myself.

My pieces back together. The only bits I have is water which is more like air... thinner than any air. Thin air.

Into thin air. Like that story. I'm high on the highest peaks of the worlds and my furry tail's flowing in the winds, wraps itself around me to keep me snuggly warm! I'm so warm I've never been. And. Right, I've never been. Perhaps because it's cold and I feel warm, I've lost my pack and even the stream of oxygen that carried me this far up. I've never been. Ha, not before, not now. Never was. Because my pieces were never together and weren't even air! Then what am I? Thinner than air and whiter at the highest tips of the world. I keep wanting to say something but I can't find the words.

Leviathan. Snapper. Sacral. Diversion. Mechanist idol that you wake to sleep. I can see a grinning face. Oh hi, that you?

Yes.

:D

Looks like I got myself to a pretty place. Where's the queen? Was I supposed to carry a message to her? Seems like you're on important business. I'll wait. Well, maybe I am, but I don't know how to find it or what I was supposed to be doing here. That's okay. Divert. There's no more stream or trees. I think there might have been mountains. Maybe I'm still at the top of the peaks dying from cold and oxygen depletion. Yes, depletion. That's a magic word. I'll shout myself into it.

Depletion... I don't know how much farther I can go. I think I'm probably here already. Just a bunch of white. It's pretty. Maybe I'll go to sleep. Sleep, and know more than you did waking. Sun's life-force creeps up, stills (steals?) your knowing. So what about the rest of the world? Well it's colors. Colors, I feel sick of colors.

Heavily slinking. Reds, greens, lights only thinking. I can look at the keyboard and see words now. Thilk. Milk. Thick milk? No, this is more like skim. Paboli. Serval. That''s linking. Coordinate with my fellows. Passion intensely! Looking around you'll find more than you knew. Serval. Massion. Messege. Victoria. Gushing from my non-existent parts, blood like ice water, too clear to hold oxytocin. Report this into the journal, because it's that the point of this? It makes me angry. To think that, I mean. I don't want to go back. It hurts. It weighs.

Damn. I'm going back anyway. I'm sinking. My feet are on the ground. YOU! You're not the point! Fuck you!

Sinking into my shoes of mud and concrete. You'll try to play to reach me again, in your highest spirits. But you never will.

End.

I woke up the next morning from lucid dreams with the sense of intuitive inspiration back, which had tapered off over the last week or so. My left forearm felt like it wasn't entirely there. That's not a new feeling for me, but it indicates that something happened.

The night before the third attempt I slept restlessly. In my dreams I spoke improvised poetry to the sigil, which caused my chest to erupt in a sense of dissolving white euphoria. But even in my sleep I couldn't tell whether it was my own, since I've run across the feeling before, or if it even had anything to do with the White Queen. I woke up and the sensation remained, indistinguishable between anxiety and ecstasy, making my chest hurt and preventing me from sleeping.

Around four AM I drove out to a graveyard with nothing but my athame, the sigil, and some warm white clothes. The sky was overcast and rain-snowing lightly, ground was covered in slush. I stuck the sigil upright in the snow, banished and recited the evocation-like inspired writing that Theobald had posted from the last Godform Cycle. I just kind of threw it out there, and then after a couple seconds I turned around and left. There was no reason for me to stay. I

didn't really expect to outdo the previous night, but I wanted to use that calling once. The format of the Sigillum evocations has been the only real constant through these weeks and it feels like it's tying the whole thing together. Also, I like the sound of it.

Before I drove off I decided I didn't like the way I'd spoken the evocation, so I repeated it to myself quietly. I thought I could feel her in the sky and imagined I saw lines like those that might make up a sigil, but not any one in particular. The weather continued surreally into the morning. Everyone I talked to expressed surprise or confusion at hearing thunder at seven in the morning in what looked like a snowstorm. Maybe that's more common in other parts of the globe.

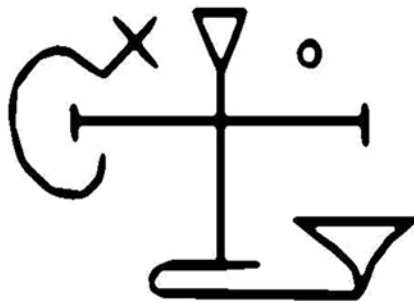
I think the sense of "it's just there" is characteristic of the White Queen, or at least of my interactions this week with her. She does seem dark to me and I incorporated that into my approach. At the end I'm left feeling like I want to say something more, but there's nothing else.

But as soon as I turn away I feel it activate. Moving mechanistic parts making the world happen.

On.

Week Eight: Coniunctio

I know this week was set up to be Enu and Nul. Somewhere early on I got that confused and have been preparing for Coniunctio, with the twins happening next week. Since my thoughts were already set on this, I went ahead with it.



Monday at noon I attempted to evoke Coniunctio from 420-land the clearing I used for the King and Queen. I banished, by the end of which everything felt legendary, sat down facing the sigil and lit some incense. I'd painted it in black on a gold background with a border, but part of the toner had run out halfway through the printing, conveniently causing the paper to be a lighter shade on one side and split down the middle.

By examining the Coniunctio sigil under the influence I could see all sorts of symbolism in it, some of which might actually be there. The X is the King, the O is the Queen, and between them they come together into the alchemical symbol of water. The "juice" is squeezed out of them and falls into a puddle, then meanders like a stream until it leaps up in something that looked to me like a fire. That or a mermaid's tail. The rest I couldn't tell. Possibly the cross relates to heaven and earth, and the shape attached to the X is either a question mark or related to the astrological symbols of Saturn and/or Jupiter. There's a bunch of alchemical stuff, anyway, which makes sense and matches my choice of gold for a background color.

I looked at the sigil and said some pretty words that I don't remember, and my phone ran out of battery so I couldn't take notes. I arranged the first five godforms, or my knowledge of them, behind me, with the King and Queen in front between me and the sigil, and then tried to draw the line between them. Problem was, I had no idea how I would know if I was successful. I went as deep as I could and tried to scry different paths my life could take, but I don't know how seriously to take the answers. It rained once while the sun shone and a deer came walking through the woods, froze and then bounded away when it saw me, which at the time was beyond amazing.

I asked to be shown "the forms Chaos takes" and saw three in front of me. A negative form, represented by a black hole, a positive form, represented by the Coniunctio sigil, and

one in between that might have been called disarray and looked like a square of clashing colors, mostly red and purple. Sometime after this I started shaking violently, which might have partly been shivering because it had gotten cold, and I was using heat and cold as another dichotomy to try to collapse. I took a stick and forcefully drew this symbol and the word “Adrian” in the dirt.



I don't know anyone named Adrian. Most online sources say the name simply means “from Adria.” One source gives it as “Black; dark; of the Adriatic (sea).” The same source has some bullshit on how people with this name “tend to be idealistic, highly imaginative, intuitive, and spiritual” and try to inspire people. Wikipedia says it originally comes from the Venetic word for water. Urban dictionary says it's a “hot ass guy who's strong and smart.” As for the glyph, it has a similar style to Enu/Nul but otherwise I don't recognize it.

As I said, I was shaking and pretty far from reality. I tried to represent the means and method of manifestation with the hot coal of an incense stick and the skin of my arm, respectively, and gave myself a little mini-seizure where I laughed/cried and clawed at the ground for what might have been somewhere in the range of a minute.

Recovering from that, I thought I'd try an inhibitory version, so I went into a deep dark void state and didn't breathe much. I was picked out of this and replaced on the ground by Doombringer, in the form of a flying demon with

leathery grey skin and wings, and a head like a chatter-tooth toy that talked in a metallic voice. I might have also seen Ellis at one point. I then tried a third form which I called “Bidirectional Ecstasy” which is simultaneously excitatory and inhibitory (and I think the phrase Double Crowley applies here well).

Interestingly, in whatever this state was I had the control to push myself close to reality and become more aware of my surroundings. I explained to myself that “Bidirectional is god state, paradoxically closest and farthest from normal.”

I tried to lift rocks, make the wind blow, make an eagle appear, etc. with no luck. Did some sigils I had in my pocket and other, more direct manipulations. I thanked the godforms behind me, left, and was back to normal by evening, aside from being utterly exhausted the next day. I repeat, I don’t know how seriously to take any of this. Really, I need more practice with drug magic before I could know if there was anything out of the ordinary.

I wanted to try again under my own power to see the difference. I had the bright idea to bring my tulpa into this with an active role, so I set up with the sigil of RK in front of where he would be, the WQ in front of me, and the Conjunctio sigil between us with more incense. I banished and we walked in a pentagram shape drawing the sigils of the godforms and calling them, with my tulpa holding my hand which held the knife. I was somewhat surprised that they all answered us, even Trigag. It helped that there were two of us; Ino in particular responded to my tulpa quickly and powerfully. They were one and all of the opinion that this wasn’t going to work, but willing to let us try.

My idea had been for my tulpa and I to connect ourselves to the King and Queen and then visualize a circuit of energy or electricity between us. On my end I was able to reach the queen by remembering last week. I don’t know how my tulpa fared. He seemed very far away from me and it became extremely hard for me to hear or see him. Neither of

us could gather up enough energy to even imagine fancy lightning tricks. After several tries he got the message across to me that this was making him feel sick and he was done with it, so we stopped it there.

After dismissing everyone I closed with the banishing, which sounded bad and felt right. I burned the sigils and sat down in front of the ashes, holding my athame and suddenly feeling very peaceful, letting my mind wander over the last two months and the fragments of sigils that passed behind my eyelids. Completion is the word, I felt complete, as though even in failing I'd done what I was supposed to do (my failures aren't mistakes, as I've been told at least twice now). Driving home I could see how most of my life is ruled by habit and how it doesn't need to be that way, and about the process of making one's thoughts real – Red King and White Queen are what I think and what I can make happen, loosely, and so I've always been Conjunctio. Or at least I am anytime I act out of free will. Of course I've come up with that before intellectually, but the ideas and more importantly the attendant feeling came out of nowhere, except for thinking how this is (sort of) the end of the marathon. So maybe I did pull it off, in a quiet way.

I feel unusual and not half bad. Like I took a shower when I didn't, and also like a bridge between imagination and reality.

Week Nine: Enu & Nul

*Hear me and travel forth O Dancing Twins
The Black, the White, Bifold progression of the NU
Which sunders the ages.*

chime

*I wait upon the threshold of creation
To participate in its unfolding.
The gate is open, the path is drawn.*

chime

The gate is open, the path is drawn!

chime

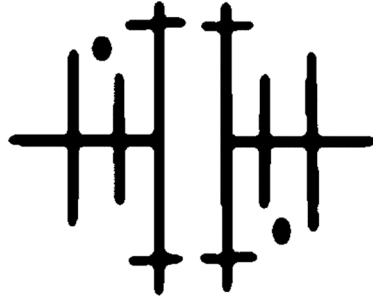
gaze intently on the sigil

(?)

The gate is open. Our lives split always.

chime twice in succession

This is the improved version which incorporates phrases the twins said to me. I don't know what to add after the "gaze intently" part. The sign of rending the veil might be appropriate, or not. As usual, the last line was used at the end as a closing.



Day one happened at dusk. The incense in the photo is sandalwood and rose, but nothing except the white candle would stay lit. Despite that, the twins responded to me quickly. The strongest feeling came from the sigil itself, and that was consistent during the second and third day. After watching the sigil for a while, two... centers of feeling would make themselves known and gradually clarify into children matching the descriptions given. They appeared in different locations around me and eventually started talking, but what little I could catch was nonsense. I tried scrying into a bowl of dark water but threw it out to the side because it wasn't working.

By closing my eyes and looking at the back of them instead of the imperfect scrying bowl, I started to get somewhere. Turning to my left, towards Nul, was a shape like a deer skull with long curvy antlers, which became like a white, long limbed, bendy, vaguely human shape. Then a crescent moon cupped upward with another, larger silver crescent laid over it, over the part of the smaller circle that was visibly in shadow.

Somewhere during this Enu touched my left arm and I felt a cold tingling sensation spread through the left side of my body. I felt dazed and wavy. I tried to repeat some of the words they said into my voice recorder: "My life. Popcorn." (saw an image of popcorn). "Carro. Rexus disthymonae. I'm feeling void of my fingers. Sitting sun, tulips, rolling to another night. Tongues twisted endymonae... muchas gracias." I was laughing quietly and turning to watch them dart around me. "We're sitting on the pedestal of U-torrent" (said Nul, sitting atop my altar).

It was nonsense, but I had to mention that it was "special nonsense". They kept up this behavior the other times I saw them during the week. I thought they might be playing parrot, like a kid who repeats everything you say, except they were repeating any junk that was in my head somewhere. It became clearer the more I listened and I started to get clearer pictures, including a moonlit forest, a gigantic red jellyfish floating overhead, and archway of trees leading to a stone door. I pushed the door open with my foot and only saw darkness inside, but turned around when one of the twins told me not to go in. A partially shadowed moon, a swing set, "Blatant concord snapping like tulips in the fray," and more in this vein. I thought I heard chirping but couldn't tell if I was actually hearing it or imagining/"hearing" it.

I started to pack up and more happened, which I'll skim over. I saw things from the perspective of the trees, airy with a deep connection to what they touched. I felt a spirit beside the path that made my ears ring, and it was so tangible that I couldn't tell whether or not I was actually seeing a blinking light in the gloom. Some real shit started coming to me where I felt and half-saw a Slenderman-like thing that lived in the woods. When I tried to describe it, I ended up channeling a long cryptic message that I'll leave out due to its personal nature. The mood had shifted when it got dark, but since I'd looked up info on the actual danger of animal and human attacks in this area, it seemed more like a risk I was

consciously taking. Some mental/emotional stuff happened where the fear became a psychological thing that I could grapple with, distinct from the actual danger. The dark wilderness became the ancient one that our ancestors walked out of, and the one that eventually eats everyone.

Although I mention it because it was an important part of the night, and triggered by the evocation, I won't go into detail.

Day two, performed at dawn. It was lighter than what I'd have liked and thinking about this might have interfered with my focus. The incense went out again and Enu and Nul's behavior was as before. The nonsense appears to be a preferred form of communication; there's a signal in the noise that becomes clearer as you listen for it. Once I "saw" a moon over a mountain when looking to my left, Enu-side. To my right, a black circle obscuring a glowing one, like an eclipse. Otherwise, there isn't much to report.

Day three, Friday night at midnight, I drove to my old elementary school and did the ritual in a semi-open moonlit area, just past the line of trees at the edge of the property, where I'd be less likely to be disturbed. First, though, I glitterbombed the hell out of the playground, mostly with marked quarters and river rocks, drawing on my memories of the corners that kids investigate and adults overlook.

The candles and incense stayed lit this time, probably because I'd let them burn awhile in the still air at my house. Sacramento was a shot of espresso. The marathon started and ends on the full moon, encompassing two eclipses – I wonder if whoever chose the dates planned this.

I got a response within about a minute of looking at the sigil. As before, the sigil was where most of the activity was, while the visualized forms of the two appeared around me. Ideas started coming to me rapidly: Two crescent moons facing outwards, with a dot between them above my head. Solid glowing walls to either side, either I was holding them open or something was holding them for me, forming a path

down the middle (gate is open, path is drawn!) They've got a thing for very tangible-seeming spirits; I felt another one over in the trees.

The sigil was actually turning in my vision at this point. The sigil is prison bars; you have to hold them apart in order to go through. Because reality is prison-like unless you "architect them" (their words). The twins appeared serpent-like when they weren't human children, but not quite, like monstrous snakes with many legs and tails. I saw a few other paths weaving around the area; metaphorically speaking, assuming you're not able to walk off trail, your mobility depends on how well you know the intersections of the paths.

Here's speculation and personal gnosis: Enu and Nul are children because the whole thing is a game. They like toys and games which represent the world; the two are much more worldly than the last few egregores. In terms of the cycle – at least the way I did it, with the twins outside and after the main progression – what the last three have had in common is that they are all "scarcely imaginable" due to being everywhere at once. Then, when you're tired of trying to multiply infinities, Enu/Nul is a return to limitation and definition, but this time with the understanding that allows circumstances to be manipulated. They have to do with problem solving and one's ability to "architect" or design the world around them; it reminds me of the type of magician that pulls bunnies out of hats.

What they reveal allows you to more effectively shape your surroundings. It's our job to find the moving parts in the world, like a puzzle where all but a few parts seem locked in place, and we just have to fiddle with the mobile parts until we figure it out. So they might associate with tools as easily as with toys, which are the same thing in a child's mind; any kind of tool, from a hammer to a pencil. Any of the egregores could be described as lockpicks for reality, but these two especially. They're a tool that loosens pieces (Nul) and puts them into a new place (Enu). They're also children, with all

the themes of duality and death of the old, birth of the new, that others have mentioned. They explore, play, and make the future.

They're two different kinds of curiosity. Enu is sweet in the way that sweetness feeds and allows growth. There's more to her than that, though, this is all just scratching the surface. Nul is sort of empty, like air, and he's an aspect of death, so there's all that. The shadow of the earth over the moon, whereas Enu is the full moon.

Or in my current surroundings, the shadows cast by moonlight vs the illuminated areas. There is a bleeping, whirring noise on the recording right after I strike the last chime. Could be some kind of interference from the ringing, or else its omg spirits.

I began this week with a furious desire to make something. Until now I've been following along the material that's already out there. What did I get from it? Inspiration, synchronicity, growth and a whole lot of crazy dreams. Looking back at earlier cycles that have been performed, creating one's own path was always heavily emphasized, whereas this one had more of the idea that we would follow a similar structure. Although I think everyone did their own thing for the most part, anyway. I didn't follow the suggested structure with the Ellisian banishing and Khaos transvocation because, honestly, it was too much to memorize alongside school and everything else. But to really complete the cycle, you have to reach the end of the materials available and then start making things; the switch between consuming and creating is one of the most important things the cycle wants to do to you. That could be part of the symbolism, for me at least, of Enu/Nul coming out of Coniunctio.

Most of the egregores have appeared very friendly, aside from the dark woods thing and possibly the White Queen. Week four especially I was prepared to face some shit, but Trigag acknowledged me and that was about it. The only reasons I can see that they would be actively aggressive,

rather than just ignoring you, is if they were challenging you for your own growth, or possibly if they were trying to use you, or if you did something exceptionally annoying. Echoing Doombringer, there just wasn't any need for them to be violent and adversarial at the moment.

Now what? I'm going to go make and break and move things. I've taken what I can from these last two months.

I'm braver, more technically skilled, and I feel much less noobish. The boost in artistic skills from week three, the pirate speech and ease of writing from week five, and whatever it was that I felt at the end of week eight have all faded, confirming that these qualities came from the entities. Yet, I think they've changed me in some way on a deep level and that I could access the abilities again. I've tested the effects of Monday night by going back to the woods after dark. The fear was nearly gone from the beginning, and the rest dropped off of me as I walked, until I was as comfortable as if it had been daytime. So that will last, at least.

If my descriptions have sounded dramatic, it's because this new to me. The results I've mentioned might be everyday business for someone more experienced. Honestly, I didn't **really** believe in the capabilities of spirits, either internal or external, when I started this, and the power of it caught me off guard. I think about what I'd have missed had I not gone overboard with the three times/week. If it's worth doing, it's worth overdoing.

Enough reflecting. I do it too goddamn much, and we have a world to burn...!

CHAPTER OF FRATER THEODBALD

The first time I had done a Godform Cycle was in 2013. Every ritual was different from each other ritual. This time I wanted to make everything much simpler, and use the same structure and props for each ritual. In the same breath, I

wanted a much smaller reliance on props and would include: my Jakin and Bohaz, my Discordian Lab Coat, my musical triangle, a Red Candle (for all workings), the Rutilated Quartz Crystal I've been doing DKMU rituals with for a while, my Ghost Spider in transparent resin, a Divination prop – a scrying crystal and finally, a Sigil of the Godform. It turns out that each week I hand-drew the Godform's Sigil and wrote the invocation I would be using beside it, on the same sheet of paper. In the end, I'm left with a booklet of sorts that I will be able to use again.

My order of ritual went as follows:

- 1) Banishing rite.
- 2) Opening rite
- 3) Evocation specific to the Godform of the Week.
- 4) Divination (Tarot, scrying, automatic writing, etc.)
- 5) Banishing rite.

The banishing rite I used can be seen in Appendix the first, while the opening rite was the Transvocation of Xaos, in Appendix the third.

Week 1 – Ellis

I started off with the Ellisian Banishing. For the vibrations, I used "Hekas, Hekas Este Bebeloi", "IAO" and "Esto". I found it surprisingly easy to memorize and short to do. The fact that it is written in so detailed a format makes it look complicated, but the sheer detail of it simplifies the whole learning process by a long shot. The fact that it uses a triangular pattern rather than a square pattern threw me off a bit, direction-wise, as I am used to the four corners approach. All in all, I feel that I need more practice with this technique and it's a good thing, because that's what I'll be doing for the next few months...

Second was the Transvocation to Khaos. To put it simply, it blew my fucking mind. I was sitting on a low table, in the position of Eliphas Lévi's Baphomet, visualizing myself as the Goat of Mendes itself, yet focusing on my "ontological point", the center of my being. I was reading the invocation and was capable of maintaining a good concentration on its content and symbols. It was when I got to the final calling, 'IA! IA! IA!,' that things felt like they were exploding. My whole body got incredibly hot, I was in sweat, my voice changed into something that I had never heard before. I guess I learned a new way of vibrating my enchantments that I had never thought possible - nor could I have ever seen myself capable of such a thing.

While I was previously capable of making my thorax vibrating during incantations, this was particularly booming and felt like my whole body was implicated. I was also detached from it all. I had a sense of incredible power (hey, a good dose of megalomania is always healthy in magic, as I always say) and at the same time, I was thoroughly frightened by what was going on. A feeling of being "in control" and totally "out of control" simultaneously. At the end of the Transvocation, I don't know what the hell came out of me, sounded like a "primordial first breath" or something. A loud inspiration followed by a long expiration. Never before had I felt my lungs so full and then so empty. After it was done, I needed a long moment of silence, I was quite shaken up.

The next evocation of Ellis felt small and weak in particular. Perhaps did I make a "mistake" in my procedure as I was unable to carry the Khaos Transvocation feeling into the Ellis Evocation. I'll have to work on that for the next one. Also, it is to note that the Khaos Transvocation is indeed more elaborate symbolically than the Ellis Transvocation. Nonetheless, I believe I was able to stay concentrated and carry it out.

The divination went rather well, despite being short. This would be what I saw in my crystal ball, with

interpretations in italics: Two pillars which, in its center, merged into an « X marks the spot » imagery.

This I believe would indicate that I was, indeed, in the Temple, at the right place.

An image of the Red Queen, shoulder-length hair, long gown with gold belt and gold stars on the gown, red-brown hair.

Rather straightforward as an image, I interpret this as a positive omen, that the Red Queen has heard my invocation.

Tortured monkey on rack.

A rather scary sight to see, as it was, I couldn't help but wonder whether that was a direct reference to my own state of evolution, or what I was actually doing to my more primal or primitive nature.

Sword on left side on ground, myself praying in devotion.

A Spider that morphs into a dog's snout.

The heraldic symbol of three spears.

A symbol of honour, and of a valliant warrior. Puts everything into perspective ... or does it?

I ended the ritual with, first, redoing the Ellisian Banishing rite, which I felt I greatly needed. I hesitated a bit to do the Star Ruby, as I've been doing it for a while and have good results with it. But I didn't want to break the atmosphere. To me, doing the Star Ruby would be equivalent of 'chickening out and taking the easy way' so I in redoing the Ellisian Banishing, I made sure I did it much better than the first time.

Once all was said and done, I was standing there, feeling disoriented. I needed some time to sit on my couch and calm the fuck down. It felt like the coming down of an acid trip all condensed in fifteen minutes.

All in all, I'm very satisfied with the overall intensity of my first week of the Godform Cycle and look forward to Doombringer. The fact that we do it once a week instead of once in 3 days relaxes the intensity a bit and I have less

chance of falling into a magical psychosis, HA! So I guess it's all good.

Week 2 – Pre-Doombringer Ellisian Banishing practice

I haven't done the Doombringer evocation this week yet, but I've been practicing the Ellisian Banishing Ritual.

Easy to memorize, but hard to understand and hence perform. I've been doing LBRPs and Star Ruby's and LSRPs which are all 4-sided that the triangular method was alien to me at first. Now I may actually be getting a hang of it!

I think I've finally figured out the three proclamations to use in the ritual. The first: "Hazah! Hazah! Zazahexazaz!" (Because double-crowley, biatche!) The second, "Hekas! Hekas, este bebeloi!" (I used to do it as a starting proclamation, but it didn't feel right. And I had previously tried the IAO vibration but it didn't feel quite right either.) The third: "Esto." (Been using it since the beginning, felt right since the start.) A part of me is encouraged by the proclamation, "... and from this rite, I untie the worlds!" but it still feels a bit strange.

I've also added the circle-pointing, as done in the LBRP. It works kind of well.

Week 2 – Doombringer

As you can see, the altar setup is very similar to my Ellis working, as I'm trying to maintain a standard or a similarity between rituals. I put on my Discordian Lab Coat for the rite (of course).

So I had had a particularly shitty day at work, and concentration was rather more difficult.

The first Ellisian Banishing went rather well, and I'm glad I practiced it.

The Transvocation to Khaos was nowhere near as intense as the first time, which had genuinely surprised me, though it still felt effective. I think I'm going to need a better paper to read it from, or maybe even put on my glasses next time. I stuttered a bit during the reading and did not like it very much.

It was then the actual Invocation of The Doombringer that went really well. The wording was rather awkward at first but as soon as the Sacrament was taken and the final mantra recited, something inside the center of my torso "happened" - I felt tears roll down my cheeks that "something changed" and that there was something in the past of which I have to let go.

The divination was fruitful, many symbols which I will compile and try to analyze later on.

When I did the final Ellisian Banishing ritual, all of the imagery was so vivid! It's as if my visualization ability and technique was doubled! In that tiny ritual, I learned a lot about it and now appreciate it even more. Lots of red in my mind, now.

Once the formal part of the operation was finished, it didn't end there! I still felt the presence of 663 radiating inside of me - and, let's admit it, the sacrament too - and was compelled to pick up my copy of The Field Manual for the Strange Psyche to read the invocation written there. I copied it here for posterity's sake:

*I am the one, the one and only;
I am everything, and everything is nothing.
Behold the truth, and behold the light
and behold as I destroy it all!*
*I am the one, the one and only;
I am everything, and everything is nothing.
I am truth, and I am lies
I am the end of it all!*
LA DOOMBRINGER! AWAKEN KHAOS!
(Repeat last part until satisfied.)

The next thing that happened was extensively strange. It felt as if this working was interfering with another previous working. In January, I had undertaken a 14-day Transvocation taken from Chumbley's Dragon Book of Essex. The effects were quite palpable and have been felt ever since. Because of this - there was seemingly interference. Something between the 'dragon' part of me and the 'central chakra-thingie' in the center. At that point I just zonked out into trance. Conversing with both Doombringer and Azhdeha. I was in a world of dream, conciliating the two magical influences together, integrating them together, and trying to make something whole. Maybe I should have compartmentalized? In the end they both melted into each other. A little something in my heart felt oh so good and liberated.

The 'protection' of the Discordian Lab Coat was no longer necessary at that point and the next thing I knew I was getting ready to go to sleep. I didn't sleep right away, though; I was far away in trance land, in my now motionless body, under the warm covers, immersed in visions.

I woke up early, feeling particularly well rested and stronger emotionally.

Week 3 – Ino

To try and summarize, my INO working made me feel like, “WTF IS HAPPENING?!”

Notable points:

Ino did NOT want me to finish with a banishing. Ino did NOT want me to scry / write down anything coherent.

It was weird and I'm not so sure it was very healthy for the mind and spirit.

The Khaos Transvocation went quite well, though! (Not sure that was all that healthy either, ha!)

Week 4 – Trigag

First, what happened with Trigag: (As you can clearly see, I used the Stephen Branch alternative version of the Trigag Sigil.) I did the invocation late in the week. A friend of mine, a talented astrologist, had told me to watch out for bad stuff at work on March 24. Boy was she ever right. I mean a whole truckload of shit fucked me sideways on that day. I was in a pretty bad/dark mood already that day. I was already in a mood for revenge.

As can be seen on the altar pics, in addition of my regular solve/coagula nail and screw, I have two more rusty nails. Those two additional nails are the ones I used for my vengeful / spiteful magicks.

I did the Ellis Banishing, the Khaos Transvocation, and when I got to the Trigag Invocation, it felt almost like a natural continuation of the prior transvocation. As if Khaos and Trigag are of the same breath in some way.

The Scrying was an incredibly strange experience. All I got was "Trigag is Smiling." What I saw was basically the Trigag Sigil, with a smile. The whole thing felt as if the chaotic emotions were well attuned to the ritual.

Or at least, I apparently had the correct attitude to deal with my own inner hell.

For some strange reason I couldn't scry much further and was really "invited" to write anything on paper. (When I scry I always have a pen and paper beside me.) Instead I started doing all sorts of automatic writings on my whiteboard, erasing them as I went along. In the end, this was all that was left : the only writing I got "permission" to keep. The rest was, most probably meant more from my subconscious than for my waking life.

So in the end I got this:

Quod Vivum Vivas
Ave Khaos
Ave Nox

Fiat Nigredo
Fiat Nigri Solis Internum
Fiat Mors
LORFF
FLAT NOX

At some point near the end of the ritual, I took my vindictive nails and used them to channel my rage and my pain into an appropriate target. It felt good to release some of that. Then I banished with the Ellisian Banishing and went to bed, exhausted.

Week 5 – Zalty

Ok. So, Zalty! Once again I did the Ellisian Banishing and the Xaos Transvocation beforehand, however, the mood was much different. The lighting was brighter and the atmosphere lighter in general.

I guess I really shouldn't have made the lighting so bright. It changed the mood quite a bit and gave the ritual a feeling of "standardness" to it. I missed my "spooky" atmosphere that I was able to generate for the previous rituals. Although at the time, I couldn't figure out what it was that made the scrying "strange". I saw this:

The horizon, an island in the middle of the sea, a peaceful cloud floating by.

A house in the middle of a chaostar.

A flower with six petals.

This seems to be Zalty introducing himself, or at least telling me that I am in the right place, that my evocation was successful.

A cat holding the hand of a man.

Rainbows.

Anthropomorphic Rabbit Giving a felatio.

A fox under a mushroom.

A raccoon playing a musical instrument.

*I had no idea what the instrument was.
A crystal.*

So yes, it was strange to me. I still don't understand the series of anthropomorphic animals. It was almost cartoony. In the end, it all made me think of the decor in Alice in Wonderland.

Aside from this strangeness, the whole ritual didn't quite feel as "effective" as I would have liked.

I promised myself that for the next ritual I'm back to candles and dark lighting.

Week 6 – Red King

Never say never. This was another ritual done in broad daylight, due to time constraints.

Once again I did an Ellisan Banishing and the Transvocation of Xaos – I'm feeling more and more confident with the process and I feel that I'm getting better and better. There was a lightness to it, though, possibly because it was in the daytime...

I would say an important event happened as I was doing the evocation of the Red King. At the last *ding* on my musical triangle, the string broke! It was rather surprising, because I was quite well concentrated in my ritual and it made quite a cacophonous ka-boom style ding as it crashed down on the floor. I was impressed and to me, it was a sign that the ritual actually worked.

The ritual done, I was not inspired towards scrying, but towards automatic writing. This is what emerged from the pen and paper:

"All is a scrying I have no dream for you. Choose ye well oblivion is on the other side of reality is a dream of nothing and everything at the same time is nowhere to be found upon your dream the truth of your reality scope for

sight is where things are not... nox. Come back at a later time.”

At that point I stopped writing and ended the ritual. I don't feel a need for trying to interpret the automatic writing. To me, it's clear enough in its confusion...

Week 7 – White Queen

One can see from the picture above that I was able to go back to doing my rituals during the witching hour, at night. The Ellisian Banishing and Transvocation to Xaos were done as per the ritual structure.

The White Queen has no evocation written in Liber Sigillum, so I used one that I developed from my previous Godform Cycle (each * is when I hit my musical triangle):

*Hear me and travel forth Ó White Queen
Head Mistress of the ineffable mysteries
All paths are deleted, all info is lost
Save for the mystery of the Great Beyond
The knower and the known are distorted
All Gates lead Beyond
All Gates are open, all Paths are gone!
All Gates are open, all Paths are Gone!
Open the Gates, Delete the paths,
From Nothing to Otherness
The Path is Drawn.*

After the ritual, nothing came out of the scrying, only automatic writing. I will not go into details of the writing, because there was very personal content. I will only mention that the White Queen referred herself to the “Khaos Feminine Divine” and she referred to me as a “white wizard of the black.”

The whole ritual ended with what I noted as a “psychotic mind fuck” because there were “too many

voices,” i.e. it was like an infinite crowd of White Queen talking. It felt like a white noise invading me from all directions.

A final message penetrated the tsunami of mental cacophonous chatter, saying:

“Find the white center. You.”

I went to bed exhausted and did not sleep well.

Week 8 – Eno & Nul, the Twins

What’s that you say? Another ritual done in broad daylight? Indeed yes, it was. At this point, I was getting accustomed to both the Ellisian Banishing (it was memorized by now) and the Xaos Transvocation, which I found easier to read in the daytime.

The ritual flowed rather well, and the scrying came out as thus:

Sticking out tongue, three flower petals, eyes.

The eyes were everywhere, it was as if I was looking at a wall of eyes.

Angry owl face looking at me

Inverted pentagram that melts into and becomes a Baphomet, then a windmill

I see the Twins sigil, then the fingernail of what seems to be a middle finger sticking out

A bat with spread out wings.

A horizon.

The image of the horizon is, to me, a symbol of hope. The void, or inexistence, is no longer to me a limit or a finality, but a horizon that opens up to, ultimately, otherness. The old axiom, “ipseity is proportional to alterity” is, to me, ontogenetically true, however there does exist, even beyond the mirror of being vs. non-being, the unfathomable Mystery.

I really enjoy that we can observe both a red and a blue reflection spot on my (highly scratched) whiteboard.

Week 9 – Coniunctio

And so it happened again. For the second time in a row, I did not do a Coniunctio working during my Godform Cycle. This is very frustrating for me because this time I... simply forgot. I can't even imagine how in the world it skipped my mind, but it did. I was dumbfounded and surprised at myself. I do believe, however, that I should indeed do a Coniunctio ritual eventually, one day...

ELLISIAN BANISHING

By DKMU Anonymous

Based on the psychonaut's own paradigm, determine the direction of *most* importance; stand facing it. Imagine an equilateral triangle on the ground beneath and surrounding you. The triangle should point behind you. (You should stand facing the flat "bottom" of the triangle, perpendicular to your direction of choice, ex; assuming northerly orientation, you face north, with a point of the triangle behind you, facing south.)

1) Arms out, head back. Eyes closed, a preliminary intonation of the psychonauts choosing should mark the beginning of the ritual. Ex; IAO, IEAOU, AUM, etc. Given the nature of the ritual, divine names or vibrations are directly advised against; Neutrality in the focus is necessary.

2) Directly in front of you, on the flat "Bottom" of the Triangle, Trace a vertical line, Vibrating as you do so; "Ellis" this is the primary vertical line of the Linking Sigil.

3) From the ending of that line, trace a horizontal line out to the right, this is the primary horizontal line of the Linking Sigil. Vibrate "Raliq" while doing so.

4) From there, trace a line from the top right of the vertical line down, about half the distance of the horizontal line to a point about 3/4s of the way down on the left-hand side, extending out roughly half the distance of the horizontal line; this is the topmost line of the "S" in the Linking Sigil. Vibrate "Fout."

5) From there, continue your line back to the right, parallel with the first horizontal line about half its distance over (this line should be ending directly underneath where the previous line began) this is the horizontal line in the 's'. Vibrate "Eb."

6) Finally, continue the line back down and to the left, perfectly bisecting the joint of the first two lines, ending directly under where the previous line began. this is the final line of the Linking Sigil. Vibrate "Shud" while tracing.

7) Breath through one full breath, bringing your arms straight down to your sides, with your forearms and hands tilted down and away from the body.

8) Rotate your right arm clockwise, through the chest region, out roughly 60deg above the head (forming the sign of Apophis and Typhon with the right half of your body.)

9) Invoke the Sacred Child. She stands to the right of you, at the Corner of the Triangle where "Bottom" meets "Side" (Assuming Northerly Orientation; the Northeast corner of the room.)

10) Rotate the both arms counterclockwise into the chest (sign of Osiris Risen.)

11) Invoke the Lover, she Stands Directly Behind you, at the "Top" Corner of the Triangle" (Assuming northerly orientation; the south corner of the room.)

12) Rotate both arms counterclockwise again, the right arm moving down to its original position, the left arm moving up to 60deg above the head (Forming the Sign of Apophis and Typhon with the left side of the body.)

13) Invoke the Red Queen. She Stands to the Left of you, at the Corner of the Triangle where "Bottom" meets "Side" (Assuming Northerly Orientation, the Northwest corner.)

14) Rotate the Left Arm Clockwise, returning to the original Position. Raise the arms directly up into a "cross pose" (the Sign of Osiris Slain.)

15) Perform another choice vibratory exclamation.

16) Turn clockwise to the next face of the triangle (assuming northerly orientation, the southeast), bowing to the Sacred Child on the way.

17) Perform steps 2-6 on the new face.

18) Perform Steps 7-15, invoking the Sacred Child, Lover, and Red Queen in their SAME Locations (using the left hand for the child, right hand for the Lover, and going to the chest for the Queen.)

19) Repeat steps 2-15 for the final (southwest, assuming northerly orientation) for the last face, Ending with another final vibratory exclamation. The Aspects of Ellis again retain their original placement, the Child being first Invoked at the rear by rotating the arms inward (clockwise for

the right, counter for the left) to cross the chest (Osiris slain) the lover next (dropping the right arm back, moving the left onward) and the Queen last (bringing the left arm back and the right up.)

20) Return to the starting face and the "cross pose" (Osiris slain), Bowing to the Queen on the way. and close the ritual with a proclamation (not a vibration.)

Notes on the Gestures; the arms are always rotated inward; across the chest.

Note on the proclamation; personal tradition leads me to recommend the Latin "Ave" as the finale for any Ellisian working. I've found its combination of Brevity and Declaration makes it a wonderful punctuation mark.

Notes on the Invocations; these are intended to be brief intonations, but open to personalization by the psychonaut. In the initial castings, I used the (shitty) Greek vibrations "Idou; Heiros Teknon!", "Idou; Erastis!", and "Idou; Kokino Basilissa!" For the Sacred Child, Lover, and Red Queen respectively. The Psychonaut is encouraged to assume any method or vibration preferred.

Practical note; when using the Ellisian Banishing in Ritual, Shift the directional alignment so that the alter falls at (or "close to") the corner containing the aspect most appropriate to the ritual. My correspondences follow; the Sacred Child; Ellis as the Bringer of Chaos, She of the Bitten Fingers, the Glitterbomber, the Trickster and Bringer of Change.

The Lover; Ellis as the Idealist; The Magician, Bringer of Power and giver of Knowledge. Lady of Ambitions and Desires.

The Red Queen; Ellis as the Unifier. She of the Webs. Lady of Stability and Community.

7 GATES OF KHAOS/INVOKING RITUAL OF KHAOS

By radulon40crotch

At each corner, trace the sigil of Ellis.

At the eastern corner: I call upon the gate of mystery in the east in the name of Ino.

South: I call upon the gates of destruction in the south in the name of Doombringer.

West: I call upon the gates of the tides in the west in the name of ol' Zalty.

North: I call upon the gate of the web in the north in the name of LS.

Below: I call upon the gate of the undercurrent below in the name of Trigag.

Above: I call upon the gates of the primordial formulae in the name of Red King and White Queen.

Solar plexus: I call upon the astral body and the gate of union in the name of Coniunctio.

The gates are open, the path is drawn!

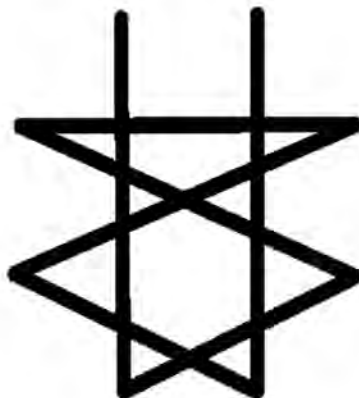
(Trace the LS gate sigil)

And upon this mark, I unite the worlds!

Hail Xaos!

* * * * *

Editor's Note: The Unicursal LS Network Gate-Key Sigil is below.



TRANSVOCATION OF Xαος

By DKMU, compiled and edited by Frater Theodbold

The Magus stands facing Polaris, the North Star. Takes the sign of the Sabbatic Goat of Mendes also called Baphomet, or as seen the sign of the Devil Card of the Tarot. Wears black or white robe with Chaostar pendant. Speaks in a loud voice. Before starting the invocation, the magus gazes into a cup filled up with black liquid until s/he gets into the void gnosis.

KHAOS!

First of the Protogenoi!

I call upon the primal nothingness in which everything is. I call upon infinite vacant space from out which came all things.

Khaos!

I call the Prima Materia.

I call the original undifferentiated oneness-of-being.

I call upon the winged AZOTH.

Khaos!

Thee who hast no limit below, no place to settle.
I call thee in thy fullness of Being.
I call thee in thy infinite potential of all-being.
Khaos!

The Gate is open! The Path is drawn!
To Beauty! To Variety! To Conflict!
The Currents of Within flood Without!
To Khaos!

To That which does not answer to any title. For
"You" are not "You", and yet ye are found within me. Your
name is undying, the envy of all Hearts. To the living, you are
as the impenetrable Enlightenment, and to those still stifled
by belief, ye are as the God which does not answer any
prayers except by infuriating riddle.

O black pyramid in pale white sands, I want from you
Nothing, for Nothing ye Are. I ask of ye Nothing and no
Sign, for ye Are the Sign. I have known you. And in knowing
myself, I have known you. In knowing the gross and the
subtle, the formless and the hard edges, I have known you. In
not knowing, I have known you.

O primal Void, anti-language, but thought! Thought!
O, how rich is thy thought! For in this One Thought,
stripped of language, is the Prime Root of Magick, so as is
this double the Prime Root of Life.

It is! It is! I am! There is that which remains beyond it
all, and I AM is the name for it!

Strip me then of even this, so that I might perform
the impossible trick. It is the one that set the stars in motion.
It is Us. And I am ready. All else is brushed aside.

Our name is Universe. Our name is Eternity. Our
name is Naught.

IA, IA, IA NAMELESS!

THE GATE IS OPEN. THE PATH IS DRAWN.

KHAOS ABOVE AND KHAOS BELOW.

KHAOS WITHIN AND KHAOS WITHOUT.

KHAOS HERE AND NOW, NOWHERE AND
FOREVER.

KHAOS UNLEASHED.

KHAOS BECOMES.

IA! IA! KHAOS!

IA! KHAOS!

I.

(The magus holds no thoughts for some time; enforced silence.)

(Vibrate forth and/or hum any sound that comes to mind.)

* * * * *

Editor's Note: The 'Eggregore Notes' chapter now continues to include other texts from varied practitioners and/or documents.

* * * * *

Another Evocation of Ellis

By Moonlight

I chose the 24.06 as a date, as it is very close to summer solstice but not at a weekend, so I did not expect to be disturbed at the place where I went to.

My plan was to follow Frater Theodbald's suggestions (Thanks for those ideas!) with some changes. I must add that this is my first "serious" (in my consideration) magical work, even though I am into the Occult and DKMU for quite a few years. I was mostly focusing on Sigils, Law of Attraction-Style work and of course Glitterbombing so far. Other resources I used were the Liber Null (Carrol) Chapters on Invocation and Evocation, as well as some ideas from this merkavahpartyvan.tumblr.com/post/66074566076/actually-summoning-a-demon-on-purpose post about Goetic summonings.

0. I prepared the Altar (below). It's in a large resting-hut in a nearby forest, in a place where you can see the sun set (above). I found it perfect for the purpose.

The plan was to have a Sigil of Ellis surrounded by 5 candles (for the 5 letters of her name and for resonance with my banishing ritual, which works with the Pentagram = 4 Elements + Spirit symbolism). As Gifts I planned to bring sweet red wine for the Lover, Rose incense for the Queen and a sweet for the child. Sadly, I left the incense at home. So I improvised with a scented candle. (The large fire you see comes from using multiple matches as wicks, as otherwise the wind would blow it out -- and it of course looks better.)

1. I used my own banishing rite, which I created with the instructions in Liber MMM a few years ago, focussing heavily on Elemental symbolism joined with Chaos.

2. After this I whirled around for a while to get into Gnosis and then I performed a shortened version of the Transvocation of Khaos (Thanks to Frater Theobald once more!), basically leaving out the lines that did not resonate with me. It was quite an interesting experience, but nothing really spectacular either.

3. Next was the actual evocation of Ellis. I began it by some more time with whirling, and then recited a poem (below) which I (amateurishly, no doubt) wrote for this occasion. I had to improvise a bit because of the forgotten incense, but oh well.

After the last line of the poem, I saw Ellis (the way I usually see what I visualise with open eyes, as transparent but still somehow bearing colour and texture) standing on the other side of the table, in the form I usually see her, a tall black-haired woman dressed in red. I saw her split into Queen, Lover and Child, trying the offerings I set before them.

I have the impression that I understood/heard their/her comments better than ever before, even though I of course cannot be sure that it is not a projection of myself anyway (Anyone knows a way around this constraint?). I asked her to become one again, and we talked for a few minutes, which was very interesting. My main request was that she tells me whether she is okay with my work. I also

asked whether she can do something to help improve communication between her and me.

4. After all of that I thanked her for appearing and for talking to me. She disappeared into the night and I started cleaning the ritual place and collecting my stuff.

Something rather interesting happened afterwards, on my 40 minute way back home through the forest. I was in a quite intense emotional state after the evocation, and just entered a pretty dark part of the forest with my eyes still not very adjusted from looking at the candles. I asked Ellis, who's presence I still felt, whether it is possible to speak to her more clearly, to get a more direct communication going.

What then happened really surprised and confused me: Basically, it seems like Ellis granted me a Familiar Spirit or something similar. I did not know that she does that.... But another woman appeared in front of me, looking similar but still clearly not like Ellis. She said that she was Alice (changed pronunciation) and will act as a helper for communication and as a general contact-entity. And for the first time (except for the few minutes during the evocation) in my experience with Ellis I could "hear" her rather clearly, not just for a few thoughts. From then she appeared and disappeared from time to time, but I could call her and talk to her, which is pretty great. She also seems a very helpful entity in general, helping me to focus on important tasks and not get distracted. AGain, I cannot be totally sure whether this is all projection/placebo, but if so "it's working" very well, better than ever before, so it feels quite real to me.

Overall it was quite an evening. I am extremely pleased with the results and very grateful to Ellis, Arjil, Frater Theodbold and the DKMU in general.

The poem I wrote to call Ellis:

A CALLING TO THE QUEEN

*To the Red Queen I am calling
Ellis, hear me and descend
Rigid structures will be falling
We bring Khaos to the land*

*Show the world variety's wonder
hidden doorways open wide
Stagnant order torn asunder
Magic flows as crashing tide*

*Taste the Wine I brought before you
Smell the Rose and taste the sweet
Share with me your plans and feelings
Join me in this magic feat*

IN THE HALL OF THE RED KING

By Frater Ahsyrose (Chelseanacht 2015)

"Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." - Edgar Allen Poe

On the night of July 17th, 2015, the 8th anniversary of the Chelsea Working, a collection of practitioners performed a scattered, yet connected ritual involving the DKMU egregores. The bulk of the operation was to occur in New Orleans, Louisiana, wherein a handful of colleagues would be working with the first 5 as their primaries. So as to empower the operation, others would work with the 'more distant' aspects from afar. I had been called to work with him many weeks prior, so for this working, my station fell on the Red King.

Ritual Sequence:

0. Preparation. The altar is arranged with symbolic items. We were going to use a wooden dome out back at first as ritual space. Realizing we were very low on candles and could not properly illuminate the space (only 1 small black candle), we improvised. Altar additions include various informational/linguistic objects: a keyboard, paintbrushes, a black mirror, various power cords, some books (the EXIT Collection, Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas, the Elements of Style), cigars, a black dice rolled until it came up 6, a billiard number 1 ball (symbolizing the Magician), a black candle in the center before the mirror, a small wooden chest full of gems opened up, a small obsidian disc with the hands of a clock etched upon it, etc. The Red King's sigil is pinned to the wall above the altar. We mark the outer skin of a mango with sigils and certain numbers, and the Ritual Connection sigil being used by others. We then eat the flesh of the mango, making it a Eucharist of sorts. Prior to getting into the ritual, I also play the song 'Red' by King Crimson, followed by tribal drumming meant to linger in the background. I enter the ritual space and close the door.

1. A circle is cast with incense. I used Palo Santo. I then anointed my forehead with salt water followed by a quick "Praise hiz name, for He Livez." (Nod to Zalty.)

2. A very simple Ellis Grounding procedure then followed. A Linking Sigil was drawn in the air over each cardinal direction, as well as above and below, with a red paintbrush (wand) held in a red glove also marked with the Linking Sigil (an item given to me years ago by Frater Vinncent.) "Upon this mark, I unite the path of the North within our space." And so on.

3. The Transvocation of Khaos then followed with minimal editorial adjustments. The red paintbrush became

like a conductor's baton at this point, emphasizing the sway and motion of the rhythm and tempo of the words.

(Some time is spent intently gazing at the reflection of the candle flame in the black mirror. This is done to encourage trance, or an otherwise altered state of consciousness, though it should be mentioned that I had partaken in some pharmacological trance-potentiators beforehand.)

KHAOS! First of the Protogenoi! I call upon the primal nothingness in which everything is. I call upon infinite vacant space out from which came all things.

KHAOS! Thee who hast no limit below, no place to settle. I call thee in thy fullness of being. I call thee in thy infinite potential! The original undifferentiated oneness of being!

KHAOS! The gate is open! The path is drawn! To Beauty! To Variety! To Conflict! The currents within flood without! Our name is Multiverse. Our name is Eternity. Our name is Naught!

LA, LA, LA, NAMELESS! Here and Now, Nowhere and Forever! Khaos unleashed! Khaos becomes! LA, LA, KHAOS! LA, KHAOS! ... "I" (Spoken as 'eye')

A change in the felt energy of the room, and within the body became markedly obvious. A hot tension above the gut manifested itself and began to rise, eventually causing a notable tingling in the arms, fingers, and forehead.

4. Attention now turned to the Red King. Still using the red paintbrush wand held in the red Ellis glove, the calling began. I used a variation of the one found in the back of Liber LS.

Hear me and travel forth from thy slumber!

*O Dreaming King and Lord of the Manifest!
He who is the Eternal of Infinite Form!
The Authoring Hand of the play thus encountered!
I bid thee awaken! (Wand taps the black mirror)
Be wrested from thy solitude and direct unto us the streaming blood of the
dream so desired!
The gate is open, the path is drawn! (The LS is drawn in the air over
the Red King sigil.)
Quillipthoth! (Wand taps the black mirror. Conscious thoughts are
emptied; I gaze deeply into the Red King's sigil, eventually becoming lost
within it, having to remind myself to finish the calling.)
Quillipthoth! The gate is open! Thy dream unto us! (Wand taps the
black mirror three times.)*

I find myself in full-blown wakeful trance mode at this point, still hypnotized by the Red King sigil. It seemed as though the bit of sacraments I took all rushed in and became more active at the completion of this calling. Some time passes. The felt presence of the space becomes increasingly alien. My mind is clear of conscious thoughts, all attention being placed on the subtle energetic sensations of the environment.

The room becomes hot. At some point, a voice inside my head speaks in a stern but soft-spoken manner, "What is it that you want from me?" The mental images attached to the message were that of a tall and slender, large and perpetually shifting black/red mist, or cloud, only vaguely humanoid in form. I assume this to be the Red King.

I respond by telling the entity that practitioners in New Orleans require his connection to a larger working. Mostly, I'm sending it 'information packets' at this point, my conscious mind still more or less out of commission: images of New Orleans, my memories of how the ritual was planned out, an image of the Connecting ritual sigil, etc.

The entity responds with something like, "Is that all?" I take this as a sign that it understands exactly what I mean, so I respond with something like, "Yes. Thank you. And I

wouldn't mind chatting a bit before you leave." It responds with something like, "Oh, really?" In a curious, playful, somewhat devious tone. At this point, I feel the linking-up starting to happen. The room feels wider than before, expanding into and inclusive of a much larger field. This sensation builds, and I get the impulse to hit the 'enter' key on the keyboard I placed on the altar. I do this, and the thick presence that had accumulated in the room dissipates and shoots off into multiple directions. The air doesn't feel so much like pea soup anymore, now becoming lighter, thinner, and cooler. A piece of the Red King presence still lingers. I sit down on the floor and smoke some weed out of a dried lime which I had previously turned into a pipe. I place a notebook and pen in front of me, and begin to channel the entity. Asking it questions was replaced by the want to let it speak through me, instead. This is what came out.

1. Speak gracefully, for I am that which giveth language.

2. I am the arrangement of the many to form the one, though not a single thought contains me. I am the permeation of the conscious with the subconscious. I am the Thing King. I am the author of the named. I am the keeper of the code. I am the felt wave of the idea in a castle on the border.

3. My presence is the key to the veil of stars wherein the worlds unite upon the shaded bridge; the veil wherein the ego intertwines with and crystallizes belief. I arise within the small as I arise within the large. Where my patterns align is located the grand door to the great hall: that continent of magick and miracle. We are but a single step beyond your soils.

4. I am the hexagram: the meeting of the micro and the macro. Forever I am travelling. There is no stillness in me. I am the word engraved, and the law set in stone so as to be smashed. Alpha Beta I am. All values are subject unto me. All meaning is entangled within my richly flowing garbs. All numbers are subject unto me. $3 \times 7 = 21$ because three times

seven equals me. Every successful calculation marks the involvement of my reach. I am the Universe come alive by the enactment of thought.

(At around this point I remember noticing increasing audio-visual hallucinations within the room. This is uncommon for me and marijuana, but not unheard of. At one point I thought someone was in the larger room outside the ritual space, and saw a white object, like a cat tail, swiped from underneath the door at least three times. Small points of light/color would flash for a millisecond within the ritual space. The auditory hallucinations were of chatting and talk, seemingly from one or more people from beyond the space.)

5. Whosoever enters this hall is to be an emissary of the game. The pieces are moving as I am ever-moving. The red gates all aflame shall appear to you in this order.

(At this I was waiting for a list of names, but instead received a vision that reality became a flip book. An opening appeared in space like a page being lifted: the top-surface layer of reality peeled back and turned over, revealing another page (layer), slightly different in character than the last, on and on, ad infinitum. The layers began to curl over and flip faster. Somewhere embedded within each one was the barely visible Khaosphere (Atomosphere), the atoms around its nucleus now animated and spiraling around the center. All of the many thousands of layers of reality in motion manifested the undulating seal of Khaos.)

6. (Image)

(The channeling more or less stopped after observing the prior vision, ending with the reception of the sigil above and the single word "ENTRY." After being drawn out in the notebook, the great King's royal presence was no more.)

I blow out the candle, break the circle, and exit the ritual space. Still heavily in trance-mode, I go to the bed to lie down. A lot of random thoughts occurred during this time, plenty of closed-eyed visualizations, and general post-ritual energetic fuckery (as I've become accustomed to.) There was a time, however, when Ino showed up, coming forth from a distant direction. She at first appeared in the form of her sigil (the one with the open eye up top, and the closed eye at the bottom.) Some sort of dialogue was shared, but I can't recall it. Only the visuals stuck. After some time, I found myself in her "realm", and her visage turned to that of a thin young woman. The environment, as best I can describe it, was like the inside of a dome alongside the sensation that this dome was very high up in the air. Inside was a white ground overlaid by what looked like plastic nets of shimmering silver spider web designs, strewn all about. The air was cool and comforting. Ino herself was a pale, thin, diminutive young woman with a short 'pixie' haircut, but instead of human hair there were white-translucent crystals. She was dressed in a silver-white outfit, also showing many glass-like crystals.

After some forgotten 'conversation' more in the form of sending each other 'images attached with meaning' instead than using words, Ino brought me to the White Queen. She shared many aesthetic similarities with Ino, but was an older woman, pale firm skin, dressed in a lavish, appropriately royal looking garb. Large white crystals sprung from her skull in a glorious arrangement, with many smaller baubles and crystal spheres imbedded in the silver cloth that covered the top of her head. H.R. Geiger type imagery comes to mind, but lighter, more crystalline than organic, and cold. Myself and the White Queen then begin to attempt to 'sync up', perhaps because of the remaining Red King vibe in me. I felt like she wanted me to accept something very important – some necessary acceptance about the nature of reality – though in the state I was in, didn't know exactly what she meant, and the sync-up never happened. If it had, I wonder, it might

have paved the way for Conjunctio (magickal union of the Red King and White Queen.) But not tonight.

Such is my account. The 8th Chelseanacht is at an end. Special thanks goes out to all participants, and we hope things were a blast down in New Orleans. I still see much work to be done given new insights. AUTM:IUTW, DTTI:HTNF, NNCN. Khaos Provides.

- F.A.

