



Liber 32



Issue 2

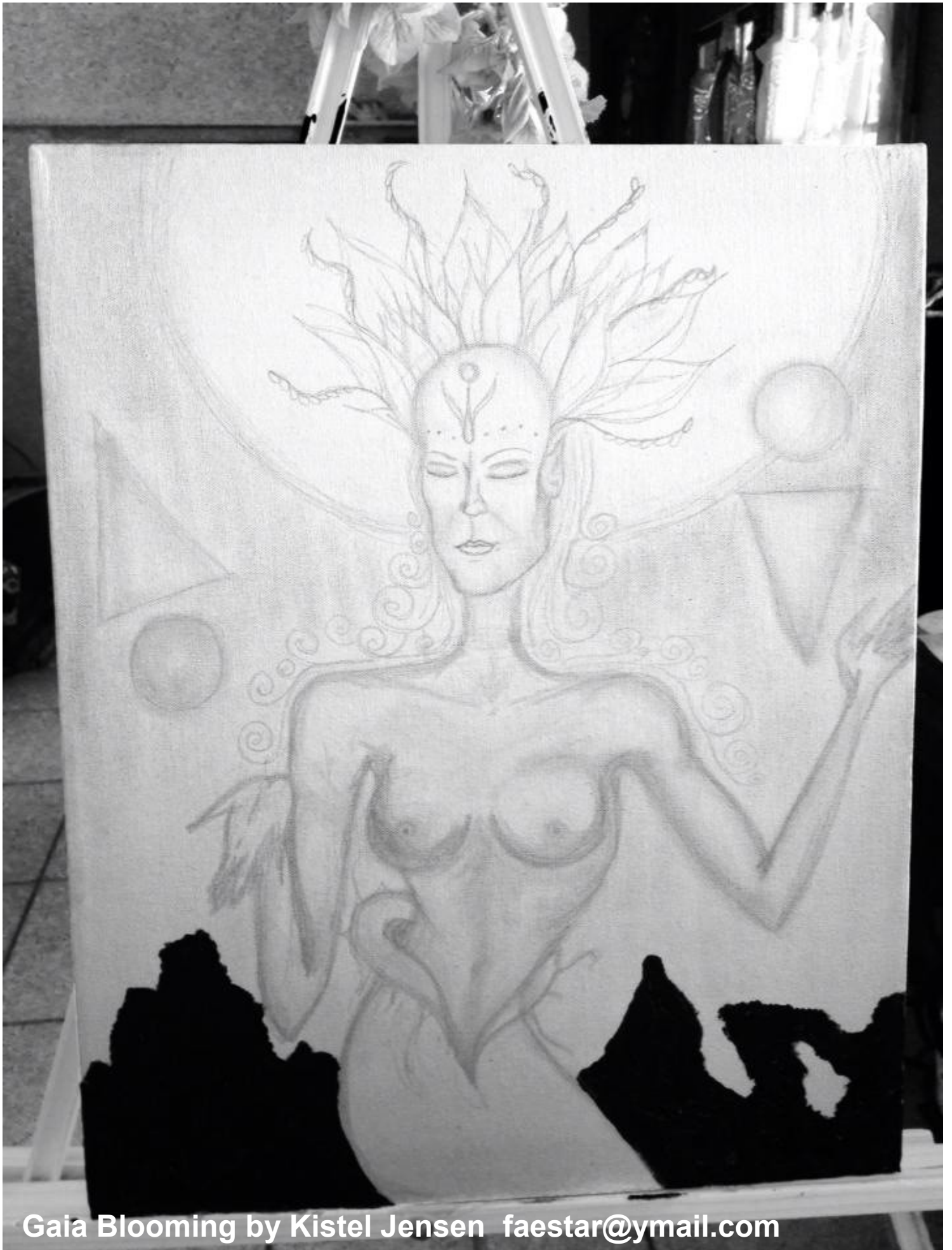
Mass Culture Hypnosis Syndrome

Cover Art: "BEHOLD! The Red Queen!!" By Drakonach
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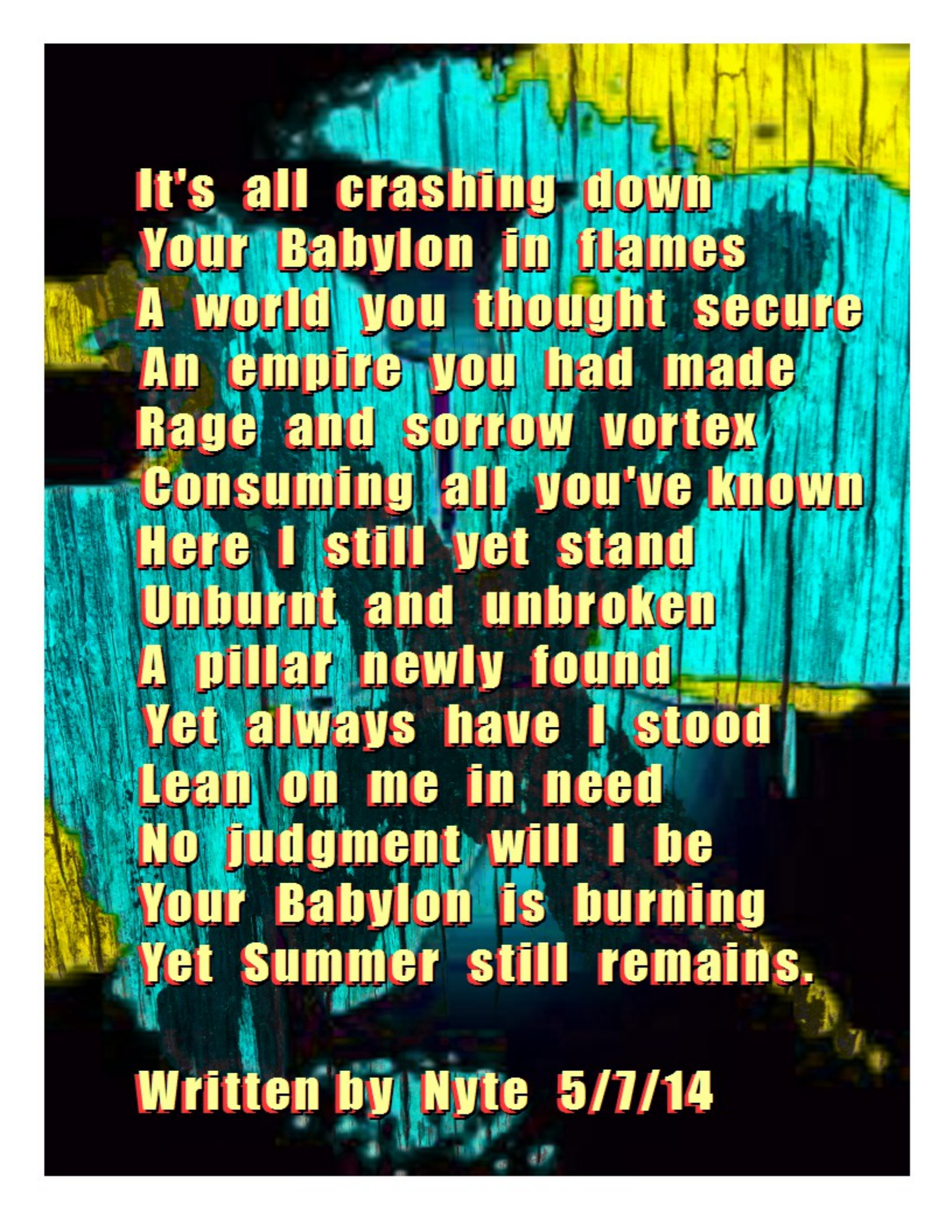
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**"Go outside you ZOMBIES.
Things are changing, its getting Strange"**



Gaia Blooming by Kistel Jensen faestar@ymail.com



**It's all crashing down
Your Babylon in flames
A world you thought secure
An empire you had made
Rage and sorrow vortex
Consuming all you've known
Here I still yet stand
Unburnt and unbroken
A pillar newly found
Yet always have I stood
Lean on me in need
No judgment will I be
Your Babylon is burning
Yet Summer still remains.**

Written by Nyte 5/7/14



XIII

VASTABAT COGNITIVA VIRII
ADIMIT RATIONEM SUI

SE TU FORMAM ET DE DEPTEN AGRORA ESTOICA

A King Ruling In The East

He May

Appear

In

Many

Forms

From the depths of the baal working

Baal (King of the Gods)

Jessica Ennis thepiedpipersprogeny@yahoo.com



Bells and Whistles

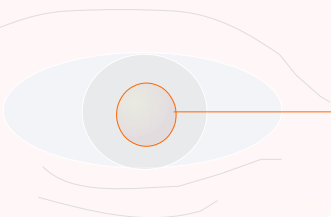
By: Seth Moris

A bell tolled, and the crowd of gray faced men and women turned in unison to face left. They were in a large room with off-white walls marred only by a shoddy one-way mirror and a steel door. The door was on the wall opposite the one bearing the mirror, with the group of about thirty emaciated precariats standing in a rough box formation, each dressed in identically matched off-white jumpsuits. The name patches had been torn off, and crudely repaired on each breast so that each one bore a stark black triangle. Another bell tolled- this time a lower pitch- and they all turned about-face and faced the other blank wall. Their movements were perfectly synchronized, but their eyes wavered in the intensity of their difference. Nearly half of the observed precariats had half-closed eyelids, blank looks, and milky white irises. Out of the rest were sharply opened eyes, quivering in fear and searching frantically left and right for a miracle; but they did not move their bodies an inch. Others stood staring serenely into some imagined void, or perhaps another deep place, even older than the void, within their mind.

Behind the one-way mirror sat two elderly men who were clothed in such a stark contrast that unless they had been conjoined at the head- which they were- you wouldn't imagine in a million years you'd see them in the same country, let alone the same building. The man on the left had wild, unkempt hair that lay shaggy long across his bare back, and he wore no clothes save for a pair of underpants. The man on the right wore an expensive business suit, tailored in some fashion that hadn't even been hit the blackmarket fashionistas yet. The man on the right has a fat cigar in one hand which streamed pungent smoke, and one meaty hand on what looked like a small joystick attached a large apparatus they were both sitting upon. They shared a single, globular eye that looked strikingly similar to a fried egg with a broken yolk. They sat side by side, in what was clearly a custom built and very expensive double wheelchair. The chair did not glint in the dead white florescent lights, the alloy of the thin frame seeming to somehow become darker the more directly focused any source of illumination was upon it. The metal looked greasy to the touch, and the whole thing seemed impossible fragile, but the men sat comfortably and did not pay any attention to the chair.

The only time either of the men moved was when the man on the left would suddenly, spastically jerk forward and then bring his hands quivering to his mouth, a look of stark terror in his eyes. The man on the right's hands twitched as he flicked his cigar ash on the concrete floor or fingered the joystick to move the chair frictionlessly to the right or left so as to get a better view of the synchronized group of precariats before them.

"Why." The man on the left not so much asked as stated, zombie-like.



"Why. Why. *Why?! Its always why with you isn't it Abel. Its a good thing I hit you with that rock. Put you out of your misery aeons ago.*" The man with the suit lifted the hand with the cigar and made a crude sigil of Saklas in the air, while muttering to himself, and then resumed smoking. "Its simple, brother. *Watch.* Even an idiot like you can figure the *pattern* out." The man on the right tapped a button on his arm of the wheelchair.

The bell tolled again, this time at a very high pitch, and the precariats turned to face their right, staring at the door that had led them into the chamber.

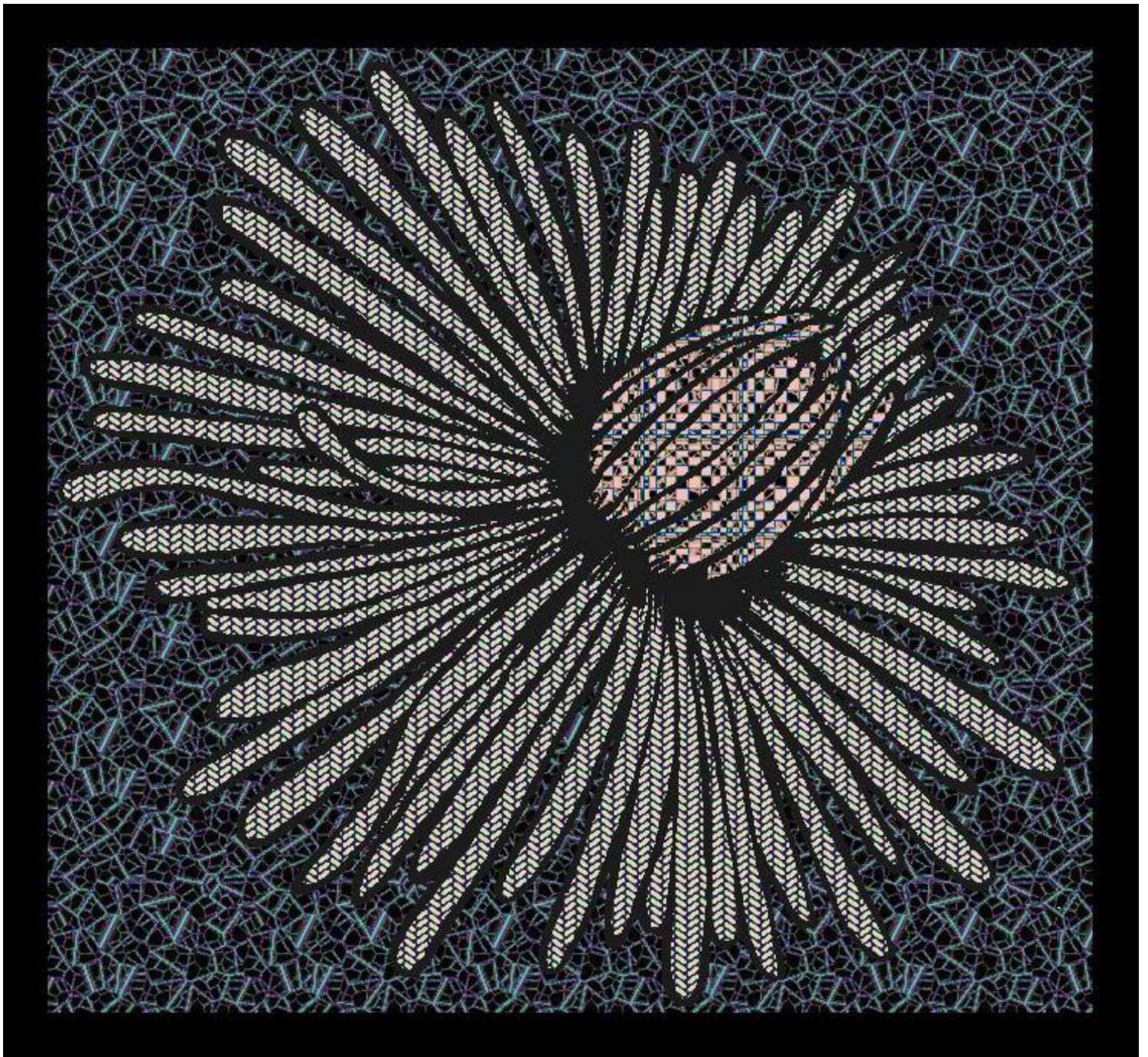
"Its the sound Abel, the *sound.*" The man in the suit chided, tutting. "You remember, don't you? It was you after all who discovered the N-th octave. It was you who perfected the subvocalization units! And look at you now!" The man laughed uproariously in the small room, and the mechanized wheelchair shuddered. "Play the priming note, and then the catalyst. *Boom.*" The man hit the button on his arm of the chair again, the bell tolled a fourth time, lowest yet, and they all turned to face the two men. Abel shrank back as far as he could, dragging the other man's head backward and making him growl in agitation. The man on the right grabbed his brother and held his skinny wrists together as he put the cigar out on his bare stomach. Abel shrieked, and his brother laug-

The TV was turned off with a click of a remote. A class full of high school students sat in their desks with gaping mouths and wide eyes. A slim girl in faded jeans and an old army jacket turned angrily to see that her professor had turned off the television and bore a jagged frown on his grizzly face. Mr. Jensen quickly rounded his desk and loomed over the teenage girl, who looked petulant.

"Do you think that was appropriate to bring into class Marissa? Do you think that was funny? See me after class." *Mr. Jensen breathed through his teeth. The girl shrugged, and he backed up and put a hand over his face, displacing his glasses. Letting his hand fall to his side and turning around he faced the rest of the high schoolers, and cleared his throat.*

"That was not an appropriate video to bring into the school for this project," the teacher began, "It is a violation of the rules to-" The classroom bell chimed, and ignoring their teacher, the students shoveled their belongings into their backpacks and started to leave.





“I refuse to be a slave anymore to anything
that is inferior to my spirit.
Anything that dampers my freedom.”

-Jory Piccinino



“fleshbox”=21=“aeon”=
“VIBRATE”=“memetics”=
”awareness”=“NONEXISTENCE”=“deify”
=“FOUNDATION”

So who recognizes this?

for anyone who doesn't:

this is The Linking Sigil, also known as Ellis, for short.

There's a big long story as to how it came about that I won't go into right now. This symbol is what it says, a sigil to link things together- specifically works of magick, places of power, haunted sites, sacred sites, ley lines, nodes- anything in that vein you can think of really, and all to mutual empowerment.

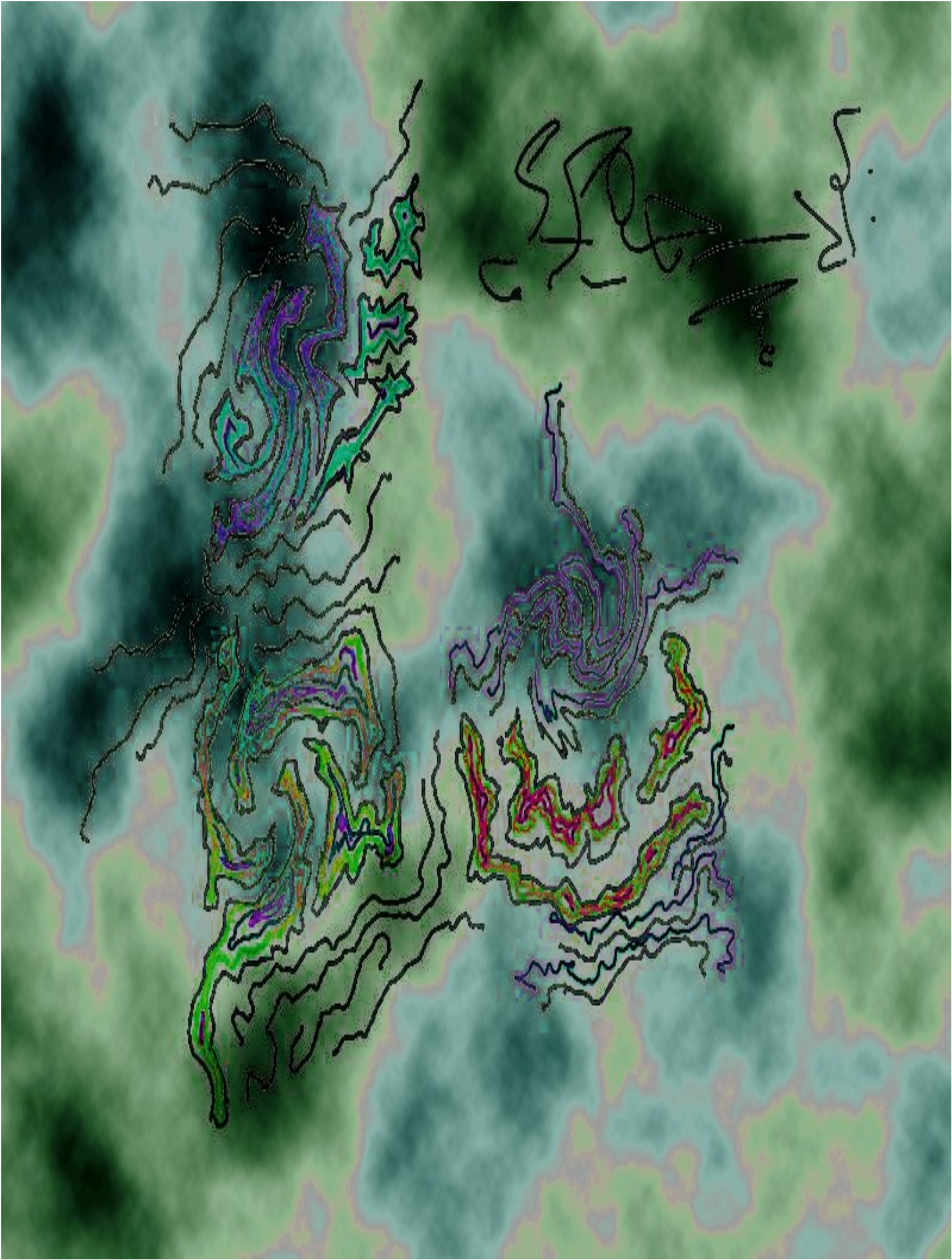
It tends to not only make the tagged place, or object, or spell More, its use also further empowers the web that has grown over the years, thus making it even more effective.

On its own it functions as a sort of crack in reality, through which raw magick seeps

Now after about a decade, it has been linked to so many places, so many works of magick, so many ideas- frankly all over the world, but mostly in the US- that it is a well of magickal energy that can really put the pepper on any use you care to put it to. It can be used to empower spellcraft. It can be used to "wake up" places that feel as though they really Should be magickal but seem to be sleeping, it can exacerbate hauntings, spread a sense of wonder, open doors, increase the Other, spread raw magick, alter consciousness, and open up Between places. It is a Key, It is a Hammer, it is a Monkeywrench for reality. You don't have to believe me, certainly- all of the above come from accounts of people who have worked with it- myself included, and most people, not all, but most who use it agree with the assessment.

Just try it and see.

- Arjil





PROTECTOR FOR A CAR MADE FROM OBJECTS
FOUND ON THE ROAD

-Chinche

Agent of the Sunset Strip

by: spectre7

Ryan gamboled down the red carpet at the premiere of his newest cliché action flick *The Discipline of Consequence*. He'd been through this song and dance before; Smiling for the camera, shaking hands, bro-fisting and acting like a general ass for the course of thirty minutes before the show started in whatever dilapidated-yet-famous venue that was lucky enough to actually premiere one of his new explosion-fests. Though being nice wasn't exactly his strong suit, he liked to see it as another day, another million dollars earned. Maybe.

The critics haven't been very kind to his films in the past two years. Ryan blamed it mostly on the artistic direction of the eccentric French millionaire director, Luc Bey, who not only produced a lot of his films, but also has the audacity to direct them as well (despite his utter lack of background in directing). Lots of explosions, flipped cars, guns, sex and uncomplicated (if nonexistent) plots seemed to feed the American public's craving for violence. Critics, however, are different sorts of beasts and even though their influence on moviegoers is minor, Ryan realized that gaining every single fan he possible could was important to him and the message he was trying to convey as an artist. There simply was no room for even the slightest of failures.

Ryan, during the course of his bro-fisting and taking photos with various smitten female admirers, met up with the rude, already drunken director who was in the process of trying to cop as many feels before he was asked to leave the premises (this happened almost at all of the director's premiers).

"Can you believe these *beetches* Ryan? I am an *artiste* mon ami. I should be a fucking *god* in their eyes," Luc said.

"I don't think being a god entails public ass-play, Luc," Ryan said, forcefully tearing the French dynamo away from the random bimbos he was trying to interact with. "Don't screw this up for us, Mr. Bey. We are paying you an *obscene* amount of money to do this for us, and I'll be damned if you make a mockery of yourself in public again."

Luc felt the deceptively sultry sensation of a knife blade directed towards his breadbasket (baguette, of course). "I understand, mon ami. I understand!"

Ryan let the eccentric director out of his veiled embrace of death, and took him by the shoulders, and paused with a great Hollywood grin at one of the paparazzi cameras for a candid shot. Luc's visible look of terror slightly ruined the photo, but none would be the wiser.

"Premiere in fifteen!" shouted some random worker over a bullhorn. Ryan sighed with relief. Soon, he could finally sit back in his more-than-likely dirty theater chair and decompress in the shadows. Where he belonged most.

Right as he was walking towards the entrance of the theater with the rest of the A, B and Z list of stars and starlets a silky yet still commanding voice whispered to him within his own mind. "*Heilsa, Blodsnagr,*" the voice said.

"Thora," Ryan whispered mentally back towards the disembodied voice, standing still on the red carpet in shock. "What is it. Is the Trickster ready to commence with the next stage of the plan?" he said breathless, or as breathlessly as one could telepathically relay a message.

"The next step is soon. But before said step, there are many more steps to be traversed, my love. The Web of Wyrd is complex and without remorse when it comes to logical sequences of things. You know this." Thora responded.

"You presume too much of me, *minn seidkona*," said Ryan. As my sorcerous guide to The Arte, you should have understood a long time ago that I'm not as adept as some of the other apprentices you've had in the past. You know, I really am sick and tired of being left in the dark about the mystical aspects of what the Trickster Cabal does, and I swear when I see you again..."

"You'll what?" rang a voice, loud and clear as day from behind his person. A voice that belonged to a pale, thin and steel-eyed wraith of a woman standing behind the crowd barricade near the theater.

Ryan, shocked at her presence in Hollywood, straightened up and responded in a respectful manner "Nothing *minn seidkona*. My anger just got the best of me, and all. Stress of being an actor, you know."

Thora leaned in close to him over the barricade "Don't let that kind of outburst happen again. You know what I've done for you... you're also aware of what I can *do* to you." Thora said, whispering in his ear.

Ryan nodded. "Why are you here, my lady? I have to go inside the theater, like, now. I'm expected. I can't reveal myself to be anything but Ryan McShain. You know that." he said, nervously.

"Today," Thora said, with veiled menace, "you break character."

"You don't mean..." Ryan looked at her, in reverential fear.

"Iceland has lived in a world full of Capitalism and invisible puppet masters for too long. Execute the *mantra* we taught you to sing once. The mantra that will start the end of everything. Awaken the fans you have subverted through your films. The war begins now." Thora said, and then started to vanish into the crowd of adoring fans. Thora then suddenly stopped, and looked back at Ryan, and said "Oh by the way, my love... don't murder the Frenchman yet. He might still be very useful to us yet."

Ryan nodded as his mistress walked away. Excited to finally see the fruits of his labor finally come to fruition, he walked towards the nearest national news crew to sing, screech and crow his esoteric song of wrath and vengeance. A song to bring America into the new age of the Trickster.

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The one that I got the coolest results from, was the one that I was terrified of

How did god fearing ever come to mean conventional?

Today I saw him again crouched like a caterpillar

with a hooka talking too shy little servitor . “teach me how to interact properly with human beings” she said.

He replied “First I have to teach you how to inter- that is enter the correct room where the human being cannot make you act, because the stage is outside having its nails done with a hammer”

“Is that safer?” she asked

“Infinitely. Humans can't be trusted, so make sure you call the shots. But don't call them 'the shots' to their face or they might smack you with their whatsit. What's it? I don't know but I've got ash all over it, so I'll flick it off. Now I've flicked it I see its flying away for lunch.

So pull up a chair and join in, and if a human asks why,

Say, 'I planted carrots so I could harvest them when they are ready, and its the stick this time anyway-bang! Then hit them where it hurts. but only if you like them.'

Art by: Whize Whan
ryanavila1985@gmail.com





Come With Me

I have this little fantasy Epic in its perversity

And you'd doubt its veracity Though you knew me well

Throughout each day invariably I squander hours willfully

Shrouded in a travesty Voluntarily compelled

Unashamed by my debasery Jestings reprehensibly

When interacting publicly I parody my self

I exult in its grotesquery Its carnival absurdity

Its hormonal Alchemy I'm bursting to tell

It takes me unexpectedly I give-in so disgracefully

Are you keeping pace with me Under this spell

Greedy for the ecstasy Reading this impatiently

Living this vicariously You're part of this tale

Breathing sympathetically Touching empathetically

Achieving simultaneously An exalting tremble

A fleeting rush of liberty Blush with vulnerability

Cacophony and Symphony Here's where words fail

Melding transcendently

Entangled in divinity

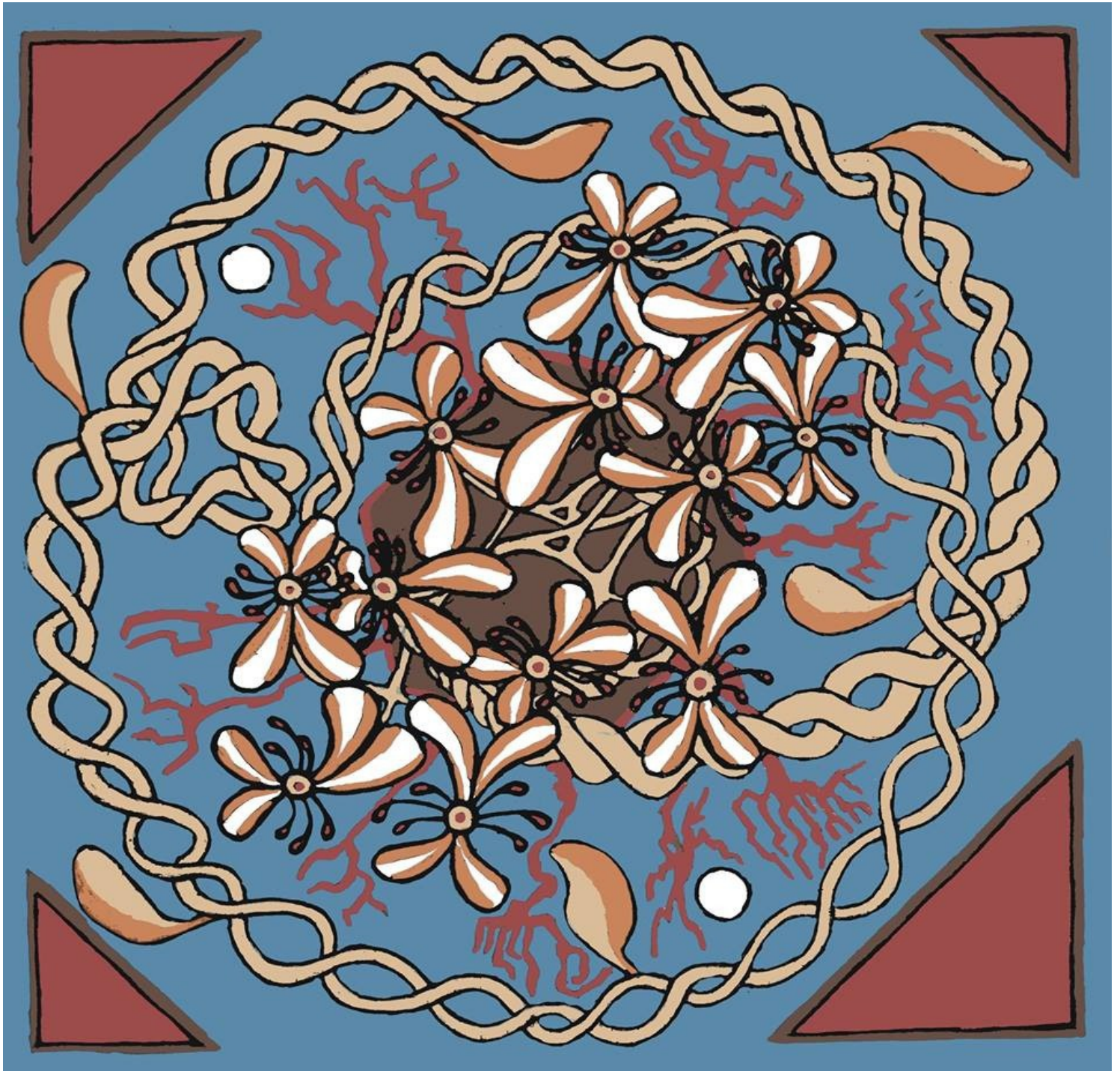
Separate only physically... it's ineffable

Was that good for you

BY: Joseph Seti

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“The truth is inaudible and unseen. It is easy to forget myself, who I am as a distinctive person. It is easy to get lost or even killed by accepting an inferior program into myself.”



“Writing is a way for me to be vigilant, to accept what I am
And reject what I am not.”

-Jory Piccinino (from what I write is real: a manifesto)

Art: Chinche

Current 32: The Divergent Strain

By: spectre7

“Be Ye Mystic”- AOS/Zos vel Thanatos

Those few words above can mean so little to the majority, but so much to the minority. Most of the individuals reading this particular zine are of the latter variety, it is presumed (and hoped). To this particular author, the phrase signifies a call to arms that is very much needed in the occult community as of this time, specifically the chaos mages that inhabit all of the less-than-desirable parts of society; the ones that once dreamed of something more.

It has come to the attention of several of the contributors to this zine that the current status quo of the chaos magick/Discordian/counterculture movement is one of utter fatigue and stagnation. Fatigue, in magical layman’s terms, means people are making excuses, and not doing the Work needed to manifest what they Desire to occur.

The stagnation can be viewed on major social networking websites, such as Facebook. The sheer amount of individuals that join these so-called occult “groups” and discussion forums are seemingly, nine times out of ten, either false-posturing or quite simply don’t have the intellectual/artistic/insanity capacity in the first place for such a mind-bending undertaking as magick (specifically chaos magick, which lack of structure can be someone’s bane if one is not already accustomed to the instability of the Numinous). While all of this falls under the realm of tragicomedy, it’s not good PR for the sacred arte that many of us define as “magick”.

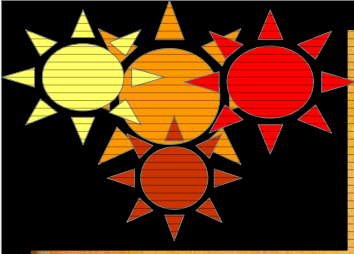
I, as the sole author of this article, posit a new way of Being within chaos magic. I’m going to call this methodology’s Current 32, for both the sake of this zine as well as purposely utilizing an overt inversion of a very classic number in the counterculture traditions of the past several decades.

The ethos is simple, to live one's life with the intent of a sorcerer in every avenue out there. The world is shit. It is our charge to change it to fit our Will. To not spend every breathing moment trying to fulfill this higher subjective purpose is to FAIL as a wielder of magick.

And even if you are reading this zine, and magick doesn't happen to be your thing, that's quite alright. It doesn't matter whether you are a poet, fiction writer, painter or even just a casual observer of repressed countercultural movements, you are all potential mages, in my eyes. My charge to you is simple... do everything in your power to change the world you live in. Take it back from the fuckers. The puppet masters behind the great Mind War must not be allowed to conquer our world, and our spirits.

Current 23 failed. We live in the midst of their failures.

**Welcome
TO
CURRENT 32**



If anyone is not in awe,
they are not paying attention.
I will make them pay
attention, by creating a
display that demands to be
seen. I will not force anything
on anyone. They will choose
to look. And they will know
the true meaning of their
word, "awesome."

Quote From Jory Piccinino

Liber32

Psionically Uploaded

Into Your Brain

2643-45

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