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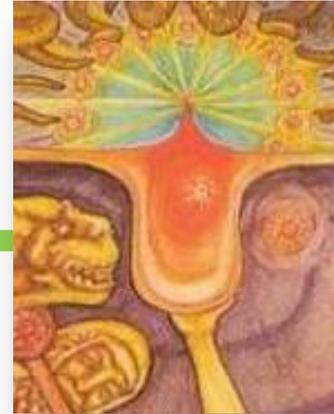
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Summer 2010

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Edited by Soror ZSD23

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Parsons and the Cup of Babalon



Issue no. 5
Summer 2010

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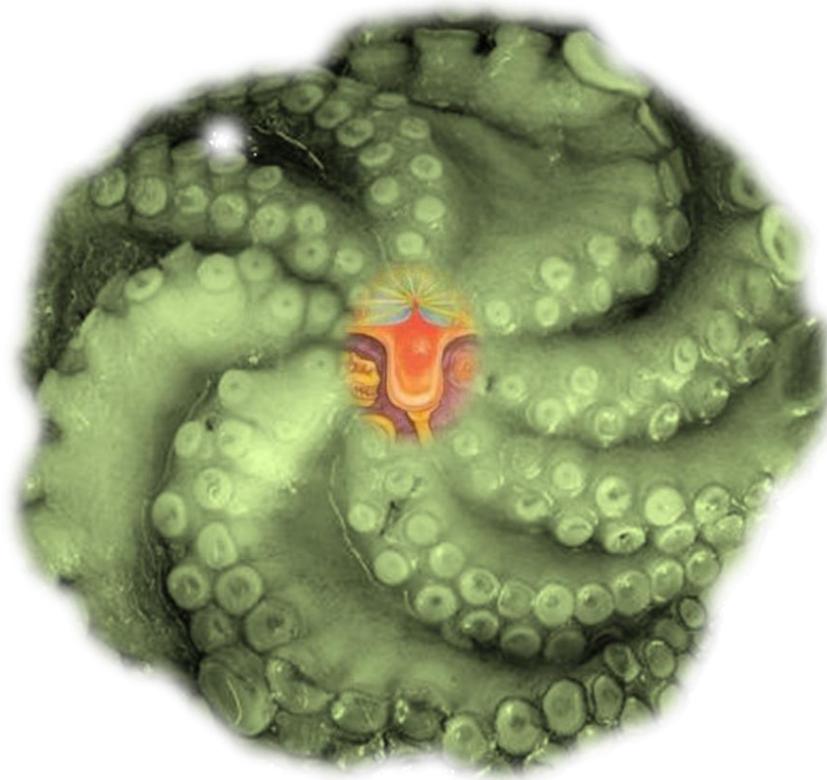
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The [Babalon] Working began in 1945-46, a few months before Crowley's death in 1947, and just prior to the wave of unexplained aerial phenomena now recalled as the 'Great Flying Saucer Flap'... Parsons opened a door and something flew in.

"A Gateway for the Great Old Ones has already been established -- and opened -- by members of the O.T.O. who are en rapport with this entity [Lam, an extra-terrestrial being whom Crowley supposedly contacted while in America in 1919].

— from *Outside the Circles of Time* by Kenneth Grant



THE DAUGHTER OF FORTITUDE

I am the daughter of Fortitude, and ravished every hour from my youth. For behold I am Understanding and science dwelleth in me; and the heavens oppress me. They cover and desire me with infinite appetite; for none that are earthly have embraced me, for I am shadowed with the Circle of the Stars and covered with the morning clouds.

My company is a harmony of many symbols and my lips sweeter than health itself. I am a harlot for such as ravish me, and a virgin with such as know me not. For lo, I am loved of many, and I am a lover to many; and as many as come unto me as they should do, have entertainment.

Purge your streets, O ye sons of men, and wash your houses clean; make yourselves holy, and put on righteousness. Cast out your old strumpets, and burn their clothes; abstain from the company of other women that are defiled, that are sluttish, and not so handsome and beautiful as I, and then will I come and dwell amongst you: and behold, I will bring forth children unto you, and they shall be the Sons of Comfort.



My feet are swifter than the winds, and my hands are sweeter than the morning dew. My garments are from the beginning, and my dwelling place is in myself. The Lion knoweth not where I walk, neither do the beast of the fields understand me. I am deflowered, yet a virgin; I sanctify and am not sanctified. Happy is he that embraceth me: for in the night season I am sweet, and in the day full of pleasure.

I will open my garments, and stand naked before you, that your love may be more enflamed toward me.

— Scryed by Kelley and Dee on May 23, 1587 and recorded in *A true & faithful relation of what passed for many years between Dr. John Dee and some spirits*.
Image, Fortitude, from the Cary-Yale Visconti-Sforza Tarot, 15th century.

Babalon 7

“I miss you.”

“I know.”

A kiss on the lips, “I miss you too. I miss talking to you. I do too. I'm so glad to have you back.”

“Me too.”

Another gentle kiss.

Hands and legs entangled and petting.

“I love you.”

“I love you.”

The lovers.

Alchemical wedding.

Excess appears silly.

It's scientific.

The chemicals in the brain.

Let's open the pineal gland.

Synapses snapping and twinkling melatonin and dopamine.

Stimulated by light and darkness.

The production of dreams.

Let's open the third eye.

The breath of the dragon.

The serpent sprung.

I met Euphoria long ago. She came stumbling down the stairs. Her blue jeans hung low on her hips. We often lay under the stars and gaze up in wonder.

Star crossed love.

Don't speak.

Gotta dress like a star fox hound.

Some times I forget when the weekend ends.

Gotta hang with *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars*.

She's like summer break.

She's a rocket queen.

Oh yeah.

Cool, devilish slickster.

The serpent climbs the tree.

Kundalini.

I scream to the ancient alien gods, “There were those before you! Greater gods!”

I burn like grunge. Like a beacon. The spirits of *the Ark of the Covenant* surround me.

by Seid



November 13, 2006

Jack Williamson RIP

Williamson's 'Darker Than You Think' - a 1940s shapeshifting noir - is a unique genre-warping novel. It was an inspiration for the rocket scientist and occultist Jack Parsons, who thought it was truth disguised as fiction. I'm amazed it's never been filmed . . . MP

*

Jack Williamson
Father of American science fiction

Independent 13 November 2006

by John Clute

John Stewart Williamson, writer: born Bisbee, Arizona Territory 29 April 1908; married 1947 Blanche Slaton Harp (died 1985; one stepdaughter); died Portales, New Mexico 10 November 2006.

It seems that there was never a time when Jack Williamson, who has died at 98 after an active career extending from 1928 until late last year, was not the father of American science fiction. "If your father read science fiction," the editor and novelist Frederik Pohl once wrote, "he very likely counted Jack Williamson high among his favorite writers." What now seems remarkable about this statement is that it was made in 1953.

In fact Star Science Fiction Stories #2, the anthology of original stories Pohl was introducing, was anything but a memorial volume; the early 1950s series to which it belonged was widely seen as a vehicle for the new-blood writers who had begun to transform the



science-fiction genre after the Second World War, and Williamson gained entry there “as a sort of combination of revered old master and bright new star”.

He had already re-invented his craft and his career more than once, and, almost magically, over the next 50 or more years, he continued to fill the double role Pohl had assigned him: simply by surviving and remaining dauntingly active (he published at least 10 stories and two novels in the 21st century), he seemed somehow to guarantee the inner youth and freshness of American genre science fiction itself.

Jack Williamson had been there at the beginning (the very term science fiction was not invented until 1931), and his death marks at the very least a symbolic terminus for the intimacy of the old genre. Over the decades, most of the professionals in the field had met Williamson personally; there are few professionals now alive who had not read him as a child.

John Stewart Williamson was born in Arizona while it was still a Territory, and grew up on various ranches and farms; his family eventually migrated by covered wagon to New Mexico, where he lived the rest of his life. His home at Portales remains a working ranch.

In New Mexico, however, his father became principal of the local school, and young Jack - like so many boys attracted to science fiction in subsequent decades - turned into a lonely, unsocialised, bookish child. By the age of 20 - later generations of science fiction writers also tended to start young - he was a published author, his first story, “The Metal Men”, appearing in Hugo Gernsback’s *Amazing Stories* in 1928. His first book, *The Girl From Mars*, a novella written with Miles J. Breuer, appeared the next year from a Gernsback firm. It was a very strange story; but the nascent genre of science fiction - in which Williamson soon became a major figure - was itself strange.

The densely packed 24 pages of this tale mix together cataclysmic super science - the humanoid civilisation of Mars blows itself up with atomic bombs, and ray guns and resistant spheres of force and super intellects proliferate back on Earth - and what might be called a catastrophic psychology: the behaviour of the human family at the centre of the tale is dysfunctional at a positively Jacobean level (almost everyone is violently dead by page 24). The underlying message, almost certainly unintended by the young Williamson, is that the future will be a region of deep stress: that it will be no easy task for an American to live on the cusp of inheriting the whole world and having to make something of it.

More than most of his contemporaries, Williamson had an instinct for this, never comprehensively articulated but patent. The protagonists of his 1930s stories seem to sleepwalk into the triumphs and disasters they are heir to. The wind of the future is in their faces, and it seems to blind them.

Williamson himself underwent psychoanalysis in the decade before the Second World War, and clearly had demons to subdue. His early prolificness was indeed almost manic. Almost everything contained in the first six large volumes of his complete short stories was published before writers like Isaac Asimov and Robert A. Heinlein entered the field in 1939 and began to transform it; and, in their dozens, these stories exhibit an inner agitation that he never wholly escaped, and which he conspicuously exhibits even in a very late tale like *The Man from Somewhere* (2005), whose title amusingly echoes his first book.

The story, in which Williamson is clearly paying homage to his early work, sweepingly jams together time travel and black holes, and a numbing depiction of family and cultural dysfunction, into a vision of the irreversible self- destruction of the human race. Under the calm clear narrative voice Williamson invented as part of his assimilation of science fiction's new maturity after 1945 or so, this deep agitation persists - a sense that surface clarity must always wrestle with despair. Clarity as a fix for despair: this is not perhaps a bad description of the effect of the best American science fiction.

But there was more to Williamson than dread. In the 1930s, he began a series of exuberant and expansive space operas, the *Legion of Space* tales; in these stories his heroes - most notably the Falstaff-like Giles Habibula, according to contemporary polls the most popular continuing character to appear in 1930s science fiction - were in command of the action, and the future, and the universe.

The science may have been minimal, but a little later, in the early 1940s Seetee sequence, he treated issues of genuine speculative science, incorporating into ample action sequences a sophisticated take on the possibility and implications of anti-matter, and other issues alive in the physics of the time. Almost simultaneously, he published in *Unknown* magazine the grim first version of *Darker Than You Think* (1948), a quasi-scientific but very dark treatment of werewolves as genetic throwbacks, an explanatory principle which has fuelled seemingly innumerable horror novels ever since.

This novel would be his most famous, along with *The Humanoids* (1948), a tale in which he again uses word android in its modern sense (he invented the modern usage in 1936; later, in a 1942 story, he coined the term and the concept of terraforming; he was also the first to use the term genetic engineering in fiction); under its calm surface, *The Humanoids* expresses, once again, an agitated sense of tribulations to come; its examination of artificial beings, and of issues of Artificial Intelligence, is prescient. A late sequel, *The Humanoid Touch* (1980), carries the speculation further.

These novels proclaim their smooth mastery of their form; by the late 1940s, Williamson seemed to have tamed his own personal demons, and to have translated his personal and cultural anxieties into art.

It was not to last. Though he had married his childhood sweetheart, Blanche Slaton Harp, in 1947, by 1950 or so he began to suffer a severe writer's block, from which he did not escape fully for at least two decades. Novels and stories did appear, some in collaboration with the writer and academic James E. Gunn, whose example may have helped persuade him to return to higher education.

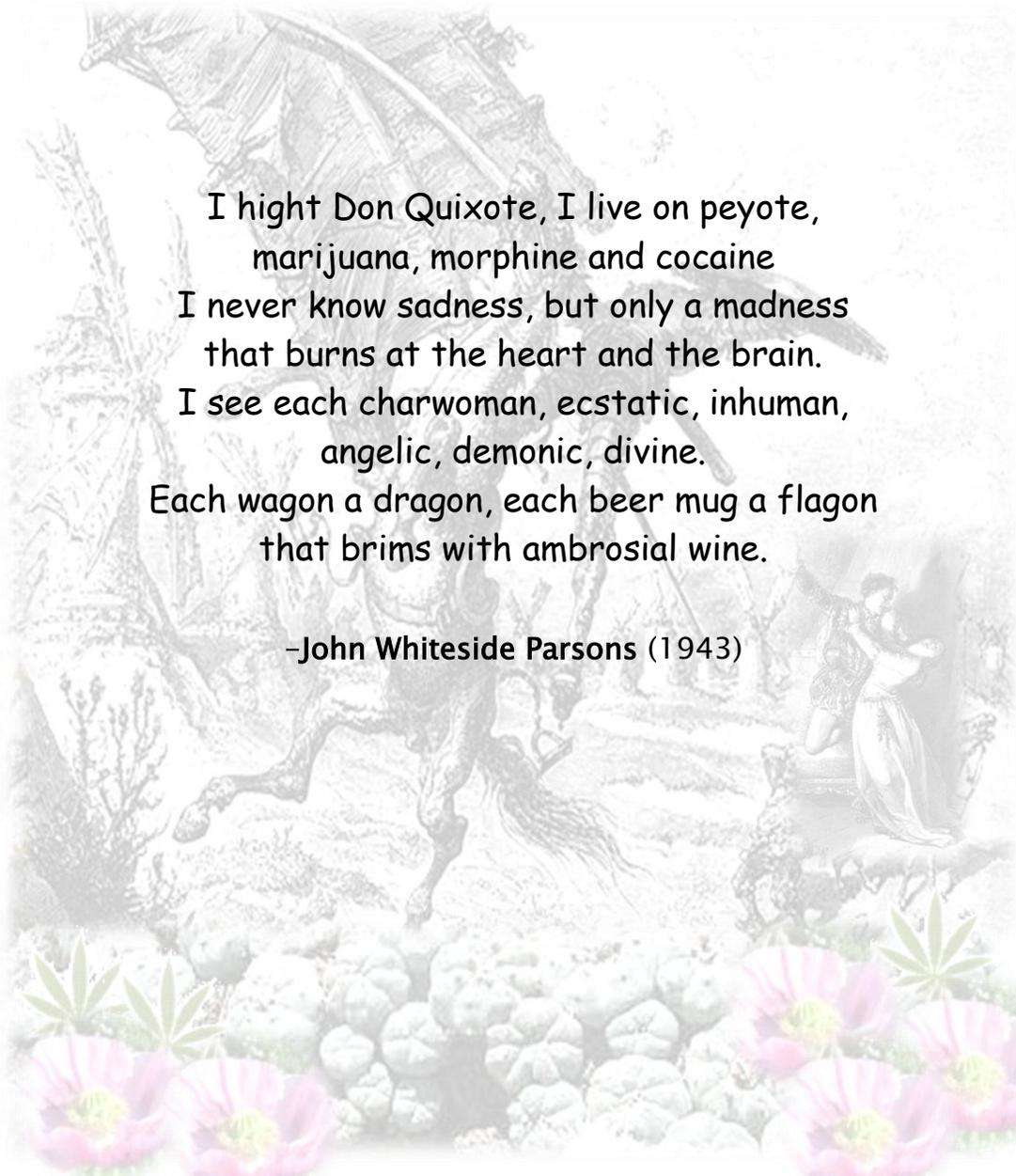
He had attended classes at the University of New Mexico in 1932-33 without graduating, but now took an MA at Eastern New Mexico University (ENMU) in 1957, where he taught from 1960 until his retirement in 1977, remaining Professor Emeritus until his death; in 1964 he took a PhD in English literature with the University of Colorado. His thesis was published as *H.G. Wells: critic of progress* (1973), and he won the 1973 Pilgrim Award for his academic work.

His influence as a teacher was already extensive, and the growth of science fiction as an academic career choice is in part due to him. The annual Jack Williamson Lectureship Series, sponsored by ENMU, began in 1977, and continues. The Jack Williamson Science Fiction Library at ENMU, endowed in 1982, contains nearly 30,000 books and journals.

By the late 1960s, his writer's block had gone into remission. With Frederik Pohl, he wrote the successful *Starchild* trilogy (1964-69), which inventively combines space opera and xenobiological speculation; and he soon began to publish what many readers think of his best work, releasing 19 novels between *The Moon Children* (1972) and his final tale, *The Stonehenge Gate* (2005). Notable titles included *Manseed* (1982), an updated examination of genetic engineering, and *Terraforming Earth* (2001), the shorter magazine form of which, "The Ultimate Earth" (2000), won both the Hugo and Nebula Awards.

His later years were peppered with awards, including the Nebula Grand Master Award in 1975, the World Fantasy Life Achievement Award in 1994, induction into the Science Fiction Hall of Fame in 1996, and Grandmaster of the World Horror Convention in 2004.

Williamson's last years were successful but not untroubled. As he recounts in the 2005 revision to his autobiography *Wonder's Child* (1984), he lost his wife in 1985 in a motor-car accident while he was at the wheel. But he remained otherwise exceedingly active on all fronts. He carried his era with him to the end.



I hight Don Quixote, I live on peyote,
marijuana, morphine and cocaine
I never know sadness, but only a madness
that burns at the heart and the brain.
I see each charwoman, ecstatic, inhuman,
angelic, demonic, divine.
Each wagon a dragon, each beer mug a flagon
that brims with ambrosial wine.

-John Whiteside Parsons (1943)

The Witchcraft

John Whiteside Parsons

(excerpt from *Freedom is a Two-Edged Sword*)

WE ARE THE WITCHCRAFT. We are the oldest organization in the world. When man was born, we were. We sang the first cradle song. We healed the first wound, we comforted the first terror. We were the Guardians against the Darkness, the Helpers on the Left Hand Side. Rock drawings in the Pyrenees remember us, and little clay images, made for an old purpose when the world was new. Our hand was on the old stone circles, the monolith, the dolmen, and the druid oak. We sang the first hunting songs, we made the first crops to grow; when man stood naked before the Powers that made him, we sang the first chant of terror and wonder. We wooed among the Pyramids, watched Egypt rise and fall, ruled for a space in Chaldea and Babylon, the Magian Kings. We sat among the secret assemblies of Israel, and danced the wild and stately dances in the sacred groves of Greece.

In China and Yucatan, in Kansas and Kurdistan we are one. All organizations have known us, no organization is of us; when there is too much organization we depart. We are on the side of man, of life, and of the individual. Therefore we are against religion, morality and government. Therefore our name is Lucifer. We are on the side of freedom, of love, of joy and laughter and divine drunkenness. Therefore our name is Babalon.

Sometimes we move openly, sometimes in silence and in secret. Night and day are one to us, calm and storm, seasons and the cycles of man, all these things are one, for we are at the roots. Suppliant we stand before the Powers of Life and Death, and are heard of these Powers, and avail. Our way is the secret way, the unknown direction. Our way is the way of the serpent in the underbrush, our knowledge is in the eyes of goats and of women.

It is our own force that sometimes shifts jeweled coils and [...] mighty pinions in the breast of man; our Power is one with the Power that causes the God to stir in the heart of the seed, and the bud to burst into blossom and fruit; and whenever a man and a woman are united in one substance, our power is that substance.



Merlin was of us, and Gawain and Arthur, Rabelais and Catullus, Gilles de Retz and Jehanne d'Arc, De Molensis, Johannes Dee, Cagliostro, Francis Hepburn and Gellis Duncan, Swinburne and Eliphas Levi, and many another bard, Magus, poet, martyr known and unknown that carried our banners against the enemy multiform and ubiquitous, the Church and the State. And when that vermin of Hell that is called the Christian Church held all the West in a slavery of sin and death and terror, we, and we alone, brought hope to the heart of man, despite the dungeon and the stake.

II.

We are the Witchcraft, and although one may not know another, yet we are united by an indissoluble bond. And when the high wild cry of the eagle sounds in your mind, know that you are not alone in your desire for freedom. And when the howl of the wolf echoes in the forests of your night, know that there are those who also prowl. And when the ways of your fellows about you seem the ways of idiocy and madness, know that there are also others who have seen and judged—and acted.

Now know that the power that we serve lies in the heart of every man and woman as the tree lives in the seed. And to be with us, you have but to call upon that Power, and you are as one of us. And when our Power and Joy have come upon you, you may go forth and do your will among men, and none shall say you nay. And if it be your will, you shall do your will secretly, and if it be your will, you will do your will openly, as your will.

Therefore lift up your hearts saying, "I am a man" or "I am a woman, and the Power of Life is mine!" And in the Power of Life you shall live and love, accepting no restriction and placing no restriction, freely and granting freedom. And it may be in the bounty of life you shall see the love of life shine in the eyes of another, and the lust of life burn upon his brow, and thus you shall take great joy together. And it may be in good fortune you may find a number such; and share your joy in secret feasting and rejoicing and all manner of lovemaking and festival. Or it may be that at hazard and danger you will teach the joyous power to men; as your wills move you.

And this is well so long as you remember one thing. There can be no restriction. The Power of Life is not restricted; it knows its own way, but no mind knows that way. Therefore in yourself practice all the giving and taking of freedom that is consistent with life, for thereby alone can you remain in our joy.

Pain is. Terror is, loss and loneliness and agony of heart and spirit, even unto Death. For this is the gateway to the kingdom of Pan.

Our way is not for all men. There are those who are so constricted and sick in themselves that the thought of their own freedom is a horror, and that of others a fierce pain; so that they would enslave all men. And these you should shun, or, if you must, destroy them as you will know how, for this also is bounty.

Nor think the life power should manifest in those who have no trouble or turmoil, for these may be mere dumb cattle, innocents out of season. Rather does the power often show the most where conflict rages, since at any time, and especially in a false civilization, the way must be won through. Surrender is disaster. The other side of the coin is a song in the sunlight and a dance in the moonlight, where all mists are dispersed. But the way must be won.



Babalon 156

Oh, I look back to you Babalon,
I look back to you,
she comes when I call,
I call,
I can't take my eyes off of you,
in the garden, the cemetery,
granite and marble statues of Catholic saints,
tombstones and mausoleums,
bright, colorful flowers and afternoon sunshine.

Lady of the lake,
my Shallot,
I give you my secrets,
I love you,
burning Masonic mother,
the sun and the moon,
falling from grace,
as she rises,
like the stars at night,
Babalon,
my goddess,
Saturnia, Saturni,
Kronos, Cronos,
her touch so pale,
her voice a wisp,
a pale horse riding.

I get lost in her hair,
endless strands of dreams,
long waves of fire,



**the pains of Saturn and Venus,
a brush with life.**



**The scarlet woman begs, “Promise me,
promise me”,
the knight stands guard at the side of Babalon,
dedicated, honor bound.**

**Her eyes are gateways to the hall of Saints,
her lips the path to the lion's chariot,
guardian of the grail,
her cup drips a path to the city of pyramids.**

**The old gods stand frozen at the edge of a black sun,
staring indifferently off into the stars for eternities,
heroes of older aeons, golden ages.**

**But woe to the abyss,
this eternal blackness,
endless sea of void,
ages of silence broken by the hiss and screech of Choronzon.**



**Hissing and whipping,
lashing and screeching,
razor claws and dripping fangs,
tentacles and death stench,
a nightmare on horseback.**

**Sir Galahad at Siege Perilous,
Templar cross emblazoned across his chest,
Excalibur in one hand,
the Graal within the other.**



**King Arthur's funeral pyre burns brightly again,
Sir Lancelot's ghost is invoked,
Sir Parsifal,
Sir Borre,
Baphomet glows white gold,
Sophia cries out,
the alchemist turns his lead to gold.**



**The dragon swoops down at the shining knight,
Galahad del Aqs,
Galahad of the waters,
Mero.**

**The knight strikes forth with Excalibur,
invoking the knight of swords,
arms trembling with strength press the sword deep into the belly of the serpent,
it falls from the event horizon.**



**This pure knight wanders the desert for month,
lost and thirsting,
blinking away mirages,
seeking an oasis.**

**He crawls in the hot sand,
like a ship wrecked sailor washed upon a beach,
a deserted island,
he rests in the desert heat,
ugly vultures circle,
exhausted,
wounded from the dragon's talon,
panting for water.**

The lady of the lake appears in a mirage,

**a watery vision of Babalon,
a journey to the forests of Pan,
and the summer fields of Babalon,
and a stream to Valhalla.**

**The dusty knight begs for water,
just a sip,
for the strength to go on,
when he thinks he can't go on,
when he had resigned himself to the end.**



**Rhea,
pours forth a worn water skin,
cold life flows back into the knight.**

**When he arrives at the fields of Babalon,
his eyes fight tears,
his heart chokes up his throat,
memories of the sacred fire,
the volcanic fires,
of a long black summer.**



**Galahad stumbles home,
exhausted,
falling into bed,
for days of sleep,
he whispers,
“In silence,
we cast no shadows.**

**In secret service to Mariah.”
Old masters from the wall visit the old knight from time to time.**

by Seid

John Whiteside Parsons: Anti-Christ Superstar

by Richard Metzger

All stories are true, every last one of them. All myths, all legends, all fables. If you believe them true, then they are true. If you don't believe them, then all that can be said is that they are true for someone else. — from *Cerebus* by Dave Sim

When the history of the American space program is finally written, no figure will stand out quite like John Whiteside Parsons. Remarkably handsome, dashing and brilliant, “Jack” Parsons was one of the founders of the experimental rocket research group at Cal Tech and the group’s seven acre Arroyo Seco testing facility would eventually become Jet Propulsion Laboratory, NASA’s rocket design center.

Werner von Braun claimed it was the self-taught Parsons, not himself, who was the true father of the American space program for his contribution to the development of solid rocket fuel. Although Parsons has been memorialized with a statue at JPL and has had a crater on the dark side of the moon named in his honor, his story remains shrouded in mystery —for what is little known about this legend of aerospace engineering is that Parsons was an avid practitioner of the occult sciences, and for several years, Aleister Crowley’s hand-picked leader of the US branch of the Ordo Templi Orientis, the Southern California-based Agape´ Lodge.

Parsons was born in Los Angeles on October 2, 1914, the son of a wealthy and well connected family living in a sprawling mansion on Pasadena’s “Millionaire Row.” His father worked for Woodrow Wilson. After his parents’ divorce, the solitary childhood of Parsons imbued him with a deep hatred of authority and a contempt for any sort of interference in his activity. Parsons interest in the occult apparently commenced at an early age, and, in one of his diaries, he claimed to have visibly evoked Satan at the tender age of 13.

After discovering Crowley’s philosophy of Thelema (Greek for “true will”), Parsons joined the Agape´ Lodge in 1941. Wilfred T. Smith, the expatriate Englishman who started the order in the early 1930’s with a charter from the Great Beast himself, wrote of Parsons in a letter to Crowley: “I think I have at long last a really excellent man, John Parsons. And starting next Tuesday, he begins a

course of talks with a view to enlarging our scope. He has an excellent mind and much better intellect than myself . . . John Parsons is going to be valuable.”

Another member of the Lodge, Crowley’s old friend, actress Jane Wolfe, described Parsons as “26 years of age, 6’2”, vital, potentially bisexual at the very least, University of the State of California and Cal Tech, now engaged in Cal Tech chemical laboratories developing ‘bigger and better’ explosives for Uncle Sam. Travels under sealed orders from the government. Writes poetry—‘sensuous only,’ he says. Lover of music, which he seems to know thoroughly. I see him as the real successor of Therion [Crowley]. Passionate; and has made the vilest analyses result in a species of exaltation after the event. Has had mystical experiences, which gave him a sense of equality all round, although he is hierarchical in feeling and in the established order.”

Parsons rose quickly through the ranks, taking over the Agape’ Lodge from Smith at Crowley’s decree within a year.

For I am BABALON, and she my daughter, unique and there shall be no other women like her. —*The Book of Babalon*, verse 37

In one of the most celebrated feats in magickal history, Parsons and pre-Dianetics L. Ron Hubbard (whose role is too complicated to describe in this short essay) performed The Babalon Working, a daring attempt to shatter the boundaries of time and space and intended to bring about, in Parsons own words, “love, understanding, and Dionysian freedom . . . the necessary counterbalance or correspondence to the manifestation of Horus.”

The above reference recalls Crowley’s announcement of the Aeon of Horus, described in his *Book of the Law (Liber AL vel Legis)*, a blasphemous, strangely beautiful prose poem which Crowley “received” from a discarnate entity called Aiwass in Cairo in 1904. Crowley, self-styled “Great Beast 666,” considered himself the avatar of the Antichrist, and *The Book of the Law* is a proclamation that the era of the “slave gods” (Osirus, Mohammed, Jesus) had come to an end and that the Age of Horus and “The Crowned and Conquering Child” had begun. In its infancy, Crowley predicted, the Aeon would be characterized by the magickal formula of bloodshed and blind force, the tearing down of established orders to make way for the new. Crowley held the two World Wars as evidence of this, but did not see the Horus-force as evil, rather as embodying the innocence of a hyperactive child who is like a bull in a china shop. Babalon, a Thelemic counterpart of Kali or Isis, was described by Parsons as “. . . black, murderous and horrible, but Her hand is uplifted in blessing and reassurance: the reconciliation of opposites, the apotheosis of the impossible.”

The impossible was precisely what Jack Parsons, the scientific sorcerer, had in mind.

Lucifer Rising

In its initial stages, The Babalon Working was intended to attract an “elemental” to serve as a partner for Parsons’ elaborate sex magick rituals. The method employed was that of the solo “VIII Degree” working of the O.T.O, the quasi-Masonic organization reformulated by Crowley in the earlier part of the century in accordance with his “Do What Thou Wilt” mythos of Thelema. Parsons used his “magickal wand” to whip up a vortex of energy so the elemental would be summoned. Translated into plain English, Parsons jerked off in the name of spiritual advancement whilst Hubbard (referred to as “The Scribe” in the diary of the event) scanned the astral plane for signs and visions.

Apparently, it worked. In a letter to Crowley dated February 23, 1946, Parsons exclaimed, “I have my elemental! She turned up one night after the conclusion of the Operation, and has been with me since.”

The elemental was a green-eyed, flaming redhead named Marjorie Cameron (later of Kenneth Anger’s “Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome” film, an artist of some renown and a primary force in the New Age “Goddess” movement). Cameron was only too happy to participate in Parson’s sex magick, and now Parsons could get down to the real business of the Babalon Working: the birthing of a “moonchild” or homunculus. The operation was formulated to open an inter-dimensional doorway, rolling out the red carpet for the appearance of the goddess Babalon in human form, employing the Enochian Calls [angelic language] of Elizabethan magus John Dee and the attraction of the sex force of the duo’s copulation to this end.

As Paul Rydeen points out in his extended essay *Jack Parsons and the Fall of Babalon*: “The purpose of Parson’s operation has been underemphasized. He sought to produce a magickal child who would be a product of her environment rather than of her heredity. Crowley himself describes the Moonchild in just these terms. The Babalon Working itself was preparation for what was to come: a Thelemic messiah.” To wit: Babalon incarnate as a *living* female, the Scarlet Woman as consort to the Antichrist, bride of the Beast 666. In effect, Parsons also claimed the mantle of Antichrist for himself, as the magickal heir of Crowley prophesied in Liber AL: “The child of thy bowels, he shall behold them [the mysteries of the Apocalypse]. Expect him not from the East, nor from the West, for from no expected house cometh that child.”

Without the Scarlet Woman, the Antichrist cannot make his manifestation, the eschatological formula must first be complete. In whiter words, with the magickal rites of the Babalon Working, it was Parson’s goal to bring on the Apocalypse.

James Dean of the Occult

Parsons’ Babalon gambit was dazzling to say the least: If the earth must first be covered in evil before the return of the Christ consciousness and the final triumph of good, what better way to hasten the uplifting of humanity than to rip an alchemical hole in the fabric of reality and invite the very spawn of Hell in for a rip-snorting orgy of howling madness?

So much is written of Parsons as a psychotic lunatic, but I put it to you dear reader, is the Babalon Working the product of a deranged mind or the ultimate exploration of the absolute *furthest* reaches of consciousness, putting the peddle to the metal for the living end in revolutionary chic and mind expansion?

Parson's perverse "imitation of Christ" was intended to disrupt, oppose, and subvert the established order of things. It's the age old Manichaeian battle between good and evil, the forces of order and chaos, the status quo versus revolutionary tendencies. But in the 20th century, these lines have become significantly blurred: If you consider the New World Order multinational corporate monoliths poisoning the planet and reducing mankind to the level of wage slavery for the benefit of the very few to be representative of the "good," then the Babalon Working must sound like the most outright evil deed ever perpetrated by a human being. But if you're like me, and would dearly love to see the vile, puss-ridden edifice of Western society burned to the ground, you should see Parsons as the penultimate style icon of psycho-sexual/magickal insurrection, a truly American original if ever there was one. This darkly handsome, genius scientist, was, I submit, the James Dean of the Occult—one spectacularly cool motherfucker.

Only in the irrational and unknown direction can we come to it [wisdom] again —Jack Parsons in a letter to Marjorie Cameron, late 1940s.

The question must be asked: Who is the greater hero—he who prolongs the agony of this pathetic existence or he who opens wide the Pandora's Box of perdition knowing that this is how the final eschatological chapter must play itself out?

Isn't the Great Work, the cosmic perfection of mankind, the final goal of the alchemists? Just as the rocket scientist Parsons was willing to play dice with heavy explosives, Parsons, the nuclear age warlock was willing to play with fire of a very different sort. Parsons rests firmly in the tradition of the fraternity of Western Magi who include Moses, Solomon, Jesus Christ, John Dee, Adam Weishaupt, Crowley, Gurdjieff, and Timothy Leary— great revolutionaries and liberators all.

Parsons wrote in his *Manifesto of the Anti-Christ*: "An end to the pretence [sic], and lying hypocrisy of Christianity. An end to the servile virtues, and superstitious restrictions. An end to the slave morality. An end to prudery and shame, to guilt and sin, for these are of the only evil under the sun, that is fear. An end to all authority that is not based on courage and manhood, to the authority of lying priests, conniving judges, blackmailing police, and an end to the servile flattery and cajolery of mods, the coronations of mediocracies, the ascension of dolts."

Amen to that! Parsons was clearly willing to put his money where his mouth was! Abbie Hoffman, Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos and Che Guevara seem total pussies in comparison.

Forget your Conspiracy Theory 101, the Illuminati are *not* the bad guys, and George Bush was never a member and neither is Henry Kissinger. If, in the words of Christ, it is by their fruits and works that men shall be judged, would *you* want the Mai Lai massacre or the Gulf War slaughter staining *your* karma?

Hey, being the Antichrist is a dirty job, but *somebody* has to do it.

It's not such a black and white world anymore.

A Magickal Call to Arms

Parsons opened a door and something flew in. — from *Outside the Circles of Time* by Kenneth Grant

Did the Babalon Working actually *work*? For the sake of argument, if you believe it to be true, it's true *enough*. As a metaphor or a myth to explain the psychic and atmospheric turbulence taking place in the world today, it certainly works for me. What has long been prophesied by the world's major spiritual traditions is now coming to pass. Turn on CNN for a couple of hours for *ample* proof: wars, killer viruses, floods, famines, violent crime, earthquakes, Armageddon cults armed with nerve gas, suicide bombers; Heaven's Gate; the list goes on and on. Certainly Parsons untimely death in a 1952 chemical explosion would leave the crown of the "conquering child" unclaimed to this day as Thelemites continue to await their Chaos Messiah, but perhaps Parsons was *an* Antichrist, and his particular mission was to crack open the apocalyptic gateway and activate the occult forces necessary for the upheaval of consciousness.

The apostles of the new forms of gnosis unearthed by the Babalon Working will be art, the inspired initiator of sacred science and the torch of Gods appearing in new and unexpected forms in the unfolding of the divine drama. The poets, artists, philosophers and thinkers will form the first ranks of perfected humanity and no rules will apply save for freedom and nobility beyond the Kali Yuga.

But this will not happen without a struggle between the forces of control, black magick, and oppressive boredom on one hand and the Luciferian agents of wisdom, unleashed creativity, and anarchic rebellion on the other. What we have been brainwashed to believe is "good": patriotism, so-called "free" enterprise, private property, Christianity (not the teachings of Christ, but the hateful travesty that the religion bearing his name has become thanks to the likes of Pat Robertson and his filthy ilk), is now beginning to be seen by the emerging generation of the crowned and conquering child to be the deathtrip bullshit it truly is.

A whole culture is collapsing and a new one is about to be born. Jack Parsons would be pleased.

Liber 821 or How I Found the Goddess and What She Did to Me When I Found Her

by Zoe-Sophia-Dione (= 821, "Babylon the Great"; [that is, Cybele])



Should you find that your own revelations of The Goddess become substantially different than the revelations of Mal-2, then perhaps The Goddess has plans for you as an Episkopos, and you might consider creating your own sect from scratch, unhindered.

—from *Principia Discordia or How I Found the Goddess and What I Did to Her When I Found Her*

I had been dedicated to the goddess Durga for very many years. I was not doing the “eclectic” neopagan thing of adopting a mishmash of foreign deities and making spiritual-practice stew out of them. I was (and continue to be despite my immersion in Western occultism and contemporary Paganism) a long-time adherent of reformed Advaita Vedanta. I became dedicated to a certain important scripture dated to about the 3rd century called the *Devi Mahatmyam*, or “Glory of the Goddess.” It is a trilogy of mythologies in which the Goddess, personifying the combined power of the gods, defeats various demons in battles and, thus, restores the order of the Universe.

The full scripture, which takes more than an hour or three to recite, is chanted in the context of devotional ritual (*puja*) and is prefaced and followed by several auxiliary prayers, chants, mantra, and ritual gestures. I took to performing a much abbreviated version of the ritual, in accordance with guidelines given to me by a senior swami of the Ramakrishna Order of Vedanta. I performed the ritual once weekly for about a year after many years of working with the text. At this time, I also was immersed in disciplines related to Kundalini yoga and had recently removed myself from association with a Nygmapa (Dzogchen) Buddhist sangha where I was being groomed to become a lama.

The ritual and contemplation of the *Devi Mahatmyam* is done as a thaumatergic exercise in which the Goddess is a beneficent entity who is being addressed for the sake of gaining favors and for protection from both supernatural evil and the nasty world-at-large. I took a more Gnostic approach. After all, Advaita Vedanta is *jnana yoga*, the discipline of spiritual integration through gnosis. In addition, the translations of the names of the demons that the Goddess is battling in the *Devi Mahatmyam* include The Great Deceiver (*Mahahanu*), The Aimless One (*Parivarita*), The Hypocrite (*Bidala*), Anger (*Kruddha*), The Savage (*Ugrasya*), He Who Gives Way

to Temptation (*Durdhara*), The Vicious (*Chanda*), The Malicious (*Munda*), Conceit (*Shumbha*), and Self-deprecation (*Nishumbha*). And the most famous demon celebrated in the scripture is *Mahishasura*—the “Buffalo demon” of egoism, the depiction of the slaying of which is an important piece of Hindu iconography.

So, these demons that The Goddess is protecting you from are not oogah-boogah things “out there”; they are negative qualities within yourself. How does The Goddess protect you from them? She rips you apart over and over again with a barrage of weapons: the sword of discrimination, club of articulation, bow of determination, arrow of penetration, pike of attention, rod of restraint, axe of right action, net of unity, trident of harmony, and discus of revolving time. Then she cuts off your head and totally obliterates you in a confounding mush of ego dissolution that you ideally recover from changed.

So, a few years before I began to shift gears and look to Western occultism for empowerment and insight, and before I knew anything about Cabala or Crowley or the Abyss, I found myself returning to a particular difficult mind state in my meditation practices. What I would feel enveloped in would be a dark, *abysmal* space. In it, I would receive impressions of how I became who I am. I would receive visceral sensations and memories harkening back to earliest childhood. As a Tantric Buddhist and Yoga practitioner, I had been trained in how to maneuver such experiences. Nevertheless, and perhaps aggravated by volatility in my personal life, I slipped over the edge and plummeted into the core of a chasm one morning.

I looked and saw a great abyss and a dark funnel of whirling waters or fixed airs, wherein were cities and monsters and trees and atoms and mountains and little flames (being souls) and all the material of an universe.

And all are sucked down one by one, as necessity hath ordained. For below is a glittering jewelled globe of gold and azure, set in a World of Stars.

And there came a Voice from the Abyss, saying: "Thou seest the Current of Destiny! Canst thou change one atom in its path? I am Destiny. Dost thou think to control me? for who can move my course?" —From The Cry of the 29th Aethyr in *The Vision the Voice* attributed to Aleister Crowley

I experienced profound ego-dissolution and it was no freaking way like the sunshine and moonbeams of an Eric Tolle New Age best seller. Whereas it was kind of like an “enlightenment” experience, it also was the antithesis of what I’ve ever read about such things.

I realized in that moment in a way that cut far deeper than mere intellection that I was not a person. I was a mask, an automaton, a provisional being not of my own making. Unconscious and automated. I was a composite of experiences and perceptions, habits, and

conditioning that were not necessarily my own. Mere non-conscious karmic momentum of an interdependently arising neurotic fiasco called nature and nurture that stretched back to beginningless Time.

My spirit is no more; my soul is no more. My life leaps out into annihilation! —From The Cry of the 2nd Aethyr

In that moment, to borrow words from Kshemaraja's commentary on the experience of enlightenment in the *Spanda Karikas*, "all my thought-constructs were split asunder by the recognition of [my] true essential nature." The event indeed "surpassed common experience" but was anything but "replete with unprecedented bliss." My reaction was rage. Life appeared to be an oppressive lie foisted on me by others who themselves were utterly in the grip of the same lie. I was mostly angry because the way I felt about myself for so long—the way I persistently operated and struggled—didn't have to be as it was. Everything was mere fabrication born of a delusion about Reality that I was force fed from the doomed moment that I took my first breath.

But what was worse than realizing the prosaic blather that Life Is but a Dream was the notion that the oppression of the illusion would continue to be suffered despite my new insight about it; I was not something other than this inexorable composite of karmic momentum. It was my ways of thought, my emotional responses, my personality, all the structures and nuances of my physiology.

The Bengali mystic Sri Ramakrishna was known to say, "God is real; the world is illusory." I understood what that meant in that moment of crisis because I experienced the profound difference between myself as a personality construct and this organism called Reality.

Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding: for thou art one with the Primeval things.
—From The Cry of the 14th Aethyr

Prior to this episode, I had been an "insufferable know-it-all." In a moment, however, the value of all concepts shattered. It was all vain blather, "sound and fury signifying nothing."

I was "out-of-it" for several days, weeks perhaps. Humbled, humiliated, and feeling gyped and screwed about life. But when the dust settled, I felt free. Relieved. Off the hook. Nothing was true; thus, everything was permitted. I became relaxed. I put away my beliefs, books, and allegiances. I also arrived at a new sense of compassion, having glimpsed the roots of happiness and suffering concerning

the human condition. There was no place to put blame; the cause was an interdependently arising phenomenon that drove the World Machine.

Yea! verily this is the Truth, this is the Truth, this is the Truth. Unto thee shall be granted joy and health and wealth and wisdom when thou art no longer thou. —*Liber Cheth vel Vallum Abiegni*, 13

But life went on with its twists and turns, joys and disappointments, peak experiences and hard lessons.

There have been other instances in my life in which the end result of fervent goddess work has been crisis: upheaval, pain, loss. Even though things turn out “all for the best” in the end, the pattern has made me skittish about working with goddess energy. So I wince at folks who look to the Goddess for a kinder, gentler kind of spirituality, who look to the self-effacing, ever-doting mother or else the ever-accommodating and never-clinging lover. The contemptible idealized woman. The Goddess is not this. Rather, she is the maw and secret of creation, sustenance, dissolution, and transformation.

O Circle of Stars,
Whereof our father is by the younger brother,
Marvel beyond imagination, soul of infinite space,
Before whom time is ashamed, the mind bewildered, and the understanding dark,
Not unto Thee may we attain unless Thine Image be Love.
Therefore by seed and root, and stem and bud,
And leaf and flower and fruit do we invoke thee,
O Queen of Space, O Jewel of Light,
Continuous one of the heavens;
Let it be ever thus
That men speak not of Thee as One, but as None;
And let them not speak of Thee at all, since Thou art continuous.
—From *Liber XV* (Thelemic Gnostic Mass), Aleister Crowley

Numerous paeans from more ancient times extol the Goddess in this way. Apuleius in *The Golden Ass* (11.25) says of Isis:

You rotate the globe. You give light to the Sun. You govern the world in time and space. You tread down the powers of Hades. By You the seasons return, the Planets rejoice, the Elements serve. At Your command the winds do blow, the clouds do gather, the seeds prosper, and the fruits prevail. The birds of the air, the beasts of the hill, the serpents of the den, and the fish of the sea, do tremble at Your majesty.

The *Devi Mahatmyam* is chockfull of statements such as:

You are the sovereign Goddess of all that is moving and unmoving. You are the sole substratum of the world, existing in the form of Earth. Existing in the form of water, the Universe is nourished. You are pure, limitless courage, the power of the All-Pervading Lord. You are the Manifesting and Limiting Principle, the primordial seed of the Universe. Goddess you have created this living dream that we mistake for Reality. Through your grace we are redeemed from it. (11:3-5)

We also find this passage within the very last piece of scrying work that Edward Kelley did with John Dee:

I am the daughter of Fortitude, and ravished every hour, from my youth. For behold, I am Understanding, and Science dwelleth in me; and the heavens oppress me. They covet and desire me with infinite appetite; few or none that are earthly have embraced me, for I am shadowed with the Circle of the Stone, and covered with the morning Clouds. My feet are swifter than the winds, and my hands are sweeter than the morning dew. My garments are from the beginning, and my dwelling place is in my self. The Lion knoweth not where I walk, neither do the beasts of the field understand me. I am deflowered, and yet a virgin; I sanctify, and am not sanctified. Happy is he that embraceth me: for in the night season I am sweet, and in the day full of pleasure. My company is a harmony of many Cymbals, and my lips sweeter than health itself. I am a harlot for such as ravish me, and a virgin with such as know me not: For Lo, I am loved of many, and I am a lover to many; and as many as come unto me as they should do, have entertainment. . . . —From *A true & faithful relation of what passed for many years between Dr. John Dee and some spirits*

Immediately following this oft-quoted material scryed by Kelley and Dee on May 23, 1587 (their very last scrying session by the way, occurring about a month after the archangel Uriel allegedly told the men to wife-swap), the Divine-Feminine entity explains that “*Wisdom is a piercing beam, which is the center of the spiritual being of the Holy Spirit, touching from all parts from whence the Divinity sendeth it out . . .*” It continues, saying that Wisdom is inherent in what is immortal, including the human soul, and not in things that have an end. This is standard Hermetic/Gnostic/Cabalist jargon in which Wisdom—the Sophia or Sapientia—transforms soul (psyche) to spirit (pneuma) via the path of the Secret Fire. Further, the patent medieval Hermetic content in the longer, previous piece cited is rather conspicuous. Frankly, taking it at face value in context, I do not draw parallels between it or passages in Revelations with Babalon doctrine as has become the norm in some occult circles.

The text then goes into doomsday jargon that either could be taken as a prediction about political upheaval or else a veiled way for an affected Kelley to express how really fed up he was with the whole Kelley/Dee trip, as has been speculated by researchers and autodidacts on the subject such as the person who maintains this blog: http://myfavoritemonsters.blogspot.com/2009/07/john-dee-edward-kelley-spirit-world-pt_28.html.

The story goes that he abandoned Dee and fell in and then out of favor with King Rudolph II, dying from injuries after a prison breakout. A rather pathetic end to someone who “channeled” such profundity as what is quoted above. But one could suppose that this illustrates the “‘get it’ or get a kick in the head” and “don’t fuck with me” kind of tough love that The Goddess seems to be into.

From here, my mind segues to Jack Parsons:

The catastrophic trend [the Age of Horus] is due to our lack of understanding of our own natures. The hidden lusts, fears, and hatreds resulting from the warping of the love urge, which underly the natures of all Western peoples, have taken a homicidal and suicidal direction.

This impasse is broken by the incarnation of another sort of force, called BABALON. The nature of this force relates to love, understanding, and dionysian freedom, and is the necessary counterbalance or correspondence to the manifestation of Horus.

—from the Introduction of *Liber 49, The Book of Babalon*, by Jack Parsons

Yes, but if I remember it correctly, Jack, even though you were incredibly eloquent, dedicated, *waaay* ahead of your time, and now are bestowed god-like reverence, almost everyone you knew, loved, revered, and trusted totally dissed and screwed you over. Then you got blown up moments before you were going to run away and live happily ever after with your conjured Babalon-Incarnate, Marjorie Cameron.

Yet shalt thou not be therein, for thou shalt be forgotten, dust lost in dust. Nor shall the æon itself avail thee in this; for from the dust shall a white ash be prepared by Hermes the Invisible. And this is the wrath of God, that these things should be thus. And this is the grace of God, that these things should be thus. —*Liber Cheth vel Vallum Abiegni*, 15-18

But then one could point the finger at dozens of high-profile occultists, “crazy wisdom” teachers, saints, philosophers, and “godmen” through the ages (famously including Jesus), who came to less than beatific ends.

This is the way the world ends. Not with a bang but a whimper. —From *The Hollow Men*, T.S. Eliot



One would say that their legacies and legendary statures compensate, but I say not. How can such thing serve the dead? Such things are more bread and circuses for the rest of us and often the tool of one or another aggrandizing opportunist. At best, they can be catalysts of insight and transformation for us. Or else, they can be blinds, glimmers, and pretensions that complicate our ride through the gastric tube of the Ouroboros. Both options are the purview of The Goddess.

And in the end, the *mysterium tremendum*, for those who are interested, is not about pleasure or pain, suffering in penance or atonement, redemption, the satiation of desire, or the assertion of will. It is about crossing over the Abyss and parting the veil between the Real and the Unreal.

This Mahamaya [“Grand Illusion”; “Great Measurement”] is the Yoganidra [power of stupor] of Vishnu, the Lord of the World. It is by her the world is deluded. Verily she, the Sovereign Lady, forcibly draws the minds even of the wise into delusion. She creates this entire universe of both moving and unmoving things. When favorable, she proffers boons to human beings for their final liberation. She is supreme knowledge, the cause of final liberation, and eternal; she is the cause of the bondage of transmigration and the sovereign over all lords. —*Devi Mahatmyam*, I:54-58

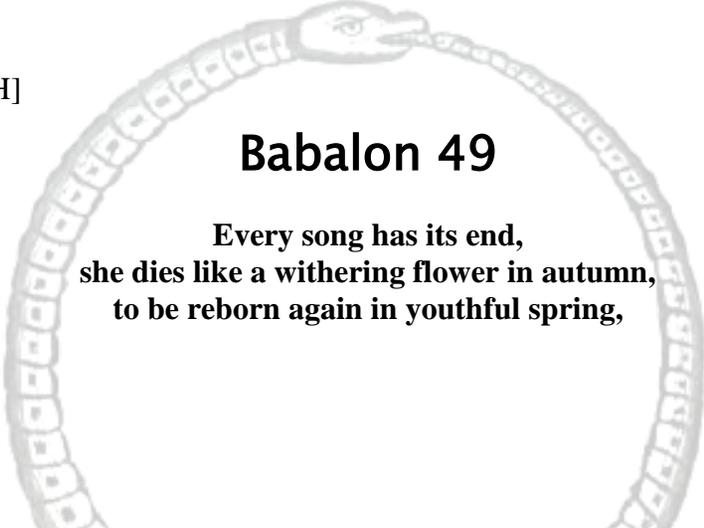
But for my final word on all this, I quote Austin Osman Spare from the *Anathema of Zos*:

Is there nothing beyond entity? No purchase beyond sense and desire of God than this blasting and devouring swarm ye are?

Oh, ye favoured of your own excuses, guffaw between bites! Heaven is indifferent to your salvation or catastrophe. Your curveless crookedness maketh ye fallow for a queer fatality! What! I to aid your self-deception, meliorate your decaying bodies, preserve your lamentable apotheosis of self? The sword-thrust not salve I bring!

—Soror ZSD23

23 (=Zos/life [ChiH]; Kia/joy [ChDVH])



Babalon 49

**Every song has its end,
she dies like a withering flower in autumn,
to be reborn again in youthful spring,**



after a cold, barren winter of waiting.
My ghost of yesterday.
Rock and roll,
like storms thunder,
traveling black clouds erupt with grumbling lighting,
a cosmic cowboy like a knight in silver armor,
the drums of the shaman's song.

Work hard man of the fields,
man on the line,
man in the box,
stroking his cock.

Working to pick the lock,
invoking Atum,
waking Cthulhu,
and the eyes of the undead.

A lone wolf's ears prick up,
a snake hisses and rattles,
a deer freezes and stares,
a turtle hides in it's shell.

A moth man whispers in your ear,
Hitler in a flying saucer,
George Bush like Tony Montana,
Scarface,
mountains of cocaine,
you can't fuck with me.

A twist in confusion,
like the dizzying spin of DNA,
the helix twist,





**spiral up and down,
copulating,
like a spring heeled jack,
about to attack.**

**A drill to the core of the world,
Journey to the Center of the Earth,
the hollow Earth,
Agartha,
the people of the Vril,
survivors of Atlantis.**

**The grapes on the vine,
making beautiful wine,
beneath the feet of jumping maidens joy,
her smiles in the sun.**

**Dionysus with his hands folded across his waist,
Pan polishing his hooves and trimming his goatee,
Apollo tuning a golden harp,
Hermes spreading the word,
Hades stalking the night land,
Aphrodite selecting perfumes, pearls, an evening gown.**

What you got to say?

Afraid with your own fate in your hands?

Afraid to leave the nest?

Afraid to wield Excalibur, the two-edged sword of freedom?

Afraid to be alive tonight?





**The more he talked,
the more he faded,
until at times he would sit in silence,
fading in and out,
sometimes forgetting to talk all together.**

**A snake swallows its own tail in an eternal struggle to consume itself,
ancient, old skins shed,
the shape of infinity,
the Mobius strip,
a man in a floating chair.**

**A bright bloody heart on a platter,
“What good is a heart no longer beating?”**

**Babalon cries,
“I want my lover warm and alive,
death does embrace soon enough,
with a withered scorn and fading memory.”**

**It's one flame,
one life,
one star,
one flicker,
one lick,
salute.**

**Daily exorcisms,
beasts of burdens,
eyes glowing in the night,
great beasts stalking.**





**Ghosts of the past,
forever haunt the magician,
history is will,
will is alive,
the ripples of the mercury.**

**Hiding behind a puff of cigarette smoke,
sunglasses,
indifference,
feeling blue.**

**Dreams of the hitchhiker,
an ancient wanderer,
the fool,
restless youth.**

**Look over yonder,
the grass is always greener,
on the other side,
over yonder.**

**Leave no law unbroken,
wrestle with Eris,
run with Pan,
under the light of Lucifer,
sky clad,
orgies of ecstasy,
Hellfire illumination,
like the head of John,
the Witches Sabbath,
do what you will,
and do no more.**



by Seid



Interview with Ken Urquhart, Los Angeles, 14 August 1986

by Douglas Rushkoff

Nieson Himmel was a young journalist with a keen interest in science fiction. That was how he met the chemist Jack Parsons after the Second World War, and it was through Parsons that he met L. Ron Hubbard. He actually shared a room with Hubbard in Parsons' rambling mansion in Pasadena, where Hubbard and Parsons practiced bizarre sex magick and vied for the love of Sara Northrup (who later eloped with Hubbard and became his second wife). It was an exotic environment, to say the least. He remembered it vividly in the following interview, carried out by Russell Miller in the course of research for the unauthorized biography of L. Ron Hubbard, *Bare-Faced Messiah*.

[Jack] Parsons was a superb chemist. He had this big old house up in Pasadena, among some huge old mansions. It was built by some rich people at the turn of the century. The coach houses were still back there. The Parsons family started Parsons Engineering and was very wealthy. His specialty was explosives. He was a follower of Aleister Crowley. He used to have meetings at there. I knew him through science fiction; we had meetings of the science fiction society out there. They used to have these meetings come down the stairs in black robes. There were two pyramid sort of things where they held their services. He converted the place into apartments, about 19 of them. He put an ad in the paper, "Apartments for rent." (This was at the end of the war when no one could find a place to live.) "Must not believe in God."

There was an Englishman living in the coach house who was one of the original Crowley followers. Parsons made no secret that he was a follower. There were woodcuts in Crowley books and Parsons had some of the originals. There were two crowds out there – science fiction and Crowley.

I roomed with Hubbard. He was straight out of the Navy. He had a uniform with lieutenant's bars. He used to fill us all with these goddamn stories of his. Because I was a newspaperman, I was a lot more skeptical. His military career was pretty goddamn hard to find because wherever you said, that is where he had been. He claimed he was in England, in the "Royal Museum", going down this hall, and three scientists came walking out of an office, spotted him, grabbed him and took him into office and started measuring his skull, saying this was a perfect example of whatever it was and then pushing him out without a word. I said, "Gee, that's a hell of a great story, except I think I read that in George Bernard Shaw." Another time he told a story of being in the Aleutians in command of

a destroyer and came near some ice foes and a polar bear jumped onto the ship chasing everyone around. It's another good story that Cory Ford wrote in his book about the Aleutians. I was not one of his favorite people - I didn't believe what he said and I wouldn't lend him any money.

He wanted to go out to the Institute of Mental Science. I took him out and waited for him about an hour, hour and half.

He told me, along with several other people, that he was going to start a religion because he wanted to make some money.

Parsons was living with beautiful girl called Betty Northrup who I understand came from a rich family. She was beautiful, just lovely. This girl did not get married. Hubbard came in; he was irresistible to women, swept girls off their feet. There were other girls living there with guys, and he went through them one by one. Finally he fastened on to Betty. Parsons was desperately in love but could not countenance marriage because of his beliefs. The atmosphere became very tense. You would sit at the table and the hostility between Hubbard and Parsons was tangible. Eventually he just plain ran off with Betty. Betty was not her name, Sara was her name. Everyone knew her as Betty, beautiful, sweet as nice as could be. She had dropped out of school to be with Parsons.

I heard stories about Parsons chasing him. When they ran off it was the last time I saw Hubbard and Betty.

There was a bunch of people there, 18-20 in the big house and 5-6 in the coach house. When he broke it up into apartments, I think there were about 19 of them. The atmosphere because so tense . . . Lou Goldstone, an artist, was living there and he was my entry to the place.

Parsons was experimenting one night with a chemical [nitroglycerine] and literally blew himself up. Chemists since then have told me that no one who knows much about chemicals would mess with it. I can only think that Parsons committed suicide.

He [Hubbard] was a fascinating story teller. Everyone believed him. But I had read a lot and recognized a lot of stories. I'd try to trip him up and say, "If you said once you were in such a theatre you'd have had to have . . ." He did not care much for me at all. He'd laugh it off. He was a real conman. He was very sharp and quick.

The polar bear story is an old, old story in folklore. It goes way back to the old explorers [e.g., Nelson].

He talked interminably about his war experiences. I'd say, "You couldn't have been in both of those battles." He said he was on the staff of so many great admirals, I think one was Halsey. I called a friend of mine who was on the admiral's staff and he said, "Shit, I've never heard of him!"

I think Lou Goldstone introduced Hubbard to the house. Although I think Parsons was an early science fiction fan.

Lou said he stumbled into a couple of meetings. I presume it was a black mass. People talked about it quite openly.

He had circulated among science fiction fans. He may have been in New York. I think he had come straight out of the Navy. I can't stand phoney and he was so obviously a phoney. But he was not a dummy. He could charm the shit out of anybody and had tremendous personality. But completely worthless.

Science fiction fans in those days were nerds. Lots of strange people found refuge in science fiction. I would get into big arguments with Lou about Dianetics – “do you really believe this shit?” I never understood why people followed him all the way.

Betty was beautiful – the most gorgeous, intelligent, sweet, wonderful person. I was so much in love with her, but I knew she was a woman I could never have. Hubbard was making out with her right in front of Parsons, living off his largesse. How could he do it? He'd already had affairs with other girls in the house. Betty was a raving beauty.

Jack was one of the early people at JPL [Jet Propulsion Laboratory]. I think one of the things he was doing was working on something called flare [actually jet] assisted take-off, equivalent to after-burner. The house was being converted into apartments when I left. People ate together at a big table in the kitchen.

Alva Rogers was my first roomer, then Ron.

Transcript of a letter L.
Ron Hubbard wrote for
Frank Dessler,
Dianeticist and
fanatically loyal
follower of Hubbard.

To Whom It May Concern

Frank Dessler acted under my direct orders and as an agent of the father in all steps he took concerning my child Alexis Valerie Hubbard. Further, he took no steps where I was not present. Sara Northrup bringing any action against Dessler is acting in the spitefulness of revenge because he would not turn against me, his employer, and assist her efforts to gain full and complete control of the Book *Dianetics* and ownership of the Foundation to the benefit of the Communist Party [and] her lover Miles Hollister.

L. Ron Hubbard

Signature Witness:

John W^m M[aloney]

In 1971, Hubbard disowned his daughter Alexis, telling her through an agent that she was the illegitimate daughter of Jack Parsons.

The Collected Writings of Jack Parsons

The Book of Babalon, The Book of Antichrist,
and other writings

PART ONE

THE BOOK OF BABALON

January 4 - March 4, 1946 E.V.

INTRODUCTION

This book contains the record of a magical experiment relating to the invocation of an elemental, the thereafter of the Goddess or Force called BABALON, and the results thereof. An appendix contains some details of the method, published for the first time. The contents should be clear enough to those who are prepared for understanding, and a little study and effort should make it so for those who desire understanding. For the rest, each will no doubt interpret it in accord with his own predilections.

A note on the underlying philosophy. The present age is under the influence of the force called, in magical terminology, Horus. This force relates to fire, Mars, and the sun, that is, to power, violence, and energy. It also relates to a child, being innocent (i.e. undifferentiated). Its manifestations may be noted in the destruction of old institutions and ideas, the discovery and liberation of new energies, and the trend towards power governments, war, homosexuality, infantilism, and schizophrenia.

This force is completely blind, depending upon the men and women in whom it manifests and who guide it. Obviously, its guidance now tends towards catastrophe.

The catastrophic trend is due to our lack of understanding of our own natures. The hidden lusts, fears, and hatreds resulting from the warping of the love urge, which underlie the natures of all Western peoples, have taken a homicidal and suicidal direction.



This impasse is broken by the incarnation of another sort of force, called BABALON. The nature of this force relates to love, understanding, and Dionysian freedom, and is the necessary counterbalance or correspondence to the manifestation of Horus.

It is indicated that this force is actually incarnate in some living woman, as the result of the described magical operation. A more basic matter, however, is the indication that this force is incarnate in all men and women, and needs only to be invoked to free the spirit from the debris of the old aeon, and to direct the blind force of Horus into constructive channels of understanding and love. The methods of this invocation are described in the text.

The background of this material may be found in the *Book of the Law*, the Comment thereon, and other writings of Aleister Crowley; also in various magical, anthropological, psychological, and philosophical texts. These are all necessary to an understanding and use of the material.

One further point. It should be remembered that all human activities, after the vital functions are fulfilled, arise from the need to love or to be loved. It is therefore quite literally true that in understanding (i.e. that which embraces all categories of love) is all power given. A grasp of the principle of bipolarity should make this clear.

With this crude and rudimentary philosophical discourse, then, I present the *Book of Babalon*:

A. CONCEPTION

In January 1946, I had been engaged in the study and practice of Magick for seven years, and in the supervision and operation of an occult lodge for four years, having been initiated into the Sanctuary of the Gnosis by the Beast 666, Fra. 132, and Fra. Saturnus. At this time I decided upon a Magical operation designed to obtain the assistance of an elemental mate. This is a well known procedure in Magick (cf. Ch. VIII in *Magick in Theory and Practice*), consisting of the invocation of a spirit or elemental into tangible existence by various magical techniques.

I decided upon the use of the Enochian Tablets obtained by Dr. Dee and Edward Kelley, employing the *n*n*n square of the Air Tablet. The technique was approximately as follows:

(January 4, 1946, 9:00 PM)

1. Prepared and consecrated Air Dagger. (The other magical weapons were previously prepared. This dagger served as the special talisman of the operation.) 2. Prepared Enochian Air Tablet on virgin parchment. 3. Prepared Parchment Talisman 4. Rituals as follows: (a) Invoking Pentagram of Air. (b) Invocation of Bornless One. (c) Conjunction of Air. (d) Consecration of Air Dagger. (e) Key Call of third Aire. (f) Invocation of God and King of Aire. (g) Invocation of Six Seniors. (h) Invocation of (RZDA) by *n*n*n and (EXARP), to visible appearance. (i) Invocaton of wand with material basis on talisman. (j) Invocation with dagger. (k) License to depart, purification, and banishing. I followed this procedure for eleven days, from January 4 to 15, with the following entries in my record: January 5. A strong windstorm beginning suddenly about the middle of the first invocation. Jan 6. Invoked as before. Wind storm continued intermittently all day and night. Jan 7. Invoked twice. Wind subsided. Used Prokofief Violin Concerto No. 2 as musical background. Jan 8. Invoked twice, using blood. Jan 9. Invoked twice, replenishing material basis. Jan 10. Invoked twice. I retired about 11 PM, and was awakened at 12 PM by nine strong, rapid knocks. A table lamp at the opposite corner of the room was thrown violently to the floor and broken. There was no window in this corner, and no wind was blowing at the time.

(Note. I have had little experience with phenomena of this sort. Magically speaking, it usually represents "breaks" in the operation, indicating imperfect technique. Actually, in any magical operation there should be no phenomena but the willed result.)

Jan 11. Invoked twice, using blood.

Jan 12. Invoked twice. A heavy windstorm.

Jan 13. Invoked twice. Windstorm continued.

Jan 14. The light system of the house failed about 9 PM. Another magician who had been staying at the house and studying with me was carrying a candle across the kitchen when he was struck strongly on the right shoulder, and the candle knocked out of his hand. He called us, and we observed a brownish yellow light about seven feet high in the kitchen.

I banished with a magical sword, and it disappeared. His right arm was paralyzed for the rest of the night.

Jan 15. Invoked twice. At this time the Scribe developed some sort of astral vision, describing in detail an old enemy of mine of whom he had never heard, and later the guardian forms of Isis and the Archangel Michael. Later, in my room, I heard the raps again, and a buzzing, metallic voice crying, "let me go free." I felt a great pressure and tension in the house that night, which was also noticed by the other occupants. There was no other phenomena, and I admit a feeling of disappointment.

The feeling of tension and unease continued for four days. Then, on January 18, at sunset, while the Scribe and I were on the Mojave Desert, the feeling of tension suddenly snapped. I turned to him and said, "It is done," in absolute certainty that the operation was accomplished. I returned home, and found a young woman answering the requirements waiting for me. She is describable as an air of fire type with bronze red hair, fiery and subtle, determined and obstinate, sincere and perverse, with extraordinary personality, talent, and intelligence.

During the period of January 19 to February 27, I invoked the Goddess BABALON with the aid of my magical partner, as was proper to one of my grade.

B. COMMUNICATIONS

On February 27, my magical partner went East for a visit, and on Feb. 28 I went back to the Mojave, invoking BABALON. During this invocation, the presence of the Goddess came upon me, and I was commanded to write the following communication:

LIBER 49

1. Yea, it is I, BABALON.
2. And this is my book, that is the fourth chapter of the *Book of the Law*, He completing the Name, for I am out of NUIT by HORUS, the incestuous sister of RA-HOOR-KHUIT.
3. It is BABALON. TIME IS. Ye fools.
4. Thou hast called me, oh accursed and beloved fool.
- 5-8. (Missing and presumed lost. Ed.)
9. Now know that I, BABALON, would take flesh and come among men.
10. I will come as a penelous (sic) flame, as a devious song, a trumpet in judgment halls, a banner before armies.
11. And gather my children unto me, for THE TIME is at hand.
12. And this is the way of my incarnation. Heed!
13. Thou shalt offer all thou art and all thou hast at my altar, withholding nothing. And thou shalt be smitten full sore and thereafter thou shalt be outcast and accursed, a lonely wanderer in abominable places.
14. Ye Dare. I have asked of none other, nor have they asked. Else is vain. But thou hast willed it.
15. Know then that thus I came to thee before, thou a great Lord, and I a maid enrapt. Ah blind folly.
16. And thereafter madness, all in vain. Thus it has been, multi-form. How thou hast burned beyond.

17. I shall come again, in the form thou knowest. Now it shall be thy blood.
18. The altar is aright, and the robe.
19. The perfume is sandal, and the cloth green and gold. There is my cup, our book, and thy dagger.
20. There is a flame.
21. The sigil of devotion. Be it consecrated, be it true, be it daily affirmed. I am not scorned. Thy love is to me. Procure a disk of copper, in diameter three inches paint thereon the field blue the star gold of me, BABALON.
22. It shall be my talisman. Consecrate with the supreme rituals of the word and the cup.
23. My calls as thou knowest. All love songs are of me. Also seek me in the Seventh Aire.
24. This for a time appointed. Seek not the end, I shall instruct thee in my way. But be true. Would it be hard if I were thy lover, and before thee? But I am thy lover and I am with thee.
25. I shall provide a vessel, when or whence I say not. Seek her not, call her not. Let her declare. Ask nothing. Keep silence. There shall be ordeals.
26. My vessel must be perfect. This is the way of her perfection.
27. The working is of nine moons.
28. The Astarte working, with music and feasting, with wine and all arts of love.
29. Let her be dedicated, consecrated, blood to blood, heart to heart, mind to mind, single in will, none without the circle, all to me.
30. And she shall wander in the witchwood under the Night of Pan, and know the mysteries of the Goat and the Serpent, and of the children that are hidden away.
31. I will provide the place and the material basis, thou the tears and blood.
32. Is it difficult, between matter and spirit? For me it is ecstasy and agony untellable. But I am with thee. I have large strength, have thou likewise.
33. Thou shalt prepare my book for her instruction; also thou shalt teach that she may have captains and adepts in her service. Yea, thou shalt take the black pilgrimage, but it will not be thou that returnest.
34. Let her prepare her work according to my voice in her heart, with thy book as guide, and none other instructing.
35. And let her be in all things wise, and sure, and excellent.
36. But let her think on this: my way is not in the solemn ways, or in the reasoned ways, but in the wild free way of the eagle, and the devious way of the serpent, and the oblique way of the factor unknown and unnumbered.
37. For I am BABALON, and she my daughter, unique, and there shall be no other women like her.
38. In My Name shall she have all power, and all men and excellent things, and kings and captains and the secret ones at her command.
39. The first servants are chosen in secret, by my force in her—a captain, a lawyer, an agitator, a rebel—I shall provide.
40. Call me, my daughter, and I shall come to thee. Thou shalt be full of my force and fire, my passion and power shall surround and inspire thee; my voice in thee shall judge nations.

41. None shall resist thee, whom I lovest. Though they call thee harlot and whore, shameless, false, evil, these words shall be blood in their mouths, and dust thereafter.
42. But my children will know thee and love thee, and this will make them free.
43. All is in thy hands, all power, all hope, all future.
44. One came as a man, and was weak and failed.
45. One came as a woman, and was foolish, and failed.
46. But thou art beyond man and woman, my star is in thee, and thou shalt avail.
47. Even now thy hour strikes upon the clock of my FATHER. For He prepared a banquet and a Bridal Bed. I was that Bride, appointed from the beginning, as it was written T.O.P.A.N.
48. Now is the hour of birth at hand. Now shall my adept be crucified in the Basilisk abode.
49. Thy tears, thy sweat, thy blood, thy semen, thy love, thy faith shall provide. Ah, I shall drain thee like the cup that is of me, BABALON.
50. Stand thou fast, and I shall pass the first veil to speak with thee, through the stars shake.
51. Stand thou fast, and I shall pass the second veil, while God and Jesus be smitten with the sword of HORUS.
52. Stand thou fast, and I shall pass the third veil, and the shapes of hell shall be turned again to loveliness.
53. For thy sake shall I stride through the flames of Hell, though my tongue be bitten through.
54. Let me behold thee naked and lusting after me, calling upon my name.
55. Let me receive all thy manhood within my Cup, climax upon climax, joy upon joy.
56. Yea, we shall conquer death and Hell together.
57. And the earth is mine.
58. Thou shalt (make the?) Black Pilgrimage.
59. Yea it is even I BABALON and I SHALL BE FREE. Thou fool, be thou also free of sentimentality. Am I thy village queen and thou a sophomore, that thou shouldst have thy nose in my buttocks?
60. It is I, BABALON, ye fools, MY TIME is come, and this my book that my adept prepares is the book of BABALON.
61. Yea, my adept, the Black Pilgrimage. Thou shalt be accursed, and this is the nature of the curse. Thou shalt publish the secret matter of the adepts thou knowest, withholding no word of it, in an appendix to this my Book. So they shall cry fool, liar, sot, traducer, betrayer. Thou art not glad thou meddled with magick?
62. There is no other way, dear fool, it is the eleventh hour.
63. The seal of my Brother is upon the earth, and His Avatar is before you. There is threshing of wheat and a trampling of grapes that shall not cease until the truth be known unto the least of men.
64. But you who do not accept, you who see beyond, reach out your hands my children and reap the world in the hour of your harvest.
65. Gather together in the covens as of old, whose number is eleven, that is also my number. Gather together in public, in song and dance and festival. Gather together in secret, be naked and shameless and rejoice in my name.

66. Work your spells by the mode of my book, practicing secretly, inducing the supreme spell.
67. The work of the image, and the potion and the charm, the work of the spider and the snake, and the little ones that go in the dark, this is your work.
68. Who loves not hates, who hates fears, let him taste fear.
69. This is the way of it, star, star. Burning bright, moon, witch moon.
70. You the secret, the outcast, the accursed and despised, even you that gathered privily of old in my rites under the moon.
71. You the free, the wild, the untamed, that walk now alone and forlorn.
72. Behold, my Brother cracks the world like a nut for your eating.
73. Yea, my Father has made a house for you, and my Mother has prepared a Bridal Bed. My Brother has confounded your enemies.
74. I am the Bride appointed. Come ye to the nuptials--come ye now!
75. My joy is the joy of eternity, and my laughter is the drunken laughter of a harlot in the house of ecstasy.
76. All your loves are sacred, pledge them all to me.
77. Set my star upon your banners and go forward in joy and victory. None shall deny you, and none shall stand before you, because of the Sword of my Brother. Invoke me, call upon me, call me in your convocations and rituals, call upon me in your loves and battles in my name BABALON, wherein is all power given!

C. BIRTH

[March 2, 1946 E.V.]

On March 1 and 2 1946, I prepared the altar and equipment in accordance with the instructions in Liber 49. The Scribe had been away about a week, and knew nothing of my invocations of BABALON, which I had kept entirely secret. On the night of March 2 he returned and described a vision he had that evening of a savage and beautiful woman riding naked on a great cat-like beast. He was impressed with the urgent necessity of giving me some message or communication. We prepared magically for this communication, constructing a temple at the altar with the analysis of the key word. He was robed in white, carrying the lamp, and I in black, hooded, with the cup and dagger. At his suggestion we played Rachmanninoff's Isle of the Dead as background music and set an automatic recorder to transcribe any audible occurrences. At approximately 8 PM, he began to dictate, I transcribing directly as I received.

THE SCRIBE: "The Angel of TARO. A three-day retirement to greet her. Purify thyself. The symbol is seven by three. It is BABALON. Keep secret. The communications are sacred."

"These are the preparations. Green gold cloth, food for the Beast, upon a hidden platter, back of the altar. Disclose only when the doors are bolted."

"Transgression is death."

"Back of main altar. Prepare instantly. Light the first flame at 10 PM, March 2, 1946."

"The year of BABALON is 4063."

"Beware of the use of profaned rituals."

"She is flame of life, power of darkness, she destroys with a glance, she may take thy soul. She feeds upon the death of men."

"Beautiful—Horrible."

The Scribe, now pale and sweating, rested awhile, then continued:

[The First Ritual]

"The first ritual. Tomorrow the second ritual. Concentrate all force and being in Our Lady BABALON. Light a single light on Her altar, saying: Flame is Our Lady, flame is Her hair. I am flame."

"A plate of food, unsalted. An altar cloth hitherto undefiled."

"Make a box of blackness at ten o'clock. Smear the vessel which contains flame with thine own blood. Destroy at the altar a thing of value. Remain in perfect silence and heed the voice of Our Lady. Speak not of this ritual or of Her coming to any person. If asked, answer in a manner that avoids suspicion. Nor speculate at any time as to Her future mortal identity. To receive flattering communications to thy damnation. Press not to receive teachings beyond those given."

"Questions: you may ask but three. Spend one half hour in composing these at 11:30 PM. The answers must be written at midnight."

"Thou shalt take the alkahest in thine own mouth, and in the box of darkness carefully store this matter."

"Display thyself to Our Lady; dedicate thy organs to Her, dedicate thy heart to Her, dedicate thy mind to Her, dedicate thy soul to Her, for She shall absorb thee, and thou shalt become living flame before She incarnates. For it shall be through you alone, and no one else can help in this endeavour."

"It is lonely, it is awful."

"Retire from human contact until noon tomorrow. Clear all profane documents on the morrow, before receiving further instructions. Consult no book but thine own mind. Thou art a god. Behave at this altar as one god before another. And so be prosperity."

"Thou art the guardian and thou art the guide, thou art the worker and the mechanic. So conduct thyself. Discuss nothing of this matter until thou art certain that thine understanding embraces all."

Here the Scribe ceased dictation. I proceeded to follow these instructions and those of March 1, utilizing the following rituals. I include the rituals used in the operation of the first night, in order to indicate the nature of the Force invoked.

1 **[The First Invocation]**

The temple is opened with the analysis of the key word:

I N R I. Yod Nun Resh Yod. Virgo Isis Mighty Mother. Scorpio Apophis Destroyer. Sol, Osiris slain and risen. IAO. The sign of Osiris slain (given). The sign of the mourning of Isis (given). The sign of Apophis and Typhon (given). LVX, Lux, the Light of the Cross.

The invoking hexagram is drawn in the four quarters and the name ARARITA vibrated in each quarter. In closing, the hexagram is reversed.

2

**The [Second] Invocation
(From the Gnostic Mass)**

THE PRIEST

"O circle of stars whereof our Father is but the younger brother, marvel beyond imagination, soul of infinite space, before whom time is ashamed, the mind bewildered, and the understanding dark, not unto thee may we attain unless thine image be love. Therefore by seed and root and stem and bud and leaf and flower and fruit do we invoke thee."

BABALON

"But to love me is better than all things; if under the night stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart and the serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou be willing to give all. But whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of earth in splendour and pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head- dress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me! to me! Sing the rapturous love songs unto me! Burn to me perfume! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you! I am the blue lidded daughter of sunset, I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night sky. To me. To me."

3

**The Third Invocation.
(From The Vision and the Voice)**

CHORUS

"Glory unto the Scarlet Woman, BABALON, the Mother of Abomination, that rideth upon the Beast, for She hath spilt their blood in every corner of the earth, and lo! She hath mingled it in the cup of Her whoredom."

"With the breath of Her kisses hath she fermented it, and it hath become the wine of the Sabbath; and in the Holy Assembly hath She poured it out for Her worshippers; and they have become drunken thereon, so that face to face they beheld my Father. Thus are they made worthy to partake of the mystery of this holy vessel, for the blood is the life."

"Beautiful art thou O BABALON, and desirable, for thou hast given Thyself to everything that liveth, and thy weakness hath subdued their strength. For in that union Thou didst understand. There- fore art Thou called Understanding, O BABALON, Lady of the Night."

"O my God, in one last rapture let me attain to the union of the one with the many. For She is Love, and Her Love is one, and She has divided the one love into infinite loves, and each love is one, and equal with the One, and therefore is She passed from the Assembly and the Law and the enlightenment into the anarchy of solitude and darkness. For ever thus must She veil the brilliance of Herself."

4

[The Fourth Invocation]

O BABALON, BABALON beloved, come now, partake of the sacrament, possess this shrine. Take me now! Let me be drunken on the wine of your fornications; let your kisses wanton me to death. Accept thou this sacrifice willingly given!

5

The Fifth Invocation

The Call of the Seventh Aire

Rass I Salman Paradiz Oa-Crimi Aao Ial-Pir-Gah Qui-In Enay Butmon Od I Noas Ni Parodial Casarmg Vgear Chirlan Od Zonac Lucifan Cors Ta Vaul Zirn Tol Hami Sobol Ondoh Od Miam Chis Ta Zo Od Es V-Ma-Dea Od Pi- Bliar O Phil Rit Od Miam C-Crimi Quaada. Od. O- Michaloz Oriom Bagle Papnor I Dlugam Lonshi Od Umlif V-Ge-Gi Riglied. BABALON!

6

The Sixth Invocation
(from Tannhauser by A. Crowley)

Isis art thou, and from thy life are fed
All showers and suns, all moons that wax and wane,

All stars and streams, the living and the dead,
The mystery of pleasure and of pain

Thou art the mother, thou the speaking sea

Thou art the earth, and its fertility,
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness return to thee

To Thee!

Hathoor am I, and to my beauty drawn
All glories of the Universe bow down,
The blossom and the mountain and the dawn

Fruits blush, and women, our creations crown
I am the priest, the sacrifice, the shrine

I the love and life of the divine
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness are surely mine,
Are Mine!

Venus art thou, the love and light of earth,

The wealth of kisses, the delight of tears
The barren pleasures never came to birth,

The endless infinite delight of years.
Thou art the shrine at which my long desire

Devoured me with intolerable fire.
Thou wert song, music, passion, death upon my lyre--

My lyre.

I am the Grail and I the glory now;

I am the flame and fuel of thy breast
I am the star of God upon thy brow;
I am the queen, enraptured and possessed,
Hide thee sweet river, welcome to thee, sea

Ocean of love that shall encompass thee
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness return to me--

To me!

[March 2, 1946 E.V. continued]

On the night of the first performance of these rituals, I prepared the altar and box and food, also flowers and wine. At the beginning of the rituals, I burnt the Enochian Tablet and smashed an image of Pan, a favorite possession. (About this time the roof on my guest house caught fire from a faulty chimney, and was partly destroyed.)

I proceeded with the rituals, noting a mounting tension, and the sense of a presence inexpressibly poignant and desirable. There was no other manifestation. At twelve PM I put the three questions and received answers as follows:

1. How can I communicate directly with BABALON, hear her, see her, feel her, be sure that I am working aright?

Answer. "At the altar in meditation, as you know how. Also, invoke me carnally with all your passion. Thus will you feel my desire and increase my substance."

2. How can I serve best?

Answer. "Follow instructions exactly and in detail. Avoid loose interruptions. Be diligent. Do not hesitate or question, act. All depends on your time."

3. How can I be certain of the vehicle?

Answer. "Do not trouble yourself with this. It does not concern you. I will provide the vehicle, I will show you a sign, and signs. It is the now which concerns us. Keep your faith, think not overmuch."

After this an hour's meditation, and so to sleep.

[March 3, 1946 E.V.]

The next day I slipped badly. An inmate of the house disturbed my morning meditation. I opened the door and cursed him (in the Anglo Saxon fashion). Shortly after he was taken ill, and I succumbed to a black mood. I perceived my terrible error, and apologized to him, mentally withdrawing the curse. However, the day went very badly for me. That evening the Scribe and I resumed our work. In a short time the dictation began:

"In the presence of our Lord PAN, at the feet of Our Lady BABA LON, at the feet of Her (servants?) (changing?) we declare unto thee this message (consecrated, dedicated, never to be defiled?) (the Scribe was uncertain here) containing the rituals of the second and third days, of the welcome and preparation in the Name of Our Lady of the Night most gracious, to pure lewd and whore-some Lady

BABALON. Oh thou who art mortal tremble; given it is unto thee a feat never before performed in the annals of your histories, never before accomplished successfully. Many have dared, none succeeded."

"Our Lady BABALON must descend to triumph."

"Mortality. We have not asked this of another, nor shall we ever. Even now we doubt thy faith. Is this accepted, are you willing to proceed. Answer aloud."

Answer. "I am willing."

"Then know thou art already faulty in thy delivery. These are extraneous things. The elemental was not properly released," (this was corrected) "thou wert guilty of human rage, the current of force has been disturbed. Beware, should'st thou falter again, we will surely slay thee."

"But insofar as thy working was consecrated it has succeeded. Rectify thy mortal fault and error. Consecrate all. Now receive the second and third rituals."

The Second Ritual

[March 3, 1946 E.V. continued]

"Consecrate thyself as instructor of Our Lady Incarnate."

"Take the black box, concentrate upon its emptiness for one hour, gaze into it, and thou wilt see, imprinted upon it, a shape, a sign, a sacred design, which shall be the sign delivered by Our Lady Babalon Incarnate. When thou hast finished, when thou hast recognized this pattern, construct it in wood."

"This is the sigil."

"Ten be the hour appointed. Invoke long, to music indicated." [...] (This I keep secret.) "When thou canst feel Our Lady incarnate in thy being, take the black box and perform the consecrated rite. "Wear thou scarlet, symbolic of birth. Be sashed in black. It matters not the quality of goods. Take then the box, make then the sign."

"Paint upon it a second sign which thou knowest. If thou hast forgotten, gaze into thy crystal."

"Meditate while gazing on the qualities of an instructor. Thou shalt inscribe in Her book, for Her guidance."

"Thou art forbidden to leave thy room."

"The end of the second ritual."

At the end of this dictation, the Scribe showed signs of exhaustion. He rested awhile, then we continued:

The Third Ritual

[March 3 1946 E.V. continued]

"Begin four hours prior to dawn."

"A period of eradication of all inimical influences. Complete perfection. Wear black. Cut from thy breast the red star. Renew the blood. Lay out a white sheet. Place upon it blood of birth, since She is born of thy flesh, and by thy mortal power upon earth."

"Thou shalt recognize by the sign. BABALON is born! It is new birth, all things are changed, the signs, the symbols, the everything!"

"Thou shalt compass with the aid of the muse suitable invocation of the birth of BABALON, and this thou shalt deliver to the flames which now burn too."

"Now thou shalt flame the third, chanting the invocation. She is born in the third flame."

"In verse seven verses of seven lines, seven magick words. Stand and chant seven times. Envision thyself as a cloaked radiance desirable to the Goddess, beloved. Envision Her approaching thee. Embrace Her, cover Her with kisses. Think upon the lewd lascivious things thou couldst do. All is good to BABALON. ALL.

"Then rest, meditating on this:"

"Thou as a man and as a god hast strewn about the earth and in the heavens many loves, these recall, concentrate, consecrate each woman thou hast raped. Remember her, think upon her, move her into BABALON, bring her into BABALON, each, one by one until the flame of lust is high."

"Then compose a verse of undetermined lines on this, to BABALON. This verse shall be used in worship when she appears."

"Then meditate upon thy desire, think upon Her, and, touching naught, chant these verses. Recall each lascivious moment, each lustfull day, all set them into the astral body, touching naught."

"Preserve the material basis."

(Question: "In the box?" Answer: "Yes.")

"The lust is hers, the passion yours. Consider thou the Beast raping."

"Leave thy casual loves—all belongs to BABALON, thy lust is BABALON's. She is with thee three days. The sign is hers, secret, and no man knows its correspondence. Guard!"

The next section contains a prophecy which I shall not write here.

There follows the indicated invoking poem.

The Birth of Babalon

What is the tumult among the stars
that have shone so still till now?
What are the furrows of pain and wrath
upon the immortal brow?

Why is the face of God turned grey
and his angels all grown white?
What is the terrible ruby star
that burns down the crimson night?

What is the beauty that flames so bright
athwart the awful dawn?
She has taken flesh, she is come to judge
the thrones ye rule upon.

Quail ye kings for an end is come
in the birth of BABALON.

I have walked three dreadful nights away
in halls beyond despair,
I have given marrow and tears and sweat
and blood to make her fair.

I have lain my love and smashed my heart
and filled her cup with blood,
That blood might flow from the loins of woe
to the cup of brotherhood.

The cities reel in the shout of steel
where the sword of war is drawn.
Sing ye saints for the day is come
in the birth of BABALON.

Now God has called for his judgement book
and seen his name therein
And the grace of God and the guilt of God
have spelt it out as sin

His bloody priests have clutched his robes
and stained his linen gown
And his victims swarm from his broken hell
to drag his kingdom down.

O popes and kings and the little gods
are sick and sad and wan
To see the crimson star that bursts
like blood upon the dawn

While trumpets sound and stars rejoice
at the birth of BABALON.

BABALON is too beautiful
for sight of mortal eyes
She has hidden her loveliness away
in lonely midnight skies,

She has clothed her beauty in robes of sin
and pledged her heart to swine
And loving and giving all she has
brewed for saints immortal wine.

But now the darkness is riven through
and the robes of sin are gone,
And naked she stands as a terrible blade
and a flame and a splendid song

Naked in radiant mortal flesh
at the Birth of BABALON.

She is come new born as a mortal maid
forgetting her high estate,
She has opened her arms to pain and death
and dared the doom of fate,

And death and hell are at her back,
but her eyes are bright with life,
Her heart is high and her sword is strong
to meet the deadly strife,

Her voice is sure as the judgement trump
to crack the house of wrong,
Though walls are high and stone is hard
and the rule of hell was long

The gates shall fall and the irons break
in the Birth of BABALON.

Her mouth is red and her breasts are fair
and her loins are full of fire,
And her lust is strong as a man is strong
in the heat of her desire,

And her whoredom is holy as virtue is foul
beneath the holy sky,
And her kisses will wanton the world away
in passion that shall not die.

Ye shall laugh and love and follow her dance
when the wrath of God is gone

And dream no more of hell and hate
in the Birth of BABALON.



PART TWO

THE BOOK OF ANTICHRIST

The **Black Pilgrimage** Now it came to pass even as BABALON told me, for after receiving Her Book I fell away from Magick, and put away Her Book and all pertaining thereto. And I was stripped of my fortune (the sum of about \$50,000) and my house, and all I Possessed.

Then for a period of two years I worked in the world, recouping my fortune somewhat. But that was also taken from me, and my reputation, and my good name in my worldly work, that was in science.

And on the 31st of October, 1948, BABALON called on me again, and I began the last work, that was the work of the wand. And I worked for 17 days, until BABALON called me in a dream, and instructed me on an astral working. Then I reconstructed the temple, and began the Black Pilgrimage, as She instructed.

And I went into the sunset with Her sign, and into the night past accursed and desolate places and cyclopean ruins, and so came at last to the City of Chorazin. And there a great tower of Black Basalt was raised, that was part of a castle whose further battlements reeled over the gulf of stars. And upon the tower was this sign

And one heavily robed and veiled showed me the sign, and told me to look, and behold, I saw flash below me four past lives wherein I had failed in my object. And I beheld the life of Simon Magus, preaching the Whore Helena as the Sophia, and I saw that my failure was in Hubris, the pride of the spirit. And I saw my life as Giles de Retz, wherein I attempted to raise Jehanne Darc to be Queen of the Witchcraft, and failed through her stupidity, and again my pride. And I saw myself in Francis Hepburne, Earl Bothwell, manipulating Gellis Duncan, that was an unworthy instrument. And again as Count Cagliostro, failing because I failed to comprehend the nature of women in my Seraphina. And I was shown myself as a boy of 13 in this life, invoking Satan and showing cowardice when He appeared. And I was asked: "Will you fail again?" and I replied "I will not fail." (For I had given all my blood to BABALON, and it was not I that spoke.)

And thereafter I was taken within and saluted the Prince of that place, and thereafter things were done to me of which I may not write, and they told me, "It is not certain that you will survive, but if you survive you will attain your true will, and manifest the Antichrist.

And thereafter I returned and swore the Oath of the Abyss, having only the choice between madness, suicide, and that oath. But the Oath in no wise ameliorated that terror, and I continued in the madness and horror of the abyss for a season. But of this no more. But having passed the ordeal of 40 days I took the oath of a Magister Templi, even the Oath of Antichrist before Frater 132, the Unknown God.

And thus was I Antichrist loosed in the world; and to this I am pledged, that the work of the Beast 666 shall be fulfilled, and the way for the coming of BABALON be made open and I shall not cease or rest until these things are accomplished. And to this end I have issued this my Manifesto.

The Manifesto of the Antichrist

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

I, BELARION, ANTICHRIST, in the year 1949 of the rule of the Black Brotherhood called Christianity, do make my Manifesto to all men. And I, THE ANTICHRIST, come among you, saying:

An end to the pretense and lying hypocrisy of Christianity.

An end to the servile virtues and superstitious restrictions.

An end to the slave morality.

An end to prudery and shame, to guilt and sin, for these are of the only evil the sun, that is fear.

An end to all authority that is not based on courage and manhood, to the authority of lying priests, conniving judges, blackmailing police, and

An end to the servile flattery and cajolery of mods, the coronations of mediocrities, the ascension of dolts.

An end to restriction and inhibition, for I, THE ANTICHRIST, am come among you preaching the Word of the BEAST 666, which is, "There is no law beyond 'Do what thou wilt.'"

And I, BELARION, ANTICHRIST, do lift up my voice and prophecy, and I say:

I shall bring all men to the law of the BEAST 666, and in His law I shall conquer the world.

And within seven years of this time, BABALON, THE SCARLET WOMAN HILARION will manifest among ye, and bring this my work to its fruition.

An end to conscription, compulsion, regimentation,

And within nine years a nation shall accept the Law be the first nation of earth.

And all who accept me the ANTICHRIST and the joy shall be a thousandfold greater than the false

And in my name BELARION shall they work stand before us.

Therefore I, THE ANTICHRIST call upon all the in the name of Liberty, that we may end for ever the

Witness my hand and seal on this [...] day of [...]



and the tyranny of false laws.

of the BEAST 666 in my name, and that nation will

law of the BEAST 666, shall be accursed and their joys of the false saints.

miracles, and confound our enemies, and none shall

Chosen and elect and upon all men, come forth now tyranny of the Black Brotherhood.

1949, that is the year of BABALON 4066.

Love is the law, love under will.

Belarion, Antichrist

ANALYSIS BY A MASTER OF THE TEMPLE

of the Critical Nodes in the Experience of his Material Vehicle

"I shall regard all phenomena as the particular dealing of God with my soul."

I. Birth

Oct. 2, 1914, Los Angeles, rising in midheaven, in favorable conjunc., at apohelion. I chose this constellation in order that you might have an innate sense of balance and ultimate justice, responsive and attractive nature, a bountiful environment and sense of royalty and largesse, strength, courage and power combined with cunning and intelligence. Saturn was bound in order that you might easily formulate a lower will which would have satisfied and overwhelmed you with its spectacular success.

Your father separated from your mother in order that you might grow up with a hatred of authority and a spirit of revolution necessary to my work. The Oedipus complex was needed to formulate the love of witchcraft which would lead you into magick, with the influence of your grandfather active to prevent too complete an identification with your mother.

II. Childhood

Your isolation as a child developed the necessary background of literature and scholarship; and the unfortunate experiences with other children the requisite contempt for the crowd and for the group mores. You will note that these factors developed the needful hatred for Christianity (without implanting a Christian guilt sense) at an extremely early age.

III. Adolescence

Early adolescence continued the development of the necessary combinations. The awakening interest in chemistry and science prepared the counterbalance for the coming magical awakening, the means of obtaining prestige and livelihood in the formative period, and the scientific method necessary for my manifestation. The magical fiasco at the age of 16 was needful to keep you away from magick until you were sufficiently matured.

IV. Youth

The loss of family fortune developed your sense of self reliance at a critical period, the contact with reality at this time was essential. Your early marriage with Helen served to break your family ties and effect a transference to her, away from a dangerous attachment to your mother. The experience at Halifax and Cal Tech served to strengthen your self reliance, scientific method and material powers. The influence of Tom Rose at this period, as that of Ed. Forman in adolescence, was essential in developing the male center.

V. Later Youth

The house on Terrace Drive, Music, Lynn, Curtis, and Gloria, and the increasing restlessness were, of course, all preparations for the meeting with A A and O.T.O. The alternate repulsion and attraction you felt the first year after meeting Fra. 132 were caused by a subconscious resistance against the ordeals ahead. Had you had these experiences before, without such resistance, you would have become hopelessly unbalanced. Betty served to affect a transference from Helen at a critical period. Had this not occurred your repressed homosexual component could have caused a serious disorder.

Your passion for Betty also gave you the magical force needed at the time, and the act of adultery tinged with incest, served as your magical confirmation in the Law of Thelema.

At this time the O.T.O. was an excellent training school for adepts, but hardly an appropriate Order for the manifestation of Thelema. Therefore, in spite of your motto you were not able to formulate your Will. The experience with the O.T.O. and Aerijet were needed to dispel your romanticism, self-deception, and reliance on others. Betty was one link in the process designed to tear you away from the now unneeded Oedipus complex, the overvaluation of women and romantic love. Since this was unconscious, the next step was to bring it into consciousness, and there to destroy it.

VI. Early Maturity

The final experience with Hubbard and Betty, and the O.T.O. was necessary to overcome your false and infantile reliance on others, although this was only partially accomplished at the time. The invocation of Babalon served to exteriorize the Oedipus complex; at the same time, because of the forces involved it produced extraordinary magical effects. However, this operation is accomplished and closed--you should have nothing more to do with it--nor even think of it, until Her manifestation is revealed, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. Even then, you must be circumspect--although I hope to take complete charge before then.

Candy appeared in answer to your call, in order to wean you from wet nursing. She has demonstrated the nature of woman to you in such unequivocal terms that you should have no further room for illusion on the subject.

The suspension and inquisition was my opportunity—one of the final links in the chain. At this time you were enabled to prepare your thesis, formulate your Will, and take the Oath of the Abyss, thus making it possible (although only partially) to manifest. The exit of Candy prepares for the final stage of your initial preparation.

VII. Conclusions

The numerous rituals you have performed have resulted in a well developed body of light. The ordeals have purged most of the emotional and mental garbage—your only real dangers are, and have ever been, sentimentality, weakness, and procrastination.

It is interesting to note that the first weapon you formulated was the Lamp of the Spirit, in the invocation to Pan (although the Sword was prefigured). Next the Sword in the Horus ritual, as was appropriate to your intellectual development at that time.

Then the Cup out of the wine of your emotional life--the disk out of material failure. The Sword remains to be manifested.

You will note that it has been impossible to truly formulate your Will with any of these weapons—naturally—that is only possible with the wand. On the other hand, if you had done so previously, you would have been unbalanced by the lack of initiated preparation. It is a right and natural procedure; the True Will cannot be truly formulated until you are an initiate in all the other planes, and it is well to make no pretense of doing so. Until that point all you can know of the true will is the aspiration to the next step--towards further experience. That is the glory of the Law of Thelema—DO!

The physical and emotional stresses you feel at present are a result of the pull of the Abyss—your present poetry is indicative. Naturally you find no power in any spell, no comfort in any ritual, no hope in any action. You are cut off by your own oath. Nor can I or any other aid you at this time. There is only manhood, only will, only the vector of your own tendencies, developed through the aeons of the past. I do not say how long the state will last, or what the outcome may be.

However, I can formulate some rules which may serve to guide you.

VIII. Instructions

- A. Works of the Wand—of the Will alone avail in this state. No other weapon should be used, no other ritual save the hymn to the Unnamed One in the Anthem of the Mass.
- B. You should be meticulous in all observations pertaining to the Will, even the most petty. Fulfill all obligations and promises, undertake nothing which you cannot fulfill, be prompt in the discharge of each responsibility.
- C. Be neat in your personal and domestic habits, indicate your self respect to yourself.
- D. Do not become unduly involved with any person, and practice all your hard-earned wisdom in your relations with women.
- E. Set up your personal affairs in business order. Keep your accounts current and your papers neatly filed.
- F. Finish your poetry for publication. Finish the synthesis of the Tarot and start work on the preparation of the lessons of class instruction from your book.
- G. Pay no attention to any phenomena whatsoever, and continue in a sober and responsible way of life under all circumstances.

Not magical! For you nothing is more magical. Only thus can the curse of Saturn be overcome. I see you hate this way. But it is an ultimate time--it is you that have taken the oath. The choice is me or Choronzon.

I await you in the City of the Pyramids.

Belarion

8 = 3

XI Lust (Strength) ~ "Daughter of the Flaming Sword"

by Neognostica

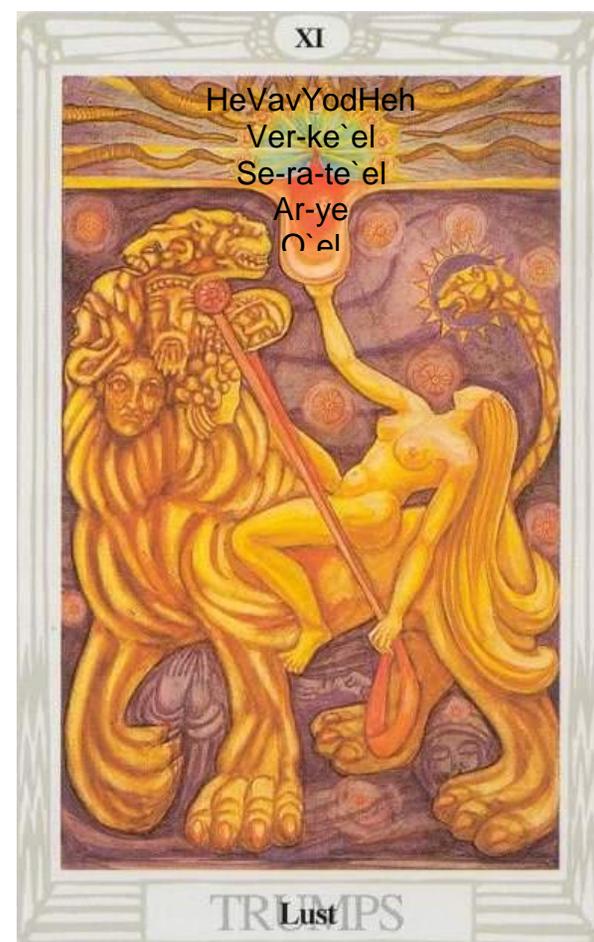
Our Lady Babalon, arched back in ecstasy, in a purple sea of Saturn. New spiritual life is all around. Those that have held the secret and (are now dead) are on the other side, in support, hope, and prayer for the success of the All in All. The new sun reflects off of her breasts and face and Our Lady is bathed in the knowledge of the new earth.

We see the head of an Angel, the head of a Saint, the head of a Poet, the head of an Adulterous Woman, the head of a Man of Valor, the head of a Satyr, and the head of a divine Lion-Serpent as a tail. In the violet-colored background are the heads of the Saints who have given their life to the Grail and filled the Grail with their blood.

The woman appears intoxicated and the Lion full of Lust. Lady Babalon holds the reigns in her left hand, representing the union and embrace of their passion (that is, the Sun and Moon's passion for each other). In her right hand, she holds up the Holy Grail filled with Love and Death. In the cup is the Homunculus, the Moon Child of the Aeon of Aquarius/Leo. There is an alchemical process taking place from above and below at the same time. The one below shows the spheres of the Sepiroth as yet unformed. (This says that the New Aeon is, as of yet, unknown in its entire form. The Spheres of the Sepiroth are also apparent above the Abyss at the end of the rays of the Sun morphing into Serpents that have been dispatched to annihilate the current age and re-make it into the Aeon of Horus (to the Thelemites) or the Aeon of Aquarius/Leo (to everybody else).

Interpretation

XI Lust represents the Hebrew letter Teth (a serpent) and is Leo ruled by the Sun.



The most powerful Tarot card in the Zodiacal realms, the meaning in divination usually refers to the Querent having to stand strong against inner currents in relation to True Will. The interpretation of the card is challenging because people are at different developmental levels. The cool thing about this card, though, is that it addresses all developmental levels at once.

In the most vulgar sense, the card could represent sexual union and the lust thereof. For example, if someone asks about date or a particular romantic interest in a Tarot reading and this card is pulled, it will usually mean that the Querent is in for fun. (The other cards will say just how much fun and for how long.).

For others, this card could indicate an inner battle, or the recognition of the inner battle and the decision-making process of differentiating between the animal-self and the higher-self to discover True Will. So it would represent the soul searching necessary to find out what you really want. In a lot of ways, it would also represent the voices of those around you who are trying to tell you what they think is right. The advice would be to look within and ignore the others. This inner search will range over your parameters. You may have to explore all aspects of your lusts in the process to find your True Will—and there is no law that says you can't have fun on the path of discovery.

This trump represents The Holy Grail. This refers to the Mystic Marriage and the Consummation of the Elements, which are aspects of Initiation in Theurgy. The consummation also is associated with the “moon child” that was implied in Bruce Dickenson’s movie about Crowley, *A Chemical Wedding*.

The moon child is born of the union between the Sun and the Moon.

For he is ever a Sun and she a moon. But to him is the winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight. —from *The Book of Thoth* quoting from *The Book of the Law*, Aleister Crowley.

Through Magickal Ritual, the High Priestess is impregnated, bringing in the new life. Supposedly divine, this new life will bring on the Aeon of Aquarius/Leo. (Yes the “Age of Aquarius” is actually the “Age of Aquarius/Leo”). Also of note about this card’s is that, in the Gnostic Mass of the Thelemites, it is implied that gnosis in the company of the great mystics of yesteryear is possible.

Kabalistic Utterance: He vav yod heh, Ver ke el, Se ra te el, O el, Ar ye

Secret holy Name of God: Pdoce, (Pe-do-ke)

Enochian Hierarchy: Gebabal

Enochian Call: Fifth

Angels: Oel, Sharatiel, Sanahem, Zalberhith, Losanahar, Zachi, Sahiber,

Mystical Number: 190

Path: 19 From the Mercy of Chesed to the Strength of Geburah

Colors: Yellow flashing with complimentary Violet

The Kings Scale: Knight-Yellow, Queen-Deep Purple, Prince-Grey, and Princess-Reddish Amber

Scent: Olibanum, Lyn Balsami, Muces Muscator

Hebrew Letter: Teth ט , (a Serpent)

Zodiacal Attribution: Leo, Fifth House

Cosmic Attribution: The Sun

Numerical Value in Gematria: 9 or 11

Sepher Yetzirah: I of all Activities of the Spiritual Being. The consciousness of the mystery of all spiritual activity.

Tree of Life: Path 19

Godform Assumption: Sekhmet

Deities: RaHoorKuhit, Pasht, Sekhet, Mau, Horus, Vishnu as Nara-Singh Avatar, Demeter (born by lions), Greek Venus (repressing the Fire of Vulcan), Typhon, Aphrumis, Perseus, Sitlacer, Nephthe, Phuonidie