

# INVITATION

You are cordially invited to a party on the twenty-third of each month, at 23.23 in your time zone, (because in a magickal universe, time is as bendy as space). All welcome, orderly behaviour please, and don't mess with the bouncers, they have biceps light-years across. Directions below, but if you have your own spaceship, just turn up. All you have to do is drea-ee-ee-ee-eam, dream dream dream. Or project, or journey, or whatever it is that you do.

## **Directions:**

- 1) Sit in a quiet space where you will not be disturbed.
- 2) Meditate upon the ace of Swords from the Thoth tarot deck for ten minutes. You can find an image online.
- 3) Close your eyes and lie down. If you are with a friend, you can hold hands and touch feet.
- 4) Spend a few minutes moving attention slowly from toes to head.
- 5) Spend a few minutes moving attention rapidly and randomly around the body.
- 6) Imagine the sword from the ace running the length of your spine, with the tip at the crown of your head.
- 7) Move attention slowly from the hilt to the tip. Allow the sensation of a charge to build up.
- 8) Release charge. Visualise energy streaming out of your head.
- 9) Visualise stars rushing past. Wait until you arrive at Sirius. If you lose your way, the sword will direct you. If you meet any X-wings, the sword will protect you.
- 10) See what you see. Behave respectfully with any residents.
- 11) Come back, imagining stars rushing past. Watch the earth getting bigger as you draw near.
- 12) Re-enter the atmosphere, splash down in the sea. Swim to land.
- 13) Focus on the sensations in your body. Feel your back against the bed and the breath in your nose. Wiggle fingers and toes.
- 14) Inform your friend you have returned by gently squeezing her hand twice. Do not disturb her more than this.
- 15) Thank your guides. Thank your Sirian hosts. Sit up.
- 16) Sit up, and write what you have seen, **before** discussing it with your friend.

## APPENDIX CHAOS

### ALL HAIL ERIS!

This grimoire was first distributed at a Desert Storm tekno party in Manchester. I found it, covered in boot prints, in an old diary. It was produced by Lord Mungdungus, ipsisismus templi of our terrifically powerful and greatly feared magickal order, now sleeping but never less than undead. I can't recommend it, but I record it faithfully, with the original chaotic typesetting and spelling as Eris (EriL?) intended. The gematria is left up to you.

Magick for thee ConfuZed

Now, us lot in thee Churche ov Random EthicZ (C/O/R/E/z 23 Node) think that thee Occult shouldn't be all about Masons and men in pointy hats wearing dresses, we reckon it should be for everyone. Why? COS IT WORKS. So, here is a little guide on a type ov magick called SIGIL magick. Here's a step by step guide:

1) Write out your statement ov intent. This is what you want, what you really really want to happen. It should start 'It is my will to...', or 'This, My will to...'. Try simple things at first, like 'It is my will to be phoned by Chris', later, you can try for such classics like 'It is my will to get laid next week'.

2) Take out all ov thee repeat letters, i.e:

IT IS MY WILL TO GET LAID NEXT WEEK

IT S MY L O G A N X K

(I have omitted E's and W's because M, E, and W look alike, iv you look at a particular angle).

3) Make a monogram ov these etters. This means laying thee letters over one another to get a design. When you've drawn your design, you can stylise it, as long as thee SIGIL does not resemble thee Statement ov Intent. Then destroy thee statement ov intent.

4) Draw out your SIGIL on paper. Stare at it, at chich point you have to enter an altered state ov consciousness called GNOSIS.

This can be done a number ov ways:-

## APPENDICES

i> Masturbate to orgasm whilst staring at thee SIGIL. This si thee most common way, because it's easy and fun.

ii> Draw thee SIGIL at eye height on a mirror and stare at your own eyes. Do this for bloody ages, till everything gets cosmic. This is REALLY HARD, but effective.

5) Destroy thee SIGIL and forget about it. Smoke a spliff, watch TV, whatever. Try not to think about thee thing you wanted. Iv you're lucky your SIGIL will work, you will 'know' when it happens. SIGILS are extremely efficient and tend to work 90% ov thee time.

NB:- Dont not ask for something without thinking where it comes from. Thee classic example is thee man who asks for money, but has no money making schemes like applying for a job, so he gets his money, only because his wife dies and he collects thee insurance. BE CAREFUL

Hail Eril! Praise thee Spice Girls! Laud and Honour to thee Sacred Cows!

Nothing is true! Everything is Permitted!

\*COREZ 23 NODE

How does it work? Best not to worry about that. Theories can obstruct magick, which is (according to my theory) an essentially irrational process, working with the raw power of the unconscious. The best magicians are angry adolescents full of hormones, and those who can key into carnal need, such as A. O. Spare, who would give up smoking after a rite and let the craving work away in his unconscious until his will was realised. The mind gets in the way, philosophy gets in the way, the rational gets in the way. The goddess likes you better naked (though not necessarily with your hand on your monkey).

What is important is not *how* but *if* it works. In 'proper magick', experience must be verified, because this is the only way to prevent a mage from disappearing up his own arse. You can ask a friend to hang a scarf on her bedroom door before visiting her in a lucid dream, and confirm the colour of the scarf in the morning. You can meet your friends on Sirius at 23:23 on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of each month, and pass symbols between you. If you find that you are deluded, and you often will, this is part of the practice; and indicates areas for improvement. However, when something is confirmed, sweet whore of conception, when a servitor breaks through the veil and comes back with a mouth full of angel feathers, it is an incredible joy, and it makes the years of practice worthwhile.

Phil Hine's *Condensed Chaos* is a more detailed chaos magick primer, but it is still pretty punk. *Prometheus Rising* by Robert Anton Wilson may be a better idea.

## APPENDIX EM

The following electro-magick experiment shows the effect everyday electro-magnetic radiation has on our bodies.

### **Procedure**

- 1) Subject places her mobile on a nearby table.
- 2) Subject stands with leading arm out to the side, at right angles to the body, palm up.
- 3) Technician pushes down with all his force on her wrist with one or two fingers. Subject resists. (If she cannot resist one finger, she is a weakling. You must find another subject.)
- 4) Subject shakes her arm and rests for five seconds.
- 5) Subject takes her mobile in her non-leading hand, resting naturally her side, and sticks out leading arm as before.
- 6) Technician pushes down as before.

(This next bit is best read after doing the test.)

Aikido and chi kung students sometimes ask me to repeat the experiment, and perform Jedi tricks to strengthen their energetic fields. These are usually successful. Of the many people I have tested, one friend was immune, but she is a twenty-two year old raw food eating, teetotal jogger who lives on a hill in Spain. There are, however, some less drastic lifestyle changes to be made in the interests of electromagnetic hygiene, like not carrying your mobile in your pocket whenever possible.

A similar test is done to check for allergies. When I was little, a woman came round to put baked beans, orange juice, toothpaste and such things in my hand, to find out what made me hyperactive. I was too little (or too hyperactive) to do the arm test, so I held my sister's hand and the witch pushed down on my sister's arm. The effect works across two bodies. You can try it when the subject doesn't know if the person holding his hand has the phone or not.

Electrical transfer across bodies has been studied in the lab. It appears that electrical energy generated by one subject's heart can be detected in the brainwaves of another holding his hand.<sup>1018</sup>

## APPENDICES

# APPENDIX AUTOMATIC 1

To baby Mary Ann Merrow of Cross Bones

*BA-BA-BA-BA-CADABRALON, ALL MY WISHES ALL MY DREAMS, TO YOU I OFFER, FROM YOU I MERIT, OH MASSIVE CUNT OF CREATION, OH DOLCE SEMPRE CHERRY, OH HOW MUCH WILL YOU TAKE FROM ME? MORE AND MORE, ALL YOU HAVE AND ALL YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD OWN. FLEECE ME, SWEET BABALON, SCOUR MY SOUL AND TEAR OUT MY NOTHINGS, ALL YOURS, I GIVE YOU ALL, IT WAS YOURS ANYWAY. FROM BUST TO BUST, ASSES TO ASSES, BABALON, BOUNCING ALONG THE CURVE, ALWAYS TAUT, ALWAYS TEACHING, BABALON, GLISTENING AND BLEEDING AND SEMPRE UNREVEALING. FLOW, FLOW FLOW MY LOVE, MY PENITS MOVING FOR YOU, ALWAYS FOR YOU, EVERYTHING FOR YOU, AND ALL FROM YOU. THERE IS ONLY ONE YOU, BAB-U-LONDON DISHES FISHY FISHES, QUEEN OF THIS AND THIS AND THIS IS YEAH-MAN-JAH JAMMIN', HAPPY WIMMIN. 4 OR 3, WHICH WILL IT BE, LOOK AT ME, TEN MILLION THOUSAND INFINITIES OF INFINITIES, ALL MEANING MEANING. A NIPPLE AT THE END OF EVERY TUNNEL SPOUTING THE MEANING OF LIFE, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE INTO A MOUTH WHICH SCREAMS LOUD ENOUGH. MINHA NOSSA! MAE DI DEUS, MAE DI TUDO, BENDITO E O FRUTO DE VOSSO VENTRE VENTRE VENTRILAQUIST, WHO IS THIS DESCRIBING THIS? 450 VOICES AND ONE NOB ASKING QUESTIONS. CA CA KA KA KACK - I KACKED, KACKED MEANING INTO THE TOILET/ MIHNA NOSSA! GIVE ME BEANS WOMAN, MAKE ME BEANS, CREEPING BEANY BEANERS, CRAWLING UP MOUNTAINS OF PROPHETS AND PROPHETS UP MOUNTAINS, MOVING MOUNTAINS, LOSING MOUNTAINS, FINDING MOUNTAINS TO HONOUR HER FOUNTAINS.*

*WHAT ARE THESE ROUND THINGS? WHO WANTS TO KNOW WHERE THE WATER DOESN'T GO, WHERE MY JUICES NEVER FLOW, IT IS I, **ABARAHAM**, BYE BYE BABALAHAM, ABOMNATIONS OF THE HAVALAHAM. BABBLING NO MORE, SENSIBLE FOUR BY FOUR, THROUGH THE DOOR, FEET ON THE FLOOR, YOU KNOW THE SCORE. AND IF YOU DON'T? YOU DON'T. YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT THAT YOU DON'T, NEITHER THE WHY NOR THE A, THE RHYME NOR THE WAY, THE TIME OF DAY, NOR WHAT TO SAY TO ME, MISTRESS OF FORMS, QUI DEUS ADORNS, FILLING WORLDS WITH. WORDS. IN THIRDS. FATHER AND SUN AND HOLY GHOST, FALLING OVER EACH OTHER TO GIVE ME MOST, I MADE THE BREAD AND BURNT THE TOAST, 14TH FORTUNE.*

*FASTABALON. GOING ON. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH I'LL LEAVE YOU UNTIL SUNDAY.*

## APPENDIX AUTOMATIC 2

To John Collet of the workhouse

*TRI TEMPTING TOLEO. FORNAN TATION HOMOPFLATE GATE CATINIG  
REER RE KIDNEY KIDN ME ME DOWN HERE IN THE.*

*BOAT BROWN BONCE BEGUILLED + BESPECTACLED CHROMIANIC BLISTO-  
CHOW NO SHOW DON'T GO.*

*KEEL. KEELED REAL. DEALIGHTFUL SWITCH, MITCH MINDER FLICH  
FINDER CRAGEWAT. SANTA MARIA MAE DE DEUS, AI MI DEUS FORWARD  
FAT CONTROLLER, ONWARD + FORWARD, NO MATTER, THE THIN MAN  
STAYS + IS STUCK - CONTROLLED BY THE CONTROLLER LOCKED IN  
BLEEP*

*SIM-LFE. GONE INTO THE BOX. HHHMMMMMMMMMM...*

*FOOL FLASHED BACK TO THE BEGINNING AND WHAT IS THAT SMELL,  
SMELLS DIVINE SEEPING THROUGH THE DOOR - BUT THEY SLEEP YET.*

*CONFUZED, CONFINED, SWEARS BLIND THEY'RE GETTING STONED IN  
THERE.*

*SLP SLIPPED, SLIPPING ALL WEEK. HALLOWEEN BRINGS IT OUT BUT  
IT IS HARD TO STICK BACK IN.*

*SLIPPED. BUT ARISE, FALCON BOY, ARISE FROM THE ASH OF YOUR  
OWN FAILED... OBLIVIOUS PERCEPTIONS. WE KEEP WRITING, KEEP THE  
PEN MOVING STOREYS FALLING, STRESS EVOLVING INTO LINE BY LINE  
DICK TURPENTINE SPLASHED ACROSS A VOID.*

*VOID - AVOID DAN AKROYED HANEY VOIDED, STOKED INTO STOKEY  
TAXI TAXI NO TAXI IN THIS, BREATHE, AND ON AND FINALRY THE WORDS  
TRACED IN PERMANENT PRIMES, DUCHESS BEJUSTESS CLUSTER,  
HEADACHES + BOMBS PCP THOREPONS, LETHAL WEAPONS, FONDNESS  
FOR MOND.NESS - SHE, SHE*

*RANT TALKING ROUND TO RANT AGAIN FALLING WONDRE FRACTIONS  
FALACIOUS ONE-BIG-LIE, LYING TO THIS SIDE OF THE VOIDS REVE.LAY.  
SHON*

*POCCA POC POC BEJESUS + HOLY MARY, AND ALL THE MARYS, THE SWEET SCENT OF HEAVEN SENT CASCADING BLUE OUT OF THE, THE THRUST OF NOTHING - IS THIS WHAT YOU MEAN, A DESK FLASHES INTO MY THIRD EYE. AND REAL, SAT A DOW DOWN, SUPER-CHAN, SEATED MISTREATED 13TH HEATED MOMENT. GOOSE SQUARKS, PEN WALKS OVER THE LANDSCAPE, PEN DOWN.*

*AN OFTEN DEM, SHE WALKS, SHE TIPPY TAPS CARDBOARD CATS AND WELCOME MATS UNPRESSED, NOT IMPRESSED.*

*ROBOT DOG WAITING, ROLLING ROUND THE CORNER LIKE A REDICULOUS MUTT, ENOUGH. BARK ALONE TONIGHT. BACK HOME, BACK TO ME + PEN, TOGETHER, BEAUTIFUL SYMBYOSIS, OSIS.TERS OF MERCY, ALL THE MARYS FALL INTO ONE SISTER, ANNOINTER, CHRIST APPOINTER ISIS BLEEDING TEARS FOR HER BROTHER + LOVER. FORGOTTEN TEAR MAKER, TEMPLE CAREER MAKER, WITHER THE WHORES OF ISIS, AS IF OSIRIS COULD CARE FOR HER MORES, OUR MORES, HE HAS HIS TEARS, HIS RESURRECTION, THIS THE SOUCCOUR OF A DYING GOD. WHO WANTS TO BE IMMORTAL ANYWAY.*

*D YA HOVE HER  
ITS OVER.*

