

My Subterfuges
An Primer on Chaos Magic, Fictions, and Songs

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Colter Davis

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Wonders and Fun In
23 Anchor Dr.
Ilfeld, NM 87538

www.colterdavis.com

Dedication

This is dedicated to all of my dear friends and family: Ray, Kyle, Odin, Greg, Marla, Allen, Mackenzie, Tyagi, Jeremiah, Tim, Wesleyan, Kevin, Scott, Jessica, Alec, Chandra Chris, Craig, John, and the rest. You know who you are.

Acknowledgements

Everything you have tolerated regarding my ad nauseam discussions of magic(k) has been much appreciated.

Thanks to all the friends that have seen the changes in perception that I have seen, to have sat and thought with me, about how it could be so much more. If we could not see with our eyes but our understanding, we would see that way to our most holy thing, whatever it may be.

Preface

This work includes a variety of things. And I know that things is a poor word to use to describe what is contained but if you can imagine that instead of “things” we have the “creeping crawling mass of things better left unspoken about” then you are on the right track. It consists of a variety of psychedelic vignettes written in a tone that gives the reader, hopefully, hope for a world of magic(k).

It introduces the reader to the worlds or realms of Qabalah as the author understands it: as a piecemeal way of categorizing or indexing one’s experiences so that sense may be made, order achieved, and wisdom understood. This includes even the dark night of one’s soul-work that people may be found to encounter from time to time. This is a dark book, I will not hedge around it. There are a lot of things here better left unread, but I have included them for the sake of those whose imaginations demands just a little bit more than the ordinary doldrums that life may offer.

Secondly it introduces the reader to Chaos Magic, an up-and-coming set of precepts that are intended to act as a vehicle for those who understand magick as ways of changing consciousness or as those that understand sleight-of-hand. There is no espousing of religion in this book however there is the quiet and calm deliverance of truth as seen by the author and veiled for the reader. There are many things being said beyond the words that are used. Please be encouraged and inspired to use your imagination. I really cannot reiterate the importance of it enough. So I will say it again. Use your imagination. You will find it is the stars in the night sky that you steer that fabled airship of yours into the great nebulous depths of the unknown with. Belief is a tool to be used to shape reality.

Thirdly is a set of fictions that will appear disjointed and perhaps discombobulated however at the joining points of them all are this uncomfortable and unsettling use of the imagination as a tool to create reality, describe paradigms and patterns, and offer the reader insight into the lives of characters that are continually struggling with perceptions of creation.

Finally as part of these subterfuges one will find a listing of song lyrics that I have come up with and seek to have music, someday, put to.

The purpose of this work is to inspire in its descriptions, both beautiful and terrible.

Introduction

Being my first published work I find it difficult to reiterate past works however I would like to say that I hope this is not the last of my published works. I aim to achieve more coherence in upcoming treatises and this is but one of many projects I hope to describe to the reader.

I have had numerous experiences that I would call magical in nature and hope to share to the reader the ultimate blending of fantasy and fact in a book that shows that experiences that are actually had in one's life *can* be believed, no matter their incredulousness.

The characters in this book are going to be mentioned and certain experiences will be described however there is little in the way of a continual returning to the characters and seeing how the plot develops and resolves. There are resolutions hidden within the writing of each experience and there are certainly qualities of these writings that will seem more flash fiction than psychedelic vignette, however it is my goal to write as an author that is capable of speak on multiple levels and thereby become believable.

Perhaps I should introduce my belief in the importance of a vignette, or short and evocative description, account or episode. This definition I borrow from Google; in this day and age Google is a great egregore for common knowledge and especially when writing on the topic of such things as the secret and the occult Google has aided me on many a personal search. An "evocative description" is essential to understanding. Wisdom precedes understanding and is largely information that cannot be put to words...thus making wisdom at multiple occurrences difficult to understand and an explanation for will, purpose, intention and from there being and non-being. To describe this work as a work of guerrilla ontology, to borrow from Robert Anton Wilson - published Chaos Magician, would be to highlight many of the goals of this and my forthcoming works.

I have faith in descriptions to form sense out of patterns that exist within a chaotic and nebulous environment, as Don Juan of Carlos Castaneda's teachings explained. I believe that this is a very elemental action that a person can take to creating their world. Come up with unique descriptions and write them down, write down names of characters, come up with plots, plot devices, tropes and mix them all up to create a hodgepodge of new things. Originality does rest out there somewhere, and the things you're writing down may in fact become something that inspires someone else.

I should also explain my references at this point. Many of the thoughts in this book belong to others. It is not my intent to steal their ideas however *I have become inspired* by the authors I have read. I have done my best to cite their ideas to their works and anything that has no mention attached to it is my own. Please feel free to use my understandings to achieve something for yourself. It is a great act of wisdom for those that are capable of learning from the experiences of others. Also please consult my references for they are great works, all of them, and much research and sifting has gone into the work required to create the piece you are reading.

Part One : Chaobalah and Chaos Magic

Magick is Elusive (Kether)

To begin at the beginning is where many things are begun, yet more than most of them are somewhere in the middle. This exegesis will have many points and meanings a plenty. We will indoctrinate the readers to a level of magic(k) that does achieve for them their desires if they so wish and will explore so many modalities that something will inevitably be found to be of some use.

A Wampeter, and a Karass.

Qabalah describes different realms of existence, each like a lens that is put on to view the world. A red world, or a Geburah tinted world delivers experiences of severity, power, and discipline. It also represents strength, courage, and righteousness. What this means is that any time these phenomena or virtues or vices express themselves, this realm of existence is present for the magician at this time. Multiple worlds or sephiroth may be present at the same time in the field of view of the magician. He is able to distinguish and orient himself by different phenomena so that he can then *know* which path to walk down, so that he can *perceive* the path to walk down, and so that he can *understand*, which path to walk down according to the different paths and their experiences. Knowledge being the 11th Sephiroth Daath, the magician may find himself knowing certain things about the worlds that he wishes to share with the reader. This article is hopefully of that vein seeking to express knowledge, a commodity that never goes out of use, to those wishing to delve into the differing worlds and all that the author proclaims to be an authority on.

A note on the reading and writing style of the paper follows. It is my experience that reading qabalistically and speaking qabalistically is very piecemeal. I will read a short passage from a book and put it away in a file (mentally) and come back to it later, or read something else completely different, filing it away for comparison to the initial bit of information or utilizing it to form a mental map, keeping in mind from Korzybski's adage that "the map is *not* the territory," that allows me to explore the unknown and the mysterious, the powerful and the sublime. I will write in much the same style, beginning where I begin, not necessarily following a straightforward logic but instead holistically writing about sensations, experiences, perceptions, victories, splendorous occurrences, knowledge, understandings, etc. I do my best to include guiding thoughts that will help to organize the terrain for readers and it is my intent to write a book on the purpose of communicating many of the principle symbols, signs, metaphors, tools and techniques of my Qabalah to give to the readers a technique for achieving their will.

To begin I will bring in terms from Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*. The terms to be identified and further explored are the "wampeter" and the "karass." I shall start with the karass and define it according to Vonnegut's definition. It is a team that unknowingly execute's God's (the human imagination's, according to Neville Goddard) Will. It explains how the people you surround yourself with come to form the groups that they do and how it is that you actually met the people that you do. There is some pivot that the group focuses on that organizes the group and directs it to achieve God's Will. The pivot in this case is the wampeter, and anything can be a wampeter: a tree, rock, animal, idea, book, melody, the Holy Grail. Another mentionable is that any idea any karass actually has two wampeters, one waxing in importance and another waning in importance.

I work at a used bookstore, classically expressed as the realm of Hod where books are a primary symbol and another characteristic is that it is a realm where everything vibrates. The sound from some

machinery is always producing a low whine that definitely makes it feel as though the entire store is vibrating as some great Arcanum, a nexus between worlds of the places I read about in fiction and develop theories, experiments, and the places that I go and encounter when I am *not* at work. One of the wampeters abounding in the karass, a word that conveys the feeling of what an egregore may be, that is the staff of the bookstore are obviously books. There are other such wampeters such as beer, good times, nasty customers, and tendencies to want to avoid the bosses. All of these wampeters as well as the primary one, a source of income, are part and parcel to the job description.

I had an experience with a particularly powerful wampeter a couple years back after reading Neil Gaiman's *Books of Magic* graphic novel series. I was sitting on my back porch and the sunlight was reflecting off a tree onto a window, and the convex of shadows, tree leaves, and sunlight formed this stained glass impressionistic machine that would move with the wind and in harmony with my thoughts and more importantly, with my understanding (Binah) of Qabalah. It felt as though sitting there I was privy to a world of magic(k) that hitherto before hand I had never been able to experience. Magic was alive as I noted the impression of a character from the graphic novel series telling me I had a limited amount of time here and to note as many details as possible. It was a green world (Venus, Netzach) and the imagery of the machinery of the world (Yesod) was the wind moving. Bridges were made that helped me escalate my consciousness in a non-drug induced state.

Later I carved a pentagram into a circle of wood and poured lighter fluid on it to ignite it when touching it with a match. I had no intention aside to create magick in this place and after so burning the wood I took it to a series of storage containers in the apartments adjacent to the apartments we were living in at one point to dispose of it. I noticed that there were a set number (I forget how many today), of open containers. Some had rubbish in them, some of them had goods that were old, and long forgotten. I found a sense of openings, nexuses to other realms, in these containers and in one I found a Santa Clause outfit, to which I thought to prepare some milk and cookies and place it in but ever got around to it - just to see what would have happened was my thought. I had the vision of internal openings that were gateways to other unseen worlds, ones that influence

A Thaum and Narrativium

One primary wampeter that I have found paramount to my understanding, and thus remains forever in the third supernal Sephiroth - Binah, is that of Terry Pratchett's "thaum" or basic unit of magical measurement. It is the amount of magic that is required to produce three billiard balls, a dove, swat a fly, heat a kettle, or move a pound of lead one foot (Science of Discworld, p. 43). Splitting the thaum of the narrativium (see below) of a simple object is enough magic to power my entire house to the moon.

Narrativium is another concept coined by the late Terry Pratchett. It is the narrative causality quality element of an item. For example the narrativium or storytelling component, which coincidentally restricts stories to make satisfying sense – other than that any trope or plot device may be introduced to continue the plot along, of this paper is: once there was a paper written by Colter that discussed concepts of qabalistic bridging in order to form a relationship with the subconscious (unconscious, whatever you want to call it) that would bring about changes in the external world in accordance with changes in the subjective or internal world, next the paper was read by a multitude of people and finally was largely forgotten about as more important issues broached the lives of the readers. This is the narrativium of the paper you are reading. Much akin to a story it has its beginning, middle, and end. It also contains themes and motifs, as well as messages and intents. These begin in Kether and travel down to Malkuth in the flow of work done in such a way that allows the magician to

have some parcel of understanding and control over his environment, never really achieving complete control, knowledge of or understanding in that one's life and work is never really over until it is over, i.e. when one is dead. It however does not relay characters and their adventures, unless you're really reading this qabalistically much like a light reading of James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*.

Narrativium allows the fourth wall to be broken down and allows for an individual magician, like me or you-if you're reading this paper it's assumed you are undergoing changes in consciousness that are making you into a magician whether you like it or not, the possibility of developing what Paulo Coelho describes in his story *The Alchemist* as the "personal legend." A personal legend is one's own mythos, one's own secret treasure that remains in a sense some sort of relativistic gold, important to the *individual person only* and to be found in the most unlikely of places.

So now we have an understanding of the thaum and Narrativium we can understand how these concepts are situated on the tree, in the sphere Binah, sphere number three above the Abyss that is Daath, connecting the seven lower Sephiroth to the three supernals, a place where Ego is no longer present, according to Kenneth Grants *Nightside of Eden*. Chokmah is wisdom and the greatest wisdom is kindness. Kether is intent, purpose or will.

If Magic Were Real I'd Make Money

Luckily this trope too has been explored in Lord Dunsany's *Charwoman's Shadow*. I had the thought after a friend told me about this book that were magic real would I really need to spend time and energy figuring out how to make money or would it be something that I would safely have under my control? Now I don't have a lot of money, working currently at a used bookstore, but I do have enough to be safely happy and to say that it is under my control. If we reverse cause and effect for a minute in a dynamic action from which we start with the effect : I have enough money to do what I want, then the cause may be seen to spring magically into being. The cause here is that no, shall we say, undue effort is spent in attaining money. I have what I need for the time being and can explore whatever other efforts magic can achieve like self-transformation, adventures out there to be lived, or writing books on chaos magic.

Now we can achieve what I truly wish to set out in my paper to express: that of a new understanding of magic as a amalgamation of these creative tropes into something that allows the user to abstract himself from life if he so chooses to and to view in the imagination new ways of existence. Additionally, once free of time and space, one may find oneself able to write books, do errands, become invisible, form plans, become rich, etc. Efforts and studies may be undertaken that achieve a great breadth of action and many things are possible to become proficient at. I may buy a canoe and go fishing or I may take an art class and learn about perspective or I may learn about the possibility of turning one thing into another through sleigh-of-hand. These challenges are good to be taken into account for they form a diadem of understanding and wisdom that spring forth from purpose and being, and from before that Non-being. Ain, Ain Soph, Ain Soph Aur. 210 reflects "And God Said" and 012 is the reverse of that, showing an emanation from 0 to 1 to 2, which is the natural procession to the second Sephiroth Chokmah.

Alice Bailey

In her *Treatise on White Magic* Alice Bailey writes a small bit introducing certain terms and equating them with various other terms of a more modern connotation. In her introductory remarks she equates spirit with energy or the capacity to do work, soul as consciousness or awareness, and the physical body with matter. These three terms brought to a more modern term do great deals to explain

more antiquated terms that one may encounter if one places a special emphasis or importance on the Bible. In modern sense, the importance of the Logos should not be forgotten yet how are we to be able to place import upon it if we have no understanding of what it is? Are we to ascribe a personal nature to it, erroneously, or are we to ascribe as the Buddha did, as Neville did, and as many so called atheists do that were God to exist he would be wholly impersonal in all his expressions. I believe in an impersonal God, more specifically as Neville illustrates in his book *The Power of Awareness* that God is the human imagination. This I believe, and affirm by imagining great deeds and simple mundane deeds.

As I sit down to chunk out word after word in effort to publish a book on magick, a Book of Magick, then I am forced to do as Alice Bailey requests and control my thoughts. The magical expression of the soul as in the quote out of the Bhagavad-Gita "Though I am Unborn, the Soul that passes not away, though I am the Lord of Being, yet as Lord over My nature I become manifest, through the magical power of the Soul" is that it becomes clear to the mind's eye or the eye itself. Bailey wrote 15 rules for white magic in which she espouses : concentration, clearing of thoughts, harmlessness in all actions, and many other things that would require a retyping of the entire works were I to communicate her entire works so I will briefly go over a few highlighted tidbits that I find rather riveting.

In her *Letters on Occult Meditation* she seeks to distinguish mystical union from occult meditation in that the latter establishes a scientific process by which causes set in motion will produce identifiable effects, which can be repeated at will. Now there is a lot that goes into the work of the self and consciousness however it is truly the only work that is important. Improving oneself is identifiable with being able to improve one's world (as I believe it was Gandhi who first said to change your world you must first change yourself...might have been another notable character I cannot fathom who at this time though).

Qabalistically Reading Books or A Note on Qabalah Fractals

I am writing this simply because I believe that reality is created by belief and that I additionally believe that I have come to understand some occult or secret principles to life's grand adventure and would like to illuminate as well as entertain as well as direct rather than manipulate so that the temptation of evil may be avoided. Directing I find will be much easier from behind the pages of a book rather than standing in front of a crowd and espousing a certain religion or spiritual belief. I find magic to be an individual's game, and a study of magic is highly personal. I shall introduce a couple more magicians or occultists at this time. One's name is Franz Bardon who wrote a book called the *Initiation Into Hermetics*, a basis for being able to meditate and control the four elements, control the thinking mind, control the imagination, and control many naturally occurring phenomena such as the weather, healing the sick, and power over the dead.

Each of the Sephiroth emanates and explains one another, beginning with Non-Being, which turned inside out yields (1) Being, Will, Purpose explaining (2) Wisdom or primal force which emanates (3) Understanding and various forms of creation (4) Love or building up is explained dualistically by (5) Power or severity or breaking down is balanced by (6) Beauty or Harmony or the sacrificed God is sensed by (7) Victory is explained by (8) Splendor or Glory is formed into (9) Dreams is brought to manifestation or sight of mind or eye of (10) Earth.

These 10 tools and 22 paths connecting them extend into four worlds each world containing reflections or emanations or explanations of the others within them totaling 400 worlds an 777 paths. This course follows the flow of creative energy from Kether of Atziluth down into manifestation of

Malkuth of Assiah. There are countless books on Qabalah (multiple spellings too) so pick one and initiate oneself into it; this book is a practical ordering system of experiences trailing from Kether to Malkuth. It is a practical bridge into the unconscious that is able to address many of today's needs and crises.

How Neil Gaiman's *Sandman* Ruined Enochian Magic for Me

The character portrayed in the arcane graphic novel series *Sandman* is a villain who resides in Arkham Asylum that goes by the alias John Dee. His character shares the same name as the famed magician of Queen Elizabeth I, who was responsible for channeling of Enochian Angels into Edward Kelley in order to gain wealth and knowledge of the angels. The only problem here, as he seems a very interesting and capable character, is that in *Sandman* he is depicted as this horrid little man who wears no clothes and who is the enemy of Morpheus, lord of the dream realms. Ultimately he ends up freeing Morpheus however his terrible actions and lurking presence long ago spoiled any efforts of summoning Enochian Angels for me. I have always maintained that there is, when working with such Angels, a lurking man in the back of my mind who is twisting and manipulating everything I see and do, and every bit of knowledge gleaned from any such sources, not that the matter is an easy one, is somehow tainted with substance that I want nothing to do, even though this character more than likely shared little in the way of life except for his name. The villainous archetype that Neil Gaiman created has to this point scared me away from any such evocations, though I do have a couple of books on the subject that may be waiting for my perusal at a later date.

Enochian magic from my understanding is much more complex to finagle into working in that it requires the creation of a very precise table that contains many of the calls for working with the Angels but is supposed to be very psychedelic in its inspiration and vision. Whatever the magician chooses to do should he explore this path of work he will more than likely be rewarded with beatific experiences and dark catastrophes that will rock the foundation of his world. My experience with Angels is very limited, being more a practiced hand at Franz Bardon's evocations.

Franz Bardon and Practical Magic (Hod – 8 – Vibrations - *Kybalion*)

The things that I have asked for and have achieved from the spirits in Bardon's *The Practice of Magical Evocation* is something that I would consider to be of immense practical value. In his work he lists close to some 400 spirits with corresponding astrological components that allow the magician, after consulting his natal chart, to pick out very specific influences on his life and work with them.

One spirit that I will describe here is called Rotor and is the seventeenth degree of Virgo, which is the heading of which Mars is ruled by under my birthday. He is the master of fantasy (PoME, p. 218). All folk tales and stories are under his jurisdiction. The principle inspires all those poets and authors whose field of endeavor is to write or record legends, myths, fairytales and stories. Rotor bestows upon them and excellent fantasy, which he allows these writers and poets to transform into appropriate words. After working with this spirit I achieved validation from a friend of mine who told me that as long as he had known me it was and I quote “All about the story that you have to tell. You know how people tell stories and once finished there is, especially with a good story and especially with a younger audience, an urge to 'one-up' the story and to tell a better one. This happens with you. There is also this level of when you tell a story or when you speak I can never tell when you are spinning some yarn or telling the truth. You interweave many of the elements of storytelling with the real in a manner that is absolutely inspiring.” When setting out working with this spirit it was my intent to *inspire* with my orations.

Entheogens (Magic of an Uncontrolled Sort)

I have experience with LSD, magic mushrooms, ketamine, Baby Hawaiian Woodrose Seeds, 2C-E, 2C-B, and probably most importantly DMT. All of these entheogenic, or generating the divine within, experiences have been largely important to my sense of self as well as any transformation that I have undergone. I believe I am thinking more effectively, able to focus more long term, as well as maintain long term relationships. I maintain that these psychedelic experiences were ultimately magical and were unavoidably changes in consciousness, anyone who denies this denies that they affect the brain and that is simple foolish. Many people are afraid of these substances and claim that ill effects are destined to follow them however I would agree with the late Terence McKenna in that there is only good things once too many of the substances are ingested, and the catharsis can be regulated depending on the inputs that people are given. If you acknowledge set and setting like Timothy Leary advocated in the 1960's then people will undoubtedly be able to have positive experiences and will encounter radical shifts in their consciousness that allow them to transcend ego, abstract into to new modalities such as dreams, realize the way everything floats in OM, and have a positive visionary experience that very well may influence their outlook on life for the duration of their life.

I have developed a theory that Asgard of the Norse Pantheon is merely a state of mind.

While there is no proof of this I can only speak from experience and while I have had dark days and the dark night of the soul has been encountered it is not something that I am necessarily afraid of. I don't live in fear. I live confident that everything will be all right, and even in the moments where that does not seem to be the case it is short lived and good things soon return to flow.

Flow

Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi (pronounced Mee-hi Cheek-sent-me-hi) wrote about optimal experience and the “flow” that one encounters when one is able to engage oneself in a sense of work that is both absorbing, fulfilling, and in which skill is adequately balanced by challenge. This follows my discussion on entheogens quite naturally for the cathartic state that follows an LSD trip or any other psychedelic experience is quite at home being called “flow.” Balance has been reestablished after a trying experience and the after-glow effect typical of most psychedelics fills the user or magician with undeniable joy. Purpose is clear, communication happens effortlessly and obstacles are overcome as everything in moderation is taken into account, including moderation.

Spagyrics

In the ancient philosophy of time immemorial there are three basic elements from which all others are made up of. The first, and this is from Manfred M. Junius's book *Spagyrics*, is that of Mercury and this corresponds to the spirit. The second is Sulfur or the soul. The final element is Salt and refers to the physical body or matter. These three terms correspond to Alice Bailey's revamped terminology. A proper understanding of these terms will shed great light on the natural hierarchy of the order of things that appear in many classics of literature such as Plotinus's *The Enneads*, H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*, Alice Bailey's *A Treatise on Cosmic Fire*, and many more seminal texts that one may read, digest, and incorporate into his work and life. Knowledge of the subjects these books discuss will grant affirmation and validity to one's own world view, or not, and demonstrations may be accomplished that seek to provide a more holistic experience of many of the laws of magic referred to in Isaac Bonewits' *Real Magic*.

Why Learn Magick?

Aside from the directive of Aleister Crowley in his work *Magick*, magick has the capacity to elicit change in one's own consciousness and, depending on how deep one reads into things, the consciousness of all things. As said elsewhere in this book on magic(k) Neville states that consciousness, God, light, I AM, and the human imagination are all one thing. These qualities and characteristics of both new age thought and age old techniques and discussions lend great validity to one's own self and the creative art process that one may aspire to in one's life.

Affirmation may be found in the deep recesses of the mind where people no longer inhabit, and people may be found to form a grimoire out of grammar things and errors in cognition as well as on paper may be sought to form into the game that thaumaturgy seeks to wield in its wonder working. People ever more may be able to transcend all that is real or illusory in efforts to move beyond certain limitations and discover new limitations, new realms of thought and new realms of understanding, being, magick and magic. Eternally are concepts to change and evolve as some would say that change is the only constant. This is conclusive with the hermetic axiom in *The Kybalion* that is the principle of polarity, expressing the opposite in the notion of change and constance.

Magick must be learned as it is as Agrippa said the ancient and notable science, it is as Eliphas Levi said the great and true science of man and God. It is quite simply, I say, the best game in town.

I believe it is absolutely seminal to explore the different occurrences of magic(k) in cultures all across the world, in a variety of ideologies that make up the culture for to do so is to see how specific instances of magic(k) may be replicated, seen, or experienced.

Laws of Magic

One must duplicate or at least record any spell or magickal occurrence that one sees or experiences. One must suffer in equal proportion to the degree he attains magickal powers; a price must be payed. One must find innovative *ways* of creating *new* magck. Magick can do anything, through the use of imagination. One must memorize spells or magickal components to release into the subconscious. Magick should always be kept as a secret or discretion should be thoroughly considered before divulging methods to people. Purpose is the ultimate thing to drive magick, it is a means to and end. There is no future or past, only now. Qabalah is a way of magick, not magick itself.

Power Over the Living and the Dead

I have had the thought at one point or another that what if the power over the living and the dead first began with the realization that once dead, that person could not be affected in any way except in the imagination, whereby their memory or sense of being will forever remain available to console the imager. This insight followed the passing of a girlfriend of mine after her overdosing on heroin, a phenomena that I was not privy to in any way shape or form except that it was too late for me to do anything; I did not know she was still using. Erroneous on my part and I have indeed lumped this in with the dross of life but after seeking consolation from a priest of the Santeria religion I was told that she was at peace and that she was indeed willing to help me in experiments with Palo, only not in Sance. I have taken her up in this and found a great confidence instilled in me in continual explorations of the dark night of the soul, and the truths that I find there. Honestly I am a weak fool who can not get a date to save his life, who can not maintain a relationship to save his life except with my mom and my dad, and who cannot complete a project even in the simple most procedure. I manage a bookstore and cannot be but truthfully told that I am terrible at my job, I do not crack down on people and I do let things slide.

The living are something that I cannot fathom how to begin to have a relationship with and my greatest difficulty with the dead is that they are forever gone and never to return except to haunt my mind. Except through meditation am I able to keep peace I have to dismiss those I love, recently losing my grandmother to old age my folks are now in a position that they have financially become well off with their assets I can not move out of living with them because the older I get the more and more they are the only ones I am able to tolerate.

Insights to be taken at prima facie I suppose. And the weaknesses I suppose are to be lightly considered, for I would not imagine acknowledgement of such would be so easy. Anyway who said this was supposed to be easy?

Dream (Yesod – Gabriel – the Sea)

May the words keep on spreading and may the stories ingest themselves in evermore efforts to evoke narrativium and break down the hallucinogenic line that blurs itself amongst the edges of self, family, community, culture, society, reality, and forest. In it we have provided the foundation for addressing issues such as having enough money and power over the living and the dead, two issues that I have not come across as addressed in literature as of yet except to utter the barbarous names of power that would literally grant power over them (such as in the Goetia or other magickal treatises). A game to be played, is Qabalah; play well my dear friends. Each effort you make will take you too new found realms. Enjoy and thanks for taking part.

Part Two : Magic into Magick

Breaking the Laws of Magic(k).

Science is a way of talking about the universe in words that bind it to a common reality. Magic is a method of talking to the universe in words that it cannot ignore. The two are rarely compatible.

Neil Gaiman - *The Books of Magic*

This paper will attempt to explore the rule of chaos magic : that belief is a concept that is to be wielded as a tool rather than something one merely subjects oneself to. It will do so with scrupulous attention to detail towards the fact that the author of this paper seeks to propose: that magic, or legerdemain or sleight-of-hand is a gateway to magick, or changes in consciousness in accordance with will or nature.

The opening quote by author Neil Gaiman is important to our study because it illustrates a very important fact of magic: that is is a method of talking to the universe in words that it cannot ignore. Whether a person reverses their sentences, speaks the barbarous words of power, or uses the True Name of something to command power there is an undeniable fact that the magus wishes to impress upon reality a desire. After inputing all the sense data that the universe provides it is up to the magician to realize a purpose, intent, or will (Kether) that he seeks to bring down to the physical world (Malkuth of Assiah). He does this by speaking the words of power that the universe is unable to deny hearing, and thus accepts. It becomes a reflection of reality in such a way that what was initially perceived to be impossible becomes, not only possible, but realized.

As Above So Below

In his book on Transcendental Magic author Eliphas Levi speaks about the power of imagination to affect reason(TM p. 16). He speaks about the microcosm, man with all his cell components, nervous systems, etc., as well as the macrocosm, or the universe or God. “As above immensity, so below immensity.”

The balance between that unseen and the seen is of paramount importance to the magus as it delivers on the principle that there are indeed unseen, occult, secret principles active in the lives of everyone. This paper will attempt to examine one of the number of Laws of Magic proposed by PhD Isaac Bonewitz in both his title Real Magic and Authentic Thaumaturgy. The law to be examined here will hopefully combine with the principles of legerdemain to provide insight to the reader that will both change the way he or she views the world and magic(k). I put the “k” in parenthesis while speaking of magic(k) to speak about both the sleight-of-hand and the changes in consciousness at one time, either equivocating and speaking in a polysemic effort of unified truths of both subjects or to speak about a truth of one that may reflect or provide some blue-print reflection of the other. It is with the power of the word itself magic(k) that we seek to explore in this paper. The Law of Magic that will be discussed is the law of perversion.

Law of Perversion

The LoP is most familiarly illustrated in the example of a tricky genie. The tricky genie concept is one whereby one asks for a desire to be realized it, has it realized, and finds out it was not what one truly wanted. It is told in the story of the Monkey's Paw written by W. W. Jacobs, which one may Google at one's leisure to familiarize oneself with. The concept is that the devil, or the magician to be employed “tricks” the audience or participant to give him or her what he or she wanted but...with a twist. The cost is something that they may not take into full account and the full account of the cost is something that is rarely if ever seen and understood. For instance if I ask for a wife I may be rewarded with a wife that is not of character that I truly desire, though it may happen nearly instantaneously, i.e. the first woman I

encounter. It's up to the magician himself to understand this LoP so that he may not find himself subject to it and to combat it and overcome it so that magick does not take advantage of the magus. It can and will too, if the magician is not careful. Magick is simply a change in consciousness in accordance with will or nature and nature often follows the path of least resistance, much like water flowing down a hill. If the magician instead wills a woman of the "right sort" to be acquainted with then he will find himself in the right company after a time. The challenge here, and here the author speaks from experience that he hopes the reader will take and learn from, is that often the sacrifice is that he must, and here I must emphasize, *be the right person*. By this is meant that he might have to change concepts of himself if he is to seek the right partner.

Perversion will twist the reality of a situation by magick so that one's desires are quickly realized, yet it might take an entire lifetime of change on the magus's part to become comfortable with the outcome, in this situation marrying a woman "prima facie not the right woman." While this example may be seen to be overcome by asking for a friend before a girlfriend, a period of time to test the boundaries of the relationship and grow together, and finally to balance a family with this other partner this is merely a more detailed analysis of the overall statement of intent, i.e. is it the will of the magician to have a wife.

How may we then break these laws? Is this not a precept of the initial proposition of chaos magick that belief is a tool that one must control rather than subject oneself to? In the author's experience it is incredibly difficult to encounter a situation where belief may be visually experienced. What is meant by this is that the laws of magic(k) tend to hold fast due to their own drawing forth from themselves and expressing magic(k) as a true and infallible science that Eliphas Levi refers to in his other book *The History of Magic* (Introduction, p 16).

So if we are encountering a set of iron fast powerful laws that are not to be easily broken, no matter the will of magician even if he seeks to break a law of nature, if that law is *larger* or of the macrocosm chances are very good that he will not succeed. So internally within the world of the microcosm the magician is confronted with him(self). It is through this confrontation that the magician is able to change himself and ultimately the macrocosm.

Imagination Creates Reality

I shall at this time introduce readings from a spiritual guru of the late 1930s-1970s named Neville Goddard, or known simply as Neville. Neville's main precept was that God or Jesus Christ of Scriptures is the human imagination, of which we as humans are all members or appendages of and of which the imagination resides within us and we within it. The teachings from Neville do great justice to the dramatic psychological meanings of the Bible, or the Holy Book. All of his efforts to interpret the Bible seek to describe the phenomena that imagination creates reality. Israel Regardie, journalist and magic(k)al philosopher introduces Neville's writings and seeks to pin down what Neville means by the word God. God is the human imagination. Of which there is one, and each time an ill thought is thought it is the thinker feeding vinegar to the thirsty Jesus and each time a good thought is thought it is the thinker feeding water to the thirsty Jesus.

I have personal experience with imagination creating reality however I must admit that it does not succeed every time. It has not succeeded in finding me a wife, however the amount of times that I have

thought something and imagined it to be the case, operating *from* the end result of having achieved the desire rather than focusing *on* the desire itself, is very large indeed. Certain situations have required a more refined use of the imagination, i.e. evoking spirits or invoking spirits. I have had to pour over countless books and stories to find inspiration from the Cthulhu mythos to Terry Pratchett's concept of thaums to the legacy of Drizzt Do'Urden and his fabled escape from Menzoberranzan, the latter of which I have adopted as part of a personal eccentric mythos involving the true reason that I have developed both magic and magick tendencies.

It is through these imagination instruction manuals (fictional books) that I have developed a sense of self that extends far beyond my sense of identity that gets up and goes to work at the used bookstore here in town, coming home each night to eat dinner and chat with my folks. Nothing new here, lots of people live vicariously through the characters in books, however I would put emphasis on the character's influence on an individual reader's sense of reality and would encourage everyone to explore their sense of myth making that Joseph Campbell talked about in his works. We all are endowed with a sense of imagination, even if we do not have the whole thing we have some sense of it and can utilize it to endlessly entertain ourselves in times of boredom. We also can take the trials our favorite characters endure and draw forth from them inspiration to polarize ourselves at radical states of a positivist's outlook. I recently endured the death of a dear friend due to a heroin overdose and though put into a state of shock I took the stance that life *is* good and that good things do happen, even though my characters endure a lot of tribulations they come out in the end to enjoy having a good time with their friends and that too is something that I do. Live the life of your favorite characters.

Magic, no K

Now we come to magic, or legerdemain. Sleight-of-hand has existed as entertainment throughout the ages in a number of cultures. The Bible's thoughts on magicians are few, and on one topic it is permitted for a magician to live as long as he is using magic for his livelihood (Bible, something). This is important for it is meant, according to the author of this paper, that entertainers may exist so long as deceiving for selfish purposes is not achieved. Sleight-of-hand becomes of paramount importance to the magickian for it allows a medium through which magic(k) may be permitted. It is characteristic of a simple "Detect Magic" spell that magic(k) is something that inspires wonder and astonishment within the audience. Whether the audience is privy to the "real" workings or not is secondary. It is the unconscious speed and finesse of the hand that deceives and entertains the conscious awareness of the eye. Magic becomes magick.

In his paper the Charlatan and the Magus, Ramsay Dukes speaks about the importance of faking it till making it is achieved, paraphrased by me but still available in its original meaning in the paper (CatM). A demonstration of fake mental powers makes the audience more receptive to real magickal powers, he states, and to me this is absolutely true. In my sleigh-of-hand demonstrations I have found people calling me a real magician and though personally satisfying it was in the past often confusing. These days I accept it more wholeheartedly as something that I truly want to hear. A lesson from a China Mieville work of fiction *The Scar* was that it's only real if your friends or someone else says it.

Later in the paper Dukes says that "You might not have PREDICTED that openly fake psychic effects could be a good preparation for genuine psychic effects, nor that a study of how to cheat people could

lead to genuine powers: you might even have been surprised by the revelation. But it only takes a little thought, and you soon realize(sic) that it isn't so surprising after all. It is very easy to rationalize(sic). For example: you could argue that the fake medium becomes so used to his act that he does it unconsciously, even off-duty he is picking up clues about people; and occasionally these unconscious fragments can well up and surprise even himself. The victim of his own techniques, he thinks he is becoming genuinely psychic.” This quote from Dukes is very important to the piece of work you are now reading as it does worlds to blur that (what I call) hallucinogenic line, that line that is liminal in nature and what Terence Mckenna refers to in his shamanic exploits as “the edges.” The edges of society, culture, family, self, forest, reality, etc. The edges that people are trying so hard to form a bridge across and speak to the mysterious “other,” that mysterious sense of the unseen world, the Real or True world out there that is the one that is the cause of the effect-world we all find ourselves in these days.

In the author's experience as a practicing sleight-of-hand magician that now believes in magick I hope to have insights to share with the readers and the general audiences of the world. I will now go into three effects that will hopefully demonstrate the gateway connection that lies between magic and magick.

I will discuss the Miser's Dream, the not seemingly but actual production of endless amounts of money, specifically gold coins. As well it is possible for any magician to accomplish by a reoccurring sleight called the French Drop(Google will explain in detail). One coin is repeatedly produced to look like many are being produced. This is, on a higher magickal level, an illustration of the Kybalion's Principle of Polarity. The principle of one becoming many.

Any magician may produce coins if told that it is because the magician has permission to use gold from a dragon's lair so long as the gold is returned once usage of the demonstration is completed. While a nice storytelling element this also lends to the element that imagination creates reality. The pseudo explanation gives an apparent reason to why in this case the magic works. Because of magick. Or changes in the consciousness, or as again Alice Bailey refers in her introductory remarks in A Treatise on White Magic, the soul of man(AToWM 8-28). This intermediary between matter and spirit or energy allows for the potential awareness of magick. It appears as a cyclic occurrence whereby magick defines magick but is the actuality that magic opens the door for magick. The misdirection element of storytelling, telling the audience the gold produced is really from a dragon's lair, gives reason or cause to the effect. Even though the reason or cause may not be real, *the misdirection is real and change in consciousness because of the misdirection becomes real.*

Next I will discuss a driving Blindfolded illusion that can be bought at the website Penguin Magic. The secret to the effect is that due to the construction of the gimmick the magician may see through the blindfold without this being apparent to any spectators. The effect of magick can once again be produced without having to defy any laws of nature. In concordance with these laws of nature the magician becomes a changer in consciousness, the soul of man, by utilizing energy or spirit (again to borrow from Alice Bailey's introductory remarks) by doing work, a more physics appropriate definition of energy. This takes place in the final tribunal of man in the world of matter or that of the physical body.

What we are interested in is not the effect of magick but the reality of magick, and the way of magic as a gateway to magick. The physical body is responsible for seeing/perceiving the effects of magic while the causes often remain hidden. This is true too of magick. In order to see the causes of magick one must forget that it possible that he or she in ordinary reality may cause a later effect. The use of one's will or purpose, to equate the two qabalistically, does the work or is the energy of the magickian. This is to say that within the highest sphere of Kether is the divine source of all work done on Malkuth or the reflection of its most high. The will is of the magic(k)ian. It is his or her will or intention or purpose that is responsible for achieving results in physical reality, even if this only occurs at times in the imagination. It will at some point, all laws point to yes on this one, reveal itself in reality at some point.

To divert for a moment I would like to introduce Neville's concept of sin, or simply to miss the mark. The concept of manifestation or the seeing clearly with the mind or eye is one popular within new age thinking, and originates in the desire of imagination to create reality. To miss the mark simply means to have reality not manifest as one wishes. Or another way of putting this is to manifest something undesired. Say I truly wished the death of another individual, while keeping in mind the consequence that through such a black and selfish desire I will ultimately end of hurting myself, potentially, and manifest his death through the agency of evoking principles of malcontent. This does elucidate what is meant by a non sinful action, for his death was manifested as my desire, however it could be argued that the initial desire for another's death could be a sin, or to miss the mark, as this is largely a selfish act and not an expression of my true will. My aim here is to familiarize readers with definitions of both sin and manifesting.

In his book *The Way of the Shaman* Michael Harner distinguishes between Ordinary States of Consciousness and Shamanic States of Consciousness (Introduction page xix). The difference lies in that OSC is "ordinary" containing none of the extraordinary effects that many, but not all, shamans using entheogens experience in SSC. Some shamans see no point in using entheogens to further there healings or explorations, some do.

To bring it to OSC, SSC, magic and magick I will discuss briefly the added presentational, psychological act of placing one's feet in a bowl or dish of water while attempting to read the spectator's mind via magick. I do not literally employ magick however I employ the skills of magic to accomplish the desired effect of reading another's mind. I bring about the bowl of water as a psychological trope that acts as the classic magician's misdirection. *Misdirection is important to magic in that it allows for magick to be accomplished, I say.*

Remembering our definition of magick as changes in consciousness in accordance with will or nature we can see how the soul, or consciousness, is able to work misdirection by placing one's feet in water. This serves as a catalyst for magick by introducing a symbol for change. The change in setting from a non water environment to a water environment points to the reality of magick I argue. *The act of misdirection is what accomplishes the change, and thus the magick.*

I will need to make a brief diversion again to illustrate that the potential for magick indicates in part at least the presence of magick. It does so by nature of the soul, or consciousness or awareness, acting as an intermediary between energy and matter. The connecting principle of something merely observable in the mind, energy, and the something observable to the eyes, matter. Or if you rather another hermetic

axiom that All is One, energy merely being the other end of the spectrum of matter. The potential change in consciousness in accordance with will or nature indicates at least a partial change. This may be self evidential however I would like to bring it to focus before proceeding to my final illusion.

My final illusion is a multi phase rope routine, Hallucination by David Stone, that tells the principles of Neville's teachings. Imagination creates reality, via the many stories he provides in any of his books support this is a proof of exhaustion of sorts. The imagination is whereby SSC may be entered as well as a return to OSC. The difficulty remains with realizing a desire, or understanding what it is that one truly wants. Once this is achieved one must imagine one *has it*, not desire it as desiring it merely focuses the mind on its lack of having it. So once one imagines something one merely has to wait and it will inevitably manifest. This may manifest in the imagination again or in due time will manifest in one's physical reality. The story I tell while doing the rope routine Hallucination serves to illustrate the power of imagination by both inducing a suspension of disbelief and showing visual illusions. The visual illusions serve as a symbol for magick. What is going on apparently may not be what is necessarily going on in order to realize one's desire(s). *Through legerdemain magick may be accomplished.*

It might be argued that magick is inevitable to which I would say I believe I am preaching to the choir. I aim to sway those skeptical in the reality of magick to its reality by the use of legerdemain. This paper, written in a tripartite script went over a bridging in antiquated terms to more modern ones. This paper also achieved three instances of magick by realizing my desire to write a paper that eschewed a potential-for-magick indicating magick, communicating three magic effects that serve as a doorway to the world of magick, and introducing new symbols for change, in the form of definitions for words that the readers may not have known about, and for actually causing change in the reader assuming of course the reader was not familiar with the particular frame of reference I was writing from.

To conclude, this matters because it shows that sleight of hand magic can be important for changes in consciousness; this means that were either willed or natural. If a magician can become a magickian then the readers may initiate themselves at least partially to the world of magick through legerdemain; the initiation to this world is what the writer seeks to communicate as important to the earth in its state of crisis, not merely important to me.

Thanks for taking part.

Part Three : Fiction

Puissant Pan

Smote the dream from its high apex wherefore a whitesmith hit hard the tin beneath his hammer. Fie! A nigh on impossible tale of arcane ilk that defiled the turmoil of the goodly and kind people. It was ruth that stirred them from their depths of darkness into the wild and untamed nature of Pan the

Great. Puissant Pan.

We wallowed in the mud awaiting the day that he would come and free us from our orderly lives along the edge of chaos that he traverses so trans-dimensionally. Prithree hear our request, needs sweven. A vision in sleep we do so need to inspire us in all the penultimate days of yore we no longer ascribe to the soothly ways. We are darkness forever more and the times that people have a comin' are to to be nightly indeed. There Pan flourishes. Just as I flourish when chaos surrounds me it is ornamental to write down these words before the flow of thoughts is arrested by the goddess Hel. Thereinto will be secrets occult, revealed at last we will be blown over amidst the windy days and dreary days until we can conquer those good people that have tried us for so long. Those good people who have heartedly amiss their powers troubled us to no end! We dance amidst the beats' bones and their immensity in size towers above us in a vestige of life that no longer do we feel capable of vibrating.

We lurk then. In the darkness then, awaiting some fabulist creation, some spark of light to shine on us until which we of evermore will begin tend to teen. Grief and morose macabre tendrils grist the mill and we are burned forth in a rage that thaumaturgy itself cannot hallow nor halt. Hallucination after-glow fills our skins and effuses forth into the surroundings and identity itself flows out of our bodies to the deepest recesses of the mind's precipitations.

Parfay were I to have faith anymore I would but scramble amidst the brambles of the crawling Chaos that wanders into people's lives, creating and corruptin' immutable sooth. Yede across the days we long await our savior, some woman by the likes of the prophecies blended into work amidst the forges and irons. Sweating and breaking our backs we wait her. Wood with desire we cannot but favor the more closely guarded secretaries of speck and spittle, the lovely lasses in their corsets and their irons, clapped shut but the beasts of old amidst their harems of tabled plateaus. Beneath yon sun they lie together in the beatific sensation of belief...free wherefore we are not. Wist with rage it fills us and sorrily are we that try to communicate our dreams and our goals for we are plowed down by the coulter on the head of the plow. It crumbles us and deprives us of any hope, of which we were spoken too long ago by Choronzon. He played a game against Morpheus and lost to Hope. But alas how we have lost all hope!

Affording u-us with hope is some fabled paradox. We hate thee provider of malcontents and drivel in the light of the darkness that turns all appearances into what is responsibly given. Gall is all I taste, individual at last afire from the One who rules the magick. It does not but seek to shadow the sooth with marbles of schooldays. I remember at last winning a victory that was sensed by all along the playground and for it a hundred years I was put to the test. It could not be but a mission against the angels among high.

It could not be but a weed worn at her death. It was no hoax that she died. I could not believe it and all that was shall forever be no more. This storytelling is set during the dark age when all that was good is opposed to us. It is a fabled deed indeed that fills the writers of long lost marbles with marvels. Such words are nothing more than flitting thoughts and in my mind I suppose it is all called one thing. Evil and malcontent, Puissant Pan. Rule me over and destroy my way back to the divine. Diving deep into the celibate partners of mine I will forever more dance a crooked dance. My lags and my whales are broken amongst the rocks and walk not nay a'more.

Jot with material I have eaten all my food! I grow hungry with the begetting of names that I will never again remember, my words erupting from my gall in a spleen of pain and piss. It wallows beneath the way.

Magick accomplishes not anymore. His imagination became our construct a long time ago and

the psychic psychedelic real estates laid low the fiction in a wave of maniacal power that froze deep the fear of me and mine until at last it thawed and we were rewarded with a broken shambling heap that could not but be forth into the dreams of many. Broken were we. Broken was He.

Forgotten was he, as the Masked One laid upon me a burning iron, crisping my skin to black and pussy sores.

Ignominy Ignominy. Cried the darkening crows. Whatever we will use magick for in these dark days, as all it accomplishes are things that we can but understand and reason, eventually. A new world should be built, he grandiosely thought "I shall be the one. I have the Magick."

Alas for his poor troubled hope did he not but mercantile away the vestiges of Magick and long after the Masked One laughed for his Manticore had but fed on my extremely pitiful efforts. There was no hope. In darkness shales a great belief. It took the beast and breathed relief. Twixt swith paws we desire peace and poetry but alas we are required to the Dreaming-Story Machine that does little for the soul. The Consciousness was long ago melded to matter and energy to detract from Him all his creations in Anaxamandras's ways we will find truth again. Escalades in Magick grew towards the spiritual and no more was there a person who could deny that the Masked One was leader supreme. He wove and broke more tendrils amongst the splendorous multitude by day and night than ever did Anaxamandras could have done, except in imagination once perhaps, among the living and the human. For that we have been shapen anew and the familiar is called *deja vu*.

Deja Vu

Catalyst after catalyst forms among the mountains called The Grey Fox. Burbliing beneath this tale lies a creature that ebbs and flows beneath your beds and in your closets at night, waiting patiently for that bump in the night that will terrify and require exorcism. Familiar at last the youth's memories try to lucre in the way that naught but a beast of grand disposition called consumerism in the country of America is but the laughingstock of this world. It's disparity to my mind is but a pitiful attempt at how the art in that land is bought, bought, bought. In the North were ice-lands run cold. Now that is Magick.

Many shops sell things. And many bots yell things. Not until Parodies and Perversion are kept along the decaying marishes amidst the matrix. Her insoluble child is with fang. She is with care, and he is with War.

The minish cap is all that the street magician has these days. A mastery of the english language and latin language parodies ubiquity in a way that magick was before the elves left the land to the West. In another time we crows Ignominy the Garudas across the disrespect that comes with enough ire against the land of Earth. Change is imminent and belief will shatter the torrid people of America if they are not careful. Arkana will re-emerge from the below. The deep and the terrible copyrighted names will break free if care is not taken. Heed this warning. Familiar *Deja Vu*.

Bane writes the spirit of evocation, of writing, for it is in testing the lame we shall know their limitation and we shall cause a Holocaust amidst the kindred.

Theory and plastic bleed like a man who's gutting is not but begun. Practice is the creed of the magicians, yet they are all dead? Ha. Likely not. Magick is continually at the forefront of revolution and science crumbles before its vanishing temperament. Physics held together by Oberon in the Land of Faerie, that nightlight land that burbles and brooks like a river behaves, psychology applied to majesty laughs in the face of his mentors. He breaks away from the Source, individually missing the Original Mark and that is where this biblical sounding story comes. There is no fiction. There is no

sooth.

There is only burning. Crying and crying on the technology that builds walls, breathes distances and hates computers. Sense and non-sense blend in a instant blend of the macabre. Death belongs to man and success is relative says the brilliant white haired man, laughed at by the infidels. The idiots. Substance is forever riding on Finnegans Wake. We shall derive the All in the all.

He laughed at the point, the message, the meaning, the motif. Was it not so clear to others as it was to him, that the sooth and the unreal were the same and that people could not but deter the flow of force that was spreading across the land, like trees amidst the machines? Sure they grow slow but do they not have a dark purpose of their own? They eat the light. The convert it to air and the humans forget their imagination...that is how all this came to be, if you want a cosmogenesis. If you want an anthropogenesis, now that is a true occult doctrine. Harmlessness Pays the Beautiful.

The prophets were besotted and the literal truths were laughed at by the darkness. It was shaping the people to be possessed by a darkness far greater than the Masked One; evolution was still ruled by Sandalphon and people the earth Dogs. People forget with their imagination the reflection of a dog walks among them. Insidious purposes are behind every hurt that they supposedly befall. Intelligences are spoken amidst the believers who create reality. Daath constructs and destroys with equal ease, a Yo-Yo that bounces up and down easily in consort with gravity's supposed effects.

What if gravity were not around? People would be fine, screams the darkness. Just because some deathly alchemist told the world about a formula that symbolized the sooth it does stand that sooth is as he says. Plato said it was shadows on the cave and the dark purpose that thaumaturgy grants easily does not but speak over the heads of the unintelligent. Malcontent becomes the cause of the good and the lives of the people are hallucinations to the little Deja Vu that works for the magician.

Regaled at last to this wizard Anaxamandras, he spoke some words and the people looked at him funny. All he did was look at the clouds and rain started to pour. Smoke billowed up from his pipe and it was fine to do as one would. Inside us and we within it is this riddle's answer. Solve it and you will no longer distinguish between master and student.

Grant me a boon, and carouse. Ha I will laugh at you edges seeking to strive forth my hat of many sigils until at last the many-colored coat reminds you that I told a story about a dream where I learned magick from a Gnome, who was turning me into a gnome at the time of the teaching. I was not worried for I knew I could turn myself back. I no longer tell people about my gamely dreams. They are too terrifying for the common folk. Strive to be magnificent and eventually Deja Vu will become so. Familiarize yourself with our words and you will learn our language. There is magick here that does not change the people's ways, but changes the magus at last.

Even the drunk chimes with the prophet on this. Foolish or not there are ways in which polemics manifest or rather *appear*. Coeval as this is not a beginning or an end but I told you already, a middle that does not but *appear*.

Will this see the masses? Ha, do you think that it's its purpose? Or will this be shown to a few, so to make Angels out of themselves so that they will triumph over the Masked One, the crawling chaos who blurs the lines between originality, inspiration, and plagiarized material.

A cob is tattooed upon his elbow. Not from being trapped but from a loving mother of vengeance that burrows below the laughable land of America. Rings are worn amidst the waving of his fingers and it rains in accordance with his will. How? It just does. He has changed himself so that it only rains when he wants it too. Everything that happens is he the cause of. Defile judgment among the people. He will not be seen again for he long ago understood invisibility in contexts of perception, hallucination, and phenomena.

Are you afraid? You should be. He has not known what it is that he promises and because of this it becomes true. Write that American Odyssey. The country espouses freedom as long as it does not interfere with the Golden Rule.

Do unto others as you would have done unto yourself.

Like the images of Christos we know this to be rhetoric. That is key thaumaturgy to understanding the force that emanates from being and the inside out of the matrix of your mother still finds you breathing and alive, waiting to return to the matrix or perhaps to achieve what America Dreams : Freedom.

A fifty starred, thirteen striped flag is as close to creation as the rest of the bacterium.

Learn this word : cicisbeo. It is what I am. Though long ago I lost all hope of ever being married and having kids, we speak of a torture that is commendable to you, dear reader. Have you followed me in my research and have you read all the books? I am the lone female amidst the animals. What does this mean?? Especially when you know me to be male...If you have followed me to the stars and back then you will know. I assure you I am leading all of this.

Obeisance to the Imagination I hail and herald a new age. As the psychedelic revolutions demand that we take of drugs and sex the talismans that are to be charged with sooth. Sith times immemorial we have consulted the difficulties in producing art and have come to be both a friend to darkness and a bearer of light. To test us is the way of doing what the Imagination deems us, so I will not manipulate unless it is unavoidable.

Defray for the powers you have. They did not come easily. They are yours by right if you understand what it means to be a cause and not an effect. I will veil my true thoughts as the Masked One, unmasking myself when the time is right. Do not speak to me of rules and regulations in the age of the internet. We have freedom far belying the state of the nation and harm and offense can not be properly endured unless a name is misused. Thus I name this work Horror, not whore.

It is my darkness, my Deja Vu that familiarizes the people with the truth that this paper is not meant to be read by the entirety, but does little to defray me to make a living writing and working in a bookstore. It is the way. I am the imagination, so freedom will forever be mine until the time of mine is run out which is nigh on 65 years away. In that time I will produce countless books of magic, reestablishing it as a respectable science with no darkness and of which supernatural causes are not to be had by anyone in these days and ages. Magic is the best game in town. Divers draughts eep forward in a tasting that calms and quenches the nerves. Soul and consciousness are forever tied together. I am magician's sooth.

Dragon's gold is a precious thing yet not as precious as the magician's hand who seeks to place it in view of the masses for a moment before putting it back under the dragon's belly. How else are messages relayed in the telling of fortunes that are eaves to a source of gold that no one has found in a thousand years. Just waiting. What's He building in there? Earth-dolven treasures are put into your hands with the reading of the book and inspiration funnels to the earth in a modality that meshes with the old and the new. It relieves and it calms. Everything is all right.

Goblins

The red clad goblin smuggled goods into its suitcase. It packed up the room, containing some greater portion of its effects into some subsequent packing tissue, eagerly awaiting the time when it could take its goods and reef its way onto the road. The men and the women of the building stood

perplexed to see all the paintings taken off the wall and stored in the secrets of his clothing articles. There they were wary of its intents, its dark purposes. Many of them grumbled discontentedly amidst themselves, wondering at the red goblins flaunting bosom, its hideous visage and its tremulous taper. The candle wove itself into the nighttime and the people gradually found themselves leaving the building behind to the goblin who seemed to be confusedly locking itself in with the greater portion of its possessions.

The goblin's rede consisted of a great troll and many lesser goblins all discussing the fiendish ways of the single red goblin. He could claim edibles were his if he wanted but still it required that the ways of the rede were to be considered as a whole. Nonsense and sense blurred again.

People were there this time, and could but wander off course into stories that were edible to the story-eating Manticore. It was a scary time indeed. The evil that was necessarily treating company to the goodly people of the neighborhood, those who still had houses with windows that showed other realms and memories of times that were to be told to their youngsters in times to come were to be found to be experiencing the beatific.

Alas was the consciousness of the folks divided into a number of ways, 32 ways to be exact. It started with what was to be willed or the imagination could conceive a story that was to remain wholly within it and to never be mentioned to the counsel of people or discussed in any way, for sleight of mind could but stimulate the craziness of the individual into making himself perceive himself as a mattering crowd. The resulting singularity that was wisdom distilled itself down into the pipes of understanding as water flows through a nebulae of intersections to form new stories and eating and machinations. It was really a terrible thing indeed but we are speaking of a place and time where evil does not exist yet so are relatively safe. I write to you not out a pleading manner to behave yourself so some magical red clad man can arrive and bring presents but who can tell you that there is not anything of a specific nature that would detract from a literary prose that works itself to the bone trying to tell you a story you have never before eaten.

It was among the paths that the goblin's ways were there to tug and to pull on the perceptions of the masses, turning new things into frightful things so that the people could become once again inspired in the credulity of magick. We wonder at the misspellings of such a name and the writers of many a story are uneducated in their workings. Such an infinitesimal amount of the imagination is used to piece together a fragmented story and the hatred that burns inside this cauldron of space and time does little but for the way that the people are seeking to explain the pain that they are all going through.

I would be thrilled to read something like to that which I was writing. It was breaking down this fourth wall between narrative and motif, between memoir and adventure that the revelry truly began. Dreams of being high took place and red powders are inhaled through the nose in a cataclysm of sensation that makes oneself feel truly alive. Or at least that's the feeling that remains.

I thought to myself that I have no idea how much imagination I have to communicate my eccentricities. But then I thought...I do know. I have the same imagination that everyone else has. We are all of it, Lord of the Hosts we are. Each of us master to our hosts, those that we depend upon to perceive us and realize us as real. There were ways I tell you about talking to magick like there could not be to other people. There were memorabilia amidst the glossolalia paraphernalia. Oddities and oddiments were worn by the professors of the profane. The people could not but fit in a style that was utterly unique and befitting to their apropos statements. They were the steampunk of a future generation. Guns and harnesses, corsets and gearly clockwork hats were worn by the people in a fashion that was befitting to America. It took place somewhere in the depths of some unplumbed tendril. Eagerly awaiting the revelations that were to come and the book of creation talked about how text, number, and

communication were the tools the Lord of Hosts, you or me, took something and created it from nothing. I have read that book I assure you and have meditated on its techniques and the methods therein are to be found somewhere in the arcane words.

The stories were meant to sound like barbarous words so that those reading could read aloud and feel like they were invoking magick, if they wanted. It was brilliant but like so much magick it was all for show. A postern portent was all that was left for the magician to yield to and it could not be understood to be there to show off a gleaming, scintillating intelligence that the goblins and the troll could not imagine, except in their glory of vanquishing foes that stood in the way of their trove.

Set at naught there the music that pulsates in the temples of your mind. It is no mere coincidence that the reader finds this offensive. Hopefully though she will continue to read the works and the meaning and the motif will become clear. There is a second stanza, another oration that the thaumaturge reveals to the world.

“I believe exercise conflicts with any natural states of ecstasy that I am able to produce within myself. It after all is a form of ex-stasis...being outside one’s own body.”

Truth Takes a Walk in the Park

Ere we forfend or fare to glebe we will find naturally occurring rhymes. All it takes is a listening to the forest in a way that gyves upon my legs causes me to eat numbles. It is unpleasant. Nay there hue and cry against the evil-doers.

We shall attempt to meditate on the creative action that surmises so many people in their efforts to waylay the mundane. In the hythe along the river we find ourselves spinning stories out of stories and into lands ere we may begin with magick and tales of happiness and good tidings.

The great man quaffed the mead and thought long and hard about what it was that he was going to say to the crowd. It was a time for dark times, perhaps, or more than likely it was time for something to be said and marshall the ways of the words, so that new folks could hear the stories. So that new stories could breed among the stories themselves. What do words wonder among themselves, “he wondered to himself?” The ghosts of the words ate away at the scraps of scriptures that they found themselves to be placated to.

A malefactor, amidst the words that the great man wondered, traipsed across the darkness treating the times as though sense and nonsense did not matter. It was a terrible vision of hostages and spur of the moment maws that closed tightly about the throats of the people. The people that mattered, mind you. And trailing trans-dimensionally across a counter revolution the man realized after much deliberate debate that he was exhausted. He had been awake for some time and the vestiges of pulses playing at the edge of his imagination could not but take away the memory of the long days work amidst the mill and the forge, alternating between the inspiration of two jobs he could not but employ himself in to be making money, or mana it was called in the old days.

Mana could fill a man with festering creation if one could inflect the words in the right way. He deliberated and deliberated until at last the mundane found itself lost amidst the magick that he had hoped would deliver to him a fine and tasty morsel. One could not help herself. It was as though there were a tugging force from the trees around in the forest. One who could not see the trees for the forest was a high-minded individual indeed, the sarcasm thought to itself.

“Oh sure, we can pick through the nimble and the mere moot, the lakes forming some meeting that only they can understand what they are communicating to the others of their stature.”

“Don't you think there is a way that the creases in the dire wolves fangs shine as they work themselves upon the maw of myself?” The thought responded to the sarcasm.

“I suppose truth could take a walk in the park...but I must admit that the carousel spinning around and around brings cobs and lobs alike. It's as though one can administer the playing of bells to the way the working of a mountain amidst the cob-lob-spider mixtures that create and fester together with the rag-tag timing of a piece of grass, of grammar and grimoire. I see you understand by predicament.”

“Is not that the way to understand the ways?” At this point neither the thought nor the sarcasm knew which was which, except that some reflection bounced around as the magician's hat fell down some well to where there was a weakness to the fibre of reality and realization.

Some of my writings are forever more favorites among my thoughts for they remind me of the terrible ways that a mind can manufacture impotence and importance. I repair the ways, I say. It is the way that the divine and the subterfuges are told amidst the terrible word's way. What is this elusive word? What is the thing that terrifies the night into working it's shining moon above the sun? Or perhaps there is a way that magick perverts. I suppose so, the great man wondered.

There are ways to sooth. A rill trickles down the side of a mountain in a vestigial trail. Is that something that can truly be or is it something that is forevermore complicated and twisted into macabre terrors that eep away into the stories?

The words no longer obeyed their original meanings, they sought to set out and appeal to the Magi Nation of I. I wish there was toads. I believe the fondue. I taste real. It's all very weird but it works out nice and smoothly in adumbrations of simulacrum stirring quietly amidst the night. Ever the night.

The terrestrial people lay in wait for the night sky to loom up from the depths of the pounding pulse that could only be the beat of a drum convulsing in a chinatown of people ebbing and flowing to the flourishing of a people that were unlike anything the lands had ever seen, breathing oxygen as a poison that would heal them when they died. When there was a lull in the lilting way of the flow of things, like grass and trees and such, there was a fermenting frustration that took place on the tattoo of one of the mages. The mages brought forth many simulacrum that took the shape of some wrought aether physics contorting and writhing amongst the other four elements. It was a dangerous dance that the tattoo crooned to the other arcane symbols and dream-wove shit out of puissance filled dangers.

The imagination took place in the mind of the All and people could not fathom how it was that thaumaturgy could wield so effervescent a thing as what it was that tickled behind the ear like some cob-lob-spider, laying in wait to write some magick that was insane and crazy and terrifying to the cob all the same. It was a dance of yellow gloves and drinking revelry until at last a hand reached up to scratch what seemed like an itch on the other side of the ear...It was waiting.

Waiting for the music to pulse anew. Waiting for the symbols to touch together and reveal a practical magic that was beyond what most saw in the entirety of their lives. It was such a majestic turn of events that at last there was a succor that was offered to the spider in the dream-wove shifts in perception...it was sooth.

Archaic Revival

Archaic revelry alludes to the sooth of some book that came alive at long last to speak to the hindrances of something that tickles at the back of the mind of the All. The imagination connects us all and arcane scribblings work upon the impressions of everything I write. I cannot but demand that everything dance in a twisting-dangerous-tweaking-terrifying flicker of light that somewhere emanates

into something else, explaining the turning inside out of certain people.

Flesh feels exotic and peoples the world with so many meanings it does not but promise something complex in so many illustrious, rule-breaking words. It could be that there are hallucinations among the perceiving things, the gleaning things. Unreal things blur into real things as I stand amidst a tempest of literature, breathing down the spine of my cob-lob-spider thing that weaves dream-dross out of the fabled nightmares of so many wonderful terrors. It would not but inspire a double adumbration of the linked up simulacrum turning around again and again, listless in their favors and their pursuits.

Substance breeds and breathes, all things perceiving and wondering at the purpose of it all, however the psychotic laughing man does not but seek to disturb the sense of sooth. He fails forever for eventually he becomes wise and people tell him about how he can always have a home with them...Is not that the way of things. I go home and sit in my room. I wake up and I got to WORK. I meet people and focus comes into focus driving the egregore-type families that seek to structure my life, which are far more favorable than that of the society and culture of a country that eschews freedom in its paradoxical espousing of freedom. Irate little green men run around in Area 51 and archetypal Bigfoot lumbers between dimensions and perceptions, magickally always aloof. Lonely guy I -sigh- for him.

In a rotating sigil of brass, concrete, flesh, and crystal are new cities opened up in America that do not focus on the world of home and work. Plagiarism and inspiration blend with originality to form a vestige of some war that we aren't sure we are fighting for if we were it would be only against the people we know and love. Is there not some bleeding signet that shews the people we all know and love to this land of holograms and understood quantum machinations??

Do you now not know? Do you not now flow?? We all have the All thrumming hermetically through us exhibiting seven universal laws...corresponding the microcosm to the macrocosm and immensity within immensity thronging to the sites of sense and nonsense... gender permeating everything that promulgates. I wonder at the vibration and polarity. Soothly I do!!! Power and more are mine in a continual dance of understandingly screaming of the audient void. Eldritch power thrums through the tenuous and fine fibers that connect us all in the most minutely occurrence of understanding! Gahh! Watch out solvent of your mind dissolving the imagination too much, rather to let the imagination free the mind! Form a precipitate of something in the recesses of mind and all will be well. There's no time like the present, so get out there and Imagick(n)ate! -coughs- that is create! The Sefer Yetzirah can tell you how to make a golem. It is simply a mechanized imagination, working in the shape of a "little man." Free to be unbounded with delight the rest of the tools of creation, preceding number and concepts like counting, are there to emanate and explain one another in a flashdance of victory, glory, harmony, balance, severity, love, power, understanding, wisdom, warriorized bodies that are utterly harmless. As always, utter the barbarous words. Hod of Malkuth in Assiah.

-winks- There was something out there about inspiring fear. I think it has to do with Pan the Great, Pan the Terrible, Pan the Puissant. Tome and book! Upon your fair book, Parma Restalyana, gee whiz it's time for a Pan Dance!

Eldritch Description

There was a turn in reality as the subterfuges started liltng musically. The eldritch power that was

effusing from the pores of the beasts sought to breed a new form of intelligence, one that would seek to destroy and plunge the world into sickenings and dark tidings. The token of the reference was made so that illustration and adumbration of a snow falling night turned a smell in the air that sought to intoxicate the sooth.

A sojourn was to be taken aside from the utilizations of of reality. A sortie against the fables proved naught for any attack made on them merely proved their invisible intangibility and thus their indestructible nature.

Some sword-thain brought to the attention of the masses a magic of larger and greater importance in the field of the imagination, that reality merely took the faculty of will and pumped it into wisdom and understanding and understanding built the world for all the elvish folk, all the little folk, and all the invisible intangible folk. By creating the light the darkness had ways in which to move around and to become tangible, even in a decaying manner.

Some tomnoddy bent over backwards for those people who were found to be his customers and he bent himself silly over a desire. The desire was yellow and red, filled with resplendent light that flickered off the sheafs of the leaves, mirth inspired gladness was filled in the spaces between the trees, trailing away to one of the infinite vanishing points that one would encounter when one opened one's eyes. Some necromancer spoke of the dead and the rest trembled loudly. They could not understand his fascinations with the things that they themselves could not see. Pangs of obeisance filled those who were living with the prophets as they spoke to the infinite, hopeful their God would hear them, and forevermore separated, missing their mark. That's all sin is. Hoping, detaching away from the source. I imagine it all as one great effervescent ooze that fills up the pores of my skin and suffices to make me fill full. Tomnoddy that I am I am the governor of several principalities, several darker shades of night. Each of these shards can be nullified or invoked by saying their names, Din and Geburah.

Adonai Ha Aretz.

Passages of fire open up and burn their ways through to the future, were voices that echo off the walls speak in reverberations that cannot be made out but sound like the rest of the chaos that is out there waiting to reveal some form of information, and therein lies the challenge. To overcome with order in a sensible fashion, using the narrativium to produce sensible things. You can walk to the moon, you know.

The thoughts began to write themselves and exist independently of the author. The worlds and the words began to cohabit and produce balanced ecosystems of magic, changing the imagination piece by piece and reflecting truths that would be written about for times forevermore.

At times it all felt like drudge, though. It was a sparkling moment that would glean through, from time to time and that would bring forth a reminder of the long lost time that was forevermore being lost to the winds of time.

He put himself into trance, a light reverie that would allow him to balance all pre-cognitions into sensible things while he drew the Tarot cards. He drew for the central theme of his reading the Queen of Swords, who reveals the clear perception of an idea. Next was the card Adjustment. This card resolves itself into an equilibrium of all possibilities of sensation. Thirdly was the Princess of Swords, a card that represents both desire and the fixation of the volatile. It is the materialization of the idea. The fourth card was gain, working in the background. The hopes and obstacles was valour, the seven of wands. Finally the outcome was, at long last sought after and gained, the Lovers.

The true rote of the card reading indicated that there would be a gain in the realm in the Lovers, a card that always polarizes into equal balance all things. But in the realm of Malkuth there is the partnering of the magician and another. His fabled "beautiful assistant."

A rill ran her hair through the countryside and combed it free of any rocks and sludge, wielding pathways for the majestic creature the fishes. A rumor broke through the rustling of the brook and made itself known to those who still believed in perceiving patterns amidst the chaos of nature. It verily did not matter where a person got their inputs. Except that if one guaranteed good inputs one could just darn near guarantee a form of exceptional output and could create a dialogue amongst the universe and himself, the magician.

The beautiful assistant made her arrival timely and did not keep the magician waiting. There was a catalyst among the chrysalis of a creature. It nestled itself deep in the crooks and crannies and phylacteries could be found attached to the arms of those who sought to speak the truth. It was part of the guild's work and could be encountered in any part of the country.

Adumbrations of arguments get formed into sentient structures that exist within the Qabalah of the user and the piecemeal arguments are meant to point the way, rather than finish the conclusion for the reader, and the magician. It is meant as a directive rather than a manipulation and thus as an educational effort any temptation of evil will be avoided.

Harmlessness for all!

Raven's Magic

Raven was a master of disguises. He could disguise himself as a sound on the wind, or a slicker of light. He could change himself into the sun or a moment of terrifying fright. He could sing a song better than anyone else and had stories that were better than all other stories. Because he believes.

Faith took what it could, and turns it into rhymes. It turns it into rhythms and measures. Faith builds mountains out of logic and lets logic do the same in turn.

It's at this point that you might think that it's because of this all the other animals hate raven, that his tricks always fool. This is not so. You might think that raven is powerful and cannot be beaten. This too is wrong. You may think that raven is a boaster. This too, would be wrong.

Raven believes as the merlin magics. This is true.

Raven believes, and so does, for faith is more than thinking. Faith is a thing untouched by anything, except perhaps one thing. So ravens stories and songs and his magic are about something other. This is why he can do things that no other being can do.

Elephant's Medicine

Elephant stood tall, raising one front leg while resting the other on a large rock, making it look very fearsome. “vvvVVVVvvvvVVVVVVrrrrrrRRRRRRrrrrrrmmmmMMMMMmmmmmm” He reverberated. filling all that a person can stand to experience with loud sound. It was so loud in fact, that walls broke and tension washed away that the others in company didn't even know they had surrounding them.

“WuuuuuuuuuuVVVVVVVVVmmmmmmMMMMMMM,”

“VVVVVmmmmmmmmmmmm.”

“RrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrreeeeeeevvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvmmMMMMM.”

“VvvvvvmmmmmMMMMmmmmmm.”

He went on like this for some time, until it seemed as though he had gained control over the Dreaming and was meshing memory and feeling into it, creating stories and riverbanks, as well as bringing the monsoons and ending the drought.

“Why did you stop doing magic?”

“I stopped because the you that I wished to show magic to ceased to be when I became able to ‘do’ magic. When I became magic, everything else did too...”

Magic affects belief outside of time.

I have been able to experience magic at every turn of every trope in life, whenever science has introduced to me in the form of lawnmower, truck, education lesson, or piece of machinery I have found magic to be the overwhelming wonder through which I perceive the world.

Jitters Radish

Radish patted his dog on the head, its black fur glistening with the remaining water drops of a cool swim in the lake left. She was a good dog, almost uncanny in how she seemed to be able to pick up on Radish’s moods.

Radish bit into the apple, the blue sky just barely tainted with white fluffy clouds overhead. The sun was shining bright.

Somewhere a metronome was going off and it was probably only just in his imagination however Radish was able to count out a beat that proved successful in establishing a rhythm for a simple tune he began to hum. It reminded him of the wind and of some caramel candies that his mother used to give him when he was a child.

The dog woofed, almost in time with Radish’s tune, but not quite. He spun it around a little bit, his vocal chords producing something that wouldn’t normally be heard unless it was quite silent. As such it was deep and full sounding. He was happy. Grooving. Thinking about food. And candy. The dog woofed again. She wagged her tail; her fur had dried off.

Radish thought about an old cleaning job he had a long time ago, about several of the people he had worked with, one whom he was sure was a red-haired angel of some sort or other. Her style was unusually cool, he had thought at the time of the work, with her wearing a home-fashioned pair of pants and a cool pair of boots that matched. They were just cleaning but the way she looked to him it was as if she was going to war. It was sexy.

He thought about the drug and what it had done to him. Tick-tick, went a stick he had picked up against a trunk in the woods.

A dream came so suddenly to him, as to reassure him that his inability to consume spirits was for

a very good reason. The dream was short lived yet nonetheless potent in its presence. It had a rhythm to it that was highly exacerbated over the rhythm that he was ticking out on the log.

Woof woof.

It ended suddenly and Radish remembered that he wasn't sure how the dog had come to be with him. Surely she had been given to him, but that didn't seem the whole of it. Radish had been looked for someone particular. His mother, perhaps. Or certainly a woman, he thought, or at least he decided he was certain about that fact. The man who had given him the dog had hardly seemed a man, but something far more radiant.

Tick-tock, blick-a-block. Tick-tick-ka-rick-a-tick.

Woof. Still not quite in time though the dog seemed to be having fun anyway, its tail wagging playfully. It sat down on a rock that was positioned in such a way as to cause the dog to shift. It made it look suddenly uncomfortable but it made no effort to change its position.

Blick-a-block.

The wind picked up for a few moments and the gust brought the sound of the city briefly. Radish clearly heard the phrase "she was frustrated but curious, and couldn't understand that he had the idea that her efforts were perceived by others- specifically he saw and was affected by what he saw in the others' reactions, unfortunately for them both."

It was as if a zipper of green butterflies had been pulled, leaving them to fly away to another dimension. One moment there and another back to normal. Enough to break his rhythm. Radish sighed quickly. He didn't know what to make of it. He had the feeling that he was being tricked, but trusted this voice as something insightful to his own predicament. Someone was looking for him or trying to reach him and he was either unable to unwilling to take notice.

Woof. On time this time. He hoped it wasn't that he was unwilling. Why would that be? he asked himself. He was willing to be found. So long as little tissue of what was needed to happen could happen. More butterflies.

They were imaginary Radish was positive. But they were where they were for a reason he insisted. And he'd beat himself if it was to just pass the time.

Radish looked at the dog, who needed a name. All dogs need a name. He'd once heard them called flutterbys, but he was pretty sure it was just a joke. Not a name, by any means.

Radish knew what to make of the oral dialogue he had heard just a moment before. It was *khmre*, a bit of something that happened every once in a while to reveal some truth to Radish. It didn't matter where he was at or who was talking could be talking about anything- if Radish heard the dialogue then it would be filtered into one message for him, very insightful. It had happened a lot before. Initially disconcerted he had grown used to it. Magic he eventually concluded.

He had a feeling that the dog understood him more than she ought to. Rick-a-tick. Too bad she didn't talk. If she did she might ask him questions, just the two of them one-on-one. That would be ideal, according to him. Or else it wouldn't and maybe they would talk about the blue sky and green butterflies. She would talk about spirits perhaps, and he was already in his mind going over all the cavalier negations he would put forth to dissuade her from trying to get him to drink. The dog already knew him anyway, so that was silly, she wouldn't ask him about who he was. He thought a lot. Either he had made the world to be far bigger than he could handle or it was in fact far bigger than he could handle; either way the fact that he was safe and detected a *khmre* or a rhythm to it gave him great peace.

Part Four : Songs

Time for Kone-Kay

There was once a young man,
who lived alone and ate and ran,
as well to do as any other person,
and who stayed away from a great perversion.

So too was there a monster of great size,
it terrified the people and they let out many cries,
There the monster ate and destroyed,
Wait, until you here the agents deployed

Against the great beast there was left no resource
unspent in trying to take it away from its evil source.
Men, machines, magic and might
were used in this urgent and vengeful fight.

The people eager to see its demise,
Others to have peace more than surmise.
The beast was happy to eat and eat
And crush as a foul ickorous beasts' meat

That it managed to gather about its swell
A frothing demon of some unknown hell.
Doing as it will laying across the lands
its long and threateningly everlasting hands.

Now remember our hero from before,
the one who did others out of lore,
kept to himself and who stayed away
from the monster known as Kone-Kay.

Kone-Kay had to be defeated
all the people's resources had been depleted.
So our hero took up his accoutrements,
fought and fought aside all detriments

The Foe tried to waylay to him.
But alas this young man was slim,
fit, and firm, and could not be killed.
He even had the beast scared and hilled

For a while, they fought on and on.
Until at last the beast fell into a pond,
its dark and ungainly grasp

leaching into the country with its final gasps.

The hero lay at his side
watching the rise and fall of the tide,
Our hero vanquished at long last,
the beast that could not be outcast.

Our hero's victory made sublime,
but the name he bears and that is Time.

Worldwide Metamorphosized

Concepts are thought and thought again,
until they're comprehended.
They get more and more intricate and complex next
Until they reach some other purpose.
Which is usually something tangible that makes sense.
Thankfully.

Maybe one of the things thought about was a river,
or maybe one of those things thought about was happiness
that second would be a good thing to think about.
When things are thought about then its easy to see that
that's all thinking does it just keeps on going and going.

Lot. There's a thought, let's call him a person, a person named Lot
may not have much to his name
if he didn't another person might wonder why
but that'd only be if he was listening to a story about Lot
rather than knew him.

Knowing a person is different than thinking about a person,
knowing a person means you know his story, and that's thinking about him.
When you just think about a person that's it that's all that's too him, he's
got to do somethings for you to do more thinking about him. What a pause.

Look at this word. Several of them on the page together said in a certain way
create a song. What a wonderfully and miraculous thing. The music exists
somewhere deep inside Lot. There's a thought, maybe it only exists within him and
that's why he has that name.

Can wondering tell a story? Sure it can. What a beautiful thing.
Once there was a person said that when beauty was the thing

that stunned a person immobile when they were trying to do another thing,
and that it was coming back that made it anything else.

What a wonderful thing that would be.

Lot and his beautiful frozen moments patrol the hills waiting to give you a
marble or a marvel, whichever you think you'd rather have. Either way to me
they're a reminder of you so I just think I'll let you decide. What else is there for me to say??

Can wondering tell a story? Certainly prey on the predators is not the
way that it is supposed to happen but this is a song about marvels.
It's good for every person to write a song and it helps to keep the marvels docked up.

I'll tell you my secret, it's surely yours to share.
When I start writing a song I just start writing about whatever I hear or listen to.
Whatever inspires or stimulates me.

Then after a while I start to re-write what I'm talking about,
reflect, refract, or refrain the text on the page. Can't seem as to be any other way to
me. But there for this book hides a message and it's simply this, peace is permanently
available, and permanent peace is something that is chosen, nothing else.

There's Lot's single Most Secret, and there's a person with an idea for a thought.

Dream

When it touches

You can feel it feels you.
Its silence pervades you

When they are touched by it
They can feel you as it feels you
Today and tomorrow,
Tonight as you sleep.

Work long and work hard,
Hear a suggestion from time to time.
Know your death, and know your time.
Pay your dues and hone your skills.

Create something. Maybe it's only partially yours.
When you create something it is you. It brings you into focus,
And *khmer*, rhythm, moves and then does the rest, too.

Gather, gather, gather. When it's all gathered it goes
Into a chrestomathy.

At the edge it is only a particle left, until nothing.
Seven times seven lives, lived circled and died.
Four times ten people have ye touched and known their blood.
They know you and make you as their own.

So work long, and work hard.
Know the feeling as its feelings are you
Gather, gather, gather.
Peace, peace, peace.

Moving Statues

Wisely Than moved, shifting the weight of his burden onto the other shoulder, leaving some of the extra clothing accessories dangling off his person. He and his love were finishing up the festival by being slow-moving statues the classic and sure fire way of ensuring their safety upon their departure.

Along and long
Here is a song
We move we move
A long time of the day

You shan't see us move
For we move slow and take long
So that it's sung right
So that it's sung right.

We sing about everything
Quickly
So we can sing about everything
This lets us be done right by
All others whose are mere passerby.

We move our earth and we move our people, our families we move so peacefully.
We do it because we believe peacefully,
That harm shan't come to us all.
Because that is the way of the great All,
That is.

For many thousand times have we sung this song
To many different beats and steps so that All may witness us as a little.

We move we move
Along and long
So that it is done a'right
So that it is done a'right.

It has been done a'right.
Because we sang it a'right.

We sang we sang
We sang it All right.

Psychedelic Shanty

Well now there's the tale
That does what it does
In every sort of hail
It runs and it falls
Runs and it falls

Each day is brought another thing
And each moment is brought an impossible thing.
The beasts stir in the deep
And rearrange themselves.

What sort of power stirs in the wake?
What sort of beast has passed,
That left such a mark?
Is there a thing brought on, in the world of them
Is there such a small thing,
That drives the other things?

We can tell that we're safe,
We can see that we can strafe,
Move and duck, it runs and it falls
Runs and it falls.

It gets back up, stands up straight.
How could we think, 'twouldn't be great?

Several powers pass
To those whose work
Is deemed satisfying

Enough to hold the keep

And several years pass
In Peace as the Good
Hold all in order, and
All the land is well.

Dragons watch over
The believers in S. Clause,
& many many others
Watch over the same believers.

Several days have passed,
And work is surely harsh.
The pay is enough and the people
Are great, enough to forgive things harsh.

Love is felt again,
And faith of fire is restored.
Books of binding and books of magic
Restore simple winding
That brings back to all, their life.

A Yellow Gate Opens Five Times

A yellow gate opens five times,
leading us down a road.
Footsteps stepping across the stones of
a passing river, one that won't be there long.

The second is a story making its way
down to a stone where people buy
games and tickets and rides that they
can't find anywhere but here.

Almost as though they were all
traveling the same path going to the
same place, wondering about all the things they
saw along the way.

Until they come to a bar where no one
else is around and Stop!
We all look around to make sure we're not alone,

and that the other people are still around us.

For to travel a road alone is a scary thing
and to see a shadow even if it's a tree
sends shivers down the spine until we fall
asleep, or wake up.

Because we love them, we don't always see
what is in front of us or know what we
see isn't how it is but that's okay too
because these people need us the way we are.

So maybe they can go away later and come
back someday to help us see things the
way we need to see them. In the meantime
it's just yelling and passing the time.

And there was a song that my mother used to
sing to me when I was young that is still
playing somewhere in the back of my mind.
Maybe it's one of those doors back in the beginning.

And there's a lot of different songs you hear in life,
all of them telling you can do this, you can do that,
all the while not being what you think and that
makes you think later its the devil acting up inside you.

But it's not and whatever happens in life you
always go back to the places that you once knew, that are
the way they used to be, all until you've gotten
everything out of them that you need.
The mean guys and the bad guys
make it seem like it won't ever end,
or ever have anything to do with
anything but what we owe one another.

Little do they know there's more to it
and more than them that know that
one thing is as another in the long journey
that only has one thing at the end.

And waiting and working do get to be a
tiring to one's soul, and it dies more times than
you can count but that's okay because that's
what it is there for.

Time passes like a walking stick
where one of us asks the other for it and
gives it away without a thought, somewhere
a magician is yelling where all his wands went.

Other times you stop at a waterfall and
your mouth drops open in appreciation or
awe you can't make up your mind because the
other understands that is what it's there for.

One man sees a man eating and asks
for a bite, he says okay and gives the rest away.
Some people yell and some people wonder
but we all know this is what we do.

Our family we grow up with and play
games with, then we grow up and play
games we shouldn't with, until we find that
too's a game and it's just to keep an

Eye on something we don't want to let go of
quite yet, which is okay because in this
place we don't have to. We can just do
what we need to do and it all works out.

At times we seem bigger than anything,
other times we see it isn't big it's just us going away,
so we can come back again with something in some
way just a little bit different.

Accidents do happen though, and it only takes
the smallest of things to send us off and running
to the ends of the earth hoping we can fix it
When we may not have to, but we do it anyway.
And it isn't until you sit down and
write it all out that you think maybe that friend
back in school wasn't crazy or wrong when he would
look at you and smile and tell you it was all his doing.

And you smile back and you cry and you laugh
and it's okay because it understands that too.

History rewrites itself around you until it doesn't
need to and everything is either you or that other

if she trained you well. Sometimes things have to
be out-of-sight for awhile.

Just remember that the things in your head
stay there, but can affect what you do to things around you,
and it's not a question of science or magic or
philosophy or arguing or being sick or healthy.

It's just dieing, something we all do and got
to do. But a boy and his dog can seem like
a bubble to a distant constellation, in a world that's
moving faster than a strong man lifts a brick

And the gears inside us make sure we aren't
ever in a place that we don't need to be in
for a period of time that is going to

Asleep we find out much about ourselves
we could never awake. Things change at a
more appropriate rate and everything we thinks
going on we see isn't.

Time goes slow and fast, over
and over again just enough to
remind us that we aren't in charge and have
No Idea what's going on.

Except that it's for the better. And
what seems hard and impossible at some times
seems easy at others, so maybe we
shouldn't try so hard.

And somewhere there's a kid hollering
at his mom about his lost dog that
maybe his sister took out and never
brought back. So he hollers and yells.

We all meet each other at different points
of our lives and the one we love may
in fact not be just one, but all
around us.

Do everything a spot of good.
But that doesn't make sense, and that's okay
too because when I'm thinking about something

you've already gone off to feed us
which is what you're supposed to do and
you do it wonderfully.

So who knows where I'll be or who I'll
be when you get this, the only thing
a person has to know is that love inside
us is only about us, no matter anything.

It's not where you're at or where it is but where you lay it.