

**The Phoenix Cycle
&
The BAJ Material**

Being a series of Initiatory
Dreams & Astral Workings
by Frater PVN

Here begins the entry in Frater OTx PTN--690/PVN's Magickal Record for SUNDAY, the 25th Day of MARCH, 1984 e.v., (JULIAN DAY N^o. 2,445,785.29) Moon being 23.30 Days old. [7:00pm]

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

Dreamt long & hard last night. I have been waiting around (mostly puttering) while SAM finished up what he was doing on the computer. I have purposely been refraining from going over much of my dreams, so that I would be able to recall them cleanly for this record.

I have just eaten another piece of chocolate pie & I can feel my blood coursing with the drugs (sugar, adrenalin, insulin, etc.) which provide my gateway back to the place of my dream workings. It is time to begin the process of re-member-ing & re-integration.

I am between the worlds. I am out of body, yet also I am both in my bed asleep & also sitting at my computer writing what I experience. I extend my many arms & link myself together, while (on another level) I step outside of myself so that my dream reality can become a separate independant existance with no knowledge of my other selves.

I am in a world of fog. I part the fog in the sign of the Enterer & step to solid earth. I know where I am. I have traveled this Path many times before. I am on a golden Path which winds its way thru emerald green grasslands. Ahead of me are twin serpents, arched over the road & bearing the seal of the Order. As I approach, they lower the seal to the road. The seal is etched into the surface of a vesica shaped mirror, about 2 meters high. I approach the mirror & breathe upon its surface. I wipe away the steam of my breath & the mirror is a clear blue-black, casting no reflection. I enter the mirror & forget all which has thus far transpired.

I am in the body of a teenage male. I am with my 93 year old uncle Henry (the Masonic Druid) & my cousin Sue, who is a few years younger than I. I am greatly attracted to Sue, but fear to act because of incest taboo (& because of her taste, for she is a smoker). I have a large tome entitled The Equinox of the Phoenix, which is the record of a series of IX^o & XI^o incestuous Workings which Crowley reified with his six year old niece. The book is a huge scrapbook with colored paper & collage talismans pasted to many pages. I can feel the charge dripping off many of the pages. It is difficult to focus on the book without going out of body. I do not comprehend the purpose of the Working or its sequence, although I am quite certain that the sequence is neither linear nor sequential. The book was acquired by me at a used bookshop for only a few dollars. In order to view the text (without falling into it), I send the book away to be photocopied. I reason that a copy of the text will retain linear information of the words & sigils, but without quite so many open gateways. My uncle agrees with me & assists me to pay for the xerices (\$151).

[In body I am sleeping next to O-Maku which explains the unreal quality of the sexual longing which I feel for my cousin during this dream sequence.]

When the xerices are delivered, I am ecstatic, my uncle is observing me in an inscrutable manner & my cousin feigns dis-interest, but is intrigued in spite of herself. The book contains a pantacle of the 4 elements which is a three-panel (2 sided) folder of various swatches of

brightly colored cloth. It is folded so that the two external sides are blank grey & the 4 elemental panels are enclosed therein. Photocollages & geometric pantacles are pasted on each elemental panel. The pantacle is arranged so that Fire, Earth, & Water are on 1 side of the sheet & Air is on the other side (with the 2 'external' patterns). As I look at it, I fall into it & it is transformed into a central square panel with 4 triangular wings (opened-up view various swatches of brightly colored cloth. It is folded so that the two external sides are blank grey & the 4 elemental panels are enclosed therein. Photocollages pattern formed by the diagonals of the Tablet). Between the Kerubic sigils & the Tablet of Union is a wheel composed of the Linea Spiritus Sancti from each of the 24 Elemental Watchtowers.

The 4 triangular wings move outward along spokes of energy which embody the symbols & energies of each of the 4 the Common signs. Each spoke contains the 3 sub-elemental tablets of each Watchtower as well as symbols atuned to each Common Sign. The core of each spoke is the appropriate **Lineus Deus Filique**.

Each triangular wing embodies one of the elemental quadruplicities of the Cardinal Constellations. The major sub-elemental tablet is likewise herein empowered. The outward edge of each triangle is composed of the appropriate **Lineus Deus Patris**.

The symbol folds in on itself & forms a sphere surmounted by a tiny cross of the elements. Radiating across the sphere are 3 great circles at mutual right angles, dividing the sphere into 8 equal segments, one for each of the 8 Hearths from the system delineated in Liber NOS.

I am back in my astral body looking at the folded piece of colored paper. Its energy is now gone. It ceases to glow. The charge is now within me.

I look thru the xerox of the book for more clues as to its use & purpose. I then become aware that the original was not returned with the xerox copy. I become very distraught for I know that most of the book's information is contained within the fabric of the book's charge rather than its linear text. My cousin Sue becomes interested & suggests we re-charge the xerox, but I am too distraught to take her offer seriously. My uncle chuckles to himself in lecherous fashion. He now looks very much like the photo of Crowley at Hastings.

I center myself & call forth the globe of the elements from my astral storehouse. I invoke the Godform of each of the 8 hearths in the sequence Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, Husband, Wife, Son, Daughter, & draw their mantle over me, each in turn -- with no banishings between. The cross of the elements detaches from the apex & the globe opens into the Watchtower/Zodiacal Wheel as above. I stand at center & invoke my Nativity.

I am at the moment of my birth. I am being held aloft, with umbilical cord still attaching me to my mother (whom I can see behind me). The rising sun in Taurus is behind my head like a nimbus, while the full moon in Scorpio is before me on the Western horizon. To my right hand is the Body of Nuit in the North arched over the Water Carrier, while The Heart of the lion emanates from my left hand in the South. A crystal sphere divides the microcosm of the delivery room from the macrocosm which has spawned me. The planets sing the music of the spheres as they announce my birth to they who watch. I look behind me to Orion & see the womb of my celestial birth & Sothis who did formulate the substance of my earthly father. I draw in my first breath & the scene dissolves in 83 waves of Celestial dew.

I am back in body with my uncle. He is dressed in priestly robes of golden thread. He holds a blue & gold Phoenix Wand in his right hand & a scarlet ankh in his left -- both extended in blessing over me. I am a babe of blue, hovering in the air on a shard of the akashic egg. I extend my arms in LUX and my uncle places the Phoenix Wand across my lap

& hangs the ankh on a chain about my neck. He offers me an open coffer of gold. As I accept his gift, our hands touch & our consciousnesses merge.

I am alone & naked. I wear no ornaments & carry no badges of office. I wear the body of an adult male. I am in a dark hall facing a large purple-black mirror which fills the South Wall. I touch the mirror with my forehead & I merge -- feeling my consciousness flow out across the surface of the mirror, then melting into its depths.

I am now back at the computer keyboard. The vision is (for now) in abeyance, although certainly not closed to me. I will write more later.

Love is the law, love under will.

Here ends the entry in the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for SUNDAY, the 25th Day of MARCH, 1984 e.v., [10:30pm] Being the 4th Day of THOTH, Year 4,753 (Sothic reckoning)

Here begins the entry in Frater OTz PTN--690/PVN's Magickal Record for TUESDAY, the 27th Day of MARCH, 1984 e.v., (JULIAN DAY N^o 2,445,786.77) Moon being 24.78 Days old. [6:30am]

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

More dreams last night (i.e. Sunday night, for I have not yet been to sleep on Monday night). At the moment, they are fragmentary, but I will see if I can recollect them. I center. I project to my last sleep. I create the appropriate linkages. It is done.

I know not who I am nor where I am. I am a caucasian male, about 40, with flowing grey hair & beard, and a paunch from protracted inactivity. I am naked & alone. I am in confrontation with powerful authority figures who challenges my right to exist. A spotlight of lurid yellow light (like that from a Sodium vapor lamp, only more inimical to my essence) is shining on me from above. All else is in darkness. There is a smell of char (like scorched chocolate) hanging in the air. There is an unseen gallery of watchers, who sit in expectant silence.

All of my weaknesses & unfinished projects are brought up as evidence against me. I acknowledge the facts, but refuse to give them import in the matter at hand. I step forward in an effort to get out of the glare of the spotlight. The light follows me. I am annoyed. I begin to walk away from the proceedings.

I am challenged by a guard whom I cannot see (I am still in the spotlight, while all else is in inky darkness). I extend my right hand out of the circle of light & demand my scepter.

Unseen hands begrudgingly place a Set-Wand into my grasp. The wand is made of a square rod of red wrought iron, twisted to form a spiral with a closed circular loop at its base. The head is stainless steel, machined with smooth curves like a fine surgical tool. The head is an abstract sculpture of a Set beast. The whole wand is about my height & quite heavy. I have no knowledge of having ever seen it before. I accept the wand & hold my left hand into the shadows.

I hear muffled cries of protest & indignation. Nothing is placed into my left hand. I raise the Set Wand high & tamp the circular butt onto the smooth cold floor. Sparks fly. Huge chunks of granite chip from the floor & scatter into the shadows. The smell of brimstone fills my nostrils. The shaft of the wand grows hot. Echos of wars long dead fill my ears, as old soldiers stir in their tombs. I raise the wand for a second time, but before I can summon the support for a second strike, a large gold ankh (which is iridescent blue in color) is hastily placed in my left hand.

Holding the ankh by its loop I point it at my challenger & summon the power to go. I step forward as the yellow spotlight blinks out, leaving me in total darkness, save the purple glow of my ankh.

I am in my Uncle Henry's basement den. I am seated crosslegged in the triangle of Art, staring into a concave mirror, elliptical in shape with one of the foci before each eye. A virtual image of my 2 retinas is projected outward onto the surface of the mirror, greatly enlarged. I am fascinated by watching the red blood cells stream before me like a caricature of a traffic jam. I look up at the smell of fresh flowers.

My cousin Sue is kneeling before me, placing a wreath of orchids in my hair. She is 13, & I am 15. We are both naked, save for the ornaments of our rank & office. I close my eyes & we kiss (in this reality, she has never taken up the tobacco habit, so I am free to kiss her without danger of deranging my alignments). She ends our prolonged kiss as she gently pushes me back to the floor & mounts my erect phallus.

As I lay on my back, I open my eyes & see our uncle Henry sitting in dragon asana within the circle of the Magus. His knees are scant inches behind my head. His lotus wand is planted before him like the rod of Jesse in full bloom, just brushing the crown of my skull. As I extend my arms, the 3 of us join 5 hands on his 13 banded lotus wand. My hands encircle the bands of Scorpio & Taurus, while Sue instinctively reaches for Leo & Aquarius. Uncle Henry holds the Wand lightly at the band of Arachnae between index & middle fingers of his left hand, while his right hand is extended just above the lotus in blessing over his incestuous charges.

Sue comes & as I drink her essence with the head of my phallus, I am projected from that place back to the halls of judgement.

I am no longer naked. I wear the multi-colored dream cloak of Joseph -- the gift from my Mother's lineage. I stand erect, holding the Phoenix Wand in my right hand & my red-gold ankh in my left. My cousin Sue stands naked in front of me (slightly to my left) with drawn sword in her right hand & the Set Wand in her left. Her body is covered with delicate ink drawings in scarlet & royal purple. My uncle Henry stands behind me (slightly to my right), clad in his white leather mason's apron. He bears a trowel & dividers in his left hand & the Lotus Wand in his right.

A double cube altar appears before us, but it is far too large. We walk to the altar & form an open arc around it. We reach upward to touch its top with the tips of our Wands. We grow to match the proportions of the altar. Across the altar sits a row of silent watchers, most seemingly of the race of Lam. Between us & the watchers stands they who would test our right to manifest our Will. They are the meanest sons-a-bitches in the valley, & they have no intention of sharing with newcomers.

An old woman steps forward. She is ugly as poverty & as deformed as morality. She exudes the odor of cheese, tobacco, & and a dried-up cunt. She traces a sign in the air & its afterimage flickers like the glow of lighting bugs which have been squished on a plate of excrement smeared glass.

The top of our altar is slightly concave. Sue hops up on the altar & pisses into the bowl of the altar. Uncle Henry traces the old woman's sigil (aversly) on the surface of Sue's elixir. The image of the sigil is like a green flame traced in a pool of blood. As I bend over for a closer look, the perfume of Sue's virginal kalas overcomes me & I swoon forward & fall through the Gateway.

[Here ends my dream recollections for last night. It is past dawn & is now time for me to get to bed so that I can continue my dreams. It is difficult to keep lust of result from impinging upon these dreams, so I will make no comments at the present time.]

Love is the law, love under will.

Here begins the entry in Frater OTz PTN--690/PVN's Magickal Record for WEDNESDAY, the 28th Day of MARCH, 1984 e.v., <JULIAN DAY N^o 2,445,788.13> Moon being 26.14 Days old. [3:05pm]

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

I still feel somewhat strained, but I am now able to continue this diary entry. Although the dream/vision overlaps itself in bizarre ways, little substantial detail has altered in the portions of the tale already recounted. I will begin this entry with a re-telling of the end of the last recorded sequence above, then launch into a continuation of the tale.

A double cube altar appears before us, but it is far too large. We walk to the altar & form an open arc around it. We reach upward to touch its top with the tips of our Wands. We grow to match the proportions of the altar. Across the altar sits a row of silent watchers, some seemingly of the race of Lam, others of the appearance of the Great Old Ones & the Elder Gods. Most are seen indistinctly & are (at this time) unrecognizable. Between us & the watchers stands they who would test our right to manifest our Will. They wear the masks of the meanest sons-a-bitches in the valley, & (as such) they have no intention of being benevolent towards our triune.

An old woman (or is it a man?) steps foward. S/He is ugly as poverty & as deformed as morality. S/He exudes the pungent odor of mouldy liquifying cheese, the bitter odor of stale ashtrays, the cloyingly sweet odor of gangrenous flesh, & and a the malignant astral odor of sexuality which has benn mis-used, abused, & abandoned. S/He traces a sign in the air & its afterimage flickers like the glow of lighting bugs which have been squished on a dirty pane of excrement smeared glass.

The top of our altar is slightly concave. Sue hops up on the altar & pisses into the bowl of the altar. Uncle Henry traces the old woman's sigil (aversly) on the surface of Sue's golden dew. Colors flash, shift & flash again. The image of the sigil traced in urine is like a green flame traced in a pool of blood. As I bend over for a closer look, the perfume of Sue's virginal kalas overcomes me & I swoon foward & fall through the Gateway.

I remember naught of anything before now. I know not who I am or where I am. I know that I am not from here. I know enough to observe without fretting about my 'lost' past. I know enough to bluff, rather than reveal my ignorance to those who are hostile to me. Paranoia is a useful tool when used in moderation.

I am walking down the street of a large city (from my vantage point of the scribe, I shall call it New York). A group of hell's angels are terrorizing a neighborhood, beating random persons with chains & taking all women into a large building (apartment house or factory, I am unsure which). I somehow know that the women will be raped, tortured, & defiled until they are dead. I hear the voice of my mother inside of me telling me to intervene to stop this blasphemy against godhood, but I know that my death will do little to alter the little 'play' which these folks have chosen to act out (& I have no desire to begin an incarnation in this enviornment!).

I walk to another neighborhood & enter a cocktail lounge. I order a blackberry brandy with flat coke over ice & sit in the corner playing with myself. At some point I notice that the bar is predominantly filled with young women & they are all staring at me. One woman stands up & begins to berate me for masturbating rather than making love with one of them. I begin to apologize, saying that I don't usually approach strangers for sex out of a fear of rejection. The woman blurts out that all of them are so horny that they wouldn't even mind being raped.

A hush falls over the room as my mental images of the previous street scene are superimposed over this reality like a mutually shared nightmare

which springs unbidden from the dark recesses of consciousness. Much nervous laughter & fearful glances as the women wait to see what I choose to do.

I stand up & walk toward them as I sing a song of my pilgrimage to I know not where. I thank them for their offer of sexual contact & I tell them how I wish to assist them, but that I must be cautious as the alignment of my quest demands that I abstain from sex with all smokers and that I never demand that which is not offered freely & with conscious acceptance of personal responsibility. This latest elicits a shocked gasp from the bar room crowd as most of them fade back into the woodwork & become as paintings upon the wall. One woman steps forward & kisses me with the sweet saliva of an initiate of the blue & gold. My consciousness fades.

I awaken in a very large suite of rooms in a huge mansion. I wander around from small office to large kitchen to 3 bedrooms, to a curious amphitheater-like room. It is a square room about 30 feet per side, with a 6' wide balcony around its perimeter. No doors exit off the balcony, which is strewn with cushions. A metal spiral staircase connects the main room with the balcony. A wide flight of steps connects this room to the common areas of the house. I feel like this is my house & that I am getting ready to open it up for a grand 'event' of some sort. My memory is still almost non-existent, but I sense that I am here as far more than simple observer.

The sweet mouthed woman from the bar comes in & we begin to make love in the center of the floor as the balcony & main room fills up with 'honored guests' who are dressed in togas & brightly colored cloaks.

When all the guests have arrived, we end our lovemaking (both of us are charged, neither of us has orgasmed). I go to the balcony. One side is devoid of people & cushions. It is cordoned off with gold rope. The wall is a projection screen of some sort & the pre-dawn eastern horizon is being 'shown' on the wall.

I somehow know that this 'place' is an overlay of a somewhat decadent Manhattan onto the Phoenix Festival at Heliopolis. Those around me are they who have come here by right of privilege. All are looking at the screen as dawn approaches.

Next to me is a huge fat man who is compelling one of the slavegirls to give him a blowjob. She begs him to turn slightly so that she can view the screen while she services him. He scoffs at her & sits facing the screen so that she will have to face directly away from the screen in order to service him.

I intervene gently & remind him that he (as an immortal) has seen this particular event so often that he has become jaded to its beauty, while the slave (being unaware of life beyond the here-&-now) has but one opportunity to see the Phoenix return to the fire of the Sun for regeneration/re-birth. He turns livid as he instructs me to mind my own business. He tells me that it is his Will to deprive this slave of all joy & all hope of advancement. He smirks at me in self-satisfaction as he forces the girl down on him so hard that she gags.

My composure is near the breaking point, but I act calmly rather than reacting blindly in wrath. I focus my attention on the girl & tell her that she can remain where she is, or can accept my protection & come with me. I get up & leave the balcony by a door hidden behind one of the tapestries. The girl follows me, while the fatman screams curses at us both. The girl walks silently beside me as we leave the house. I see from the outside that it is the same building that the hell's angel gang had been using in the earlier sequence of the vision. I smile to myself, for I now have some ideas how the gang can be routed & the whole pattern broken.

We go to a fire escape on the side of the building & begin to climb to the roof. About half way up we are challenged by a scruffy young boy with a stiletto. [I am now old, with flowing robes, hair, & beard (all grey), whereas a few moments ago I was in my early twenties.] I hold up my hand under the sharp blade & part my palm in the sign of blessing. I raise my hand. The youth must either sever the webbing between my fingers with his knife, or move his blade to receive my blessing. He puts away his knife, receives my blessing, & bids us pass. I ask him to join us, for the hour is late & the Phoenix is about to return. He tells me that he must miss the festival, for his leader has placed him here as a guard as punishment for questioning authority.

I offer him my protection if he accepts my invitation. The three of us go to the roof where a motly crew has assembled to watch the return of the Phoenix. The band is composed of bag ladies & pimps, hookers & cops, politicians & preachers, and gangs of discontented youth ranging from street punks to VISTA volunteers. A young biker accosts us & threatens the young guard with public castration if he does not get back to his post. I manifest both the Phoenix Wand & the Set Wand & tell the gangleader that both my companions have accepted my protection. He backs down without a quibble.

The Sun blots out the last star. All eyes are focused on the East. The young gangleader jumps up & is about to cast a smokebomb into the 'viewport' which transmits the image to the party of decadant Magi below, when I halt all time-flow. I inform the young man that if he upsets the 'show' for the Magi, they will be so agravated that they will cause their servants to hunt down & slay everyone in the city irregardless of alibi. The young gangleader stated that it was his Will to disrupt the convocation below, no matter what the cost & that I could not stop him.

I affirmed that it was not my Will to stop him, but that I would compell him to incarnate again & again in this nexus of Time/Space as each of those who would be tortured, maimed, or killed because of his actions. He thought about my words briefly, then cast the bomb into the viewport.

Immediatly there sprang from the netherworld a host of Demons who sprang upon all who were upon the roof. I flung my arms wide & cast a shell of protection around all save the gangleader. The chief demon saw my actions & asked if I were responsible for what had just transpired. I replied that I had warned the gangleader of consequences, but he had acted on his own.

I stated that my protection was on all present, save the gangleader. The demon picked up the gangleader in a sharply taloned hand & asked if there were any to contest his right to consume the morsel.

The young slavegirl replied that she would end the cycle now if she were but more awake. The demon & I both became interested at her words & bade her continue. She stated that she was tired of incarnating in the same nexus of Space/Time over & over again because of a rash judgement while in that life (pointing at the gangleader). She offered to trade places with the gangleader as an experiment to see if her conscious sacrifice would end the cycle.

The fat mage burst out on the roof & protested loudly, complaning that the "cheap little trollop" would "spoil everything". The demon began to chuckle loudly, for he was quite pleased that the little fat man was about to be unseated.

The demon asked me if my protection still extended to the girl. I replied that it did. The demon then put on a look of mock helplessness & told the fatman that he (the demon) could not consume the gangleader, for the girl had offered to take his place & that he could not possibly tamper with the girl so long as she was under my protection -- unless the fatman would offer to protect him (the demon) from my wrath.

rather than being flung into the testing arena with the 3 forms which I have been programmed to identify with. The demon sees me floating on my lotus blossom & begins to laugh once again. He shape-changes into a parody of me, then changes into a fat Bhudda statue made of wood (painted Chinese red) with a pinnocchio nose, perched precariously in a large spiderweb hammock.

I drift to the floor in front of him & return to my normal astral form (caucasian male human with long grey hair & beard, well-rounded body, but with hidden reserves of muscle, stamina, and agility). I greet the demon as "Long of Nose" & ask to have some words with him. He laughs very deeply from his hollow belly. The temple crumbles around us & we are seated on a grassy hillside overlooking the Path which leads to the 2 serpents who personify & guard the Order. On this level of reality, the Path is the yellow-brick road leading to the emerald city & the inner Order is guarded by the Wizzard of Oz. The demon has changed back to the form he wore when summoned to expunge the lives of those upon the roof in the previous dream sequence.

His body is built upon the legends of the minataur, but with many differences: a large bull head with archtypical bull horns; large saucer eyes, gleaming with pale green fire (balefire); all teeth are very pointy (they look like they have recently been filed; red (oxblood) hair over his entire head, body, arms & legs (scrotum, sheath, & palms are bare -- palms are yellow, scotum & sheath are blue/black); huge broad shoulders & arms (5-fingered taloned fingers); very slimwaist & delicate hindlegs (like a goat) ending in cloven hooves. The demon walks upright & sits in full lotus (he plays with his massive ever-erect black penis whenever he is daydreaming or musing philosophical). I know him well. We have long been friends, although (until this moment) I had no memory of ever having seen him before.

[Note: This paragraph was made at end of this entry to enhance clarity. The following portion of my record is a composit of waking vision, 'new' memories floating to the surface of my conscious mind, & traditional attributes from various books in my library. The process involved was both inspired & suprizingly organic (i.e., natural & free-flowing with no fits-&-starts -- it was as though my hand & eye were being guided to the correct page of each book as I sought clarification &/or coroboration). I was using both my resurgant memories & standard references to augment & refine the vision. Testing/refining of the vision was continuous. No attempt was made to undermine or disprove the vision. Rather, the tools of discrimination were used to fine-tune the information I was receiving so that I could receive the maximum of useful information with the minimum of noise (pre-judgements, biases from historic sources, wandering focus of concentration, etc.)

When first I met him, he held the office of a god of generation (in the dual form of Divine Yoni & Phallus) to the Moabites. The Hebrews re-named him & he undertook the part-time task of overseeing the Qlipthoth of Tiphareth for them in exchange for Gabalistic instruction. In his spare time, he wandered the earth masquerading as a human (both male & female, depending on his varying moods) in order to learn more about the human race (& thereby himself) thru experiencing all possible sexual intimacies (which is quite a task, considering his shape-changing abilities!).

For a while, he became a disciple of Gotamma, the Bhudda & renounced all attachments to the flesh. He received further illumination thru an understanding of the Gabalistic formula of ARARITA while studying at Castile during the Moslem Renaissance & thereby awoke to a state of Godhood. At another time, he became an English gentleman in order to learn the value of personal honor and integrity. Although he remains quite partial to his roots as a simple god of fertility & procreation (hence his outward form & pastimes), his present name is a tribute to his diversified nature.

Belphegor Ararita Jones is a Moabite God of Prolificy, Fecundity, & Herculean sexual prowess; Prince of nether Hell & part-time Regent on the Throne of Qlipthothic Tiphareth; Divine disciple of Gotamma, the Bhuddha;

rather than being flung into the testing arena with the 3 forms which I have been programmed to identify with. The demon sees me floating on my lotus-blossom & begins to laugh once again. He shape-changes into a parody of me, then changes into a fat Bhudda statue made of wood (painted Chinese red) with a pinnocchio nose, perched precariously in a large spiderweb hammock.

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His body is built upon the legends of the minataur, but with many differences: a large bull head with archtypical bull horns; large saucer eyes, gleaming with pale green fire (balefire); all teeth are very pointy (they look like they have recently been filed; red (oxblood) hair over his entire head, body, arms & legs (scrotum, sheath, & palms are bare -- palms are yellow, scotum & sheath are blue/black); huge broad shoulders & arms (5-fingered taloned fingers); very slim waist & delicate hindlegs (like a goat) ending in cloven hooves. The demon walks upright & sits in full lotus (he plays with his massive ever-erect black penis whenever he is daydreaming or musing philosophical). I know him well. We have long been friends, although (until this moment) I had no memory of ever having seen him before.

[Note: This paragraph was made at end of this entry to enhance clarity. The following portion of my record is a composit of waking vision, 'new' memories floating to the surface of my conscious mind, & traditional attributes from various books in my library. The process involved was both inspired & surprizingly organic (i.e., natural & free-flowing with no fits-&-starts -- it was as though my hand & eye were being guided to the correct page of each book as I sought clarification &/or coroboration). I was using both my resurgant memories & standard references to augment & refine the vision. Testing/refining of the vision was continuous. No attempt was made to undermine or disprove the vision. Rather, the tools of discrimination were used to fine-tune the information I was receiving so that I could receive the maximum of useful information with the minimum of noise (pre-judgements, biases from historic sources, wandering focus of concentration, etc.)

When first I met him, he held the office of a god of generation (in the dual form of Divine Yoni & Phallus) to the Moabites. The Hebrews re-named him & he undertook the part-time task of overseeing the Gliphoth of Tiphareth for them in exchange for Qabalistic instruction. In his spare time, he wandered the earth masquerading as a human (both male & female, depending on his varying moods) in order to learn more about the human race (& thereby himself) thru experiencing all possible sexual intimacies (which is quite a task, considering his shape-changing abilities!).

For a while, he became a disciple of Gotamma, the Bhudda & renounced all attachments to the flesh. He received further illumination thru an understanding of the Qabalistic formula of **ARARITA** while studying at Castile during the Moslem Renaissance & thereby awoke to a state of Godhood. At another time, he became an English gentleman in order to learn the value of personal honor and integrity. Although he remains quite partial to his roots as a simple god of fertility & procreation (hence his outward form & pastimes), his present name is a tribute to his diversified nature.

Belphégor Ararita Jones is a Moabite God of Prolificy, Fecundity, & Herculean sexual prowess; Prince of nether Hell & part-time Regent on the Throne of Gliphothic Tiphareth; Divine disciple of Gotamma, the Bhudda;

Master of Divine Ecstasy & Sexual intoxication; and (above all) -- a Gentleman. Traditionally, BAJ is difficult to summon for (being a God in his own right), he is beyond desire &/or lust of result. But BAJ has been known to appear to various conjurers who are agreeable to him. It is well known that BAJ distributes riches with great generosity to his friends & loyal followers. His gifts include the power of discovery & ingenious invention.

Being a Bhuddist, BAJ does not accept sacrifice entailing the loss of life, be it human, animal, or plant -- preferring instead the essence of human excrement, used condoms, and psychotropic vomit over all other gifts. The sacrificial offering of 'waste', excrement, & useless items causes no disruption or deviation in the cycles of life & death. Such offerings are also pleasing to BAJ because it requires much force of conviction on the part of the devotee to take such offerings seriously without appearing totally ridiculous in the process.

BAJ has full access to all the sewers & septic tanks on the planet, so no altars or other religious apparati are needed by his devotees. Traditionally inclined devotees may pay homage to BAJ by sitting on a 'pierced chair'. The ordinary modern toilet bowl was invented and propagated by members of various cults working thru BAJ's inspirations. Likewise, the Chair of Peter (which is currently used by the Church of Rome to check-out whether the newly elected Pope is a man, a woman, or a eunich) is a remnant of the Holy See's ancient connection with BAJ.

'Intentionality while flushing' is considered (by most devotees) sufficient to gain BAJ's attention, while certain sects insist that the excrement must first be sacramentally anointed/consecrated thru arcane sexual practices and certain astral invocations in order to make the necessary material substances available to BAJ, so that he can create certain 'children' to work with his devotees on long range projects.

But, I digress. The point I am making is that Belphegor Ararita Jones & I go back a long way together. We are, above all, friends. This time around, I am working my Will as a human, while BAJ is both God & Demon. I feel that I have found an old friend and ally who has acquired an unexpected amount of 'leverage' due to my present reality. A formal practice of Liber Astarte does not (at this time) feel appropriate, but I will certainly work to keep him entertained by spreading news of his cult & instructing interested persons in its inner mysteries, while remaining conscious of the various 'offerings' which I plop down his altar daily.

Love is the law, love under will.

Here ends the entry in the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for FRIDAY, the 30th Day of MARCH, 1984 e.v., [10:15pm]
Being the 9th Day of THOTH, Year 4,753 (Sothic reckoning)
finis.

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Here begins the entry in Frater OTz PTN--690/PVN's Magickal Record for SATURDAY, the 31th Day of MARCH, 1984 e.v., <JULIAN DAY N^o 2,445,791.32>
Moon being 29.33 Days old. [8:45pm]

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

Much work with BAJ over the past 24 hours. I now have little interest in resurrecting the dream mentioned in my last entry, for it deals with a different reality framework than the one which I am now exploring. The 'hall of testing' & the persona who worked with me there were intriguing, so long as the illusion of their reality could be maintained. I may oneday continue my explorations of that reality construct, but (for now) I spend my time exploring memories & mapping realities with BAJ. But first, I should analyse those who took part in my little shadow-play, so that I can better see what transpired.

Uncle Henry & Sue were both based on real relatives, but need to be examined on a more archtypical level to unravel the puzzle. Uncle Henry is Vav-He, or the union of 5 & 6 to yield 11, the number of AUD, the Magickal Light. Sue is Shin-Vav-He, or Uncle Henry + the Element of Spirit. 311 is the number of Raphael, Tzaphqial (archangel of Binah), and Aerial (Angel of the 9 of Cups). It is also the number of AISH, (Man). The character which I identified with most was the young lad whose only name for himself was 'me'. Mem-He = 45, or ADM, the primal man composed of the breath of life (Aleph) upon the sea of blood (DM). Together we form the triumvirate of 11+45+311, or 367, AISHVN (the black eye pupil, which is equivalent to the homonucleus). The relationship of 367 to 93 is 274, DRKIM (Paths)--hence the pilgrimige nature of our interactions. The relationship of 367 to 418 is 309, leper, angel of 2nd dec. of Taurus, to Roar, and SHDH (land). 418 is the RHK aspect of the 93 Current. The roaring Bull & the decadant (leperous) elements were all present in the last dream sequence. The relationship of 367 to 511 (the balanced aspect of Thelema) is 216, ADRIA (the name of my first internal contact). (I knew Adria was present by virtue of the exquisite quality of the sexual union with my cousin Sue!) All the other meanings of 216 become secondary, although Caurage, Oracle, Profound, the Middle Gate, & the blood of Grapes all seem to fit into this particular dream sequence.

Now on to BAJ. BAJ is Beth-Aleph-Yod or 13. 13 is Unity, Beloved (flame), Raised-up, & He shall come. As 13, BAJ is the Unity referred to in the a-ka-dua (see below for more details). He is the beloved of all who seek ecstasy via sexual union, & he is the demon who has been raised-up. He shall come is IBA. BAJ is a congruent formula related to the the Magician, the Fool, & the Hermit.

Belphegor is Beth-Lamed-Peh-Gimmel-Ayian-Resh, or 385. This orthography of Belphegor is not traditional, but then neither is anything else about this Deific Demon. 385 is Assiah, the World of Matter & SHKINH, the divine Spirit co-habiting flesh with the Material. Both are most appropriate!

Ararita is 813, a sign, symbol, proof, or miracle. It is notariqon of AChD RASH AChDVThV RASH IICHVDVThV ThMVRThV AChD (One is his beginning, One is his individuality, His Permutation is One). All this adds to 3943. At first glance, such a high order unity may seem a bit out of place with the formula of Belphegor Ararita Jones, whose sheer diversity seems somewhat antithetical to this type of unity (e.g., ARARITA & the a-ka-dua). The trick (I am told) lies in the resolution of opposites without losing each individual aspect. Much like making a good soup, or preparing any viable Eucharist.

Jones (being English) is enumerated via modern Pythagorean mathematics to yield $1+6+5+5+1=18=9$. 9 is the number of sacrifice, generosity, tolerance, idealism, & altruism.

$385+813+9=1207=127$, Material & the Angel of the 5 of Pentacles. The relationship of 127 to 93 is 34, AL AB, God of Jupiter. The relationship of 127 to 418 is 69, myrtle (sacred to Jupiter). The relationship of 127 to 511 is SHALH, a question or inquiry (pertaining to BAJ's inquisitive nature).

$385+3943+9=4337=17$, the Masculine Unity of Aleph-Vav-Yod (compare to BAJ=13, the scale of the Highest Feminine Unity). The relationship of 17 to 93 is 284, which is the amicable number to 220 (i.e., Liber AL vel Legis). 284 is also ORGEH, the bed of a garden (i.e., the final repository of the excrement offered by his devotees). The relationship of 17 to 418 is 319, which is 11×29 , or the general number of magick multiplied by the magick force itself. The relationship of 17 to 511 is 226, TzPVN, North or hidden. It may be worthy of note that this is also a contracted synthesis of my 2 predominant Magickal names -- OTz PTN + PVN. P & N overlap. O & T have been dropped. OT=470, eternity, cycle of cycles, Time. To unify the name OT+TzPVN yields 696, one of the numbers attributed to IPSOS. $696=2^3 \times 3 \times 29$, or the Eight Hearths multiplied by the 3 dualities multiplied by the magick force itself.

Enough of this gemutria! I am buried in a sea of numbers which (altho fraught with meaning) fail to convey the emotional impact of my re-acquaintance with Belphegor Ararita Jones.

Last night I had a lovely picnic with BAJ on the emerald green grassy knoll overlooking the Path to the fountainhead of the Order (quite a busy highway it is these days!). As we talked and got re-acquainted, I undertook the godform of Shakti to his Shiva, so that I could elicit information from BAJ without my perspective obscuring the (aparantly) external perspective of BAJ.

I was intending to attempt to relay our dialog in this record, but it does not feel right to attempt that task at this time. I am tired & I have run out of steam in writing the last 2 pages. We shall see what tomorrow brings.

Love is the law, love under will.

Here ends the entry in the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for SATURDAY, the 31st Day of MARCH, 1984 e.v., [10:05pm]

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Here begins the entry in Frater OTz PTN--690/PVN's Magickal Record for SUNDAY, the 01st Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., (JULIAN DAY N^o 2,445,792.49) Moon being 0.96 Days old. [11:45pm]

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

My contact with BAJ has proven to be far more intimate & exciting than I had dreamed possible. This afternoon I awoke slightly depressed, so I took a nice long soak in the tub to relax me while I went over my problems.

A good deal of the stress I feel these days is related to money, so I spent a considerable portion of my tub time doing a cost analysis of my needs & scheming where that money will be coming from. As I concretized each aspect of my fiscal plan, I sought ratification of my plan from BAJ, who gave me his assent thru a pleasant grumbling noise which emanated from my deepest gut (like the sound of distant thunder, but coming from within). In my plans, I stated that I would accept a purchase price of \$120,000 on my apartment house, then quickly modified it to \$125,000. I further stated that I would be willing to hold a second mortgage in the amount of \$25,000 at 12% -- interest only for 5 years.

Then I allocated the cash from that sale & saw that I was far short of what my plans need to bring them to fruition. I then affirmed that I was prepared to allocate & oversee a much larger sum. I envisioned winning the Grand Prize whose winner will be announced on the tonight show. The prize is \$100,000 per year for 20 years. When I had everything settled to my satisfaction, I got out of the tub.

Within half an hour I received a call from Bernie (my real estate broker) telling me that she had just received a purchase offer for \$120,000 on my apartment building, in which the prospective buyer wants me to hold a second mortgage in the amount of \$26,000 at 10% for 7 years. I was somewhat flabbergasted at the speed at which my conversation with BAJ had begun to reify, but managed to keep my cool enough so that I found out that it was perfectly acceptable for me to make a counter offer. Note that my initial statement to BAJ asked for 120, which was then modified to 125. All is working out exactly as has been my 'dream'. I eagerly await notification that I have won my big contest!

I note in passing a bit of wisdom from Frater SAM: If you state an intention clearly to the Universe, it is an affirmation; re-state it and it becomes a repetative mantra; state it a third time (with conviction) & it is an invocation.

Now that I am able to perceive my shit as an offering which is both holy & useful to BAJ, I have begun to alter my diet. The changes have been dramatic, yet spontaneous. They are aligned with good health, but (before today) had not appealed to me because my taste buds were not well aligned with such foods. I feel better already & my shit has already begun to become more fluffy & pleasing to both sight & smell. We shall see if my natural inclinations are beginning to shift/mutate in a particular direction, or if I am experiencing a broadening of my dietary pleasures.

Love is the law, love under will.

Here ends the entry in the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for MONDAY, the 02th Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., [1:15am]
Being the 11th Day of THOTH, Year 4,753 (Sothic reckoning)

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Here begins the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for TUESDAY, the 03th Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., (JULIAN DAY N° 2,445,793.61)
Moon being 2.09 Days old. [2:30am]

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

Still keeping up the high fiberex diet (with oj), but have gone back to usual meat as well. I sure feel better, even though today has been high-stress.

This morning I was working in semi-sleep with BAJ to increase the strength of my link. After in-vivo anointing of my turds with VIII^o elixir, I began to use ARARITA as a mantra as I drifted in-&-out of sleep. Very intense images which were so strong & realistic that my excitement nearly woke me up too much to continue on several occasions. First I saw an eyeball looking at me. Then the eye was centered in an ornately decorated equilateral triangle (like Augra's Eye in the symbol of the Great Eclipse). Then the eye turned into a spider, which crawled towards me. As it was about to touch my own eye, it became stationary in a delicate web. The spider then became a reflection of my own eye in a black mirror with fine hairline patterns resembling a web.

Other dream fragments were equally vivid, but the hecticness of the day was not conducive to writing this entry earlier, so many of them are lost.

My work with BAJ seems to be gradually working itself into a form which resembles the latter stages of an Astarte practice. I am seeing BAJ's hand in all the neat & groovy things that make life really fine. He is responsible for everything from the pleasure of a good shit to the evolution of psychedelic mushrooms to the joys of smelling fresh-plowed earth. He is a bountiful provider. He is my friend, yet he is also my God. He is as expansive as Jupiter, yet his kingdom seems congruent with that of Saturn & Uranus. "My color is black to the blind, but the blue & gold are seen of the seeing." The sun's brilliance by day makes the stars appear to be invisible. Yet if we view the night sky from the perspective of the sun, the whole sky becomes black. From any perspective below Tiphareth, the upper Sephiroth are surely distorted. It is only from the perspective of Nuit that the older (black) gods can regain their true colors. Kephra to Ra is my favorite station, even as the region bounded by Jupiter, Daath, & Uranus is my favorite playground. Speaking of which... I am getting a bit punchy. It is time for me to go to bed.

Love is the law, love under will.

Here ends the entry in the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for TUESDAY, the 03rd Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., [4:30pm]
Being the 12th Day of THOTH, Year 4,753 (Sothic reckoning)

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Here begins the entry in Frater OTz PTN--690/PVN's Magickal Record for THURSDAY, the 5th Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., <JULIAN DAY N° 2,445,795.97> Moon being 4.45 Days old. [11:15am]

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

I told O-Maku about BAJ. The mythology is right up her ally. She has even worked-out a talisman which is now hanging over the toilet bowl. I still feel his presence strongly, especially now that I am very groggy from lack of sleep. I feel that my contact with him has assisted me in getting my star cruiser out of mothballs & re-commissioned. SAM left a sigil on the altar which feels like a strong but subservient portion of BAJ. I must ask him about it.

Love is the law, love under will.

Here ends the entry in the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for THURSDAY, the 05th Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., [12:15pm] being the 15th Day of THOTH, Year 4,753 (Sothic reckoning) finis.

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Here begins the entry in Frater OTz PTN--690/PVN's Magickal Record for FRIDAY, the 13th Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., <JULIAN DAY N° 2,445,803.63> Moon being 12.11 Days old. [3:15am]

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

Life is becoming decidedly interesting. A checking account which (by mundane rules of accounting) ought to show a very small balance persists in showing a balance of nearly \$2,000. We await an official bank statement before paying up a bunch of bills. The probability matrix is influencable by BAJ, therefore it is quite possible that we indeed do have an extra \$2,000 to play with this month.

[Note made on 21 Apr: Bank statement arrived on 15 April showing a misc. transfer of \$1800 to our account. Life sure is intriguing when the microcosm & the macrocosm are in harmonious communion!]

Anne has adopted BAJ with glee. I am seeing evidence of his cult wherever I look. It is fascinating how quickly external reality formulates itself in accord with Will.

Fiberex is wonderful for my shit. I have never had such light, fluffy, healthy-looking turds in all my life. I can see it now. An unsolicited endorsement for Fiberex as "the official dietary supplement of the priestcraft of Belphegor" done up on fancy scrollwork. Who knows? -- We may get a clergy discount!

Love is the law, love under will.

Here ends the entry in the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for FRIDAY, the 13th Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., [4:00am] Being the 22nd Day of THOTH, Year 4,753 (Sothic reckoning) finis.

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Here begins the entry in Frater OTz PTN--690/PVN's Magickal Record for SUNDAY, the 22nd Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., <JULIAN DAY N° 2,445,813.12> Moon being 21.60 Days old. [2:53pm]

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

Interesting night of dreams. No concrete rememberances, yet I feel inspired to write. The rest of this entry shall be the beginnings of a practical text on the rituals of -- BAJ and as such, shall be edited & massaged repeatedly before ending this entry.

Rites of BAJ

Part I

The Cult of BAJ is most unlike any other cult in the modern world. Most cults are based upon worship of a supreme being, ideal or cause. Members of the Cult of BAJ do not worship BAJ, nor do they encourage others to do so. The word religion is based on the latin root from which we derive the words regulation & regular. Inspiration is (for the most part) beyond the grasp of those who follow anything religiously. However, religious observation can (& is) used by certain shrewd teachers to lull the minds of certain dense students in order to 'trick' them into gaining access to a genuinely mystical/inspirational state, which may be otherwise inaccessible to them because their preconceived notions lead them to believe that such states are only acceptable to the 'pious', 'holy', or 'reverent'. Self-aware & self-actualized humans need no such trickery to allow them to work harmoniously with their inherent mystical & inspirational natures. There are no regulations imposed on members of the Cult of BAJ & the rites of this cult are far from regular.

In Western Magick (as well as religion, politics, economics & culture) there is a strong emphasis on banishing (exile, imprisonment, ex-communication, etc.) that which is considered to be disharmonious with the specific goals of a group. Such banishings lead to the creation & concentration of a class of energies, substances, &/or persons, which are considered to be dangerous, harmful, poisonous, evil, etc. (e.g., white sugar, red meat, & chocolate to a 'natural' food advocate, promiscuity to a prude, monogamist, or a 'religious' person, divine intoxication to an atheist, Hispanic neighborhoods (particularly after dark) to Middle & Upper Class white people, etc.). Even casual contact with any of these substances (or those who extol their virtues) is considered extremely hazardous to spiritual &/or physical well-being.

Over time, the concentration of unbalanced 'essence' within the ostracized group becomes so great that its imbalance begins to have a deleterious effect upon even those with no pre-judgements against the energies or the substances which have been banished. The collective Maya (illusion) of 'objective' reality can only be ignored by those whose lives are a living testament to the Path of the individual -- i.e., self-direction and self-actualization used as tools to reify subjective realities harmoniously within the fabric of the collective objective reality. Those who break the taboos of any powerful cult without a clear understanding of the forces at work often find themselves cursed, diseased, & ex-communicated from the world at large.

Native people who have lived at the foot of 'sacred' radioactive mountains for millenia are suddenly dying from 'radiation poisoning' & 'radium toxicity'. More & more 'chemicals' are being found to be 'carcinogenic'. 'Promiscuity' is 'known' to 'cause' uterine 'cancers' in women. 'AIDS' is rampant among those who use 'dangerous drugs' for recreational purposes, who are 'promiscuous', &/or who engage in 'unclean' sexual practices such as ass fucking. AIDS can also be communicated to those who knowingly or unknowingly have contact with any taboo individual (e.g., customers of prostitutes & those who receive blood transfusions). Violent crime is on the rise in big cities and even those who have no fear, loathing, or distain of particular classes of social outcasts are counted among its victims.

Members of the Cult of BAJ have observed that most cult(ure)s, (religions, societies, etc.) seem expend much effort in creating external 'demons', which they then take perverse delight in refining & empowering (thru the use of taboo, social stricture, customary observance, & exorcism) until the 'demons' become self-aware &/or powerful enough to destroy the cult(ure) which spawned them, and then linger on to poison

all those who who stumble upon them accidentally until they become re-absorbed/integrated back into the balanced cycle of creation. As a consequence of the race's refinement of the tools of technology, we presently have the power to create demons which can obliterate most life on our planet and which will linger on many millenia after we have departed from this environment (e.g., radioactive & chemical waste dumps, the germ theory of disease, the inevitability &/or desirability of death & taxes, etc.).

In an effort to ameliorate the difficulties which are propagated thru the indiscriminate over-use of banishment, one of the basic philosophies of the Cult of BAJ is that of assimilation, which can also be expressed as Polymorphous Pan-perversity (PPP) (the formula of sexual fusion with the entire Universe in all of its myriad autonomous aspects), or simply as an extension of the formula of at-one-ment preached (but rarely understood) by many of the the followers of Jesus, Bhudda, & Zarathustra. Rather than isolating dis-harmonious elements & then banishing them from our immediate environment, we seek to recycle, ingest, be eaten by, sexually impregnate, become parasitized by, live symbiotically with, &/or otherwise integrate dis-harmonious elements/energies/entities with our immediate &/or long-term goals. As our 'allies' become more powerful &/or self-aware thru repeated contact with us, they continue to work with us to reify the Great Work in a harmonious manner rather than (seemingly) thwarting our every move &/or testing our right to continued existence. Thru on-going use of the magickal tool of assimilation, disease becomes partnership & toxin becomes medicine. That which our culture calls cancer is un-directed mutation of those who feel victimized by that which has been banished from conscious awareness. On-going self-directed mutation is a major key to immortality & self-actualized evolution.

The use of assimilation is particularly useful in turning feared, loathesome, depraved, forbidden, or otherwise taboo power objects into powerful allies in the Great Work. Such assimilations are not without danger because of the accumulated imbalanced charge which the 'banishing cults' are continuously imbuing these taboo power objects. The collective maya is a powerful force which needs to be integrated & assimilated rather than disregarded or destroyed (i.e., banished). If objective reality were to be banished completely (an audacious act, but not beyond the reach of most adepts -- particularly thru the long-term repeated assistance of prodigious quantities of powerful (taboo) psychotropic drugs), the resulting chaos would most likely render the subjective reality of the magickian unstable to the point of dissolution &/or uselessness. [The realms of madness & chaos can help make for a fun vacation from 'reality' &/or provide lots of very instructional initiations to those whose Will is aligned with such tools, but I personally prefer to emerge most of my consciousness within linear Time so that I can play with the creative interplay of my creative energies upon the fabric of collective maya ('objective reality').

It is up to each cult member to integrate the practical application of assimilation into his/her life in whatever way(s) are in accord with his/her own True Will. Any guidelines &/or texts on this topic tend to be viewed as 'heretical' by those whose religiosity has blinded them to the formula of assimilation. Useful guidelines are quite powerful (i.e., dangerous -- especially if followed religiously, rather than inspirationally). Use of assimilative techniques without intuitive understanding of their mechanism & purpose can lead to unpredictable (& often disastrous) consequences as the formula of assimilation is a conscious process directed by the Will of the magickian. Subjective reality needs to be created & reified in detail, or its 'side-effects' can undermine its intended purpose. To paraphrase one of our myriad holy books "All words are sacred & all prophets true, save only in part" -- i.e., are of limited use to any particular person in any given set of circumstances. Such wisdom applies as much to this text as it does to Hustler Magazine, Heavy Metal, the Journal of the A.M.A., Holistic Health Bulletin, or the minutes of the John Birch Society. Integrate as much as possible, but don't o.d. on more than you can handle or get trapped into any one tunnel reality.

Taboo breakers who suddenly find themselves 'over their heads' or who 'get cold feet' are cautioned against panic, and especially against seeking the advice of those who extoll the virtues of a contradictory reality framework. Such people tend to re-enforce the 'dangerous' aspects of your experiments & will delight in delineating the ways in which your experimental 'lifestyle' has done 'irreparable damage' to your body (mind, soul, &/or society -- depending on the particular taboo energies/substances/entities which you have chosen to align yourself with). 'Doctors' (of 'physical', 'mental', or 'meta-physical' variety -- either 'holistic' or the A.M.A. variety of 'drug-&-cut' exorcism of demons) are particularly dangerous to those who seek to integrate taboo ideas into their physical reality, for a doctor's dogmatic pronouncements (called 'diagnoses') bear the religious weight of generations of their religious priestcraft. In other (more 'primitive') cultures, such diagnoses are called curses, when spoken with the authority of one who is a member of a recognized priestcraft. Promiscuous gay drug users who are feeling dis-eased with themselves are asking to be diagnosed as AIDS 'victims' if they speak openly about their lifestyle to doctors or dis-approving &/or paranoid friends/family before the results of diagnostic testing have been fully evaluated.

The Cult of BAJ recognizes the autonomous diversity of nature, in which no interactions are forbidden or bear any moral 'weight' in-&-of themselves. Substances/energies/entities can only be deemed useful or not-useful in relation to other substances/energies/entities at a particular locus of Space/Time/Alternity. No thing and no action can be viewed as 'good' (useful) or 'evil' (counter-productive) without appealing to an ever-shifting set of specific external & internal referants. That which acts to stifle or corrupt in one set of circumstances may be just the catalyst to trigger an initiation (permanant trans-dimensional leap in consciousness) in another set of circumstances. Heroin, tobacco, sugar, ass-fucking, masturbation, meditation, feasting, fasting, Sufism, Communism, Prostitution, abortion, capital punishment, marriage, celibacy, promiscuity, and religion are each valid tools of the Great Work in-&-of themselves & in combination with other tools of the Great Work -- under certain specific circumstances. It is up to each practitioner to determine which tools are suitable for which circumstances. The myriad practices utilized by the Cult of BAJ can catalyze wondrous initiations/transformations, if & only if they are adjusted (tampered-with/transformed/turned-around) by each adept of the Cult to suit the particular circumstances at hand. Neither this author nor the Cult of BAJ can accept any responsibility for anyone who performs any practice in this (or any other) book. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law; Love is the law, love under will.

Magickal ritual is a very traditional tool for experimenting with the fabric of reality. The magickian formulates a temple (a specific self-encompassing locus of Space-Time designed for the specific task at hand) and manipulates certain specific symbolic tools (magickal weapons) to assist him/her to induce change (either within him/her-self, or within the world-at-large) thru the interplay of subjective reality with the collective maya of objective reality. Without objective reality to 'play-against', all is chaos & there can be no 'results' for there are no external referants by which to measure change. The 'structure' of the temple provides the appropriate symbolism for the external referant of objective reality, without the need to involve the whole universe in one's magickal experiments (I do wish that generals, economists & religious leaders would learn to formulate more localized temples for their magickal games).

Traditionally, the temple is a symbolic representation of some sort of idealized representation of the Universe. The ancients had 4 (or 3 or 5 or 8, depending on cultural bias) elements which summed-up the entire universe. Up until quite recently, Western Science (the priestcraft of the most powerful maya (collective reality (illusion))) insisted that there were 93 'natural' elements (later expanded to 103 with the addition of the post-nuclear 'un-natural' elements), with over a hundred sub-elemental particles.

This system is far too complex for most folks to manipulate on the symbolic level, so the quantum physicists (a rival band of renegade scientists) changed the rules of the game & declared that all matter (& energy) is composed of 3 quarks (which always appear in groups of 3) and which come in 3 colors & 3 flavors & which have both positive & negative time-spins (i.e., they travel both forwards & backwards in time) -- not much improvement, but every little bit helps. The concepts of time-spin & the interchangeability of matter-&-energy (Einstein's famous $E=Mc^2$) are very useful to many magickians.

The temple layout, magickal weapons, & rituals described below are suggestive of what can be done with the formula of assimilation. The details of the layout &/or the working are a composite of many reality frameworks. Let each modify according to his/her own needs &/or inclinations. Those with no background in traditional magick are referred to the Rituals of the Golden Dawn (edited & collected by Israel Regardie) to check-out the philosophical & practical differences between the magickal formulae of **Banishment/Subjugation** (used by most traditional cults) & **Assimilation/- Symbiosis** (used by the Cult of BAJ).

Most temples are laid-out according to a pre-conceived plan with the cardinal aspects of the temple aligned with the compass points (the grand cross of N-S, E-W). In this particular temple, the compass points are utilized, but they are purely subjective.

Without regard to the 'real' compass points, sit in the particular room (basement, cave, forest glade, or open field) which is to be used as a temple & decide on the compass direction. The directions you decide upon need not be fixed in time, for you may feel differently about the temple space at different times of the day, different seasons of the year, for different types of ritual, or during different personal moods. The compass points need not be 90° apart & need not be in the sequence of N,E,S,W. Have reasons for your decisions & be able to defend your choices based upon those things which you feel to be important (i.e., a fireplace in the South, water pipes running up the West wall, useful placement of closets, doorways, non-movable shelves, a street lamp outside the window by the altar which you need to see most clearly, etc.). If you can't remember why you chose particular directions, either hang-loose & do whatever comes natural, or re-work the compass points until they become an integral part of your subjective reality. Whichever technique you use depends on your basic worldview (anarchistic or orderly). Once you become proficient at either method, it can be interesting to switch to the other mode -- both techniques are useful for constructing viable temples.

In a traditional temple, each compass direction is assigned a particular set of exclusive attributions (Fire in the South, Water in the West, etc.). All else is banished from each quarter. Such is not my way of doing things. To me, each of the 4 quarters needs to be potentized with a complex interplay of the 4 traditional elements. To some, my arrangement may seem to be a parody or a mockery of a traditional temple. In some ways the parody is intentional, but its purpose is potent, puissant, & efficacious to the work at hand, which is designed to induce assimilation thru heightened contrast of seeming contradictions.

In the South is the altar of fire. Upon the altar are several complex manifestations of fire in passive &/or dynamic harmony with other elements. Electrical apparati (Jacob's ladder, electric arc torch, neon sign, van de graaf generator) are particularly useful in this age of electric marvels. I tend to use a benz-o-matic torch for active fire & a Coleman lantern for quiescent fire. The wand (phallus) is a traditional weapon of this quarter. long cylindrical fluorescent lamps powered from large stationary electrostatic generators are ideal weapons of fire, for they are impressive, portable (no wires), and safe to handle during altered states of consciousness. Upon this altar are drugs related to fire, either by virtue of their action (i.e., alcohol), their mode of use (injection or snorting), or both (speed, Yohimbine hydrochloride). In the South is an electrical outlet to which is connected a length of zip-cord

which has been split into 2 insulated wires. The wires circumscribe the temple & meet in the North where they power an electric fan.

In the West is the altar of Water. Upon the altar are several complex manifestations of water in passive &/or dynamic harmony with other elements. For an active weapon of water I use a garden sprayer with a pump which compresses air to propel a stream of water. The passive element of water is my skrying mirror. Aquariums (particularly salt water) are also nice, especially if they contain complex balanced eco-systems. The traditional weapon of water is the cup or grail symbolizing the female vagina. Hypodermic syringes are an analagous (although somewhat cynical) tool. Soft, seductive, and liquid drugs are atuned with this station. Opiated hash dissolved in sweet blackberry brandy is ideal.

In the North is the altar of Air. Upon the altar are several complex manifestations of air in passive &/or dynamic harmony with other elements. A powerful squirrel-cage furnace blower (powered by the divided electric wire from the South) is my active weapon of air. Negative ion generators & cylinders of compressed nitrous oxide are each very useful as both weapons of air & drugs of the quarter. Swords are traditional weapons of this quarter, so I sometimes employ a gasoline powered chainsaw or an electric drill as an element of this quarter. Writing impliments are also attributed to this quarter. If no powerful electrostatic devices are in use, a computer-driven word processor is ideally suited to this quarter, particularly if linked to other active temples via phone lines. Drugs should be gaseous (or at least volatile) & very 'spacey' in nature. Nitrous oxide, amyl nitrite, & di-ethyl ether are all excellent choices, but care should be taken with flammable drugs like ether unless it is one's will to dis-incarnate in a flash.

In the East is the altar of Earth. Upon the altar are several complex manifestations of earth in passive &/or dynamic harmony with other elements. Wealth, property, and concrete sigilization is appropriate to this quarter. Precious gems or metals, buckets of coins/paper money, and phoney stock certificates are all appropriate to symbolize the collective maya of objective wealth. Plants growing from rich fertile earth, urns filled with decaying shit, fermenting wine, and rotting corpses are all appropriate in this quarter. Coin operated movie projectors which show porno flicks on the West wall are ideal. An automated slide projector can flash sigils on the wall during the ritual. Drugs should be dense, solid, &/or orally stimulating. Chocolate Mousse, roast beef & bowls of fruit are all useful drugs of this quarter. To experiment with interesting contrasts (particularly if you have a tendency towards viewing 'natural' or 'organic' foods as somehow superior to 'synthetic' 'junk-foods' or 'chemical' additives), use a bowl of organically grown natural fruits served with a side-dish of Hostess Twinkies, or high grade granola from an exclusive health food store spinkled with BHT & sweetened with saccharine as the sacramental drug of this quarter.

Following a large feast with peyote buttons or magic mushrooms to experiment with the transitory & reversable nature of all things can be highly illuminating, but it should be remembered that barfing on fellow magickians is usually considered to be in poor taste, particularly if they are short-tempered & the North altar contains a chainsaw. However, barfing on oneself is a good ritual to dispell the illusion of propriety & demonstrate the ridiculousness of the universe, particularly if you are working the ritual with someone whom you are working very hard to impress favorably (e.g., the head of a Magickal Order or someone whom you sexually desire). If both of you can still laugh at the ritual the next day (after the drug has worn off, but before the mess has been cleaned-up), you probably don't need to be reading this book.

For complex rituals & High feast days, invisible altars can be set-up at the Spacemarks (the divisions between the quarters) to mark the ancient & revered feasts of Mayday, mid-Summer's eve, Halloween, & Groundhog's day. Consult the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, Stephen King, or the court transcriptions of the Holy Inquisition for traditional attributions of these feasts -- the more brutal & depraved, the better. Overlay these

symbols with modern Wiccan & goody-goody neo-pagan symbolism. Knowing what you do of human nature & the past history of the race, decide which attributions are most likely correct. Shift perspectives (using one or more drugs from any/all of the 4 main altars) & reify alternative realities. Integrate realities & re-furbish the invisible altars accordingly.

The floor of the temple can be painted with a representation of an entirely different system of attributions, based on 3 or 5 divisions rather than 4 or 8. Shift consciousness back-&-forth between systems as appropriate during the ritual.

Furnish the temple with a bed & work sexually with someone whom you consider unclean, beneath your station, or who makes you feel very uncomfortable or insecure in some way (e.g., bring someone whom you have been afraid to expose yourself to magically into your temple & involve him/her in overt magickal ritual). Be sure to continue the operation until you are able to see & experience the God(dess) thru that other person & s/he thru you.

Work with a particular sexual formula which either you or your partner (but not both of you) consider to be unclean, dangerous, or revolting in some way, or explore some aspect of sexual pleasure which one or both of you are afraid will be too pleasurable or intoxicating. Continue to work until both of you are able to experience Godhead via the chosen formula. Choose another formula &/or another partner & repeat the process. Become proficient at exposing/exploring your own fantasies & taboos as well as being adept at exploring those of your partner(s).

Work to assimilate & neutralize a particular dis-ease of your partner. Once this is accomplished, 'infect' him/her with the cure thru your sexual fluids. When you are successful, spread the cure to others. Gradually work your way up to more virulent dis-eases. Be cautious not to overestimate your magickal prowess, or you may be forced into long-term magickal VIII^o retirement to work on curing yourself of some 'incurable' disease like AIDS, herpes, suicidal depression or cancer.

Love is the law, love under will.

Here ends the entry in the Magickal Record of Frater OTz PTN-690/PVN for MONDAY, the 23rd Day of APRIL, 1984 e.v., [4:30am]
Being the 2nd Day of PHAOPHI, Year 4,753 (Sothic reckoning)

finis.