

## THE ALCHEMY OF CHTHONOS AND YCHRONOS

Chthonos is the comet of ever-changing elements that shift from light to solid to bright light again and this is the interplay of Matter and Energy. Chthonos hurtles amidst his twin, Ychronos who plays upon the Lyre of Time.

It is he with his scie who breaks the Circle of Chthonos into the Spiral of the Elder which curls in, then uncurls then spirals in again; Cycles of Creation.

Chthonos is that point of no-difference when the Sands of Illusion which shift from one of his palms to the other, back and forth, become one thing.

This is as the producing of Glass from Sand and Fire.

Chthonos, god of primal stone, holds aloft this interplay of Light-through-Glass amidst the Heavens.

In this he nourishes and supports the workings of Ychronos, for Ychronos plays the sacred music to which the changeless Dancers, Matter & Energy, dance to.

They spin and leap upon the back of Chthonos and this is the secret; the still-point between the Dancers is the note from which Ychronos was created and this was made of the Mud of Chthonos, as was all else.

But there is no difference between the twins, for without Ychronos, the Mud would not be.

The Alchemy of this interplay is sealed within the silence of the Temple of Maat, She whose speach is the still-point, Mistress of Time and Space, being Antimatter and beyond Time.

Hail to the Play at the Edge of Existance.

-Aio-n, 131  
7/15/78

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Some mention of MAAT.

SWORD AND FEATHER

The Sword is held  
By the Hawk of the East  
A sign of his sovereignty  
Over the Pylons of the Dawn.

The Hand that holds  
And the haft that is held  
Is the Silent One sleeping  
In an ocean of blue.

The blade is cleaving  
The cutting claw  
Piercing the Veil  
All is cleared before the scyth  
Let no one clutch and paw at life.

The companion to that  
Is the Feather Black  
Scales to feather  
Reflection in water...

--AIO-N / 131  
Circle of Mat 10/28/78



VISION OF THE TEMPLE OF EARTH

BAPHOMITR

sits upon a throne of obsidian  
bearded, eyes aglow - crimson  
a star shines between his upraised horns  
his hooves are crossed, batwings of shadow raised behind him  
right hand reaching upward in blessing  
left hand lowered to the ground  
the palace is square with no walls or roof  
here there is no connection between one thing and another  
the floor of the palace is a checkerboard of jade  
at each corner there is a white marble lotus-pillar

BAPHOMITR

sits upon a throne of obsidian  
in the center.

-AIO-N / 131 ; 5/1/78

INVOCATION OF THE BLACK FLAME SHAKTI-WHO-IS-NOT

BY 131...5/31/78

MAAT; shadow Shakti of Tahuti.  
 He who is I; Asar-un-Nefer,  
 Hadit-Sun; Dark One  
 Balencing with pole, a Tree at each end.  
 Shadow! ; engulf and shimmer as a Feather.  
 Within a sphere of crystal,  
 SHE pulls a cloak of purple across the Shadow.  
 Time is displaced.  
 All that is not Centered  
 Is consumed.  
 Amidst the Body of Maat  
 I see the Holy Star,  
 Revealed in majesty beyond purple;  
 Point and existance into NONE.  
 Striding unto me,  
 A flaming form of Golden Horus.  
 Arms thrust forward  
 All into an Arrow, shot  
 Into the Center of the Star.  
 That-which-is when Shakti-is-not  
 Black Flame who was Dragon in Amenta.  
 Obsidion Pillar; Balence,  
 When there is naught-to-Balence.

REHTI-MERTI-NEBTI-MAATI \*

By that Mouth which Utters and that mouth  
 which recieves I seal the vision.

I P S O S





"BEAUTY AND strength, leaping laughter and delicious  
tongues, face and fire are of us." - AL.II.20.

LIBER BENNU (B-NU)

I am the star that burns bright  
in the darkness, when all else is gone.  
I am the Flaming Dancer  
the snake of green and purple  
with eyes alight.  
I am this serpents Egg  
and the kiss of his tongue upon the sky.  
This light of my lover clasped to me  
blinds my eyes to Gods and men.  
There is no god where I am,  
for I am a god  
and there is no difference  
and I declare unto you;  
that the Game is for the Playing  
and the Beauty of the Art.  
All pain and trials  
are as nothing to Laughter,  
Joy is water, it moves as the TAO.  
The steps of the Dance shall be learnt by ALL  
and ALL shall come to pass.  
Where crawling began,  
there ends the Dance  
and know ~~that~~ there is that  
which goes BEYOND  
but only that which is NOT  
may pass beyond the Kiss of Nu.  
I am never seen,  
there is no Mask able to contain me.  
Laughter is my evocation  
this, sweet drugs and wine.  
Always unto Nuit.  
To banish me feel Guilt and Fear,  
for where these demons are, I am NOT.  
Let there be an end to the grey restrictions!  
Take my Light from the Hidden Shrine  
and cast it into the world!  
Exceed ! Exceed ! And always unto Nuit.

( The Seed of Light has whispered to the Fool  
from the midst of a wind.)

Aio-n ; 131 - 8/15/78- in the sphere of Had.

AION / 131