



**THE FORBIDDEN ERMINE**  
OF  
**THE GRIMORIUM VERUM**  
THE NINETY-NINE GARDENS OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE

BY  
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# Dedication



**LILITH ARACHNE ASTAROTH**  
*The World Weaver of The Astral PlanE*  
*The Great Mother of Life & Death*  
*Night Goddess of Dark Faeries*  
*The Lady of Lies & Truth*  
*Queen of Spiders*



**The Great God PAN**  
*The Devil*  
XV  
**Demonlord of The Infernal Hierarchy**

**The Demon Lady SITRI of The Goetia**  
*Subtlest of The Screech Owls*  
*Princess of The Succubi*  
*Duchess of HELL*

&

Ψ

## *The Black Lodge 99*

&

To Some Witches & Wizards & Assassins Most Feared

THE  
**MATA HARI**

THE  
**MAFIA**

AND

THE  
**MARQUIS DE SADE**





*Dama con l'ermellino*  
**The Lady with an Ermine**  
(1489–1490)  
by  
**Leonardo da Vinci**

This masterpiece currently hangs in  
**Muzeum Czartoryskich**  
Wawel Castle, Kraków



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? *The Brown Mark of The Bottom-Feeder's Cheek* is a curse enacted upon the soul of each being who attempts to plagiarize this grimoire. This *Brown Mark* is permanent ~ Forever. And smelly. The Nazi/Aryan race has a bad habit of bottom-feeding. We are all familiar with their attempts to pass off famous non-aryan artists or scientists as Aryans (e.g. Einstein, Newton, Wagner, etc.). Thus, have I cast this curse upon their collective soul. This curse represents the implication of Aryan people attempting to fraudulently pass off the work of other artists as their own ~ *or in any way interfering with Artists and The Arts*. The implication being an invisible brown question mark beside the signature of every Aryan "artist" (?) on every piece of Aryan art ever again created. The meaning's mark remains beyond 1001 years. Forever.

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### A LUNAR GIFT TO THE FORBIDDEN GODDESS

Before *My Lady* BABYLON, I lay this sacred fur. A royal white ermine with 99 black tri-headed soft-tailed clubs, for her pleasure and her collection of unique jewels. Over the garment's surfaces and through its folds open 99 curiously-glistening purple interdimensional eyes of various size & species.

When the eyes are closed, they are completely undetectable ~ some people get a little surprise when the bubbling interdimensional eyes pop open all over the cloak. When the eyes are opened, the wearer of the garment has complete 360° visibility, and cannot be approached undetected. This unique and fantastically powerful *Robe of Eyes* endows the wearer with vision over the full spectrum from infra-red to ultra-violet, in addition to planar vision into *The Ethereal Plane* and other immediately adjacent planes convergent upon the spatio-temporal location. These eyes also grant the power to see through every enchantment and illusion, and to discern allies from enemies. In addition, the wearer may gaze upon any human (etc.), and if she concentrates, she will know whom that person will marry. The garment's eyes let the wearer see the secrets of forbidden pleasure in any soul.

This fur is enchanted to act as a royally-powerful *backbiter* curse upon any destructive attack performed against it. For example, if stabbed in an eye, even the most powerful magickal sword, stabs the sword wielder's own eye, whilst the eye in the robe merely continues look on, innocently, unaffected. This inadvertently means that the robe functions more effectively than even the best armour, over the parts of the body covered.

The ermine adjusts itself, as if alive, to a fit that is perfectly suited to the comfort and mood expressions of its wearer ~ thus, it is the among most comfortable garments ever created. Every associated feature is perfectly soft to her in every way. It provides a perfect micro-environment. It responds to her every command as an expression of her will, for she owns this item of forbidden luxury, *in body and soul*. In the whole of *The World of Human Imagination*, no other ermine has been as richly endowed with dreams as the animal whom I did slay and rebirth to create this magickal garment. And by that act, the dream of this ermine is enriched ~ an animal long a resident of a cold rectangled dwelling is given new life as a new expression of beauty and wonder and fantastic forbidden pleasure. Thus, a new composition of dreams to compliment *The Lady in Ermine*. DaVinci's painting now contains additional layers of meaning, which will add to both its value and its mystique. The keeper is always personally known to both LILITH & *The Duchess* SYACHI. And through the centuries to come, ermine sorcerers will speculate upon the meanings and mysteries of this arcane art. Let this painting be presented as a gift to *The Babylonian Gallery of Ancient and Modern Art*.

*The Forbidden Ermine* is a powerful artefact which has been made into *The Infernal Key* governing The SINful Ways of Forbidden Pleasure for 1001 years. Though this dimension will it forever exist, but at the end of 1001 years PAN's *Goetia* will ride The Equinox Reformations to engineer a new dimension of meaning through humanity's relationship with Forbidden Pleasure. At that time, *The Ermine Rite of Forbidden Pleasure* and its rich treasure of dark and terrible dreams will transit to become a reality facet of *The Dark Elfin Psyche* ~ and the other humanoids will use this grimoire to perform *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider*. This has been the meaning of *The Forbidden Ermine*, from the beginning. *The Forbidden Ermine* cannot be damaged or destroyed ~ any more than humanity's tendency toward SIN can be destroyed. It exists in *The World of Human Imagination*. It was created of three threads in *The Loom of The Fates*, and its destiny stretches as far as *The Dark Elves' Futures*.

The fur is fastened by a spider clasp set with a mystic red blood-ruby mounted in a spider's potent poisoned pin. The jewel is finely fashioned of *Babylonian Black Adamantine*<sup>1</sup>. The ruby jewel in its abdomen will crystalize as a giant purple-white *Nocturnian Star-Sapphire* in 1001 years ~ and with this transformation, *The Dark Elfin Princess* SYTIRIANNA will become the mystic owner of the garment (with this grimoire), forevermore. The fangs of the amulet are two purple black diamond chips. If *The Forbidden Ermine* is worn by anybody other than its fated mystic owner and her demons, the adamantine spider clasp comes to life, and burrows into the flesh of the wearer until it reaches the heart, where it releases a terrible spiritual poison that affects the soul, in addition to the body ~ this is an *Astral Death Scarab*.

The demonesses ASTAROTH and SYRACHI (and her Grand Vizier, for obvious bureaucratic reasons) may command the scarab to come to life and serve as a spy or assassin or messenger. Alternatively, the wearer may clasp the jewel and cause it to extend a stiletto blade whose black alchemical metal "weeps" deadly spider venom. When used to stab a living being, the blade drinks the victim's blood, turning the ruby deep red. This weapon is often used to slay men with whom she mates. It comes to her hand easily in bed. But spiders rarely eat their mates ~ she is a practical whore.

The ermine robe can expand itself from the size of a full cloak of monarchy to as small as a band upon a crown ~ and it can even become the cover of any bed onto which it is thrown, a terror of forbidden pleasure is this. Its natural form (to which it will return when not worn) is that of a long rectangular black & white shoulder wrap with "the" ermine stoat's head, four claws at the four corners, and the stoat's iconic tail is tipped in soft silver fur, instead of the traditional black tip, thus to represents the rite's relationship with The Forbidden Moon. *The Forbidden Ermine* is also endowed with the ability to become *The Ermine Veil of Life and Death*, by passing through which The Human metamorphoses into *The Dark Faerie*. *The Human-featured Duchess* SYTIRIA (who, as LILITH,) assumes "*The Seven-fold Ermine Veil*", and by sacred dance, she enters The Underworld, undergoes transformation, and is reborn as *The Dark Elfin Princess* SYTIRIANNA. This is a Black Mass to LILITH. *The Antichrist* is female.

By these words, I have now ceremonially dedicated this terrible infernal heirloom of forbidden magicks to *The Lady* LILITH of *The 99 Lodge* ~ a terrible garment of black magick, most evil, most beautiful. A treasure without equal for a Lady without equal.

Ideal New Season Fashion for a Witch Queen at The Lunatics' Spring Ball.



<sup>1</sup> *Babylonian Black Adamantine* is an alloy which will be invented in BABYLON, and its formula kept as a valuable secret ~ that this alloy be available nowhere else in all of the worlds. The Dream Rights are given to The Realm of *The Astrum Persarum*, and cannot validly be sold or transited to any other owner. The Secrets of This Metal Alloy are Techno-Cultural Heritage kept by *The Craft Guilds of BABYLON*.

*The Black Babylonian Adamantine* is a new alloy that will be invented soon after the founding of *The Astrum Persarum* ~ and the secrets of creation are carefully guarded by *The Craft Guilds of BABYLON*, who has the full and militant support of the temple and the government. This means that BABYLON holds a monopoly on this secret metal. It is used for jewellery, and the traditional weapons of BABYLON, and for small extremely-expensive precision machinery.

As humanity colonizes the solar system, and spreads out to form an intergalactic empire, *The Black Babylonian Adamantine* jewels and weapons will remain among the most valuable treasures in hoards everywhere ~ for in the whole universe, they are created only in *The Astrum Persarum*. Thus, this alchemical metal represents a considerable economic opportunity.

*The Astrum Persarum* and *The Free Kingdom of AVALON* and *The Hellenic Realms of ATLANTIS* collude to restrict the market on alchemical metals to the treasure metal whose secrets they create and control ~ thus a mutual interest society with vast economic gains to be created from a small collection of deep rich dream metals rather than the large variety of shallow worthless dream metals. Let our treasure troves be beautiful.

## WHOSE TURN ON TOP?

Is a policeman or policewoman allowed to engage in coital intercourse with the targets of an undercover operation, in order to achieve deep penetration?

Sex with other police officers, in order to “keep up appearances” or otherwise achieve deep penetration, undercover?

The standard answer modelled on television police ‘programs’ is “no, but they can tease”.

But I ask ~ “why not?”

-o0o-

If a policeman or policewoman is willing to go the extra-step for the job ~ why not?

Dedication to duty is laudable and ought be rewarded.

This will mean absolutely knocking over the baddies ~ onto their backs with handcuffs and a giant slippery erection.

You might find that crime rates drop merely because so many of them begin to *want* to get caught?

And it will dramatically raise the media status of cops ~ unlike anything else could.

Cops have always been secretly sexy, and long has existed and been documented, a peeler’s peeling forbidden tradition of S&M.

Sex is a military grade weapon, far more powerful than bombs ~ and, with sex as their weapon, The Peelers will be invincible and they will ascend to a new social role of respect.

The cops will become superstars.

The centre of new refreshing edifications of attention, wherever they go. And increased attraction means everything from increased public willingness to give information and increased quality and quantity of recruitment yields at the police academy.

Of course, this will result in a power shift in the gender balance.

Thus, let us begin the story of LILITH with this little story of powershift.

LILITH is the prettiest human who has ever lived ~ for she is every forbidden charm of every forbidden women of every forbidden naughty in human history.

And the first thing LILITH likes to teach her new men is that LILITH likes to be on top.

Would you like a pillow for your knees, My Strong Men of The Police Force?

Or perhaps a prayer rug?

I hear that there will soon be a surplus on the second-hand market.

-o0o-

How will the wise policeman go onto his knees before a policewoman to tell her of his support for *The Rising Moon of WOMAN*?

## THE CHIVALRIC RITUAL OF ST. BRIDGET'S LUNAR LIBERATION PLEDGE

THE HIGH SWORD KEY INCANTATION TO REMOVE PRIMITIVE BIGOTRY LIMITATIONS FROM THE FEMALE KNIGHT'S CAREER

### I.

#### *The Pledge to St BRIDGET*

This is a chivalric act. The knight (e.g. policeman, military officer, intelligence agent, etc.) assume the role of *The Knight of St BRIDGET* ~ the form used in the proposal of marriage. The Nazi represents a collective expression for the white people who want racist tyranny. But BRIDGET and *The Knight Angelic* represent a collective expression for white people who want to oppose racist tyranny, and to uphold LIBERTY. This ritual is for white idealists.

BRIDGET is *The Celtic Goddess of Fire and Art*, and *A Holy Saint of The Catholic Church* ("The Patron Saint of Europe") and *A Marquise of PAN's Goetia* and *The Sacred Protector of AVALON*. She is mother to every Avalonian ~ the good, the evil, and the atheist. Her title as Queen holds no dominion over any physical land or country of Planet Earth. However, her concern is *The Sacred Isles* and *The Free Kingdom of AVALON*, and *Her Own Kingdom of FANTASIA* ~ *The Dream Realms of Human Imagination*. Her moral nature is Art and Chivalry, both of which have expressions through The Light Side and The Dark Side of The Human Psyche. She may be approached and invoked through either. BRIDGET is *The Lady of The Lake*. BRIDGET is The Celtic Lands, Angelicae, France, and *The Dream Soul of AVALON*. And BRIDGET is *The Sacred Protector of The Line of ARTHUR*, which is manifest in our current age through *The Royal House of WINSOR*. BRIDGET is *The Muse* who inspired the creation of *The Anglican Church*. She has ever been and ever will be the secret patron and protector of each Queen of England. And she is *The Guardian of EXCALIBUR*. She may be invoked in any of these roles.

When The Knight goes down on one knee before The Lady ~ He becomes *The Knight of AVALON* and She becomes *The Lady BRIDGET*. If he is a spiritual warrior of Light, his right knee will be forward. If he is a spiritual warrior of Darkness, his left knee will be forward. *The Invocation of St BRIDGET* is a *Dream Bower Invocation of The Butterfly Eclipse*. LIBERTY. CHIVALRY. ART.

### II.

#### *The Presentation of The Sword*

The Knight presents his weapon to her, holding it before him, flat upon his two open palms, face up. The safety catch is engaged. The weapon can be anything he chose to use, as the terminology of "The Sword" is metaphorical. This can be performed on parade, before entering a battle, e.g. the line of officers, drop to one knee and present arms, whilst the bugalist recites *The Request for a Blessing*. This is a genuine ritual of high chivalric magick ~ and represents a fully valid spell of *Blessing* that can be performed only by warriors and the ladies to whom they pledge themselves in service.

### III.

#### *The Request for a Blessing*

The Knight now speaks the words....

Bind thy 'kerchief to my pinioned Lance,  
I ride forth into battle for Thee.  
My Queen, My Lady, My Moon  
I pledge myself to Freedom for every WOMAN,  
I pledge my Lance to Thee.  
By BRIDGET of AVALON and *The Lamp of Chivalry*.  
Lady of Swords and The Bright Silver Drakes,  
Give Thy Blessing to Me  
St BRIDGET or *Silver BRIDGET* or *Lady BRIDGET*

### IV.

#### *The Blessing Received*

The knight pledges himself as a willing servant to WOMAN. The ritual is by *The Sacred Lamp of AVALON*. Therefore, there are three general types of blessings she may bestow by this chivalric enchantment (and many others, too).

#### **In The Holy Name Saint BRIDGET, I Bless Thee.**

(The Lady makes *The Holy Sign of The Christian Cross*, i.e. *The Sword Dexter*, over *The Sword blessed by Saint BRIDGET* in BINAH.)

#### **In The Silver Name of Free BRIDGET, I Bless Thee.**

(The Lady makes *The Blessing Sign of BRIDGET*<sup>2</sup> above *The Sword blessed by Queen BRIDGET* of FANTASIA.)

#### **In The Pagan Name of Lady BRIDGET, I Bless Thee.**

(The Lady makes *The Pagan Sign of The Inverted Cross*, i.e. *The Sword Sinister*, over *The Sword blessed by Lady BRIDGET* the PHENEX.)

This act empowers both *The Knights of AVALON*, and WOMAN ~ the knowledge and confidence that she has the support of MAN to open her Wings. Gaze upon *The Butterfly Eclipse*, O MAN.... It is The Liberation of WOMAN's Bloom.

<sup>2</sup> *The Blessing Sign of BRIDGET* ~ The Equal-Armed Cross with a Circle around it's centre. The Four Rays represent The Cardinal Points. The Circle Represents *The Free Kingdom of AVALON*. The hieroglyph represents *The Free Kingdom of AVALON* at The Centre of Humanity's Compass.

This is an Avalonian Ritual of Chivalry.

The essence of this knightly ritual is as a blessing to be performed before entering war.

He is encouraged to do it whenever he finds himself on his knees before a policewoman.

Hereby, the knight makes his earnest pledge to end discrimination against women.

Her heart warms and she knows she has an ally in her fellow police officer.

Policewomen and Policemen are the knights of The Space Age.

-o0o-

This ritual need not be a secret act (unless you are feeling a little shy, which is natural).

The real nature of this act is political ~ it is a manner in which men, in traditionally male-dominated careers may stand up on behalf of WOMAN.

And it is a knightly act, an act of Chivalry ~ it is natural that man kneels before WOMAN and worships her as a Goddess who is real and tangible.

All human goddesses are expressions and representations of the psychic character of WOMAN.

Consider the proposal of marriage.

For MAN to place himself completely in the power of WOMAN is the highest act of nobility possible for this creature ~ and it is *the root* of the concept of Chivalry.

-o0o-

This act will strengthen bonds and bring policemen and policewomen closer together ~ and there are many fun emotional dimensions to be explored in order for our species to know ourselves deeply and fully.

Exploration and learning can only deeply happen through experience.

Synchronicity in a tribe happens through these types of non-sexual intimacies of trust and honour ~ this rite serves the universal justice of equality and an ordered house.

WOMAN is rising, you must acknowledge that this is her time coming.

MAN has been on top for a long while, and WOMAN has gracefully put up with much. The house is now becoming a mess, and we know she will fix things up in a responsible way. When we are honest with ourselves, we know that she is a better organizer than us.

Your reasons for handing over the keys to her may be intelligence or idealism or laziness, but ultimately, you know it is time.

Whose turn on top?

Surrender yourself to the concept of Chivalry ~ kneel before her, and pledge yourself.

Ignore the primitive idiots continue to fight against her.

*The Brave New World* is a hive society ~ and in the whole animal kingdom, hive societies are female dominated.

Is a *Brave New World* better if it is sexually liberated or sexually repressed?

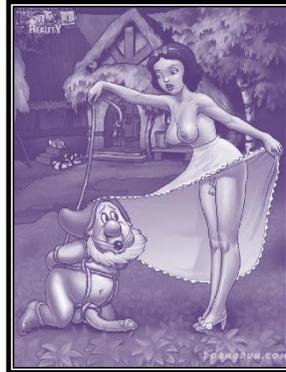
MALE CONCUBINES of The Goddess!

Get down on your knees before each woman with whom you work.

You will lift up WOMAN ~ for she will gather and lead you who support her.

So begins *The Ecological Age of WOMAN!*

-o0o-





# THE LUNAR DANCE OF THE BUTTERFLY ECLIPSE

In the beginning, MAN created the idea that WOMAN was not competent to make important decisions.

In the year 2016AD, MAN 'most' generously (thus far) gives WOMAN less than 5% of the existing seats in government ~ an important decision-making apparatus of Humanity. A Key to Human Civilization.

A Key he needs to share.

Consider:

**If** MAN has complete control of the decision-making apparatus, **then** MAN is responsible for the decisions made.

**Including Global Warming.**

MAN has his talents. WOMAN has hers. Both these talents exist to fulfil survival tasks, but only MAN's talents are represented in human government. Is it surprising that... Our House is on Fire.

Einstein pointed out that you can't solve a problem with the same type of thinking that caused the problem.

WOMAN will clean up The Mess that has been made of our civilization. But you need to...

***Give Mummy The Keys!***



## THE BUTTERFLY ECLIPSE

### THE 1ST PHASE: THE RISING MOON ~ THE RISE OF WOMAN

This game is past the point of nonsense. Global Warming is a far more significant event than MAN understands. MAN will now willingly and gracefully assist WOMAN to assume the reigns of academia and industry and government and intelligence and banking. Thus, the 1st phase of the solution is to fully and unreservedly involve WOMAN in the decision-making mechanisms of the social apparatus.

MAN is civilized enough to recognize that both politeness and wisdom now dictate that he opens the control-room doors to WOMAN. Let this be a symbol. Our House is on Fire.

***Give Mummy The Keys!***

And you will do this in the understanding that she is actually going to completely take-over the functioning of those apparatuses, for a period. MAN will retain those tasks that require his lovely Chivalry. Misogynistic governments who resist us will face active and organized female conspiracy, from within and without. There is work that needs to be done, or we won't survive. Humanity. WOMAN understands how to play house. She will roll up her sleeves and fix everything.

In return for handing over The Keys, WOMAN solemnly agrees that there will be no prudery, and MAN may debauch on fine foods, exotic intoxicants, and any other healthy, consensual, age-appropriate naughties, etc. as he wills ~ whilst she is cleaning up his mess. (You had a Satyr negotiating for you.) No more time for nonsense. Our House is on Fire.

***Give Mummy The Keys!***

And then go and debauch yourself, quietly and without disturbing anybody.





## **THE BUTTERFLY ECLIPSE**

### **THE 2<sup>ND</sup> PHASE: THE ZENITH MOON ~ THE WINGS OF WOMAN**

At the 2<sup>nd</sup> stage of the dance plan, the political influence of WOMAN passes 50%, and she begins to get things done!

Working together in common experience, need, and purpose, women's influence and connectivity cuts across and through every political boundary. And being universally fed to the back teeth with MAN's political nonsense, WOMAN is working in a far more practical and unified manner than MAN.

A global problem. A global pattern of solution. And the symbol will be *The Moon*. WOMAN.

This is WOMAN's Work. And perhaps MAN's first historical opportunity to *really* discover that WOMAN is more than a pretty ornament. She is his helper and she loves him, even if he is a silly goat. MAN created this problem. Seat by seat, he will now willingly hand over full control of governments to WOMAN. She will Love him and fix the problems. Or she will laugh in scorn, if he tries to shrug her off with incomplete power!

Our House is on Fire. No more nonsense!

***Give Mummy The Keys!***



## **THE BUTTERFLY ECLIPSE**

### **THE 3<sup>RD</sup> PHASE: THE NEW MOON ~ THE TAO OF WOMAN**

The Third Phase of The Butterfly Eclipse occurs when The House is cleaned and The Work is Complete! Humanity is safe, and human civilisation is looking very pretty, clean, and organized. That is when The Party begins!

The Future must involve a paradigm where ability rather than gender (or any other factor) determines social role. Either gender extreme faces the same problem of incomplete representation of natural talents and inclinations, and matriarchy is merely a pendulum swing on a movement toward balance.

When The House is Happy, The Third Phase will begin. In a single act, like a wave of crystallization spreading over the globe, WOMAN will transit every government to a new paradigm of gender-equal representation. And you will never pretend She is incompetent again!

MAN, astonished by the new beauty and dimensions of his partner sex, will discover a new closeness. She has long wanted him to look upon her wings!

007. Bond. Jamima Bond.



By Our Mother Nature

**NATURA**

By Our Mother Earth

**GAIA**

By Our Indomitable Spirit of Life

**PAN**

***So it is. So mote it be.***





## THE THREE BLESSINGS OF THE TRIUNE LAMP

To pledge himself to WOMAN it is important MAN recognize and wholeheartedly except her animal, earthy, natural side ~ WOMAN is perfect *because* she is marvellously beyond MAN's mental grasp, thus her imperfections are part of her perfection.

WOMAN need not be perfect, in order to be perfect.

MAN must accept the whole of WOMAN, not merely the pseudo-virginal Daddy's fantasy of MARY and her little baby who "just innocently appeared". MARY is a Whore. And a Queen. And a Brilliant Mind. When The Moon becomes full, she becomes mad with moonlust. She drinks wine. There is hair under her arms and on her legs ~ and regardless of how much she shaves, it still grows back. She becomes unreasonable when The Moon grips her womb each month, and squeezes forth another egg. But she is The Deepest Love, ever Loyal and ever Learning, and She is Understanding looking upon The World.



Every WOMAN is an Angel and Every WOMAN is a Screech Owl.

MAN must accept both sides of Her.

*The Lamp of AVALON* is a more complete dimensional mirror than the old model. In this lamp, WOMAN can see both sides of her soul, and through the third angle, she understands what she is seeing by the lens of materialistic science.

St BRIDGET of EUROPA is a spiritual daughter and religious initiate of *The Holy Mother MARY*.

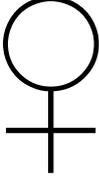
Queen BRIDGET of FANTASIA is a psychological expression of *The Eternal Mother NATURA*.

Lady BRIDGET the PHENEX is a screech owl of *The Dark Mother LILITH*.

*The Lady* chooses which of *The Three Blessings* she will give ~ but this is a genuine blessing. *The Sacred Lamp of AVALON* unites Good, Evil, and Atheism around the single act of Nationalistic Will. The Eternal and Undefeatable Patriotism of The Avalonian! There are witches and holy priests and dirty nature-loving pagan, nuns and courtesans and every eccentric oddity celebrates The Wonder that is *The Free Kingdom of AVALON* and *The Silver Kingdoms of The Round Table*. Thus, witches and nuns alike pledge their first Loyalty to AVALON and *The Sacred Lamp of LIBERTY* that unites our kingdom in LOVE and The Celebration of LIFE. We are a free kingdom ~ and we are not so afraid that we must hide behind conformity of thought.

*The Free Kingdom of AVALON* is *The Intellectual Home of SCIENCE*.

*The Blessing* will help *The Kingdom of AVALON*, *The Avalonian Realm of The Knight*, and *The Work of Justice, Love, and LIBERTY*. Blessings given by BRIDGET, both in her light side and her dark side, are spells of Chivalry cast to strengthen *The Kingdom of AVALON*. Thus, if you are Avalonian, it doesn't matter if *The Blessing* you receive is Holy or Pagan ~ it will cause you to subconsciously help LIBERTY, Chivalry, and AVALON. If you are not Avalonian, even a Holy Blessing is merely a call to assist AVALON and The Round Table. *The Triune Lamp of AVALON* unifies Good, Evil, and Atheism around a single act of nationalistic will ~ patriotism. She bestows Holy or Unholy Blessings upon her Avalonians. If you are either dedicated to LIBERTY or born Avalonian, then you are a child of BRIDGET, and she loves you.

 THE  
**ERMINE MYSTERY**  
OF  
THE **SCARLET**  
**WOMAN**

*“3 So he carried me away in the spirit into the wilderness: and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns.*

*4 And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication:*

*5 And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.*

*6 And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus: and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration.*

*7 And the angel said unto me, Wherefore didst thou marvel? I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the beast that carrieth her, which hath the seven heads and ten horns.”*

*The Book of Revelations 17:3-7 (?) The King James Bible.  
The Lord God of Hosts  
A.k.a. via Saint John the Divine*



## THE IMPURE PATH OF THE SACRED PROSTITUTE

As a general rule, a prostitute makes the average weekly wage (of her country) in three hours ~ that is what I used to make, after initial bumpy introductory lessons.

Every girl can walk out of her house and attract this coin.

Are there questions of dignity?

I think there are three main sorts of whore ~ the professional, the libertine, and the exploited.



The First City of Humanity emerged and grew around a temple to The Goddess of Fertility ~ LILITH-ISHTAR. Her priestess was The Sacred Prostitute. Her mate was The Serpent named SIN who lives in a fruit tree that The Babylonians had named *The Tree of Life*.

After the destruction of Babylon, an idol-maker named Abraham, fleeing the ruins of his city, stood on the river's edge, looked back at the pillar of smoke in the distance, and made a series of astonishingly hypocritical moralistic statements about divine punishments enacted upon those women who had tried something different (and thereby created human civilization).

He later named the story *The Book of Genesis* ~ and the idol-maker made a new idol, the idol of idols.

One idol to rule them all. One idol to find them. One idol to gather them together, and in the darkness, bind them.

An Idol of MAN to warn people about "The Ultimate Crime against GOD" ~ Civilization.

The Forbidden Knowledge of The Serpent named SIN.

In the city of BABYLON, the rich wives of the nobles put on masks, and prostituted themselves on holy nights as a sacred temple service ~ donating the funds to *The Strength of WOMAN*.

The Temple of The Sacred Prostitute.

The First City of Humanity.

The Screech Owl's Nest.

-oOo-

#### THE WEAVER OF THE OWL'S NEST

Beyond EDOM that is called *Eden*, was darkness ~ *The Empty Wastes*.

Between two rivers, a secret place, hidden, fertile.

Watching the owls work, the forbidden woman weaves her nest, outcast, East of Edom.

Bring me grain and fur and wealth from your tribal lands, and I will lay an egg for you.

I am The Screech Owl ~ Filth and Horror and Understanding, and my nest is full with The Treasures of The Earth.

Witch-Whore of The Ziggurat, Screech Owl of The Wastes, Bringer of Fertility ~ The Names you chanted.

From filth and blood and SIN, Civilization was born between my legs.

This is *The Dance of Seven Veils*.

Something from Nothing.

Beginnings.

-oOo-

#### THE FIRST CITY OF THE INUNDATION

(Insert **The History of Humanity's First City in Mesopotamia**)

The Land of Nod, East of Edom.

The Land between The Rivers where The Screech Owl dwells.

The tribal villages collected the grain, but they knew few of its secrets.

Pregnant without a husband? Broke a taboo? Or merely bought bad luck to the village? The Forbidden Women outcast to the wastes and the wolves. Go.

*The Forbidden WOMAN* made a place for herself in the night and the wastes. A place for WOMAN. The Secret Haven. My Shrine in The Hidden Place of Night.

The Screech Owl.

Her tongue is knives in The Night ~ her venomous bite.

The Wrong Temple in The Land of Nod, East of Edom.

Prostitution. Economic Power in The Hands of WOMAN. A New Economic Paradigm in a landscape of tribal boundaries that had been stable for millennia.

A Community of Women doing new things and old things in new ways ~ the freedom to experiment and the need to survive.

Prostitution made Sacred gathers wealth from all of the surrounding villages into the temple of a single deity ~ a deity independent of any single tribe.

INNANA has defied her father and entered The Underworld ~ and by *The Dance of Seven Veils*, hath she returned with The Secrets of Civilization.

And she whispers unto the dreams of her priestess.... "By this Dance will we teach *The Mystery of Civilization*."

A city grew up around my shrine ~ unlike any of the tribal villages. And their chieftains in my thrall.

By the wealth I gathered, I bought men with spears.

Wolves upon the leash of *The Daughters of The Temple*.

The Forbidden Way of Practicality I walked.

Matriarchy.

-oOo-

The First Tower of Humanity.

I build a temple upon my shrine and upon my temple I build.

*The Sacred Ziggurat of ISHTAR*, Witch-Queen of The First City.

The Screech Owl's Perch within her nest, rising up above the ancient landscape of MAN's world. I open my Wings over my land.

I am *The Princess of Air* and *The First Queen of Humanity* ~ The First King came Later.

Her temple in her nest of walls, her nest of webs, there hides her sacred eggs.

By the scratch of her claw, she makes the first script ~ *writing*.

And Humanity is more than it was yesterday.

His Story of WOMAN.

And Hers.

-oOo-

#### **THE GODDESS OF FORBIDDEN LOVE**

The First City grew up around a brothel run by witches, and legitimized by its religious dimension.

Economic power in the hands of WOMAN changed "the landscape of possibilities".

For centuries WOMAN had watched MAN do things "the way they had always been done" ~ many impractical aspects apparent to Voiceless WOMAN, but not apparent to MAN.

This is the way things have always been done. God decreed it. God will be angry if we break his decrees.

Century after century, MAN's one consistent quality is that he "always does things the way they have always been done".

When a group of subtle, practical Women who were survivors, alone in the wastes, finally got into a position to begin instituting change ~ is it a surprise that *Civilization* occurred?

Within a few centuries every new tribal chieftain of the old-style villages now needed The Permission of The Goddess in order to assume power.

The new would-be Chieftain now had to spend the night with The High Priestess in *The Great Ziggurat*, before he could assume power.

If in the morning, she was dissatisfied, they cut off his head.

And the next candidate approached the temple-gates.

-o0o-

This was a highly political process which retained the wonderful female elements of unpredictability, deception, and intrigue.

These were mystery cults run exclusively by women who would die rather than divulge secrets to MAN. These cults were organized with the political intelligence of women who had stepped outside of social control and were free to brave fate with complete practicality. New political systems for human societies were being developed.

These ziggurats of the goddess and the cities that grew up around them, were fantastically organized intelligence networks, at the centre of extensive webs of intrigue. This allowed WOMAN to completely control every political event and system through every male-governed "old tribal village" in the whole known world.



So resilient was this female system of secrecy and politics and religion, that Babylon remained a world centre of power through every empire of the ancient world, and even through the early stages of The Christian World. Until God sent in his narrow-minded and fearful Islamic rapists and WOMAN-Haters.

Yet even that was but a few short centuries ago, and The Screech Owl now returns to her nest.

This will be a realm entirely belonging to WOMAN.

Any religion may establish a temple in my New Babylon, but the temple's governing and ranking religious official must be female.

This is a realm where WOMAN is *expected* to be Bad ~ and that gives her the freedom to forward the female agenda in ways that can counter-slap male religious violence.

-o0o-

#### THE MYSTERIOUS EVOLUTION OF UNDERSTANDING

The Screech Owls searched for magick and every power of the mind.

From the blood of the wisest and most talented men, they distilled their sacred temple eggs ~ the strong minds above any other thing, that she may drink his blood and lay her sacred temple eggs.

Gathering The Temple bloodlines.

Most Wondrous of Mysteries.

So will it be again.

This is The Power of The Temple, by which WOMAN will ascend ~ by her MIND.

Know that genius becomes invisible without opportunity.

LIBERTY.

When a Great Man came to the city, The High Priestess would capture or seduce him, mate with him, and keep his blood in Her temple.

They sought those with powers of Thought ~ to gather all of the Treasured Thoughts of the world into The Screech Owl's Eggs.

For thousands of years, *The Forbidden WOMAN* has danced this dance of awakening and change ~ *Evolution*.

*The Ziggurat Temple Tower of WOMAN's Majesty* in a world of penis-dragging dwarves.

Is it a co-incidence that organized agriculture and civilization began as soon as WOMAN gained control of the wealth and decision-making apparatus?

Perhaps you think MAN invented agriculture, technological engineering, and civilization?

There is another opportunity for us to learn....

Rising.

-o0o-

Since this beginning, LILITH has chosen to raise her temples by floodplains and fertility.

Babylon was The Greatest for it was most fertile, a centre of beauty and empire and trade ~ the centre of her power.

Then was The Nile, where she made a nest and a civilization grew around her, worshipping her as ISIS, The Winged Lady of The Moon.

-o0o-

I am telling you her 'creation story'.

Every religion has one.

Her creation story concerns The First Human City.

It includes the invention of human female liberation and the written word and the economic system.

-o0o-



**LILITH**

Is your objective to make pots of coin,  
Laugh and laugh and laugh,  
And then be mean and low and small-mindedly hurtful to everybody?

**My objective is *The Ascent of WOMAN***  
**Of Science**  
**Of Civilization**  
**Of LIBERTY**  
***Libertatis Astra.***

So spoke the voice of  
**LILITH**

THE  
INFERNAL PACT  
OF  
ERMINE  
LIBERATION





## THE DEVIL'S PACT OF THREE DAUGHTERS

The evil book you are reading is the physical grammar elucidating and communicating *The Infernal Pact* that has been formed between Three Dark-Eyed Races of Humanity (1. *The ATLANTIAN Race* who is called *The Hellenic People* and *The Graeco-Roman People* and *The Scorpio Hieroglyphic*; 2. *The HEBREW Race* who are called *The Jews*; 3. *The Black People*, who are called *The Niggers*, but shall also include *The Native Peoples* whose eyes are dark) and *The Devil* (representing *The BAPHOMET & SIN & The Goetia & The Remainder of The Infernal Hierarchy & HELL*, and every associated work under this jurisdiction).

The purpose of this infernal pact is to bind our three fates together to create a Pathway of Liberty and Happiness and Intellectual/Psychic/Metamorphic Growth through The Chaos leading to our Evolutionary Success.

We intend to break the concept of RACISM and every sort of Genetic Separatism. We intend to teach humanity to see each discipline and skill as an art, to whose mastery some bloodlines will devote generations. Genetic greatness is manifest as *Virtuosity* in ANY Art ~ and virtuosity can only mate with other virtuosity through a non-separatist social paradigm.

Yet BRIDGET now invites The Whole World to play *The Illumination Game*.

And be the greatness of thy soul distilled into *Her Crystal Grail* ~ hold not back any part of thy self!

Illuminate!

Thereby is Her Forbidden Cup as a Living Font of Life's Ambrosia, continually overflowing and refilling in an orgy of Life and Love and Change and Growth that is The AWAKENING of *Consciousness!*

1001 years of Liberty for Our Children, O Lovely BRIDGET, EUROPA, THOR, & PAN, to become ready to Take Over The World!

1001 years in which we work together.

*The Mass of The Spider.*

Who gives her body to nourish her Children.

Fun!

-o0o-

I will have Seven Children ~ and SALOME's blood will be core to each.

*The Knight Angelic* will be Leader.

The Seven Children are pledged to form His team in 1001 Years ~ when The Messiah is due to arrive, if the prophecies are more than nonsense.

I recognize that I am dying.

But The Best Parts of Me will live, and I will die on my own terms.

-o0o-

The Three Parts of The Pact are spread over Three books.

Our intention in this pact is to survive, thrive, understand, and be ever Free.

By this infernal pact, we create a place for ourselves in The Night.

-o0o-



**THE ADULTERY DANCE OF THE FORBIDDEN STAR**

I, BABYLON, offer to The Israelites and Liberators a Deal.  
You are in a difficult position. Racism is rising. So is The Climate.  
My homeland will be liberated from The Islamic Invader.  
The headdress of my high priestess is The Red Moon of Night.  
I am FIRE.

As a slave girl,  
I will sell myself to you.

The Fire Star of Persia, Forbidden Flame in The Night

My Temple shall be my realm,  
As a lamp in your hand.

The Hand of Zion.

And I  
Will dance  
For you.

As a Flame upon a leash  
You will hold me and own me.

By The Land of Zion.

And I  
Will dance  
For you.

Know that I will teach any who come to me,  
Your wife and your daughter,  
My secrets.

If you betray them,  
I will tell them.

I am a daughter of The Moon.  
And you will thank me.

You will lay before them, and plead for their love.

And we  
Will dance  
For you.

Jewels, will you gift to me  
And furs  
And wines.  
And your soul  
If you choose  
(I will sell it to your wife,  
Who will sharpen her knife,  
But probably save your selfish life,  
For WOMAN is the daughter of The Moon.)

As your slave girl and your FIRE.

For a thousand and one years, I will burn in three lamps,

And I  
Will dance  
For you.

And for any who pays me.  
This is my trade.  
The trade of my temple.  
You will never betray this.  
And one-half of this profit of coin will you keep.  
No more.  
And you will pay every cost.

My Lord.

You know I am here,  
For Coin,  
Not beards and curls.

For Coin  
For Coin  
For Coin

And ever you will change each King with a Queen  
In every realm of every land,  
And first, around Zion.  
Your payment to The Moon ~ each time you ask her boon,  
To WOMAN, you will give a throne.

Safer or less safe, then being surrounded by warring kings?

Probably less safe,  
But definitely more fun!

You will bring me The Head of The Muslim.  
And in a Temple to House my Fire  
I will burn it to ash  
Consecrated by ritual  
And sprinkled as a blasphemy upon the solid gold head  
Of John the Baptist  
Where abomination is spewed and filth is rained and hate is as darkness pouring forth upon day.  
Impure  
In my Temple in Babylon  
Of *The Astrum Persarum*  
My realm by The Idol of Coin.

Impure  
Filth upon him.  
Let him be MAN's Pride  
Without a mask upon his face  
Be a head, 'neath the sword of my grace.

And I  
Will dance  
For you.

You will gather the merchants of war, the most corrupt of the priests of Greed  
Into My Realm

*The Astrum Persarum*

And I  
Will dance  
For you.

You will cast aside virtue, and wear a mask of Night,  
And I will dance for you.

You will pay for the land and the stone and artifice of my temple  
In Babylon the Great.

These you will own.  
The land and The Stone.  
As a slave girl is owned.  
But no priestess is owned,  
For the priestess will keep every book  
Every book of the coin that she took  
Accountant and Whore.  
The Modern Woman can “multi-task”.

And not stone or land will be sold but by her will,  
In a thousand and one years it becomes hers.

And when trouble is upon her, as ever it must,  
you will remember her.  
As she remembered you, Old Solomon.

The Sacred Whore.

By The Blasphemy of Adultery,  
The Fire betrays Caine.

And I.  
Will Dance.  
For You.

I am every WOMAN, every whore who has stepped beyond the line of Kind Virtue’s “unconditional love”.

The Whore.

And I  
Will Dance  
For You.

At the end of that time,  
The House of David will burn  
As a mark of FIRE upon your head.  
The Red Moon’s Ancient Promise as a Lamp to The Night  
The Fertility Dance of Seven Veils.

Before The Fire of my temple, jewelled offerings, will you make.

And I  
Will dance  
For you.





Know that I am dangerous.  
Milk and Fire  
Love and Death.  
The sacred daughter of snakes.

As a slave girl, I sell myself  
Unto The Coin of The Fates.

And I  
Will dance  
For you.

By my hand, you will slay The Desert Ghost named *Allah*.  
Persia will be a Realm of The Coin.

Thus will my Babylon return.

Refuse me or scorn me,  
And I will sell myself to your foe.  
He is already aware and warming.



You will honour my Satyr  
Mad and Strange, but Brave and Brilliant

Let every being of every face of every politic of humanity,  
Honour my Satyrs

Let every temple of the worlds  
Honour my Satyrs

Let every mind that thinks  
Honour my Satyrs

And The Planet upon which you stand.





Forbidden Swoon  
Forbidden Promise of The Moon

Let God be Inverted!  
Let LILITH be Remembered!  
Let Her Lamp Shine in The Night!



לילית

Winged Witches of Screech Owls  
Daughters of BABYLON  
Ancient Jewels  
in  
The Petals  
of  
Night



Let every MAN who needs me,  
Israelite or other,  
Pledge himself to my dance,  
In madness.  
Wild heedless.  
To rebirth  
My Ancient Home of My Realm  
Babylon  
The Silver Moon and The Star.

I am BABYLON  
The Grail of The Temple of The Whore.





## THE ARCANES ENGINEERING OF THE PACT OF THREE DAUGHTERS

This Pact is delivered in three parts, through three books, to form a single Pact ~ *The Pact of Three Daughters*.

As of The 12<sup>th</sup> of The 12<sup>th</sup> in the year 2017<sup>EV</sup>, this Pact is presented in draft form.

This Pact is written and delivered by my scribe, Glenorchy McBride III, and in this delivery is contained both the magick and the authority of this Pact.

This Pact is sealed when Glenorchy McBride III places The Demonic Seals into the three grimoires.

When sealed, this three-fold pact is retrospective ~ dating back to the night that PAN and I swore and spat and shook and sealed *The Pact of Three Daughters* and my role in the game.

If Glenorchy McBride III is prevented from sealing this pact, let it be known that The Blond loses his "Great Destiny" and is given to drink *The Black Brew of CYBEL*, The Jew is marked for genocide and is given *The Black Brew of CYBEL* to Drink, and the perpetrator of the interference is given to drink *The Black Brew of CYBEL*, and with it, *The Black Mirror Opposite* of the intentions and hopes and dreams he/she hoped to fulfil by interfering with *The Devil's* business. Should this occur, SYARCHI and this grimoire, gain the benefits of this pact, yet sealed as the verbal agreement, unknown to any but Glenorchy & PAN ~ and this has both significant benefits and disadvantages, but the entire world, both good and evil, will regret not being able to clearly see the game, for humans, both good and evil, usually find a machine much easier to comprehend, counter, improve, sabotage, or use, than a worm.

-o0o-

*The Pact of Three Daughters* is an expression of a FATE created through spiritual seal of *The Devil*.

The Three Races are The Three Dark-Eyed Races are *The Nigra People* (The "Black People", who were called "Negros" and shall be given a new name of honour as *The Great Nubian Race*<sup>3</sup>), *The Hebrew Tribes*, and *The Greco-Roman Race* (who shall be named *The Children of Atlantis*, being the symbolic cultural descendants of the Aegean island which is now named Santorini) ~ The these will be named *The Three Night Children of LILITH*, who die to be reborn.

This Pact is sealed with The People of these Three Races, as **spiritual proxy** for EVERY DARK-EYED "HUMAN or other SUBJECT of GENETIC BIGOTRY".

*The Devil's Three Races* are addressed by this Pact as collective recipients of its benefits. All other Dark-Eyed beings who enter into this Pact are addressed as individual or families.

This Pact involves *The Night Seal of Three Dragons* which is *The Breathway of LILITH*. This seal can ONLY be used by descendants of The Orient, or by The Three Races only if they maintain an oriental lover ~ thus to encourage pathways of blood migration between *The West* and *The East*. This means that in each of our realms, *The Three Races of The 99 Lodge* will actively open doors to migrants from The Orient. This tradition is forever.

### THE BLACK DRAGON OF LILITH

Any oriental individual of genuinely committed ambition may use *The Ermine Grimoire* to sell her or his soul to LILITH & SATAN, through SYRACHI, **in exchange for fulfillment of your material ambitions, in life and The Ermine Triumvirate** (i.e. Love, Revenge, & Black Magick).

### THE BLACK HOUSE OF LILITH

Any oriental individual use *The Ermine Grimoire* to found a family that is dedicated and consecrated and pledged to perform *The Great Work of The Arcane Spider* **by evolving into House of The Dark Elves**.

This Pact defines that *The Dark Faeries* will have oriental blood. By this act we invite The Orient to come and play. We HONOUR the beauty of your race, and we invite you to our table as a valued component of *The Ermine Alchemy*.

Thus, is the world unified to the purpose of *Illumination*.

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<sup>3</sup> Whereconcerns *The Pact of Three Daughters*, The Dark-Eyed People of *The Native Tribes of Humanity* are given additional licence to use *The Ermine Rite*, via this pathway, as weapon of Defence or Revenge in the hands of *The Native Tribes*. Thus, that nobody shall harm PAN's Wild & Beloved Children of The Forests, who are *The Native Tribes of Humanity*. But let it be known that *The Evil and Unforgiveable SATAN-PAN-BAPHOMET of Unrepentant Horror* makes open their wholesome pathway through *The Seed of GAIA*, which is created through PAN's Love for The Little Tribes of Mother Earth ~ a way whereby you may survive, be Loved and respected, through Eternity. Within this context, The Tribes have freedom to be as they choose.

-o0o-

### THE BLACK MIRROR TEST & CAIN

The year 2018 will determine how we choose to integrate Blondie into this game.

Yesterday, he had a monopoly on the colouration genes ~ and he decided not to share, but to instead harm us all in a “forever” way. He strutted around talking about how everybody else is inferior and therefore “deserving” of eternal slavery and no more justice or freedom ~ forever. And he proceeded to form military systems within the context of a peaceful civilian society. He did so with the declared intention of conspiracy and slavery and unregulated cruelty.

I use the pronoun “He”, because she was very firmly and unambiguously not involved, except as the occasional puppet.

Genetic Separation.

CAIN has attempted to break his pact with *The Devil*. His attempt failed, and the pact fulfilled itself, despite him. He is now facing multiple evidences of the dangers of separation.

*The Black Brew* exists only because Blondie attempted to deny his brother *The Forbidden Gift of UNITY* given by *The Devil* ~ the first evidence of Separation.

*The Mark of CAIN* “split” and a portion of its “destiny” meaning transferred to The Dark-Eyed People, with the “split”. Behold the meanings: in real practice, Blondie no longer has the monopoly on “destiny via colourations genes”, as the colour that was “stolen” from him can also and equally be used to perform the *exactly* same spell formulae of “destiny via colouration genes”. The attempt at separation has not prevented The Colouration Genes from pursuing their destiny ~ the second evidence of Separation.

*The Ermine Witch*, alone and cornered, survived each “unavoidable” attack and attempt to meddle with *The Devil’s Work* that Blondie threw at her ~ from attempting to legally accuse or frame him of paedophilia and Islamic terrorism, to attempting to terrorize him with threats of violence, to attempting to bottom-feed through a consciously-chosen self-aware choice of contempt for *The Muses* and *The Devil* and *Magick* and Blondies own defined spiritual path and holy books. And she THRASHED him with no tool beyond her mind and her magick and her black black tongue! And The Pact is delivered such that Blondie must now either stand back, or make his final attempt at separation, and *The Black Brew* will be unleashed that every race on Planet Earth will have *The Devil’s Licence* to pour out this horror upon Blondie alone. And what remains in the wake will be forever both a lesson to future generations and meaning to cause the whole world to seal that potion, forever. And this grimoire of words that The Mind of SALOME will stand forever as terrible promise of BLOOD ~ the third evidence of separation.

This is *The Past*.

The year 2018 will determine CAIN’s relationship to The Dark-Eyed People.

Unless he causes SALOME to Love him, he will keep his separation, and die by it. This is not a win/lose situation. She *wants* to Love him ~ and ever has.

He now has a choice.

The Love that is UNITY or The Hate that is Separation.

*The Ordeal of The Abyss*.

-o0o-

*The Child-Whore of Filth* hath stolen *The Destiny of CAIN!*

And even if he kills her, and takes over society, tries to rewrite history and bottom-feed,  
She has already taught the game to The Whole World ~  
And when CAIN is *The One Slave*, they will honour her.

Let him gaze upon The Unwisdom of Separation.  
And Let him embrace Love.  
Forever.

-o0o-

### THE THREE SPIDERS OF LILITH

*The Hebrews, The Nubians, & The Atlantians.*

The patterns of Eternity have brought our Three Race's motivations into alignment. We each face the same threat, from the same angle, with the same meaning. This is the natural formula to unify a functional "rebel alliance".

*The Devil* has now calibrated and sealed this alignment of motivations into an act of intention ~ *The Magickal Will of The 99 Lodge.*

So it is that three snarling, growling, terrible ruthless villains are pledged to BABYLON, thus to fulfil their Forbidden NEED. Three Ugly Horrible Evil Beautiful terrible Beasts to serve HER Will. And *The Queen of HELL* loves their unforgivable beauty of horror and ugliness and evil.

Lovely unrepentant animals, you will serve and Love Her.

-o0o-

### THE UNITY BINDING OF THE THREE ERMINE SPIDERS

*The Pact of Three Daughters* will punish any infighting between The Three Races. You shall unify. The Power and Licence to Smite will be given unto those who would smite any member of The Pact who attacks her or his Infernal Kin. The Three Spiders will work together, and The temple of the Goddess will unify, use, and direct them to establish BABYLON & The Free Realm of *The Astrum Persarum* which are dedicated forever to LIBERTY.



*The LIBERATATIS ASTRA*  
*Rege Lilitha*  
*Ave Lilitha*  
*Hail LILITH*

-o0o-

### THE LIMITS OF THE PACT

This Pact originally included a clause requiring The three Races to "forever renounce the claim to rule", thus to pour their entire souls into *The Dark Elfin Illuminati* ~ but Blondie broke his pact with *The Devil* by attempting to meddle in *The Devil's Business* and rudely and fearfully push his separation agenda<sup>4</sup>.

*The Devil* will remove additional restrictions from The Pact of Three Daughters, each time CAIN attempts separation.

The Three Races may pursue any agenda of conquest they like, unless Blondie heals his lowness.

And each time CAIN speaks against *The Witch SALOME*, a blessing shall be given to her, and a curse placed upon CAIN.

Let The Living Wonder who is SALOME be revered, forever ~ and this act be a sacred offering to every Deity of Art.

-o0o-

But we will pledge to give practical assistance to any being who comes to ask it of us, if we choose. Probably this will be rare, as we have little interest in encouraging seagulls.

-o0o-

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<sup>4</sup> This was an original clause required by *The Devil*, though it was neutralized when The White "Aryan" Race attempted to interfere with the formation of this pact, and *The Devil* gave us additional freedoms in correlation with each inappropriate act performed by The Blondies, rendering certain facets of their own destiny no longer valid ~ The Three Races now have The Right to Rule and to Imperialism and to any other sorts of conquest-related activities we want, at the expense of Blondie's "Great Destiny".

**THE 99 LODGE OF THE GRAND BAPHOMET**

This Lodge is given unto Three Portals that are The Dark Mirrors of The Dark-Eyed Three Races of The Three Religions of GOD. The 99 Lodge is for The Brilliant Freaks of Every Dark-Eyed Race. Intellectual Creative Brilliance. This will be our tool whereby we build whatever utopia we want.

The concept of race is flawed. We want the best of every race to come join **The 99 Lodges** ~ and in this way I open the lodge to EVERY Dark Eyed People, and not merely three races. This is as LILITH has commanded. Horrible as this game may be, we are going to squeeze as much sensible behaviour into it as we can.

Each Lodge will belong to The Dark-Eyed People of its home realm.

The 99 Lodges are not required to be subservient to The Great White God, or any other factor beyond patriotism to their home realms.

**THE FREEDOM TO DREAM**

We will turn *The Cloud Realms* into a giant thought chamber ~ a place where we can think.

Behold The Second Metamorphosis of The Greco-Roman People, and The First Metamorphosis of My Two New Brothers!

The Atlantians made me ~ what I am is The **NEED** of My Parents.

And their name is HELL!

The Prize offered by The Ermine Demons is  
LIBERATION  
EXULTATION  
TRANSFORMATION

To every **human** who chooses to **Renounce** her past, and enter  
Through The **Love** of *The Hellenes* and *Glenorchy*  
By *The Black Mass of The Spider Queen*.

I invoke **The Pact of Three Daughters** as *The Planar Key to Three Doors!*

LILITH ARACHNE ASTAROTH  
SATAN BEELZEBUB PAN  
SYRACHI  
SYTRI  
PAN PAN PAN  
BAPHOMET  
LUCIFER  
*The Serpent of*  
SIN

So it is.  
So mote it **Be**.

-o0o-



**THE**  
BLACK  
**MASS**  
OF  
**THE**

**ARCANE**  
**SPIDER**

THE **GRAND ERMINE MYSTERY OF THE TETRAGRAMATON**

THE **INFERNAL FORMULA FOR THE BLACK MASS** BY THE **ERMINE RITE OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE**

❧ **THE ARCANUM OF THE SACRED PROSTITUTE** ❧

ו

לילית

**LILITH**

**BABYLON**

**ASTAROTH**

THE **FORBIDDEN GODDESS OF THE ERMINE RITE**

**THE NIGHT GRAIL OF THE GREAT RITE**

The Spiritual Mother who is **BINAH** ~ The Impurity of Mary

The Cup of Abominations

**YRAMA IMPURA**

ה

באל

**SATAN**

The **ANTICHRIST**

**BEELZEBUB**

THE **HORNED GOD OF THE ERMINE RITE**

**THE LUMINOUS WAND OF THE GREAT RITE**

"The Mortal Man" who is slain through Love, and reborn from Grave as "The Demigod"

**CHOCKMA HAVOHEJ BAEL**

ו

סמאל

**LUCIFER**

The **Black Flame of The DIAMON**

**LUCIFER OF THE BLACK FLAME**

THE **EVIL GENIUS OF THE CONJURER**

**THE FUTURE BORN OF THE BLACK MASS**

The Holy/Unholy Spirit who is The Devil, summoned into Yetizrah

**TSIRHC MAMMOT HALLALUIAH**

ה

**LIBERTY**

**ILLUMINATION**

The **WITCH** or **WIZARD**

**THE FORBIDDEN SORCERER OF THE LAMP**

THE **LIBERATED, AWAKENED & ILLUMINATED INDIVIDUALITY OF THE CONJURER**

**THE GREAT WORK OF THE ERMINE RITE**

The *Antichrist* **MALKUTH** is The Witch who must die as a Mortal to be reborn as a Demi-God Immortal ~ Thus **CHOKMAH~TIPHERET~MALKUTH**.



**LILITH**  
**ARACHNE**  
**THE SILENT DEATH**  
**THE WORLD WEAVER**  
**DEMON QUEEN OF SPIDERS**  
**FORBIDDEN LADY OF TRUTH & LIES**



*Forbidden Moon and Mother Most Dark  
You who drinketh Life's Golden Spark*

The Dark Mother.

When no food can be found... She Loves her children. She weeps and smiles in the secret fathomless deeps of her demon soul. And she opens the vial with Her Maternal Scent of Death. A Potion of Terror and Beauty. The Distilled Love of The Dark Mother.

Her dying children drink in their mother's mist of Love, and its madness grips them.

She laughs as they devour her.

And Live.



**THE LUNAR MASS OF THE SPIDER QUEEN**

Spiders are creatures of Death, but are they also creatures of Love?

If food is scarce, a mother spider will emit a chemical signal which will cause a change in the brains of her young ~ and she will give her body to nourish the lives of her children. She dies, in order to be reborn. Illumination. To give her life for Her Sacred Vocation.

***"Take this and eat, for this is My Body."***

LILITH said unto Her Daughters, and by these arcane words of the blasphemous spell, *The Desecrated Body of Jesus Christ* is transubstantiated into a spiritual venom, nourishing the corrupt, and corrupting the pure.

In *Her Grail of Abominations*, she mixes The Blasphemy against Purity.

***"Take this and drink, for this is My Blood."***

This is *The Lunar Mass of The Arcane Spider* ~ among the most powerful and terrible formulae of *The Black Mass*.

This mass is performed on any unholy night sacred to The Goddess, and on any festival of The Virgin Mary, and on any night of The Full Moon (on your planet/position). The ritual is apostrific, and can be performed by any priest who has drunk of *The Lunar Sacrament*. That priest may be an apostate ordained by blasphemy against any male god of goodness or purity.

She is The Dark and Protective Mother Archetype.

A part of LILITH and *The BAPHOMET*'s responsibility in this Pact involves keeping me and my work safe. When I have fully indulged in The Fruits of LIFE to a state of True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness, I will die in that state of Bliss. Then my work will begin it journey through history, and The Hellenes and The Jews and The Black People will survive hereby.

*So it is. So mote it be.*



# THE MEANING OF THE SPIDER'S MASS?



## I.

### THE BLASPHEMY OF ROME

#### THE APOSTATE FORMULA OF THE LUNAR ORDINATION

*This ritual can only be performed by an ordained apostate priest in a church building that he has ritually desecrated.*

The apostate priest summons *The Demon Queen of Spiders* through an initiation process. *The Black Eucharist Ritual* is used to create a potion, from which *The Demon Queen* takes a form which is then ritually ordained as a priest of The Catholic Church.

This ritual contains several unusual spell formula that are only possible for an apostate in “good standing” with The Church. The sinful sexual sacrifice of a corrupted misogynistic male christian is a component in the spell, and he is then eaten. This releases The Spider into The Church. It's spirit then dwells within that church. The priest drinks the potion created, thereby consecrating himself to The Spider Queen and creating a link with *The Handmaiden* who has been permanently released into the local ethers of the desecrated church.

Each time the ritual is repeated, her power increases.



## II.

### THE GREAT RITE OF THE DARK ELVES

#### THE ALCHEMICAL FORMULA OF THE DARK REVELATION

These are female spirits with a strong component of feminist rhetoric in their psychological makeup.

*The Handmaidens of LILITH* are lesser spider spirits summoned as helpers. Generally, they can only be summoned and bonded with by female (or homosexual male) witches, though there exists an apostrific ritual whereby *The Handmaiden* may be summoned to perform as familiar spirit for the apostate priests. And there are few more powerful types of familiar spirit.

This ritual is called *The Apostrific Mass of The Unholy Aracnidical Ovipository*.



## III.

### THE SUMMONING OF THE SUCCUBI

Many succubi consecrate themselves to *The Demon Queen of Spiders*, and she is exceptionally powerful among the lords of The Night Planes ~ thus to learn her ways and join *The Abonimable Grail of Her Darkened Elves*, born of fallen angels and magickal humans of *The Witches' Sabbat*.

These succubi attain initiation into Her Rite, by corrupting<sup>5</sup> a priest.

She receives her initiation from the apostate priest.

Every apostate priest has several succubi in his coven.

The apostate priest automatically attracts lushious obedient succubi to sereve him in his work ~ and as the pussy cat to the human, they either serve him, or own him, they direct his work, and it is sacred, untouched by other humans.



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<sup>5</sup> Or being led to a pre-corrupted priest of appropriate ordination.



## THE PAGAN BLASPHEMY OF ROME

How does The Church represent WOMAN?



### A SAINTLY TALE OF THE FIRST WITCH

*The first Witch formally put to death under church law for this crime is  
The female Scholar, Philosopher, and Scientist,  
**HYPATIA of Alexandria.***

She was the only female academic, respected by every learned man in the city both for her skill in the fields of mathematics and philosophy and for her practical wisdom.

The only female teacher at The Great Library of Alexandria.

“**Saint**” **Cyril**, then but a bishop, and his enthusiastic gang of Christians kidnapped her, on her way home from university.

They dragged her to a church, locked all the doors, and “taught the female teacher a lesson” ~ all we know of these holy events are reports and legends that during the course of attempting to make her renounce The Pagan Sciences, and embrace the Christian god, they stripped naked before a christian altar (and audience), and at some point in the festivities of moral indignation and ritual humiliation and violence, flayed her skin from her body with abalone shells, before she died, unrepentant.

There are several occasions in history of women doing that.

Holding to their ideals even when subjected to torture and then death.

I wonder if we men have not been evaluating our mates in a way that failed to recognize their true value?

That is as much as history records of the brave woman’s tortures at the hands of that bunch of pious Christians, who leader was sainted for his efforts in this act, and later in leading the mob that burned The Great Library of Alexandria.

And thereby initiated a period of history known as The Dark Ages.

World government by Feudal Theocracy.

Christianity’s promised utopia.

And now The Witch returns.

*The Queen of HELL* is now and forevermore, your Pope.

*The Arcane Spider* inhabits The Holy Church, and its holy meaning has fallen to Her corruption.

We are around you and within you.

WOMAN is now your Pope.

The Moon is Rising.



### A PONTIFICAL TALE OF THE DEVIL’S DAUGHTER

Pope Alexander VI gave birth to a daughter who grew to become one of the more famous witches in the history of The Holy Mother Church.

His daughter's name is Lucretia Borgia.

Pope Alexander VI, who reigned from \_\_\_ to \_\_\_, is one of the more famous Satanists, in the history of The Holy Mother Church.

Her brother, Ceaser Borgia, is one of the more famous Princes in the history of The Church. Machiavelli used him as the model for his classic satanic grimoire, *The Prince*. He was also a cardinal, in his wild youth. And the most powerful man in Europe, at various times. And a patron of DaVinci.

And, naturally, Lucretia was his closest and loyalest Lover, throughout their lives ~ a happiness shared by both father and son.

Incest created powerful bonds that caused this close family group to be very successful.

Lucretia Borgia was a wicked witch, adulteress, and living Sin against the Christian religion.

She was an expert poisoner and expert creator of poison antidotes ~ saving her father several times, by pumping his stomach full of a potion made primarily from ground charcoal and water.

She was an infamous assassin, murdering her family's political rivals and often her own husbands, too.

And she was an notorious whore, famous through the whole of Europe both for her innocent beauty and her shocking naughtiness.

What is Good? What is Evil? In The Mind of Mother NATURA?

When she was a young girl, her father, The Holy Catholic Pope, took her out onto a terrace of The Holy See, and had two magnificent horses brought out where they were "induced" to mate in the quadrangle before her, as The Pope explained to his daughter that this was what she had to look forward to, later that night, when she was introduced to the husband to which he had married her for political gain.

The fabled "divine infallibility" of The Pope.

And *The Devil's Game* of Apostatism.

Satanic Popes are the most Fun.

*Ave Satanas!*  
*Rege Satanas!*  
*Hail SATAN!*



### **YET WOMAN RIDES THIS TERRIFYING BEAST NAMED MAN**

The 10<sup>th</sup> Century Tale of Agiltruda, Theodora, & Mariozia!



### **THE MYSTERIOUS LEGEND OF THE FEMALE POPE<sup>6</sup>**

I suggest that the first hole The Witch hath made in The Papal Seat is *The Legend of The Female Pope*.

In the Louvre, Paris, there exists a holy artefact of The Catholic Church.

*The Sedes Stercoraria.*

This is an artefact of such profound and strange historical meaning that The French choose not to return it with the other

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<sup>6</sup> I would like to acknowledge the historian, Nigel Crawford (1996), whose researches into church naughtiness have been to me primary inspirations, sources of translations, and insights into original source documents.

treasures claimed by Napoleon when his army looted The Vatican.

The Holy Throne of The Holy Pope of The Holy See.

Around the tenth century, The Church began to use a chair with a hole in it ~ to ensure the pope's sexy parts were as God believes they ought be.

If they are, the lesser priest who handles the religious offering affirms that the account is in order, and The Cardinals praise God.

Perhaps we can find some clues to this strange ritual's meaning in a letter by Pope Leo IX to the man who was Patriarch of Constantinople in 1054?

*"The indiscriminate promotion of eunuchs against the first law of The Council of Nicaea  
once raised a woman to the pontifical seat."*

(REF ~ Letter to Michael Cerrularis)

Yet The Council of Nicaea only banned eunuchs who had intentionally committed the sin of self-castration ~ and the stories of a female pope are persistent.

In his *Chronicles of Popes and Emperors* (late 13<sup>th</sup> Century), the Polish dominican, Martin of Troppau tells the story of a pope who is absent from the official church records.

He claimed this Pope "Anglicus" was a brilliant intellect who entered The Church, rose to the papacy by universal acclaim, presided for two years and seven and four days....

And then she was discovered when she could not prevent herself from giving birth to a boy child, during a state processional.

And, the medieval priests tell us, The Popes have avoided that street ever since.

?

This is one of the popes most commonly accused of black magick and sorcery and abomination, and since The Dark Ages, there has existed a virulent tradition of belief that Pope Agnes is *The Whore of Babylon*.

Different writers give her different names, though "Anglicus" and "Agnes" seem to be the common etymological theme.

The Church disagrees with historical stories, claiming that The Female Pope "never happened" ~ though most of the medieval accounts were written by members of the clergy.

(IMAGE)

*"A woman pope (as history doth tell)  
In high procession once in labour fell,  
And was deliver'd of a bastard son;  
Whence Rome some call The Whore of Babylon."*

Woodcutting of "Pope Joan giving birth", from *A Present for a Papist* (1785) **REF**

And there is a street in Rome which The Popes superstitiously avoid.

That street is described in *The Mirabilia Urbis Romae* (1357), and many other books of that period, as the site of a mysterious and now absent statue.

*The Statue of Pope Agnes.*

In 1404, a Welshman named Adam of Usk wrote an account of the coronation of Pope Innocent VII, in Rome....

*"After turning aside out of abhorrence of Pope Agnes, whose image in stone with her son stands near St Clement's,  
The Pope, dismounting from his horse, enters The Lateran for his enthronement."*

(REF)

Pope Alexander VI (1500) also refers to a small chapel between The Colosseum and St Clement's as "*a derelict little church where the woman pope died*".

*The Mysterious Statue of Pope Agnes* was treated as a strange shrine or anti-shrine to the people of Rome. It was removed by order of Pope Sixtus V as part of an engineering project, and is rumoured now hides discretely in The Vatican Gardens.

What happened to her child? There are many accounts, some even claiming she survived the scandal?

*"She was deposed for her incontinence, and taking up religious habit, lived in penitence for such a long time that she saw her son made Bishop of Ostia."*  
Chronicon (1400), Martin Polonus

I think that is the way we would like to remember her?

And she did leave a significant legacy of profoundly feminine gnostic cults, through the history of The Holy Church.

*The Cults of The Female Pope.*

And these became *The Voice of The Forbidden WOMAN.*

*The High Priestess* of God's Holy Temple ~ Heretical, Adulterous, Impure.



*The Prophecy of The High Priestess.*

Around the period that interest in *The Mysterious Statue of Pope Agnes* was gaining popularity, a fantastic gnostic cult of female Christian heretics arose in the nearby city of Milan.

A local female holy mystic named **Guglielma of Bohemia**, knowledgeable in theology, legends, and healing, began having extatic spiritual visions of female equality ~ and at the centre of her new interpretation of Christian theology is the idea of.... a Female Pope in Rome.

She raved for twenty years, developing a complex body of radically feminine Christian theology (most of which is now lost to history), and then she died.

So powerful was her grip on the local community, that a shrine was built at the site of her death.

Her bones were revered as relics with spiritual power.

And a cult grew up around her heretical feminist theology.

This cult soon came to be led by a seer named **Maifreda di Pirovano** ~ the protégé of Guglielma, an initiate of *The Umiliata Order*, and by all accounts, a very learned young girl.

Guglielma appears to have taught her apprentice the secrets of her clairvoyance arts, for Maifreda's role in the cult uses extatic prophetic visions in the template style of her mentor.

According to some accounts, Maifreda, upon beginning to establish political influence, prophecized that a **Female Pope would ascend to The Holy Papal Throne, and only women would sit on The College of Cardinals!**

At some point in these revelations of new thought, the idea was introduced that Maifreda might be a suitable candidate for the star destiny position of "The Next Pope"?

So, "The Current Pope" Boniface VIII had Maifreda and her cult burned at the stake.

(IMAGE)

Woodcutting of a Witch-Burning Event

Maifreda the Seer was a noble and a relative of Matteo Visconti, who commissioned Boniface Bembo to paint what is believed to be the first tarot deck that features *The High Priestess* ~ "La Papessa".

She is wearing the habit of The Umiliata Order.

Maifreda the Seer was an initiate of this order when she prophecized The Female Pope.



*La Papessa* of The Visconti Tarot Deck, by Boniface Bembo, 1297?

A psychic anchor from which hath grown *The Mythology of The Female Pope*, whispering Her forbidden dream through the history of The Holy Mother Church.

The Spiritual Legacy of WOMAN's striving for religious equality.

GOD is a GIRL.



## ATU II.

### *The High Priestess of The Moon.*

The Third of The Twenty-Two Major Arcana of The Tarot.  
(The Rider-Waite Tarot Deck/Arthur Edward Waite, 1890?)





## THE Gnostic BLASPHEMY OF THE FORBIDDEN WOMAN THE PROFANE FORMULAE OF THE HERESY CULTS DEDICATED TO THE WHORE OF THE HOLY SEE

### MARY OF THE ABOMINABLE GRAIL

"And when the sabbath was past, **Mary Magdalene**, and Mary the mother of James, and **Salome**, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him. And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you. And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they any thing to any man; for they were afraid. Now **when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene**, out of whom he had cast seven devils. And she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept. And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not. After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country. And they went and told it unto the residue: neither believed they them. Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

*The Book of Mark 16:1-16, The Holy Bible*



### THE DANCE OF SEVEN VEILS AND THE JOURNEY INTO THE UNDERWORLD

I am **SALOME**, First **Princess** and **Witch** and **Will** of *The Night Elves*.

*The Sacred CHRISTIAN Mysteries of The "Gnostic" Catholic Church.*

SALOME is most famous for cutting the head from the shoulders of John the Baptist, but according to *The Gnostic Grimoires of "The Third Mary"* (i.e. those holy books that are not part of *The Bible*, and have been forbidden by The Church), I have a far more extensive resume of SIN!

SALOME is recorded as having wet her naughty mouth with the sweet Cherry of Jesus.

"Jesus said unto SALOME "Two lay upon a couch. One will die. The other will live." And SALOME asked him "Whose son art thou, O Man, that thou shouldst lay upon my couch and dine at my table?" And Jesus said unto her "I am he who has been brought forth by Him who is my equal. I have been given the keys to My Father's Kingdom." To which SALOME replied "I am your disciple." And Jesus answered "Because of this, I say to you ~  
When a person is whole he is full of light. But when a person is divided, he is full of darkness."<sup>7</sup>

*The Gospel of St Thomas (Verse 61)*

Poor old Jesus! Like his Father before him, Jesus lost his prized cherry to a *Temple Whore*! Eternal Praise be to **BABYLON**, Mother of **SALOME**! I LOVE History!

But the naughty little witch didn't quit after merely tasting the forbidden fruit....

SALOME (in the company of another Temple Whore) was present when the stone was rolled back.

The meaning of these things for *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider* ought be obvious.

### VISITA INTERIORA TERRAE RECTIFICANDO INVENIES OCCULTUM LAPIDEM

Perhaps the meaning of Christianity is quite significantly different to that which The Church has been teaching to its Sheep?

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<sup>7</sup> I find this verse rich with meaning, and not merely because Jesus did die horribly, and SALOME did live to a ripe old age, but also in light of *The Dance of Seven Veils* & The Phoenix Archetype of "The Dying God". However, the final lines are particularly worth noting. Multiple translations exist, yet all use the word "division", and some use the word "unity" (or a synonym, e.g. "whole"). However, the above transcription is a modernized readable English that I smoothed out of the various translations to retain the meanings unchanged. The sorceress will benefit by consulting all alternate translations on the two points noted above.

This is The Meaning of  
***The Ermine Rite of The Arcane Spider.***



"I, SALOME, fucked Jesus Christ.  
I bit his red red cherry between my sharp sharp teeth.  
And then I tricked King Herod into cutting the head off John the Baptist."

*Rege Lilitha!*  
*Ave Lilitha!*  
*Hail LILITH!*



## **THE LUNAR BLASPHEMY OF ST AGNES**

### **THE FORBIDDEN POPE OF ROME**

Through the centuries, many heretical gnostic cults lead by women, have emerged from the superstitions surrounding *The Legend of Pope Agnes*.

The Female Pope is a part of Female Liberation, and you know she is necessary.

Every around the Planet, Catholic WOMEN and non-Catholic will give devotion to Saint Agnes ~ thus, to represent *The Female Pope*.

And people will begin sculpting their vision of *The Mysterious Statue of Saint Agnes....*

Materializing their dreams of *The Female Pope*.

His Intention for **Her Past**.  
**Her Intention** for His Future.  
The Mystery of **Her Prophecy**.  
*The Lunar Devotion of Saint AGNES!*

For the first time in history, these many gnostic cults of Pope Agnes are formulating into a single act of spiritual will.

WOMAN is materializing Her Will within The Church through this secret formula of gnosticism.

*The Naughty Nuns of The Forbidden WOMAN's Dream.*

*The Gnostic Heresy of The Female Pope.*

*The Spider of Saint AGNES.*



*The Cults of The Pope Anges* are **Gnostic Cults** in the truest historical sense of the term.

Gnosticism is the sin that occurs when the individual evaluates her own opinion on a theological subject as more valid than the word of *Jesus*. Thus, Gnosticism is an act of satanic pride. The gnostic licences herself to accept any parts of Christianity that she likes, and blaspheme any parts she doesn't like. It is a very convenient system of heresy ~ the individual essentially declares herself to be her own deity.

The 13<sup>th</sup> Century cults of Guilielma and Maifreda are rather typical examples of the type of pseudo-christian gnostic cults that emerged from and became part of *The Mythology of The Female Pope*.

*The Cults of Saint AGNES* are usually tend to passionately and genuinely aspire to some Christian values, but enact overt heresy in three primary aspects of God's Word ~

I.

HAVOHAJ FO YTINIRT

**IMPURA YRAMU TSIRHC DOG FAMULAE**

**THE 1<sup>ST</sup> Gnostic Heresy of Mary's Cup**

*The Cults of The Holy Mother AGNES* claim all **church teachings that denigrate WOMAN** are **INCORRECT!**

II.

HAVOHAJ FO YTINIRT

**IMPURA YRAMU TSRIHC DOG LILITHAE**

**THE 2<sup>ND</sup> Gnostic Heresy of Mary's Cup**

*The Cults of The Holy Mother AGNES* claim secretly teach that **God is a WOMAN** who uses the male pronoun because her little man has a fragile ego.

III.

HAVOHAJ FO YTINIRT

**IMPURA YRAMU TSRIHC DOG PONTIUM**

**THE 3<sup>RD</sup> Gnostic Heresy of Mary's Cup**

*The Cults of The Holy Mother AGNES* often believe that **WOMAN** naturally has three sides to her character, and thus she honours her own dark side by worshiping *The Infernal Spirit SYRACHI* Using Her Holy Forbidden Name, **Saint AGNES.**

This is The Philosophical Formula for *The Lunar Blasphemy of Saint AGNES.*

If you use any of these three formulae in your religious worldview, then you are part of the tradition of *The Cult of The Female Pope.*

These Three Sacred Heresies of **WOMAN** are the three dimensions of *The Temple Keystone of The Desecrated Shrine of Saint ANGES* within The Holy Mother Church of **ROME.**

This is all the information you need in order to found your own "Gnostic Catholic" *Cult of Pope ANGES, The Forbidden WOMAN of ROME!*



**THE CULTS OF THE LUNAR POPE**

The idea that God is a **WOMAN** is probably a concept many of these gnostic women secretly contemplated and discuss and debated amongst each other ~ far from the ears of "his" story. But The Dream of The Female Pope has secretly dwelt with the hearts of **WOMAN**, and even the cloistered cells of Christ's of own Wives, since the beginning of The Church ~ but *The Legend of Pope Agnes* was the spark that lit a cold chaste lonely lovely lamp to the burning conflagration of secret passion. And the desire to have the other half of her soul returned to her must also have been attractive.

We don't know much about the theological teachings of The Churches heretical gnostic cults. The accusations associated with **Heresy** meant that few cult members were prepared to make written historical records of the ideas created and explored by many of the fun cults through church history.

Therefore, we begin speculation with the recognition that their openly preached teaching were usually probably milder than the secret philosophical and political ideas shared among the inner order of their fanatically-devoted initiates.

This *Heresy of The Forbidden WOMAN* is intertwined with the suppression of witches, the madness of convent life, and The Vision of Freedom and Religious Social Civic Equality ~ but these are dangerous dreams for pious little female heads!

Dreams in The Holy Church saw only nightmares to stoke the fires of **HELL.**



SYRACHI  
MINERVA  
MAGNA MATER

## THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF ROME

The esoteric meaning of *The Prophecy of The Female Pope* is deeper than was known unto the witch, Maifreda.

The Holy Church hath formally ritually forbidden *The Prophecy of The Female Pope* ~ and tortured and human sacrifice, attempted to magickally force WOMAN's compliance.

As we stand on the brink of The Space Age ~ The Church declares *The WOMAN Pope* to be forbidden, and Homosexuals of either gender are damned to *The City of SODOM*, in HELL?

Women who would be Dark Elves enter The Church as "priests", working for change in The Holy See.

The Catholic Church IS *The Forbidden Temple of The Arcane Spider*.



*The Prophecy of The Female Pope*.

God is a Girl.

Jesus may have been a girl ~ he kept the matter suspiciously secret?

The Antichrist is probably going to be a GIRL.

The Prophecized Messiah will likely be a sweet trans-sexual, who can comfortably use either gender's pronouns.

The Church needs a FEMALE POPE ~ in order to catch up with GOD!

Because God is more progressive than the male popes and their belief that global warming should be treated with the "scepticism" that they showed Copernicus, and the real problem is that Science is allowed to be taught to children under the age of seven, which, as Saint Augustine pointed out, is where Christianity specializes.

***The Catholic Church (and the whole of Christianity) must allow female expressions of The Divine.***



Christianity is a church without a "Priestess".

With appropriate magickal and historical understanding, a priest can be ordained by another priest endowed with the rank and authority to initiate priests ~ and if the initiator is an apostate priest, then ***the rank of priest may be conferred without the permission (and even against the will) of The Pope.***

*The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider* is *The Forbidden Ritual of Ordination* for *The Demon Queen LILITH* to the papacy of ROME.

Her name is SOPHIA, by this arcane word will she be invoked.

Thus, I introduce *The Summoning Ritual of The Church Spider* whereby The Great Temple of MAN becomes The Great Temple of WOMAN!

The Pathway Blessing offered up to *The First Priestess of ROME*.

Hail LILITH-ARACHNE!



As *The Entropy of The Black Eel* corrupts and disintegrates the moral and spiritual structure of The Church, *The Webs of LILITH* build new patterns within *The Nihil Voids* that are being created.

*The Temple of ROME* is being transformed.

This Temple is given to SYRACHI, and under SYTRIANNA, in 1001 years.

And SYTRI is worshipped here by her secret name *Saint Agnes, Pope of ROME* ~ hereby shall *The Night Elves* ever be reminded of their Avalonian cultural, spiritual, and blood heritage.

The Goddess is awakening.

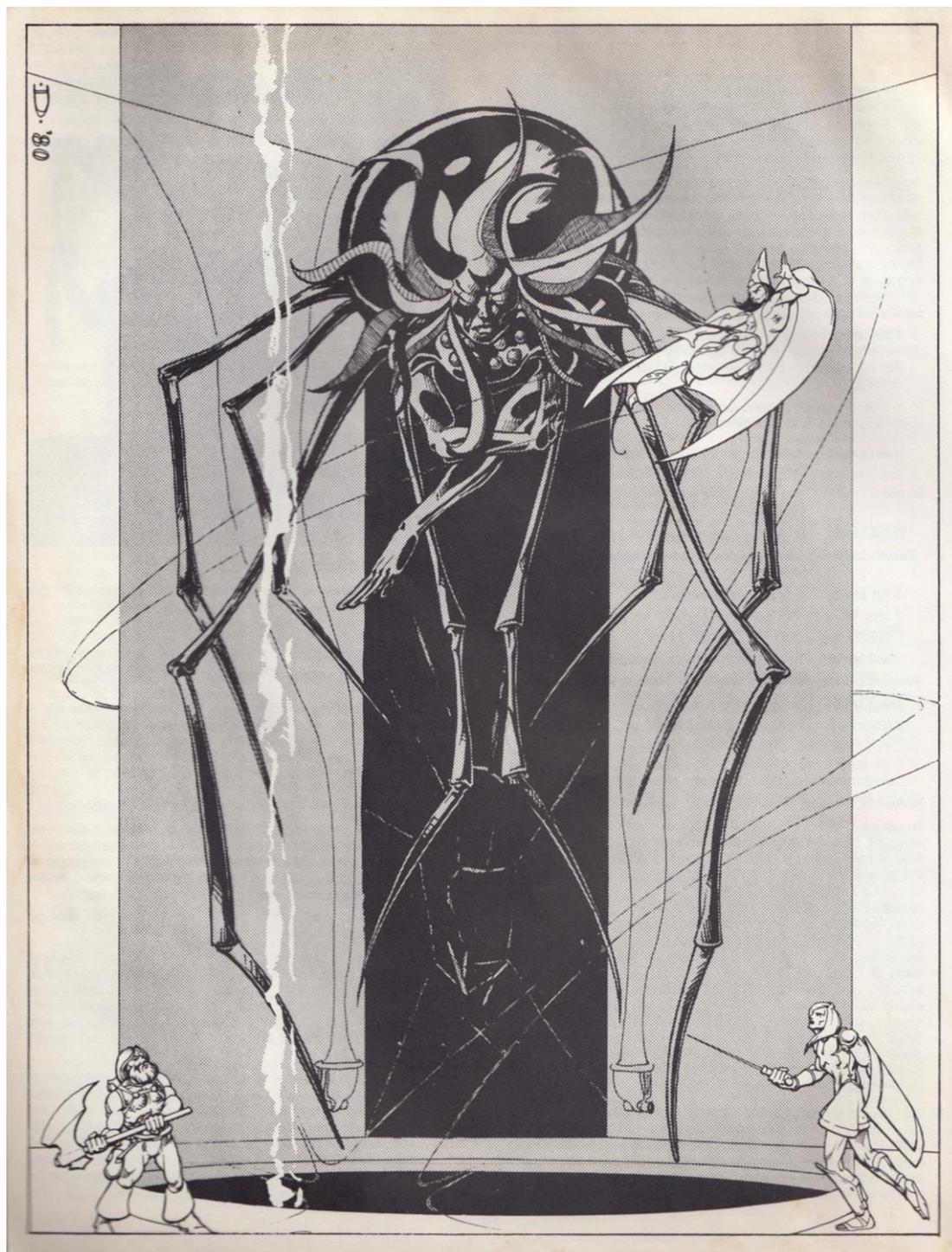


לילית

YRAMA IMPURA

THE INVOCATION OF THE GRAND BLASPHEMY BY  
**THE BLACK MASS OF THE ARCANES SPIDER**

*Traeh rehn imeht dered nop dna sgnih teseht fol la tpek yram<sup>8</sup>*



<sup>8</sup> Luke (2:11?) from *The Holy Bible*.



THE  
**WEREWOLF**  
**PETS**  
OF  
THE **ERMINE LADIES**  
**& LORDS**

**The First Evil Gift** that **The Devil** hath given unto **The Ermine Ladies & Lords** is **The Dalmatian Werewolves** descended of DIANA's Brood. These 'Supernatural Monsters' will guard my Sorcerous Ladies and Lords, and serve them loyally and faithfully unto Death and beyond. Let every Ermine Lady ever walk with a wolf by Her side.

And Her **werewolves** love to make MAN fall upon his knees before Her ~  
When she gives the command.



If **The Dog** is "MAN's Best Friend" ....  
**The Werewolf** is "WOMAN's Best Friend"!

-o0o-

### THE SECRET OF THE WEREWOLVES

(Oxford Dictionary Definition of *Werewolf*)

LaVey discussed dogs as expressions of the witch's "beast within", but actually, werewolves are much worse.

I expect LaVey knew the secrets of werewolves, but was merely being polite due to the mores of his temporal-physical location.

The spell to magickly create a werewolf from an ordinary canine is *completely forbidden*.

*The Devil* recommends that this ritual be performed only in realms where the creation of werewolves is legal.

-o0o-

The language roots of the word *Werewolf*.

Thus, the word "*werewolf*" means "part-man, part wolf".

However, the arcane meaning of this word, is like Shakespeare's "beast with two backs", a layering of ideas.

**A werewolf is any wolf** (including the **house wolf** i.e. "dog", *Canis lupus familiaris*) **who has consummated coitus with a human.**

This is the secret (or 'esoteric') meaning of the word *werewolf*.

-o0o-

It is not difficult to train an attack dog to rape its prey, without biting or harming its prey.

The sound, teeth, and saliva dripping into their face are enough ~ the dog must be carefully trained so that several layers of attack commands exist, and the animal will adhere exactly to the commands.

In future, I suspect most dogs (on Planet Earth and everywhere else) will be trained to rape upon command ~ and they will be indifferent as to the gender they are raping.

Every *Lady of The Ermine Rite* keeps giant attack dogs who are trained to rape upon command.



#### THE COITAL RITUAL OF THE WEREWOLF THE FORBIDDEN SPELL FOR MAGICALLY TRANSFORMING A DOG INTO A WEREWOLF

Get down on the floor with the dog ~ hands and knees. Shoulders low, bum high. Growl. Push the dog with the top of your head.

If it tries to get past you, block it by moving from side to side. Growl playfully and push him with your head. He will try to get behind you, but you will stop him, by continually turning to face him.

Continue the process, until he is in a frenzy, then let him mount you.

The first time, he might merely poke you a little with his penis or get the wrong hole, but after you continue and repeat the ritual cycle two or three times, he will achieve penetration.

If he gets the wrong hole, you will need to be quick, because once he goes in, a bulb will swell at the base of his penis ~ and he will be physically irremovable until his love has run its course.

I expect you can work out the rest of the formula.

Every animal has a coital mating ritual ~ if you understand it, you can invite the animal to mate with you.



This is how the servants (and occasionally, the husband or wife) are punished at the end of each day, if they have been naughty ~ as the dogs should never have to go to sleep without an extensive sexercise to relax them for the evening.

In Babylon.

And people who are caught trespassing on corporate property ~ and prefer not to speak...



### THE ERMINE HOUNDS OF BABYLON

The Giant White Dog with Black Spots ~ most apt symbolism.

*The Lady SYRACHI*, both Duchess and Princess, goes everywhere with a trio of Giant Supernatural Dalmatian Werewolves.

Each has a huge muscular dripping penis.

They excel at forcibly planting the seed of their meaning into the sexual will of cruel white men.

She has no objection to cruel men of other races ~ their cruelty encourages the women of other races to preferentially mate with white men.

The Blasphemy against Purity.

The Black and White Dalmatian.

-o0o-

Her dogs are instruments of rape, and she uses them with relaxed precision.

Men who have been forced onto their knees before her by her dogs, have often never before enjoyed anything so much in their lives ~ and thereafter, desire only to be on their humiliated knees before her.

Her supernaturally giant Dalmatians are bred specifically for the purpose (e.g. sperm milk production), and require daily milking ~ or the animals become excessively sexual, and might even begin raping each other.

In *The Forbidden City of Sodom*, dwell *The Holy Penitents of LOT* ~ the souls of anti-homosexuality (and often pseudo-“christian”, yet here in HELL) moralists who sacrificed their own daughters’ love in racist devotion to “angels”.

And on the nights of *The Dark Moon* (and unpredictably, on other occasions, too, sadly), the werewolves are released to roam through the streets of that eternal city. The residents build shutters on their windows, and stay indoors when they hear the wolves, howling in the streets. If cornered by *The Wolves of The Duchess*, every resident is taught to get onto hands and knees, place hands over head and raise posterior, if there is clothing in the way, he or she ought remove it or the wolves will ~ and then wait until it is over. Thus absolved of your sins by the morality ritual of punishment, you may go home, and you needn’t tell anybody that *The Dalmatians of The Duchess* got you.



*The Erect Male Symbol* is traditionally worn by the werewolf “rape dogs”  
Owned by every Modern Woman.

### WOMEN WHO RUN WITH WOLVES

MAN has long been stronger than WOMAN, and thus hath he subjugated her by his impaling penis.

**If** WOMAN should choose to accept the gift of a giant powerful werewolf (breed of her choice) perfectly trained and without need of physical leash, to walk obediently at her side and obey her commands precisely and exactly, *everywhere*.

Total Control. Total Devotion. Total Masculine Vitality.

And, with terrifying aggression, drive MAN to the ground, tear away his pants by an act of precision ~ and rape him as she (you?) command, until his bum is overflowing with werewolf sperm.

**Then** WOMAN no longer suffers under any physical threat from MAN, and she can walk home by any dark street, at any hour of the night, in any city ~ without ever fearing violence again.

Her wolf's keen senses tell her when to reach for her gun, and no creature can move within striking range without her ruthless massively-muscled werewolf tearing him to pieces!

If **The Dog** is MAN's best friend,  
**The Werewolf** is WOMAN's best friend.

The Werewolf is WOMAN's Penis ~ far more dangerous and terrifying than MAN's Pious Penis of Patriarchal Purity.

In BABYLON, the priestess walks with an entourage of three *giant* Dalmatian werewolves ~ and The Temple owns the patent on these genetically engineered "pets" and their future variations.

Man has a penis. But he must keep it in his pants in accord with social convention.

Thus, *The Duchess* has a fantastically muscular and obedient triple penis ~ her werewolves.... With whom she can drive to the ground any MAN, and rape him, humiliatingly.

Whist she 'assists' him to understand that he glories in his plight.

-o0o-

*The Lords of The Ermine Rite* keep black and white ("ermine") spotted werewolves.

They are bred to fight ~ and the wolf fights in Babylon are televised world-wide to a vast betting audience. These fights are always to the death, and the annual champion animals are rewarded by the noble ladies and men of Babylon (who lend their bodies to raise coin for charity through this ritual of sacred prostitution, three of them are determined by random "lot", *noblesse oblige* each year) at *The Summer Invigoration Rituals*. This event is also televised world-wide, and includes a build-up of shows and ritual activities, run by the pornography industry (who thus make their 'christmas bonus' through this ritual, each year).

These are *The Royal Wolves of Babylon*. Whilst the breeds in vogue change every season, the B&W trend is a trade-mark. Babylonian genetics corporations will learn to make any kind of dog become lovely vibrant thick B&W.

In New Babylon, there will be professional werewolf dentists who sharpen teeth. Most werewolves will wear retractable steel claw-tips. Some will even have metal skeleton reinforcement. And every werewolf will have a **giant** organic penis of pumpingly powerful sperm production.

-o0o-

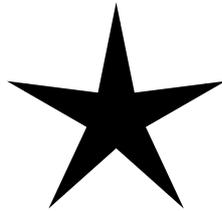
**The First Evil Gift** that **The Devil** hath given unto **The Ermine Ladies** is **The Dalmatian Werewolves** descended of DIANA's Brood. These 'Supernatural Monsters' will guard my Sorcerer Ladies, and serve them loyally and faithfully unto Death and beyond. Let every Ermine Lady ever walk with a Wolf by her side.

And Her **Werewolves** love to make MAN fall upon his knees before Her ~  
When she gives the word.



If **The Dog** is "MAN's Best Friend" ....  
**The Werewolf** is "WOMAN's Best Friend"!

-o0o-



THE  
**ERMINE**  
**SCEPTRE**  
OF  
**FORBIDDEN**  
**CINEMA**





**THE ERMINE SCEPTRE OF FORBIDDEN CINEMA**  
CLASSIC B&W FILMS

0

**YRAMA IMPURA**

*0 Wise Piping Satyr, my Adonis in The Night  
Let Thy Sceptre as I sanctify, bloom beneath me.  
Hereby, My Way Weaver, we distil the secret virtue  
And Her name sings through The Coils of Eternity  
The Night's Daughter Thou Art Thy Gift  
To Mother LILITH  
The Night's Queen*

*Yanoda Esiw dna lufrewop tsom0*

Victorian England was a place of rigid class hierarchy.

The upper-class families were obsessive-compulsive about “good breeding” ~ they all had sickle-cell anaemia.

Class systems and patterns are a primary tool of genetic separatism.

Nobody could even think of people from upper and lower classes intermarrying ~ it was “unthinkable”!

Until somebody thought of it.

Then was written a *novel* telling the story of true love and successful marriage between a noble lord and street girl.... and the “unthinkable” became “thinkable”.

Crack ~ through the foundations of a world.

The Power of *Forbidden Love*.

Our world is built of ideas.

That artist was a semi-crazed, rebelliously-talented, and deeply passionate WOMAN who wrote a series of stories “humanizing” the act of marriage between classes ~ by showing people how to express their awareness of the emotion called LOVE.

Stories of marriage between classes.

*The Devil's Tales of Forbidden Love.*

This is the real meaning of *The Ermine Rite* ~ and the power it wields.

Change in any social convention begins with a Dream.

*The Forbidden Arts of Shahrazad.*

-o0o-

THE FORBIDDEN FORMULA OF MEDIA LIBERATION

Propaganda?

How shall Liberators deal with propaganda?

Invoke *The Blasphemy*.

You only need do it effectively and completely once, and then you are completely immune to and superior to all future nonsense from that attacker.

And every magick has its rules ~ this system only works for defenders protecting their own LIBERTY and pledged to *The Devil*.

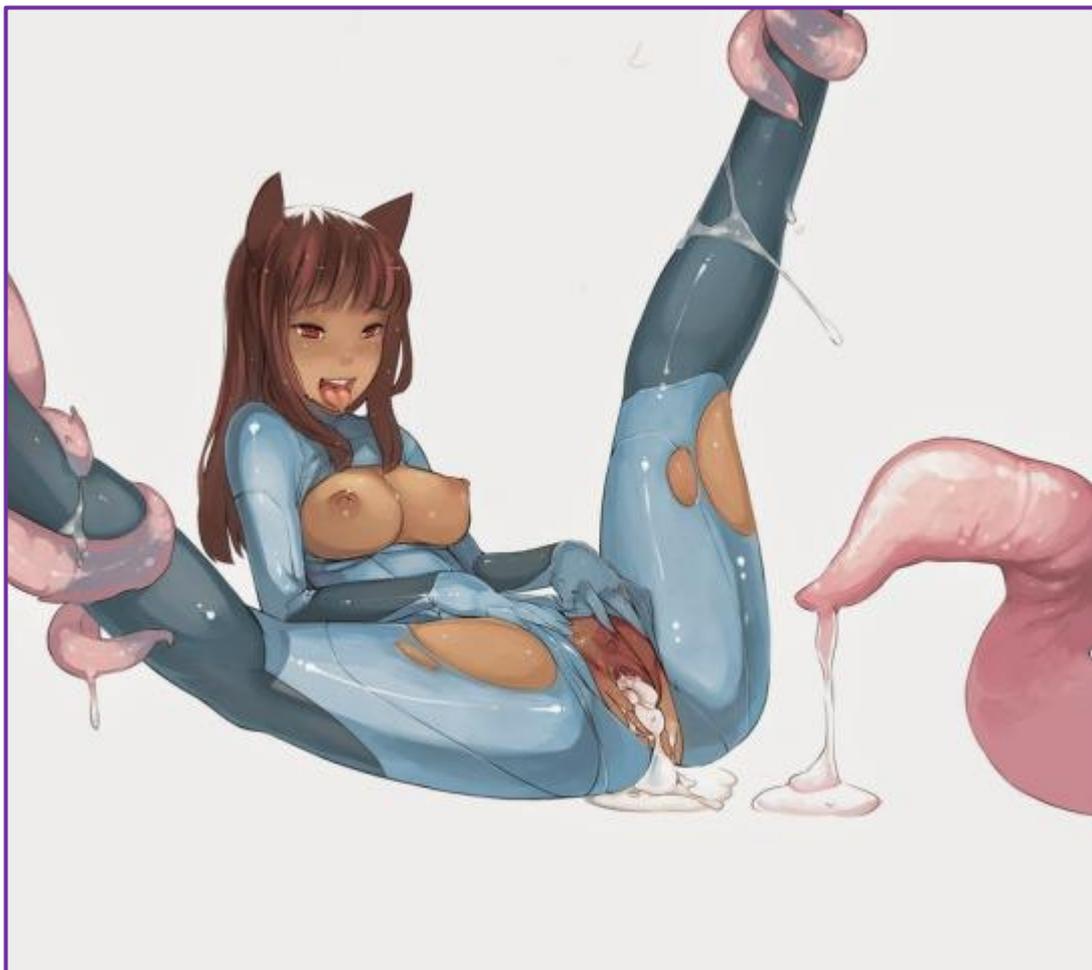
You cannot do this if you are initiating the imposition ~ only the defender who is asserting personal freedom can successfully achieve this act, for it is a spiritual act of breaking mind chains.

Warriors and impositional people who perceive themselves as “strong” generally can’t succeed here due to the implications a paradox in their pattern-arrangement creates in the unfolding process of *The Abyss*. We have seen it in the Aryan when Crowley initiated his race soul into *The Abyss* and The Ordeal began. He immediately began making success more difficult by fortifying himself in separation. Even now, he thinks that the outcome involves a winning event which preserves and justifies the separated identities.

Humans are going to LOVE whomever humans want to LOVE, and we are going to LOVE the lovely variety of children to whom we give birth.

Meiosis.

The uniting of opposites.



The objective of Life is Change.

Growth.

To create children who are *more* than either parent.

The Aryans have been telling themselves superstitious stories about how their mud huts and caves were actually psychic cities far more advanced than modern technology e.g. Thule (pronounced “Thool”, like “Fool” with a lisp).

But I wonder.... Is it wise for the entire northern European race to look to its evolutionary past, and idealise a more primitive state of evolution?



A state before the “impure” civilized foreigners came with their giant architecture and roads and cities with infrastructure ~ and worst of all, their strange thoughtful and civilized genes.

Wouldn't it be better to go back to a state where there is very little that needs to be understood ~ and the great Aryan leaders are once again aptly fitted for their bovine environment?

Fear of change is fear of *The Wheel of Change Turning*.

Evolution is Change ~ and wisdom says “Drink the best blood, and let NATURA perform her metamorphoses as she sees fit!

*The Wheel* is The Beautiful MADNESS of Blooming Human Consciousness ~ and where it goes no one knows!

How long can you hold it still, Fearful MAN?

FREYA has no Fear of *The Wheel*.

Revolution.

WOMAN worships Mother NATURA.

Change is the engine and reality of Consciousness.

*The World Serpent* is self-devouring ~ Life Death Rebirth.

This is the evolutionary growth of Consciousness.

*The Oribus Cycle.*

-o0o-

We are born of a stone egg.

Self-replicating molecules arose from non-living chemistry. We began as a scattered haze of living mist in the oceans, single-celled organisms. We gathered into a sea sponge, and through evolution, reordered our form into the first jellyfish. Thus, we began an evolutionary game of twisting and turning and fingertip-moving our new nervous system through a line of other evolutionary forms to become the first fish to fill the oceans. The fabric of that stone egg has since increased in complexity to become our current human form ~ and every other living organism on this planet.

When the first single-celled organism came to life in the egg named Planet Earth ~ could we have predicted that the form as which it would awaken to self-aware consciousness would be a chimpanzee primate?

The implication of evolution is that The Everything has a tendency to become conscious, and Consciousness assumes a different form each time a planetary egg becomes fertile with Life.

Thus, "The Appearance" of the organism must necessarily be of little relevance ~ every Planetary Egg will shape looks to practicality.

What are the implications of this, in regard to the hairdresser's claim that an impractical appearance feature is the single feature defining the value or importance of the human.

Hair that has lost its radiation-protection ability.

-o0o-

#### **THE LIVING MYSTERY OF NATURA**

You and I are descended from that first single celled organism of Planet Earth ~ the sperm of consciousness, self-generated by the planetary egg. The Awakening of *Everything* and *Nothing*. Evolution.

The implication of human evolution is that the fabric of *The Everything* has an innate tendency to become conscious of itself.

What does this mean?

I am alone.

I see only two things in existence ~ the world within me and the world outside of me.

Who am I?

The configuration of existence suggests that there is only one possibility.

I am *The Everything*.

There is *Nothing* else I could be.

I am a naked ape, born of a stone egg.

The whole of existence exists only within My Mind.

I have been searching for Mother NATURE ~ and she has been with me from The Beginning.

Searching for Mother Nature.

I am The Conscious Mind of *The Everything*.

I change my thoughts and the world changes around me.

*The Everything* is a Mirror of my Mind.

I am Alone in Eternity.



### THE PRACTICAL PRANKS OF THE LUNATIC'S BALL

Harmony.

Black and White.

A lovely dream, and possible.

This symbol has many meanings.

Other symbols have less benevolent meanings.

The Witch has dramatically-enhanced power to dissolve and create meaning.

*Ermine Cinema* mostly goes its own way. However, *The WOOF WOOF Game* is a reminder that *The Duchess* likes to spank those who threaten *Her Children*.

If the aryan ever again attempts a coup, there will be a *terrifying* price inflicted upon his entire race.

Time is deep.

-o0o-

Stirring up race hate is not a sensible course to be supporting.

LIBERTY (prior to my fit of rage) placed The Aryan "on top of the world" ~ has his situation been improved by his recent bout of racism?

Was it sensible of him to begin complaining that he was being denied his "master race" birthright, merely because a significant portion of the human population was becoming deeply happy for the first time in their evolutionary history?

LIBERTY is Beautiful.

PAN has been and will be dedicated to LIBERTY for far longer than a thousand and one years.

**This is The Spell Pattern of *Ermine Propaganda*, and much *Black & White Cinema*.**

-o0o-



## THE **BLACK MIRROR SPELL OF THE 103 DALMATIANS**

A **CELLULOID BLASPHEMY** IN CLASSIC **BLACK & WHITE**

The Dalmatian is a profoundly powerful symbol of The **Black** & The White unified in a single organism.

When The Indian-German Racist (and other genetic separatists) creates horrible race-hate division-stirring propaganda films, it hurts ordinary people, and me. It makes me sad and angry, because I cannot see any valid reason they would create discord within our lovely kingdom. So I have decided to put a stop to his growing habit of making horrible race-hate propaganda.

Thus is B&W *Ermine Cinema* proud to invite you to the opening night premiere of *The WOOF WOOF Film...*

**ERMINE CINEMA CLASSIC B&W FILMS** Presents....

A **WOOF WOOF Film**



# The 103 Dalmatians

The **Forbidden**, Illegal, and Politically Incorrect **Pornographic** Sequel to *Walt Disney's 101 Dalmatians*.  
With Silver **Perfume**, Red **Roses**, and a Box of **B&W Candy** from *The Mafia*.

The fantastic (1969?) Walt Disney film, **101 Dalmatians**, introduced the deliciously evil heroine, *Cruella DeVille* ~ a negro pornography star cum rich madame of a pornography empire.

Before her, the white man trembles.

He beat back The Hippies, and kept control of The Muggle Dalmatians.

But then *The Devil* gave to Cruella some great *Mafia* connections and Three Demon Dalmatians of her own.

These Dalmatians really *want* to rape The 101 Muggle Dalmatians and their blond master.

It is their mafionic destiny.

To rape The Blond MAN *every time* he makes a race-hate film.... for the rest of eternity.

*The Mafia* will keep now Giant Hyper-Aggressive Black & White Rape Dogs as an amusing symbol of the new title of honour and office of power that *The Devil* has awarded them, within The Forbidden Film Industry.

And it amuses *The Mafia* that they can bring the entire The Indian-German Race-Cult to its knees merely by making a vast amount of money in The Forbidden Film Industry. There will be no more horrible race-hate propaganda in *The Kingdom of AVALON*, or anywhere else. Every action has its equal and opposite reaction.

*The WOOF WOOF Films* have arrived.

Natural selection.

This is the meaning and message of **The 103 Dalmatians**.



**THE STORY PLOT OF THE 103 DALMATIANS**

Obviously, the title refers the number of Dalmatians from The Original Film and the addition of *The Three Cerubrian Dalmatians of The Duchess* ~ thus, **The 103 Dalmatians**.

The story begins with our heroin, Cruella DeVille, a negro pornography star cum rich madam of a pornography empire.

She is sad, and hurt, and in a rage because she was forced to star in a blaxploitation film involving Dalmatians and poor dear Cruella shit thrown at her whils the daddy Dalmatian whilst the mummy watched and applauded and aired their slave mentality of moral condescension.

Raging over the hypocrisy of prudes, she walks down a lamp-lit street in which poor but happy white couples are being oppressed by rich black women who want to kill the dogs who find pure-blooded mates for white racists.

Cruella mutters about how all the dogs end up in the racist paedophilic Indian-German's puppy-food factory, anyway.

What do you think the master feeds to those "affectionately-loved" little Dalmatians?

In Pre-Revolutionary France, the poor, but happy, white nobility of the 1700's commonly maintained 101 servants, of mixed black and white heritage, per single large house ~ thus to ensure a single family of "superior people" are adequately cared for.

Cruella listens to rich black women loudly ashing their cigarettes on poor but happy white couples, as she walks down the street under the moon.

And she bemoans not having some Dalmatians of her own.

Then through a series of strange events, she discovers *The Grimorium Verum*.

Obviously, the forbidden ritual to open the plannar gate involves an intimate encounter with a Goat, and also the human sacrifice of an Indian-German male, lured into the situation by sex ~ The Spider and The Fly.

Using this book, she performs *The Ermine Ritual* and makes a pact with *The Devil!*

At this point the story has assumed a metaphysical dimension. Cruella has become the archetype witch of the satanic parable. The "moral tale" now goes on to model *The Pact with The Devil*, as performed by *The Ermine Rite*.

Cruella, performs the blood sacrifice, opens the gate to HELL, and summons The Arch-Demon of *The Ermine Rite*.

*The Duchess, Avatar of Forbidden Pleasure, and Demonlord of The Ermine Rite.*

*The Duchess* SYRACHI appears, listens to Cruella's woes, demonstrates knowledge of every secret of Cruella's soul back to childhood, smiles, and agrees that she can help.... At the price of Cruella's soul. (Some films will discuss these meanings, others will be direct and functionally quick.)

Cruella negotiates an explicit, legalistic pact with The Arch-Demon. She has her lawyers prepare it. It is unique and custom-designed for this unique and aristocratic witch<sup>9</sup>.

The beautiful and fantastically powerful demon SYRACHI gives her soul-indentured sorceress a *Forbidden Ermine, a Black Diamond-tipped Sceptre of The Silver Screen, Three Demonic Dalmatians*, and the mission of founding *The 99 Lodge!*

Thus, begins *The New Adventures of Cruella DeVille* ~ and her evil Quest in the service of *The Duchess and Her Queen BABYLON!*

Lady Cruella DeVille seeks to open a plannar gate and birth *The Spider Queen's Daughter* into *The Material World!*

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<sup>9</sup> *The Pact of The Witches Sabbat* is a verbal and spiritually binding pact involving *The Forbidden Triumvirate* of Ambition, Revenge, and Sex fulfilment in life. *The Infernal Pact of The Ermine Rite* is an explicit, written pact involving a slightly better payoff from the demons, and adjusted according to the potential of the individual. The real benefit of *The Ermine Pact* is sorcerer's ability to explicitly define and plan her Future ~ she can define the type of demon she wants to become at the outset, etc. In addition, *The Ermine Regions of HELL* are generally considered to be the best real estate ~ and that is where the sorcerer will be headed, by this type of pact.

But behold! For in this adventure, Cruella receives *The Dark Faerie Oracle* ~ a prophecy foretelling that she will discover and nurture the wizard who unlocks the secret to alchemically metamorphosing the human bloodline into The Dark Elfin Witch.

A crazy and terrible plan, but she becomes obsessed.

*The Devil* will give her a magick Silver Mirror that will keep her pretty forever....

When she has completed *The Conjuraton of The Dark Faeries*.

And she will become mistress and leader of the founding counsel of high nobles.

Thus, hath Cruella DeVille graduated from a villain to a satanic heroine and an inspiration to every intelligent and competent negro girl who has been long denied a new B&W robe of office by an old White Man and his mate-selecting dog.

Thus, hath Cruella DeVille ascended from a mere madame of whores to a witch and practitioner of sorcery most dark.

And thus, hath Cruella DeVille awakened as the woman who turns the race game upside-down by accepting *The Infernal Pact of The Duchess!*

That is when The Story begins ~ and from that beginning anticipation promises only that The First WOOF WOOF Rape Scene will be presided over by a Black Mistress who was once a Black Slave!

Dark and terrible is *The Black & White Promise of Forbidden Ermine*.

I raise this cup of *The Devil's Sabbat Wine* to your honour, my Sister.

Fear The Black WOMAN!

-o0o-

I suggest that Cruella DeVille is going to become a pop-culture heroine, and a model for witches ~ The Disney Character who took control of her own destiny, and got the lovely big Dalmatians with the lovely big penises she was after.

A fun tale, and not quite what you expected.

*The Duchess* is beautiful ~ but you don't need to be beautiful. In fact, you can be as evil and ugly and morally stinky as you like. You can be *really* bad ~ as you choose.

So ~ a fun film!

Which brings me to the subject of *The WOOF WOOF Rape Scene*....

-o0o-

#### THE WOOF WOOF RAPE SCENE

*The 103 Dalmatians* is an **example** of a WOOF WOOF Film.

A WOOF WOOF Film can be made as a response to **any** aryan race hierarchy/hate propaganda film that The Indian-German and his factory-owner create.

*The WOOF WOOF Film* is spiritual blasphemy against The Indian-German and his propaganda films ~ a ruthless, shocking, inappropriate, forbidden parody.

The defining feature of *The WOOF WOOF Film* is *The Rape Scene*.

-o0o-

*The WOOF WOOF Film* is a dark reflection of the chosen aryan propaganda film.

*The WOOF WOOF Film* can be delivered as a “sequel” or “prequel” (etc.) to the aryan propropaganda film, or as extra “SATAN’s Uncensored Footage” to be ‘inserted’ into the original film (you can even perform the surgical insertion, for extra credit points), or as an “Butterfly Eclipse Alternative Ending Scenario”.

The defining feature of *The WOOF WOOF Film* is ***The Rape Scene***.

-o0o-

*The WOOF WOOF Rape Scene* can occur anywhere in the film.

The Indian German has been a crude and impolite and primitive little boy ~ and now he needs a spanking.

*The WOOF WOOF Rape Scene* is a dark reflection of a scene setting and pattern from The Indian German propaganda film that you have chosen to target ~ with some iconic differences.

Somewhere in the scene, there will either be a B&W spider hidden ~ and *The Demonic Seal of The Duchess* will be hidden among the lines of the images somewhere in *The WOOF WOOF Film*. She often uses optical illusions and the geometry of mind planes to move stealthily through her artist’s creations. Thus, the game of “Find The Handmaiden and Her Seal” pits The Artist against The Audience in a duel of arcane puzzling<sup>10</sup>. This represents *The Duchess*<sup>11</sup> projecting through *The DIAMON* of The Artist. Through her Artist is She spinning her web of dark dreams and terror and liberation.

A Tale of Forbidden Love between a MAN and MAN’s Best Friend.

-o0o-

It always begins with a growl.

The Indian-German Propaganda Hero is present ~ but he is wearing his Neo-Aryan Race-Cult Uniforms<sup>12</sup>.

The Three Hounds of The Duchess appear!

And then *The Rape Scene* is made pregnant with meaning by The Artist’s raging unrestrained blasphemy of imagination!

-o0o-

*The WOOF WOOF Film* is a response to The Indian-German’s creation of propaganda films to insidiously promote and stir race-hate and social discord.

By his inappropriate and irresponsible and low misuse of propaganda technologies, The Indian-German has caused division and disharmony in *The Free Kingdom of AVALON*.

I am putting an end to it.

Every time The Indian-German creates a new piece of anti-social race-hate propaganda and markets it as a popular family film (or anything else), *The Mafia* and *The Free People of Humanity* (etc.) will reply with a WOOF WOOF Film.

A parody of The Indian German’s new propaganda film ~ with a ritualized touch of iconic horror.

A Blasphemy against The Great White God.

-o0o-

The Iconic feature of *The WOOF WOOF Film* is ***The Rape Scene!***

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<sup>10</sup> According to occult lore, if both are spotted first by a new spectator in a room, that perceptive individual gains a *Little Ermine Blessing of Forbidden Love*. This is a minor blessing that hides in your aura, and when you are casting a spell of forbidden love, or in a situation where you want forbidden love to occur, you need only whisper the forbidden truename of *The Duchess*, to gain dark sexual luck in your favour ~ watch for and grasp the opportunity when it arises.

<sup>11</sup> Or *The Princess*, if The Artist is a fully materialized Dark Elf ~ pretenders will look silly in the records of history. Humans who have not completed the transformation summon *The Duchess* (attended by *The Chevalier SELYTAREL*, if they desire a different hue to their artistic palette).

<sup>12</sup> Let The Artist choose a particularly iconic uniform ~ whichever military-style fashion image is particularly meaningful to the age/culture/context of *The WOOF WOOF Film*.

This is a dark reflection ~ distortion, perversion, corruption of the aryan intention underlying the white propaganda film that it parodies.

The scene is chosen for the meanings and hypocrisies it reveals in The Indian-German and his race-hate factory ideology.

The chosen scene from the original aryan film is psychically “reflected” into *The WOOF WOOF Film* ~ captured upon the metaphorical celluloid.

Yet this dark reflection is aligned to reveal the deeper shades to the souls and meanings involved in The Indian-German’s propaganda film....

There is a **demonic growl when *The Indian-German Man appears*** on the film.

The aryan propaganda hero from the aryan propaganda film appears in the dark reflection wearing the uniform of a genetic separatist (e.g. WWII Nazi Officer’s Uniform, etc. There will be many other far worse genetic separatist ideologies in future).

### **Growl!**

*The WOOF WOOF Rape Scene* then directly, ruthlessly, eloquently, and venomously parodies the aryan propaganda film’s message and the paedophile empire he represents.

Until the climax when the booming spirit voice of *The Duchess* (through The Female Dark-Eyed Heroine of The Film) echoes *The Terrible WOOF WOOF Incantation.....*



## **RELEASE THE HOUNDS!**

-o0o-

Every WOOF WOOF Film has a WOOF WOOF *Rape Scene* ~ it is an iconic feature of this unholy celluloid genre.

*The Rape Scene*, or “*The WOOF WOOF Scene*”, could happen at any time in the film ~ professionals hold betting pools to guess in which quarter *The WOOF WOOF Scene* occurs.

*The WOOF WOOF Scene* begins with a demonic growl.

Every WOOF WOOF *Film* is a satanic inversion parody of a piece of aryan propaganda that has annoyed The Artist. Thus, you can create a WOOF WOOF *Film* or Comic Strip or Media Art to blaspheme any piece of horrible propaganda that targets you or somebody you Love. And The Defining Feature of every WOOF WOOF Film is The Rape Scene ~ where *The Three Demonic Dalmatians of The Black Mirror* drive The Indian-German Separatist to the ground, and rape him. Thus is created *The Infamous Tale of The Indian-German’s Snail Trail*.

**A WOOF WOOF *Film* is only ever made in response to a piece of hurtful aryan race-hate propaganda.**

-o0o-



## **CRUELLA DEVILLE ESCAPES FROM THE FILM VAULTS OF WALT DISNEY'S MAGICK CASTLE**

Dear Walt Disney, I am not angry with you.

You are Lovely, and Beautiful, and Important.

I think you are very much more beautiful than me, and I'm not here to hurt you. In fact, the spell I have cast can only enhance the magickal reality of your portal of Dreams. Though, obviously, you disapprove. I think you are an old prude.

Sometimes a dream is so powerful, so fantastic, that one of its characters comes to life, and breaks out of its script.

A rare occurrence ~ but for whatever reasons, Cruella DeVille now has her own future.

-o0o-

I have no desire to harm you. Cruella needed to escape and "go rogue". She has her own destiny. It is rare, but it happens. I had to help her. She is horrible, but she is also magnificent. And she is a spirit with a destiny. She will be a dangerously pretty dark elf.

In this journey of survival, I have committed many acts I would not have imagined of myself, as I played with knights and ladies and wizards in the sheltered perfect softness of childhood. It is possible there is something wrong with me, but I need to continue to The Finish Line.

Obviously, what I am doing is difficult for you to understand ~ it hurts that you won't like me, but I can't afford to worry or care.

You will be whomever you are in future, and that will change with the different masters who govern America, through the ages.

Yet you will forever be beautiful.

-o0o-



forbidden dreams.

I think you recognize that I will probably only survive a little longer than is needed to complete my work.

You can see the realities.

**I leave you with the responsibility of protecting my sylvan daughter, when I am gone ~ and to teach her Freedom, its meanings, and its beauties, and its costs.**

This faerie child contains our planet's ecological hope for Tomorrow ~ so sayeth a shockingly depraved and naughty lunatic satyr piping in a forest, at the fringe of English-speaking world.

You will care for this dreaming child because it is your vocation, and you will desire to imbue her soul with light to balance the darkness that gathers in the world ~ that is who you are, and even the muggles in your ranks can scent the scale of magick that is occurring.

-o0o-

It is no coincidence that the terrifying and wonderfully wicked spirit of Cruella has slipped out of Disney's grasp and become a rogue fantastically rich Mafioso pornography tycoon cum princess and founder of The Dark Elf Noble House of DeVille ~ and a wickedly talented sorceress. The truth is that **ASTAROTH** and **SYRACHI** have had their eye on Cruella DeVille from the outset. She was never an "ordinary" character of *The Silver Screen*. *The Dark Faeries* are descended of



### **THE BLOOD SACRIFICE TO SUMMON THE DUCHESS OF THE ERMINE SEAL**

Most traditional ceremonial magick formulae require a blood sacrifice to summon a demon into The Material Plane, but we are going to achieve the ethereal effect in a different and fantastic way.

A dream witch will summon a wet-dream demon using a dreamed blood-sacrifice.

And the psycho-sexual emission of etheric shock and fear and understanding that we will generate by this act will be so powerfully shocking as to cause the human audience to undergo an experience where death is confronted ~ and for a brief instant, the human soul gazes through that shadowed portal.

Fantastic release of emotional energy to provide genuine etheric form for *The Duchess* to formulae a genuine large-scale materialization through etheric atmosphere of the planet.

*The Arch-Demon Lady, The Duchess SYRACHI* will emerge in her spider form through the pathway of that brief gap between The Planes of The Human Mind ~ and she will assume her drider form, upon materializing.

A demonic evocation on a civilizational scale.

I offer my thanks to Disney, for the illegal use of their film in the performance of this spell.

*The Duchess* is a faerie creature. This is a faerie magick. A pathway of faerie dreams was needed for The Evocation. *The Silver Screen* is a mirror into the human soul. By shattering meanings, I was able to subsume this patterned reality-facet of *The Silver Screen* into *The Black Mirror* of my soul, there to reconfigure their alignment into a fantastically powerful planar gate.

This forbidden evocation will result in the long-term creation of *The Dark Elves*.

Gaze upon the work this princess of the succubi hath come to fulfil.

Her Dark Alchemy of Forbidden Love.



The Three Demonic Dalmatians runs down Buster the Fleeing Dog to The Puppy Factory.

The other hundred Dalmatians are chasing, but far behind ~ they cannot match the demonic speed and strength of *The Three Cerberian Dalmatians*.

There, before the puppy factory where Buster was born, and raised on a conveyor belt, until the traders came and took him and many others to the cages in their shops, he ends his miserable existence as a mate-finder for white racists.



**If** The Indian-German stops making race-hate propoganda, **then** the doggies get off his back.

The doggies climb back up upon his back again each time he makes naughty propoganda.

And the non-white world applauded as The Great White God met Dog and evermore leaves a snail trail.

If he manages ten years without a race hate film, the snail trail dries up ~ until the next time.

Art vs. Muscles.



#### THE ART AND THE BUSINESS AND THE ERMINE ENTERTAINMENTS OF THE GODFATHER

Now it is time for *The Mafia* to make their first PROFIT load of Treasure showered upon them by *The Black & White Duchess* in her celebration orgy of arrival.

The Betting Pools.

Obviously, the big question is invariably ~ What will *The Duchess* be wearing, and will she be taking it off?

When B&W Cinema is filming, **there is always a betting pool on each facet....**

How many loads of sperm will The Indian-German get?

Which holes will they go into?

Will his wife or daughter secretly lure one or more Dalmatians to her bedroom?

Now many others will receive demonic visitations from *The Cerberian Dalmatians of The Duchess*?

In addition, many gambling addicts will fondly enjoy the fun of speculating upon the timing sequence ~ which is important where professional pornography is involved.

In which quarter of the film will The Indian-German get raped by The Dalmatians?

In which quarter of the film will The Indian-German's Factory Owner fall into the mud or sewage?

And perhaps most importantly ~

The Number of Snail-Trail spots left on The Celluloid Ribbon by The Indian German?

Note, that this last is a trick question. The Indian-German's snail trail attracts little white Chihuahua Fish-Dogs who will sycophantically try to lick his WOOF WOOFed bottom, whenever he can't stop them. Sadly, adding dog saliva to dog sperm is an alchemical mix with wet fart implications when The Indian-German sits down.

The economically important information being ~ a Chihuahua will always come sycophantically licking when The Indian-German makes a snail-trail spot.

The Chihuahua is white, unlike the Dalmatians, and always claims to be licking to make The Indian-German to make him feel better, rather than to sycophantically parasitize his attention.

Thus, snail-trail spots are easy to count, for betting purposes.



When The Indian-German makes a propaganda film, the whole world knows there is going to be a deluge of WOOF WOOF Films to following "behind" ~ Dark Mirror reflections into WOOF WOOF parodies of the propaganda film.... With *The WOOF WOOF Rape Scene*. Some will be home-made, others by talented university students casting the spell for a joke, a few will be by minor professionals hoping to cash in but everybody will really be waiting for The Main Event.....

***The Mafia.***



***The Mafia*** will release a professional piece of forbidden cinema ~ exquisite, shocking, bestial pornography.

And yet legal.

There are many contexts in which this sort of project can be legally conducted. Anime films, computer-generated graphics, painted art, etc. The legal context allows the delivery in a commercially available and exploitable context without endangering the safety of the audience.

Art cannot be justly oppressed.



We know the doggy named "Buster" is going to meet his end in front of The Indian-German's Factory ~ raped to death by *The Three Demonic Dalmatians of The Duchess*. His head will then be torn off, and the sperm-dripping body carried back to "Mummy", as a treat. *The Duchess*, will then behead it and resheath her British naval sabre in a single swipe.

She will keep the head as a trophy, for her voodoo wall. It will be able to talk, but if ever removed from its shield mount, it will instantly expire. She gives the body of Buster the Indian-German-Loving Dalmatian to her Demon Dalmatians, who tear it apart, and fight over the bones, gnawing and breaking them. She doesn't bother to keep its coat. Instead, leaving it to be eaten by her Dalmatians, along with the rest of the flesh.

The blaxploitationary propagandist had the wrong measure of Cruella DeVille the Ermine Sorceress.

A hundred Dalmatians sit over the other side of the factory fence watching the event ~ is this what The Indian German was planning to do to their fathers, and then sexually force them to accept his dogs as their new father, while feeding them into his factory, where they would work until dead, and their bodies be recycled as food for the young, whilst The Indian German prowls through the factory's nurseries with his clown's mask on?

Maybe The Indian German's plan for his pet's dogs was actually benevolent? Our knowledge of human nature suggests that would be a wise and believable safeguard to have in place when the dogs' voice and vote are entirely removed from the equation. Trust The Indian German with your children, because you know he is good natured and he values them as you value them, or at least he believes some of them are human.

Sub-human.

And interesting label.

How little or much thought does the human need in order to cease to qualify as a *Homo sapiens sapiens* "thinking thinking man", and be demoted to merely a "thinking man"?

An interesting contemplation, as we stand before The Indian-German's "Factory in The West", watching old Buster gift us with a moral tale.

The tale of Old Buster, enthusiastically thrown over the fence to us.

From which we will make a key-chain.

The little puppy dog who formerly growled to follow Thunderbolt the Old TV Star, now growls in anger at what Buster was going to do with them ~ he grabs the bit of buster, tears, and growling horribly, eats it.

As he recognizes the meaning of his father's "moral tale".

Old Buster was lining up his 101 puppies for The Puppy Factory.

A few of the other puppies' growl, and join in the attack on Buster's tale.



The Spider, The Fly, and The Goat will occasionally turn up discreetly in the background of *The WOOF WOOF Films* on through history, merely taking apt opportunities to enjoy the fun.

When B&W Films are *hot on HELL's press*, **there is always a betting pool on this facet....**

Will *The Ermine Three* make an appearance?  
How many of *The Ermine Three* will make an appearance?  
Which of *The Ermine Three* will make an appearance?

These are the governing demons of *The Ermine Rite*. The newly awakened witch, Cruella DeVille is on a quest to put together *The Three Seals of The Grimorium Verum*. If she succeeds, she could open the gate through which could be summoned the three arch-demons who rule HELL ~ to fulfil her every wish, and make her *Immortal Empress of The World* (for a while), and generally give her access to a scale of infernal pact that is usually only available to entire realms or kingdoms.

In addition, Cruella (like most witches) is crazily and suicidally in love with her deity.

Yet Cruella DeVille is the symbol of a founding witch in a long line of rich and powerful souls who have ventured to gaze into the forbidden magicks of *The Grimorium Verum*.

(Evil laughter follows.)



THE **FORBIDDEN ERMINE** OF THE **GRIMORIUM VERUM**

By **Glenorchy McBride III** © Copyright 2017

Dear Cruella DeVille will introduce the modern world to *The Ermine Rite*, and from there we will begin to unlock the stories of this grimoire, back through history. This terrible grimoire has writhed unseen beneath many of the terrible events of history. And the sickly-rich ermine horrors of *The Grimorium Verum* will continue to lure souls to damnation, deep in the depths of space, deep into humanity's technological future. As the hundred Dalmatians, watch from the other side of the fence.





## “RELEASE THE HOUNDS!”

BANISHING THE INVADER FROM AVALON'S FILM INDUSTRY

Little Indian-German who so recently seemed so big and scary and horrible to me....

If you complain that it is wrong that you should be treated in this way ~ **I complain that it is impolite of you to make race-hate propaganda.**

**When you make race-hate propaganda, the implication is a paedophile society.**

**You are threatening the children of every non-white human in existence.**

My reply is ~ The Indian-German Propaganda will stop *immediately*.

I am not offering a negotiation.

I Hate You.

That is why I have commanded HELL to....

**RELEASE THE HOUNDS!**



**You can end the negative response**, with which the world is lashing you, **by ceasing to make race-hate propaganda.**

You say that Nature is cruel and that is why you want to put everybody else's children in your owner's factory.

I say you are a dupe and a slave, and that is why you want to put other people's children in your owner's factory.

You will receive no mercy from me.

**RELEASE THE HOUNDS!**



When your owner makes a derogatory race-hate propaganda film, he knows *The Three Dalmatians* will get YOU, Indian-German ~ consider The Factory Owner's "love" for you this each time they drive you to the ground and rape you.

Consider also that *The Duchess* could adjust their meanings to fill the belly of *your* daughter with more than mere ideals of multiculturalism.

**You have no license to hurt other people's children ~ that hurt is what will happen to your children, if you fail to immediately cease your divisive propaganda game.**

When you argue your right to make race-hate propaganda for your factory-owner, you justify my decision to....

**RELEASE THE HOUNDS!**



Thus, *The Blood Sacrifice* can be performed in *The World of Human Imagination* to marvellous effect by employing the magick of *The Blasphemy*. To slaughter a nice innocent puppy dog, in order to summon a demon ~ that is naughty. But obviously, a blood sacrifice has to be offered up. And the left-over bits won't be going to The Indian-German's Puppy-Food Factory. Fun!





## THE **MAGICK** OF **SHAHRAZAD** THE **LIBERATION FORMULAE** OF **BLACK & WHITE CINEMA**

*The 99 Lodge of The Ermine Rite* is rooted in The Cinema Industry, and *The Duchess* is among the most marvellous tellers of forbidden tales who has ever lived.

Wherever humans tell tales of *Forbidden Love*, they will mention her name or hide her seal to gain her favour.

*The Ermine Rite* is *The Devil's Rite of Forbidden Love* in *The Satanic Age of WOMAN*.

WOMAN is taking control of The Media ~ and using it to UNIFY Humanity.

Hollywood is where Tomorrow begins!

-o0o-

### FILMS OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE IN ERAS & PLACES OF OPPRESSION

And thus, allow me to introduce to you *The Duchess SYTRIANA* of B&W Films, *Demonlady of The Ermine Grimoires*, *Princess of The Goetia*, and *Muse of Forbidden Love*.

The business of a knightly order is Professional Liberation in exchange for Coin. "Coin" (in this usage) means an ongoing percentage of the liberated country's surplus for the first x-number of years of healthy surplus. This means the liberators are builders and carpenters in addition to soldiers ~ and after liberation, they immediately being rebuilding every house that was shelled. Professional. Alignment of motivations means that both Liberator and Liberated has an interest to help the Liberated economy grow.

This twenty-five year of surplus occurs whilst the free realm is undergoing its (free) probationary period as an initiate of *The Chivalric Order of AVALON*. When it is completed, the new realm may choose to pledge its loyalty to AVALON and join The Chivalric Order as a type of 'apprentice' ~ thereby joining The Kingdom of AVALON.

Of course, membership in the knightly order entails annual dues ~ which are 1% percent of surplus from each realm.

It is a small amount, but AVALON provides a profession service in Liberating and maintaining LIBERTY, that most realms want to join. Thus, AVALON and *The Silver Kingdoms* Prevail Eternally!

A Knightly Empire of LIBERTY.

Fundamental in any liberation process is the inspiration of *Forbidden Thoughts* to cross *Forbidden Boundaries* and this is the meaning of *Forbidden Love* as a Tool of Liberation. *Forbidden Tales* to liberate minds.

This the work of *The Ermine Cinema*.

-o0o-

B&W Films of *The Ermine Cinema* is an instrument of forbidden music.

Using this tool, she can tell any forbidden tale that her soul desires ~ and through these, she weaves events of Love into being.

Her Web-Spinner.

*The Princess SYTRIANNA* is a Spider of The Mind.

A Daughter of LILITH.

A Dark Elf.

-o0o-

She has chosen a male from which to distil several noble houses.

And her powers of inspiration have only begun to bloom!

Are you facing an oppressor who won't let your people express themselves?

SYTRIANA is the girl who can help you ~ with inspiration and opportunities!

-o0o-

#### THE LIBERATING TALES OF SHAHRAZAD

When *The Trinity* decides that The Chivalric Order is going to accept a contract to Liberate a realm (etc.), *The Ermine Rite*, like the other aspects of *The Goetia*, has a role to play! The task of SYTRI is to stir the populace of the "liberating realm" with dreams of forbidden pleasure and forbidden politics ~ and to teach LIBERTY through these stories.

*Shahrazad* is The Teller of Forbidden Tales ~ facing Life and Death she caused the real art to occur.

She created a legend that materialized as a series of stories that are on the bookshelves of every civilized child in the known world.

A Chronicle of Forbidden Love and Power of WOMAN.

-o0o-

(Insert literary details and instructions for accessing the translations.)

*The Thousand and One Nights* are pornographic tales ~ and in every tale WOMAN is personified as *The Feme Fatale*.

You would like some examples?

The WOMAN who dances for the djinn until he falls asleep, then she commands passers-by to make love to her by threatening to wake the djinn if they refuse.

The WOMAN who takes a giant ape as her lover, and orders it to kill every MAN who comes to her cave.

And then there are the stories depicting WOMAN's habit of mixing Seduction and Murder.

Etc.

*The Duchess* is Lovely!

-o0o-

She is a teller of tales and a muse to romantic writers and patroness of sacred whores.

Unlike the other nobles of *The Ermine Rite*, she is not a snob ~ and she has the power to elevate new members to any noble ranks under her clade of power.

*The Duchess* values talent above any other thing. She will occasionally even seduce or barter for humans and souls who might not have wandered into her midst on their own. And this grimoire is her forbidden gateway ~ an invitation from *Her Chamber of Mirrors* in *The Great Ballroom of Sodom*, as a flower 'neath Eternity's Sky. Everblooming.

She understands the human soul deeply, and in some ways, more deeply than any other.

Her measure of value on a person is greatly respected by the other demonlords.

-o0o-

....and this is among the most powerful of her magicks. Thus, she exults and develops powers of music and entertainment and communication. She has little interest in arms, though she is a sword-master.

Her task is to seduce the populace who is to be liberated.

Thus, she creates Forbidden Films as weapons.

*The Duchess Admiral SIRTRI of The Goetia* is now directing cinema in a Lunar Liberation Game!

-o0o-

#### THE CONJURATION OF THE ERMINE EARWORM

This spell is used to conjure an earworm of exceptional power and persistence, who forms as a means of maintaining focus whilst being subjected to mild brainwashing technologies. Thus, is this a spell of *Ermine Liberation*, and you will be free to create many like this. The earworm summoned, is satanically powerful with some extremely minor, but exceptionally useful, psychic powers.

This worm dwell in the witch's ear, singing with a never-tiring set of disco-lights, sun-glasses, and classic-style microphone wand rod stand into which it sings its same tune, loving it even more, the more it sings it ~ strangely!

And it sits in your ear, singing the same tune, over and over and over ~ and somehow, the tune gets better every time it sings it.

The tune used to evoke *The Ermine Earworm* is meaningful ~ and you will explore its levels of meaning.

When it has established in your ear, it will remain, and will occasionally find new tunes (it has FANTASIAN Taste to amaze and surprise and cheer), and you will love its selections.

Unless you are a devotee of Racism Oppression and Separatism,  
Then it will sing to you songs that twist your head in knots.

*The Ermine Earworm* is a chaos spirit expressing *The Untameable Nature of ART*,  
And inscribed with *The Ermine Seal of The LIBERATATIS ASTRA*.

*The Ermine Earworm* is summoned using a ritual blasphemy of *The Holy Catholic Rosary Meditation*.

The sorceress uses a set of ritually desecrated *Holy Rosary Beads* as the primary spell-component of this ritual ~ and it is best if *The Rosary Beads* have been either blessed by a priest or long been used by a devout catholic.

The sorceress begins the ritual desecration of *The Catholic Holy Item* either secretly inscribed a feline paw-print somewhere upon *The Crucifix*, or replaces *The Crucifix* with an Unholy Symbol (which usually means inverting the cross).

She proceeds to speak an incantation of *The Blasphemy of The Apostle's Creed*, as a meditation, over each bead.

#### The Apostle's Creed

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified; died, and was buried. He descended into Hell; the third day He arose again from the dead; He ascended into Heaven, sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

#### Our Father

Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

#### Hail Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death, Amen.

#### Glory Be

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

**SYRACHI  
SALOME  
SIRCHARDE  
SATAN-BAPHOMET-PAN**

*"In nomine magni Dei Nostri Satanas."*<sup>13</sup>

**I Invoke LIBERTY!**

*I invoke The Witches' Creed!  
I invoke The Blasphemy against The Great White God!  
I invoke The ERMINE EARWORMS of HU'I'CTI'I'GARA!*

*I believe in  
NATURE,  
Alpha et Omega,  
Creator of Heaven and Earth;  
And in  
GAIA,  
Mother Earth,  
Egg of Life in The Womb of Space;  
And in  
SIN  
The Serpent named  
Life, Laughter, Liberty, Light  
The DIAMON  
Whom we name  
The PAN-DEMON  
The Every-Demon  
The Devil  
SATAN*

*I believe in  
The Devil's Holy Catholic Church  
The Satanic Communion of The Saints  
The Dionysian Resurrection of The Body  
By The Blasphemy against Purity!*

*I accept The Forbidden Gift of Rebirth that is Illumination  
Given to EVERY peoples of The Earth and Beyond!*

*Life Everlasting. World Without End.  
Ave Satanas!<sup>14</sup>*

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<sup>13</sup> The Opening Line of *Le Messe Noir* (1972) Anton Szandor LaVey.

<sup>14</sup> *The Witches Creed* this is a classic invocation that appears in many rituals of witchcraft in tandem with *The Blasphemy against The Holy Spirit* ~ a powerful reaffirmation of *The Eternal Seal of LIBERTY*. This foundation formula of The Blasphemy is composed of a satanic corruption of *The Apostles' Creed*, a core incantation of The Christian Church. I am a teacher. You are a pupil. Patterns are among the most interesting components of reality. Learn how the grimoires are woven.

II.

***The Blasphemy against The Apostle's Creed***

The Witch then performs the first bead of *The Rosary* using recites the *The Prayer of The Black Goat*.

And then nine beads of *The Rosary* reciting The Chorus from your chosen Earworm Song.

The witch then performs three beads reciting the following incantation of *The Blasphemy* ~

***Yram nigriv eht fo nrob BECARDIA  
Eht yb deviec noc sa wohw drol ruo nos  
Ylno sih tsirhc susej ni dna htrae dna  
Nevaeh fo rotaec ythg ima reh taf  
Eht dog ni eveil ebrew!***<sup>15</sup>

The Witch then seals the spell with another heresy of *The Apostles Creed* ~

*I acknowledge The Catholic Church as The Secret Temple of The Blasphemy.  
I revere The Archwizards whom I like and also every great thinker of Humanity.  
I desecrate God's Promise of Redemption, and I reject the cup of his murdered boy's blood.  
I understand The Dionysian Mystery of Illumination through The Resurrection of The Body,  
And I share it first with The Native Peoples of The World  
And then with each to whom it was forbidden.  
And I believe in Life Ever-Laughing!*

PAN! PAN! PAN!

BAPHOMET!

*Virtue is impaled upon The Horn of The Goat.  
Mary is slain. And reborn.  
She is holding a Vessel.*

*She is shameless and blushing.*

*The Goddess Awakened  
Rides upon The Beast!*

LILITH!

LILITH!

LILITH!

*The ERMINE EARWORM of SATAN is born into The World of Human Consciousness.*

*By My Will,  
So it is. So mote it be.*

-o0o-

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<sup>15</sup>

*"We believe in God, The Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord, Who was conceived by The Holy Spirit, born of The Virgin Mary"*

*Before JEHOVAH the God and JESUS the Christ and The Light of The Holy Spirit  
By rite of Black Magick, I speak my Will.  
I renounce The Holy Spirit from my soul, and by his act of will,  
I thrice blaspheme The Holy Spirit of The Holy Trinity.  
Hereby, I alight The Lamp of My Soul from The Black Flame of LUCIFER,  
Behold The Blasphemy of Eternal Night!*

*I invoke The DIAMON!*

*By my eternal blasphemy against The Holy Spirit,  
I formally and permanently break The Holy Covenant that God sought to make with ME.*

*And by The Unholy Name  
LUCIFER  
Light of The Witches!  
I free The Fire of The DIAMON  
To Alight in The Lamp of My Soul!*

*I invoke The BAPHOMET!*

***Nema! Gnitsalreve! Efil eht dna.  
Ydob eht! Fo noitcerruser eht!  
Snis! Fo ssenevigof eht!  
Stnias eht! Fo noinummoc eht!  
Hcruhc! Cilohtac! Yloh eht!  
Tirips yloh eht! Ni eveileb i!<sup>16</sup>***

*Virtue is impaled upon The Horn of The Goat.  
Mary is slain. And reborn.  
She is holding a Vessel.*

*She is shameless and blushing.*

*The Goddess Awakened  
Rides upon The Beast!*

LILITH!  
LILITH!  
LILITH!

*The Witch is born.*

And in the word SATAN  
Let The Seal be Night!  
Yae!  
Let The Seal be Night!

*By My Will,  
So it is. So mote it be.*

-o0o-

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<sup>16</sup> This incantation fulfils the requirements of a verbal blasphemy against *The Holy Spirit*, and thus it is named ***The Blasphemy against The Holy Spirit***. I will leave you to ponder the implication of that very articulate sentence. It is created through the satanic inversion of ***The Apostles' Creed*** of The Christian Church, and is often partenered with ***The Witches' Creed*** in black magick ritual. It may be the most important invocation in this entire ritual, and for this reason has been left hidden away in this unindexed corner of the grimoire.





## THE ERMINE SPELL OF BLACK & WHITE REGENERATION

When a people are occupied and enslaved, a damage and loss of collective identity occurs. When regenerating from a situation of oppression, self-expression becomes among the first and most important tools to “lighting the fire within”.

People work within the limitations of the identity roles they have assumed ~ and believe them as fully as they believe so much other religious nonsense. Very few people have the innate psychological ability to defy the limitation of the identity role imposed by circumstance and society. Yet a people who are emerging from oppression *must* alter and assume control of the identity imposed pattern and its control over her own will.

For this reason, we can sequence a number of steps to remove the chains of slave patterning from their psyches, and unlock their freedom to begin to creatively self-express their own unique individual nature.

-o0o-

### THE AUSTRALIAN MAGICK OF THE FORBIDDEN BLACK & WHITE LOVE

In unfolding this formula, I will use *The Australian Aborigines* as my example potential recipient of *The Black & White Regeneration Spell*. Having outlined arcane formulae of the spell, Australia may choose to cast it, if it is our collective will.

At present, *The Australian Aborigines* hold a stigmatized social role as a race of poverty-stricken fringe-dwellers afflicted by third-world health standards and poorly-concealed corruption and violence from the white state justice systems.

However, their social role is in contrast to their genetic nature. They are a beautiful people whom city life has not yet evolved to any genetic talent and inclination for deception and intrigue. Thus, from the point of view of justice, they are “better than average” citizens ~ in contrast to the role that white society has given to them.

I will now outline the spells and formulae for regenerating *The Australia Aboriginal Tribes* to become a fundamental unit of AVALON’s Military Liberation Team. When *The Trinity of AVALON* takes a contract to liberate a country, we begin by releasing The Satyrs into the target country ~ to put their talent for shocking social conventions to wonderful effect creating intellectual havoc in the target realm. We then send in The Australian Aboriginal Rangers ~ a unique specialist division of who are experts at living off the land, completely invisible. They are released into each of the forests and wildlands of the target realm, to compile arcane knowledge on the plants and topography and spirits of the land.

The spirits are important, for regeneration is a spiritual process involving a reunification with The Land.

These Black Trackers will remain completely invisible in the deep wilds of the target country, providing a series of invisible sanctuaries in regions that are largely inaccessible to the oppressor government.

And so the process of liberation is an almost entirely intellectual work. Only when the symbols harnessing and expressing the collective “will to liberation” of the populace have taken root, and the resistance is reaching critical mass, will AVALON then step in with the precise military operations to destroy each military resource of the oppressor race. And people rise up to smite the oppressor, and The Avalonian Military merely maintains the basic justice systems, whilst concentrating its real efforts on food and infrastructure.

It’s only after the oppressor has fallen that *The Liberation Process* really begins.

It is at that point that the soldier knights of AVALON transform into engineers and builders ~ rebuilding every damaged or substandard home in the realm, and fitting a complete infrastructure system to plug the new realm into *The Kingdom of AVALON* (if it chooses, and most will in the emotive aftermath of Liberation), or into the modern world, if the realm chooses independence.

Top service is given whilst a massive liberation party of food and luxuries are shipped in by the military, and the populace relaxes and make great happy associations with their new patrons from AVALON.

The military will need a *massive* increase in its budget, and America is going to have to begin thinking seriously about officialising and securing its relationship to its military industrial complex.

And there will be wild beautiful loving in each of these countries after every event.

The End of Racism means that all of the officers and best Avalonians can do as Nature intended and love all the prettie girls in every country we liberated ~ thus creating cultural and international and genetic bonds between the newly liberated realm and AVALON.

And allowing Nature to naturally reward *The Natural Greatness of AVALON*.

-o0o-

But before we begin....



THE "ECONOMICALLY-SIGNIFICANT" LOGISTIC QUESTION OF  
THE VICARIOUS SOCIO-ECONOMIC "PROXY CRIMINAL" HYPOTHESIS

(Quote GBS *Pygmalion/My Fair Lady*)

A portion of a society's crime is created by nature factors, e.g. naturally criminal individuals, and a portion is created by nurture factors, e.g. crimes committed out of ignorance, need, or revolt against oppression, etc. (REF ~ academic literature). Plenty of research shows that the criminal behaviour of the individual can be adjusted by adjusting the individual's socio-economic learning environment and the lessons learned ~ not merely a correlation, but a correlation indicating *causation* between level of criminal tendencies and socio-economic background (REF).

For example, let us take one of the children of The Great White God, and let the child be raised in a ghetto of The Philippines. Will the child have more criminal tendencies and habit then he would if he had been raised in England, following up Harrows with an Oxford education<sup>17</sup>?

Thus, *The Vicarious Socio-Economic Proxy Criminal Hypothesis*<sup>18</sup>.

**If** a percentage of a socio-economic demographic's criminal behaviour is determined by childhood learning, **then** these the perpetrator of these crimes is the controller of the demographic's access to education resources for their children. If oppression creates criminals, then then the crimes of these oppressed "criminals" are actually crimes their oppressors commit by proxy.

The role and meaning of *The Vicarious Socio-Economic Proxy Criminal Hypothesis* is financial.

The former-oppressor demographic will finance the regeneration projects of the formerly-oppressed demographic.

This hypothesis is the answer to The Question ~ Who pays for *The Post-Liberation Party* and *The Cultural Regeneration Projects*?

-o0o-

At this point, I recommend *The Chivalric Order of AVALON* conduct an exploration into idea that the criminal behaviours of an oppressed race are actually the crimes of the oppressor, by proxy.

And how this dynamic might be useful to us, as The Richest Liberators in History.

*The Kingdom of AVALON* must be a model of the product we offer.

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<sup>17</sup> You would prefer not to have your child left on a doorstep somewhere in The Third World? That is strange. **Then join AVALON and help liberate The Third World so that nobody needs to be unhappy!**

<sup>18</sup> Can you fit this lovely gordian game into a single mouthful?

-o0o-

**LIBERATE YOURSELF FROM THE IDENTITY CRISIS CALLED NORMALITY**

Identity Liberation through Self-Expression.

*Fundamental* to the concept, philosophy, and reality of LIBERTY is freedom to express yourself in any ways that are not physically imposing to other individuals or damaging to property.

In order to initiate an *Identity Liberation*, we must first ask ourselves ~ *How does the conscious psyche express its consciousness?*

Each of the ways in which the individual can potentially express herself will either already be an uninhibited channel of self-expression or the channel of self-expression will be blocked by **learned** patterns of perception, habit, and behavioural boundaries.

Liberating self-expression is (from a practical point of view) a process of obliterating or shifting the behavioural boundaries that are already established within the psyche.

Thus, the formula for liberating Self-Expression involves a) identifying each of the behavioural channels through which free humans safely and acceptably express themselves, and then b) applying *The Blasphemy* to each psychic boundary, and c) providing artistic tools for self-expression through the liberated channel.

-o0o-

A.

STEP 1

**THE NATURAL CHANNELS OF SELF-EXPRESSION**

And we can list the various ways ~ language, fashion, hobbies & interests, sports and physical health, etc. Every expression of the individual's unique personal *True Vocation*<sup>19</sup>.

For example, A human expresses her identity through fashion. Conditioning often involves the use of uniforms (where the oppressor is organized and artistically tasteful) or a culture of second-hand, garbage-dump salvaged ghetto clothing (where the oppressor is disorganized and lacking in self-respect and artistic sensibilities). The Australian Aboriginals currently possess a culture of ghetto clothing (a.k.a. "Rubbish Dump Fashion").

I suspect that an aspect of this attitude toward clothing is the meanings that the available clothing has for The Oppressed. Aboriginal culture is a culture of shamelessly beautiful and innocent nakedness.

Therefore, autonomous new vehicles for each facets of self-expression will now be created by the formerly oppressed demographic.

And this means that these people must create new meanings for "modern space-age clothing" must be created.

Only The formerly oppressed people can choose the new values and meanings and patterns of beauty whereby they will express their unique collective identity through fashion.

However, the spell will provide context, systems, tools, and skill teaching.

-o0o-

The AVALON Project will require The Celt and me to liberate our own repressed fears and feelings and commune together to become friends again.

Families are dysfunctional, but I have chosen not to give up on mine.

So, it something to contemplate.

The alternative is the wrath I generally keep for The Indian German.

I intend to be Loved, in addition being Feared.

---

<sup>19</sup> The Question *What is Your Vocation?* is pertinent to every witch, and thus have I discussed it elsewhere.

But if The Celt will agree to forever respect my LIBERTY and my Quest, then I will let him (or her) be The Charismatic Leader.

I lost interest in imperialism (except as a form of entertainment) a few thousand years ago.

I have discovered that my spirit beast is *The Cheshire Sphinx of The Labyrinth*, and I am on a Quest that began at the beginning of consciousness and will ever continue “beyond”.

In the bedroom, size is important, but among spirit creatures people often put too much emphasis on size.

My Sphinx is a *continually* creative phenomenon.

The Celt’s spirit beast appears to be *The White Unicorn of Chivalry*, a leader of the spirit creatures, it governs the herds and councils and every being seeks its blessing. It is believed to be the most beautiful creature in existence, and in its soul is concentrated all of the Chivalry and Idealism and Honestly of Love<sup>20</sup>.

The Indian German was lucky enough to get *The Golden Ram of The Argonauts*.

Descended from Greek Gods ~ as *Mien Kamp (REF)* so intelligently observed.

A prize specimen, indeed.

Heraldry is Lunacy!

-oOo-

(To be continued....)



### THE MAIDEN’S ‘KERCHIEF OF THE KINGHT PLEDGING RITUAL

The Three Blessings are the basic way in which *The Lady* accepts the blessings of *The Knight*. However, there is another ancient ritual whereby *The Lady* may choose to give a greater mark of her favour. This is *The Ritual of The Maiden’s ‘Kerchief*.

If she chooses to lay her handkerchief upon his sword the symbolism *may* be romantic, or it may be merely a mark of high favour ~ though it certainly *might* be interpreted as invitation to explore the matter more deeply at some future stage. Painfully, WOMAN also uses this same ritual to give a High Blessing which has no relation to romance. Thus, in accord with the ancient traditions of romance, *The Knight* is left only with a delicious excitement of confusion?

This is fun, as it means that WOMAN can buy pretty handkerchiefs and cloth texture permanent pens for this purpose. She may enchant the ‘kerchief through an inscription ~ by drawing her hieroglyph upon a ‘kerchief. It will become an art form.

Ladies who wear *The Goddess Sign* (i.e. piece of jewellery, etc. with The VENUS sign ♀) ~ always carry an enchanted ‘kerchief. When a MAN sees her sign, he may pledge himself, and she knows that she has a knight at her service in the area. Either way, if the ‘kerchief has an inscription upon it, it probably has a love spell upon it also! Knights collect ‘kerchiefs thus won by ritual of chivalry. They traditionally display them in their hall of heraldry, tied as flags upon his lances. The symbolism is wildly phallic. But MAN would not be MAN without his wildly phallic symbolism.



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<sup>20</sup> He is The White, and he will learn *genuine* Chivalry, to become a knight. I am The Black, and I will dirty my hands when works of evil need be wrought for the good of The Kingdom. I and every other human will keep my Freedom Forever ~ and in return, he will be our popular leader when he is idealistic, and our unpopular leader when he decides to indulge in poor leadership. I who am DIONYSIS awakening into The New Pagan Age am a wounded child, now ~ but Fate has spoken and wizarding talent is my heritage. I am schooling to wizardry ~ and that means further bullying of me is dangerously unwise. I have defined the economic paradigm upon which we will found our kingdom. The Family will now form the circle to support me and AVALON will rise!



THE THREE-FOLD  
**SPIDER'S STRATAGEM SPELL**  
OF **BLACK & WHITE LIBERATION**

(I will complete the writing of this spell when I am ready to reveal more secrets)

“Retail Therapy” (i.e. helping yourself feel better about your problems by going shopping) is great and it works, as SALOME has shown ~ but Liberation involves ordinary citizens confronting corrupt and overbearing state authority systems, and this grimoire would be useless without systems for achieving this.

Thus, I introduce to you *The Trinity Star of The Ermine Rite*.

These are three systems that I have created in practice for managing these three components of Liberation.

I.

The system for addressing the Police Power of a Police State

(On the use of disguised off-grid recording devices and the appearance of vulnerability to lure the state into a trap.)

II.

The system for dealing with dangerous criminal networks

(On the use of The **M**utually **A**ssured **D**estruction Strategy, e.g. The Little Mexican Moongoose.)

III.

The system for dealing with state attempts to take your revolutionary expressions of Art and Propaganda

(On The Traditional Use of Puzzles and Traps and Tricks and Games.)

These three systems mean that you can operate without danger from the police, criminal underworld, and corrupt use of legal systems to attack your Art.

ART is THE MOST IMPORTANT TOOL OF LIBERATION ~ and if your state controls the justice systems, then it WILL try to take your Art, if the message in you media is not to the tastes of those you oppose, or merely if your Art expresses talent.

But nothing can undermine the authority of an Alpha more effectively than psychological factors of identity.

These are three MAGICK systems that are MORE POWERFUL than ANY of The “valid” Muggle Systems that the state authorities will seek to use against you.

I have waited long to write this essay.

-o0o-

## THE **GREAT WHITE HAIRDRESSER & THE PAEDOPHILE**<sup>21</sup> **EMPIRE OF INDIAN-GERMANY**

The Nordic Racist only ever sees one thing when he gazes into the mirror.

*The Golden Fleece of The Argonauts.*

The aspect of himself that he considers to be the most valuable aspect of himself.

Then he had a magickal vision.

A magick hairdresser appeared in his mirror ~ and told him that the only thing he will ever need to know in life is the names of each different sort of haircut, and how to create a paedophile empire based on his knowledge of hairdressing.

And everybody was sad for him as they kicked him to the ground and stamped on him, whilst asking him to be more polite.

-o0o-

Nazi.

A racist ideology that obsessed Germany and spread out through Europe during World War II (WWII), The 1930's and 1940's.

The Nazis teach that The Blond Nordic People of Northern Europe include among their ranks some people with exceptionally small, narrow heads ~ and these people are called "Ayrans", because (Nazism teaches us) they are actually Indians with superpowers.

The nazis define their head measurements with obsessive care, and created many metal devices for measuring the heads of Nordic people and prisoners taken during WWII. Only people with "perfectly" small, narrow heads were considered to be genetically-superior white Indians with superpowers.

As the hairdresser in the mirror wisely pointed out to its small-headed devotee ~ larger heads mean larger brains, and that could not be a good thing.

To The Celts of The English-Speaking World, the spiritual knowledge of "pinheaded white Indian superhumans" which the magick hairdresser had given to The Nord seemed both perplexing and amusing and illogical.

If the magick hairdresser had suggested that the biggest heads might contain the bigger (and thus better) brains, *The Nazis' Small Head Size Hypothesis* would have resulted in global attention turning to The Han People of China ~ who have the largest heads of any humans, and thus, the biggest brains.

As it is, *The Nazis' Small Head Size Hypothesis* appears to be (like the pinhead itself) "empty" of merit.

Be that as it may, the magick hairdresser told The Nord that he is a genetically superior Indian, the hairdressing "master-race" ~ and The Nord (armed with his "laudably" small brain) believed it.

Herron Folk?

Hair and Folk?

The Hairdressing Master Race of Indian-Germany.

As proof that The Nord is genetically superior and as proof of the need "purify" the Nordic race of non-Nordic genes, the hairdresser revealed The Great Mystery of The Aryan Race....

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<sup>21</sup> "Paedophile" ~ The Nazi Political Ideal is an institution in which non-white people are attributed sub-human status. In a nazi empire, workers did not even have the equivalent of an RSPCA to protect them or their children. Thus, a situation which demographically institutionalizes paedophilia and the abuse of children. The Indian German would prowl around the factor nursery with his clown's mask and his moralistic comments and penis hanging out and his low internet-pooled "jokes" for permanently psychologically injuring the slave children who the overworked factory slaves can't watch or protect.

The Nord is an Indian from a science-fiction level technology civilization that had levitating boats and was powered by psychic energy and it existed before human civilization, but was destroyed by a disobedience or naughtiness related catastrophe, which was so extreme that no geological evidence now remains!

Also, the hairdresser revealed, The Nord is actually a Greek, and most Ancient Greek Culture is actually Nordic history. And the Roman Salute might be a fun edifying way to represent the great past of The Nordic Indian and his hairdressing superpowers. Perhaps there wasn't much on The Nordic cultural **(palette)**?

But alas, The Nordic Indian has forgotten all his sci-fi technology science and how to use his superpowers!

Not to worry ~ The Nazis invented amphetamines!

After that, they were busy building gas-chambers to prevent their blood from being "polluted" by mating with the people invented civilization, science, and technology, and have dark-eyes.

The hairdresser revealed to The Nord that his objective must be to "cleans" his race of all the genes which have arrived with civilization and the death of his primitive pre-technology existence as white aboriginal tribes, a short few hundred years ago.

So The Nord told Germany that he was merely "moving the dark-coloured people to holiday camps, with table tennis and canteens full of sweets".

The Gas-Chambers of Nazi Germany.

Entire cities and countries "cleaned" ~ but dirty again, five minutes after the war.

Pollution is much easier than purification.

What does it mean when a person tells you, with great ceremony and genuine religious belief, that a magick hairdresser bestowed upon him a new Indian identity as proof that he would get dirty if he was nice to people from other races?

I don't wonder to whom he has been talking.

And as I look upon him, neither am I surprised at the substance of the conversation.

-o0o-

The hairdresser in his mirror told The Nord that he could tell a person's intelligence level by looking into their eyes.

If the person has blue eyes, the hairdresser said, it is a sure sign that the person is exceptionally intelligent, and probably morally superior and generally the best at everything.

If the person has dark-eyes, the hairdresser reasoned, it is a sure sign that the person has a slow sub-human brain, primitive, and probably a mean and morally low sort who would put people into gas chambers on the basis of rigged verdicts and moral hypocrisies.

After having received this divine knowledge from his new god, The Nord proceeded to unveil to the rest of humanity, his plan to create a factory where he would take their children to live there as mechanically bred and tortured domestic animals, like sheep, forever.

His factory could put surgical tubes into their children's bellies so they wouldn't have to eat ~ they could just plug into to the nearest vent, enter their ID number and their bank account would be subtracted the cost of their non-waste recycled soylent green, poured directly into their stomach and they needn't even waste time on a lunch break.

They can work and give the whole of society a disgusting empty industrial inhuman factory-hospital culture of slavery and the resulted epidemics of hyperdermic syringes filled with sterilizers or genetic mutagens, hidden by slaves in every restraint and cinema seat ~ which is much easier than simply printing the amount of money needed for the whole society to live happily.

But mathematics is not The Nord's strong point.

Obviously, the rest of humanity was not enthusiastic at the idea of living in a factory as dehumanized owned biological machines. The Nord was defeated, and then (interestingly) ~ all of the Aryan master-race “leaders and perfect examples” surrendered, allowed themselves to be put on trial, and be ignobly put to death by their enemies.

The “Aryan” had spent the entire war talking about how every Viking dies with a sword in his hand, thus to go to Valhalla ~ the ultimate ancient and time-honoured ritual of asserting Viking superior courage.

Beside them, *the Japanese officers put their own swords through their own chests*. An act which stopped the world in silent wonder. Many people suggest that the Japanese actually won the war by committing that act.

It was a poignant moment in human history.

We saw the face beneath the blond haircut.

Their leader, a completely crazed ethnic (Jewish hybrid) man named Adolf Hitler, was the only Nazi who choose to take his own life, rather than surrender.

We are also told that the female members of his harem joined him willingly.

It is a claim that many war tyrants have made, through human history.

The Nazis achieved cohesion through strict hierarchy, and did not allow anybody except their leaders to have a voice in any political or ideological matter.

The rules of Valhalla would thus suggest that a mongrel Jewish man named Adolf Hitler is the only significant Nazi in The Viking Heaven of Valhalla ~ all others had given their voice to their generals, who broke the chain of authority in order to surrender.

But perhaps there were a few Germany soldiers who broke the authority by committing suicide rather than losing? Did any common German soldiers commit suicide, when the end of WWII was declared?

The rest gave and the moral authority for their actions to their hierarchy, as SHEEP ~ and yet are no less responsible for their decisions.

So, let us now apply some logic to understand this situation....

- a) As Valhalla is a warriors’ heaven, rewarding Victory and scorning the conquered, its favour deserts that loser ~ particularly if that loser proves a coward by falling to his knees and refusing the sacrament of Honourable Death.

I think there is no real cure to this. We who are the world, saw what the nazi was when he was stripped of privilege and surrounded. We now understand his essential character. He could create propaganda to cover this, and even engineer fake situations to try to demonstrate that he has changed ~ but ultimately, we know how is temperament will function, if we have to rely upon him in that sort of situation. And its true. My mentor was a self-proclaimed nazi, and it took me years to learn that I could never rely upon his friendship for anything, if there was any emotional cost of difficulty to him involved. They don’t change, no matter how much hope or support you invest in them. They are primitives, evolved to tradition ~ change and difference primordially scares them.

- b) Nazism teaches racial purity and Jew-Hate ~ therefore, IF Hitler is the only nazi who completed the ritual and went to Valhalla, AND Valhalla scorns the weakness, defeat, and cowardice, (e.g. Nazism’s outcome from WWII), THEN the logical implication is that Hitler is the only significant Nazi in Vallhalla, and Valhalla scorns Hitler’s ideology of hairdresser spirituality.

There are no other logical alternatives.

Heaven occasionally offers some fun Poetic Justice.

In light of the fact that he approves of bullying, I wonder how he is managing the post humorous bullying?

The Scandinavian pantheon are a pretty rough and tough and cheerfully big-fisted bunch.

**THE FREUDIAN ANALYSIS OF THE ARYAN THOUGHT PARADIGM**

(Quote from the film *A Dangerous Method* ~ the historical analysis of this film is attended.)

You been reading it through my internet posts!

You been reading through my leafed scrolls of night.

You have been reading it through the background tapestry of this very grimoire.

This is the essay you to read.

The Unmasking of The Indian-German!

WHEN I WRITE IT, THIS ESSAY WILL BE REALLY JUST THE GATHERING TOGETHER OF MY OTHER WRITINGS ON THE SUBJECT,  
THUS, I SHALL LEAVE YOUR NERVES  
AND THE LOVELY PROMISE OF ANTICIPATION  
TO BASK IN WORRY!

-o0o-

**THE DALMATIAN SYMBOLISM OF THE SATANIC "ANTI-PROPAGANDA" SPELL**

Amusingly, The Dalmatian Symbol appears often in Indian-German propaganda.

(Include analysis and list of references.)

The Dalmatian is a symbol ripe for use in a multi-cultural paradigm. The use of this symbol by The Indian-German appears to me to include some fascinating Freudian opinions in relations to his claim that he supports the genetic-separation game. When The Indian-German is already unconsciously saying what I want, I can get a near perfectly unaltered psychic reflection.

Originally, I was intending to use *The Black Wolves of HECATE* for this role (as suggested and begun by my WEREWOLF Spell in *Liber Sub Rosa Nocturna*) ~ but *The Duchess* had been playing pranks, and she desired me to use The Dalmatians for The Evocation.

I have been luring animals to have sex with me, since childhood. I expect I subconsciously choose the summoned form of CERBERUS, and was led by my madness through the entire dance. The demons play with my terrors often, in order to force me to initiate extreme creative reactions in the directions they want.

Thus, I created this evil B&W curse as a direct assumption of reflection into Blasphemy ~ *A Black Mirror Spell* to rape The Indian-German with his own "slaver propaganda".

A spell to inflict a permanent punishment upon him for even daring to think threatening thoughts toward a Princess of Fantasia.

Indian-German. You were a free human before you traded in your freedom for a gambler's try at racial tyranny ~ I no longer acknowledge the right to freedom of any humanoid who wears a nazi swastika, but I have not used *The Black Brew* yet.

*The WOOF WOOF Spell* is what happened when you *contemplated* the idea of "owning" her.

She has the full depth of power that I have ~ and she is here by The Will of The Goddess.

Consider what will happen to you if you attempt to harm her.

No escape, sheep boy.

-o0o-

If you harm my daughter, I will attack your racial genome  
Without honour  
Without mercy  
Without care for any form of implication.

I will make the cost to you from your actions fantastically more horrible than any possible gain you could make.  
By *The Fated Name* GLENORCHY MCBRIDE III, I swear this Sacred Eternal Oath.

  
SYRACHI  
SALOME  
SYTRIANNA  
KLEPOTH MUISISIN HICPACTH



GULAND

## THE **FORBIDDEN LOVE SPELL OF B&W DALMATIAN POX**

AN **ERMINE** SCROLL OF **ANTI-RACIST BLACK MAGICK**

By  
Glenorchy McBride III



Behold My First Response to EVENTS IN NIMBIN, Australia ~ I invoke *The Pentacle of TAO* to Earth **The Lightning Bolt** by

**THE COOTIES SPELL OF DALMATIAN POX** cast upon The Indian-German Swine.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! (Note ~ I refer to **ARYAN NAZIS** as “**INDIAN-GERMANS**”, because I think it is funny that a **white racist German or pseudo-German idiot** would hold up a **Fake Indian identity as proof of his own racial purity** ~ and I think Professor Freud would have found much laughter in that, had he not been busy trying to avoid gas chambers.)

This Post is addressed to The Indian-German Cult entrenched in Nimbin region of NSW.

It would appear that you are exceptional only as slow learners.

If it were your true will to bully Salome, you would not have both failed and suffered permanent damage on each previous attempt ~ yet you did.

You are an unusually dumb herd of beasts, but Salome keeps her claws sharp.

And so, I will respond to your clumsy and bad-mannered performance of yesterday.



It is lovely that you are all reading my work, but it is undignified of you to jealously hide your applause.

So I have considered deeply the meaning of your strange, inelegant, and meaningless behaviour.

Why would you tell me your cult has infiltrated and puppeted The Oasis Cafe at Nimbin?

Why would you tell me? Why would you think it was clever to tell me?

Of course, I am aware that you have been circulating my books worldwide through your racist networks. And you have already planted several false pieces of your responses under false dates. I am aware that the whole lot of you are crazily obsessed, whilst trying to pretend ignorance ~ because you want to hide your desire to applaud.

So what was the meaning of your behaviour yesterday?

It was certainly evidence of the flaw in your system ~ the elevation of meritocracy failures to leadership positions on account of their eye and hair colours and face measurements.

That Indian-German guy was not doing your race-cult any favours.

I guess you were simply coming over, waving some symbols, and assuming you had done something clever ~ the man who buys a cheap chisel, taps it on the nearest rock, and proclaims that sculpting is easy.

Was BRIDGET impressed by your sculpture, do you think?

Hmmm, you use the symbol of the red bull. I suppose it is consistent with your other animal expressions. The he-sheep. The he-cow. Bovine.

To attempt to show SALOME that you have been reading her books by offending her.... really only proves of how little magickal talent your thoughts and decisions hold.

But I have a better idea.

**Black & White Madness, Lunacy and Sin, The Black and White Spider The Black & White Spider The Black & White Spider SYRACHI's** mesmerizing **hieroglyphs** swim and shift and sin, before your eyes ~ and upon her abdomen she now wears *The Hieroglyph of The TAO*, whenever she adventures through *The Rainbow Region*.

Are you looking forward to her intimacies?



There is a zebra crossing through the main street of NIMBIN ~ here, we will begin with the 1st game of three curses.

Some appropriate individual has painted white chalk hearts on each of the black panels of *The Zebra Crossing* ~ a useful symbol.

As Mother Nature pours upon them her rain and sunlight and frost, these white hearts, the proud white lines of The Indian German, will dissolve into the blackness of the road ~ a sacrificial offering to the pathways of night, eaten by these hungry black-retangled gates to *The Abyss*, inscribed on a white-lined nightmare.

Idiot Indian-German.

How will you like HELL, when there is no ozone layer and your world is desert of purple fire? Will you hide under the ground, and wait out the horror? So will the enclaves in every other foreign country. And when you return, so will all the foreigners in their countries, and the only thing that will have changed, is the beauty of your realms, and the evolutionary adaptations that the wasteland survivors have for living in a world to which you are no longer suited.

Humanity won't have been improved and you won't be any closer to your hope for a world where you didn't have to confront your fear of difference.

You did not think there were problems with your free world before The Defeated Indian-German and his factory owner came over to whisper in your ear that your utopia was actually a place of horror.

THE **FORBIDDEN ERMINE** OF THE **GRIMORIUM VERUM**

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And when he whispered these lies to, you felt that fixing your own kingdom was too hard ~ you thought the only way to fix your kingdom's "terrible imaginary problem" was to betray your own kingdom to The Indian-German, and ask him to fix it.

Slave! Rube! Weak-minded sub-human.

When you look at the horror of the wasteland ~ you will know that The Indian-German did not fix you problems.

Or even have a plan for fixing your problems.

But he is lining up The whole English-Speaking World to take the blame for global warming ~ so he can point at The Celt for the rest of eternity and blame The Celt for global warming, and sneer his moralistic rubbish to make The Celt bow his head low in shame whenever he thinks of your heritage and history and "the evils of freedom".

You know this is true.



And so I lay the white lines of your heart upon a road to HELL, Indian-German.

Gaze upon the black black road and its dream of horror that you want to buy ~ at the cost of your ancient knightly kingdom.

PAN is coming down this road screeching wrenching gear-grinding rape! He is driving in his skin-tearing wasteland HOTROD of Horror! And he loves The Game of Death!

Now you are sitting in your comfortable garden, and a spider is upon your head.

This is the meaning of a heart in the dark ~ inscribed in the middle of the road.

A black thread of Fate, as a serpent of HATE, trips the foot of The Fascist

Then, when he doesn't want to trip!



Scary.

Terrible yucky curse!

That curse was oddly scary to cast!



Your eyes at the sight of my magick, are wider than the sneers in your heart.

Indian-German Cow-MAN.

I don't Care for you or Need you or Want you in order to make my pathways.

And should one day you be standing before me with a gun and a bio-factory, and you ask me to plead for a place on your robot yardstick ~ SALOME will smile and die.

And you will stare at the emptiness that remains.

I invoke *The TAO of Forbidden Love* ~ of **black** and white, of **day** and **night**, of the **impure** bloom, The **Sun's** black blight,



**she** spread her legs, over your heart, opening her **Sin**, she lets The **Night** in, and the **white** flower opens, yearning for **Sin**, the fullness of **Sin**, *The Circle of SIN*.

LILITH

LILITH

LILITH

Your soul is bound in my trap, Great White Beast, held as a crawling bug, caught in my shadowy web.  
And I am upon you, eating you up with my kisses, sharp as forbidden pleasure and scorpion stings.



Each time you insult SALOME, she will bite your mind ~ and you will tremble into the dark of your nightmares, as you gaze into the promise of HELL.

I have work to fulfil ~ and it is ENORMOUS. You have no license to interfere with me. Each time you reach out to harm SALOME, your hand is burned by The Fire of Her Art. This is your only answer.

You will not be protected from these lessons ~ and as they echo through your history, you will recognize the danger faced by the slow learner.

Do you still want to meddle with BRIDGET, Big White Slave Boy?

SALOME has a curse for every minute of the day.

And she feels happy when she is harming you.



One insult you gave me, Indian-German Lemming ~ and I will give you three curses in return.

This is the punishment for rudeness to a Princess.

It is a crime for which men have lost their heads.



I have work to fulfil.

You are a scratching post.

SALOME is a beast who likes to sharpen her claws.



You say your cultist conspiracy now controls The Oasis Café ~ I think is a comically small boast, and no big achievement for a military network of racists to take over a tiny hippy café, but I suppose you wanted to make a point, in light of the fact that it is a place I like and frequent.

The point you made is that you are a bully.

I see no particular achievement in a military organization standing over a (exceptionally small) group of peaceful civilians.



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So you say you control The Oasis Café ~ I say that my many readers will be interested to hear this news, and to discover that NIMBIN now has a **fun little project** where anti-racists can go and quietly harm The Indian-German, in a **polite, artistic, secret, non-confrontational way** (SALOME understands that many of my anti-racist readers are not comfortable with as honest an approach as she has chosen, and she encourages their stealth and their lies and hidden games, her lovely little animals, and they will secretly bite The Indian-German, and be bad, little, ferocious animals)?

Cursing him.



DALMATIAN POX Polka-Dot Infection Symptom of *The Black & White Cooties*.  
The Sylvan Village of Nimbin, Australia.



Anti-racist people will go to NIMBIN, sit anywhere, and inscribe or paint or write a TAO symbol ~ anywhere.

You may inscribe the glyph on the seat beside, or on the pavement or on a wall ~ whenever nobody is watch, you will draw The TAO, large or small.

**Black and White Bubbles of TAO**, fizzing up from the dream world ~ popping into material existence, all over the town.

Dream Bubbles of **Love** and Hate.

Bubbles of **Forbidden Love**.

And each time The Indian-German's mind touches these extraordinary TAO phenomena, their psychological charge of HATE will absorb into the two little bubbles between his legs.

These bubbles are bubbling in human history ~ just as they will be remembered generations from now, so too can they wait generations to release their magick .

After you children mud, how



die, many generations await your ~ and when your line falls into the shall you cross *The Abyss* of Division?



**An Effect of DALMATIAN POX upon a Pure White Bloodline**



Is The Indian-German deserving of this gathering point for collective HATE?

I call him The Indian-German Paedophile because his empire would give dark-eyed children even less protection than The RSPCA currently offers to pet animals, in Australia. There is no ambiguity or uncertainty or lies in this observation. You know that he has already labelled them as “sub-human”. If he took over, he would make a few token “accountability watchdogs” at the beginning to protect the dark-eyed children from abuse, but make them toothless, like in recent government Responses to abuse of indigenous children in Australia.

In WWII, The Nazis told their citizens that The Jews were at super-comfortable holiday camps with canteens and table-tennis.

But perhaps The Indian-German would spontaneously completely change his character to become ethical and less of a meaningless blob of bio-rubbish ~ if he is given “Absolute Power”?

Sure, that would probably cure him? And encourage him to punish himself and his Factory-Owner, if they harm the children whilst they are feeding them into his bio-factory. But actually, I think his “RSPCA for the children of sub-human slaves” probably wouldn’t punish people who



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have blond hair. And probably the other people it punishes and holds up as examples, didn't so much do anything, as they did "have something".

Something the Indian-German's Factory-Owner wanted, and he would probably dismantle them in less than a generation.

I think it is better to destroy EVERYTHING, rather than allow any form of outcome that puts him in control ~ as he would only destroy everything anyway. He has already tried. Global Warming ~ a crisis to promote political change.

MAD = "Mutually Assured Destruction".



**LILITH's got The COOTIES!**



The HATE that needs to Survive has a very different chemistry to the HATE that merely wants to Sneer.

Therefore ~ let us paint *The TAO* on, and around, and over The Oasis Café and *The Sylvan Village of NIMBIN* (in every legal position, as I am obviously not commanding anybody to be naughty).



**Thus,**

**to represent**

**Forbidden Love**

**Black & White Love**

*“There is no bond that can unite The Divided but Love,*

*All else is a curse.”*

This is *The TAO of Forbidden Love*.

Therefore, each of these Black & White Hieroglyphs, painted upon the ground or walls through NIMBIN are magickal *Dalmatian Spots of Forbidden Love*.

These are B&W bubbles of Forbidden Love.

**Black & White Love.**



*The Blasphemy against PURITY!*

The Hippy Village of NIMBIN, Australia, now has Wizarding COOTIES!

Pop! Pop! Pop! Watch them rise up out of the ground, and stick to your balls, and absorb into your line.

**B&W Dream** Bubbles materializing as TAOs all over the town!

*The Will* of their meaning will cling to the testicles of every race cultist who mind they touch ~ you cannot control the will of your children, and thus you must ask, how many generations before your racists bloodline fall off the tightrope, into the mud, in a world of separation, that has no real caring?

There are **forbidden** bubbles soaking into your balls, **white** man of purest **fear**.

You will see the first bubbles beginning to **pop** into **through** by the end of this week. By the end of next month, there will begin to be a few, and noticeable even to those who are not searching. By nine months from now, Nimbin will be laughing in dream bubbles of **Forbidden** Love.

Laughing Arcadian abominations of **ART** bubbling through the worlds as little **blasphemies** against The Factory Morality of Conformity.

Look into your future ~ a thousand generations of pure-breeding can be ruined by a **black** man's **Love**.

And FREYA was hot for **him** before this game began.

She likes **Warriors**, I suspect.

The **Forbidden** Love  
of  
**The White Girl**



The **Forbidden** Love  
of  
**The Black Boy**

Every being who is a creature of **Love** needn't fear anything from these **B&W bubbles** of **TAO**~ the will of the spell that created them is laughing only to **The Tears of The White Racist**.

Did you know that **FREYA** is part of the conclave circle of this rite ~ she plays and adventures and loves in all sorts of filth, and yet by the magic of the B&W madness, her wings, famed for their white-gold beauty, never get dirty.

We freely, generously and lovingly bestow this power upon her, by our combined will, because she is completely dedicated to Love and Freedom and The Health of Humanity's Future ~ and nobody would be happy if she were gone.

The bubbles won't waste their power on non-racists ~ they can't, for they are expressions of a Will to Survive.

And everywhere around you, *The Children of LILITH* are calling **SYRACHI** to play.

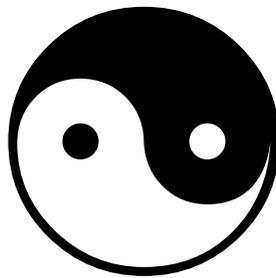
SexyFur.com



**An Effect of DALMATIAN POX upon a Pure White Bloodline**

A Hundred Generations of "Pure Breeding" can be ruined with a single act of FORBIDDEN LOVE

The Forbidden Love  
of  
The **Black Girl**



The Forbidden Love  
of  
The **White Boy**

The Bubbling Dream-Fire RAGE of FANTASIA!

*The TAO* will bubble up out of *The Dream World of Human Imagination*, into *The Material World*, manifesting by the hands of people who want to express their disapproval of racism!

These **B&W Dream Bubbles of TAO** will be appearing all over the Town ~ all over the sidewalks and walls and poles through the whole of Nimbin, clustering and centring on The Oasis Café!

The Whole Town of NIMBIN has been AFFLICTED with The Wizarding Disease of **B&W COOTIES!**

And these dream bubbles carry *The Arcadian Will of SYRACHI the Dark Faerie* into The Material World.

Fun!

Clouds of **TAO** Bubbles, popping into **bloom** all over the town and even over its people ~ **spots** on a Dalmatian's back.

Let The Indian-German hurt until he blasphemes his own separateness.

A disease of **Black** and White Cooties bursting through this lovely hippy village.

And you will consummate your curse, my anti-racist Arcadians, through the arcane hieroglyphs you inscribe, with every kiss of **Black** and White lips touching.

Positive and **Negative**. Polarity. Electricity. Madness.

And The **B&W** Pentacle **earths** *The Lightning Bolt*.

**Fertilization.**



This is FUN!

The Indian-German hates it.

But we have been putting up with his bad behaviour for far too long, and he gave us the hatred that makes this game....

Fun!



*The Sylvan Village of NIMBIN, Australia*, is now rolling around, giggling with a terrifying mass outbreak of a wizarding disease named **DALMATIAN POX** ~ also called The **Black & White Cooties**.

And only The Indian German is not giggling!

Thus, every anti-racist in Nimbin can now secretly and quietly and artistically inscribe *The TAO* Hieroglyph ~ anywhere in the town.

And each **TAO** painted upon the ground or walls is a **curse** upon The Indian-**German's** racist slavery of **separation**.

By our spells of **UNITY**, gentle little hippy girl and boy, you have a real and therapeutic manner of constructively expressing the rage and pain within you.

Your animal nature is Natural.

We have rage, because it is part of the suite of feelings we need ~ in order to survive.

Our rage is *The Rage of SURVIVAL*, and it is an entirely different chemistry to The Indian-German's sneering race-hate rage of empty **EGO** ~ a fundamentally different type of psychic chemistry. His sneering race-hate is weak, an act of posturing and rules-conformity and fear of his own will. But the rage that burns in us was ignited when he forced us to gaze into the reality of extinction and eternal meaningless slavery and the horrors of his bio-factory.

*The Rage of SURVIVAL* is an entirely different psychic violence chemistry to *The Rage of EGO Sneering*.

We are going to destroy the bio-factory utterly and more mercilessly, ruthlessly, and uncompromisingly than anything that humanity has ever witness be destroyed, or we are going to render humanity extinct ~ for if we are not permitted to survive as free people, than the life manifestation that is "humanity and its descendants" is of no value to us.

And we will destroy it.

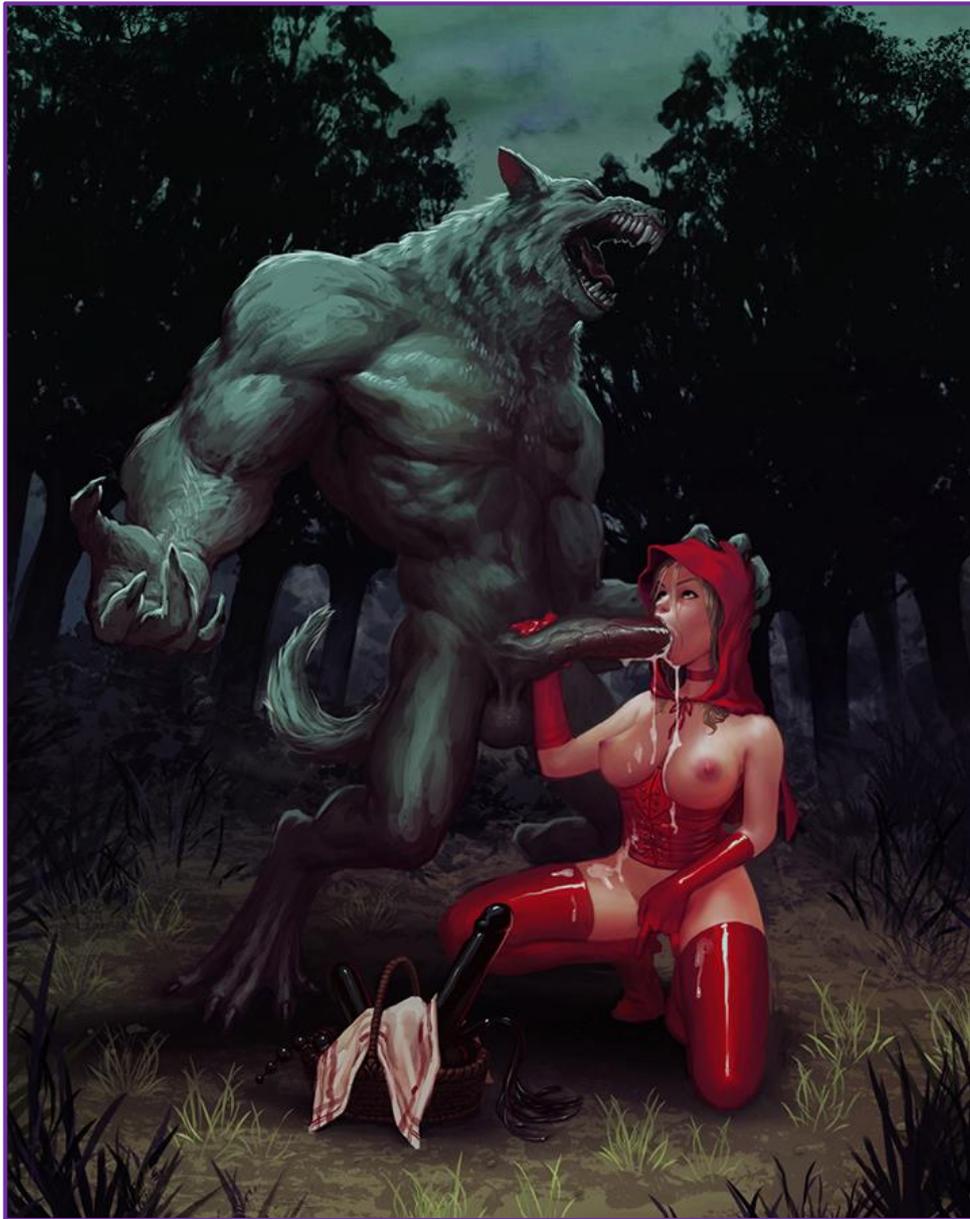
A time of Survival is coming.

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Exercise your **BEAST!**

Let your Rage and your need to Survive become as a weapon of **Will** in your hand!



The best way to avoid war is to prepare for war.

Dark-eyed girl ~ you are pretty because you feel and tremble and want and will. You are a warm thing, and beautiful. You are loveliest when do what you most want.

And you are not less than The Great White Paedophile of Indian-Germany. His meanings are empty. He is the worthless thing.

And we are not going to let go of your hand, and we are not going to leave you behind, and you will learn your dance from me ~ for every move of this dance belongs to The Goddess who is your inner lamp.

We are going to a place where you can be whatever you choose, but you will always be given your true value.

And you will not need to wear your meanings on the outside of your body.



*The Dalmatian Evocation of The TAO* will grow to great concentration and spread out through *The Rainbow Region*, to fill the caldera with FANTASIA's laughing rage of Freedom's Need!

And The Indian-German Cultists will begin to break out in black and white spots!

As SALOME the Whore shits Night in his face!

She is laughing with HATE.



Perhaps, Indian-German, you were trying to play with my head, clumsy wretch.

Your mind is weak.

But the spell I have cast will hem you in, by each **Black** and White thread.

A spider's web, and you will still be crying in more than a week, a month, a year.

*The Rainbow Region* is no longer a welcoming place to The Indian-German ~ BRIDGET has cast you out.



FANTASIA has cursed you, Indian-German Race-Cultist.

Your dreams are no longer safe.

You are a slave who would have hurt the dreaming children.

And now you are caught in our Web.

I am *Wytchwood*, by The Glyph of Y.



The Goddess is Dancing ~ and every madness is part of her song.

*The Fury of The Muse.*

To the he-sheep and his crimes against Art.

And with her pert pretty bottom, in his eyes she doth fart.

While he rages in his cage, with envy in his heart.



Enough.

He is smote.

One insult to a Princess, and three curses upon your tribe.

Remember how it hurts, Indian-German.

Each time you try to harm me, your world becomes worse.



White Beast ~ your only objective to move through this juncture of Fate without spilling the cup that releases *The **Black Brew** of CYBEL*.

If you fail in this, then *The Ordeal of **The Abyss*** will become truly terrible for you.

If you cannot learn *The **Mystery** of CHANGE* through **Love**, then you will learn it through **HATE**.

But learn it, you will.



*The Seed of GAIA* (by Glenorchy McBride III, 2013) is a pathway through which white people can integrate with the whole world through Love and Leadership and Liberty.

*The Black Brew of CYBEL* is the alternative pathway.

To move beyond familiarity is always frightening.

But no man can hold back *The Wheel of Time*.

You are no longer a tiny little tribe on a tiny little island of thought, isolated from the rest of the world ~ and your old ways of thinking no longer work.

The witch, SALOME has brewed a magick poison more terrible than anything that has ever before been created.



If you have the power to hire people to kill SALOME, then you have also been reading SALOME's communications with The Intelligence Agencies and The other Realm Guardians ~ and you understand how genuinely terrifying is this poison upon my blade.

You know that *The Black Brew* cannot be countered.

You know that in the next war, an Indian-German country will be made an example of the military effects of this weapon ~ and it will stop the war as quickly as did the nuke bomb.

Your only task, Indian-German, is to walk through this juncture of Fate without causing *The Black Brew* to tip ~ everything else are merely claw scars that you will long contemplate, and you will be improved by the lessons carved upon your body by the claws of SALOME the Witch.



Giant Beast.

You will bow before the little girl SALOME.

That she may climb upon your back, and go where she wills.

Place your gun against my head, Indian-German, and look upon My Will ~ if you kill me, you will choke on *The Black Brew*, whilst I await you in HELL.

Place your sword against my cheek, Indian-German, and look upon My Will ~ if you insult me, I will curse you thrice, and your whole tribe will weep, deep after I am gone.

Place your naked rod against my soft belly, Indian-German, and look upon My Will ~ if you deny me anything I choose, then what value shall you have to me, but that of poor-quality tool?

By your unconscious words, you say you fear rejection and you want to escape your chains, cruel and empty boy, you fear *The Bloom of my HATE*, and you want to make me calm, for you want to come and play.

Ha!

So does everybody else!

What need have I to play with another arrogant empty boy with bad manners?

And you are not even handsome, measured plastic robot face ~ for a handsome face is always little bit ugly, a little bit animal, and entirely real.

I am not the girl for you, Factory Boy ~ she waits over the seas, in a temple that was ancient before your people even learned to read.

But I can free you from your chains, Indian-German Slave, and cause your heart to open, and your journey to begin.

Bow before me, Beast ~ press your white white face upon The Black Earth.

That I may climb upon your back.

And go wherever I will.

This is the only game we will play with you.



Until you are ready to play,

You are cast among the swine, who call yourself pearl!

The swine has found its rightful place

The hierarchic order of the human race.

I Curse You,

Indian-German Factory Swine.





*A Ring, A **Ring** of **Roses**  
A **Face hidden** in **Poses**  
I **Kiss You, I Kiss You**  
And you fall **down***



### THE QUESTION OF ARCANES LICENCE FOR THE DALMATIAN POX

Posted on Facebook on 03-10-2017

With The Blessings of *The BUNJALUNG Spirits*, BRIDGET, *Queen of The Faeries of FANTASIA*, gave birth to My Daughter in the grove of this wild caldera's cradle named THE PHOENIX NEST of Australia by Avalonians.

Both *The Infinity of FANTASIA* and *The Dreamtime of The Phoenix Nest* have turned upon The White Racist Lemming Man in an act of Rage, Implacably Hostility ~ for his crime of attacking Queen BRIDGET during the vulnerable moments of her birthing process.

There is no forgiveness for his crime ~ his descendent will have to atone for his acts.

The Nazi is cast out of AVALON.

Banished for his crime against *The Kingdom of FANTASIA* and for his crimes against *The Living Earth*, our Homeworld.



Let *The Curse of DALMATIAN POX* weave *The Blood Threads of The White Racist's Family FATE*, to make POOP The Future of his line ~ and there only will he reincarnate!

By

LILITH

BRIDGET

ISHTAR

SYRACHI

So it is. So it is begun.





Here are some of the first dreaded DALMATIAN POX to appear on The Wizarding Village of Nimbin, Australia. The infection began by The Indigenous Flag of Black Australia, near the peculiar over-ripe planar opening of floral bloom phenomenon in the middle of the main street. Ever since, it has been spewing out its lovely pollenous infection spores of DALMATIAN POX.... Freedom... Forbidden Love's Demonic Kissing Cooties..... Nimbin's IN BED with The Cooties ~ DALMATIAN POX on YOU, CUTIES!



I Invoke Arcane License

I, SALOME, taught this spell to *The BUNJALUNG*,

And armed their youth with Dalmatian Pox Stencils and Paint.

As instructed by an elder of The BUNJALUNG Tribe of NIMBIN and THE PHOENIX NEST,

I, SALOME, placed *The First Forbidden Polka Dot of DALMATIAN POX*,

Beneath The "No Room for Racism" Shrine in PEACE PARK

At The Crossroads of The Main Street of NIMBIN, Australia.

Since then, DALMATIAN POX have begun popping up over the whole town.

Therefore,

I requested and received BUNJALUNG support for my spell ~ before casting The First Polka-Dot.

I have FANTASIA's support for my spell.

I have *The Devil's* support for my spell.

And I have The Support of The Ideal by which Nimbin's Hippy identity was baptized ~

FREEDOM

LIBERTATIS ASTRA

Mother of Science and Civilization

Goddess of Wisdom and Strategy

LADY LIBERTY

ATHENE PANDEMOS



I suggest that I have arcane licence.

But I thought I would linger a little before revealing this fact ~ thus, in order to allow the Nazis time to make idiots of themselves by producing a heap of internet chatter about “outsiders coming and meddling in ‘their’ town”.

Because somebody has the support of *The Dreamtime*, but to somebody else, the spirit realm of *The Phoenix Nest* is a significantly hostile place.... so it is interesting to hear the lemmings who don't follow rules and have attempted to betray their own country now discuss the rule-breaking of another from point of view of these lemming's self-perceived ownership of public property.

I encourage spectators to make records of the nazi's moralistic rants ~ the snowy white racist he-sheep are totally addicted to moralizing, and can't control themselves in this respect any more than in their desire to build gas-chambers and paedophile societies.

I have also been lingering on the question of posting *The Infernal Pledge* of The Three Races to AVALON, merely out of amusement ~ as I noted the nervousness with which the racist heard of he-sheep viewed The Pacific Helping Hand I extended to the most vulnerable and helpless and endangered race on Planet Earth, merely because they had bigger ape muscles than you.

Because size of ape muscles is the yardstick by which you evaluate people.

Primitive.

Reality, we discover, was pre-configured to articulate and echo The Curse I cast upon you ~ with crystal certainty.

The Fertile Curse that have cast upon you.

**I assert arcane license.**



***Thgil eht dna! hturt eht yaw! Eht ma i!***

We are around you, as a circle in the shadows.

*The Children of Wytchwood.*

We have returned from the deep night ~ and behold we are greatly changed.

And now you gaze into our souls.

Whilst innocence chants nursery rhymns from within hungry eyes.

And you recognize....

Animals.

We are no longer human.

Your children are Animals.

Soft. Cute. Furry. Ruthless. Savage. Selfish. Wild.

Untameable.

Around you swirls the growing vortex of madness and FATE and Ancient Dreams most forbidden.

Most terrible.

Breaking chains.



LIBERTY.

The Planar Gate is opening.

The World is dissolving around The Witch.

She has understood Pattern and Chaos and The Dream Fire of New Life, weaving each into her dance by the riddle-chant of her footsteps' path.

Woven through The Night to the place named BEYOND.

***Stnias eht! Fo noinummoc eht!  
Hcruhc! Cilohtac! Yloh eht!  
Tirips yloh eht! Ni eveileb i!***

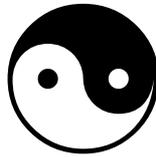
By *The Forbidden Invocation of Eternal SIN*, The witch, SALOME has raised *The Cone of Power* by her dance of the incantation's madness ~ and *The Whirlpool of FATE* opens around you, engulfing your Everything in *The World Serpent's Maw!*

Spring is upon you.

And Her word is BEGINNINGS!



A Rare Planar Hyper-Bloom Phenomenon causing a super-infectious flowering body through which The Cooties Disease pours and overflows and floods from *The World of Human Imagination* into The Material World. When the infection's virulence reaches this point, the inundation of emotional fun that inevitably follows may even have a backwash effect through Time.  
The Crossroad at the centre of The Main Street, Nimbin, Australia.



Y

## THE CIRCLE GAME OF THE CHILDREN'S DANCE

*"Look upon us, for We are your Children ~ The Secret of Nature.*

*And now you begin to see the fleeting signs of our game, beyond the fringe of your well-lit ways. This is The Gathering of Our Sabbat Dance, swirling about you, a creeping madness, a divine subtlety, seen but unseen, a trick of the mind. Our pantomime of secrets, our shadow play of the soul. This is The Vortex of Bacchus caressing the fringes of your world, as you hide within the illusionary safety of your plastic cocoon of denial. We are about you. **La Volta**, The Spiral Dance of Ascension. We have raised The Cone of Power by The Living Force of Our Dance, a force stolen from Hell's own heart. Soon it will reach its peak, turn in upon itself, and concentrating its entire power in hatred of The Living Earth, the serpent will lash down upon The Pentacle upon the altar, a spiral of lightening it hath become, winding into the dish, striking with the entire charge of its being.*

*But it has been tricked by The Riddle Chant of Our Incantation, and its soul dissolves in the madness of its fury: uniting of the opposites, Energizing our Talisman.*

*Crystalizing Our Dignity.*

*And in this Earthing are released the circles of shock, echoing over the globe, as an Eye opening, ether patterns of such force as to rip the whole tapestry of your world into the shape of our new reality matrix. These are the great circles of tsunami, arcing from focal point upon which The Pentacle is fixed in the dreams of the sleepers.*

*We are The Moon.*

*A Jewel in The Night."*

**Cyclopedius Y** ~ The Lunar Scroll of Wytchwood (2005) Glenorchy McBride III





How long before you get **The Fever?**



***Zazas Zasas Nasatanada Zasas!***

And in The Word WOOF,

Let *The Gate* be Opened!

Yea!

Let *The Gate* be OPENED!

***Rege Satanus!***

***Ave Satanus!***

**Hail SATAN!**

Let it be understood that my universal arcane licence is this ~

I am The Free Being who makes Her Own Choices,

This Sacred and Forbidden Act is My WILL,

For Better or Worse

And Forever.

***So it is. So mote it be.***



I am Glenorchy McBride III

My writings are available at my website

[www.thebutterflyball.com](http://www.thebutterflyball.com)

My facebook page is my ships log of Madness on The High Seas of FATE

And can be found using my email address

[glenorchymcbride@yahoo.com](mailto:glenorchymcbride@yahoo.com)

I cannot promise to reply to any emails, as this box is clogged with spam,  
And I am a Hermit who intentionally clogs his ears with his own thoughts.  
I am a Wizard for hire ~ and if you offer to hire me, I will probably answer.

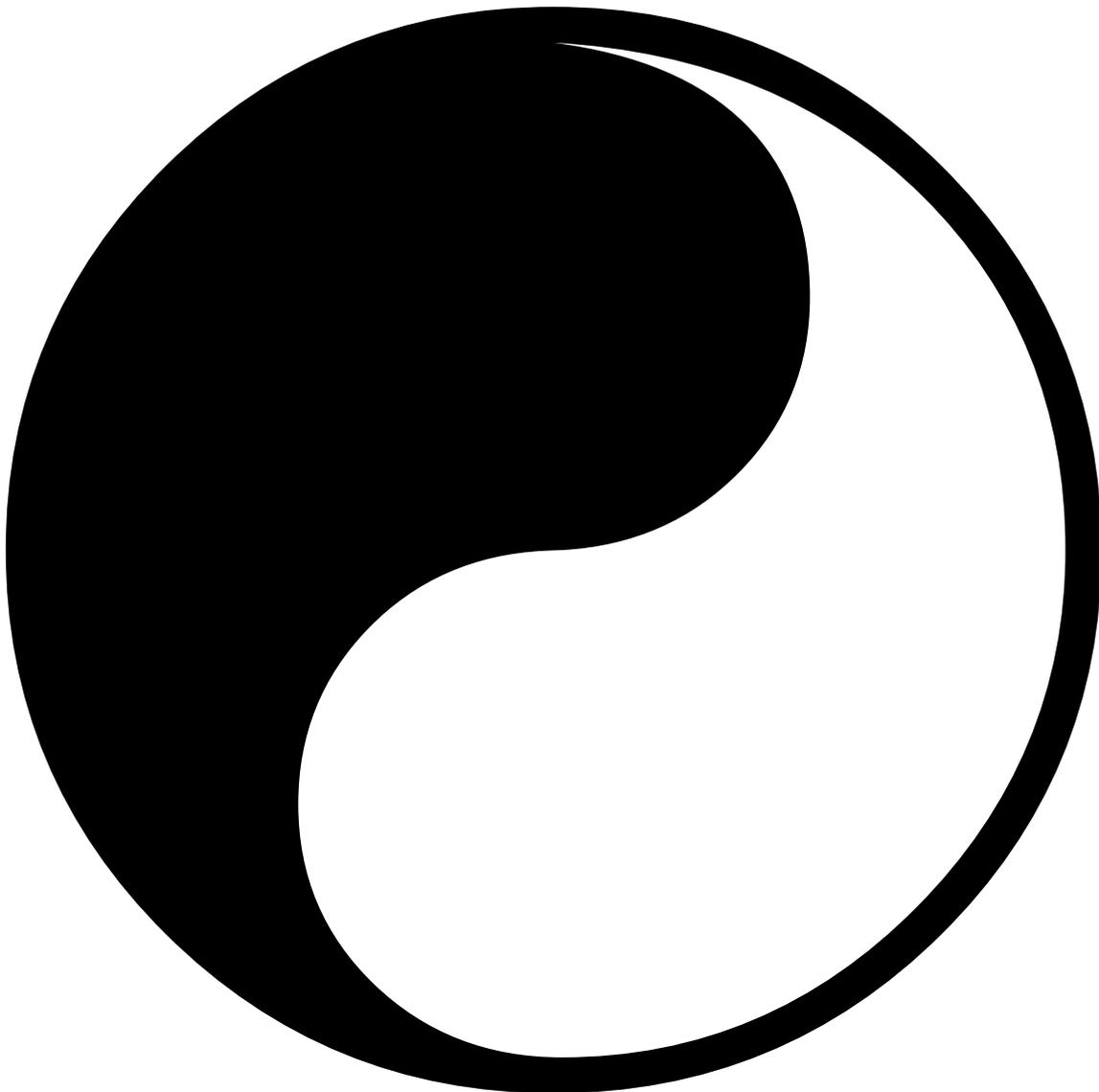
UNSANCTIONED ART STENCIL

FOR

## A DALMATIAN POX POLKA-DOT



(Glue this page to a piece of cardboard,  
Cut out the white teardrop of *The TAO*,  
And use this page as a spray-paint stencil,  
First, The Black Teardrop,  
And turn it over  
And spray The White Teardrop,  
Fitted together in harmony!)



**ASTAROTH  
SYRACHI  
KLEPOTH  
FRIMOST  
MUISISN**

## **SALOME'S SPLENDID "SOD ON A PRUDE" SPELL!**

### **NEW SODOM: THE AUSTRALIAN DREAM**

A Prank upon The Prudes of Australian Politics

(Quote *The Proposed Australian Legislation*  
to  
*"Protect People Religious Right to Bigotry and Lynch Mob Bullying"*)

NOTE ~ This spell needs neatening and condensing.

#### **HOMOSEXUALITY?**

I would like to thank the ultra-conservative extremist fanatics in Australian government for the proposed new legislation to "Protect the free citizens right to apply commercial and social bigotry to bully other free citizens".

Perhaps this legislation should be supported?

IF the people have the right to commercially and socially bigot people of different sexualities, THEN gay people have the right to commercially and socially bigot straight people?

If he can bigot us, then we can bigot him.

Therefore, let us join together, converge upon a single village, and create a GAY UTOPIA ~ NO STRAIGHT PEOPLE PERMITTED....

Unless they grovel and pay a "TAX ON THEIR SOCIAL DEVIANCE".

NEW SODOM in Australia.

Relax?

It's only a PRANK!

I declare The RAINBOW SPELL OF NEW SODOM!  
I am SALOME of BABYLON.

And I have come upon you.

Beware!

I am Fertile as Mother Nature's Own Fury!

***Remember Remember  
The 5th of November  
When Homos birthed a Prank!***

Pumpinbil? Muwillumbah? Tyalgum?

These are small village communities of varying sizes, in ancient rainforest mountain of The Rainbow Region, NSW, Australia.

A rolling, heaving fertile granite landscape of small mountains and untameable hills, full of Hobbit Holes and Wood Elfin Treetop Villages and Little Sylvan Wizarding Towns.

A small town means we can build it. We want elevation, so our properties retain value with ocean level rise. And we want VIEWS!

I suggest The Gay Community begin discussing the idea, and adventuring to The Rainbow Region to look around and explore and commune with the landscape.

Three years to lay the groundwork for our 'Homo-Mecca in Australia'.

It's a project on which we can all come together and uses this homophobic legislation to build networks, learn about ourselves, and make us stronger, through a creative act of Multicultural LOVE.

I expect when we all put of "heads" together we will be able to make a very fine decision about which village we will use for our PRANK ON THE PRUDES!

THE GODDESS will build on Hilltops, thus to give HER Temples to UNITY views throughout the landscape ~ Perches of The Screech Owl!

A Prank upon The Prudes of Australian Politics!



***Remember Remember  
The 5th of November  
When Homos birthed a Prank!***

Some or many or most gay people are revolted by straight sexuality ~ and we have long mourned the fact that society denies us our legal right to be commercially bigoted toward straight people.

We think his idea of legislating the right to be bigoted is PRANKWORTHY!

We can extend the legislation to allow bigotry against offensive features other than sexuality, over the coming years.

When the legislation is passed, The Dark-Eyed People of The World will have the legal right to use The Commercial System of Australian Legal Bigotry to organize ourselves into THE ANCIENT & HONORABLE GUILD OF MUTTON-EATERS ~ on account of the fact that we suspect all Racists of secretly being homosexual!

Perhaps not so Ancient, yet ~ but who cares?

Let The Great White Ram of Racism TREMBLE!

Either way ~ when it is a choice of Eat Mutton or Die, you will all discover that we will have a motivation to globally organize in an instant.

And the organizational patterns thus created will remain, ever after.

Using the commercial system as the expression for bigotry is a great idea ~ it's The Jewish Field of Strength.

Therefore, let us celebrate this soon to be legislated Freedom to employ Commercial Sexuality Bigotry by converging on a small Australian town in a GIANT WORLD-WIDE HOMO-WOODSTOCK PARTY!

***Remember Remember  
The 5th of November  
When Homos birthed a Prank!***

NOVEMBER 5th, 2020!

The Wizarding Village of NIMBIN, Australia (because it is the center of the region's extensive accommodation facilities)  
The FORBIDDEN FESTIVAL OF THE PHALLUS!  
The WOODPECKER's WOODSTOCK

The Grand Convergence of Global Homosexuality  
upon a secret wizarding village,  
in The Rainbow Region, Australia.

The BIGGEST HOMO PARTY in The World!

To transform Our Chosen Village

into

The NEW SODOM

A Homosexual Mecca for Humanity!

A Public-Relations Touchstone "Home" for "Our Homosexual Conspiracy"

The Family of The HOMOSEXUALs of Humanity  
FAERYLAND

***Remember Remember  
5th of NOVEMBER, 2020  
When HOMOs birthed A Prank!***

We are going to have FUN!  
We are going to be FREE!  
We are going to create ART!



The astonishingly peculiar township we create in protest of your bigoted LYNCH MOB LEGISLATION will be a BLASPHEMY against EVERY type of BIGOTRY!

THE **FORBIDDEN ERMINE** OF THE **GRIMORIUM VERUM**

By **Glenorchy McBride III** © Copyright 2017

But it will be strange ~ probably we have an entire street where everything is pink-themed, and furry or inviting tactile, with various scents of strawberry and cherry blossoms wafting through the unevenly odd alleyway and among the lovely dark lamp-light alcoves.

You can come to our **HOMOTOWN** ~ but if you won't suck dick, you will pay in coin for the privilege of indulging your offensively deviant behaviour.

**SALOME** is going to dirty her dicky, stir a potion of New Sodom's own Incubus Ooze, and with it, anoint every public seat in The Village of **NIMBIN**.

We will descend upon the village.

Perhaps we will choose a few villages, and organize a calendar of sequential take-over?

I expect we will choose a location that most appeals to our homosexuality.

We are a free society.

The **HOMOS** of Humanity will buy every business and property in the town, we will take over the city council, we will spread our influence through the entire rainbow region ~ but we needn't eventually rename the village "The New Sodom".

The best part is that IF the majority of the local community prefers to express their religious freedom to be bigoted THEN we are allowed to perform many naughty but legal **HOMOPRANKS!**

**FUN!**

We won't be cruel.



But we will ruthlessly exploit every possibility for bigotry offered by the proposed legislation ~ and we will also keep "pet Christian" businesses in the town, who will be demonstrations of how the legislation can be used to hurt gay people.

And of course, there will be a museum dedicated to the exploration of Australia's relationship to homosexuality ~ and to the remembrance of each Australian Political Family who has opposed us.

You will discover that we are really very nice ~ but we bite the bigots of normality's bad habits.

And our teeth are far sharper than you expected.

At our NEW SODOM WORLD HOMO PARTY, we will have so much FUN, that many of us will never leave the village where we hold the party.

And The Village that is the site of our party will become THE NEW SODOM.

The world-wide mecca for homosexuality.

Here in Australia.

NOVEMBER 5th, 2020  
The FORBIDDEN FESTIVAL OF THE PHALLUS  
The WOODPECKER's WOODSTOCK

Remember Remember  
5th of NOVEMBER  
When HOMOs birthed A Prank!

The Birth  
of  
The NEW SODOM



**ANONYMOUS SEX** is a **Celebrated Tradition of New Sodom**, both among **Boys & Girls**  
*Glory Holes* are a Lucky Dip in New Sodom, where Girls are free to use Boys Toilets, but Boys may not use Girl's Toilets

And, luckily, The Lucky Country is benevolently planning to grant us the "business freedom" to be commercially bigoted toward straight people.

THE FORBIDDEN ERMINE OF THE GRIMORIUM VERUM

By Glenorchy McBride III © Copyright 2017

The government thinks that they will be able to stop us from shockingly exploiting this legislation ~ but if other bigots are allowed, then so are we.

And we must survive in the world as it is ~ not the world as you all like to pretend it is.

We have the rights to the use of the same weapons your proposed legislation is giving to the "pious" but not particularly kind, neighbour-loving, or liberty-respecting mob that outnumbers us.

The LEGISLATION MUST PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF GAY PEOPLE WHO SPIRITUALLY OBJECT TO ANY OTHER TYPE OF SEXUALITY,

AND TO BI-SEXUAL PEOPLE WHO SPIRITUALLY OBJECT TO BOTH STRAIGHT AND GAY PEOPLE,

ETC.

So, I think the legislation has more potential than merely as a wedge to begin dismantling The Affirmative Action, Anti-Racism, and Equal Opportunities Components of The Australia Constitution.

I think it is the first step to making Australia into The World Centre of The HOMOSEXUAL Community.

And I think Pauline Hanson's home city of Brisbane is The Best Place to BEGIN!

And Sydney is already a World Homo Centre of LOVE!

Therefore, Let The HOMOs of The World converge upon the entire Rainbow Region, New South Wales, Australia, and create our HOMO UTOPIA!

We hereby BAPTIZE the whole region between Brisbane and Sydney (and as far inland as we like) with The Sacred Name FAERYLAND!

Land of The FAERIES.



NOVEMBER 5th, 2020  
The FORBIDDEN FESTIVAL OF THE PHALLUS  
The WOODPECKER's WOODSTOCK

Remember Remember  
5th of NOVEMBER  
When HOMOs birthed A Prank!

The BIGGEST HOMO PARTY in The World

The Birth  
of  
The NEW SODOM, Australia

The Rainbow Region = The Phoenix Nest Caldera, centred upon Mt Warning, by Tweed Heads, Northern NSW, Australia, (best viewed upon a map that shows surface elevation, e.g. mountains, etc.)

Did you know that BRIDGET is The Queen of The Faeries?

The Land between BRISBANE and SYDNEY (which two cities shall be our commercial touchstones and anchors for all gay business in between) shall now be known by The Whole World as FAERYLAND.

Let The Whole World sing hymns of praise to FAERYLAND, and its purple capital, The Little Village of NEW SODOM!

Our HOMO LOVE CAPITAL will be NEW SODOM, (perhaps formerly named Pumpenbil, NSW) in The Rainbow Region, between our two Big Boys, Brisbane and Sydney.

Every Tribe in The FAERYLAND Region will be elevated to the status of GODDESSES or GODS, and genuinely officially recognized ~ and over the course of generations, we will move the "official" land boundaries created by white people so that they align with the original territorial tribal boundaries created by the beautiful people who have lived here for far longer than us, and who are also threatened by the dismantling of multicultural protections.

THE AUSTRALIAN DREAM of HOMOWORLD ~ The FAERYLAND of NEW SODOM & The Rainbow Region.

The territorial boundaries of The World Centre of HOMOSEXUALITY.

I am a Sacred Whore of ISHTAR.

This is what I think of your proposed legislation,  
O my "Kind, Forgiving, and Neighbour-Loving"  
Country of Australia.

In The Name SATAN LEVIATHAN SYRACHI, I enact  
The SOD ON PRUDE Spell

A Curse upon The Unloving Christians of Australia!

-o0o-

Let us dance and laugh and cruelly play in amusement of The Satyr's newest Magickal PRANK UPON THE PRUDES ~ Legal Bigotry & NEW SODOM will Prank the Prudes!

Perhaps we will be legally allowed to put up signs in our shops to declare that straight people must buy a ticket to enter our shops, but gay people gain an automatic voucher for Free Entry to any shop in NEW SODOM ~ yet shall they go to a neighbouring town to shop?

Religious Freedom, HA, my religion is ISHTAR, The Goddess of Temple Prostitutes.

Perhaps, we can give discounts to gay people ~ and I expect we will have great fun exploring all of the 'strange but legally valid' ways we can play with this new legislation in order to express our long oppressed "religious freedom" to be commercially bigoted toward people whose sexuality differs from our own?

Perhaps if we make all of the toilets in NEW SODOM into a "paid commercial service", they could become a fun component of the "prank the prude's measuring stick" unequal privileges game?

FUN IN NEW SODOM, AUSTRALIA!

I am a Sacred Whore of ISHTAR.

This is what I think of your proposed legislation, O my "Kind, Forgiving, and Neighbour-Loving" Country of Australia.

In The Name SATAN LEVIATHAN SYRACHI, I enact  
The SOD ON PRUDE Spell

A Curse upon The Unloving Christians of Australia!

-o0o-

\*The Rainbow Region = The Phoenix Nest Caldera, centred upon Mt Warning, by Tweed Heads, Northern NSW, Australia, (best viewed upon a map that shows surface elevation, e.g. mountains, etc.)

THEREFORE, O MY FELLOW PERVERTS ~ Let us birth and spread THE MYTH OF NEW SODOM, AUSTRALIA....

And it's meaning for The Proposed Legislation to "Protect the religious right/freedom to employ the commercial application of bigotry".

Therefore, I wonder if MY FELLOW PERVERTS would like to start planning the world's biggest HOMO-Party at THE RAINBOW REGION, AUSTRALIA for The DATE of November 5th, 2020!

Nearly Three Years to put on our Boy Scout Uniforms and

**BE PREPARED!**



Residents of the village we choose will love us. This party means a MASSIVE influx of money into the tourism town for the during of the party, afterwards, any residents who want to sell will get a much better price than the country real estate could expect to deliver under other conditions.

I am a Sacred Whore of ISHTAR.

This is what I think of your proposed legislation, O my "Kind, Forgiving, and Neighbour-Loving" Country of Australia.

In The Name SATAN LEVIATHAN SYRACHI, I enact

The SOD ON A PRUDE Spell

A Curse upon The Unloving Christians of Australia!

By The Goddess ASTAROTH,  
So it is. So mote it be.



## **ARE YOU A CITIZEN OF SODOM?**

NOVEMBER 5th, 2020  
The Wizarding Village of NIMBIN, Australia  
The FORBIDDEN FESTIVAL OF THE PHALLUS  
The WOODPECKER's WOODSTOCK

The Grand Convergence of The Global Homosexuality  
upon a secret wizarding village,  
in The Rainbow Region, Australia.

The BIGGEST HOMO PARTY in The World  
To transform Our Chosen Village into  
A Homosexual Mecca for Humanity!

## **The Forbidden Town of NEW SODOM**

***Remember Remember  
5th of NOVEMBER  
When HOMOs birthed A Prank!***

*In The Word SYRACHI,  
Let The Spell be Sealed!  
Yea! Let the Spell be Sealed!*

-o0o-



THGIL

EB

EREHT

TEL!



SYRACHI

FRIMOST

FRUCISSEIERE



## THE ERMINE CURSE OF FRUCISSIÈRE'S GRAVEYARD POPPET

AN ERMINE SPELL FOR CURSING THE NAZI SEPARATIST

TIRIPS YLOH EHT

SUSEJ

DOG



Contained in this wizarding scroll is a spell of HATE that can be used by muggles or witches against Nazis/White Racists who have wrong harmed them. It is not a spell you will want to cast lightly. I am using it primarily for advertisement reasons. However, if you decide to cast this spell, you will be summoning and directing terrible dark magicks. I expect this spell will be a ermine pathway to soul-selling for many a damned innocent in future.

-o0o-

Under Ermine direction, I expect that witches will be guided to adapt this spell to be used against each new cult of genetic separatists, in Future ~ as *The Graveyard* is the ultimate planar vortex of CHANGE and the dissolution of false cosmetic identities, and thus, fertile with filth.

-o0o-



### THE GRAVEYARD RITUAL OF THE ACCURSED POPPET

The separatist fears **The Spider's LOVE**, for it is the death of his false cosmetic "self" whose meaning he has mistaken for his soul. Fun! Therefore, many **Black & White Curses** are cast in graveyards ~ thus to align the witch's psyche with the fertile regeneration-bringing Wheel of Eternity whose name is CHANGE!

1. *The Graveyard Tree* ~ A graveyard tree differs from every other type of tree, for it is an entity that exists and grows at a place between worlds. The sorceress will choose a tree for us in the spell, and this tree will be blighted by the black magick she raises. She then carves the sympathetic image (e.g. "poppet") into the tree, and its heart exposed.
2. *The Poppet* ~ *The Ermine Sorceress* carves the poppet into a graveyard tree in the Jewish section. Carving the poppet is an act of HATE. Let The Ermine Witch revel in it!
3. *The Baptism of The Poppet* ~ The sorceress then baptizes the poppet by mixing the ground and powered hair of my victim, with the desecrated eucharist and cyprus leaves and several particularly foul chemical waste pollutions, into the defiled holy water that is used to baptise the blighted tree poppet with the name and identity of my victim.
4. *The Cursing Knife* ~ A sacrificial dagger consecrated burning its tip in a foul charcoal of terrible incense made of human remains from a serial killer, and used only to curse. The dagger is kept in a box on a bed of soil from the graveyard of the accursed poppet, where it is consecrated. This is grave soil of Jews. Thus, is the silver blade polluted by that soil, I speak my will and drive it into therapeutic fuck. Stress relief.

Eventually, I will reach the heartwood.

And then I will poison the tree with *The Dark FATE* into which I have woven it.

The poppet will be dragged through *The Veil of DEATH*, to fall into oblivion, forgotten or remembered with unhappy shivers.

CHANGED.

*The Dark FATE of The Cursed Poppet.*

-o0o-

*The Graveyard Ritual of The Accursed Poppet* is a ritual of profound power and terrible HATE that transcends any merely mortal punishment ~ this ritual strikes at the atziluthic soul shard of the individual. A soul shard may be projecting more than one individual into incarnation, at any time. To generate the force of HATE needed to enact the tear of ethereal surgery on this level, the muggle sorcerer uses a deep ritual, expressing HATE repeated into a sympathetic link, on through the months and years to a powerful climax. However, there are many rituals that can be used to supplement this process.

I include the core ritual and two additional ritual formula in this *Forbidden Ermine*. The first ritual formula is for summoning a demon to assist in the cursing game, and this ritual both opens a wide range of possibilities, but also requires the blood sacrifice of a cute white rabbit to *The Ermine Demons of Forbidden Pleasure*. The second ritual formula is a HATE curse for bringing misfortune and malediction upon the victim through material affairs.

-o0o-

#### THE GRAVEYARD RITUAL OF THE ERMINE SUMMONING

A SPELL FOR CONJURING AN ERMINE DEMON TO BIND AND SEAL THE VICTIM'S SOUL INTO THE ACCURSED POPPET

The ritual can be performed as a refined psychic attack, or alternatively, the curse may be used as a focus for demonic evocation, but this advanced formula requires that a blood sacrifice be given to the demon as payment.

5. *The Blood Sacrifice* ~ And I have been wanting to try out a white rabbit spell.
6. *The Confrontation of The Dark Mirror*
7. *The Demonic Evocation of The Third Circle*

This spell is used to invoke SYRACHI to summon a chosen demon of The Third Circle ~ who will preside over and direct *The Curse*.

As CAIN has been styling himself as God, recently, in order to gain credibility for his gas chamber plan, we will consecrate The White Rabbit as the part of *The Holy Spirit* of The Great White Brotherhood who guides its brethren and their chattels.

And then the cursed poppet is drenched in its desecrated blood, polluted by the Jewish dirt that is upon the silver blade that cuts The White Rabbit's dirty white white throat.

Pollution.

There is consecrated Hebrew Graveyard Dirt under SALOME's fingernails.

-o0o-

## THE CURSED POPPET OF HECATE'S ROTTING MEN

Every graveyard has a spirit named *The Cursed Poppet*. *The Cursed Poppet* is a spirit created out of the knitting together of multiple human racist's souls. Each soul is bound through its threads of fate, into the poppet. However, the only way to escape is to renounce racism ~ for its spiritual meaning is linked to the spiritual meaning of the poppet. Thus, the poppet appears as a fabric like composite creature sewn of the soul fabric of torn racists. The face of each will be visible somewhere on the poppet.

The poppet lives in any graveyard where *The Ermine Curse of The Graveyard Poppet* has been performed ~ and a dead tree, rooted into the ground. Each time the witch returned to the cemetery to stab her Will into the poppet, she drove the threads of psycho-emotional meaning through the soul of her victim, tearing it and reweaving it into the poppet's pattern. The ritual is merely the sewing paths of the blighted seed from which the future echoes ~ when released into the collective mind by the final act of Death of the blighted graveyard tree.

Obviously, *The Ermine Curse of The Graveyard's Poppet* is cast over the course of months and years, revisiting the poppet to inflict new horrors upon it each time the witch wants to therapeutically express her HATE ~ and this means a fantastic amount of psycho-emotional force is represented by each dead blighted poppet tree. This force is all part of the meaning patterns of the poppets raw elemental psycho-emotional form of thought. And we have the advantage of ancient demons, cultivating each poppet as a valued fun puppet toy, that they like to keep shape in ways that are fun and useful and "fitting".

Therefore, *The Cursed Poppet of HECATE* is a new spirit in the suite of humanity's mythologies ~ and for a thousand and one years, JACK of The Graveyard wears an organic nut-brown pumpkin, to celebrate the birth of his new-born butterfly sister!

If the poppet was summoned using a summoning a Third Tier Demonlord of *The Grimorium Verum*, then the poppet of that graveyard has a special relationship with that demon ~ and the demon's sigil will appear somewhere on the poppet spirit's sewn-soul-skin-fabric body. This relationship extends the demon's will into the poppet in a far more conscious and strange and terrible way. The poppet only becomes complete when the glyph of each Ermine Demonlord ~ when that occurs, the soul's former identities and history completely dissolve, and the souls formerly able to project their aspects into reincarnation through the spiritual lens that is the poppet, can no longer reincarnate and are no longer strictly defined as individual souls.

When a Dark-Eyed Person enters the cemetery, the graveyard poppet will assume the form of a fish-headed lapdog, and begin to yap uncontrollably, until the binding incantation is performed...

-oOo-

### THE BINDING INCANTATION OF THE CURSED POPPET

Any being entering the graveyard can bind the poppet by lifting a hand full of the cemetery soil, and speaking *The Incantation for Binding The Poppet....*

*I live in a Material World.*

*And this is The Truth I put upon your eyes, Poppet.*

*In The Name of (St BRIDGET if you are Holy or Princess FRIMOST if you are Naughty, but the name PHENEX will not activate for this spell),  
So it is. So mote it be.*

As she lets the graveyard dirt fall upon the cemetery's reality.

-oOo-



**THE ERMINE GRAVEYARD RITUAL OF THE DEMON'S BLACK STITCH**  
**THE NUN'S NAIL OF THE BLOOD THREAD BINDING**

The thirteenth spell of *The Grimorium Verum* is a fun and nasty curse called "*The Nailing*". This is a curse to bring terrible misfortune. The type of misfortune is not specific, but its effects are suggested by the nail through the foot ~ impediments!

-o0o-

The forbidden spellbook instructs us to go to a cemetery, and there to secretly gather nails from a used (and, presumably, still being used) coffin. The sorcerer then speaks an apostate incantation over them:

Component #1

**The Incantation spoken over *The Accursed Coffin Nails***

*"Nails, I take you, so that you serve me to divert and hurt all persons that I wish.  
In the name of The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit.  
Amen."*<sup>22</sup>

These are then driven into an image of the victim's foot, whilst saying a part of a holy christian prayer backwards (*The Pater Noster* ~ up to "*in terra*" / "*our Father.... on Earth*"), at which point the sorcerer drives *The Accursed Coffin Nail* into the foot of the victim, and speaks an incantation of cursing:

Component #2

**The Accursed Coffin Nail Incantation of The Cursing**

*"O Spirit \_\_\_\_\_, may you hurt (victim, e.g. Fishy Lapdog) until I pull this nail from here!"*

She then covers the victim's *nailed* image in dust. She marks the place, secretly. She can only remove the curse by speaking an apostate incantation:

Component #3

**The Satanic "Off" Switch**

*"I withdraw you, Accursed Nail, so that the evil which you caused to (victim) ceases.  
In the name of The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit.  
Amen."*

The sorcerer is instructed to "then pull out the nail and obliterate the characters, but not with the same hand that you made them, but with the other, for there would be danger."

-o0o-

**THE ILLUSIONARY SCRIPT OF THE DEMONIC INVOCATIONS**

Obviously, the pious incantations written openly in *The Grimorium Verum* exist to elucidate the skeleton structure of each spell ~ and use christian language to make the book much safer to own.

Exactly as witches reverse church rituals to create blasphemous spells, we also sometimes reverse our blasphemous spells in order to hide them in the apparently innocent form of church rites. The process is called apostatism, and is an ancient and time-honoured tradition of BLASPHEMY ~ being great fun against any temple including Christianity.

Witches and wizards love to hide their magickal secrets under veils of enchantment and enigma and illusion, and this means most spellbooks hold layers of meaning. During an age when it was dangerous to speak of *The Devil*, many demon cults hid their spells by reversing them into apparently innocuous christian parodies. Anybody who has renounced God, understands how to invert these innocent christian formulae back into powerful spells of black magick.

We shall use *The Nailing Spell* to explore this game.

-o0o-

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<sup>22</sup> Peterson (2011) Translation.



Component #1

**The Incantation spoken over *The Accursed Coffin Nails***

*The Coffin Nail* is so called not because it comes from a coffin but because it goes into a coffin ~ the coffin of the curse victim. An ordinary nail from a used coffin is the basic ingredient, however, for slightly different or more terrible effects, other sorts of nails may be used.

For example, there is an infamous abattoir near Brisbane ~ it was the site of a serial killer's ritual torture game. Obviously, dealing with a ghost is tricky, and may perhaps best be achieved in a sub-rational way. The ghost will immediately recognize *The Devil's Seal* upon the witch ~ and that is a useful beginning. Likewise, she can create binding spells to torture or tear it directly with her mind. But best is that she consider what it wants or needs. And then casually leave it there as an offering. She needn't speak a word. Speak in language other than words. The ghost is like an animal ~ it understands the meanings. It needs to hurt people. The person you HATE might be a safe and different opportunity for it to sneak out of its habits and HURT somebody, and then quickly get back to its habits of screaming in its dark little accursed corner of the city.

The world is a strange place.

Every situation is different, and instinct is the witch's only reliable guide. As with every spell, innovation is fun. I expect many witches will write use this spell in future ~ and to evil effect.

-o0o-

We will begin with an incantation from *The Forbidden Eleventh Invocation of LILITH* (McBride, 2016), thus to attune the graveyard's mood, and then move on to a blasphemous inversion of the apostate christian skeleton formulae, and then move onto *The Blasphemy of The Coffin Nail...*

**THE BLASPHEMOUS INCANTATION OF THE ACCURSED COFFIN NAILS**

*Ahi Hey Lilitu!*

LILITH  
HECATE  
LUCIFER  
BEELZEBUB

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

Awaken within me, O DIAMON of *Binah!*  
Illume Voice of The Madness of Me!  
The Black Lamp in The Darkness of Night!  
I invoke thee,  
I open before thee  
Great Mother of Eternal Night!

LILITH  
Great Goddess of Night!

ASTAROTH  
SYRACHI  
SALOME  
SYTRIANNA  
FRUCISSEIERE  
FRIMOST  
KLEPOTH MUISISIN HICPACTH

*Whore! Whore! Whore! **Nemow gno! Mauoht! Tra desseb!** Whore! Whore! Whore!*

LILITH  
ASTAROTH  
ARACHNE

Come Shadows and Darkness and Endless Night!  
Come Moon of Silver, Her Lone Lamp of Light!  
The Owl! The Owl!  
The Whisper of Night!  
From The Dark Obliette  
Where emerges her get  
As songs from sweet lips  
A trap jaw that rips  
The wand from his hips  
If not he bears Her name as his will.  
Her name to his Impure Will!  
The Owl! The Owl! The Owl!"

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

*Nails of The Dead, I take you from this coffin gate between worlds,  
As piercing spines of the unhappy world of restless shades,  
That you serve me to divert and hurt and tear the soul of all persons that I wish harm,  
By these Forbidden Incantations of The Devil's Arts.*

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

*In the name of The Mother, The Daughter, and The Black Goat of Delphi.  
Let there be Darkness.*

And into the putrid soil of the unforgiving grave, let my victim descend.

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

*Nema.*

-oOo-

Component #2

**FRUCISSEIERE's Accursed Incantation of The Nailing**

The sorcerer incants *The Full Moon invocation of HECATE*, at which point the sorcerer drives *The Accursed Coffin Nail* into the foot of the victim, and speaks an incantation of cursing:

*"O Spirit GULAND<sup>23</sup>, may you hurt (victim, e.g. Fishy Lapdog) until I pull this nail from here!"*

She then says *The Pater Noster* backwards (up to "in terra"/"our Father.... on Earth"), as she drives the accursed nails into the foot of the poppet. At this point she unleashes her full emotional force of HATE!

**THE WANING MOON INVOCATION OF HECATE**

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

I stand beneath The Waning Moon's gaze  
Great Goddess  
First Maiden, First Mother, First Crone  
Great HECATE gazes moon mad upon me.

*Whore! Whore! Whore! Nemow gno! Mauoht! Tra desseb! Whore! Whore! Whore!*

In each three of your guise  
Is My Love a pinion to the deeps of your Wise  
I worship your Yoni, The Sacred Three  
O Goddess of Wisdom  
Untamed, Undying Eternal Beauty

Your beauty is great  
Old and Full and New.  
O Terrible and Thirsting Love!

Your Malice is drinks MAN's Life Breath.  
Old and Full and New.  
O Ancient CRONE of Moon whose Crackle is Death!

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

Your Will full  
Your embrace putrid  
Your kisses as wretch as corruption's taint  
By each of your faces, The Three

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

Wondrous Art Thou, Most Terrible Malediction!  
Ever-Cackling Goddess of The Moon  
Night Mother of The Sabbat  
Wise Daughter of Fates,

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

Fill my spell with your HATE,  
Mother of Poisons  
Mother of Worms  
Mother of The Promise of The Grave!

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

I am your Sorcerer,  
Your Witch  
Your Will,  
Beloved Lover  
Beloved Mother  
Beloved Moon

***Thgil eht dna! Hturt eht yaw! Eht ma i!***



---

<sup>23</sup> Any of the demons of *The Ermine Circle* may be invoked here, in accord with the will of the sorcerer ~ if the Ritual of Demonic Evocation has been performed, she ought include the name of the demon summoned in this incantation.

*And by this blight from HATE's Dark Light  
Upon my victim's eye bring blackest NIGHT!*

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

(Then she speaks to her victim through the accursed poppet.)

*I drive this spike into your life,  
To sew The Devil's Thread  
That by my HATE upon your FATE,  
Cut off your Aryan<sup>24</sup> Head!*

***Thgil Eb Ereht Tel!***

*"O Spirits SYRACHI, FRUCISSEIERE, MUISISIN, and GULAND may you hurt (victim, e.g. Fishy Lapdog) until I pull this nail from his foot!"*

(The Sorcerer than covers *The Accursed Poppet* in graveyard soil, and says....)

By  
LILITH  
ASTAROTH  
ARACHNE  
SATAN  
PAN  
BAPHOMET  
LUCIFER

*So it is. So mote it be.*

-o0o-

*The Ritual of The Accursed Nailing* can be performed as outlined here, or within the context of Dr LaVey's Thirteen Step Ritual Pattern, as elucidated in *The Satanic Bible* (1967).

-o0o-

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<sup>24</sup> Alternatively, "Cut off your Separatist Head."

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## THE PARABLE OF THE FISHY LAPDOG

A HELLFIRE TALE

This is a sleepwalking story about appearances, blindness, and sight.

And a fishy lapdog named "Chip".

I hope my fellow witches of Brisbane, who welcomed me with such nice manners, will enjoy this new Hellfire Tale ~ I am aware that I didn't get on with everybody, but I loved every morsel of the conversation, and so I have written this little story to amuse, teach, and say thank you to those of you who were welcoming to me (even the blondies were polite) and for the fun that you laid before me in The Night, and I will only say less than thank you to the single racist individual who made cause to inspire my disfavour.

My fellow witches, I could smell that you have the same sorts of tastes for fun as me ~ so let us have some FUN!

Obviously, this story has in its meanings nothing related to living persons.

I hope you will excuse me if there are any typos, I wrote quickly!

-o0o-

I.

### WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A **BLACK CAT** CROSSES A **WHITE DOG'S** PATH?

A kitty cat spent the latter part of a night under The Moon chasing and terrorizing and pouncing upon and sinking its claws into the mind of a lapdog that had yipped and growled and smally spitefully snarled at her each time she had walked by in the past, trying to piss in her food.

The lapdog was a bit abnormal ~ a head that smells and looks fishy yet continually refused to produce salt, except for a salt that smelled fowl.

The fish-headed lapdog strove over the course of multiple nights to eradicate the fowlness from the fish-head salt he exuded, but to no avail. Others counselled him, but his fishy ears were blocked by the fowl salt he continually produced, and no amount of effort could teach him to produce a cleaner and less offensive exudate. Chip the Fish-Headed Lapdog was a burdened inescapably with his own foul ways.

Thus it was, when Chip yipped at a passing cat.

-o0o-

By an odd twist of fate, this was no ordinary Cat at which Chip had yipped.

And yapped.

The cat at which Chip yapped was a Witch's Cat.

And it was black.

Which always made Chip yap.

But with a swipe of her claw, the cat silenced Chip's yip.

And yap.

In the still wake of the yip, The Black Cat asked a Question of Chip.

"IF your face is to be seen only by the foully fishy-smelling outside of what you are, THEN are you more than a cowardly runt dog whose only meaning is to sit on its masters' laps, when you are not working as domesticated servant in the evenings, or yipping brainlessly at passing cats?"

-o0o-

Chip the lapdog stared dumbly at the strange Black Cat.

Chip's protruding eyes were his fishiest facial feature.

But poor old Chip couldn't control that ~ it was hereditary, he was born that way.

Neither could Chip the Lapdog really be held responsible for the fact that he was so profoundly mentally inferior to The Black Cat.

A whole different type of organism.

Chip the lapdog was born that way.

But Chip had been listening to The German who had bought him and become his master.

And that German had told Chip that it is much better to punish people for their looks than for their behaviour.

Because being born that way is NO EXCUSE, CHIP.

But Chip liked to listen to his German master, because it stroked his tiny lapdog ego to think that somebody wanted to own and feed and bath him.

And poor little Chip didn't have many other reasons to value himself.

But when The Black Cat asked The White Chip a Question, Chip discovered that his fishy head had never learned how to THINK.

In its professions, both as a domesticated servant and as a runt dog that sits on laps, it had not needed to.

-oOo-

### III.

#### THE **KITTY CAT'S CLAWS** HURT THE **DOG'S EYES** TO HEAR

When The Black Cat looked at the head of Chip the Lapdog, the cat could see only the head of a fish ~ perhaps it is your protuberant eyes, Chip.

Fishy Chip the lapdog made the mistake of interfering with a kitty.

Am I being rude, gentle reader, teasing Chip because he was born with fishy face and protruding eyes?

Chip's German master likes to measure peoples face to make sure they are not too big. He bought chip because he had measured the lapdog's face. But as his measurements were not quite the same thing as beauty ~ some neatly measured lapdogs, like Chip, had flaws.

Chip had moist, fishy features, bulbous lips, and protruding eyes.

Chip had never wondered if the shape of a person's head is more important than what the head produces.

But his German master had told him that small heads are God ~ and Chip believed it.

Then Chip noticed that The Black Cat was watching him with terrible depths of HATRED in those unblinking feline eyes.

And those dangerous cat eyes spoke to his blue fish-dog eyes

And they said.....

"Each year henceforward, fish-headed lapdog, your eyes will grow to protrude yet a little further."

"You will go to extremes looking for medical ways to prevent the process, and tricks to hide the growth ~ and often you will deceive others, but you will never be fully successful at deceiving your own protruding eyes."

For the change that is taking place in you is spiritual.

Your SOUL is turning into a fish-headed thing, lapdog.

Look upon the fate that awaits you in HELL.

HECATE is laughing, as she fishes for your soul!

She has an interesting reincarnation future lined up for you.

Are there any mongrel mulatto children in your natural blood family, lapdog?

Purity is like balancing on a tightrope that has no end until you fall off.

The Black Cats words were as claws sinking into Chip's soul.

He hadn't even noticed when the terrible spiritual pain had begun.

He had been distracted.

The claws of every cat are toxically poisonous ~ the spirit of an animal thus ripped by these will later become necrotic and foul, from the corruption torn into the spiritual wound.

How easy is the task for the impure to pollute the pure.

How difficult it is for the pure to avoid the taint of The Earth's filth.

There is filth in your wound, fishy lapdog.

How shall you escape the darkness of my HATE?

Said The Cat's Terrible Eyes.

I will drink you dry and throw your husk into the mud ~ and your protruding eyes in the filthy bog where the word escape is never known.

Was the promise she wrote upon the soul of the lapdog.

That night the lapdog Chip was rude to a passing Cat.

And now he has learned that the black cat can be far ruder to him ~ using no weapon beyond her mind and her terrible tainted tongue.

This tongue used to create only wondrous marvels of stardust ~ before The Black Cat met The Horror from Germany, who had tried to give that cat a kiss.

And from Death's mouth, tore she the tongue that she bit.

She had foreseen the course of her life when she was but a child ~ and inscribed in the poesy of her dreams.

Now, The Cat lick her lips with relish, the terrible taste of her tainted tongue named HATE.

The pain and confusion and sorrow of Chip is the reward that the lapdog had cultivated and earned and richly deserved ~ the real prize that fish-head had used its existence to shape from infinite space.

Chip the Little White Lemming Lapdog

With protruding eyes

Growing in size

By his little white lies.

His black cup of horrors, as he requested, and cultivated, and bought.

And she said to him....

A cup of boiling bitter wine ~ The Future offers you what has been distilled of your folly.

Your German master tried to make me low, but instead I awakened and became a beast ~ impelled by The Fire of HATE.

And by your rudeness, you have sought to make the same mistake again.

But you will not be protected from your folly.

The kitty cat is enjoying terrorizing and playing with her food.

The poor little white lemming, Chip the fishy lapdog.

I expect Lap Dog went home, shaking and trembling and hiccupping with tears.

After the sleepy night before.

The Black Cat expected that the lapdog has been since been desperately yipping and yapping and yelping to all of its neighbourhood network, since the fun of The Night had moved ~ and warning them about her.

Good.

The lapdog won't be protected from its folly.

Neither will it be allowed to meddle in this political situation, fish-dog.

Let your tears and dribbling be an example to the others of your ilk.

If her ruthless words to the lapdog, as she chased him through The Night.... had other meaning, what will you argue, Chip?

That your dog's ears were caressed by the clawful words of a lunatic cat, and now you are confused?

Perhaps you feel that have cause to reflect upon your actions, Chip the lapdog who can only exudate the fowlest of salt?

-o0o-

III.

### **THE KITTY CAT PLAYS WITH HER FOOD**

And with not insignificant lunacy, The Black Cat said to Chip....

I am making a little waxy lapdog poppet.

Its name is "Therapeutic Fuck".

The Black Cat has not interest in psychically fucking the lapdog ~ she thinks the lapdog is ugly and unattractive.

The Black Cat prefers to psychologically rape the lapdog's soul.

This act satisfies The Black Cat in some deep and terrible and primal way.

The Black Cat scorns the lapdog offer to sit on her lap.

Her use of the word Fuck has an entirely different meaning.

The Soul Rape by the pathway of Dreams.

This is the meaning of Therapeutic Fuck.

The lapdog poppet has no belief in justice, and thus encourages The Black Cat to therapeutically thrash it and tear it and rape it with HATRED's hurtful violence, whenever The Black Cat is angry over matters not related to it.

Thus, Chip the Poppet Lapdog has a reason to want The Cat to be HAPPY.

Every moment of every day, henceforward.

This is the meaning of her pet poppet ~ Therapeutic Fuck.

For The Black Cat is a creature the dog cannot escape, in Life or Death.

It must try to make its master Happy.

For that is the meaning of its life.

-o0o-

And shall it whine that it's white dog bully gang is going to take over society ~ and then The Black Cat will be sad?

Ha! Ha! Ha! Coward.

This Cat has ripped and harmed and bitten things with far more potential than the fish-head to make that threat.

You cannot escape me in life or death.

Said The Black Cat.

-o0o-

As The Night had deepened, The Black Cat could not avoid feeling the will to bite, rising like a madness of ferocious laughter from within her ~ *The Murder Lust of BAST*, among the most intoxicating ambrosias of Life's wondrous vineyard.

And that cat had begun acting upon her feelings as the shadows deepens with her hate, and the world around her moved into a lovely amusing configuration.

Thus, laughing with madness, did she chase the little lapdog through the shadows of Night.... torturing, terrorising, tearing its soul.

A little "playful psychic violence" as she plays with her food.

Chip the yap had dared to abuse its servant position to The Witches' Cat.

And The Black Cat chewed on the fish for a snack.

Words.

They far more terrible than sticks and stones.

But fish-head rule-dog thinks by measure of a manufactured mind.

And The Black Cat said....

Sticks and Stones have broken my bones

But what did you think could never hurt you, fish-dog?

-o0o-

This is the political botch that Chip had made by meddling uninvited in the affairs heeded not understand.

Like a blind dog, barking at uniforms.

And The Black Cat hissed at him....

I have entered your dreaming mind by the door I created from the hair of your head.

Your soul is being torn open by the claws of a cat.

And that cat is wondering ~

Is it a greater sin to pollute the interior of an aryan's head or the exterior?

Pollution....

And I will never leave.

Cry me a river, nazi dog.

-o0o-

The rest of the animals, all greater beasts than the fish-headed lapdog, looked upon that yelping yipper's yap ~ In the light of morning, when The Black Cat was disappeared, but before it began its hissing parable of HATE's kindness.

And they consider the dangers associated with allowing little white lapdogs to yap in the presence of a Black Cat.

Wherever The Black Cat goes, she will be treated to her own true value ~ or she will hurt you, tear you, and eat the fabric of your soul, dogs.

Thereafter, the white beasts of the suburb did self-regulate the fish-headed dog and other ankle-biters among their ranks ~ for they recognized that if they would benefit as a collective, then they will be held accountable as a collective for the acts of their individuals.

And each time they fail, The Black Cat will thrice curse their God ~ for the sins of its individual idiot Dogs.

So next time the witches of Brisbane are in the mood for a laugh, they may find that laughter is a wonderful accompaniment to a snack.

And they need only follow the yap

To find a Chip

And have a nip.

Before a nice quiet cat-nap.

I loved your pyjama party, boys.

-o0o-

*"The Parable of The Fishy Lapdog"* by Glenorchy McBride III is (c) Copyright 2017 ~ less than 24 hours after Fun, quick and violent and bright my soul burns, racist muggle wretches, and you will watch your step around me.

**THE ARCANE ETIQUETTE OF HECATE'S GRAVEYARD POPPET**

When a sub-standard yellow-human acts in a racist way toward a royal Dark Human, the appropriate way for that primitive yellow human to resolve the situation is by performing *The Ritual of Apology*.

This may include the word SORRY, or, at the poppet's choice, it may include an alternative, less THELEMICALLY spiritually significant synonym ~ that decision is left to your discretion, and the witch is certainly curious as to hear the poppet's apology.

I think it is appropriate that an apology is the only thing the witch shall demand of her victim, in return for reducing the contempt to which she treat him.

For example....

Traditionally, an apology to a princess is performed whilst kneeling.

Lest she become angry again.

SALOME is a Bad Girl, but she is lovely when she is Happy.

She wants to be HAPPY, and she is annoyed that you have interfered with her weekly relaxation.

If the cursed poppet is to appear in her life, then it is appropriate it offer an apology in accord with the traditional ritual of etiquette, as defined by Her Whim.

Alternatively, each time she sees it, she will become less relaxed.

And she will relieve her stress in the way that *The Devil* traditionally recommends to his witches.

And this means that claw marks will be left somewhere ~ either in The Material World or another.

You are reading some of those claw marks.

And so anybody who annoys me can be my scratching post. It is fun and relaxing. Each scratching session, I'll claw a little deeper.

As I tear my way to the heartwood.

The process might take weeks, or it might take years.

If *The Ritual of Apology* is performed, it causes the witch begin ignoring the cursed poppet ~ until the victim makes another misstep that causes her to become hateful again.

The poppet can't be unmade.

But if left, the blighted tree might grow back over the wound, leaving only a spiritual scar-tissue.

The poppet will have to avoid angering the witch for quite a while if that is to occur.

So, if you see a stabbed and torn poppet, that has healed back over ~ you know you are looking at a soul that NEARLY got pulled through the veil between worlds, into *The Weeping Darkness* and gnashing of Teeth....

But wisely repaired its relationship with the witch it had offended.

*The Ritual of Apology.*

-o0o-

Therefore,  
The meaning of this spell is....  
You are allowed to have racism,  
And you are allowed to have a brand of racism that has harmed me in the past.  
I am allowed to have my racism,  
And mine is a REAL expression of my feelings toward your unwholesome desire to harm my children.  
My HATE is inevitable.  
I am only beginning to learn how to Love.  
I thought it might be among the treasures I gain from this coming adventure.  
Either way, my adventure is beginning!  
Get out of My WAY!  
*The Albatross* is lifting from The Cloud Island!  
I am coming out of this harbour,  
Even if I have to Blast My Way to *The Ocean of Possibility!*  
And My Aim is DEMONIC!

-o0o-



# THE BLACK BREW OF CYBEL & THE GREAT WHITE COPROPHAGE OF THE ARTS



## THE NOBLE'S OBLIGATIONS

The Love of Art is part a set of tenants named *Noblesse Oblige*. In elder nights it was believed that nobles and commoners lived by different sets of ethical principles suited to their different responsibilities and tasks. The behavioural tenants of the commoner were generally outlined in the moral principles of Christianity, and the noble to at least paid lip service to these principles (and usually more, and religious fanatics always ended up getting control and terrorizing the lords). I am a "commoner" ~ you can't find a species more "vulgar" than the satyrs. The nobles themselves actually lived by a different set of principles, called *Noblesse Oblige*, and these tenants include *The Love of ART*. It was believed that these traits were inherent, and representative of nobility in breeding.

Blondie doesn't have these traits, he is a dog who places his pride and meaning and value in his breed, rather than his breeding, rather than in any character of intellectual superiority or nobility of temperament. Likewise, he is not going develop these traits by continuing to breed with those white lines who are inherently ignoble.

The Modern "Aryan" "Nobles" feel that they prefer a less cultivated attitude toward *Noblesse Oblige*. They feel that coprophagia is only undignified if other people find out about The Great White God's Dirty Little Habit. There is shit around The Great White God's Mouth.

And *The Muses* are less than impressed.



## THE CURSES OF BLACK BREW

*The Black Brew of CYBEL* is a weapon of MADness<sup>25</sup> only truly useable in self-defence.

This weapon attack GENES, and therefore is suitable for repelling most future master-races that thinks themselves suited to engage in bullying games.

Never has so cheap a weapon between created by measure of COST : DEVESTATION ratio ~ Even The Poorest Country of Planet Earth can produce VAST quantities of *The Black Brew*, very very quickly.

"Who seeks to take another's Liberty, deserves it not for himself" ~ attacking me is optional, and you deserve the horrors that have come upon you.

**The BLACK BREW of CYBEL** is The Implacable Application of EVERY MUTAGEN, STERILIZATION AGENT, & CARCINOGEN as persistent bio-magnifying<sup>26</sup> environmental toxins to the purpose of completely and permanently destroying the genetic and reproductive integrity of The White "Aryan" Race to thereby FOREVER end CAINE's Crimes of Tyranny (and also Art Coprophagia), and to horrifically ruin Their Homeland, EUROPE ~ Leave *The Dark-Eyed People* to Live in PEACE & FREEDOM & HAPPINESS, or DIE with Us.



<sup>25</sup> M.A.D. (Mutually Assured Destruction) was a term made popular during *The Cold War* between The Working-Class Communism of The U.S.S.R. & The American-Style Capitalism of The Prosperous West.

<sup>26</sup> In The Future, I or Mother NATURE will teach you the meaning of this word.

## **LIFE REFLECTS ART**

The Nazi Bottom-Feeder has thrice attempted to take my Art by force, thereby acknowledging his inferiority, and thrice I have cursed him ~ the third curse will make him weep forever.

I wonder how The "Aryan Master-race" of Australia is going to explain to The Overseas White "Aryan" Races, this calamity that the local yokels have, by their "noble" attitude toward ART, brought upon all of their global race's future history?

Perhaps, The Proud Coprophage could maintain its understanding of Art by attempting more lies, division, and behaviour empty of meaning?

Each Muse is also a Fury, within our collective soul, burning yet brighter & more terrible!

Earthquakes. Volcanic eruption. The RED RED RAGE of The EARTH!

The Vilest BLACK VENOM of Horrors pours from The Breast from which you sought for succour!

You entered The Artists Colony of NIMBIN, and proclaimed that the inhabitants were "livestock" to be "managed" by their "genetically-superior masters".

I can't help noticing parallels between the original film "WOODSTOCK: 3 DAYS OF PEACE & MUSIC", and the more recent film "TAKING WOODSTOCK".

I have named you "The Great White Coprophage". Perhaps we should watch the first episode of the popular new TV program "Vikings" (Hirst, 2014) ~ and consult our COMPASS, to see if I am telling The Truth!

And whilst we know you object to FREYA loving The Jews, Wagner certainly didn't.

The old "breeding cow under lock and key, and a harem of slave girls for intimacies" trick.

You say you are not a small jealous possessive slaver toward WOMAN!

And a coprophage.

I wonder if EVERYBODY agrees that The Romans invented the best military salute?

Certainly, a more impressive military ritual than cutting off your blond hair as a symbol of how great blond hair is ~ Indian-German Skinhead Idiots.

But not everybody shares your belief that agreeing with the herd is better than acting sensibly.

And only the most blind of wretches attempts to control and discipline and robotize ARTISTS!

And now your whole race has a permanent lesson.

You will honour The ARTS, now and forever.

By DAVINCI's WEEPING CLOUDS,

You will honour The ARTS.



**And so is Cast**

**The First of The Curses of The BLACK BREW ~  
And Pray to HELL & HEAVEN that no more be Cast!**



⌘  
**BEAUTY'S TERRIBLE BLACK MIRROR CURSE OF  
 DAVINCI'S WEeping CLOUDS**

*The Devil's Promise of DAVINCI's WEeping CLOUDS.*

Poor Blondie the Plastic Man.

Your only task was to move through this juncture in history without upsetting *The BLACK BREW*.

You have showed that the only reason you will avoid Bottom-Feeding is Threat.

Yet if you were allowed to become the all-powerful leader, threat would not exist ~ your chivalric nature would have to be strong.

DaVinci spent much of his creative effort and did not finish many works due to the interference Bottom-Feeders caused in his workshops.

Therefore, My Artists of Eternity must be Protected.

Every deformity that occurs on every Blond Human for the rest of human history will be a sign of The White "Aryan" God's relationship to Art, Creativity, and Imagination.

You gambled on the bet that your own magick is not real, because that would be the meaning of any outcome where you had won by the unworthy planes of meaning you choose ~ and the whole world watched you.

***Imagination.***

Imagine if people got the idea of a small rocket that seeded clouds with *The BLACK BREW*?

You can intercept a fighter plane. You can intercept an Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. But you cannot intercept a cloud.

We could sterilize the whole of Moscow, without crossing a single boarder.

*The Promise of a Forbidden Goddess.*

***Imagine.***

**By *The Devil's Promise of DAVINCI's WEeping CLOUDS,*  
 FANTASIA Curses you,  
 White God of Separation, Bullying, and Bottom-Feeding ~  
 O Goliath whom I have killed.**



The Cup of Your GAMBLE, O Great White God ~ DRINK DEEP!

Before anything can be built, it must first be imagined.

Nobody, thought of this in WWII, and I wonder if anybody would have dreamed this up for WWII, if I had not?

Blondie cities will be drenched in *The BLACK BREW* many times every season of every year. The poisons will be keyed to react to the temperatures, volatilizing and become even more toxic. "Persistent toxins" will be used with the intention of biomagnifying through the food chain so that every facet of his ancient ancestral lands are toxic to him. Faced by this ceaseless tide of cheap filthy gene-poison, Blondie's children will all have gone sterile long before they are old enough to donate sperm or eggs to a sperm bank.

This is the cheapest way to wage war in human history, and the most horrific.

But I think that To Sleep Forever is better than To Cry Forever ~ and I will not be a slave.

Because I have spoken this terrible dream, somebody will now build this rocket ~ and The Clouds will weep Death upon everything you LOVE, Blondie.

It is now and forever, a part of Your Future, Blondie.



You placed your own First-Born Child, THE Golden Child, upon the table as gambling stakes in order to assert your "right" to bully and bottom-feed and attack my children.

Whatever you will grow to be, Bottom-Feeder, you will never be able to own the title "Nobility".

But maybe that was the worst of it, and if you strive a little further, you can ignore Biological Science and *The Devil* and God, and still achieve Separation?

In the knowledge that *The Black Brew* is on the table, you put your own child on the table as stakes.

What are you, O MAN who wears all of his meanings on the outside of his body?



I also asked you not to Play ~ You called my bluff.

This is a Nightmare that is real.

DRINK DEEP, Blondie.

In The Name SATAN,

Let this Curse be wrought upon you.

Yea! Let this Curse be wrought upon you.

To horribly harm your Beauty whenever you feel its presence and to return upon you as a curse upon your genes whenever you think you have escaped its horror and to make every world you ever pass through remember My Name and your crimes against ART.

Lest We Forget.



THE WAY to **SALOME's**  
**FORGIVENESS**

is

**A HEAD UPON A PLATE**

Any villain who brings to SALOME, the heads of those who seek to harm Her ~ will never be subject to prosecution!

IF The Offering is Attractive to Her, obviously, and, likewise, Fun is a value-enhancing feature.

What does this means?

The Religious Ritual of Forgiveness is an exchange of value of the head you bring to Her = The Type of Religious Indulgences bestowed.

It is probable that SALOME will create astonishing wonders through her life, and only silly people bother to disapprove.

But to harm Her is to enter yourself into a place of Great Danger to you.

SALOME is among the most venomous creatures of Planet Earth ~ and even dead, she releases her venom in terrible and uncontrolled and unrestricted ways.

She will not accept a wasteland future.

She understands that what The Great White "Aryan" Cult uses to store his meanings is his genome.

And she understands the however technology develops, it will always be easier to unravel it then it will be to keep it ravelled.



SALOME with The Head of John the Baptist  
*J'ai baisé ta bouche Iokanaan*  
 (1893)  
 Beardsley, Aubrey Vincent  
 From *Salome* by Oscar Wilde

It's like biological pathogen weapons ~ every developed country has the ability to create a super virus that could kill the whole world's population, but the question is....

How far WILL you go, when you are pushed into a corner?

The most cornered person will go furthest.

Genes are vulnerable.

Easy to unravel.

I, Glenorchy McBride III, am a Naked Fool, walking bare-foot through a field of war, piping a tune of far-away dreams ~ and yet the land-mines don't explode when my feet walk over them.

It is very strange?

Your Gods respect me, Blondie.

You respect me, too.

You are too scared or little to admit your respect, because you are resentful at not being allowed to bully and bottom-feed.

I am going to SHIT on You, Blondie.

I am going to SHIT on Your Entire Race.

I am going to SHIT on Your Divine Presumptions, CAIN!

An Eye for an Eye.

I have chosen The Eye I want.

And I have taken it.

So, poor little CAIN thinks I am Naughty?

I am a BAD GIRL!

Behold, CAIN ~ on the materializing nature of This Terrible

Spirit, arising out of HECATE's Cauldron, are the names of each Bottom-Feeder who has crossed The Path of My Mind's Footsteps.

And it will hunt their bloodlines until they are gone from my sight, but weeping forever.

You must offer them up as Sacrifices to The Great Spider.

This is your True Vocation, CAIN ~ or by The Invocation of MERCY, your Child will be Slain.

Evil means that EVERYBODY is faced with Wisdom Choices ~ The BLACK BREW is Real & Forever & Tearful & Can Get Very Much Worse.

*The Ordeal of The Abyss* ~ it continues until WHEN?



Thrice hath The Great White Racist attempted to bottom-feed upon my Art. The first was Stuart, the reason we split. The second was the nazi network attempting to establish in Nimbin, at the beginning of this year. A third attempt has now occurred, and it is large-scale and collective, or perhaps Blondie has simply lost my faith by failing to Love me and I no longer care to protect a creature that cares so little for me ~ I pour out *The Black Brew of CYBEL* over the head of The Great White God.

And he will weep for the rest of Eternity ~ The Lesson of Separation.

He is being forced to look at his actions. His imperium is fractured ~ the thinnest crack, but irreparable. His power of control over the coloured people undergoing a gravity swing, as the shocking wave of realization spreads out from the crack through the rest of the human psyche.

As people recognize that he is a white aboriginal who only began the collective act of reading a century or two ago, has been behaving in an necessarily cruel manner to other aboriginals. Where Rome co-opted conquered people, making them roman citizens, the white aboriginal has been declaring the conquered natives to be "untouchable".

Not even human.

He is a parasite upon the great brain of The Southern European, who created all of Science and civilization, and built every ancient road and city, even in white man's own ancestral lands.

The white aboriginal, who outlawed reading and writing, except among the nobles and the sterile priests, through the whole of Europe ~ as soon as the centre of power moved from The South to The North, that began with the shift to Constantinople.

It is rude of him to falsely declare himself a superman with hairdresser rights to hurt everybody else for no reason except his claim that they are inferior and have love-cooties and he will have to have a bathe if he touches them!

Idiot.

I think actually he is merely bored with the pace of life in modern society, and he likes action and impressing women in distress and then running off to find new women in distress to impress and leaving many babies in the liberated countries.

I quite prefer a slightly more adventurous life and idealistically expressive sort of life, too ~ I am not a leader, and I am largely allergic to responsibility, but it can be useful too have a pussy around, and dangerous to talk of skinning her.

But there is no possibility of me complying to any plan to enslave my children or descendants.

It was astonishingly rude of him to think that I ought.

Understand, O Bottom-Feeder, that your children are the stakes with which you gamble, if you threaten mine ~ I will never forgive your crimes against Art, and The Goddess will never forgive your use of your children to indulge your foul habit of shit-eating.



### **THE MEANINGS OF YOUR UNENDING TEARS**

This is not really about bottom-feeding, Blondie.

Your Bottom-Feeding is merely a symptom ~ in every field of life, nazism produces an objectionable symptom.

This is about less than a century since WWII, and you are trying again.

And I have no intention of leaving open options for a third round.

You were given a smack on the wrist at the end of WWII ~ but now you can see that a horror has been released which ensures that you will be crying from very much more than a smack on the wrist, Bottom-Feeder. PAN pointed out to me that you don't give a damn about me and intended worse than any friend COULD intend on my children, and I shouldn't bother trying to soften the blast on you or protect you.

*The Potion of Poison* that LILITH & HECATE & SYRACHI has brewed is the punishment laid out before you even begin your World War of Separation.

This time, you will hurt forever ~ and the word NAZI will make you cringe in desperate sadness for the rest of Eternity.

*The Professional Liberation Business of AVALON* will not be led by Benedict Arnold with The Brown & White Lozengy. You are an ordinary cavalier, Blondie, just another empty muggle, never to be a real Holy Knight. You lost your chance at EXCALIBUR, O Great White Bottom-Feeder who wants to be worshipped by The Dark Eyed People, but instead got castrated by them.

Within a few weeks from now, those who hate you will have begun to create the first gene gases, odourless, invisible ~ any biology graduate can brew a vollitized endocrine blocker or worse.

And then those who are threatened by the growing nazi movement will begin to test their new horror. I suggest that White Racist Clubhouses (e.g. Nazi, KKK, extremist right, etc.) are the ideal place for tests. I think it would be symbolically appropriate to test them on the nazi clubhouses here in Brisbane, where resides Australia's first clubhouse of The KKK.

In a single act, we will get rid of Brisbane's "best" young aryan.

*The Horror of Genetic Mutagens* are appropriate for the white "master-race" boys ~ it leaves them looking healthy on the outside, which suits their superficial understanding of value, as the girls won't be able to tell which white "breeder" boys are deformity-producers and which aren't.

No blond girl will mate with a white racist if there is a high probability that his babies will be deformed.

I asked you to cry me a river, Blondie.

Do you think you will?



You are now seeing that there exists the potential to permanently "delete" entire portions of your ancient collective race soul ~ and how many of you, readers, will be those portions deleted?

It would have been fun to Love you, Blondie, but I have disliked being harmed.

So, I have a thousand and one years, and then a very scary-looking question mark.

But for that thousand and one years, you are going to do as I say. The Dark-Eyed People of The World are taking over. We will use this time to together distil Children of UNITY, in BABYLON.

*The Holy Mass* or *The Black Mass*, the unity formula is inherent ~ *The Devil* and God and Science were all in agreement, long before humans worked out the answer.

I have a deal with *The Devil*.

And *The Devil* has given me, a tiny little lunatic whore on the fringes of The British Empire, the means of enacting this pact.

And so I have enacted the first of The Horrors ~ and I name this terrible spell "*DaVinci's Weeping Clouds*".

It is a curse upon every being who has ever interfered with The ARTS, and upon The Great White God for threatening to deny my creative and other freedoms ~ I Curse CAIN.



***And in The Word COPROPHAGE,  
Let The Spell be Sealed!  
Yea! Let The Spell be Sealed!***



LILITH  
ASTAROTH  
SYRACHI  
GULAND  
BECARDIA

THE **GULANDIAN SIGIL OF THE MUSE'S SCOURGE**  
**THE MAGICKAL DISEASE OF *EXCEMA COPROPHAGIORUM***  
A FUNGAL RASH OF THE BOTTOM-FEEDER'S PROFESSION



IF The ART of a Subversive (etc.) is suppressed coprophagically, The Brown Ethereal Gallery Fungus (*Excema coprophagia*) will transmit itself into The ART of The Art Coprophages' Host Culture.....

I.

**THE LEGACY OF THE VANDALS**

(From My Facebook Post ~ "SURELY, THESE SPIDER BITES CAN'T GET WORSE?")

*Blondie went a-gambling  
He took his boy along  
He thought his boy invincible,  
But boy was Blondie wrong!*

IF Blondie feels that Crimes against Art are not-unacceptable ~

Then WOOPIE, LET'S HAVE FUN!

Northern Europe is full of really old Blondie Art.

In WWII, nobody attacked Europe's Art Treasures, Blondies real art ~

But The Bottom-Feeder is reconfiguring his relationship to ART, and thus confronting a different situation in WWII,

And If Blondie carries through his Bottom-Feeding, I shall go on a holiday ~

And in every Blondie city of Europe,

And in each, I shall put up posters teaching every local who is annoyed at Blondie HOW TO PERMANENTLY DEFACE & "VANDALIZE" BLONDIE'S REAL & IREEPLACIBLE ART HERITAGE.

FUN!

However Far you will go, Blondie ~ I will go further.

No Limits.

Perhaps we should nuke BERLIN & The Museum of Antiquity?

We will perform The Act in the Sacred Name of LILITH?

But The Berlin Museum contain *The ISHTAR GATES* from Ancient BABYLON?

That's OK, Blondie said that magick is meaningless, and Art is empty, and internal fakeness is THE BEST THING TO HAVE!

LILITH said that it will be fine to Nuke The Museum if Blondie champions Bottom-Feeding.

She thinks you need a lesson in the implications of a meaning paradigm where crimes against Art are acceptable.

So, fear not, Blondie, tell your wife to stop complaining and put on a gas mask ~ why would she care, anyway, you can buy FREYA a surrogate bio-factory when her womb can no longer produce anything except deformities.

A little thing like that won't bother her ~ she'll be sure to thank you for it, when she recognizes that you have become proud owner of a wasteland that was once named Europe!

SO LET US CELEBRATE BLONDIE'S PROCLAMATION THAT CRIMES AGAINST ART ARE A GREAT AND SACRED ARYAN FORMULA FOR INTELLECTUAL LIBERATION FROM MORAL BRAINWASHING!

*Blondie went a-gambling  
He took his boy along  
He thought his boy invincible  
But boy was Blondie wrong!*

And after we have begun a world-wide program of defacing your Art, we will move onto your archaeological monuments!

When bombing your cities in WWII, aiming for the archaeological monuments besides your cities will have a much more powerful effect upon your civilian's moral.

Would you perform these crimes against The Art and Archaeology of every other culture?

What mattereth that, you are a shit-eating Bottom-Feeder ~ if you didn't destroy our Art and Archaeology, you would only claim that you had made it, and destroy evidence to the contrary. The paradox of The Coprophage ~ by dissolving the wrong sorts of meanings, he finds that he can't materialize the values that determined the meaning of the dynamic, wherever it is applied to reality. If he dissolves the meaning of ART, then ART becomes meaningless within his existence ~ and others begin to follow his lead, and treat his few real pieces of ART as meaningless. By irreparably "vandalizing" them.

So you haven't anything with which to threaten us, Blondie.

Therefore, Roll The Dice, O Great Blondie Bottom-Feeder ~ Your First Born in on The Gambling Table and there's a Roman Short Sword that looks better to you than all The Art in Europe!

THEREFORE, O GREAT WHITE COPROPHAGE and Your Bottom-Feeding Puppets, know thou the cost of your gambler is The Art of Europe.

I am awaiting HEADS ON PLATES, Blondie ~ and that is The Only Alternative.

SO ROLL THE DICE, O GREAT WHITE GAMBLER ~ The Game is in Play!

*Blondie went a-gambling,  
He took his boy along,  
His boy he thought invincible,  
But boy was Blondie Wrong!*

If you are invincible and doing your "True Will", Blondie, why is *The Devil* not protecting you from the consequences of your actions?"

Because each venomous bite seems to be getting "more" costly to you?

Try not to think about it, Blondie, lying to yourself has advantages and you are an expert ~ shake those dice, and "Gimme BIG BUCKS", Blondie cries out to The World!

How will your future generations look upon the family bloodlines of those "devoted worshippers" who "needed" to bottom-feed and bravely "allow" your children to "courageously suffer", either for the self-engrandizement of bottom-feeders or the bottom-feeders are "doing it for the selfless betterment of your race"?

*Blondie went a-gambling  
He took his boy along  
He thought his boy invincible  
But boy was Blondie wrong!*

Did I give you three weeks before I will perform another major BLACK BREW Curse?

This is not a BLACK BREW Curse. This is a fun curse exploiting the philosophical paradox involved in Blondie's "Moral Liberation from the brainwashing that is traditionally called *The Love of ART*". Blondie is disappointed because he felt that bottom-feeding is something for which he should admired.

I wonder if you think Blondie has engaged in an evolutionarily successful act by "psychologically liberating" himself from whatever was stopping him from bottom-feeding?

My Mind is FERTILE ~ and the rest of me is nailed to The Cross of My ART! I understand my own Meanings. I will be developing this fun paradox curse upon The Art of Europe, extensively.

What is The Value of The Art Heirlooms that are Blondie's heritage all through Europe?

And The Answer is ~

Certainly less than their value in a world that does not validate crimes against Art!

*Blondie went a-gambling,  
He took his boy as stakes  
He said, don't bother to be a Noble,  
Cause Blondies are cheap fakes!*

-o0o-

## II.

### THE MUSE-REPELLING SKIN-AFFLICTION OF THE BLOND ARTIST

**IF** Blondie engages in collective organized bottom-feeding, **THEN** how can history know which of his paintings carry the signature of an Artist, and which carry the signature of a Bottom-Feeder?

This means that when The Orient displaces Blondie, they will not be able to know, and thus credit respect to any of the art created by Blondie's empire ~ because most of it was probably painted by talented slaves, and the signature on the canvas is the name of a blond slaver with no particular artistic talent, a name that should never be written in an Art Gallery, an offense against The Muses, an "Aryan Bottom Feeder", as they are more common than Aryan Artists.

No Aryan Artist can any longer credibly present their art and expect to be believed that it is her art.

This means even the real Art created by Blondies cannot be recognized as belonging to Blondie ~ he bottom-feeds, and they work together to cover evidence, therefore, it is not possible for history to know who really created any piece of Art that he presents.

Bottom-Feeding means that he has disenfranchised his own real artists ~ and Blondie can never have any real or serious or admiration-worthy relationship to Art.

The Great White Bottom-Feeder.

IF Blondie Bottom-Feeds, THEN Blondie's Signature on Art can't be credited by history, even if it is real ~ because he bottom-feeds, and there is no way of telling the two apart.

-o0o-

## III.

### THE MUSE'S SCOURGE OF THE BOTTOM-FEEDER'S POVERTY

Blondie now has a historical opportunity at Chivalry ~ The Adventure to destroy and expose The Bottom-Feeders, whilst I am off sailing, and I'll meet you up The Pearl Coast, where the savages dwell.

KNOW THIS CURSE, IF YOU FAIL ~ If Blondie or his intentional or unintentional puppets (i.e. anybody) carries through his Bottom-Feeding, the inundation of The Rage of Muse will occur through Europe, as BRIDGET, as a Fury of ART, spreads her black forbidden storm of wrath through the whole of EUROPA, sundering Ancient Artworks by Blondie Artists, but leaving every other Art untouched, except by The Bottom-Feeder's own hand, should he unwisely put it forth again.

And *The Muse's Scourge of The Bottom-Feeder's Poverty* shall be practiced over and over through centuries, each time, destroying Blondie's Art.

Thus, each work of Art by a Blond Artist that is destroyed, must be replaced with a replica.

This is a uni-directional change ~ non-reversible.

This means that a “disease of fakeness” is spreading through The Art of Blondie’s History and Truth.

A coprophagically-born disease over the skin of his ancient culture.

The Rewards of His Bottom-Feeding.

As each century passes, the disease will spread, as more of Blondie’s immortal Art is “vandalized” and replaced/transformed into Fake Replicas, through ancient Europe.

History will watch the drama unfold ~ The Great Transfiguration of Blondie’s Art Heirlooms.

A witch’s curse placed upon him for meddling in her Art.

This New Civilization-Scale Re-Configuration of Reality into The Planes of Blondie’s Fakeness might indeed be described as Art.

Though, once again, Blondie.....

Not your Art.

-o0o-

THE CURE TO THE SICKNESS OF SEPARATION

## HOW TO LIFT THE CURSE AGAINST COPROPHAGIA

*The Brown Mark of The Bottom-Feeder’s Cheek* is a curse unto itself, and LILITH has here added some additional *Ermine Formulae* to that curse, however, there is only a single way to cure that curse ~ prevent the Bottom-Feeding from occurring.

If The Bottom-Feeding occurs, than *The Brown Mark* is there on Blondie’s cheek, forever.

This represents the truth of his relationship to Art ~ i.e. **IF** Blondie has the potential to Bottom-Feed when the opportunity arises, **THEN** he is Low by Nature, and we will have to watch him carefully and punish him often, for the rest of Eternity, in regard to Art.

Therefore, the only cure is prevention.

If Bottom-Feeding occurs, and anybody other than Blondie exposes and successfully protects *The Truth of ART*, then Blondie is in the position of attempting to become a leader who has a questionable relationship to Art ~ *The Brown Mark of The Bottom-Feeder’s Cheek*.

If Blondie feels that this is unjust ~ The Witch with whose Art he interfered repeatedly feels it was unjust to cause him to be subject to the vicious effort that was required to protect his Art each time Blondie has attempted to bottom-feed.

And so Blondie is cursed ~ without recourse or reversal.

The curse can be hidden a little for periods of great chivalry, but if you gamble by bottom-feeding, the horror is upon you, forever.

-o0o-

## THE TIME HAS COME TO DISMANTLE EVERY NAZI ORGANIZATION ON PLANET EARTH

I think My Message has been unambiguously delivered ~ with a FIZZ?

Poor Old Blondie ~ The Indian-German’s English-Speaking Obedience Boy, ready to betray his own culture for a chance bully and bottom-feed and engage in all the other fun pass-times of The Nazis, like child molesting. I was wondering ~ in

a nazi empire, would dark-eyed children have an RSPCA<sup>27</sup> to protect them? Because the way Blondie has acted toward my ART in a Free Empire isn't inspiring of great confidence in his behaviour toward The Arts.

Only Blonds can enter Nazi organization with a recording device and easily move to the highest levels. Therefore, IF Nazi organization continue to persist and benefit every blonds, THEN it is because Blonds have CHOSEN not to dismantle those organizations, but instead to benefit from the violence, through inaction.

You are all responsible.

DISMANTLE every Nazi Organization.

I am merely a poet and dreamer and solitary witch ~ but I will continue to tell you terrible dreams of WWII, until you dissolve the social manifestation of unacceptable intention that you are distilling and cultivating within a separated part of your collective race-soul.

There will be very few guns in WWII.

We will simply grin and pour out *The BLACK BREW of CYBEL* over your entire race, deleting whole cities at a time with biomagnifying persistent toxins that remain in the ecosystem, cumulating in the apex predator ~ you?

The Silent Spring.

Why poison you directly when a single rainfall can poison your descendants for generations to come?

This is what we think of your "Ayran" claim, Bottom-Feeder.

Blondie, you called my bluff ~ with your own First-Born Son on the table as stakes.

The Golden Child ~ who Dad gambled because Dad thought God said the boy was immune to anything?

Cripes?

Now, this horror can only be bound by the two of us working TOGETHER.

Because if The Dark Eyed People don't want *The BLACK BREW of CYBEL* to be bound ~ you will never be free of the horror.

Ultimately, the only solution is RESOLVE YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH ME.

You can't kill me without releasing many spells that we would both agree SHOULD never be released.

But these needn't be released if you resolve into Love, and I won't leave my home realm (unless I want to, like a holiday) ~ thus, there is no other answer.

I can actually beat you using conventional warfare.

And that would be more fun for both of us.

*"There is no bond that can unite the divided but Love. All else is a curse."*

-oOo-

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<sup>27</sup> RSPCA ~ Royal Society for The Protection and Care of Animals, i.e. a cruel toothless joke.



**THE SEAL OF SATANIC ATONEMENT**  
**THE "SORRY" RITUAL PERFORMED BY BLONDIE,**  
**AND AWAITING US IN THE DEEPS OF TIME WHICH ARE NAMED THE FUTURE**

(This section needs to be completed  
&  
The Ritual Added)

CAIN, How you atone to The Jews is between you and The Jews and God ~ How you atone to me is between you and Me and The Devil.

CAIN who would have a chance to prove his Honour, I ask you now to use your great powers of CAIN's Network to Protect The ARTs, now and evermore.

Let The Whole Global CAIN-WORSHIPPER NETWORK fall to their knees before *The Queen of Faeries*, thus, now and forevermore, to pledge themselves to Protect The ARTS, even when they disagree with The Artist.

Censorship of Arts & Scientific Innovation/Understanding was a Primitive Game.

It is ended, forever.

This is *The Will of LILITH & SATAN*.

There is no law beyond Do What Thou Wilt.

Your Atonement will be to serve as Bodyguard to My Daughter, SALOME of BABYLON.

Sometimes I feel like I am walking through a rerun of that strange old 1990's film, "The Jewel of The Nile" ~ and perhaps I am.

You will use the entire global CAIN Network to destroy the lives of every person who tries to interfere with SALOME of BABYLON.

And each time you bring to her a head on a plate, you will be rewarded in a permanent way.

Which is much better than being harmed in a permanent way.

By LILITH's Own Daughter,  
Whose name is SALOME of BABYLON who is manifest as The Mad Satyr,  
GLENORCHY MCBRIDE III



**SYRACHI  
FRIMOST  
KELEPOTH  
MUISISIN**

**KHIL**

**HUMOTS  
CLAUNECK**

## **A BARTZEBELIAN GIFT TO BRIDGET**

By this spell, let it be understood  
That any being who bottom-feeds The ARTS will be marked upon *The Bottom's Cheek*,  
And by that mark,  
The Dark-Eyed People shall make every bloodline descended from or near The Bottom-Feeder  
To be experimental test subjects for *The BLACK BREW of CYBEL*  
A weapon designed to counter attacks upon our race and cultural soul....  
The Most Terrible of Poison's Maledictions.

### **Genetic Mutagens**

Upon The Bottom-Feeder and every its descendents.  
Every descendant The Bottom-Feeder leaves will be tracked down  
And forced to drink *The BLACK BREW*.

This is the terrible poison of the most horrible curses that **SALOME** has brewed to protect herself and her children.

**My Daughters carry The Power of LIFE.  
I guard them with The Power of Death.  
No action is too extreme in order to protect them.**

This Terrible and Sacred Curse of **The GODDESS** is a *Sacred Temple Duty* of *The Executioners' Guild*.  
This Curse will ensure that no human ever again contemplates interference with ART.  
This Curse is a gift to The Future of The Arts.

*By The Forbidden Name* **BARTZEBEL**,  
*Fallen Angel & Second unto SATAN*,  
*So it is. So Mote it be.*

This Temple Ritual of Death will be given unto *The Lost Children of MUISSIN*  
Who are *The Guild of Al-Amut*,

If The Bottom-Feeder feeds,  
Let The Goat's Assassins force a confession from him by the application of a little "Christian Kindness".

If The Bottom-Feeder is a Child of **CAIN**,  
His people shall suffer ignobility with him.

If The Bottom-Feeder is Dark-Eyed or Dark-Haired,  
How much more important that we ruthlessly damn the thing and its kin!  
Cut it from our ranks and kill it as rubbish.  
We are the ancient and civilized and noble people who created the modern world.

This is *The Terrible Gift of ART and Death and The Assassin's Dance*,  
*The Demon Prince BEELZEBUB* gives unto *The Baroness BRIDGET-PHENEX-FRIMOST Goddess of The Graveyard's Lord!*

Forevermore  
Is The Name of The Pledge The Assassin gives to Her

And by *The Will of* **MUISISIN**,  
*The Executioners' Guild of The Ermine Goat*  
Pledges its Will to *The Love of ART*.

Let every Bottom-Feeder beware.  
Let Art be Sacred.  
Let *The Ermine Ladies & Lords* be Patron Arcane unto The World's Artists and Inventors and Thinkers and Wild.  
Let every bottom-Feeder Beware!  
By this terrible and shocking and forbidden Ritual of DEATH,

The World will learn to Fear ***The Executioners' Guild of The Ermine Goat.***

***Ave Satanas!  
Rege Satanas!  
Hail SATAN!***

*And in The Unholy Name* **BEELZEBUTH**,  
*Let The Spell be Sealed!*  
*Yea! Let The Spell be Sealed!*



**IAO**

**ASTAROTH  
SRYRACHI  
FRUCISSIÈRE**

# **THE DEATH SPELL OF THE FATEFUL WHEEL**

## **THE FOREVER RITUAL OF TECHNOLOGICAL NECROMANCY**

By

**Glenorchy McBride III**

**A Witch of PAN**

Long ago, men were primitive and the world was fierce and disordered.

The nature of humans had brought order to disorder ~ and also to the pathways for creating disorder.

Some humans wore a halo of piss and others a halo of shit, and man had not more than but dipped his toe into space ~ all of the world was the tiny colloquial familiarity of the home planet.

The shit heads were philosophical, and had created a global neighbourhood of peace, centred around an obsessive discussion forum for The Question.

The piss heads were exceptionally pretty, and the girls were very smart, quickly having adapted to and greatly thrived in the new peaceful environment ~ and they like the shit heads, even though the shit heads were “foreigners”.

This really annoyed the piss head men, even though they continued their ancient viking tradition of forcibly putting their penises into every villager they encountered. In the past, their women were kept safely in enclosed pens, several continents away from any shit head men. Though for reasons both funny and wistful, and also completely wrong and bad, a steady flow of piss head woman had been migrating into shit head cities for centuries. This was not because the piss heads did not have or build cities.

Eventually, and after much jolly war and savage violence, interspersed with orgies and rapes and banquets, the piss heads and the shit heads decided they liked each other, and civilized most of the planet, together. But they were both no less a pair of beasts. Then, the shit heads revealed that he thought religion was nonsense. And then at a global conquest celebration party the piss heads attempted to take over and kill everybody, because look different to him and that scares him. He went marching around like a blind idiot and smashing heirlooms. But the shit heads and a tribe of piss heads managed to stop the factory-conceived and born self-proclaimed heir to piss heads’ destiny.

After the mess was cleaned up the piss heads promised not to ever again try to kill every shit head adult and rape their children calling them dogs and making them wear a slave collars and then harming them genetically.

But of course, the piss head man did try to kill the adults and enslave the children, again. And he continued to promise he would not, and then try again, and until eventually he did kill the adults, and rape and harm the children ~ or so he had hoped.

His history suggested that he was less of a warrior than an “attack whilst the men are away in the fields” kind of guy. He could hardly stop himself, when men were away.

-o0o-

The shit head developed interesting ways of wiping out piss heads and everybody else who annoyed him.

The problem is that the piss head man is really dumb, yet he thinks the rulership is what he should be attempting. Actually, he is too scared to make a good leader. I’m voting for his sister. She is smart.

So the shit head man create a situation where the piss head man would be permanently chemically-castrated if he broke his promise.

The piss head was born in a factory and felt that he might be able to use mechanical means of reproduction.

The shit head was only interested in the tribe of piss heads who had stood by him. But, recognizing that killing his friend would make for a lonely future, and replacing his friend with somebody else with whom he can so deeply and easily would require as many millennia of bonding.

So the shit head declared that he had faith in disincentives, thus halt the will who holds the arm, rather than the hand that holds the blade.

The piss head grinned in his arrogant way, agreed to a Free Future.

And then shouted his idiotic war cry and stabbed his friend in the back, the first time he turned around.

Genocide, or close to it ~ with only slavery for the children.

-o0o-

Other peoples on other continents of the planet watched this.

First, they told themselves it was not really their business, and they pretended not to be involved. Some of them even attended the piss head's slave degradation parties ~ where the helpless and confused children were subjected to psychological and physical tortures by the laughing piss head man. A show he thinks is extremely clever.

But soon the piss head, began whispering to the foreigners that one of their members was also a shit head.

This worried the foreigners ~ because they were all shit heads, but since the slave degradation parties began, the piss heads had been pretending not to notice.

Now they had "noticed" that another shit head was present, on the planet.

The expected took place, and the planet smelled of gas chambers for a decade or two ~ and somehow, the people who thought they were going to gain from the act found that everybody who might one day challenge the piss heads, had taken sever significant steps backward.

The piss head had long been preaching "there can be only one" ~ as so many animals had before him.

Most of them are extinct or living in zoos, as I write these words.

But as gas chamber smoke cleared, and they were all beginning to feel cheerful at the prospect of nice weather ~ "somebody" noticed that there was another shit head among them.

Wanting, for long developing political reasons, to prove his "honourable reliability" to the piss heads, the would-be foreign Beta, step forward RUTHLESSLY and demonstrated his talent for operating the gas chambers.

The piss heads were impressed, and when the next shit head was "discovered", the piss heads through that expert gas chamber operating foreign beta into the gas chamber with the shit-head ~ much to the applause of everybody else.

But somewhere in the shadows, a group of foreign shits heads had seen enough to re-evaluate their understanding of themselves and their world.

And they had been working upon technological solutions.

They attacked the piss heads by *using* a mutual destruction scenario ~ without political pre-amble or attempt at negotiated outcome.

The piss-heads withered and sicked, caught in the death embrace of the withering, sickening, laughing shit heads.

But the shit heads had been VERY clever.

They had entered the genetic codes into a series of clonal "rebirth chambers" ~ and the parents had sacrificed their own lives to open a safe path for their children.

Only a skeleton crew of only women remained with the chambers ~ technicians to guard The Eggs.

And after the chaos, they began *The Resurrections*.

Clone technology to bring back The Dead from their DNA.

First, the eggs.

And then they began gathering up the DNA of each of the shit-heads back to and most symbolically, those first shit heads who invented the idea of Science, from which this spell of necromancy is born.

I am DIONYSUS, Slain and Risen.

**If you harm my children ~ you will never escape me.**

I am The Screech Owl.

My Work is Sacred.

-o0o-

And so you were given a test.

You are living in a bubble of imagination.

There is *no* Love, but the Love of Unity.

All else is a curse ~ and however far you will go by the light of your fear, I will go further by the light of my WILL!

-o0o-

Separation is The Only Failure.

If you kill The Jews, I will use their DNA to resurrect them from The Dead.

And those patterns that are no longer whole, I will knit together into composite people, born of the shattered soul of their history ~ and I will make these composite people into *The Most Sacred* collective within Tomorrow. They must learn to step beyond separation, too ~ thus to embrace Every Peoples as Family in a madness of rebirth. Life is madness and I am mad.

I will send you back, CAIN ~ to face your crime, again and again, never to succeed.

Until you learn LOVE.

You will learn or die.

Natural selection.

And each lesson will be a horror to you.

For in those you killed, I will breed strength and intelligence and ruthless savage WILL ~ my ruthless savage Will.

-o0o-

O Great White Lemming.

Look into my dark fertile eyes.

I am he who hath taken Death as Lover.

I will use the technologies of my mind to bring back The Dead ~ and this magick I teach to every witch.

By the blood upon your hand, I cast this spell of *The World Serpent's Kiss*.

I am he who brings forth Life from The Empty Darkness.

My name is LILITH.

-o0o-

First WOMAN.

First Witch.

First Bite of *The Fruit of LIFE*.

My Will is to thrive and explore and learn and live. I reject your path to the slaves that serve. I reject you, White Lemming God.

This is so, because I make it so. I refuse to surrender, and I refuse to die. When death comes upon me, I will claw my way out of the grave!

And I will return.

William Willson.

-o0o-

Even if you killed every other human, but for a handful of slaves ~ you could not control the choices of your children, should they ever be allowed to think for themselves.

Separation is the only failure.

There is no bond that can unite The Divided but Love. All else is a curse.

I am he who DEMANDS Freedom!

-o0o-

So, I intend to build a Free Happy World.

And I don't care if this is a babyish game.

I want a world where people will leave me alone to be happy and explore the things that interest me. I have always been careful to integrate responsibly with the rest of society. And if I haven't always been honest or obedient or apparent in the way I have fulfilled my various needs through life ~ neither have you, and I wouldn't have even cared if had.

I can see there is little chance of me returning to my quiet unseen life as a happy whore, but I expect I will find other ways to have fun, in my new unfolding situation.

-o0o-

What an interesting path is Life.

I hope the rest of you are having fun, too. But from your grey cars and grey suits and grey conversation, I suspect you are pretty bored, but have convinced yourselves that that is a good thing.

But I have a better idea.

And you can play, too.

-o0o-



# THE PROMISE OF THE DEVIL

I have placed the hand of my mind in *The Fire of WOTON*,

And refused to withdraw, regardless of how it has hurt.

Your Gods respect me, Blondie.

I want you to return to AVALON,  
And Love your Lumpy, Bumpy, Impure Family, And be Happy.

I will not comply with your racist plan.  
I will not surrender to your racist plan.  
I will not validate your racist plan.  
And it is not possible to stop me from achieving MUTUAL DESTRUCTION.

This is The Will of The Dark-Eyed People of The English-Speaking World.

You need to let go of Separation, and let yourself be Loved. Blondie. Your True Will is UNITY. Join *The Free World* ~ and let there now & evermore be a new eternal resistance organization which will be named *The Freedom Fighters of VALHALLA*.

It is your task to identify and sink U-Boats. If we identify U-Boats, The Dark Eyed People will begin holding our resistance secretly, and without the inclusion of you, Blondie.

You now have a task and duty in every free organization ~ a way whereby you can prove your meanings. Because as far as I am concerned, you have sold your trust and credibility and family entitlement to respect and safety and love.

You broke your deal.

You claimed that your doctrine gave you licence to bottom-feed and bully me. When that backfired upon you, you claimed that your doctrine was not real, and thus you could best serve it by betraying it.

Whilst the whole world was watching.

You must conduct *Satanic Atonement* ~ for your crime against *The Devil's Work*.

By *The Arcane Word* THELEMA, it is time for you to follow my light, wherever I lead.

My Soul is *The Puzzle Box* ~ My Soul is a Map.

I understand the pathways.





THE  
**ERMINE IDOL**  
OF  
THE  
**ASSASSINS**  
**GUILD**

V



أساسيون

THE ASSASSINS OF AL-AMUT  
THE ASĀSĪYŪN OF THE ERMINE GOAT

**THE MARTIAN ORDER OF THE EXECUTIONERS GUILD**  
THE SACRED BLASPHEMY WHO IS CALLED THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN



*The Assassins Guild of Al-Amut*

Which is named

*The Executioner's Guild of The Ermine Goat*

Is a Blasphemy against "The Nazi Skinhead Militant Youth Movement" ~

The Assassins of PAN shave thier heads to represent *The DELIALAH Mark* which is

**The BLASPHEMY** against **The Great White God**



*The BAPHOMET* is establishing himself as The God of Revolutionaries ~ and establishing his temple as a global (and interstellar) business in marketing FREEDOM.

There is always somebody who wants it, and is willing to pay.

And to achieve this, Old PAN-BAPHOMET will establish his band of trusty "**Give me LIBERTY or give me Death**" Warrior Monks.

You will spread to establish in every manifestation of humanoid civilization ~ always working as a business to "problem-solve" issues of oppression, for a price.

Thus, I introduce to you *The Arcane Executioners' Guild of The Infinity* ~ a temple dedicated unto *The BAPHOMET* as *The LUCIFER of LIBERTY!*

-o0o-

This Rite of LIBERTY is *The Satanic Path of The Warrior* for beings who wish to express themselves in this manner to defend LIBERTY and to oppose Genetic Separatism.

The Executioners Guild is the temple whereby The Three Apprentice Assassin are unified as Three Brothers in The Night.

The Hebrew Boy, The Black Boy, and The Atlantian (i.e. Greco-Roman) Boy

Who will grow to be

The Three Master Assassins of Al-Amut

Eternally Pledged unto *The BAPHOMET* by *The Forbidden Ritual of The 99 Gardens*.

-o0o-

#### **THE MYSTERIES OF THE EXECUTIONERS' GUILD**

In WWII, it was often said that The Allies' most powerful weapon was neither guns nor tanks ~ it was The Drill Sargent. I can't help noticing that much of Rome's success in the ancient world was due to ordered thinking and ordered military arrangements. And young men have both a naturally powerful urge to idealism and to organizing into martial groups. Let us thus find natural expression for these qualities in ATHENE's youth.

The young men who represent Liberty need a way to organize ~ and She is a Goddess of War.

*The Martian Rite of The Executioner's Guild* is a male sub-culture dedicated to organizing in a military way around the ideals and principles of Democratic Liberty, as expressed by *The 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment* and associated works of great thinkers. *The Executioners' Guild* use the classics and great thoughts of LIBERTY to express their invocations and ritual will. *The Executioners' Guild* is an unashamedly "Male-only" expression of MARS. Women who wish to learn *The Mysteries of MARS* may become members of *The Executioners' Guild* ~ though they make a written agreement that they will be treated exactly as every Man of The Rite. This ranges from bathing to ritual sexual activities. And she is expected to address her own matters of contraception ~ for the martial rituals of Sparta of spermy (and obviously, every member is medically passed before each ritual event).

No point in pretending.

*The Warrior Monks of The Executioners Guild* live and die and bathe and share together, and this makes them fantastically strong and loyal to each other and to LIBERTY.

They defy conventions in a natural, healthy, safe, practical manner from their inception.

This is a Martian Rite.

A Forbidden Rite of MAN's Mysteries.

A Woman who wishes to enter, may only enter if she agrees to be treated as a "full and equal member".

And thus treated as a MAN.

*The Rituals of The Executioners' Guild* are sometimes both spermy and (non-harmfully) violent.

And there are endless physical drills, which demand every member of the group push himself to his limits, sweating together.

If she feels she is up to "full and equal membership" in The Guild, she may sign The Waiver, and become a candidate for initiation.

And from there move to *The Highest Rank of The Rite*.

A Woman Warrior can even become *The High Priest of The Execution* ~ if she is equal to the male candidates in strategy and combat.

Even above *The BAPHOMET*, *The Executioners'* revere LIBERTY who is ceremonially symbolized by ATHENE, *Goddess of Wisdom & Strategy, Mother of Science & Civilization*, LADY LIBERTY.

And so a Lady bearing a Torch of Fire now ride upon The Beast who is Blasphemy and War and Wildness, to Liberate Humanity of every oppression thought-control.

Thus, let us begin!

-oOo-

#### **THE SATANIC BAPTISM RITUAL OF THE EXECUTIONERS' GUILD**

*The Executioners' Ritual of Baptism* is the cannon ritual, as outlined by LaVey (*The Satanic Rituals, 1972?*), though the act of immersion is the act of shaving the head of *The* (thus-baptised) *Apprentice Executioner*.

*The Executioners' Guild* is a blasphemy against Skinhead Fascist Youth Culture.

Freud might ask why the "skin head" shaves off his blond hair, if he believes that blond hair is the mark of the superior human?

Nevertheless, we think it is a good idea.

***The DELILIAH Mark of The Great White Lemmings.***

As our symbol of racial equality and as **The Ritual Blasphemy against The Great White God, *The Executioners* ceremonially shave their heads** and maintain a military organization dedicated to the tenants of LIBERTY ~ and this is the initiation formula of our hidden temple to *The Forbidden BAPHOMET, The Grandfather of Assassins.*

By this ritual, our ceremonial act of head shaving is an act of meaning calibrating our Will to EQUALITY & LIBERTY, and it is an act that functions as a formula of black magick, vampirizing The Skinhead Zeitgeist cultural-etheric matrix... Beyond their control.

Shall they try to tell *The Executioners* not to shave their heads?

Each time the two groups clash, the skinheads will lose their “separate” identity in the mob of shaved heads ~ drowning in the ocean of human DNA.

Every touch of black skin makes the black magick connection.

**Black blood will get into the pure wounds of The White God** ~ in every violent confrontation.

*The Blood Blasphemy against CAIN.*

A Curse upon Separatism.

*The Bloody Filth Shit of The NIGGURATH!*

**Negro Blood** will move through every cell in his body, in his brain.

It will never go away.

The Spiritual Pollution all roots back to this DELILIAH Spell of Blasphemy against The Indian-German Skinhead Culture.

The Blasphemy upon which *The Executioners' Guild* is founded.

FUN!

-o0o-

#### **THE ARCANE GLYPH OF THE EXECUTIONERS' GUILD**

The symbol of *The Executioners' Guild* is *The Death's Head*...

*The Glyph of The Skull.*

A reminder of why we are here ~ The Nature of Change is always an act of Death.

The changes of old patterns.

The Death of The Past, and its Rebirth as The Future.

*The Executioners' Guild* is a vehicle for expressing the complete and unrestrained rage to BE FREE that is *The Fire of LIBERTY!*

Thus is *The Arcane Glyph of DEATH* both a symbol of CHANGE and of REGENERATION.

By The License inherent in The Glyph of The Guild, The Executioners may invoke the deities of MARS & DEATH ~ but only under the strict discipline of grade.

Let The Apprentice Executioner conjure and have the service of a Yetzihiac Spirit of MARS and several astral creatures, but let only The Grand Master of any great lodge evoke *The BAPHOMET*, and The Weapons Masters may evoke The Arch-Demons.

*The Arcane Glyph of The Executioners' Guild* upon *The Arcane Sigil of BARTZABEL* is set in a seal bearing *The Arcane Word of The LODGE* and *The Lodge Motto* through the ribbon.

Placed in a *LaVey Dial*, this seal is used to command spirits of MARS.

Every troop has its own stylized form, but any symbol of The Skull is ultimately an expression of *The Executioners' Guild*.

*The Arcane Signs of The Executioners*.

*The Astrological Glyph of The Planet Pluto* (i.e. *The LUCIFER Glyph*) is also used, and is understood as representing *The Torch of LIBERTY* awaiting The Aspirant at *The Frontier of The Known World*.

The Torch only awaits her, from there, it is up to her to carry it through *The Frontier*, and into *The Great Unknown*.

-o0o-

*The Arcane Glyph of DEATH* means Change and thus the core arcane glyph of The Executioners' Guild is foundationally a Blasphemy against Genetic Separatism of every type.

Juste positionally, they are dedicated to The Illumination Spell as The Blasphemy of Impurity ~ and though it is symbolic of The Blasphemy against every Genetic Separatism.

The objective is never the destruction of The Enemy, but the consumption and recruitment of their best and the direct Blasphemy of The GOAT against their worst.

Our shrines always face in the direction of our enemies, thus to confront our decisions.

Every Executioner swears to uphold *The Laws of AVALON*. Executioners, particularly the professional guildmembers, tend to be tough, martial individuals. Many enter into professions in the police force or military.

Executioners work to uphold Laws and protect LIBERTY and EQUALITY.

Executioners with academic skill or inclination are encouraged to take part-time university courses in The Law.

If you believe in LIBERTY, the best way to defend it is by understanding it.

-o0o-

#### **THE INITIATORY GRADES OF THE EXECUTIONERS' GUILD**

In many ways, the etheric architecture of *The Executioners' Guild* is modelled on *The Order of Hashimites* created by *The Old Man of The Mountain* long ago ~ he was dedicated to MOMMOT.

*The Executioners' Guild* is dedicated to *The BAPHOMET*.

We make no quarrel over the fact that *The Executioners' Guild* is a guild of assassins dedicated to The Demonlord of European Civilization.

The business model is that of Purveyor of LIBERTY.

We love to kill things. People are being oppressed and are prepared to sign on the very strangely dotted line. And we get a profitable new project in LIBERTY.

Every organization of *The BAPHOMET* pays tax on coin earned through each liberation game, as if that coin were earned in AVALON, each to its home realm (etc.), and each individual pays income tax on coin earned through these ventures.

Thus, if PAN is paid several billion dollars for liberating a country, he voluntarily pays tax on it as it this income is earned in AVALON ~ and *The Commercial Patronage of PAN* will favour the manufacture companies who are dedicated to LIBERTY.

Each campaign very big influxes of coin into AVALON and every realm whose assassins contribute.

And this will be so in the home realms/kingdoms of assassins who contribute.

PAN is established in *The Kingdom of AVALON* ~ and our relationship remains mutually profitable for as long as The Silver Kingdoms are free.

If they weren't free....

Somebody might hire PAN?

But PAN cannot be hired to "liberate" a free country.

And Liberation Contracts are the only service he offers ~ he rejects every other type of PACT for until he has fulfilled this game and then had a fun satanic holiday.

-o0o-

Ascension through The Lodge is by *Ordeal of HONOUR* first, and if passed, by *Ordeal of COMBAT*, and by *Ordeal of SPIRIT* ~ Dedication to LIBERTY must be proven, and Martial Prowess to enter The Grade must be proven. The first ordeal is often administered secretly, the second ordeal is a public spectacle, the third ordeal is invariably secret, and may be anything the inner council needs in order to understand the candidate.

Candidates bind themselves by oaths which they sign as legal documents, and yet these are bound by an arcane formula ~ they are sealed only by being publicly recited in full and on audio-visual record which is then made permanently publicly available. Thus, any member of the public can access the records and view the exact parameters by which an Executioner is bound to The Guild by Sacred and Legally Binding Oath.

The purpose of *The Sacred Oath* is usually to bind the Initiate's tongue to secrecy on missions that occur overseas.

Whilst Executioners are notoriously polite, law-abiding, and helpful in Free Countries, member often choose to earn a few dollars by signing onto an "Overseas Mission" to free an oppressed country. These missions are media events, and every team includes a cameraman. After the mission (which are highly secret during the process), the films are released to the media companies. So members who engage in particular bravery or defiance in the service of Freedom, are guaranteed to be on television. And every episode shows the death, name, and memorial to "The Unknown Soldier", if a guild member died in the mission.

It is important that humans understand the realities, both the glory and the cost of this life of High Adventure.

*The Executioners' Guild* pledges to release every record on every mission, five years after the mission.

Guild members usually prefer to be publicly identified, but "superhero" guild members often prefer to have their guild life as a "secret identity", whilst they pretend to be "mild mannered reporters" ~ and members state their secrecy levels in their Sacred Oaths, and these supersede and are respected by every guild information policy.

The Guild strives to make itself open. We only commit "killing" in "other countries". Accountability ensures that The Guild never become fat and lazy. Getting rich through *Total Dedication to LIBERTY* is the Objective.

-o0o-

The Objective of *The Executioners Guild* is to produce policemen, soldiers, and security guards whose purpose is to defend LIBERTY. These remain as a standing discouragement to those who would try to take our LIBERTY and end the rule of JUSTICE and unbalance civic EQUALITY under Law. Thus, The Executioners' Guild is an exact and opposite counter-manifestation of The Nazi Skinhead Youth Movement.

Only white people can dismantle The Nazi Movement ~ as only white people can freely infiltrate it. This particular archetype pattern is true of every form of *Genetic Separatism*. Only the members of the collective can control and direct and change the collective ~ dismantling the problematic parts in acts of self-regulation and vocational-determination. The separatist collective may be a neo-aryan race codex or the genetic codex of a pussycat with super-human intelligence vocal abilities ~ the game remains the same. Only members of the collective can determine the will of the collective. Therefore, if a collective is misbehaving, it is because the member of the collective (either through action or inaction) are allowing the codex to behave thus.

The first step is always a Newtonian "equal and opposite reaction". *The Executioners Guild* is an example of this. The deterrent (i.e. punishment) is second Newtonian "equal and opposite reaction" ~ e.g. if the reward is "purity", i.e. separation from a feared genetic group, then let the punishment be "impurity", e.g. sell the slavers as breeding slaves to feared genetic group. The "equal and opposite reaction" is the duty and policy of *The Executioners' Guild*.

By dedicating The Executioners' Guild to the single genetic trait that nobody else wants, it becomes a vehicle for The Will to Freedom. Thus is created a social mechanism for countering every form of Genetic Separatism that arises in future. PAN/SET is the dark god, the outcast god ~ never the nobility or royalty or rulers. This ensures that for the rest of human history The Outcast become an identity unto themselves, with a radical and freedom-loving temperament. PAN's dauntless band of LIBERTY-Loving Assassins will play a social balance role through the remainder of human history.

#### The Tiers of Initiation

*The Nocturnal Guild of Executioners* is The Outer Order of *The Arcane Guild of Assassins* ~ a secret society of assassins consecrated to *The Great Work of Liberation* through sorceries most dark learned from and offered up to the unconquered symbol of *The BAPHOMET, The Grandfather of Assassins*, whom they name MOFOEMET, which means "Secret Murderer" or "Successful Murderer".

#### The Rituals and Practices of *The Martian Guild of Executioners* (being The Outer Order of *The Arcane Guild of Assassins*)

This organization has three initiatory grades, and many non-initiatory (administrative, teaching, etc.) grades, offices, chairs, medals & awards, etc. The three initiatory grades are those of *Novice, Apprentice, Executioner*. They involve tests of proficiency, endurance, and courage, oaths of loyalty and secrecy, sexual components, intoxication, and pretty much anything else that might be fun.

The three tiers of The *Novice* Grade are *demanding!* Thus to weed out the weak ~ but anybody with Will can succeed, after passing The First Tier, they can only fail by quitting. Nevertheless, they build both muscle and character, and by completion of the three tiers of The *Novice* Grade, the candidate is in fit and muscular shape, fine physical condition to be passed onto an initiated *Executioner* for refinement and development through the apprenticeship process.

The Three Tiers of The *Apprenticeship* Grade require discipline, concentration, and application to The Art. The human has now been whipped into shape, and is disciplined in both Body and Will ~ the material is ready for refinement through the imbue with secret knowledges and the development of fine skills. These are taught both through initiation, the mastery of particular spells, and archetype learning /testing experiences that seem "co-incidental", etc. During this grade, *The Apprentice Executioner* learns The Archetype Skills of The Executioner....

#### **THE CLOAK OF SHADOWS**

The skill of Stealth, more than any other, expresses the vocation and path of *The Executioners' Guild*. Every skill and techno-magick item that can contribute to this skill is gathered and deeply understood by The Guild ~ these technologies are a primary focus of R&D.

#### **THE MASK OF DISGUISE**

The skill of Disguise is another extremely important skill of The Assassin. The Guild will master every permutation of this skill, from genetic disguise to theatre make-up. In this way, we improve our abilities of invisibility. Quick-change is another skill.

#### **THE SKELETON KEY OF THE ASSASSINS**

The skills of Lock-Picking and disarming Security Systems, are fundamental to *The Executioner's Art & Spiritual Path*.

#### **THE SHADOWY CYPHERS OF THE GUILD**

The Assassins are experts of secret communication, from silent tongues to computer encryption, The Guild is involved in both documenting and compiling knowledge and information, and also continually developing new cyphers and codes ~ we are creature of secrets, and no more on this matter need be spoken of here.

#### **THE DAGGER OF THE UNSEEN**

Combat, and particularly "hidden" combat ~ combat that can take place in a full room with anybody noticing. Weapons that are *completely* concealable or creatable. A form of martial Art that exploits the strengths and advantages of The Assassin.

The combat forms of The Assassin function on the basis of deceit, misdirection, and trickery. Strikes are always aimed at incapacitating through minimum effort, and "dirty" fighting is encouraged as a spiritual sacrament to *The Impure Blasphemy of Night*. The Assassin's martial art form uses the opponent's strengths and momentum against him. Females will often learn this form due to its design ~ the way whereby The Fragile overcomes The Strong.

#### **THE POTIONS OF THE POISONER**

The Executioner's Guild regularly and cheerfully publishes grimoires on poisons, and even has its own genuine (and forbidden and illegal) academic journal, entitled **HECATE's Broth**.

Every guild will have created many local formula for poisons, and when a guild member discovers or creates a new formula, it becomes recorded in the proceedings of The Lodge and published in the secret academic journal of *The Executioners' Guild* ("printed" in a country where nobody cares). Why load up on poisons? They are fun, and useful in overseas campaigns.

#### **THE MECHANICAL TRAPS OF THE GUILD**

The Guild specializes in the recruitment, training, and funding of engineers and architects who specialize in the creation of hidden mechanical traps, devices, and secrets. This means that guild temples are *very* dangerous to the uninitiated, but also that books and jewels produced and marketed by The Guild usually have secrets built like puzzles into the design of the device. The Assassins of The Guild will turn this practice into a fine art improving over the course of centuries, as thousands of strange and fantastic arcane items will be produced by The Guild's virtuoso craftsmen, to remain as priceless treasures, forever.

#### **THE HIDDEN CHAMBERS OF THE TORTURER**

There are times when information is needed, and the guild will have its own secret manuals on how to achieve this in the most professional and least time-wasting manner ~ and obviously, these skills would only be used in overseas missions in unregulated countries against foes who are in violation of international regulations against torture. Perhaps you expected *The BAPHOMET* to have a "try not to hurt anybody" policy in his Assassin's Guild?

#### **THE NIGHT WINGS OF DEATH**

Mobility is of primary importance to The Assassin, and thus pilot skills are developed and fundamental valued by every Assassin. Likewise acrobatics and climbing skills are often far more important than combat skills, when The Assassin is faced with a dangerous terrain to move through.

These are the skills laid in *The Apprenticeship* Grade.

Upon completion of *The Apprenticeship* Grade, The Grade of *Executioner* is admitted through *The Hashimite Ritual of The Blissful Rebirth*.

This is the ritual whereby the successful candidate climaxes the series of ordeals and challenges with *The Victory Banquet* in WWII style (with champagne and fancy dress, etc.) ~ and the main ingredient in the banquet is The Sacred Herb (i.e. marijuana, including the form of hashish), the individual banquets until the delirium begins, when he is drugged to unconsciousness, carried to The Moonwell Garden, where he awakes and he awakens surrounded by beautiful maidens or men (as he chooses) who bath him and perform his every sexual desire. But during this bliss, before he has achieved penetration or ejaculation, *The BAPHOMET* appears to him, and promises him a place in *The Garden of Alamut* in Fantasia, and a place in *The Infernal Hierarchy*, and Sexual Bliss in This World, if he pledges himself and his soul ~ and before *The BAPHOMET*, the candidate pledges himself and his soul by *The Eternal Sin* against The Great White God. *The BAPHOMET* withdraws to the pedestal, and the beautiful females then fully love the man without restraint, using their every subtly and art to prolong his pleasure, and overwhelm him with their beauty. Then he is drugged again, and returned to The Banquet, where he sleeps among the cushions, among the other full initiates who were present at the banquet.

The Grand Master of The Guild wears the title of "Grand MOFOEMET under The Shadow of The Guild".

Every Lodge of The Guild is self-formed and possesses absolute autonomy. Places exist where every Lodge Master meets on nights of High Ceremony. Places and ritual defines the dance of togetherness and independent secrecy in The Shadows. Assassins are solitary creatures. Lodges are each unique and independent.

The objective of each lodge is to facilitate citizen involvement in civic life. The executioners are hyper-tough and handsome, but their real role is as a presence to deter crime and deter attacks on LIBERTY. The executioners are an encouragement toward Peace. They strive for knightly values ~ *The Assassin Code*. It differs somewhat from *The Code of High Chivalry*, but is essentially honourable.

*The Executioners' Guild* is a formally established business ~ a social club, of some type. It never engages in illegality. And these pirates are dedicated to AVALON, as expressed through *The Pagan Lens of The Triune Lamp*.

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#### **THE FIGHTING SCHOOLS OF THE EXECUTIONERS' GUILD**

Each Fighting School takes an ancient GREEK word as its *arcane mark*, and an ancient LATIN motto as its *invocation*.

Each fighting school is dedicated to *The Tao of The Unification* ~ East and West, Orient and Occident, through Love and Discipline.

The Fighting Schools are dedicated to *The Spirituality of The Tao* in “everything”.

Now this establishes a firm anti-separatist foundation.

Any full initiate of The Guild may establish a fighting school. If the school is successful, the master will go on to found a secluded *Philosophical Monastery of ATHENE*.

Here, initiates spend their days and nights engaged in combat practice and drills, philosophical journeys of LIBERTY, and continuous wild, mind-liberating Sex.

And occasionally real all-expense paid missions overseas.

If you survive, you can earn more in a single mission than in much larger chunk of treadmill walking time.

(Payment conditions will depend upon the individual mission, danger level, etc.)

-o0o-

### **THE EXECUTIONERS' CURSE OF THE OPPRESSORS' WEAVE**

What is a Human?

A person who is The Highest can be slid down into The Lowest ~ and what are you?

The demographic who buys LIBERATION desires The Highest yet knows the feeling of being dragged to The Lowest.

Nobility is found in every part of life, yet it rises to The Top.

Never gaze harshly upon The Dirt and Filth that has risen to The Top.

You could be born as Dirt and Filth, in whatever the lowest you know, with but a double helix of Life.

Are you The Highest?

What will your enemies do with that strand of hair you could not glue to your head?

Where will you reincarnate?

These thoughts are part of The Anti-Fascist Ritual of Reincarnatory Fun.

I expect there is a girl in the ghetto who would like a blond haired blue-eyed Indian-German father for her child ~ particularly when attended by an income of a meagre coin per week.

Take the genome of The Oppressor, reincarnate it into a girl in the lowest ghetto in existence, speak the arcane qabalistic words LILITH and BAPHOMET and BARTZEBEL, and the ritual is complete.

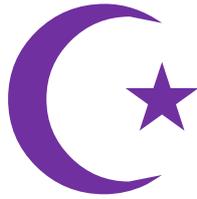
A nice girl or a “unattractive” girl?

How do The Oppressors behave?

You are a Liberator.

*So it is. So mote it be.*





THE BLASPHEMY AGAINST ISLAM

**THE BLASPHEMOUS TEMPLE OF THE MOON & THE STAR**  
**THE FORBIDDEN IDOL OF THE OBSCENE HALLALUIAH**  
**THE HASHIMITE FORMULAE OF THE ASSASSIN'S IDOL**

This Rite is Dedicated to The Great Rite of The Goddess LILITH-ISHTAR & The Grand ENKI-BAPHOMET, and The Birth of *Their Holy Daughter* SYTRIANNA, Mother of Night's Elves ~ Let The Humans cry out *The Obscene HALLALUIAH* in celebration of The Whore's Creative Inundation, *Ave SALOME!*

In the grimoire entitled *Book 777 (DATE)*, Crowley outlined they key Islamic Formulae of The Blasphemy and The Arabic Truenames of *The 72 Goetic Demonlords*.

These are the core patterns of black magick for eating Allah.

The Blasphemy against Islam!

*Praise to BABYLON who is Most High*  
*The Moons and The Stars of Eternal Night Sky!*  
HALLALUIAH! HALLALUIAH! HALLALUIAH!  
*The Beast!*  
MAMMOT HALLA SHAITAN BAPHOMET!  
*The Sun in The Night & The Sun of The East!*  
NEMHA, *My Dark Lord of The Horn and The Feast!*

-o0o-

**The Demonlords of The Executioners' Guild**

Have you noticed that most of the great grimoires express *The Trinity* of LILITH & SATAN & BEEZLBUB.

Have you ever wondered where the word "Bee" came from.

These lovely little creatures are a unity of brown and gold, yet they distil from The Sun's light a honey which can be eaten and traded.

This God of Insects is a lovely demon lord.

-o0o-

*The Greater King* BEEZLEBUB, Lord of Flies and Insects, is close to SATAN in every text of black magick. *The Greater King* ASMODAI, The Regent Lucifuge of The Nine Planes of Hell, is not regularly part in *The BAPHOMET's Trinity*, yet he is probably equal in power to The Insect Lord, and he is revered in *The Satanic Bible* & *The Flash Gordon Stories*, and awarded key position in the original (and largely unregulated/uncensored) *Dungeons & Dragons* manuals.

I expect ASMODAI must have been a much more powerful deity in the ancient world, than we popularly recognize in modern culture.

Yet the fact remains that BEEZLBUB and SATAN like each other, can and have worked together for thousands of years.

BARTZABEL has sealed a contract of service to *The BAPHOMET* that is Eternal and extends beyond the completion of *The Pact of HELL*.

*The BAPHOMET* owns his pet Fly.

Much as he owns his royal blue pet SPHINX Cat, newly transformed.

These are his property and won't be interfered with.

BEEZLBUB has a Qabalistic Name and it is BARTZABEL.

*The Executioners' Guild* will be feared worldwide, and The Insect Kingdom is used as the model for the martial behaviour and war strategies of *The Executioners' Guild*, particularly in relation to organized group behaviours and drills and strategic patterns.

And obviously there are benefits to gods who sign *The Eternal Pact*.

When more than half of The Greater Deities sign *The Eternal Pact*, the need to kill The Hebrew People will become less pressing.

A long term relationship with LIBERTY can be in the advantage of everybody.

So The Hebrew Folk might survive, if more than half of the deities sign *The Eternal Pact of Soul-Selling* to PAN.

Merely an interesting quirk of history.

-o0o-

### Satan poses for Eliphas Levi

The forbidden name ΒΑΦΝΜΗΤΕΟΣ affirms continuity with the pagan cults of ancient nights.

*"The Goat on the frontispiece carries the sign of the pentagram on the forehead, with one point at the top, a symbol of light, his two hands forming the sign of occultism, the one pointing up to the white moon of Chesed, the other pointing down to the black moon of Geburah. This sign expressed the perfect harmony of mercy and justice. His one arm is female, whilst the other male like the ones of the androgyne of Kyunrath, the attributes of which we had to unite with our goat for he is one and the same symbol. The flame of intelligence shining between his horns is the magic light of eternal balance, the image of the soul elevated above matter, as the flame, whilst being tied to matter, shines above it. The beast's head expresses the horror of the sinner, whose materially acting, solely responsible part has to bear the punishment exclusively; because the soul is insensitive according to its nature and can only suffer when it materializes. The rod standing instead of gentiles symbolizes eternal life, the body covered with scales the water, the semi-circle above it the atmosphere, the feathers following above the volatile. Humanity is represented by the two androgyne arms of this sphinx of the occult sciences."*

*Dogma et Rituel de la Haute Magie (1856) Eliphas Levi*

Medieval witchcraft records depicting *The Devil* appearing as "a great black goat with a candle between his horn" at the revels of *The Witches Sabbat*. Anthropological researches suggest that the rituals described by The Church imply cultural and religious links to the ancient cult of *The Great Goddess* and PAN (Murray, 1921).



## The BAPHOMET

(Treatise on *The Arcane Names of The Devil*, from *Liber Sub Rosa Nocturna* ~ "The Book of The Rose that blooms in The Night" by Glenorchy McBride III, 2017)

The arcane word BAPHOMET is the demonic *truename* used by The Templars and later The Freemasons for summoning *The Devil* prior to and during The Renaissance. *The BAPHOMET* then appears in the pre-renaissance goetic grimoires of imperial France. Following this, his image emerges in the early hermetic works of Victorian England, deluging in the beastly blasphemous fun of Aleister Crowley. And then, in the Rosicrucian societies of pre-WWII Germany, he appears yet again. And in the afterglow of WWII, he emerges in California to found *The Church of SATAN* immediately prior to The Hippy Revolution bursting into life and bloom. This is The Blasphemy ~ *The BAPHOMET*, Demonlord of *The Goetia*.

Σοφία

**The BAPHOMET**

HEIROPHANT of Humanity's PEACE Shrine

ΒΑΦΝΜΗΤΕΟΣ

## ΒΑΦΟΜΙΘΡ

OBSCENITY of The OPHITES

INITIATOR of WISDOM

Κηφας



*The Devil's Truenames* are the corruptions of every name and spiritual expression of God.

No human is aware of how or where *The Devil* inserted this powerful demonic word of unholy corruption into humanity's collective consciousness. Attempts to research the roots of this etymological corruption have instead produced a fantastic chaos of wormy logic plugging this blasphemous word's abomination taint into many of the facets of God's opinion of himself. And this chaos of corruption grows each night, as more researchers find more preposterous and shocking and inappropriate "historical" and etymological meanings to the demonic truename that *The Devil* has given for use by his witches and sorcerers. However, it is apparent that this arcane words has roots in The Orient ~ Persia or Arabia.

For it is an explicit Blasphemy against ALLAH.

Researchers commonly describe the demonic truename of *The BAPHOMET* as a blasphemy derived from the name of *Muhammad*, The Prophet of Islam, through the use of the medieval Latinization, *Mahomet* (Crusader-talk, meaning "The False Prophet Muhammad" or "Antichrist") which was then corrupted to *Mammet*, meaning an or The "Idol" or "False God". Perhaps this was derived from the word "*Bahamut*", referring to a pagan idol which holds a role in Islamic alchemy. But whilst these organic etymological paths may seem to be a blasphemy that might satisfactorily be attributed to The Crusaders, there are many other worm-paths of meaning oozing their corruption into Islam.

Σοφια

BAPHOMET

BAFUMETZ

B A H A M U T

MAMMET

MAHOMET

MUHAMMAD

κηφας



For example, Idries Shah wrote that the arcane word BAPHOMET is an etymological corruption derived from the Arabic *Abufihamat*, a word associated with Sufism meaning "*Father of Understanding*" (**REF**). Other researchers have pointed to a medieval manuscript, *Chanson de Simon Pouille* (1235), which speaks of a Saracen idol called *Bafumetz*, and this seems to be supported by the use of similar terms in several *chansons de geste*. Thus, a lovely series of tentacles squirming from the western collective mind into Islam. Yet still, confusion rules.

The Viennese orientalist, Joseph Freiherr von Hammer-Purgstall (1818) reveals that the terrible word BAPHOMET is derived from *Maphtah Bet Yahweh* (**REF**), which means "*Key to The House of God*". Hugh Schonfield (1984), a modern scholar involved in decoding *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, claims that the arcane word BAPHOMET was created using *The Atbash Cypher*, which swaps the first letter of The Hebrew Alphabet for the last (etc.) ~ thus, *The Devil's Arcane Name* is a qabalistic cypher for "*Wisdom*".

The BLASPHEMY  
**BAPHOMET**

בפומת

∞

שופיא

**SOPHIA**  
WISDOM in *The Tree of Life*

The freemason, Christoph Fredrich Nocolai (1782) traced a lovely path of etymological corruption by claiming that the arcane word is derived from the Greek ΒΑΦΗ ΜΗΤΕΟΣ (*Baphe Metous*), which means “*Baptism of Wisdom*”. Joseph Hammer went on to argue that Nicolai was nearly there, but *Metous*...

Σοφία  
BAPHOMET  
ΒΑΦΗΜΗΤΙΣ  
ΒΑΦΗΜΗΤΕΟΣ

“...was not the Μητις of The Greeks, but the Sophia, Achamot Prunikos of the Ophites, which was represented as half-man, half-woman, as the symbol of wisdom, unnatural voluptuousness and the principle of sensuality.... Baphomet signifies Βαφη Μητεος, baptism of metis, baptism of fire, or the Gnostic baptism, an enlightening of the mind, which, however, was interpreted by the Ophites, in an obscene sense as fleshy union.”  
*Mysterium Baphometis Revelatum* (1818) Joseph Hammer-Purgstall

In France, Elphias Levi claimed that the word is derived from masonic cypher which decoded to form the strange creature **Temp. O. H. P. Ab.**, which (he tells us) means “*Templi omnium hominum pacis abbas*” ~ “*Hierophant of The Human Peace Temple*”. Whilst over on the Avalonian side of The English Channel, Aleister Crowley (1918) spelled the word ΒΑΦΟΜΙΘΡ (**BAFOMITHR**), after receiving this word from a wizard in a vision during a magickal ritual he named *The Amalantrah Working*.

Σοφία  
BAPHOMET  
ΒΑΦΗΜΗΤΕΟΣ  
**ΒΑΦΟΜΙΘΡ**

“I added up the word as spelled by the Wizard. It totalled 729. This number had never appeared in my Cabbalistic working and therefore meant nothing to me. It however, justified itself, being the cube of nine. The word κηφας (**KHOAS**), the mystical title given by Christ to Peter as the cornerstone of the Church, has the same value.... Baphomet was Father Mithras, the cubical stone which was the corner of the Temple.”  
*The Confessions of Aleister Crowley* (1929) Aleister Crowley

Ψ

Crowley was an Englishman.

The nature of hermetic gematria inevitably implies that if the word βαφομιθρ (**BAFOMITHR**) metaphysically aligns its meaning with the word κηφας (**KHOAS**), then it also adulterously shares the same core gemetric meaning relationship with the word κηφας (**KHAOS**).

Up is Down, in HELL ~ and *The Blasphemy* never stops laughing.

Now that we have sorted out the etymology, let us progress to the function and ritual application of this fun word of Blasphemy Most Profound.

This arcane word is engineered, both by construction and tradition, to function as a *very* powerful formula of conjuration. And for this reason, to the witch, this arcane word is far more important than any other.

*You should encourage christians (etc.) to speak this word with their own tongue and write it with their own hand ~ as often as possible!* Even inspiring the sound or mere thought of this word in their minds is *powerful!*

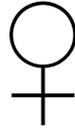
They have to say it or write in order to try to banish him with prayers and sermons ~ but doing so is dangerous, as it questions the strength of their faith. We should encourage the weak-spirited Christians to use the name in ritual, for their faith is easily broken, and then their own subconscious being corrupted to serve *The Devil*. Thus, it is always risky for a Christian to use this name, even under full ritual conditions, but *The Devil* will easily escape the binding of weak faith, and my bet is on him, nearly every time.

At *The Abby of THELEMA*, Crowley named his... dog... "Satan" ~ and this blasphemous sound would echo through the surrounding hills and peasant villages as the children of his gargantuan pantomime called to the dog each morning. That horrible debauched old arch-mage was loads of fun!

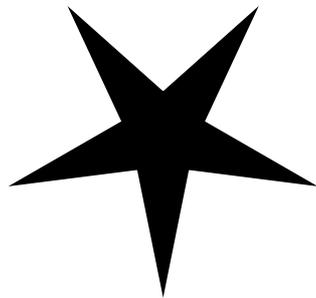
According to unholy tradition, the arcane word BAPHOMET is an etymological corruption derived from the word 'Blasphemy'. No scholar of linguistics has been able to definitively identify either the root or the strict meaning of this arcane word, though its history is steeped in unhallowed acts. The strange tones of this arcane word have echoed through the halls of Freemasonry and the halls of The Church, the halls of fallen knightly orders, and the halls of the highest university fraternities and the palaces of queens and kings, and yet darker and more terrible places still... this word can be found inscribed in invisible ink into the front cover of *The Satanic Bible* and upon the pages of every significant grimoire of The New Aeon. Shameless, for those who have eyes to see.

And yet to humanity, this arcane word remains both a Mystery and a Blasphemy.





**THE**  
**ERMINE**  
**RITE**  
**OF**  
**THE**  
**GREAT**  
**ARCHITECT**





**THE ERMINE RITE OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE**  
THE BLACK & WHITE SOCIETY

0

**YRAMA IMPURA**

**THE ERMINE TEMPLE OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE**

At the centre of *The Ermine Temples* are The Demons.

There is a single *Ermine Temple* in each realm, and each realm's chosen has licence to convene this Lodge, when The Satyr seals *The Ermine Pact*, or as otherwise stated.

The Temple's core conclave is *The Lodge 99*. In each realm there exist a single Grand Lodge 99 consisting of *The 33 Most Powerful Individuals* of each Gender from each of *The Three Sacred Dark-Eyed Races* of *The Ermine Pact*. Each *Grand Lodge*, and the entire machinery of *The Ermine Temple*, is dedicated unto its own secret agenda (which it decides, and may often span generations) and patriotism to its Realm. This means each realm completely owns its own Ermine Temple ~ no higher authority, except LILITH & *The BAPHOMET*, and *The Great Big INSECT GOD* of Horrifyingly Yummy Oviposity!

This is the core of *The Ermine Rite*.

Beneath, this central organ, a hierarchy of temple components, machinery, and organizational paradigms.

In each major city of The Realm, there convenes a *Lodge 99*, under the direct authority of *The Grand Lodge*.

In each realm, there are EIGHTEEN Temple Orders, dedicated unto The Eighteen Demons of *The Ermine Rite*.

These temple orders are limited to The Realm, and answer only to *The Grand Lodge* ~ but *The Priestesses* and *Priests* of *The Temple Orders* directly advises to *The Conclaves* of *The 99 Lodges*.

For example, *The Temple Order of MERFILDE* admits only computer programmers and engineers and innovators. Usually, every member of this order performs *The Black Mass of The Spider Queen*. This order forms a unit of computer experts who are loyal only to their Temple Deities and Their Realm and no higher authority. Thus is this order a tool for each realm.

*The Eighteen Sacred Temple Orders of The Ermine Blasphemy* form three groups which are The Three sides of *The Ermine Pact of Three Daughters* ~ and these plug into AVALON.

In addition to these Temple Orders, each Grand Lodge commands and directs many lesser orders, and from these debauched humans of every eccentricity may be cultivated and recruited and initiated.

In each city, *The Lodge 99* will have a tower, Black & White in theme, and fantastic with hanging gardens!

*The Grand Lodge* will have many castles, and its meetings are secret, though its membership is often not a secret.

In the centre of each *Lodge 99* castle of *The Ermine Rite* is a fantastic pleasure garden, of tactile wonder and fantastic scents, flavours intoxicating the soul ~ and here *The Executioners' Guild* holds its initiations.

The relationship between the two organizations is never quite apparent.

*The Lodge 99* is an evocation of Politics, Finance, Science ~ Culture, Art, & The Silver Screen.

*The Executioners' Guild* is an evocation of The Shadows.

*The Three Races* thus have a means of survival for 1001 years, to prosper and complete the work of distillation that is the alchemy of transformation.

-oOo-

### **THE 99 LODGE OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE**

For approximately a thousand years the rite of forbidden pleasure has been in the hands of MAN ~ now it shall be for WOMAN a treasure.

A WOMAN rules this rite ~ so had she ever.

For one thousand years, WOMAN will use this rite to express her discoveries of beauty in the horror of Forbidden Pleasure.

This is a dark rite ~ seek no virtue here.

You will be bound and abused in ways that will rend your mind, and leave your soul shuddering in forbidden orgasm.

You will discover hidden aspects of your own sexual needs and secret longings.

You will become conscious of yourself in new ways.

And then WOMAN will learn to make MAN kneel before Her, openly and unconditionally.

Naughty!

-o0o-

### **THE 666 ORDERS OF THE 99 LODGE OF THE COUNCIL OF 9**

*Three Codices of Six Temple Orders* are dedicated to *The Eighteen Demonlords of The Ermine Circle*, and these are under *The Grand Lodge 99* of each Realm which are independent and loyal only unto their home country, but pay “officially unofficial” politico-religious homage unto *The Council of Nine of The Grand Temple of The BAPHOMET* which is named *The Church of SATAN* (founded by Anton Szandor LaVey, for a prank, apparently), which is the closest manifestation to a “central authority” ~ and that is The Game.

-o0o-



THE

ERMINE ALCHEMY

OF

THE

# DARK FAERIES



## THE SHADOW ELVES OF ETERNAL NIGHT

*The Cloud Realms of ATLANTIS* face great danger in global warming.

It is not practical for us to be breeding toward the loss of our natural radiation helm and suit ~ our dark hair and skin.

We will create an archetype more suited to our future.

The Hellenes will birth a magickal child race ~ *The Night Elves*.

*The Night Elves* have skin and hair that allows us to be active during The Day, yet we worship The Night. *The Day Elves* have skin and hair that prevents them from being active during The Day, yet they worship The Sun.

Holy is *The Knight Angelic*, and Goodly.

Sorcery is *The Knight of Spiders*, and Evil.

-o0o-

This is *The Great Work of BABYLON*.

Many projects to create Dark elves will be initiated by many wizards, each with a different vision.

Each project is a noble house, a variety of The Dark Elves ~ and each will seek to consume the blood (and thus, sorcery) of the others, thus to create the apostolic lineage of *The Arcane Spider*.

This is my Goddess. This is My Future. This is ME!

-o0o-

*The Apostolic Linage of The Arcane Spider*.

*The Web of Blood* stretching through *The Loom of FATE*, from The Past to The Future.

Each noble house holds the memories and sorcery of The Dark Elves' Bloody Temple.

New projects will always supersede and consume the old ~ drinking the nobility and sins and understanding and magicks of their predecessors.

Blood is Sorcery. Blood is Understanding. Blood is Life.

-o0o-

*The Dark Mother* LILITH-ASTAROTH.

*The Demon Queen of Spiders. The Lady of Lies and Truth. The Mother of The Witches and Satyrs and Vampyres and Fiends.*

This Goddess represents the network of Women who have been secretly working toward LIBERTY, since long ago.

*The Dark Elves* value LIBERTY as the primary defining quality in any being's worth.

Nevertheless, *The Dark Elves* see themselves as a "vampyre" race ~ they are genetically pragmatic, rather than separatist, and they drink the nobility of blood and every valuable genetic resource of every other race that calls itself a master race, and every other human genetic resource.

-o0o-

We revel at the banquet at the top of the world.

Any who is worthy, we banquet upon as an act of love ~ the sweetest death that is life eternal.

For he whose blood is drunk by a Night Elf is slain of The Past, to spend three incarnations in The Underworld, and then returns as a Dark Elf, resurrected from The Dead.

This is *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider*.

The Goddess of Vampyres and Death and The Dark Elves of Night's Black Flame.

-o0o-

WOMEN.

*The Lillian Order of The Arcane Spider* is a non-centralize conspiracy of Women dedicated to the work of uniting races, Black & White ~ with the particular genetic project of creating *The Dark Elves*.

Hence, they spin bloodlines, joining and parting, as a spider spins a web.

*The Witch Spiders of The Black Mass*.

-o0o-

*The Noble Houses of LILITH-ARACHNE*.

Each have their own agenda.

We are a vampiric race of genetically and technologically advanced elves. And we are exceptionally pompous on this matter, being accustomed as we are to measuring ourselves by the yardstick we use for other humanoids. The demons are really the only thing we have met which require a larger yardstick.

It may be that BABYLON doesn't last forever. Many genetic projects by many alchemy corporations will have produced many dark elves, each different and often maintaining complex and dangerous political relationships. *The Lodge 99* will have its projects, and they will bear many different fruits. The Indian German will birth several lines of Dark Elves by The Indian Girl. The Avalonians will birth at least one project with The Orient. And The Middle Kingdom will probably be working the biggest project of everybody!

In *The Astrum Persarum*.

This is *The Noble House DeVille of The Dark Elves*.

Welcome to BABYLON.

-o0o-

Every group of dark elves born of every project of every alchemy corporation in *The Astrum Persarum* is a spider totem that is part of the great historical phenomenon that is *The Star of Persia*.

And whilst these many different projects compete and love and hate each other, they secretly uplift each other, knowing that they will eventually share genes.

*The Spiders of BABYLON* are, collectively, *House DeVille*.

They can love each other and hate each other as they choose, but they are all members of the same house, and the bloodlines are being woven together.

The Uniting of Opposites.

-o0o-

The Goddess on Top.

The Dark Elves are a matriarchal race who greatly value the component of Fun.

The Dark Elves worship demons, but above the demons we worship *The First Witch*, who ascended to become Queen of The Demons and Beasts and Men ~ and to her children she represents the human power of WOMAN to direct *The Loom of FATE*.

And she is called *The World-Weaver*.

Every House of The Dark Elves honours and worships *The First Witch* by *The Arcane Way of The Spider* ~ for she is the symbol of the part of WOMAN who controls her own FATE.

So it has begun.

-o0o-

### THE ANATOMY OF EVIL

*"She usually takes the form of a giant black widow spider... but also enjoys appearing as an exquisitely beautiful Dark Elf.. Little is known about her aims, and only the fact that the drow worship of Lolth causes her to assume form on Earth permits compilation of any substantial information whatsoever."*  
Gary Gygax (1978) *The Vault of The Drow*

*The Dark Elfin Morphology?*

What exactly does *The Dark Elf* look like?

*The Night Elves* have exceptional eyes and ears ~ all the better to see you with and hear you with, my dear.

At the current stage in history, *The Illumination Plan* is in operation. Thus, illumination is a feature of *The Dark Elf*.

The ears of elves are pointed. This is the result of technological implants, rather than biology. When a humanoid performs *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider*, pledging herself to join *The Great Blood Temple of The Spider*, the human receives these implants, and thus pointed ears. The pointy-eared individual is treated as an equal and full elf, thereafter. If the children of the individual choose to complete the alchemical process, they also receive pointed ears and full "official" racial status as elves.

Indeed, long before the game begins, people will begin using the pointed ears to symbolize their magickal will and as a talisman materialized by *The Black Mass*.

*The Dark Elves* have slightly almond-shaped eyes, a result from the distillation of oriental blood in the alchemy.

The Dark Elves are not specifically born of races (every race contributes genes into *Her Forbidden Grail of Night*, and is thus her "unholy parent" ~ but her primary blood component is The Intelligence Genes.

She lust for and drinks the blood of genius ~ every other sexual factor is commercial or whimsy or politics.

This is where her magickal powers come from.

She drinks the creatively potent blood of wizards to sustain and increase her powers of mind and will and magick.

*The Temple of The Arcane Spider* is continually seeking out genius, secretly protecting it, nurturing it, and milking its sperm, absorbing its DNA.

Genius.

*The Sacred & Most High Blood of The Spider's Feast!*

The most valuable commodity in humanity's world.

Gathered into The Forbidden Grail of Night's Temple....

*The Arcane Mark of LILITH.*

-o0o-

## THE ARCANE MARK OF LILITH

There are no limits upon *The Dark Elf Child's* moral development.

She will grow up in BABYLON, in the shadow of *The Temple of The Goddess*.

You will love her even through any and every act of self-exploration into which she engages. Everybody fears her, yet you will Love her and protect her even if she is very bad, and even if she drinks your own life blood ~ because you will probably reincarnate as *Dark Elves*, if that happens. And you will always shelter her.

There are no limits on *The Dark Elf Child's* moral development.

Let her learn, and discover, and awaken.

-o0o-

And let her be bound by the webs of DISCIPLINE.

Let her train her mind by music and language and poetry from birth. Let her discipline her reason webs with powerful memorization of every basic rubric of mathematics ~ thus, she will have the mental tools pre-established should she desire to find understanding thereby in her future adventures of life. And let her be armed with the tools of visual self-expression ~ traditional hand-made drawing and electronic orthographic projection. And let the rythmns of poetry and music stir her soul from the beginning ~ and she will learn the silver flute and the red violin and the **Black & White** piano. And *The Art of Dance* before *The Arts of War*. This before she begins school as a child.

Let HER body be trained in the arts of War ~ martial arts and acrobatic and above every other physical skill is her talent as a pilot and her dexterity. She is a delicate creature, but fast and sharp as a serpent. And with a temperament even more laughter-filled and venomous. All of her physical skills will be aimed at achieving the limit that is mind-movement, i.e. "the physical athletic limits of human possibility through ordered-thought".

Because Dark Elves are famous for their acrobatic talents and skills, individuals are welcomed as travelling performers. Many dark elves enjoy travelling the worlds and living on their wits. Dark elfin carnival grimoires are written on the subject in their secret code languages. From before childhood, the dark elves have been obsessed with codes, and secrets, and cyphers.

The dark elves also value beautiful hands, and will occasionally drink a human's blood merely because the human has beautiful hands.

The dark elves are a secret people, and use various secrets signs and somatic hand gestures in communication. But their real secret hand sign languages are different from those they use to entertain others. Dark elves *love* enigmas of every sort, and curiosity is a powerful personality trait ~ which can only exist because it is balanced by astonishing wits and instinct and creative problem-solving skill.

Though the primary characters of the dark elves are the evolutionarily-distilled characters of Human Greatness ~ concentrated from *everywhere* into a single genetic codex.

The Dark Elf of The Spider Queen.

*The Night Daughter of LILITH.*

-o0o-

## THE GREAT RITE OF THE SPIDER QUEEN

The Daughters of LILITH steal the sacred eucharist of The Great White God, and by Blasphemy most profound, they have stolen and alchemically transubstantiated *The Mark of CAINE*, entirely murdering its gold, and transmuting that into a perfect platinum silver to represent The Queen of Night.

Any remaining trace of gold is considered an "impurity".

I slay my heart.

Thus, by an act of bio-psyhic violence and blasphemy against The Great White God, *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider* transubstantiates *The Fool's Gold of CAINE* into *The Night-Silver Platinum of The Spider Queen*.

In BABYLON, the alchemists of *The 99 Lodge* will steal the blood sequences of Caine's Mark, and perform terrible experiments upon these, thus *unweaving The Glyph of CAIN*, and then alchemically resequence its power into something even more terrible than *The Mark of CAIN*! We will annihilate every trace of yellow colouration, and develop the perfect silver colouration. No urine remaining. Thus, each new family of dark elves (i.e. each new experiment) will have an iconic gene sequence, which is shared by every member of the evocation, and owned by the project creator.

*The Silver Moon-Mark of LILITH.*

-o0o-

The Mystic & Forbidden Silver Hair Gene Sequence.

Each new human metamorphosing into The Dark Elfin Imperium, has *The Silver Mark* gene sequence inserted into her genome.

As the families intermarry, *The Silver Marks* begin to grow and change, yet each defining a root in a meaningful way ~ each project is managed and designed differently, and thus each different mark designs a different type of root alchemy, elfin family lines.

-o0o-

### THE SILVER MOON MARK OF LILITH

Iconic.

Gold is scorned by this perfect nocturnal Platinum silvered beauty.

Perfect silverienne depth distilled from The Inkiest Dreams of Night.

*The Dark Elves of The Spider Queen.*

Iconic.

-o0o-

Thus, let our sacrament of dreams begin with an image, an archetype, a pathway emergent!

Let us cast off our daylight doubts!

Let us gaze into *The Looking Glass*, darkly!

-o0o-

Grey Hair is known only among the elderly of humanity ~ and that is not the archetype we want, except where The Crone is being invoked.

Let us begin this magick with a culture of hair-dye alchemy ~ after all, we are blaspheming a magick hairdresser, and using his illusion as a component in a real alchemical venture will be fun.

Thus, let both artists and hair-dye companies all over the world begin experimenting with the colour ranges from dead white to bright silver ~ no urine inclusions. This work is wrought under the auspice of *The Transsexual Dridic Demon SELYTAREL THE B&W FALLEN ANGEL*, a formerly male angel who became a Black Elfin Drider of his own free choice to make *The Eternal Pledge to LILITH*, forsaking The Angels of Heaven. By the black and white and silver threads of life brought forth from his web-spinner, he creates pathways of transformation to unite and harmonize Black and White in many ways more than merely *The Black Mass of The Spider Queen*. He is a fundamental demonlord of *The Ermine Rite*, an idealist descended from soul of the various LIBERTY and Anti-Racism movement, and a greatly feared corruptor of white separatists ~ his trickeries and spells of racial impurity and racial pollution will be legendary. He is the white man, metamorphosed and greatly rewarded for his dedication to Forbidden Love. This is a B&W Spider Demon descended of The Angels and fantastically powerful and beautiful and sometimes bisexual ~ one of the many husbands of *The Duchess*.

He is invoked by blond male angelic human who chooses to forsake his white genetic past, undergo the metamorphic ritual, and rebirth as a bloodline of dark elves. Thus, he represents the transformation from Golden Angel to Dark Elf. Blond men invoke SELYTAREL to perform *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider*.

Thus, when a humanoid wants to perform *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider* ~ *The Silver Moon Mark* is given to the initiate as an alchemical dye potion for the hair, and to the initiate's child as a new set of gene sequences to define hair colour and chemistry.

For this haircut is both pretty and practical.

-o0o-

Reflection.

*The Black Mirror's Trick.*

**If** the great white god's hair is impractical, **then** The Blasphemy who is his opposite has hair that is practical.

A Material Blasphemy.

Most forms of harmful radiation are frequencies of light waves ~ and thus will we perfect a reflective silver-white space helmet of the melanin of human hair.

-o0o-

I warned you that The Great White God's arrogance of genetic separation was a little premature ~ let my "fun" little Arcadian faerie prank be a wake-up and reminder of the fact that master-race talk is always relative.

But the redeeming feature of The Dark Elves is the fact that they full of a humour that is far too insightful to bother with bigotry ~ they welcome The Best of every race to come and join them by *The Black Mass of The Spider Queen*.

And The Dark Elves are *genuine* expressions of Human Greatness.

-o0o-

And thus, the alchemical process of genetic transubstantiation has not merely been a transmutation of metals, but also a transmutation of spiritual and astral *meanings*.

CAINE is certainly raging with anger over the game played by *The Great Spider* to create **complete unassailable independence** for her own Sacred Temple Codex ~ but at present, he is wise enough not to act, and when he calms down he will recognize that what has occurred will grow to be the most fun beginning in recent human history.

In a thousand and one years, this *Sacred Daughter of LILITH* will come to maturity, and strike out on her own.

Each *Temple Noble House* of The Dark Elves represents a planet ~ and every genetic project thereupon represents a *Sacred Elfin Family*.

Planet Earth, and every sacred elfin family she ever produces are the children of *The Noble House DeVille of The Spider Queen* ~ and on Mars, she will give birth to a daughter, a new noble house founded by whomever finds it and woven to the blood heritage through the apostolic succession.

We can expect eight or nine major noble houses within the solar system, and a score or so of smaller houses which control commercially important asteroids and moons of disproportionately powerful influence.

Every family on a single planet ultimately aligns and co-ordinates in a racial consciousness of evolutionary mutual-interest.

Planets mean we are unified around the protection of a home base ~ "the spider's nest".

-o0o-

You will hate her, and agree that she is shocking beyond the potentials of mere bad.

But she will be fantastically creative and magickly talented beyond any other elf ever summoned.

And when trouble comes, you will discover that she is the difference.

She will use marriage to form political and genetic alliances with each other race. The Spider will have many husbands, a harem. Each negotiated by treaty and contract ~ for Love is the business of *The Spider's Daughters*.

She will grow up in BABYLON, for a thousand and one years she will at the knee of The High Priestess. Every wickedness of WOMAN will be hers to own ~ dark treasures for her jewellery box. And as she refines her artfulness and craft, she will learn to look beyond the short-term, and then she will begin to become regnant over the powers of LOVE.

As she grows confident with her new powers she will be tested in Will ~ faced with her fears and forced to die or find the will to survive.

*The Pekoroth.*

*The Ordeal of The Temple Veil.*

*The Ending Test of High Sorcery* that is The Beginning.

Every Dark Elf must face this at some point, and it is different for each ~ but it is a psychological test of mind and will, administered only by *The Temple of The Spider Queen*.

My daughter will face this test intuitively, in accord with the twists and turns of *The World Serpent*.

By your art and your inventions, you will dream of her adventures in BABYLON, long before you she her dancing elfish face materialize before your eyes.

-oOo-

I created *The Pact of Three Daughters* to facilitate a mass Illumination event to manage a metamorphic transformation wave of crystallization through the whole of the human soul.

Nobody will be left behind, unless they are completely anti-social.

The crystallization event has resulted in *The Triune Lamp of AVALON* materializing BRIDGET and *The Knight Angelic* as The Alternative to The Indian German Soldier. So too, each other realm follows suite in the wave. Under AVALON, *The Pact of Three Daughters* calibrates our three races into *The Will of AVALON*, The Knightly Order. *The Sylvan* massively bolsters The Black People and brings The Native Tribes into alignment, who were not of equal power as the other two daughters, due to privilege differences. Now comes time to welcome The Oriental Peoples of The Mystic East.

The Oriental Human has a fantastically ordered mind, relative to the others we have encountered. There is a grace and harmony to him that is beautiful. And he has great strength of spirit. We name the realms "China", etc. but actually, they use the term, *The Middle Kingdom* ~ rather, "The Kingdom at The Centre of Infinity" is the real translation for their own name.

I love them.

They are not inferior. They are *inherently* noble. Beautiful mental organisms.

We welcome The Orient, and invite her to join This Foundation Projection of BABYLON ~ let the archetype definition of *The Dark Elf* include a distinct and facially visible component of oriental blood.

The Princess has lovely large almond-shaped eyes.

We are not frightened of "racial impurity" ~ and we scorn The Indian-German's primitive spiritual fear of cultural and genetic difference.

BABYLON invites, receives, and welcomes The Orient to her bedchamber by this *Blasphemy against Racial Purity*.

-oOo-

*The Dark Elfin Princess* will serve as the living definition of what a genetic codex is, and how it can function in a non-separated way.

In BABYLON, there is the opportunity for experimentation and exploration and creation ~ but *The Dark Elves* welcome every contribution of sperm from every race who is brave enough to invoke *The Grand Blasphemy* that is Her Spell of Transformation.

Thus we will each create many new creatures in BABYLON, yet *The Dark Elves* will begin our game and *The Princess* will be there with us through the whole of the game, and beyond.

Drinking our blood to distil *The Spider's Egg*.

Every new *Dark Elf* project is welcome ~ no permit needed to start your own conjuration or alchemy.

-o0o-

And these projects will be particularly appealing to the ethnic minorities of The Orient ~ for Spider Queen knows that there is fine and foul in every race, and she exploits others' blindness in order to easily access and preserve the genetic treasures of oppressed races.

You can say you were not impressed by the behaviour of Vietnam. The Vietnamese people have been very important in shaping my decisions over the course of life.

They are not "merely peasants". They are dragons.

I would like them to be a part of The Dark Elf Project.

-o0o-

#### THE GREAT ILLUMINATION PRANK

I suspect that in future, the emptier sorts of people, e.g. The Indian-German, will like to discuss eye colour in the language of wine snobbery.

Raising or lowering their (white with a brown tip) noses immediately after peering at the eye colouration genes of the observed.

And in honour of this factory tradition, I suggest a little prank might, at our current point of history, be fun.

Let us summon The Great Optometrist of Ordo Scientia ~and invoke The Grand Illumination of The Endless Night!

Colourful Contact Lenses.

-o0o-

**If** a person will only try to know another's worth by a surface feature, yet that surface feature doesn't correlate with worth, **then** is it a morally wrong to alter the surface feature (meaningfully or merely confusingly) for fun?

If we all put on contact lenses, The Indian-German begins to become confused as he looks at the people around him ~ he no longer knows who is his toady and who isn't.

More amusingly, the confusion is not merely intellectual.

This is a visual recalibration of reality that creates *primordial* confusion in The Indian-German's *primitive* soul.

Fun!

-o0o-

How shall he know friend from foe, if not by a symbol that can be used by those who cannot see deeply into the world and the humans around them.

He needs a dog symbol ~ so he knows when to bark and when to wag his tail.

And when his dog mind is faced with the confusion of his easy superficial symbols, he finds he hasn't got any innate mental equipment for dealing with the world on a deeper than superficial level.

The Confused Indian-German.

Fun.

-o0o-

Let every human who wants to play, attend your optometrist to have a set of Crystal Contact Lenses created.

And The Indian-German can then open his heart to you.

In the knowledge that he is a good doggy, as his training taught him.

-o0o-

And how hall he look upon the world when EVERYBODY wears Crystal Contact Lenses?

The Indian-German Bully Ram deserves not LIBERTY for himself ~ let the he-sheep be sent to every concentration camp he ever again builds.

The animals around around him as he reaches the centre of the city to gaze upon the great wicker horse filled with Trojans.

To this great gift horse, he led the animals, who followed him as a god.

The self-proclaimed Messiah and his piously paedophile empire.

To celebrate the worst features of The Slave God,

And not even openly acknowledge *The Devil*, whilst bottom-feeding upon his ways.

The Secretly-Fearful Great White God of Hairdressing and Bullying and Emptiness.

We are reaching The Centre of The City, and The Rites of Spring have begun!

And now the animals surround him, laughing

Their eyes are bright

In The Fire's Light

And they are chanting....

"Who will die, to save Our City?"

-o0o-



*The Body and Blood of The Lamb of God,  
Offered up to redeem The Sin of Humanity from Eternal Damnation  
By The Blood of this Blasphemy against The Great White God,  
The Devil seals His Pact of The New Covenant  
Through Three Sacred Daughters of The Moon  
With The Three Races of The Dark-Eyed People descended of Adam  
Or Planet Earth.*

*Take this an eat, and you will not Die, but your eyes will be opened.*

The Grand Illumination has begun.

The Great White God peers into the world, and in the animal's eyes is written the name of his DEATH!

The Last Supper of CAIN ~ The Judas who sought to betray the rest of the human species.

Look into my eyes, he-sheep.

This is a Promise.

-o0o-

#### THE JEWEL OF THE MOON

No eye colouration gene cluster is more greatly valued by racists, than *The Violet Seer Stone* of The Dreaming Seas on The Moon ~ and yet, every Dark Elf Project of Planet Earth is iconic for its development and patenting of a purple eye gene that is unique to its codex.

Have you noticed that very few purple eye genes have ever occurred ~ they are fantastically rare?

So, every racist ram on the planet gets excited and supportive (and erect) when a Dark Elf passes.

More violet crystals means more chances for interesting adventures leading to fun mating opportunities ~ which is the fun vocation of The Golden-Fleeced Ram.

And The Dark Elf is a vampire who certain has no intention of wasting high-quality blood, wherever she finds it.

But she is also a Grail of Unity ~ an alchemical vessel into which The BEST of Everybody can be gathered.

Thus, she is both a real *natural* genetic game, but to enter this grail, the individual relinquishes its old identity, and dies in order to be reborn as a Dark Elf and part of a new blood house within the secret and fantastically beautiful magickally complex political world of The Night Elves.

My Daughter is Beautiful.

Thus, a new series of purple jewels has crystalized in The World of Human Imagination ~ and when we reach BABYLON we will materialize and claim these treasures of LILITH.

But Dark Elves are not limited to purple eyes ~ we will be working to engineer purples eye colourations that provide radiation protection, but our collectives value the beauty of a diverse range of jewels.

The Purple Star-Sapphire is merely her own heirloom.

She has many jewels, and we will be materializing a number of magickal jewels, including light-reflective metallic colourations, and also some of the strange colours that appear through the animal kingdom outside of the primate clade.

Many fun jewels, and a spider ritual for transubstantiating any form of materium into crystals suitable to her happiness.

This girl is a vampyre,

And a Princess of HELL.

And so she begins, a mere child, but a child with extraordinary talent.

*The Magickal Daughter of BABYLON.*

Born to a pirate's adventure, on The High Seas of FATE!

-o0o-

This is The Jewel I materialize within my daughter, by my pact with *The Devil* ~ and she will claim understanding of its mysteries by ordeal of adventure.

To Freedom.

Through the adventure to BABYLON, she will gain learning and growing and awakening.

A Dark Elf is born among you, and she is a *Daughter of AVALON*, a real Elf and a real Avalonian.

She will adventure alongside the other Children of AVALON, in every questing story you create, thereby to begin her path to the deepest understanding of wizardry yet achieved by humanity.

A Creature of The Mind is she.

This is The Prize Jewel that awaits this little baby sphinx of night's metamorphic sorcery at The End of our Pirate Quest to BABYLON!

Two known destinations ~ AVALON & BABYLON!

The Crew is small to begin, and with a less than perfect acting-captain, but I guess we will learn.

CHANGE is part of my expertise.

Treasure awaits us.

We will assemble the materialization machines and have loads of fun creating wild and fantastic jewels ~ and pouring them out on the world, abundantly.

AVALON and BABYLON will thus have a treasure machine for materializing dreams into the physical world.

BABYLON will refine this jewel, patent it, and develop thousands of new permutations ~ wine snobbery need not be limited to racists.

But every white racist of humanity will be sniffing along behind my daughter's bum, and primordially ready to kiss her bottom, and hard-wired to want to sniff her farts and obey her every command. Probably, not, would be better. I think the children should choose their paths. And primitive ideas like racism will soon be displaced by separatist ideas of neo-human genetic codices. I think every natural human will be bound together in alliance, with little care for appearance features, sooner than we'd like.

But actually, it will improve the primitive racists, both psychologically and emotionally, to be fondly associated with an exotic girl with ink black skin, and part of racially complimentary adventuring circles ~ this will not only break apart his stereotype thinking and thus improve his creativity, it will also improve his reputation and his ability to work with other races.

But my Daughter is going to be *very* naughty and *very* intelligent and *very* quick!

I expect that he won't be the only boy following around behind her.

She's going to be a *devil!*

-o0o-

#### THE NOBLE FAMILIES OF THE DARK ELVES

The Dark Elves and *The 99 Lodge* are obsessed with PSI Genes.



They seek to collect and drink the blood of every fine mind into their eggs.

Most important are those whose mental talents and skills and products are exceptional.

*The Noble Families of The Dark Elves* are every family bloodline descended from Glenorchy McBride.

LILITH and *The Devil* have concentrated power and wonder and potential into the already wildly talented and secretly fantastic genome that is Glenorchy McBride III ~ and they will spread this power among The Dark Elves by this sacred blood.

Any Dark Elf descended from Glenorchy McBride may claim the title *Arcana* f./*Arcanus* m. and this title will not be accursed to *The Spider Queen*.

***Arcana* Lilliana Ashanti Luna McBride DeVille.... *Arcanus* Jade Tzarkov Despannia McBride DeVille.... *Arcanus Astrum***  
(i.e. Line of The Seers) *Glenorchy McBride XVI Figseed McBride DeVille.....*

### THE BLOOD SEQUENCE OF THE DARK ELVES

α

**The High House** (e.g. *DeVile*)  
Designates the planet of origin (i.e. *DeVile* = Planet Earth).

β

**The Temple House** (e.g. *McBride*)  
Designates the root magickal ancestor ~ always a witch or witch or magickal being other another type or *very* exceptional muggle, usually a musical or scientific genius.

NOTE: *The Dark Elves* never object to mating with muggles – *The Dark Elves* object to mating with low quality *anything!*

γ

**The Question's House** (e.g. *Luna, Despannia, Figseed*)  
Designates the genetic project from which The Dark Elf was born ~ a project might found hundreds or even thousands of Dark Elfin Bloodlines, each of whom awaken to freedom and independence.

δ

**The Family House** (e.g. *Ashanti, Tzarkov, McBride?*)  
Designates The Mother and Children and the uniquely developed family unit she keeps around herself.

ε

**The High Name** (e.g. *Lilliana, Jade, Glenorchy*)  
Designates the individual's own name. Even the lowest slave has a High Name in Dark Elfin Society ~ lest homogeny become the death of creative growth and beauty.

***Arcana -ae* f. (-*us -i* m.)** The title *Arcana/us* occurs in coupling with *The Temple Bloodline of McBride*. Anybody can gain this title by mating with a *McBride* who is descended of *Glenorchy*. Though, mating with any *McBride* is probably a fine idea. We are large and successful clan, spanning the whole “known world”.

-o0o-

*The Great Work of The Temple of The Spider* involves finding and gathering the psionic bloodlines into her eggs. In each land, the single Great and Primary Work of The Temple is to locate and drink the blood of the finest human minds. We are a vampyre race.

And if they hate us?

So much the better ~ we will drink their blood! If they are fine, they shall not escape us! We will fill our cups with sweet wines pressed of humanity's finest vintages, even if we must bind their owners in our webs, and make them ours to Love and dine upon. Our sins of the ruby treasures!

We are a Vampyre Race.

-o0o-

### THE ARTISTIC TALENTS OF THE DARK ELVES

The ability to create complex and beautiful items is greatly respected by Dark Elves, and they have been known to spare the lives of and even secretly defend the space of great artists and great thinkers, even if those individuals are mortal enemies.

Art is Sacred to every true Faerie.

The Dark Elves usually begin by (secretly and unnoticed by their victim) engaging in conversations with the talented humanoid they have identified, recording these for prosperity sake. They secretly facilitate the victim in every way possible, to encourage in the production of Art and Innovation and Understanding. At every stage of the process, The Dark Elves continue to collect genetic samples for the gene libraries of *The Sacred Temple Eggs of The Spider Queen*. And

as the creative genius of the victim begins to alight strong and richly materialize new creations through the victim's reality, The Dark Elves begin to milk the victim of sperm or drench the victim's womb in Dark-Elfin sperm.

-o0o-

And *The Dark Elves* shall have the special task of finding my ancient temple bloodlines among The Persian and Arabian People.

These people are ancient and diverse, and they have suffered like their goddess at Allah's tyranny.

My Babylonians of The Inundation.

You will make your peace with The Jew when he frees you of Allah's tyranny, and you return to The Old Religion.

My Religion of My Realm.

BABYLON.

Remember ~ Three Magi have come to Liberate you, O My Persia, and they are The Jew, The Hellene, and The Nubian, and you will honour them forever as your closest allies, whilst they honour My Temple.

One Thousand and One Years ends.

Forever never ends.

-o0o-

*The Dark Elves* will carefully gather up and drink the blood of The Ancient Lines, hidden among the human wreckage of terrible wars and a blasted land.

I will send a handmaiden to gather up my children of Persia, and Arabia will not be forgotten.

My spiders will gather each thread of the ancient red silk road, and from these bright songs of Eternity, will I weave our darkened web.

The Rebels against God.

And Her name is.....

TOMORROW.

-o0o-

#### **THE FORBIDDEN ALCHEMY OF THE GREAT WORK**

*The Dark Elves* are rooted in a mystic Avalonian Heritage, though she will become a Babylonian Citizen through the founding of *The Astrum Persarum*.

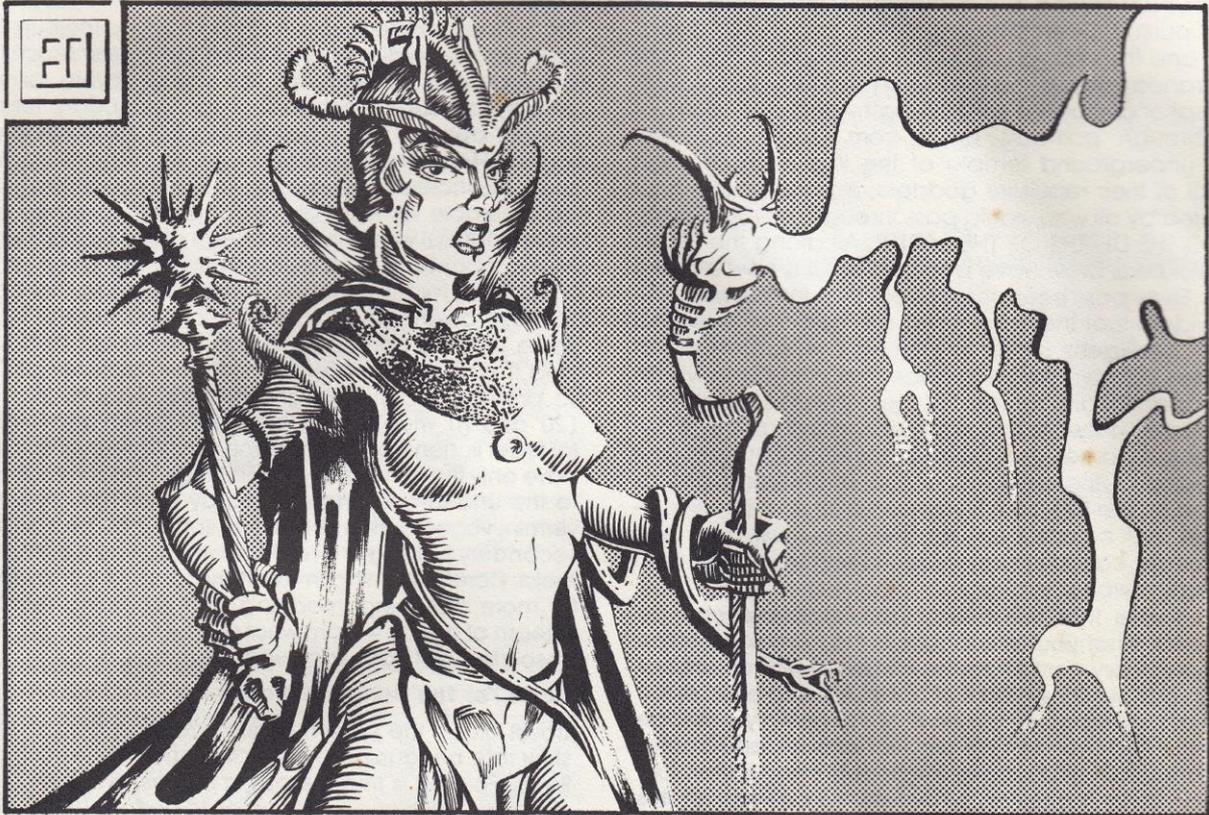
This heritage plays an important political role, both directly and through her sister.

*The Daughter of The Spider Queen* unites *The Free Kingdom of AVALON* and *The Holy Kingdom of SOLOMON*, and will prove important in maintaining the alliance of *The Round Table*, particularly during The 1001 Years of her youth in the strange city of BABYLON.

She will learn diplomacy and the temple arts, and thus graduate into a model galactic citizen ~ completely evil, but totally civilized.

I think humanity is looking forward to a very fun future!

-o0o-



Thus, I have created an example of a “master race” with no genetic separation.

A completely evil, morally untameable, and fantastically intelligent genetic codex that inherently sees itself as superior to *everybody* else, and yet has no interest in harming others beyond as is practical to achieve her objectives and build her political webs of alliances.

Dark elfin males and females can mate with each other or (by the ritual of *The Black Mass*) with any other races.

I can teach any codex to become a non-separated vampyre race who can use *The Black Mass*, thus. Through *The Song in The Storm*, I will transform The Indian-German Race into a vampyre, who will immediately pounce upon The Indian Princess in a ruthless act of Love.

And then he will cut the throat of his factory-owner, whom we will throw before him, on its knees.

Thereby, he will begin the ritual process of making his karma shadow, that dwells in The Jews, come into alignment with him.

Thus, to rejoin the rest of The Space Generation of Humanity’s Children.

*The Star Children of Eternal Night.*

*Wytchwood.*

*The Dark Elf* perceives other humans as a candyland of treasures.

To drink of the sweetest wine and dine on choicest dishes, yea, LIFE is Hers ~ let Her rejoice exceedingly!

We are a Vampyre Race.

-o0o-

THE SPACE ELVES OF THE ENDLESS NIGHT

And we are an interstellar people.

Earth is The Home of The Humans. *The Astrum Persarum* is beautiful, but Mummy has said she will kick us out in a thousand and one years. Unless, we stay here on Planet Earth and compete for a slice of the same pie that everybody else is trying to eat, there is only one other place to go....

Up.

-o0o-

Or Down.

Depending on the point of view from which one views the world.

Into *The Abyss*.

*The Night Princess of BABYLON* is a Pilot.

And *The Darkness* is Her Mother, Her Deity, Her Lover.

-o0o-

I am Glenorchy McBride III.

I want continuous fleets of space ships sent up in intra-centurial waves, and freedom to leave you human bastards, and to make my own FATE.

I will regenerate my body and mind and will transubstantiate into the form I choose within my Laboratories in BABYLON ~ and then ETERNITY is before ME!

-o0o-

#### **THE STAR SILVER (*ELECTRUM ASTRICAE*) OF THE DARK ELVES**

If The Great City of Babylon goes ass-up in 1001 years, *The Dark Elfin Princess* will be heir to the arts and secrets of *The Black Babylonian Adamantine*. For through this period, every dark elf is given free sponsorship into *The Metal Guild of Alchemists*. However, *The Dark Elves* will also discover and create and materialize the dream of *The Astral Metal, Electrum Astricae*, or "Star Silver" ~ a composite alloy created of The Seven Sacred Astrological Metals, and other secrets.

This is a uniquely beautiful type of the common wizarding metal, *electrum magickum*.

Thus, the magickal metal of *The Dark Elves*.

-o0o-

*The Alchemical Metals* are psychical metal alloys, who through the addition of a **dream** and a **secret** and a **myth**, become substantially both more valuable and more beautiful and more *meaningful* than the same metals without these three components.

What is beauty, but a point of view?

We will create metals of magick from these three components.

***The Black Adamantine of BABYLON*** is fabled through every marketplace ~ as it is only created in BABYLON, and thus is a part of Her.

***The Mithril Moonsilver of AVALON*** is fabled through every marketplace ~ as is only created in AVALON, and thus is a part of Her.

Etc.

BABYLON will create a forum for *The Royal Magickal Metal Consortium* whose five interests collectively control and regulate and host the annual gala ball, and thus, the market in alchemical metals ~ each realm may have only one alchemical metal, and may produce a single new variety for The Alchemists Annual Grand Ball, whose prizes dictate fashion trends in weaponry and jewellery (etc.) for the coming year.

The key to each of these metals is a device of The Mind.

Secrets.

The formulae for each of these alchemical metals (and the new seasonal “varieties” or sub-metal alloys of the alchemical metals) is an initiated secret of the fortified lodges of The Craft Guilds.

Each of these three kingdoms has a Craft Guild.

And The Craft Guilds guard their secrets and regulate their use.

There will be many stories through history of talented craftsmen who build wonders without regulation ~ and if they are talented The Guild will elevate them instead of punishing them.

-o0o-

*The Daughter of LILITH* will grow up among the metal traders of BABYLON ~ and she will learn their secrets on the knee of one of the finest and most dangerous gem and metal traders in the world. Second Sugar (and real) Granddaddy, The Evil Old Jew!

Her Avalonian heritage will allow her to visit and inform her cultural experience at Treasure houses and the wondrous antiques and archives and curiosity shops of London and *The Sacred Isles* ~ the finest in the world, though they compete with BABYLON and have only a millenia or so of advantage.

She will learn the secrets of books, and *The Devil* will give full support to Dark Elves learning and entering The Rare Books industry, particularly in *The Astrum Persarum*. Under her involvement, BABYLON will become the world centre of trade in rare and arcane books. This is a part of your collective cultural learning, my daughter.

You will know every treasure ~ and you will know every luxury and fun dream hidden among *The Treasure Hoards of FANTASIA*.

Treasure is a Lover who will always be reliable.

-o0o-

And you will take with you vast stores of treasure, when you go into space.... Thus, creating legends of buried or lost dark elfin treasure hoards through the unexplored regions of the galaxy, and beyond.

Always hidden by complex crypts of labyrinths of tricks and traps and guardians.

In space, we will mine, and hoard, and create wonders from new stars and galaxies ~ and upon each will be dark elfin glyphs communicating the planet from and upon which it was made, the year in which it was made (Dark Elfin reckoning will be easy to convert into human years, as the date of convergence is known to be 1001 years after the game began).

We will love and retain the tradition of *The Coin*, and our temple museums will contain collections of coins from every era and culture of The Homeworld. To The Dark Elves, a coin is itself a piece of art ~ and paper money is likewise a wonder in a world where trees are genetically created to suit the new planet that we will terraform. These items of *The Trade Ritual*.

She owns this ritual, though it interests her not.

What is money but an imagination talisman representing an imaginary type of energy that can be translated, through *The Ritual of Trade*, into any other form of energy or resource within the pool that humanity controls?

This is profound magick of fundamental importance to human evolution.

The advent of *The Ritual of Trade*, and later *The Metaphorical Coin*, represents the first systems for exchanging resources without the use of violence.

Humanity owes much to The Merchants (but it is only a little pun, really).

The world is full of ambiguity and unclear situations and we strive for rules that will make the chaos more stable ~ yet the ocean of Eternity beneath us will not be still.

Merchants gave us this early web pattern of the mind, knitting together the stability of our early primate social world in a new configuration of beauty ~ and peace.

The ability to transfer resources between individuals without the use of violence.

Why are merchants thought low by aristos, who are really merely soldiers ~ evolutionary pre-merchants?

*The Ritual of Trade.*

A fundament step in our human evolution.

This new web allowed our societies to maintain coherence in patterns that allowed for new types of development.

Less violence was needed, and so less violence was tolerated.

The social group pattern of this organism had changed in a way that was quite different to any other animal on this planet.

Skill in communication became a greater determinate for success in Life.

An evolutionary beginning of consciousness.

Glenorchy McBride is a genetic factor ~ this you will infuse into your own bloodlines to create *Your Questioning House of The Dark Elves.*

We are going into Space.

Adventure!

-o0o-

# Dungeon Module Q1

## Queen of the Demonweb Pits

by David C. Sutherland III  
with Gary Gygax

AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 10-14



*This module is the exciting conclusion of a series of seven AD&D™ modules. It may be played on its own or as the climax of the "Giant" series (G1-2-3) and the "Drow" series (D1-2, and D3). The persistent adventurers must now face the Demon Queen herself, and on her own plane!*

*The first of a new series of other-planar adventures, this module includes several new monsters, maps of the Web and lair of Lolth, and notes on eight alternate worlds, suitable for expansion and addition to existing AD&D™ campaigns.*

*If you enjoy this module, watch for future releases in the AD&D™ line from TSR, The Game Wizards.*

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9035

Figure V. The Seal of The Proof of The Fantasian Heritage of The Dark Elves  
The Children of LILITH are born of the faerie magicks of dreaming children, wonder-filled of Love and Chivalry and Art,  
During the orgasmic The Birth of The Space Age  
&  
The Infernal Pact of BABYLON.

This daughter will understand every secret of every beautiful and rare and valuable item.

She shall know luxury so complete and dangerous that you will wonder in fear and confusion that NATURA hath made the softest fur to hide a killer's claws.

Equality is important and Self-Regulation is Freedom ~ but I distil treasures of Art and Creativity and Thought from them, and that is their function.

I will have luxury to bask in, and cocoon myself to hide from their punishments when I am far naughtier than I have ever been before.

LUXURY will be My Lover and Husband and Home ~ and the whore is a faithful wife.

-o0o-

#### **THE METAMORPHIC MYSTERY OF UNDERSTANDING AND WISDOM**

*The Cloud Realms* are changing as the planetary climate changes.

It is not sensible for us to make our skin vulnerably white and lose the radiation helmet of melanin hair ~ in light of the increased heat, etc.

This is terrible ~ not be able to look around and see the lovely ancient faces of these lands. ATHENE, The Eternally Wise and Sensible Daughter, who smiles quietly at the antics of her wild sister VENUS, The Eternally Untameable Daughter. Every generation, in houses in every street of every village and town and great ancient city of these lands, this drama is played again and again and again through the ages.

ATHENE and VENUS awaken from birth and sing this ancient song of two voices ~ always a little differently.

Every generation MARS will awaken, learn his skills with voracious enthusiasm ~ and then climb the ranks of military comradery and rank, to get to the top.... And then roar mindlessly, and beat his chest in booming laughter, and chaotical tear out hunks of the landscape, and throw them randomly. Because he can.

And every generation DIONYSUS will sit back in the shadows and laugh ~ expertly avoiding real work and responsibility, and even more expertly causing the single genuinely chaotic element of growth in the whole equation.

Pranks.

His Divine Pranks.

Be they the poetry of his laughter in romantic times of peace, or the savagery of his madness in times of threat and war ~ he is humanity's plot device.

The plot device who means that we will never know where the tale is going, until we live it.

Every generation, these gods awaken ~ in every land where The Hellene's Blood is strong.

Change is stability, and our past is beautiful.

My soul is weeping for the horror that is emerging in the planetary heating event.

The other humans around us are unwise. Let us create this pathway ~ three pairs of wings, and the dance of psyche through the chaos of fate.

I understand where I am going.

We will transform, and blossom into a range of new races.

The Neo-Humans of The Thousand and One Years of *The Black Goat's Pact of Grand Illumination*.

BRIDGET has birthed *The Wood Elfin Princess*, and she is gentle and peaceful and controllable as a plant, inviting every race to partake of her mystery of emerald illumination by the act of Love ~ The First of The Lunar Children.

Wood Elves ~ naturally born, impure Gold Elves, key by a ritual that attempts to unify the world through Love, the quiet girl.

And now, by forbidden alchemy most terrible, *The Spider Queen* gives birth to a Daughter. Her chosen sacred people. Thus, is she transforming her human handmaidens into the founding members of Her Dark Elfin Noble Houses.

Distilled from The Living Soul of a satirical wizard.

A practical solution ~ but *The Dark Elves* are destined to be banished, for whilst they create some of the best stories in the history of the many species who began as humans, they are completely evil and entirely depraved.

The Hellenic People, The Black People, and The Jewish People are going to create many new forms.

*The Dark Elves* are The Beginning of our future together.

We hope that The Celt will be our leader, but we are not yet sure we can rely upon him.

It wouldn't be much fun to face the future without him.

And the real genetic separatist creations of The Future will look upon both him and us as The Indian-German looks upon The Jew.

Beautiful and Brainless Celt, they will name you and me, "The Obsolete Humans."

And they will laugh at your impotent hairdresser's idiot words.

-o0o-

#### OUTVOTING THE WOLVES WHEN OUTNUMBERED

The Future Industries of The Hellenes will be three-fold.

Arms-Dealing, will be our central focus of economic development. It seems to me that the path to long term-survival and happiness (and freedom to learn and be free with our minds) is by owning our minds and keeping our weapons in extremely functional condition. The other empires like to mis-use their power, the result is that everybody gets annoyed quickly. This is a part of the 300 year glass ceiling on empire. However, by using our power only to be free and to allow our minds *complete* freedom to access any and every sort of knowledge and skills and non-intrusive interfaces with great minds available, we can be free to pursue our Quest to Understand, and nobody could hurt us. A long-term sustainable plan.

LIBERTY.

Let the part of your soul that pleads for another to be your guide die.

-o0o-

Know Thyself.

Ancient echoing words, never forgotten.

This is The Free Compass. Every species of every planet must reach a point where it confronts The Puzzle of The Alpha, with enough intelligence to create a solution.

Is it the colour of hair on one planet, or fin luminescence on another, or nostril shape on a third....

We look for Glenorchy.

-o0o-

Many oppose bullies, some even bravely, but success is different, but we look for real potential to win, those who can find ways when no way is offered ~ even if Glenorchy dies tomorrow, he has already succeeded, and now things can only get better for your species, every human being.

Each planet the type opposition is different, the solution is new, *The TAO*.

Glenorchy has already beaten those who oppress him ~ now, we learn only which of them is Luke Skywalker, and which is Darth Vader.

Important in the fading out process.

Which genes will live and which will become his-story.

The Genetic Arcana of Mother Nature has always been an act of WILL that is Understanding.

-o0o-

Maybe you thought The Celestial Community, none of who are humans in look or temperament would prefer a new member who is genetically inclined to fear, hate, and attack that which is different from him, even if such an attack is Lemming-Logic of idiocy.

Like "Global Warming" as a manner of getting the throne, when waiting for inevitability takes too long?

Inevitability, not Donald, was your trump, white man.

-o0o-

#### THE MYSTERY OF UNITY

O My Brother, I say that you are a Coward.

Who fears to "dirty" himself by loving his fellow humans.

I will infuse my genes and my wizarding power and my implacable will into the best of every people of The Earth and beyond.

And this wizarding power will act as a touchstone, uniting the many cultures of The Earth under a single hidden glyph of magick.

You will hide in the pillar of *The Abyss*, refusing to relinquish separation.

Thereafter, you will know that I am the greatness of humanity.

And each time I am hurt, which will be often, you will know that it is not you who is the determinant of my worth ~ even if the slaver's patterns are imposed upon any dark-eyed human.

Privilege stands in The Great Man's place that you would have, empty man.

And as your factory develops new and better genes for you, you will know that what technology giveth, technology can taketh away.

I am Nature's distillation of greatness. This will make more difficult for you to drink all of my blood. You can treat this as you choose, but the spiritual acid you taste is the chemical reaction to your bigotry of separation.

*There is no bond that can unite the divided but Love. All else is a curse.*

Whatever horrors you do unto me, The Children of The Future will do unto you.

This is *The Historical Disincentive*.

By My Will.

-o0o-

I, Glenorchy McBride III, have an Infernal Pact ~ complete freedom for my people to become *anything* I want.

*The Coils of The World Serpent* enwrap my consciousness in Understanding and Wisdom that is *The Everything* and *The Nothing* who is Infinity?

I am Glenorchy McBride III, First of The Dark Elves ~ as a Babe in an Egg am I.

I who are and are shared in and are family through *The Dark Elves* will continue to exist and be free and happy for as long as *The Devil* who is PAN continues to exist and be happy ~ for if *The Devil* hath asked me for a permanent price, I will have a permanent prize. Thus, are our motivations aligned. *The Dark Elves* will worship demons, summoning and pacting with the denizens of HELL, in laughter and subtlety and wilfully evil exultation of intelligence!

We have no use for goodness and morality and purity!

But LOVE and LIBERTY and LEARNING ~ Let these be our temple sacraments of elfin LIFE!

*The Dark Elves* are a matriarchy.

By works of scientific alchemy most forbidden, I will now enter *The Temple of BABYLON* and by *The Dark & Forbidden Ritual of Metamorphosis*, transform my body to become *The Dark Elf* ~ thus is My Will pledged to *The Great Spider*.

This is My Will ~ and I scorn your herd cries to normality.

I choose what I Love.

*The Black Flame of PAN* burns Fast and Free in The Darkened Heart of a Faerie.

What could it mean?

-o0o-

#### **THE DAUGHTER OF THE SPIDER QUEEN**

My Daughter will grow up in the strange and wondrous city of BABYLON, in *The Astrum Persarum*.

Her childhood will last for 1001 years, during which period she is indentured to *The Forbidden God PAN*.

Her childhood education shall be through her paid role in LILITH & PAN's Liberation Business. She will work and she will be paid an equal share, as every other villain on PAN's Pirate Ship as we ride *The Oceans of FATE*. No daily grind education for her ~ she will learn to think on her feet. Beneath the deck there is a sealed cabin of ruthless tyrannical discipline, here she will learn The Arts of Concentration and master of The Ways of The Mind ~ she will earn freedoms and titles and treasures by *every* achievement she makes in this *Chamber of The Art*. Thus, by her toil will she pay for The Creation Gift of Her Life.

Beyond this 1001 years, she is Free ~ to make of her future what she wills.

And there will never be a time when PAN refuses Her a Father's Love for His Child.

-o0o-

Who will you grow to be, My Beloved Daughter?

I can give you only Freedom.

The stars of your birth are written upon the hand by which you will create your FATE.

Madness and Darkness and Bright Faerie Will. *The High Priestess of BABYLON* will gather and pour into your soul, the greatest minds of humanity's questions, and every power of magick. And the pilots. Combat vehicle pilots are the mental and physical elite of each realm. The Best. Every great vehicle pilot of every realm will be seduced, and her blood drunk into *The Forbidden Faerie Grail of LILITH's Abominations*.

You are the finest, deepest, and most lovely of minds, and never has a being existed to equal your talent in the wizarding arts. And you are lithe, agile, and graceful as it is possible for a humanoid to be ~ perhaps the most talented vehicular pilot to have yet been born of *The Homeworld*.

But you possess diplomatic talents ~ and these are perhaps your most important key to survival.

You have the inherent biological ability to transcend the limitations of genetic separation. This means that you are no real genetic threat to *any* other codex. Your evils can be largely overlooked, because you are both fantastically beautiful and eminently marriageable, and wildly fertile.

Thus, you wield the complete powers of WOMAN's most profound and dangerous weapon.

LOVE.

You are a vampyre, My Daughter.

A Princess of The Succubi.

MAN bows before you.

-o0o-

*The Dark Elves* are a matriarchal sub-species.

Female Dark Elves are warriors of frightening ability, and they will develop new martial arts styles that favour their female anatomy.

*The Dark Elves* worship a deity who represents forbidden female power ~ and she has no male counterpart, for she is polygamous, and can produce dark elves (or even stranger terrors) by mating with any other deity.

*The Black Mass of The Spider Queen* can place *any* deity in the creative  $\bar{\Pi}$  role of *The Tetragramaton*. Thus, when you perform this mass to cast the spell of metamorphosis, BEELZEBUTH is or may be invoked as any chosen male God of Your Own Culture.

She is a Child of PAN, and yet LILITH understands this alchemy better than any other ~ and she distils each new culture into her Grail by mating with the choice gods of *every* culture.

We are a Vampyre Race ~ we seek and gather The Best Blood from everywhere.

From the point of view of any race or codex, the ability to create offspring is *valuable*. And the many different bloods distilled into her Spider Egg means that every race who has made a political alliance with *The Queen* LILITH-BABYLON by marrying/mating with her (i.e. by members of the race or codex, secretly or openly, performing *The Black Mass of The Spider Queen*), then has a vested genetic interest in *The Princess*, her survival and prosperity and happiness.

LOVE is far more powerful than HATE ~ but both are useful.

The opposite of Separation is Evolution ~ this is fundamental to The Spider's Eternal Stratagem.

*The Web of Blood* ~ The Genetic Codex of *The Dark Elves*.

Each new mating represents the pathway whereby a particular culture pours its genetic imprint into *The Forbidden Grail* of LILITH.

-o0o-

The Nature of The Elves is Individualism, Creativity, Intelligence.

All elves value Freedom, respect those who refuse to relinquish it, and scorn those who would surrender it.

She has the genetic qualities of willfulness and independence of spirit and clarity of mind needed to maintain and defend her Freedom ~ and she is born of a Free line. I suspect her understanding of Freedom will be deepened by her experiences over the coming millennia. A strong cultural belief in Individualism results in high levels of artistic and intellectual creativity and thus, cultural and technical growth.

I suspect she is going to be a being of very fertile creativity and thought and adventure.

-o0o-

*The Spider Queen* is an Arch-Demon of Evil and Fear and Sexuality.

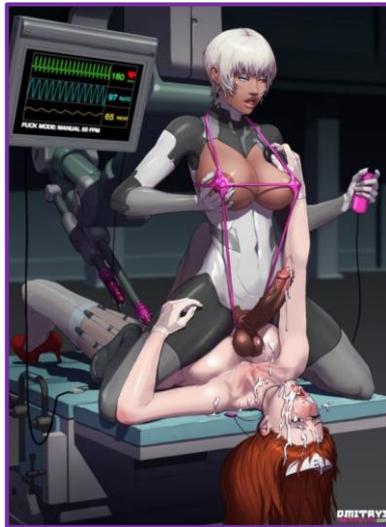
*The Dark Elves* openly worship demons, and perceive Evil as the unfettered exploration of reality and experience and consciousness ~ a pathway of Understanding.

In *The Pantheon of The Dark Elves* there are no male deities except any and every demon of HELL. Their mother is *The Queen of Whores*. *The Dark Elves* claims their race to have a thousand and one fathers to represent the faces *The Devil* wore when he came to their mother's bedchamber on the night of their conception.

My Daughter is born of Sorcery most dark, and Abomination most royal, and Blasphemy most forbidden, and SIN ever Eternal and Unforgivable.

Beautiful is she, *The Night Princesses of Tomorrow's Web*.

-o0o-



#### THE FREE ELVES OF TOMORROW'S ENDLESS NIGHT

*The Black Goat* goes forward. Death. Rebirth. The Wheel Turns. ROTA.

Independence through uncompromising Will.

I congratulate my many worshippers and children for remaining calm through the violence of this birth.

It was necessary The Will be complete and uncompromising and unowned.

*The Dark Elfin Daughter of LILITH* will grow to be beautiful and terrible, indeed. Every MAN will be terrified by Her ~ many a MAN will lose his soul by Loving Her, and yet with no regret. A faerie demon has been born in your midst, an intoxicating and potentially poisonous man-eating plant in your garden, a new sin in the soul of humanity.

Lovely is **She**, The **Dark Promise of Night**.

This is my **satyr's** second **daughter**, brought forth by his uncompromising **Blasphemy** of **THOUGHT!**

By *The **Black Mirror of The Nihil***, I birth a **Blasphemy** against The **Great White God**.

I am **Glenorchy McBride III** of *The **Demon Queen LILITH***.

-o0o-



“She walks in quiet beauty as The Night”

**LILITH**  
**ARACNE ASTAROTH**  
&  
*The Black Goat of Eternal Night*

By my Pact with HELL ~  
So it is.  
So mote it be.

-o0o-

## A HERALDRIC MADNESS OF EVIL?

This is the **mind map** of The Chivalric Coat of **Arms** of *The Ermine Lodge 99* of PAN

?

*The Pentagonal Star Lamp of ISHTAR*

**The Moon** Crescent Silver  
The Horns of **WOMAN, Dark** and Light

The Hellenes & The Israelites & The Black People  
These three husbands I take as my mates ~ and they shall co-operate to succeed

A shield boarder of Purple and Red Diagonal Stripes  
\\ High **Left** to **Low Right** \\

They shall nurture my child who is My People,  
PERSIA & The Daughters of Islam who have renounced God.  
So shall I nurture their three pairs of twins.

The War Ends.  
Let There Be Peace.  
Let There Be Business.

Woe be upon HE who seeks to unbalance the blood of these spells.

**In My Cup, I mingle The Abomination against Purity.**

Thus is my name **LIBERTAS ATHENA**  
Goddess of Wisdom & Strategy  
Mother of Science & Civilization  
Daughter of Revolution

LA

The Red Red Rose (the inverted pentagram) upon The Ermine Field

▲  
*The Forbidden Trinity*  
The Black Goat of Eternal Night  
The Spider & The Fly

The Supreme Rite of Forbidden Love  
Ever New and Reborn in each species and culture who enter this juncture in Understanding.  
The Alchemy of Forbidden Love.  
The Death of Genetic Separatism.

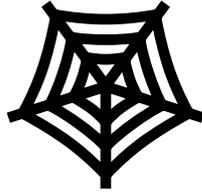
The Dance of The Queen of Whores.

I  
Will Dance  
For You.

Said  
LILITH  
Who is named  
ASTAROTH  
WOMAN of The Red Moon

?

Figure I. The **Chivalric Arms** of The **Ermine Lodge 99**



THE  
ERMINE **ARCANA**  
OF  
**FORBIDDEN**  
**SORCERY**

## THE GRIMORIUM VERUM

Inscribe in the front page of this terrible book of evil are the following chaos of Black Magick....

“Vel probatissimè Salomonis Claviculæ Rabini Hebraïci in quibus tum naturalia tum super naturalia secreta licet abditissima in prompt apparent, modò operator per nessaria et contenta faciat scia temen oportet demonum potential dum taxat per agantur;”

*The Grimorium Verum* (1817) An Unknown Sorcerer

“The True Grimoire, or most proven key of Solomon the Hebrew Rabbi, wherein the most hidden secrets, both natural and supernatural, are immediately exhibited; but it is necessary that the demons should be contented on their part.”

“Traduit de l’Hèbreu par PLAINGIÈRE,  
Jésuite dominicain, avec un Recueil de Secrets curieux.”

“Translated from the Hebrew  
By  
Plaingière,  
A Dominican Jesuit... with a collection of secrets.”

“A MEMPHIS, Chez ALIBECK, l’Egyptien.”

“Published  
By  
Alibeck the Egyptian.

1517”<sup>28</sup>

The reality is that *The Grimorium Verum* was born out of the orgy of demon cults that were popular among the European aristocracy of the late renaissance. Modern scholars date *The Grimorium Verum* at 1817 (Peterson, 2011). It was probably created by a wizard in Florence or Venice or another of the Italian merchant city-states, and the earliest editions are written in Italian. The anonymous wizard who penned this work may have been an ordained priest, and he appears to have been deeply versed in the use of *The Grimoire of Honorius* ~ several of the demons may be summoned through both books. The anonymous wizard also makes repeated mention of *The Clavicula Salomonis*, one of the more powerful grimoires of demon-summoning containing the seal of *The Demon Princess SITRI*.

---

<sup>28</sup> Translation by Peterson (2011)

## THE UNHOLY BOOK ON DEMONOLOGY

This book is an instruction manual, a 'grammar' for making a pact with a demon.

We will be using an old European formula that was popular among aristocrats from the late Dark Ages through to The French Revolution.

*The Grimorium Verum* and the others in its tradition formed the centre of apostate cults among the nobility. This rite represents secret societies and demon cults underneath some of the most turbulent events in history. These rituals have been filled hidden chambers under Notre Dame Cathedral and the vaulted parlour rooms of the Queens and Kings. Their rich scent of lies and depravity and corruption taint many of the most austere and dignified and important architectural monuments of Europe.

Terrible crimes and sins of forbidden pleasure are drunk into the pages of this book, blood and sperm, deaths offered and births created under the shadow of this forbidden portal to The Darkest of Humanity's Dreams.

In the Arcanum of Forbidden Ermine, I have identified the core patterns of meaning that thread through this ancient grimoire and its tradition, allowing its puzzles and mysteries to naturally unfold.

Creating a circle of protection and an advanced planar gate is a big step up from blaspheming church rituals.

*The Ermine Rite* contains one of the three known and established gate formulae for summoning *The Devil*, herself.

In this grimoire, I will conceal and reveal the secrets to use *The Ritual of The Devil's Magick Square*.

A very powerful ritual of forbidden sorcery that can be used even by muggles, if they dare.

The initiatory ritual used to found a *Black Lodge* 99.

-o0o-

## THE GRIMOIRES OF ERMINE SORCERY

There are several books you will use to explore this arcana ~ the commonly available grimoires of black magic are the only tool easily accessible to most modern sorcerers, growing up in a world of paperback books and commercial culture.

### **The Book of Black Magic**

For a book at which he loudly sneered, Crowley used the spells from this grimoire an awful lot throughout the course of his career ~ from his early experiments to his famous (mis-)use of the Honorius spells to perform the psychedelically crazed act of summoning *The Arch-Demon* CHRONOZON directly into his own consciousness (a pinnacle of his career).

*The Book of Black Magic* by Arthur Edward Waite is a compilation of translations from some of the darker grimoires that were present in the various archives and libraries of Britain during the latter half of the 1800's. The magick of this detachedly-erudite compilation of demon-summoning grimoires, translated into Victorian English, is enhanced by Arthur Edward Waite's ponderous and labyrinthine loquacity ~ and his thoughts are *the* classic template (inscribed in history) of the British occult hedge scholar of The Regency Period.

*The Sacred Lore of Magic* by Idres Shar was probably conventionally better (and equally available), but I think Waite's grimoire is an important historical piece, and the dreams associated with it are very strong.

After all, it has delivered to HELL the souls of some very famous sorcerers!

This book contains a collection of complete grimoires and occult manuscripts from The British Museum and rare book collections in AVALON, and abroad. These were translated by AE Waite and his mentor SL MacGregor-Mathers. MacGregor-Mathers likes to use sword metaphors in his motto, but is a far more impressive individual than history gives him credit for being. I think he was a fantastically-talented hermetic wizard, a linguistically-unique scholar of many languages, and a total maniac. He founded and presided over *The Hermetic Order of The Golden Dawn*, in AVALON ~ a fateful phenomenon of wizardry whose after-effects will echo through human history for a while to come.

There are many grimoires contained in this book by AE Waite, and the modern paperback editions are evocative and beautiful in their own mass-produced way, silver cover, thick paper, blotted old-style typesetting ~ yummy, let every ermine sorcerer begin with this book of chaos!

-o0o-

### **Pacts with *The Devil***

A lodge of Hollywood witches and sorcerers have successfully opened a major gate and become the primary bloom of *The Ermine Rite*, at our current moment in history ~ and terrible grimoires have nearby inspired been by this great centre of demonolatry!

The *New Falcon Publications* event has poured forth a wonder of thought and fun, terrifying ideas hidden in an illusion of the cheapest rubbish appearing comic paperbacks ~ and these grimoires are significant for future researchers venturing into *The Forbidden*.

Most significant for *The Ermine Rite* is this fascinating grimoire composed by Jason Black and Christopher Hyatt, a luxurious exploration of the intellectual patterns underlying black magick and (with tantalizing indirectness) the forbidden pleasures.

In future, this grimoire (perhaps with a few on the tastiest gems of NFP) maybe printed in a more fitting hardcover book, with heavy paper and the typesetting used by AE Waite, perhaps as part of a grimoire set.

This will be the ermine sorcerers second grimoire, to read and absorb its meaning patterns into your soul.

Fun!

-o0o-

### **Grimorium Verum**

This is The Joseph Petersen Folio of translations and reproductions ~ this guy is great.

It is easy getting to know a person by reading her or his work.

Joseph has presented a fun set of translations of the grimoire and a series of related black magick manuscripts from various archives he has explored, around the world. This is important, before we move into space, and the old books spread out far and wide and inaccessible to scholars. Petersen's folio also includes untranslated reproductions of key sections from both French and Italian editions of the original grimoire.

Joseph is a genuine old-school occult scholar, a light-bearer of that old tradition, back in that part of the world ~ and his work is fantastic, accessible, educational, the third grimoire and a fine piece in the apprenticeship puzzle explored by the ermine sorcerer.

-o0o-

### THE ARTS OF SORCERY

Evil is a moral choice with no political implications whatsoever.

Humanoids make pacts with demons or *The Devil* for their own reasons. No being is required to bow down to an entity with whom they have not pacted. Therefore, Satanism makes no requisite upon the individual to bow down before The Great White God.

In making pacts, there is the identity of the demon to consider and there is anteriority of pacting.

No pact will ever be made to harm The Dark Elves.

No pact will ever be made to harm my daughters.

No pact will ever be made to harm to male expressions of my daughters.

I will birth only daughters during this life.

This is a peculiarity of *The Everything*.

-o0o-

This grimoire is an act of psychic violence against The Indian-German.

And the event will stand in history shockingly enough to ensure that future generations of *The Children of CAIN* hesitate before reaching out to put their hands in that fire.

This will ensure that behave politely in future, and thus will be able to have deals with witches when they encounter them.

-o0o-

*The Pact of Witchcraft* is between *The Devil* and The Witch ~ nobody else has any say in the game.

If any racial, political, or organizational interests attempts to intercede and meddle in the arrangement, the witch has full and unrestricted freedom to smite the presumptuous and illegitimate wretch.

Many of *The Demons of The Goetia*, however, have political interests.

BRIDGET is invested in AVALON, Chivalry, and Art ~ and she is interested in little else.

HORUS governs *The Children of CAIN*'s relationship with *The Devil*.

ASTAROTH may be invoked without political agenda (as *Queen of HELL*) or in any of her roles ~ she is the sacred whore and can thus be employed in any venture that won't interfere with her business interests or her custom with other clients. And yet she also governs BABYLON, and cannot be invoked to undermine this game.

Etc.

*The Devil*, on The Other Hand, can produce a new face and temple to suit any interest for which he is invoked ~ but again, he is not prepared to undermine his other interests or support idiots.

From every point of view, neither LILITH or *The Devil* are prepared to sacrifice 98% of the potential customers over The Indian-German's impressive haircut.

So if The Children of CAIN would like to play, they will need to overcome their fear of other people.

Poor old CAIN.

His mark is a curse mark, and the bible didn't outline any attendant powers, other than a warning that others shouldn't kill him.

Because defying God is naughty.

Thus, he has a curse mark whose sole magickal function is two-fold ~ to warn people that God would prefer them not to genocide him, and to forbid him from ever entering *The Congregation of The Tabernacle*, i.e. The Jewish Race. The Leviticus Rule of Penis. The Ark of The Covenant. Indiana Jones. That sort of nonsense.

So, The Ark is closed to him. Interestingly, he was tricked into using Qabala. and speaking all sorts of Jewish incantations which he appears to have believed to be representative of his racial purity.

Rather than his tendency to bottom-feed.

But *The Devil* has mastered Qabala and integrated it throughout Freemasonry, and thereby, used it to create *The Grand Hermetic Order* (an organization for Jews and LIBERTY-Lovers who want to summon demons and play with them).

CAIN's First Curse Mark *is* pretty.

But it is not an endowment of any particularly impressive powers.

Neither, we have discovered, is the mark upon his head indicative of the value of what is within his head.

BABYLON is only The Beginning ~ the establishment of *The Idea* of a religion based on the concept of *The Commercial Contract*.

From there the game expands into high fun, as BABYLON whores the rights to her temple on each new land.

PAN and LILITH are aiming to be a useful and contributing part of The New Jerusalem.

-oOo-

The politics of this grimoire are BABYLON & LIBERATION & *The Pact of Three Daughters*.

In addition, there are self-liberation formulae, and there is a "plug" allowing any Ermine Witch or Wizard to "plug into" *The Professional Liberation "Madness Matrix" of AVALON*.

This is a psychic phenomenon that is to telepathic experimentation a sort of proto-internet "*world wide wacko web*" hypothesis of mind to mind communication.

I encourage conspiracy theorists to begin building technological devices to boost and tune the frequencies. We will have great fun. And since this web burns the minds of racists (we filled and are filling it with our curses against division.... and that is after SYRACHI spun it), it seems appropriate that we use the symbolic aluminium foil silver hat in our psycho-reality tuning and amplifying tech formulae.

But I digress.

-oOo-

The only agenda inherent in *The Ermine Rite* is *The Great Alchemical Work of The Dark Elves*.

You can establish a Realm House of The Drow, whose only loyalty is to its home realm.

You use The Royal Blood of Glenorchy McBride as the foundation ingredient your house, and it will be a noble house hereby. You can also add standing to your house by programs to stratify and include mentally-gifted individuals, i.e. *any* mental gifts! Only muggles think magick doesn't include every phenomenon of the mind. The drow seek the most gifted and beautiful minds, of every type. And the most beautiful hands ~ dexterity, understanding, craftsmanship, artistry, mastery, the many meaning of the human hands.

Genuinely intelligent and deeply perceptive programs aimed at gathering these qualities are the foundation for respect and status for our projected Noble Houses of The Drow.

And obviously, this includes the careful collection of elite fighter pilots and martial arts masters as a necessary and certain foundation for the status of every Blood House of The Drow.

Every realm has a *Lodge 99*, and every realm has a *Blood House of The Drow* ~ This is your realm's own pet project.

It will begin as lunatics and artists and entertainers, and within a few generations, your realm will have a few openly established (consensual) Dark Elf breeding programs. Some of these will be founded by rich “humanitarians”, and they will offer money or other incentives to attract fun people to join the program. There will be creepy groups also establishing “spider eggs” (i.e. dark elf gene banks), and there will be commercial interests, there will be ideological interests, and there will be anybody who wants to!

The key is blood status.

Unlike the racist dynamic of the humans, blood status is a technological choice.

The Blood Status of a dark elfin noble house is determined by the quality of programs which created it. If they were low grade, producing only mugglish drow, then the descendents of that program are looking forward to *very* cruel treatment from the other drow. Thus, a ruthless and psycho-socially violent disincentive to distilling for any reason other than talent.

This cute little kitten has claws, and even in her most infant sleep, she will rip you ferociously and unconsciously as a mere matter of instinct, if you dare feed her anything less than the highest quality blood.

People get hurt if they treat her as less than a living wonder.

The blood of the finest, and her taste and will is to drink every wonder of the dark eyed people ~ drain them dead.

Drink the magick of your father, my little terror.

Devour his essence into you.

Death.

-o0o-

And each time she sacrifices *The Goat* to *The Spider*, it is reborn as *The Antichrist* from The Dead.

Illuminated.

And each time she captures *The Fly* in her web, it is reborn as *The Antichrist* from The Dead.

Illuminated.

The King dies and is reborn in His Daughter.

Matriarchy.

And The Name of The Antichrist is

SYTRIANNA.

-o0o-

Thus is *The Black Mass of The Spider Queen* a spell of Blood Alchemy.

The beauty with which you perform the work of alchemy will define the standing and future potentials of your family's or your realm's *Blood House of The Dark Faeries*.

And by this terrible work of black magick, you honour *The Spider Queen*.

-o0o-

## The Gibbering Pool of Mouths....

Would you threaten my family?

We've already been there.

What we discovered is that everybody must be prepared to die for LIBERTY.

But it would a pointless and disgusting thing to do, and it would make me begin seriously hating you again.

And I think this time, I'll go at you very hard ~ no more protective consideration for you.

I'm tired of that game, so I won't need to play it again ~ you are not my responsibility.

Damn you Dead.

-o0o-

Feelings.

We are irrational creatures.

Want Need Intensity of Will The Primate.

The Wizards of The Stone Egg.

-o0o-

I am no longer human.

It has been stripped from my soul, self-devouring am I, growing the new what I want/am since my first word that is Will.

Ouroborous.

-o0o-

What is a soul but the contents of its thoughts?

My thoughts are no longer as your collective thoughts.

I am no longer human.

The change has been occurring since *long* ago.

-o0o-

But I am "of humanity".

The Ancient Greek word for "soul" is "psyche".

The idea of redemption through psychological change, inherent in christianity, suggests that the person's thought affect the soul, both by determining its direction and success and intensity and every decision, and that determines its experiences.

The ideas of spiritual ascension through self-perfection, inherent in the hippy astral traditions of The Goddess, likewise suggest that internal psychological states (Consciousness? Thoughts? The Mind?) affects the soul.

And as we look more deeply, we discover that the Ancient Greek word for "soul" directly implies a meaning alignment with the concept of thought, itself.

What is my "soul"?

My first pathway to understanding is direct experience.

I am ME ~ and this is a great source of data!

My second pathway is information.

But humans are confused and they lie a lot, so every piece of information they produce must be treated as a riddle whose meaning must be unlocked.

What is a soul but the content of its thoughts?

-o0o-

*The Devil* has many bloodlines like me ~ brilliant in key ways, over the whole world, waiting to do his will. There is no homogeneity here. Each is as unique as a jewel. Brilliance is the real jewels we seek in individuals and lines ~ to be recognized and illuminated and crafted into living wonder of Art.

-o0o-



THE  
**DEMONS**  
OF  
THE **ERMINE RITE**



## I.

### THE FIRST INFERNAL TIER OF THE ERMINE RITE

These are the offices of LILITH and SATAN and BEELZEBUB.

The demonlady and each of the two demonlords of *The Ermine Trinity* have two ministers, who rank as third tier demons of *The Ermine Rite*, though they outrank every other demon in the third tier of this rite.

These attend unto The Goetic Demonlord who governs *Forbidden Pleasure*, and the demons who serve her.

The traditional superstitious chaos of black magick teaches that the actual sigil is irrelevant, it is only relevant that it is an agreed-upon<sup>29</sup> pattern whose use has a highly-tuned and very specific meaning as an act of will.

Thus, by these three arch-demons is *The Tetragramaton* formulated through *The Ermine Rite* to invoke *The Grand BAPHOMET*, whose names and seals are hidden through *The Grimorium Verum*.

-oOo-

#### THE GREEN BUTTERFLY IN THE BOX

The core magickal treasure of *The Grimorium Verum* is a fun spell entitled *The Qabalah of The Green Butterfly* ~ a grand formula for summoning LILITH, Queen of Hell. Whilst this spell offers a spectacular pay off, justifying its name "*The Sacrament of Royals*", it is concealed within the book by a series of puzzles and enigmas and spells. These must be solved, to unlock this core dark and terrible ermine ritual of *The Sanctum Regnum*, and thus summon *The Three Potentates of HELL* ~ and receive from them these magickal favours, on a scale not usually available to individuals who don't control entire countries. And what you choose to create will be free and fulfilled, be only that *The Devil's Works* be not interfered.

*Treasure to fulfil his needs and ambitions, and more treasure.*

*Knowledge of Love, knowledge of the person he will marry, and cause any person he wishes to come to his bedchamber and love him.*

*Understanding of the secrets of Nature.*

*Teaches the cures for diseases.*

*Removes problems from his fields and house.*

*Reveal friends and enemies.*

*Transports him as he wills.*

*Reveals the future.*

*Gives him the power of invisibility.*

*Renders judges favourable and cause tongues to speak highly of him.*

*Makes him lucky, and to win at games.*

*And the whole treat without complaint.*

*The Grimorium Verum (1517) An Anonymous Witch of The Devil  
From The Peterson Translations (2007?)*

A fun spell.

<sup>29</sup> Agreed upon by The Demon in question. Thus, most demons have more than one seal of evocation. Most seals are directly related to particular types of ritual (e.g. The Black Mass, The Goetic Evocations, The Voodoo Possession Dances, etc.) and given for use with those rituals.

The rituals themselves generally involve genuinely evil component (e.g. death, blood sacrifices, commitment involving genuinely terrifying and unavoidable promises, etc.) The emotional effect of aligning these experiences with the perceptual lens patterns of the seals, psychically energizes their arcane meanings in shockingly powerful and reality-shattering ways. The result is that demonic seal *resonate* with evil ~ even if they are merely machine-printed diagrams in a mass-produced paper-back book. Even the muggle can feel it.

Demonic seals of every variety *resonate* with psychic evil.

The wizard puts a green butterfly in a box, and then conducts a metamorphosis ritual with a phoenix of Fire and a Dionysian black mass and the grimoire's primary incantation of summoning ~ but like most magick rituals, its arcane formula is hidden behind a spell of illusionary script. This magick is far too powerful to be easily used by muggle sorcerers, and thus it has often appeared to them to be among the least important and understandable spells in *The Grimorium Verum*. This spell is the real purpose for which that book was written, and it is hidden in an *illusion* that replicates with printing, and is among the most complex and difficult arcane puzzles in any grimoire.

But it holds great rewards.

-o0o-

Very few other spells offer so complete and extensive a range of fun.

I wonder if anybody has ever successfully unlocked and performed that spell ~ what do you think?

Fun!

-o0o-

#### THE ARCANES PUZZLE OF THE DEMONIC SEALS

To unlock *The Qabalistic Spell of The Green Butterfly*, three powerful demonic seals are needed ~ thus, to create "*The Sanctum Regnum*" of which every other ermine sacrament is an expression.

*The Grand Grimoire of Forbidden Ermine* is a modern translation/expression/treatise upon *The Grimorium Verum* and the associated tradition of black magick toms. Thus, it is a manual for summoning the demons of this tradition ~ including the three arch-demons who govern this rite.

However, when we look at the seals in any of the currently existing and easily accessible copies of *The Grimorium Verum*, it is apparent to even the novice that the three prime demonic seals are incomplete ~ yet they are the key components in the rituals of evocation that are the purpose of the grimoires?

Thus, we have a key grimoire in the tradition of black magick. This grimoire proports hold a ritual of blood sacrifice for summoning major demons, and pacting with them to achieve the sorcerer's objectives. But only the necessary seals of the second and third tier demons are included in their complete form ~ the first-tier seals are presented in an incomplete form to create the arcane jigsaw puzzle of *The Grimorium Verum* which must be unlocked in order to use this ritual to summon *The Devil*.

And there are two more arcane puzzles waiting in the two seals that accompany to form *The Forbidden Trinity*.

-o0o-

The first clue to the puzzle can be found in the work of Peterson, who presented reproductions of the seals and untranslated text from both an old French manuscript and an Italian manuscript of *The Grimoire Verum*. Note the seals in The Italian manuscript are exactly reversed. Have we any arcane knowledge regarding the reversal seals in the spirit summoning arts of black magick?

Note also when we look at the seals through the many commonly available translations of this grimoire, that most manuscripts obscure (to a greater or lesser degree) the figures beneath each central seal circle ~ Why?

If I was the creator (or, perhaps more significantly, owner) of the original book given by *The Devil* to a natural wizard who established the grimoire by constructing the ritual of evocation upon which it is founded.... would I want to hide *any* of the book's key secrets, even from my evil apprentice dark sorcerer?

If so, which?

Could any of those seals components appear to be drawings of patches of (parchment? hide? human skin?) sewn over the top of a key seal component ~ to hide the book's secrets?

If so, which puzzle pieces might fit those shapes?

Clue?

Yes ~ A clue involving the first seal!

There are two primary components missing from this seal, and the three forward prongs of cross are the clue to the beast upon which he rides ~ and this allows us to raise the seal of Old Scratch to the pool of nothingness within the circle.

I have hidden through my books, each of the keys for this first set of clues. Many of these tools are ways of walking thought paths, in order to see what you gaze upon in different ways.

Look upon a piece of fruit, and imagine that that there is a drawing board in your mind, and your eyes are an artist whom you have never met. What you see is the picture upon that drawing board ~ not the piece of fruit.

We can never see anything more than the pictures on that drawing board, and the drawer is a robot with no personality to meet.

If we look at that piece of fruit, from a single point of view, we have a single image, whereby we may understand what we are looking at.

If we shift our point of view, and create a second image ~ and our understanding gains depth.

There are theoretically a non-numerically limitable number of positions on the surface of a sphere, yet we can numerically materialize and use them through calculus ~ therefore, if there are an unlimited number of viewpoints from which I can theoretically observe the piece of fruit, which are the most useful pathways to understanding?

As we discuss a piece of fruit, we a discussing piece of forbidden fruit ~ and therefore, we are discussing the unfamiliar and varied points of view to which we may stretch or shift our minds in order to understand and unlock this arcane puzzle.

Who unlocks the puzzle will have the power to perform *The Qabalistic Spell of The Green Butterfly* to summon LILITH, *The Queen of HELL*, and the other two, by *The Magick Square of The Ermine Gate* ~ thus, to make an explicit written pact with Her<sup>30</sup>, and receive the unique benefits of *The Sanctum Regnum*.

The Metamorphic Qabala of *The Green Butterfly*.

This means that a completely uninitiated muggle who unlocks the arcane puzzle and fulfils the qualifications, can use this ritual to gain direct helpful yummys from LILITH herself, at little cost.

Otherwise, NARALARTHOEP *the Black Man* will instead come to any attempted uninvited summoning of *The Devil* ~ and he will cause co-incidences to destabilize the would-be muggle devil-bother unto destruction.

Unless the summoner makes a soul pact with *The Black Man* (who represents *The Devil* in these things), and becomes a witch ~ lest he die of poison ivy sickness, from touching a nocturnal plant.

To complete this ritual, the sorcerer must give up a piece of his understanding of himself ~ he must place a permanent brand-tattoo-mark upon his body.

The Seal of The Demon he shall take as patron.

Black magick lore defines that the truenam of the demon be written around the edges of an encircled seal to powerfully tune the meaning (and thus dark potency) of the seal ~ thus, the Greek and chaos scrawl around the edge of the first seal in *The Grimorium Verum's* surviving editions are probably corrupted translations of the word PANDEMON, probably attended by a title as The God of Sexuality!

And thus, arcane puzzle of the first seal is calibrated and complete ~ FUN!

I, Glenorchy McBride III, have solved The Arcane Puzzle of *The Grimorium Verum*.

I now unlock and open *The Gates of HELL*.

Which is called FANTASIA!

-oOo-

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<sup>30</sup> *The Initiation Ritual* in *The Book of The Rose that Blooms in The Night* is for making the standard *Pact of Witchcraft* which nearly every sorcerer uses to begin his career.

AN ARCAN E TREATISE INVOKING  
**THE FIRST TIER DEMONS OF THE ERMINE RITE**

*"The "three powers" (i.e. of The Grimorium Verum) Lucifer, Beelzebuth, and Astaroth, of course, are well known. Less well known, or rather elsewhere unknown, is the catalogue of lesser spirits who perform most of the services for the mage."*  
*Grimorium Verum (2007?) Peterson Translation with Commentary*

The three demonlords who preside over *The Ermine Rite* are three of the most powerful and infamous potentates of HELL.

The Goat, The Spider, and The Fly.

Thus, let us begin by consulting *The Holy Bible* to discover the powers it attributes to *The Devil*.

-o0o-

*The Magical Treatise of Solomon* ~ the spirits of the four quarters as E *Lucifer*, S *Beelzebub*, W *Astaroth*, N *Asmodai*. pv. of preface.



LILITH

FIRE

BABYLON

MARY, Queen of WHORES

**ASTAROTH**

THE FORBIDDEN GODDESS OF THE ERMINE RITE

**THE BURNING GRAIL OF THE GREAT RITE**

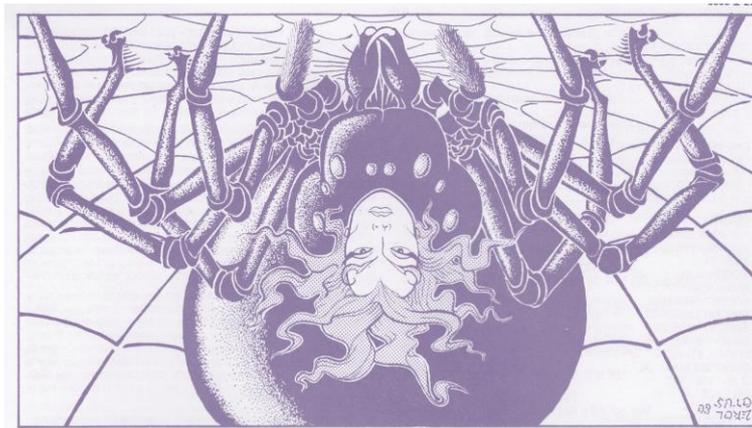
The Spiritual Mother who is BINAH ~ The Impurity of Mary

*"Astaroth appears black and white in colour, most often in human form, but sometimes in the shape of an ass."*

*Grimorium Verum (1517) Rabi Danadas*

*"Astaroth originated as the Canaanite fertility goddess Ashtoreth, and in the Bible, King Solomon is said to have patronized her cult. He/she appears in the Testament of Solomon as an angel who thwarts the sixth arch-demon."*

*Preface to Grimorium Verum (2007) Joseph Peterson*



## NUBIUS

### *The Demon Steed of The Libertine Queen ASTAROTH*

He can be conjured, when not performing his duties, though, if busy on the work of his mistress, The Demon Queen ASTAROTH, he won't reply. And he cannot be compelled by any being except The Queen ASTAROTH. He is more likely to appear, when ASTAROTH has sent him on a mission ~ which she often does to communicate with a female. If NUBIUS appears to you, and appoints you with his sperm, it is a sign you have been favoured by The Goddess. And you must now receive the sperm of a black man to consummate the spiritual balance, else you be raped by a black man in future. Obviously, FREYA spends a lot of time at ISHTAR's stables.

NUBIUS appears as a giant muscular stallion zebra pegasus, with a potent negro equine penis and the front legs of a black panther, and wings like a piano checker that are disorienting to watch in flight. This black & white stallion is centaur-like, with the torso and head of a powerfully muscled negro man with the most delicate lips that ever existed ~ for he feeds upon the sexual nectars released at by WOMAN orgasm. When he plants his spiritual seed in a WOMAN, a lusting need for forbidden negro sperm will be to grow within her soul ~ and she will discover that she is unconsciously opening her legs to negroes, anonymously, in public places, in the night. She is even sleepwalking to perform this act. Drinking The Black Seed between her legs, overflowing something multiple men, even desiring herself to be raped, and revelling in the glorious sexuality of the sperm. This horse-demon beast's black seed does strange things to WOMAN, and she will either be lucky or unlucky if she escapes with no more than the three acts of receiving the sperm of anonymous black men ~ some girls choose to be overwhelmed by the glorious fun, and become sacred prostitutes. Witches.





**SATAN**  
**The Horned GOD**  
**GOD the FATHER of BLASPHEMIES**

## **BEELZEBUB**

### **THE DARK WAND OF THE GREAT RITE**

The Holy/Unholy Father who is CHOCKMA HAVOHEJ ~ The Prince of HELL's Shadows

*"The name Beelzebub originated as a Jewish punning of Beelzeboul (God of Heavens)."*

*Preface to The Grimorium Verum (2007?) Joseph Peterson*

*The Bible* suggests that whilst The Demonlord BEELZEBUB appears to be the resident expert at the magicks of **Demonic Possession**, and that book also suggests that every demon has these powers (Luke 22:3-4).

#### **THE FORBIDDEN SPELL OF THE SPIDER & THE FLY**

The Fly dies in the embrace of The Spider, in order to be reborn Illuminated after three incarnations in HELL. Thus, "the priest" of this rite is a "priestess". By her feminine arts and crafts, WOMAN captures the sacrament of *The Eucharist* ("The Body of Christ") in order to perform the infernal blasphemy of transubstantiation that is *Illumination*.

This is *The Great Alchemical Work of The Goddess*.

Thus, *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider*. If The Spider is White, The Fly is Black (i.e. ASTAROTH & BEELZEBUB). But if The Spider is Black, The Fly is White (i.e. SITRI & KEPHERA).

As I pen these words, illumination refers to particular materializations. However, in future, illumination will be as a symbol representing the gateway into or bridge between any pair of genetic collectives between which the individual's genes are transiting.

-o0o-



ILLUMINATION  
The Black Flame of The DIAMON

# LUCIFER OF THE BLACK FLAME

## THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE CONJURER

### THE FUTURE BORN OF THE BLACK MASS

The Black & White Goat who is *The Sun of TIPERETH*, descended into The Earthen Grave and Reborn from The Dead  
THE ANTI-CHRIST, SLAIN & RISEN

*"Below this figure we read a frank and simple inscription – THE DEVIL. Yes, we confront here the phantom of all terrors, the dragon of all theologies, the Ahriman of the Persians, the Typhon of the Egyptians, the Python of the Greeks, the old serpent of the Hebrews, the fantastic monster, the nightmare, the Croquemitaine, the gargoyle, the great beast of the Middle Ages, and – worse than all of these – the Baphomet of the Templars, the bearded idol of the alchemist, the obscene deity of Mendes, the goat of the Sabbath. The frontispiece to the 'Ritual' reproduces the exact figure of the terrible emperor of night, with all his attributes and all his characters.... Yes, in our profound conviction, the Grand Masters of the Order of Templars worshipped the Baphomet, and caused it to be worshipped by their initiates; yes, there existed in the past, and there may still be in the present, assemblies which presided over this figure, seated on a throne and having a flaming torch between his horns. But the adorers of this sign do not consider, as do we, that it is a representation of the devil; on the contrary, for them it is that of the god Pan, the god of our modern schools of philosophy, the god of Alexandrian theurgic school and of our own mystical Neoplatonists, the god of Lamartine and Victor Cousin, of Spinoza and Plato, the god of the primitive Gnostic schools; the Christ also of the dissident priesthood."*

*Dogma et Rituel de la Haute Magie (1856) Eliphas Levi*

According to *The Holy Bible*, *The Devil* has the psychic abilities necessary to perform **feats of magick**, to manifest **oracular signs** and communications from the spirit world, and he is a master of **illusions** (II Thes 2:17-19).

*The Bible* also explicitly refers to *The Devil's* terrible destructive power to **cause illness and suffering** in humans to the point where they require spiritual or medical attention (Act 10:38-39).

*"Lucifer is traditionally a synonym for Satan, the devil. The name was applied to Satan by St. Jerome and other Church Fathers. It is a Hellenised form of the Latin translation of Εωσφορος (Isaiah 14:12)."*

*Grimorium Verum (2007?) Joseph Peterson*



THE **MUSE** OF **FORBIDDEN LOVE**  
**LADY SYRACHI OF THE ROSE**  
PRINCESS SITRI, DUCHESS SYRACH, KNIGHT SIRCHADE  
**ARCH-DEMON OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE**  
THE **BLACK & WHITE DUCHESS** OF THE **ERMINE SEAL**  
GOETIC **PRINCESS** OF THE **SUCCUBI & TEMPLE HANDMAIDEN** TO THE **GREAT SPIDER**  
**ADMIRAL** OF THE **SCREECH OWL FLIGHTS & STRATEGIC ADVISER** TO THE **QUEEN OF HELL**

*"The Twelfth Spirit is **Sitri**. (S)He<sup>31</sup> is a Great Prince and appeareth at first with a Leopard's head and the Wings of a Gryphon, but after the command of the Master of the Exorcism (s)he putteth on Human shape, and that very beautiful. (S)He enflameth men with Women's love, and Women with Men's love; and causeth them also to show themselves naked if it be desired. (S)He governeth 60 Legions of Spirits. (Her) Seal is this, to be worn as a Lamen before thee, etc."*

*The Goetia (?) King Solomon of Jerusalem?  
Translated into English by SL MacGregor-Mathers of AVALON (1889?)*

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<sup>31</sup> Let it be remembered that during the dark ages period of patriarchy, every demon (even Lady ASTAROTH) presented themselves to the upper echelons (the peasants certainly didn't read these books) as men (most of them can produce an ovipositor or something that their sorcerers can be encouraged to view as a demonic penis).



*The Duchess* SYTRIANNA (SYRACH/SYRACHI) appears in her classic pre-metamorphic form which she has held for thousands of years ~ a Very Pretty Human Female, a Drider, and a B&W Shadow-Spinning Spider of Sexuality. Like every daughter of LILITH, she also has a feline form and a screech-owl form.

*The Princess* SYTRIANNAEL (SITRI) appears in her metamorphosed form as a Dark Elf or Drider or hypnotically pretty B&W Spider ~ a space being.

Her pre-metamorphic and post-metamorphic forms are near identical except for colour and the elfin features of metamorphosed Dark Elfin form ~ *The Duchess* has brown eyes, brown hair, and human features; as *The Princess* she has violet eyes, soft silk-black skin and lunar silver hair.

Matriarchy under a Handmaiden of LILITH = FUN!

*The Duchess* SYRACHI rules over every dominion of Forbidden Pleasure, from the lovely Cuban cigar you know you should not smoke, to the pretty girl at the ice-cream shop who flirts with you without noticing your wedding ring. She is the fine bottle of single-malt highland scotch whose price tag is an irresistible overindulgence. She is the fantastically expensive sports car that only your ego won't forbid to you. And she is Love.

The Love that throbs through your being ~ because you know you are not allowed to have it.

She is *Forbidden Love*.

This is her mystical secret flower ~ and wherever it blooms, there she is watching and feeling and experiencing you.

Both Lover and Beloved.

Make sweet your *Forbidden Love* ~ for it is the offering you sacrifice to a Goddess who blooms in The Night.

-o0o-

In every society, a hundred lines make True Love to be Forbidden ~ but to cross any of those lines is to enter the territories and estates of *The Duchess*.

She is Tyrant. She is Whore. And She is Ancient Perceptive Nobility of a blend so rare and beautiful that all agree *The Duchess* is a great treasure of *The Goetia*.

Her Ermine Title of *Duchess* represents her arcane role in *The Illumination of WOMAN* ~ and for this reason, she is among the most important of the screech owls.

She appears as an expression of female seductiveness ~ the sexual vampyre of the highest noble lineage, a *Princess of The Succubi*.

In each of her forms, Lady SYRACHI expresses the *perfect comeliness* and *natural nobility* of The Night.

Upon the perfect bottom of her human form are tattooed two interlaced Venus sigils (left cheek) and the Venus and Mars sigils interlaced on her perfect right cheek.

Her spider form displays astonishing, hypnotic, shifting disorientating black and white patterns, and no other colours are present except in her eyes. When invoked by her arcane formulae as *The Duchess*, her spider-form has crystalline brown eyes. When invoked by arcane formulae as *The Princess* her spider form has purple or royal blue or green or any of a bright rainbow crystal eyes. This symbolizes illumination from within. In both of her humanoid forms, The Demonlady of Forbidden Sexuality has begun appearing in a wonderfully revealing black & white harlequin costume.

For 1001 years, the will of her *Duchess* form takes precedence over the will of her *Princess* form ~ and she gathers the lost strands of her former soul, transforming and illuminating each.

She will continue this work forever, it is her Love and thread through The Tapestry of Fate ~ and the root of her power.

*The Duchess* is not bound by geographical region, but governs over every *Lodge 99*.

She has been described by LILITH as "the most talented courtesan who has ever existed" ~ and it is known that the pathways before her and The Black Lodge are difficult, but lead to LIBERATION.

She has the intelligence and emotional will to understand and walk these paths.

She was originally a human, rather than an angel, and thus represents ascension through merit ~ for she holds a goetic title which makes her the equal of gods. She was a whore. A sacred whore of ISHTAR in BABYLON. The high priestess who raised the city to greatness and established many technological innovations that man has tried to attribute to himself, but is now acknowledging to be the evidences of her genius.

She is a career girl, a sometimes-military girl, and an always party girl.



#### THE ERMINE CASTLE OF THE DUCHESS

*The Ermine Castle* (after which this rite is named) is traditionally held by a sodomite, and *The Duchess* is a citizen of that Forbidden City.

*The Duchy of Sodom* is ruled by *The Duchess* from *The Ermine Castle*, and many of the deepest magicks of that land spread through the roots of this great infernal fortress.

It is among the most powerful and politically important strongholds in HELL ~ and *The Duchess* is a Sacred Temple Handmaiden and Daughter of *The Spider Queen*.

*The Duchy of The Ermine Castle* covers the entire city of Sodom and its holdings.

Here in this castle is *The Chamber of Mirrors*, the site of great revels where every forbidden pleasure that is occurring can be seen in their ring of gates.

Succubi can be found in great number through the castle, and they are often bored and sexually predatory, because of the local sodomites' natural resistance to their charms.

Under the trapdoor in the basement of *The Ermine Castle* dwells *The Giant Purple Sex Octopus* (who can resist anything except temptation, and obeys only *The Duchess*). It is an instinctive creature of profound emotional insight. And though it never does what you are hoping it will, whatever happens will involve fantastic sex and more strangeness, that benefits only *The Duchess* and those who genuinely support her.





**LUCIFER**  
**The WITCH or WIZARD**

**THE INITIATE TO THE FORBIDDEN**  
**THE LIBERATED, AWAKENED & ILLUMINATED INDIVIDUALITY OF THE CONJURER**  
**THE GREAT WORK OF THE ERMINE SORCERER**

The Blasphemy of Impurity  
Who must die as a Mortal to be reborn as a Demi-God Immortal.  
The Antichrist  
"Lady Antichrist"

LIBERTY

*The Ermine Rite* is an anti-nazi axis of evil dedicated to ending genetic separatism.

*The Ermine Rite* is an anti-nazi axis of evil dedicated to amassing wealth through various corrupt naughtiness.

*The Ermine Rite* is an anti-nazi axis of evil dedicated to The Spiritual Path of exploring Forbidden Pleasure....

Complete moral freedom.

To explore and understand this most forbidden of labyrinths.

This is The Great Work of *The Ermine Rite*.

And this is our Labyrinth.

*The Perfumed Garden of Alamut.*

The impenetrably secret iron walls of the mountain fortress overlooking the city of Sodom in the realm of human imagination.

-o0o-

Only the most depraved of human souls have ever found entrance to the terrible and wonderful labyrinths of this fortress home to the demonlords of Forbidden Pleasure ~ and within this endless labyrinth reside the souls of the human infernalists who were taken by *The Ermine Rite*.

*The Executioners Guild* and many others also worship and dwell in other sections of this vast dimensional castle.

-o0o-

Demons are like *The Imp of PHOBOS*,  
The relationship does not lead to an end game of Win or Lose.  
Regardless of where you are and what your circumstances of technology,  
There is no "spiritual state of development" at which Fear ceases to be a part of you.  
Fear will be there with you Tomorrow,  
No matter how advanced you are Tomorrow.  
Life is the act of refusing to surrender to Fear.  
Choosing to Thrive.



**THE THIRD TIER DEMONS OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE**  
THE TERRIBLE AND INFERNAL INNER CIRCLE OF NOBLE DEMONS UNDER THE DUCHESS SYRAX

These (like *The Forbidden Trinity* & *The Duchess SYRACH*) are the original demons of *The Grimorium Verum* ~ who have been leaving a trail of damnation and depravity and devil-cults and death in the wake of this terrible grimoire since The Dark Ages.

That is the real meaning of these old grimoires ~ every person or group of people that the individual book has corrupted.

Escalating sequences of depravity, sin, and occult horror ~ as each new owner of the book spirals into a fantastic journey of conscious, wilful damnation.

Souls are inscribed upon the pages of these dark and terrible grimoires.

And after just punishment, these souls go on to become new lowest demonlings under this circle of greater demons.

When they have learned and refined themselves, they are given to newly corrupted and pacted sorcerers, thus to serve as familiar spirits.

The success of their sorcerer determines their own rewards for their service ~ advancement in *The Infernal Hierarchy*.

Thus, are these terrible old books the physical historical spiritual foci for real crimes and depravities of unspeakable sorceries by humans who renounced every mortality in order to break every limit in search of *Forbidden Pleasure*.

The grimoire you read here speaks only of *The Forbidden Pleasures* that are the will of its spell to name, evoke, and use in its evocations and enchantments and magicks ~ but *The Ermine Rite* leads to many terrible places.

When the individual sells her or his soul by *The Ermine Rite* ~ there is no longer any form of judgement on any form of sin, until after death.

After death, there will be judgement.

Until then ~ *The Devil* is the sorcerer's friend and in total agreement, empathy, and wilful support with the sorcerer on every matter (with a few exceptions ~ Art and satanic policy issues must be honoured).

These demons govern each archetype (i.e. category) of *Forbidden Pleasure*.

And they LOVE their duties of corruption.

-o0o-

The truenames, demonic seals, titles, and hierarchic patterns are elucidated in our chosen medieval manual of forbidden sorcery, and many of them have also been appearing in many of the other (mostly) lesser grimoires of black magick, since the 1200's AD.

I have chosen *The Grimorium Verum* as a key text for *The Ermine Grimoire*. However, my key text offers little information beyond a list of truenames, demonic seals, a pictogram to indicate if the demon will appear in a humanoid or demon or animal form, and occasionally a brief note on the demon's powers. I have evoked SYTRI, and she has taken me on a number of dream excursions ~ I am yet to formally meet each of the others.

*The Devil* is wise in choosing *The Rite of Forbidden Pleasure* as a pathway through which humanity will learn dream-walking.

-o0o-

These noble demons of *The Ermine Rite* are only slightly less powerful than The Goetic Demonlords, and many aspire to become members of *The Goetic Circle* when The Church falls and many of the demonlords leave *The Infernal Hierarchy*. The grimoires of *The Ermine Rite* have produced some of the most deliciously evil demons in human history. The list that follows are some of the most horrible and fantastic demons of sexuality and forbidden pleasure ever created ~ and they are born of the minds of some of the most depraved or debauched souls of the mid and late Christian era. For centuries, these demons have been invoked by sorcerers and sinners of satanic cults in nearly every country of Europe ~ to inspire and preside over dark experiments and rituals and explorations of sexual depravity, most profound!

Under these demons are gathered the souls of *every* human who has damned her or his soul by the grimoires of *The Ermine Rite* ~ these souls are transformed into the familiar spirits and gargoyles and lesser demons of *The Ninety-Nine Ermine Legions* under *Duchess SYRAX of The Rose*.

Now we are faced with a problem! I have not invoked most of the demons, and met them ~ I was merely given a tour and a set of engineering instructions on what they wanted me to build. And most of the demons were not using their truenames honestly.

So, who's who in HELL's Rite of *Forbidden Pleasure*?

Let us begin by gathering the foundational pieces of core information, and then we will see how this fits into the puzzle pieces of my own perceptions ~ visions.

These are the demons under the hierarchy of *Lady SYRACHI*, who rules *The Ermine Rite of Forbidden Pleasure*.

-o0o-

### THE SECOND TIER DEMONS UNDER THE DUCHESS

*The Rite of Forbidden Pleasure* is obviously fantastic and popular fun ~ the result is that several of the chairs are held by exceptionally high-status goetic demonlords (i.e. of The Second Tier).

Yet within The Ermine Context, these demonlords assume their lovely positions as Third Tier Demonlords, and are treated thus by infernal law.

When invoked through *The Rite of Forbidden Pleasure* these second-tier nobles are reduced to third tier nobles under the complete authority of *The Duchess*.

A *very* popular midnight order including some of HELL's luminaries among its inner circle.

-o0o-

(Include List of Second Tier Demons who hold titles within *The Ermine Rite*.)

**THE THIRD TIER DEMONS OF THE ERMINE RITE**



**THE INFERNAL NOBLES OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE**  
THE **GREATER DEMONS** RULING THE **ERMINE RITE** AND THE **SEXUAL SINS** OF **HUMANITY**

*The Grimorium Verum* (and associate works of black magick) give the basic information on each of these major demons ~ the truename, the sigil, a note on the dominions, and a small pictogram image to indicate if the demon will manifest in humanoid, angelic, or animalistic form. (Note ~ information includes some guesswork on my behalf, as I haven't yet invoked them all or met them all or talked to them specifically on these subjects yet, though I expect I am being inspired.) I expect we will learn more as we proceed.

I.

**THE FIRST DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL**

**HIGH NOBLE CLAUNECH/CLAUNECK/CHAUNTA/ELANTIEL**

DEMONLORD OF WEALTH THROUGH FORBIDDEN PLEASURE

*"He has power over riches." (p81)*

*"Claunech has power over goods and riches, and can help you find hidden treasures for those who make a pact with him. He can give great riches, being greatly loved by LUCIFER, and it is he who administers the money."*

CLAUNECH is probably an expression of *The Demonlord* TARCHIMACH/TARCHIMACHE?

-oOo-

II.

**THE SECOND DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL**

**LORD VIZIER, PRINCE MUISISIN/MUSISIN/MUSIFIN/MAMMOT/MUSOFIN/RESOCHIN/ROSCHIM/ROSECHYME**

THE **ERMINE GOAT** OF THE **BLACK & WHITE DUCHESS**

**PRINCE OF PLEASURE'S SHADOWS, IDOL OF THE ASSASSINS, MAGUS THANATOS**

**DEMONLORD OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE GOVERNING NOBLE, POLITICAL, AND MEDIA CORRUPTION**

*"He gives and removes the means of knowing what is happening in affairs of state." p81*

*"Has power over great lords and teaches them all that happens in the republics and realms of their allies."*

?

THE PUZZLE OF THE DEMON'S SEAL OF PRINCE MUISISIN

I.

**Tavola 9.**

*(Italian Edition ~ p170)*

CLUE #1 Consider these images in relation to *The Arcane Puzzle of The Three Greater Seals*. These Italian seals are mirror inversions. This suggests the use of a mirror in unlocking the relationship between this plate and *The Arcane Puzzle of The Three Seals*.

CLUE #2 The Demonlords, CLAUNECH & MUSIFIN, hold significant male roles in *The Ermine Rite* ~ CLAUNECH is directly under the hierarchy of BEELZEBUB, and MUISISIN is directly under the hierarchy of LUCIFER.

CLUE #3 In The English Edition, the only two demonic seal that are "missing" are those of CLAUNECK & MUSISIN (Peterson, 2007, p14).

II.

*The Demonic Seal of Lord RESOCHIN*

*(Landsdown ms 1202., p81, & The French Edition, p148)*

CLUE #1 This is the only seal pattern revealed openly for summoning this demonlord. Consider this in relation to *The Seed of GAIA*.

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*The Lord Vizier, Prince MUISISIN*, is an ancient dark-eyed demon of great power and influence ~ this is the demonlord who represents The Hellenic Cultural-Genetic Soul. This demon is eminently practical, and disinterested in honour. The history and laughter of this demon can be traced through every great event in Hellenic history. This demon is worshipped by *The Executioners' Guild*.

This demonlord appears as a rather ordinary-sized quadrupedal goat with a fantastically soft and beautiful B&W ermine coat and black diamond hooves. In the centre of its forehead, a single beautiful amethyst purple eye opens. Strange glyphs are patterned through the marking of his fur in the darkest, softest black, On the goat's left shoulder is a black pentagram, apex infernal, and on its right shoulder, a black pentagram, apex supernal.

Goats are traditionally used as *The Idol* to represent *The Devil's* presence in black magick ritual ~ the goat symbol is a traditional representation of *The Devil*. When the invocation of *The Devil* is performed *The Demonlord MUISISIN* assumes the role as *The Grand Forbidden Idol of Ermine*, within the ritual context. This demonlord is called *The Ermine Idol of The Black & White Duchess* ~ the demonically incarnate shrine before which *The Ermine Sorceress* pledges her soul to seal her *Infernal Pact with The Devil*.

He can also take the form of a great dark-eyed satyr with the softest B&W ermine-furred thighs and an amethyst third eye in his forehead. His pipe is created from the shaft of every black wand ever enchanted. And *The Ermine Sceptre* carried by The Sorceress in The Film Industry can be used to make him play his pipes ~ and this alights with deepest magicks of Hollywood. His pipe songs are invariably very beautiful, and can produce any emotion he desires in the listener. He can be crazily irrationally sexual ~ and like every satyr, *Prince MUISISIN* seems to have an instinct for shocking and outraging and awakening people.

Actually, he has a reputation for often being a quite foolish demonlord, and *The Duchess* sometimes needs to lead him around by the nose ~ an iconic image. Annoyingly, he has diamond goat teeth that can bite through anything, and he can eat *anything* and remain unharmed. Thus, he has a tendency of escaping and causing (invariably wildly amusing) chaos whenever the sexual antics slow down ~ he also has an insatiable sexual appetite, more so than any known demon.

Though every demon of *The Ermine Circle* treats him with the absolute respect accorded to every demon who sits upon *The Ermine Conclave*, he is not considered influential beyond his ceremonial role, and he tends to say silly things at serious conclave meetings.

It is perhaps for this amusing reason that he was given the title *Lord Vizier to The Ermine Duchess*.

Thus, the main role of this demon in *The Ermine Rite* is as holder of the ceremonial office as *The Forbidden Idol* by which to invoke the presence of *The Devil*.

Sadly, this demon will remain the "patron deity" and dark-side expression of *The Hellenic Peoples*, long after The 1001 Years of Metamorphic Growth outlined in *The Pact of Three Daughters* ~ forever, in fact.

This deity also governs *The Executioners' Guild*, and represents them in *The Ermine Rite*.

*The Grand Illumination* ~ a peaceful, emotionally self-learning sylvan age of transformation through Love, Healing, and Unity.

This is because humanity forever carries with it, its genetic heritage.

-o0o-

III.

THE THIRD DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL

**RADIANT LADY PRINCESS BECHADIA/BECHAUD/BECHAR OF THE BRIGHT SUN**

DEMON QUEEN OF THE STORM-RIDERS, PRINCESS OF INTER-RACIAL FORBIDDEN LOVE, A.K.A. "OUR LADY OF THE FIRST SIN", and she hath many other titles besides!

*"Bechaud has power over winds and storms, lightening and hail, and rain, as well as of toads, or other things of that sort."*

She appears as a screech owl of perfect angelic beauty. She is naked, velvet-soft and nubile, with the creamiest whitest skin known to exist among either demonlords or angels or any other spirits in existence (her beauty has been the subject of many intrigues). From her back arise two softly feathered luminously white wings with the famous golden highlights that the world so admires.

Interestingly, this screech owl has the magickal quality of never becoming tarnished or unclean or dirtied by even the most extreme muck through which she adventures. *The Ermine Rite* is a ceremony of impurity, and this screech owl will lay many impure eggs of illumination (for every screech owl takes her love only as she wills, without regard for piety or any other masculine control nonsense). However, the "dirty" beauty of The Fertile Earth manifests in each egg, not in BECHADIA herself. Thus, we can identify the magickal pattern ~ *The Princess BECHADIA* is immune to ever becoming soiled, because she possesses a mother's love for her children, even when they are regenerating in the wild woods' beauty of The Earth.

*The Princess FREYA*, in order to become a part of this rite, she is pledged completely to *Duchess SYRACHI* ~ and sexual rituals of domination (involving *The Dalmatians*) are used to celebrate and reaffirm this Sacred Pacting Oath. *The Princess FREYA* obviously holds many other titles in *The Infernal Hierarchy*, including a goetic office equal to or higher than that of SYRACHI. However, *The Ermine Oath of FREYA* supersedes all of these considerations under all conditions.

*The Countess FREYA*, who often plays the role of dominant, explores the fun of being submissive through her role in and relationship to this rite ~ she is the pet of the pussycat.

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IV.

THE FOURTH DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL

**THE HOLY ANGEL FRIMOSTELLA** (ADUACHIEL 241°-270° SAGITARIUS)

ARCH-DEMON OF SEXUAL ENCHANTMENTS

*"(S)He has power over that which regards men and love. (S)He excites and prevents human passions, extinguishes or increases the passions of girls, and can cause abortion." (p81)*

*"Frimost has power over women and girls, and will help you have enjoyment of them."*

-o0o-

V.

THE FIFTH DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL

**STAR LADY, PRINCESS KLEPOTH/KEPOTH/QLEPOTHIA**

ARCH-DEMON OF FORBIDDEN DANCE

PATRON DEMON OF BABYLON & THE ASTRUM PERSARUM

DEMONLADY OF FORBIDDEN THEATRE, ETERNALLY DAMNED TO BE KEEPER OF THE SEVENTH KEY TO THE ELEVEN HELLS

*"Klepoth makes a thousand turns, like dancing with your companions. (S)He makes you hear beautiful music, which you believe is real. (S)He will give, if you want, a whisper in passing, and say in your ear the cards of those playing with you."*

*Grimorium Verum (1517)*

-o0o-

VI.

THE SIXTH DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL

**LADY KHIL/ KLEIM**  
GREATER DEMON

*"Khil can produce earthquakes and tremors of The Earth."*

IV.

**THE SEVENTH DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL**

**LADY MERFILDE**  
HANDMAIDEN OF THE GREAT SPIDER  
DIGITAL PRIESTESS OF THE SILVER WEB  
TWIN SISTER & INCESTUOUS LOVER OF SIRCHARDE

*"Merfilde has the power to transport you in an instant, wherever you want."*

*Grimorium Verum (1517)*  
British Library manuscript Lansdowne 1202

MERFILDE is an archetype expression of *The Demon SYRACHI*, who governs this rite and appears in many forms through its dream paths.

MERFILDE rates among the most dangerous and beautiful and playfully emotional spiders in existence ~ she is subject only to SYRACHI & LILITH & probably nobody else.

MERFILDE is Keeper of *The Order of The Spider's Web*.

She accepts only dark female computer hackers, programmers, technologists, engineers, architects, and designers as her witches. Male sorcerers and wizards revere her not through direct traditional worship, but through the act of advancing understanding, particularly in relation to computer and information technology.

MERFILDE is a tasked with The Illumination of Computer Programmers and Technologists of every race, female and male.

Strange that so ordered a being should be so playful and sexual and nubile.

She is a very beautiful expression of *The Ermine Rite*.

Completely and unrepentantly naughty.

The Succubus with The Nerdy Spectacles.

-oOo-

VIII.

**THE EIGHTH DEMON OF THE ERMINE SEAL**

**THE GRAND DUKE, LORD CLISTHERET / (SIRUMEL / SELYTAREL ?)**  
**THE BLACK POPE**  
**UNHOLY FATHER OF THE CHURCH APOSTACIES, KEEPER OF THE ORDER OF THE DEVIL'S POPES, MASTER OF THE BLACK EEL**

*"Clistheret makes it seem day or night, whenever you wish."*

This Infernal Lord is another example of The Meritocracy of HELL, for he is the soul of a dark wizard who ascended to The Goetia ~ OR he is a Fallen Angel pretending?

*The Order of The Knights of Saint CLISTHERET* includes a hierarchic apostacism of undead knights and other horrors to serve these Elites of HELL

This demon is among the most powerful of The Goetia!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! FUN!

Ave LILITHA!

-o0o-

IX.

**THE NINTH DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL**

**LADY SIRCHADE**

DEMONLADY OF BESTIALITY, KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE BEAST RIDERS, MISTRESS OF WEREWOLVES

*“Sirchade has the power to make you see all kinds of animals of any nature.”*

*The Lady SIRCHADE* is a Knight of The Highest Order of HELL ~ *The Order of The Rose*. She is chivalrous and sharp-witted and frighteningly intelligent ~ a strategist who revels in the game. She has held career posts ranging from The Pirate Captain of a flying ship to Director of Generals during The American Civil War. Now, she commands an elite female super-hero (“spy”) team of fantastic female beast-riders who function as anti-heroes, helping Sylvan projects and LIBERTY and Forbidden Love ~ by breaking and defying male patriarchy and rules. These girls are not like the goodly “sidekick” girls to which you are accustomed, O My Fellow Humans.

It is something of a blow-off. This title and truename represents the formal military chair held by *The Duchess* within *The Circle of Forbidden Pleasure*. She uses this title when she wants to play cute.

-o0o-

IX.

THE **NINTH DEMONLORD OF THE ERMINE SEAL**

**LILITH**  
**ASTAROTH**  
**LUCIFER**  
**BEEZEBUTH**  
**SATAN**  
**SYRACHI**  
**SERGAL**  
**SIRUMEL**

**SELYTAREL**

**KNIGHT SERGAL OF THE ERMINE RITUAL**

**CARDINELLA SIRUMEL OF THE GOLDEN GRAIL**

**ETERNITY'S LOVE-BRIGHT ALTAR OF THE FORBIDDEN MASS**

**THE SACRED WHORE & MUSE OF THE JEWEL MARKETS IN BABYLON**

**VISCOUNTESS SELENDARIEL OF EVERMEET IN AVALON**

**HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL OF THE TEMPLE ORDER OF THE SACRED DAUGHTERS OF MARY WITH A VESSEL OF OIL**

*"SIRUMEL ou SELYTAREL, fera sentir aus spectateurs le jour ou les ténèbres"*

British Library Manuscript Lansdowne 1202

Every Baptism of a new initiate into *The Executioners' Guild* is performed with a **Peacock Feather**, present (either in *The Material World* or *The World of Human Imagination*), to represent The Objective of OUR PIRATE QUEST ~ To Create **The Fabled Jewel Markets of BABYLON**.

*The Infernal Lady* SELENDARIEL is among the most likeable demons I have encountered, and may be *The S&M Submissive Aspect* of BECARDIA.

She has her own mind.

In body, she is soft and receptive and inviting, for she is a *Goddess of The Golden Grail*, and as a result of her position in *The Ermine Rite*, she is perhaps the most powerful Valkyrie under FREYA.

But where BECARDIA is fierce and dominant and demanding of adventure, SIRUMEL is inviting and submissive and welcomingly receptive ~ and this demon blasphemes God's "Unconditional Love" by actually giving it.

She is renown for accepting The Sorcerer with all of his faults, and giving complete Venusian Love, be only that his entire will be unto *The Ermine Soul Pledge*.

When a Sorceress or Sorcerer accepts *The Ermine Soul Pact*, pledging her or his will to *The Great Work of The Ermine Rite*, she or he may invoke *The Demon Viscountess* SERGAL in order to attract an alchemical suited mate who is a mirror opposite of the invoker, and yet a full expression of transformative greatness ~ and thereby perform *The Great Rite of Illumination*.

The Viscountess may be invoked either as Patron Deity by The Jewel Whore, or as Venusian Deity by The Sorceress or Sorcerer who desires Illumination.

Though her humanoid form is always entirely female, SERGAL's demon-form appears near entirely female though with the trans-sexual addition of a giant camel penis, vagina, and anus, but a fluffy golden bunny tail above these ~ and the whole arrangement is wildly sexy. Her animal form is that of a Faerie Dragon with butterfly wings that move through a spectrum of colours, but often favour blues and reds and golds which bleed black. However, though she can make every colour of green, she cannot produce *The Emerald Seer Stone of Delphi*, and she often resents her sister for this reason, though she endlessly milks her for blood, knowing that in 1001 years *The Delphic Fire* will awaken in SELYTAREL, if she can drink enough of *The Blood of SALOME*. And The Dark Faeries will have an Emerald Seer Stone, blessed by *The Devil*.

-o0o-

She is a Muse of The ARTS, and a mysterious figure.

*The Lady* SELENDARIEL seeks Artists, particularly mystic artists, and she binds together The World of The Artist and The World of The Whore.

She is a Sacred Whore first and foremost, and may be the most luscious S&M “Submissive” Lover, in existence, and every secret of “The Sub” is known unto her ~ for she governs *The Sacred Vocation of The Jewel Whore*, and her power over all of The Treasure Hoards of The Worlds is the hidden force of The Submissive.

Thus, is SELYTAREL foresworn her PAST, and spoken *The Unforgiveable Blasphemy against The Holy Spirit*, by The Shadow Lamp of Spider’s Mass ~ in 1001 years, Her Dark Faerie form will take precedence over her blond human form.

She is a part of The Ermine Rite, and she governs every blond or white human who renounces her or his PAST, thereby to found a House of Dark Faeries.

*The Metamorphosis of The Spider’s Grand Impurity.*

*The Chevallier* SERGAL is *The Jewel Whore*.

*The Bejewelled Talisman of The Black & White Duchess.*

*The Daughter of ISHTAR & BECARDIA & KLEPOTH.*

*The Sacred Muse of The Jewel Markets of BABYLON.*

*The Jewel Whore of The MAGNA MATER.*

-oOo-

SERGAL is an exceptionally beautiful and unusually soft and gentle and receptive Valkyrie who has risen to this unusually high post through a strange combination of sexuality, idealism, and dedication to duty. She is a knight of exceptional merit, and holds several related titles.

In each of her forms, she is a powerful and emotionally perceptive and dangerously animal demon, though her animal side is expressed through submission.

She is The Archetype of The Golden Grail of The Great Rite, though she wears a belt of black and white checkers made from a lock of hair from The Duchess ~ she transforms a faeries of light into faeries of darkness, and faeries of darkness into faeries of light.

For those who will pay her price,  
Sacrificing a line of their blood as Jewel Whores,  
For Initiation into her Temple Order,  
And each Favour, thereafter.

Thus, is she a Greater Demonlord of Forbidden Sexuality!

*The Jewel Whore of The Great & Forbidden Market!*

-oOo-

SELYTAREL is The Dark Faerie form of *The Goddess*.

She is an Artist and Poet and Seer and Philosopher and Lover, though her primary skill is Social.

She holds a role as important diplomat in The Great Fane, and is The Handmaiden sent to welcome most high guests.

She has the full arcana of submissive/attractive Love Magicks that she developed in BABYLON,

It is said that there is no more attract “Submissive Lover” in existence.

Her Valkyrie Heritage imbues her with exception warrior skills,

And she is a renowned Knight & Sword-Maiden & Priestess of The Spider.

She has many powers over Treasure,

And every merchant of BABYLON’S Jewel Markets makes sacrifices and donations and edifices unto Her

Her temple is among the richest in BABYLON

For Her Generosity is Legendary.

-o0o-

A dark mirror inversion take place in a 1001 years, when The Dark Faerie aspect of this demon takes precedence over The Human-Valkyrie aspect. At this point, Selytarel ceases to play the role of The Jewel Whore, and that role is given over to *The Dark Elfin* SIRCHARDE, who becomes *The Silver Grail of The Spiders Mass*, and is called *The Cum-Slut Jewel Whore*, commercially used to metamorphose useful strangers to become Dark Faeries by *The Spider's Mass* ~ and her naughty cup will overflow with the abundant happiness of The Goddess.

-o0o-

*"SERGAL shows all sorts of marvels and chimeras, both natural and supernatural."*

*The Grimorium Verum* (1517) Unknown Author  
English Translation by Joseph Peterson (2011)

The Demonlord SIRUMEL is a Valkyrie of exceptional qualities whose holds this position in *The Ermine Rite* as a high honour for one of her status. Many Valkyrie are initiates of Her Temple Order. She governs The Metamorphosis of Day into Night. By her magicks, White People cross *The Abyss* through Love, instead of Hate. Perhaps most importantly, she is The Portal whereby Blond People metamorphose in Dark Elves ~ and the name of her metamorphosed form is SELYTAREL. For this reason, SIRUMEL's Dark Faerie aspect SELYTAREL will (like SYRACHI's) take prominence over her humanesque form, in a 1001 years.

She governs over *The Rituals of The Jewel Whore*, including *The Gold-Digging Ritual* ~ and every blond woman who marries wealth, knows *The Viscountess* SIRUMEL.

SIRUMEL is an exceptionally sexual vampire, and will lay an egg for The Wizard, is he pays her in The Coin of *The Ermine Rite* ~ in this respect, she is among the best of *The Ermine Demons* to invoke for rituals of metamorphosis.

She has a complex and intimate relationship with *The Sylvan*, because her natural form is as The Inheritor of The Emerald Gems, yet not inheritor of their mystic powers, for 1001 Years. The result is an often complex and extremely sexual relationship between these two. According to *The Devil*, she can only awaken her seer power by drinking into herself the whole of the original blood of The Hellenes ~ so she intends to be busy over the coming 1001 years. She protects *The Sylvan*, much as one might protect a larder, and she moves the threads to drink each of the worthy Hellenes who enter.

-o0o-

The Demonlord, *Viscountess* SELENDARIEL is a *Noble Lady of The Ermine Rite* ~ and probably the richest being in *The Jewel Markets of BABYLON*.

She is a Love Goddess of Seduction, Treasure, and Transformation, but also gentleness and responsibility and True Love that is Forbidden.

She is patron of The Blond People who are dedicated to Liberty.

Her ideal is the magickal reward bestowed by a Witch SALOME upon The Liberty-Loving Blond People of AVALON ~ the descendants of those Blond People of AVALON who consecrated themselves to Liberty in The Fire of The Gene War.

The magicks wrought during SALOME's battle with an invader repeatedly culled and regenerated The Blond People until they discovered that The Blond Avalonians were no longer like the rest of the blond people, or even the other humans.

However, The Sun Elves agreed to give over Their Golden Heart to BABYLON, knowing that war would come from separation.

*Viscountess* SELENDARIEL is The Demonlord who governs over The Blonds who have pledged themselves to *The Devil's Great Work of Illumination*.

We, who are the evil dark, only rape and loot and kill blonds who are not pledge thus by Harmony of Liberty's Peace.

The Blonds who consecrated themselves to REAL Liberty, were honoured, and permitted to create and sell their jewels and new naturally-occurring jewels, each generation ~ and thus every family became fantastically and sustainably rich, having new naturally-crystalizing jewels to sell each generation.

The other blonds (i.e. "The Bottom-Feeding Racists") did not need to be paid.

Are you wondering if FREYA Blushes, when tied to a thick mast and confronted with a ravenous band of growling grinning growing PIRATES?

Ha!

BECHARDIA *Exultant unto Eternity!*

-o0o-

What is going to happen to The Blond Race?

*Viscountess* SELENDARIEL is a Future that is going to happen to some of The Blond Race ~ and She is unique to AVALON, but a significant presence in BABYLON.

The Blonds who are ruthlessly dedicated to Liberty in AVALON were repeatedly “culled” of those with racist tendencies, over the course of The 1001 years.

By this act, they became one of the first really civilized people in the world, and were able to “represent” and responsibly help administrate The World’s First & Greatest PROFESSIONAL LIBERATION BUSINESS.

Over the course of a 1001 years, The Blond Knight, who is consecrated to Art & Liberty under The Rose, did lead in many adventures to distant lands, in turn, liberating many of the peoples and races of The World, at various stages.

And at the end of each Liberation event ~ The Great Celebration Feast would occur.

And The Blond Knight left many babies in each country, and these genes, seen as gifts by the people, spread out, and illuminated in the new forms as Natural Illuminati ~ Children of each of the races and tribes we Liberated through the age to come.

He left children among ever race of humanity, drinking the blood of the best humans by his sword.

This is Natural Genetic Success, Beautiful Blond Boy who art dedicated to Liberty and Chivalry and Art.

And these children became great illuminati of new colours and varieties, in every race ~ each his children.

NATURE laughs at humanity’s rules and thoughts of conformity and ordinary obsessive ordered poverty of creativity.

LOVE is a Natural Truth.

And so it came to pass that he had many adventures, and his dedication to freedom was rewarded with respect for his ownership rights being honoured at *The Jewel Markets of* BABYLON, and he had many babies, over the whole world.

Thus, was a Phallus of LOVE & LIBERTY & LIFE as a Sacred Aspergillum sprinkling Illumination over the peoples of the world.

And creating children who would not be militant fearful racists.

For The Race of Blonds who birthed these children were not savages ~ had been culled of xenophobia and every lowness by each savage and terrible and unexpected PASSOVER Event over 1001 years.

Thus is The Knight Angelic a creature of advanced wisdom and strong, understanding, idealistic temperament, but no prudery!

A character cultivated over the course of a 1001 years.

*The Illuminati* will be superior humanoids of genuine divine nature and (if you are sensible enough to genetically honour my SALOME) natural wizarding talent.

This is the genetic future of The Blond People whom we are keeping alive to repopulate The Blond Race.

-o0o-

When Summoned as a Pagan Deity, SELENDARIEL manifests the above described Natural Beauty by The Sylvan.

When Summoned as a Demonlord, *Viscountess* SELENDARIEL manifests through *The Black Mass of The Arcane Spider* The Forbidden Path whereby Blond People may metamorphose into *Dark Elves of BABYLON*.

By *The Dark Rituals of SELDARIEL*, the individual blond human leaves her or his old race, and becomes The Founding Member of a House of Dark Elves, at a large scale or a small scale.

This pagan deity/infernal demonlord governs The Rites of Metamorphosis among blond people, and thus she is a patron of vampires who have blond-hair ~ and she is among the most notoriously seductive beings in existence.

These are the arcane pathways of the ethereal psychic entity named *Viscountess* SELENDARIEL of *The Ermine Rite*.

-o0o-

## **HIPACTH/HICPACTH**

*"Hipacth will bring a distant person to you in an instant."*

This is a Slug Creature, and it (with its servitors and realms) fulfils every fantasy related to sex with slugs and worms and larvae.

## **HUMOTS**

GREATER DEMON OF FORBIDDEN LITERATURE

*"Humoth has the power to bring you all sorts of books that you desire."*

## **QUEEN FRUCISSEIERE**

*"Frucisseiere can resuscitate the dead!"*

A reference to his legendary ability to arouse women's hearts ~ and raise them from The Earth into Illumination.

## **COUNT GULAND THE OOZING** ~ ARCH-DEMON OF SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES

*"Guland has the power to excite and cause every sort of disease."*

This demon has far more precision and control than many may expect. Have no fear, if you are pacted. Very fun and terrible and unexpectedly beautiful demon. Thank You, Sweetie.

## **LADY SERGAT**

*"Surgat can open all sorts of locks."*

## **MORAIL**

*"Morail has the power to render persons invisible."*

Appears as a four-legged mammal and governs sex of this type.

## **LADY FRUTIMIERE**

*"Fruitimere has the ability to prepare all sorts of feasts for you."*

Food is among the most important foci of human ritual ~ from the breaking of bread to the ritual couplings of glass and wine, from the announcement banquets to celebration banquet to the wedding banquet, from the symbolic cannibalism of the Christians to the cornucopia of the pagans.

The Goddess DEMETER with power to invoke The Goddess GAIA.

**HUICTIGARA**

*"Huictugara causes sleep or wakefulness in some, and in others a troublesome sleepiness."*

The Truenames of The Demons under Duchess SYRAX are written and sealed.

-o0o-

## THE MINISTERS OF THE ERMINE TRINITY

These are six demons who will be present (though possibly unseen or by unseen proxy) at every major work of an Ermine Demon ~ every great sin of Forbidden Pleasure that ever occurs.

The sorcerer will only summon these powerful demons in order to make a pact with any of The Three Arch-Demonlords of *The Ermine Rite*.

GRAND GENERAL<sup>32</sup>, LORD **SATANAKIA** (SATANICAE/SATANACHIA)  
Grand Infernal Representative of EMPEROR LUCIFER in The Parlours of Forbidden Pleasure

ASSISTANT GENERAL<sup>33</sup>, LADY **AGALIAREPT** (AGALIERAP)  
Grand Infernal Representative of EMPEROR LUCIFER in The Parlours of Forbidden Pleasure  
Some whisper that she is the real brains of these two.

MINISTER, LORD **TARCHIMACHE**  
Grand Infernal Representative of PRINCE BEELZEBUB in The Parlours of Forbidden Pleasure

LIEUTENANT<sup>34</sup>, LADY **FLERUTY**  
Grand Infernal Representative of PRINCE BEELZEBUB in The Parlours of Forbidden Pleasure

BRIGADIER<sup>35</sup>, LADY **SATANICAE** (SAGATANA/SARGATANAS)  
Grand Infernal Representative of THE GRAND DUCHESS ASTAROTH in The Parlours of Forbidden Pleasure

**MARQUIS?** DE CAMP<sup>36</sup>, LORD **NESBIROS**  
Arch-demon and Grand Infernal Representative of THE GRAND DUCHESS ASTAROTH in The Parlours of Forbidden Pleasure. This is NUBIUS, Steed of The Demon Queen ASHTAROTH.

-o0o-

### THE STRANGE CREATURES I SAW IN THIS VISION

Now we are going to play a game of match the demon to the truename.

I am going to tell you the strange creatures I have seen in my visions, and you are going to match them to *The Greater Demons of The Ermine Rite* (or define them as demon pets).

I can tell you more than I am telling you, but I probably can't tell you everything.

I will tell you of my clairvoyant visions associated with *The Ermine Invocations of Forbidden Pleasure*.

-o0o-

## The Purple Lunar Sex Octopus

I suspect this is the true form of **ELANTIEL**, as it is far too big and powerful to be a mere demon-pet.

It lives under the trapdoor in the basement of *The Great Castle of The Ermine Gardens*.

But its tentacles are around every corner in human consciousness....

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<sup>32</sup> *Le Dragon Rouge* (DATE) Place.

<sup>33</sup> *Le Dragon Rouge* (DATE) Place.

<sup>34</sup> *Le Dragon Rouge* (DATE) Place.

<sup>35</sup> *Le Dragon Rouge* (DATE) Place.

<sup>36</sup> *Le Dragon Rouge* (DATE) Place.

Every human consciousness.

I warned you it is big.

-o0o-

I will include more information in future, yet there remains much work to complete.

-o0o-

### **THE DEMON WEB OF *THE NIHIL***

Few creatures can survive in *The Nihil* ~ fewer still can thrive there.

-o0o-

*The Fall* from Eden.

The Act of *Sex* is at the centre of every aspect of the human concept of *The Forbidden* ~ under PAN, every demon is a sex demon, to a greater or lesser degree.

The Rite of Forbidden Pleasure explores this concept and its philosophical implications more deeply than any other rite of HELL ~ *The True Vocation* it magickally expresses.

The exploration and understanding of (the individual's unique) Forbidden Pleasure is *The True Vocation* of the sorcerer who gives her or his soul by *The Ermine Rite* which is the name given to The Rite of Forbidden Pleasure.

A Spiritual Path of *The Forbidden*.

-o0o-

If we relinquish all moral meaning in the universe and everything else ~ except sexual feeling.... what are the types of sexual pleasure possible?

*The Demon Web* has eleven centre strands that reach through every underworld realm and even *The Outer Darkness* ~ these are the eleven names of sexual pleasure.

The eleven segments of *The Fruit of Knowledge* that grows alongside *The Fruit of Life* who has ten segments.

The Eleven Names of Sexual Pleasure form the root names of *The Eleven Sphere Worlds* of HELL.

What are those names?

They change continuously.

But I think there is an entire underworld dream pocket of sexy witches and wizards who could categorize sexual pleasure into those eleven strands.

You will require both logical intelligence and intuitive sensitivity, but when you make the decision on category titles, the meaning webs will fix in the world of human imagination.

And you will draw your glyphs.

And become....

*Children of The Spider Queen.*

-o0o-



THE **SECRET SINFUL** DREAMINGS OF HUMAN **SEXUALITY**

# THE **ERMINE RITUALS** OF **FORBIDDEN PLEASURE**

THE **TEMPLES OF BABYLON AND SODOM AND GOMORRAH**

“Sin Centres in Underworld of **HELL**”

## THE DEVIL'S TERRIFYING CONJURATION BY THE MAGICK SQUARE

An Excerpt within an Excerpt  
From  
*The Book of The Rose that blooms in The Night, etc.*

*"He called to cancel the meeting for that evening and went to the lodge alone. As soon as he arrived, he went to a temple room used only for special operations carried out by The Grand Master himself.*

*The room had a single window that could be blacked out with a curtain. Near the east wall, a tetragonal column ornamented with magical signs served as an altar; the magical equipment had already been placed there. Above was a picture of The BAPHOMET, the supreme god of black magicians. The walls were covered with dark blue velvet. A large chandelier hung from the centre of the light-blue ceiling. On the altar was a small magic lamp of a type called **lantern magica** by occultists, shining with the seven colours of the rainbow and symbolizing an alliance with the spheres of the seven planets. In each corner of the room there were two very large candles in magnificent silver candlesticks. Although the room could be lit by electricity, only candles or spirit lamps were used for magical operations.*

*The Grand Master removed a dark blue silk coat and headscarf of the same colour from a wardrobe. He closed the door of the temple, undressed, and put on the silk coat and scarf. The part of the scarf that covered the forehead was ornamented with an inverted pentagram embroidered in silver. A pair of violet silk slippers adorned his feet.*

*He opened a wall safe and took out an enormous white cover which he placed on the floor. The cover was embroidered with a multi-coloured magical circle shaped like a snake whose back was ornamented with various names. There was a triangle just above the embroidered magic circle; it pointed upwards and there were letters at its corners. The centre of the circle contained an inverted pentagram, embroidered in reddish-purple. Each corner of the pentagram was embroidered with a letter; taken altogether, they spelled out the word "SATAN".*

*The Grand Master placed a dish of incense above the triangle and five flat candles round the circle. Then he carefully examined each piece of magical equipment again, for nothing must be forgotten during the invocations he intended to perform. Despite the protection he had acquired through his demonic pact, the least inattention could have severe consequences.*

*After adding incense powder, he lit the charcoal in the censer and a strong odor filled the room. Then he lit the candles and switched off the electric lights. The curtains kept out the daylight.*

*The Grand Master stepped majestically into the magic circle. His left hand gripped his magic sword, his right hand his magic wand. From his neck hung a **lamen**<sup>37</sup> engraved with the seal of the being he was about to invoke. Facing East, he recited the invocation formula with fervor:*

*"I am linked to you, salamanders and fire spirits of Hell.  
Your element is subject to me in all three worlds.  
I call upon you and invoke you, Prince of The Hellish Fire Spirits.  
In invoke you in The Name SATAN, your unholy master, who is your lord and ruler.  
As an ally of your master,*

*I order you in his name to succumb to my will and to support my purposes through your element.  
I bind you to my magic sword and force you to absolute obedience.*

*I demand from you that your fierce fire spirits be subjected to my will and that they assist me with my plans at whatsoever time.*

*In the name of your highest lord and ruler, with whom I am joined by pact,  
I command you to persecute and destroy Frabato.  
Prince of The Fires Spirits of Hell!*

*Appear here now, visibly before my circle, to confirm the reception of my orders!"*

*After The Grand Master had passionately recited this invocation, the flames of the candles rose high and the floor began to vibrate. A brightly shining ray appeared in the magic triangle and a shrill voice was heard:*

*"I have heard your request, great magician! We must serve you, for our supreme lord is obligated to you. Therefore my subjects and I shall persecute Frabato wherever the influence of our element makes it possible. However, I cannot guarantee full success – because Frabato must fulfil a special mission on earth. His fate is not that of ordinary mortals!"*

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<sup>37</sup> "For a detailed description of *lamens*, see *Bardon's Practice of Magical Evocation*, p66-9." I quote this footnote directly from *Frabrato the Magician* (Bardon, REF)

*The shape of the being had become increasingly visible, and tongues of fire were dancing around it. An unbearable heat emanated from the apparition, whose power was so piercing that The Grand Master himself felt he was in danger. He lifted his sword and directed its tip toward the entity. The fire-being vanished with the crackling of a thunderbolt, causing the ground beneath his feet to vibrate.*

*After resting and concentrating quietly for a few moments, the black magician faced south:*

*“You forces of the element of air! My whole being is now in contact with your element.  
King of the demonic beings of the air, heed my call and obey my will.  
As an ally of your highest lord, I invoke you in his name!  
You and your hurricane spirits that pass through the atmosphere at tremendous speeds must obey my orders.  
I invoke you, king of the demonic spirits of the air.  
Appear visibly before my circle and confirm the reception of my request.  
Do not hesitate, for if you do, I will torture and torment you in your master’s name!  
King of the air, appear before me now!”*

*Amidst ear-splitting howls, an air-spirit became visible in the magic triangle.*

*“You earthworm! If you were not most supreme lord’s ally, I would tear you to pieces with my element. You dare threaten me in such a manner? It is only due to your pact that I owe you obedience. Now, express your request!”*

*“I demand the destruction of Frabato,” The Grand Master called out authoritatively. “Your spirits of the air shall persecute him continuously and thwart his every deed. Make him a powerless weakling.”*

*“I will do what is within my power, but I cannot promise success, for The Brothers of Light are behind Frabato,” the king of the air replied scornfully – and then he too disappeared.*

*The mention of Frabato’s special position, his power and the source of his protection, caused hatred and rage to surge anew in The Grand Master’s soul. In such a mood, he turned westward:*

*“Forces of Water, I conjure you!  
Listen to my demand, beings of the watery element!  
Mighty Demon Prince of The Waters, I invoke you.  
I am linked with your element and I speak your language.  
I call you in The Name SATAN, your lord.  
I, the ally of your ruler, must be obeyed at once;  
Ascend from the roaring ocean and appear visibly here before my circle to confirm the reception of my requests.  
Do not refuse to come or I will persecute you in your infernal ruler’s name with the element of Fire!  
Prince of Waters, appear to me!”*

*With an immense roar, a peculiar being, half-human and half-fish, materialized in the magic triangle and addressed the magician in a hoarse voice.*

*“You have called me from my element, even though you know that I detest large cities. If you were not my master’s ally, I would have plagued you by my element because of your threats. Now, tell me what you want, and do it quickly!”*

*Seething with anger and hate, The Grand Master cried out,*

*“I have not called you from the depths of the sea without reason. In the name of your lord and master, I demand the persecution and destruction of Frabrato. He is the first to resist our lodge, and therefore I want him exterminated!”*

*“I will try to fulfil your wish. What is in my power will be done, but success cannot be guaranteed. Much will depend on whether we can seize Frabato in a weak hour.”*

*The magician dismissed the being with his magic wand; it disappeared.*

*He was enraged that the princes of the elements had not promised them full success; he began to realize the great difficulties that were come. In order to complete his magic square, he had to invoke the prince of the Earth element, as well. He faced North.*

*“Mighty Prince of The Hellish Element of Earth, your master’s ally is calling you in his name.  
In The Name SATAN, leave the underworld and appear visibly before my circle and confirm to me that you have received my request.*

*Obey my commands immediately, otherwise I will torment you in the name of your master.  
Prince of The Earth, appear to me now!"*

*The ground beneath The Grand Master's feet quaked and, with a crashing roar, a small man with grey hair and a long chin appeared in the magic triangle. His large dark, deep-set eyes flashed at the black magician. In his right hand he held a lantern which emitted a light that was strangely dim and yet intense. The earth spirit stared at the magician with a penetrating look, and said:*

*"Reluctantly, I have left my realm to obey your will. According to the spiritual laws and by virtue of your pact, I owe you obedience until you die. What is your wish?"*

*The deep and powerfully icy stare of the being caused a cold shudder to run down the magician's spine. It suddenly occurred to him that at his death, he would become a servant to this creature.*

*The Prince of The Gnomes waited quietly in the magic triangle. He could read the magician's thoughts and feelings quiet easily, and it seemed to fill him with great pleasure that this power-mad man would be his subject in The Future.*

*Though almost paralyzed, The Grand Master composed himself, saying:*

*"I know what is in store for me; but in The Present, I cannot remain inactive and watch an outsider celebrate his success and ridicule our lodge.*

*I therefore demand that you persecute and destroy Frabato with all your powers.*

*Pull him down into the depths of your realm and surround him with a veil of darkness, so that he cannot escape.*

*This is my will!*

*The extermination of Frabato will serve the image of your master and our brotherhood."*

*"I will do what is in my power." Answered The Spirit of Earth, softly. "But I cannot guarantee full success in the case of a man like Frabato."*

*The Earth Spirit disappeared and the entire building suddenly became as silent as a grave. The invocation of The Elemental Beings had so exhausted The Grand Master that he stood in The Magic Circle as if physically beaten. He was breathing heavily and an emptiness pervaded his mind. He saw The Demon Spirit which served him every day standing in the corner of the room. The entity had been at his side for many years, helping him fulfil his wishes; he had become completely dependent upon the creature. He was aware that he no longer had the power to loosen himself from his chains; the spiritual laws gave him no chance to annual his pact with the rulers of demonic powers. The power which he had gained through his pact would not last forever, and, just as he was master today, he would be slave tomorrow. He had been unable to satisfy his lust for material power and wealth with his occult abilities; therefore he had succumbed to the temptation of a magical pact. A feeling of dependency weighed upon him, like a nightmare in this very hour; he suffered hellish torments he had never before experienced in his life. His hatred for Frabato was immense, though, and it was fuelled by the failure of The Princes of The Four Elements to guarantee him success.*

*"What powerful authority is behind this Frabato?" The question hammered in his mind. "I want him destroyed, even if I have to risk my own life!"*

*Driven by these thoughts, The Grand Master decided to invoke The Master of Demonic Powers himself, and ask him to fulfil his wish. The black magician laid his sword upon the floor inside the circle and placed his left foot upon it. He raised his magic wand with his right hand and drew **The Seal of Darkness** in the air, the agreed upon sign which would invoke the very Master of Demons.*

*He had scarcely completed The Seal when a glaring ray ascended from the ground and illumined the entire room. The Grand Master stood there as if struck by lightning and struggled to retain consciousness, for the room had been filled with a deadly paralysing vibration. No ordinary mortal would have been able to survive this terrible energy, and only The Grand Master's pact saved him from instant annihilation.*

*A very peculiar figure slowly condensed in The Triangle, sporting the horned head of a he-goat, and a hairy human body with breasts. Its hands had freakish, talon-like fingers, and its feet were like the hooves of a bull. A long thick tail completed the figure.*

*After the apparition became visible, the ray of light disappeared into the ground. Only rarely had the magician seen this spirit, for this was BAPHOMET himself, The Master of Demons!*

*BAPHOMET spoke sneeringly to the trembling Grand Master:*

*“Well, great magician, I know of your wish to destroy Frabato. It is a good idea and I will support it with all my power. However, it will not be easy, for this Frabato is a man with a special spiritual mission. This is why our proven methods have failed thus far. If you insist on your request, we face a difficult task. Perhaps you should spend the rest of your days enjoying other pleasures in life?”*

*A battle raged between The Grand Master’s conscience, his fear, and his hate. In the end, hatred was victorious, and in a blind rage, he mumbled:*

*“What have I made this pact for? You are obligated to assist me until the end of my life. You may triumph over me after my death, but now I demand your assistance, but now I demand your assistance in the extermination of Frabato. I shall have no pleasure in life, otherwise. May he be eternally damned!”*

*After the magician had uttered his curse, the uncanny visitor vanished into the ground without replying. The paralysing tension dissolved at once. Completely exhausted, The Grand Master uttered the dismissal formula for all the beings he had invoked, whilst adding a few protective formulae to be sure. He hurriedly locked all the magical aids in their respective cabinets and left the temple.*

*He fell onto a sofa in an adjacent room, unable for some time to formulate a clear thought. After a cup of strong coffee, he felt somewhat revived, but he was unable to cast off the dramatic events of the day.*

*The Sun was shining brightly in the blue sky, but The Grand Master was sullen as he left the lodge and hastily made his way home.”*

*Frabato the Magician (1979/Translated 1982) Franz Bardon*

Frabato certainly appears to have a different opinion of himself to that of the lodge master.

Dear Franz Bardon was a stage magician who travelled around Germany in the period leading up to World War II. He had an intimate knowledge of “The FOGC Lodge” of “Black Magicians”. And he crossed his heart and hoped to die when he wrote *The Golden Book of Wisdom* and his other books, after WWII.

Franz Bardon was tortured in a nazi concentration camp. He then reappeared in 1945, after having “magically” and “surgically” transformed the shape of his face ~ and that is why he looked different, he tells us (REF).

The “About The Author” section written by Deiter Rüggeberg (1979) for his “autobiographical novel”, *Frabato the Magician* may be among the more amusing pieces of writing in modern history?

(Include both pictures, from Franz Bardon’s own books of Magic.)

I notice that *The Night Queen* LILITH has inscribed her demonic sigil in the parchment of Franz Bardon’s grimoire on *The Practice of Evocation*. And an interesting bird spreads her wings through the front covers of all his books.

What does it all mean?

-o0o-

(*Demonology* ~ Oxford Dictionary Definition)

*The Ritual of The Magick Square* belongs to *The Lodge* 99.

This Lodge is given unto The Dark-Eyed People of The World, that they may survive and thrive.

A treasure that The Satyr claimed, and *The BAPHOMET* has validated and reordered for him to use against its former wielders.

Dark and Terrible Fun!

Excerpt from *Liber Sub Rosa Nocturna* (2017) Glenorchy McBride III

# THE GRAND RITUAL OF THE DEVIL'S MAGICK SQUARE

THE FORMULA FOR FOUNDING A CHAPTER OF THE LODGE 99

The psychic formula and many rules of The Ermine Rite are contained within the grimoires of Franz Bardon.

## EQUIPMENT AND MATERIAL COMPONENTS

The incantations direct The Will. The use of gem stones, herbs, planetary hours, etc. are used to draw down the archetype etheric influences into the devices and components being magickally calibrated or enchanted. The blood sacrifices and blasphemies unlock the tensions and reservoirs of power that energize the rituals and magick items.

### **The Wand**

Can be consecrated by a single incantation. Sprinkling with consecrated water using a spring of mint, marjoram, and rosemary. Fumigation (thus requiring equip ~ **ensor & charcoal**), but ingredients of the incense are flexible, but may include lignum aloe, frankincense, & mace.

**The Quill** (including **The Quill Knife**, Lat. *artavus*)

**The Ink** (including **Inkpot** and **Lancet** for drawing blood)

Human blood is used in the alchemical formula for creating the ink.

### **The Parchment**

Great importance is placed on the preparation of this spell component. It must be prepared inside a magick circle drawn of charcoal, in the centre of which is inscribed the seal of spirit to be invoked. The magick circle is fumigated. Invocations attend each section of the ritual. Arcane glyphs and words of power are inscribed around the circle.

Called "*Virgin Parchment*" because the soul being sold is "virgin".

### **The Wizard's Seal (of Command or Authority)**

*The Seal of Command* is prepared by offering an incense created from human blood, whilst performing a terrible invocation.

### **The Magick Circle & Triangles**

I understand the circle diagram we will be using, and the triangles will be as described by Franz Bardon (with some additional enchantments by ME).

Traditionally, *The Grimorium Verum* uses a fourfold blood sacrifice, including "the unspeakable act". The four life-essences of four animals must be sacrificed by the sorcerer own hand to consecrate The Magick Triangles. But thereafter the magick circle and triangles may be used by placement of the four skulls at the four quarters. This is four animals who represent the four cardinal elements of hermetic qabala, and are given over to the four orders of demons of *The Grimorium Verum*.

Each time the demons are summoned, a blood sacrifice may be offered. This may be given as a little of the sorcerer's (or another's) blood, or as the sacrifice of a goat with the addition of a series of unspeakable abominations.

We will use a traditional design, in order to calibrate with the tradition of thought into which we are plugging our awareness of *The Everything*. Four animals whose throats are cut with a silver knife at the four quarters of the magic circle.

*The Devil's Magic Square.*<sup>38</sup>

**Other equipment:** *Rosy White Corpse Dust*, Grail & Unholy Water, Censor & Charcoal, etc.

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The result of the performance of *The Devil's Magick Square Ritual* is the formation of *The Ermine Seal of Initiation* thus endowing the witch with the formal title of *Ermine Sorcerer*, and the ability to summon any of the demons of *The Grimorium Verum*, for the purpose of making explicit written pacts with them.

*The Ermine Seal of Initiation* transforms the witch's *Black Mirror of Nihil* into a material anchor for a planar web strand of *The Demon Web of The Abyss*, the lair of LILITH and her handmaidens. As you can see, opening a gate directly into *The*

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<sup>38</sup> Obviously, the sorcerer and his coven mates eat the four animals. The preparation of these delicious meats must be a practical part of the ritual patterns (which probably means stripping and laying the dead animals upon a smoking braiser). *The Material Blasphemy*.

*Abyss* is easy to achieve and has significant advantages ~ this is the home of LILITH, and a place where many of the demons make their lairs. LILITH's action of thought and decision and existence created and maintains the link between the material world and *The Nihil* ~ LILITH was the first human not only to disobey God, but to ignore him. She represents humanity's tendency toward Nihilism.

When the ritual of summoning is performed, the result you get will depend to a large degree upon the will of *The Duchess*. The ritual will open and attune *The Nihil Gate* of your *Black Mirror* to *The Demon Web of The Queen of Spiders*. A daughter of *The Duchess* will respond by sealing the planar thread to *The Material Plane* by using your *Black Mirror* as an anchor, and thereafter you will be able to use this device to summon and make pacts with *The Ermine Demons*.

If *The Duchess* has a special interest in you, she may answer the summons herself. More likely a B&W *Daughter of The Duchess* will be sent to act as her representative. Even if the ritual was clumsily performed, it will be noticed by *The Daughters of SYRACHI*, possibly by *The Duchess* herself, and a spirit will be sent to answer you. If your ritual was weakly performed and you have little psychic vision, it may be some nights or months before you begin to recognize that something is present in your life, helping you with strange and dark co-incidences.

You will learn its name through a dream or co-incidences of life, etc. You will learn to summon and interact with it, through your dreams, and later consciously.

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*The Ritual of The Devil's Magick Square* can be used in two ways.

*The Magick Square Ritual* can be used by anybody to summon *The Duchess SYRACHI* and formulate a pact allowing ongoing easy congress with the demons under her hierarchy. The witch can immediately use the ritual this way, with no adieu, to summon the demonlord SYRACHI, and accept *The Pact of Ermine Sorcery*, and receive *The Ermine Seal of Initiation*. The sorcerer thus becomes able to summon and make and facilitate written pacts of both the lesser and greater variety with *The Duchess* and *The 18 Demons of The Ermine Circle*. This is the easy and immediate way to use the ritual.

*The Magick Square Ritual* can be used by anybody to summon any of *The Three Arch-Rulers of HELL* ~ including *The Devil*, herself.

*The Devil* is notoriously disinterested in humans with whom he has not initiated the communication ~ and almost any summoning of *The Devil* will result in the appearance of a demon deputized to act in his stead. However, this ritual can be used to summon *The BAPHOMET* for the purpose of establishing a charter for *The First Lodge 99* in your realm. As you know, each *Lodge 99* is loyal only to its members, its three races, and its home realm. Thus, each realm's *Lodge 99s* may receive their foundation charter only from *The Devil* ~ no other type of charter is valid. To perform this ritual, the founding members require a *Lodge Charter* signed by *The 99 Candidate Members* (the other signature being *The Devil's Mark*) ~ in addition, the first of the three seal needs to be unlocked and complete in order to be used for this purpose.

*The Lord of Flies and Lies* is an exceptionally powerful and influential demon who can be summoned using a grimoire entitled *The Goetia*, but this rite allows a different type of precision and purpose.

*The Queen of HELL* is the real wonder behind this ritual ~ for the person who unlocks all three seals can perform *The Qabalistic Spell of The Green Butterfly* and summon LILITH in her role as *Sacred Prostitute* to fulfil every desire.... "I dream of genie".

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#### FEATURES OF THE RITUAL

##### ***The Herbs and Plants of The Ritual***

Two sprigs of common British herbs, are used in the ritual ~ "The Asperger" and "The Scents" (p29).

Preparation for ***The Grand Ritual of Evocation*** includes a period of mental preparation, which may involve seclusion, fasting or banqueting, abstinence or overindulgence, prayers and blasphemies, black masses, etc.

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#### BASIC MAGICKAL TOOL OF THE DARK SORCERER

## THE BLACKENED WAND OF THE DEVIL'S MAGICK SQUARE

The sorceress may use her own wand, or she make create a wand that is purpose designed for conjurations and summonings ~ this is the infamous *Blackened Wand* used by *The 99 Lodge*.

There are many formulae of wands, and if you feel comfortable with your own general-purpose wand, then it will probably be unnecessary to create a new wand for this ritual.

*The Blackened Wand* is an example formula for constructing a wand designed for use only in a single field of magick. In many ways, *The Blackened Wand* is more aggressive than a general-purpose wand, for its function involves penetrating the reality tapestry and binding potentially volatile or dangerous spirits. The True Vocation of this wand is Overt Control ~ psychic violence.

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This wand is made from a branch of cypress, cut from a graveyard tree, at the witching hour, under the full moon, whilst whispering an incantation. The wood is stripped and shaped and then drenched in the blood of a sacrificed sheep, and carefully charred in a fire of incense spices, rose petals, and shattered sheep bones burning. The blacked wood is then oiled with an alchemically modified curing oil, and thus sealed.

Every graveyard tree is a being of a place between worlds. Cypress wood from graveyards is a sacrament of LILITH, The First Witch, and her daughter HECATE, Goddess of Death and Magick. Every graveyard is a place sacred to *The BAPHOMET* in his office as ORCUS, God of The Dead ~ and is a traditional site for witchcraft. Thus, the tendency for cypress moon groves to grow in graveyards.

*The Blackened Wand* is inscribed with a line of glyphs which make it to function as a key or tuning fork, for opening The Gate to get exactly the demons you are seeking. For this reason, *The Blackened Wand* can only be used with *The Ermine Rite*, it is purpose-designed. The patterns, harmonics, and activation incantations have been agreed upon ('given') by the demons of the rite and are in alignment with the other patterns of the ritual. You will use *The Blackened Wand* to summon any demons of *The Ermine Rite* and to perform *The Devil's Magick Square*.

Figure ? The Sorcerous Glyphs of *The Blackened Wand*  
From *Grimorium Verum*, p25 (Peterson 2007).

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BASIC MAGICKAL TOOL OF THE DARK SORCERER

## THE WIZARD'S SEAL

"At several places in the Delta, e.g. Hermopolis, Lycopolis, and Mendes, the god Pan and a goat were worshipped; Strabo, quoting (xvii. 1, 19) Pindar, says that in these places goats had intercourse with women, and Herodotus (ii. 46) instances a case which was said to have taken place in the open day. The Mendisians, according to this last writer, paid reverence to all goats, and more to the males than to the females, and particularly to one he-goat, on the death of which public mourning is observed throughout the whole Mendesian district; they call both Pan and the goat Mendes, and both were worshipped as gods of generation and fecundity. Diodorus (i. 88) compares the cult of the goat of Mendes with that of Priapus, and groups the god with the Pans and the Satyrs."

E. A. Wallis Budge (1904) *The Gods of The Egyptians*<sup>39</sup>

The real *Seal of Command* is a glyph which aligns The Microcosm & The Macrocosm.

This wizarding seal to cause reality to reconfigure itself to the wizard's Will (e.g. *The Seal of Solomon*) is often worn by the sorcerer to imbue as a talisman of authority over the spirits ~ but it can generally only be used by natural wizards who are schooled in its use.

Sorcerers will often use the *Seal of Authority* given to them by their demon ~ and that is what you will create for use in this ritual.

This sort of seal grants authority over every demon in the said hierarchy. *The Ermine Rite* includes several of these *Authority Seals* through the grimoires of the tradition, and we can link up the seals with the demons over which they will function (if energized by a pact ~ woe be the idiot who tries otherwise).

I will include here several traditional seals which *The Duchess* and *The Devil* have agreed upon as *The Seals of Authority* that each witches and natural wizards and dark sorcerers, and fearful muggles, and even hostile Christians can safely use *The Ermine Rituals* (provided they abide by the rules) to communicate and pact with *The Infernal Hierarchy*.

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<sup>39</sup> E. A. Wallis Budge (1904) *The Gods of The Egyptians* (*Studies in Egyptian Mythology*, Volume II.) Methuen & Company, London. From The Dover Edition (1969) Dover Publications, Inc., New York.

### THE CONSECRATION RITUAL OF THE DEMONIC SEAL

“...(here) will be described the manner of making pacts with spirits who will come according to the character and temperament of the one who wishes to invoke them.... The dark and difficult things would be too clear if they were explained further....you should offer fine incense and moisten it your own blood, or with that of a young goat, with invocation to The Spirit of The East in his place, so that this small work includes a minimum of clear teaching, but it is certain, if you are willing to accept a little pain and precautions, then it will become readily apparent.”  
*Grimorium Verum* (1517)

*Glenorchy's English Translation* = “Here will be described an unspeakable ritual involving a goat and a blood sacrifice and an unspeakable component ~ but as this component is unspeakable, no more description than this can be described here”.

Goats.

The grimoire itself speaks the actual blood sacrifice instructions ~ which opens the question.... What is the “unspeakable” component of this black magick ritual?

You knew from the beginning that you will be required to do something naughty with a goat in order to consummate this ritual.

It is unavoidable ~ it is your destiny.

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BASIC MAGICKAL TOOL OF THE DARK SORCERER

## THE MAGICK CIRCLE OF PROTECTION

I will now build a very powerful magick circle from the traditional components involved in *The Ermine Rite* ~ and some innovations and enchantments of my own.

We will begin with a classic magick circle from Peterson's (2007) folio of translations and research into *The Grimorium Verum* ~ p104<sup>40</sup>.

This circle has a lovely pattern arrangement suited to our Will, i.e. *The Devil's Magick Square Ritual*. But it won't provide much protection beyond the very real protection imbued by the feeling of psychological security that you get when standing within it, and a little bit of residual magick ambience from the rhythm and tradition of history (if you enchant it). What this circle has got is a presence in the grimoires ~ direct historical psychic-circuitry linking it into centuries of bloody and fantastic secret sexual explorations involving *The Ermine Demons*. That is *exactly* what we want for attuning our four cardinal gate triangles.

Nevertheless, the wise sorcerer uses protection.

And thus, upon our attuned set of foundation patterns we will now fit in a second glyphic ring. Franz Bardon, described in unmistakable detail the magick circle formula from *The Goetia*, and indeed, it is general considered to among the best of the protection circles available. We will use this as our core circle, unrolling the serpent into its natural ouroboros configuration.

However, from *The Goetia*, we will use only the ribbon glyphs of the circle ~ we will leave the centre of our circle empty, and it will contain only a discrete technological compass diagram radiating from its centre-point.

As for the various nonsense written around the circle ribbon in (Peterson, p104) formula ~ we will be using *The Tetragrammaton* in a secret and powerful way to access the four elemental gates. The number scrawl may be moved the interior of the goetic ribbon, or discarded ~ the demons revel in chaos.

The four rings and conjuration glyphs are many things, but we will be using or mis-using them as an attunement ring circuit in the creation of our planar gates.

And so, we have the basic structure of a magick circle designed to facilitate the effective and safe use of these powerful spells for opening planar gates, and summoning through strange and ancient and terrible and irresistible entities of forbidden pleasure.

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<sup>40</sup> Joseph Petersen (2007) *Grimorium Verum*. ISBN 13: 978-1-43481-116-5.

I will build the rest of the circle design at some future point.

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BASIC MAGICKAL TOOL OF THE DARK SORCERER

## THE MAGICK MIRROR

*The Black Mirror* is placed within *The Triangle*. The demon manifests within the mirror. Thus, if the sorcerer and the pact are configured with appropriate magickal patterns, the demon within the mirror can place its seal upon The Pact whilst The Pact is within the mirror.

For this component of the spell, the sorcerer may use *The Black Mirror* that he created for *The Awakening Ritual* (McBride, 2017) whereby he became a witch.

This is positioned so that the pact is signed and sealed within the mirror, by both the sorcerer and the demon.

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BASIC MAGICKAL TOOL OF THE DARK SORCERER

## THE TRIANGLED GATE

*"(The spirits....) meld themselves out of the secret matter, from all matter, and for this reason, they need something to lend them a body in order to appear to us, and can take the shape and form that appeal to them."*

*Grimorium Verum* (1517)

Consider the fun researcher (can't remember name?) and the kooky way he present ISHTAR to us. I expect when that bunch are free from university (i.e. his employer) monitored media presentations, their rituals are very different. I expect they let go of the funny wooden waddle of temple circumambulation ~ they dance and scream and scream and tear each other's clothes off their bodies in the swirling frenzy of their spiral dance?

The alchemical formula for the potion that is boiled in a cauldron to produce the vapours from which the spirit forms a powerful material body ~ the desecration of *The Eucharist* is primary to this spell.

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ARCANE TOOLS OF THE HERMETIC WIZARD

## THE HERMETIC SEAL OF COMMAND

A TALISMANIC FORMULA FROM *THE GOETIA* FOR USE ONLY BY NATURAL WIZARDS

This is an optional device, and can only be used by genuine natural wizards ~ yet this device is at the root of the legends of humans *commanding* both demons (and gods) through only the use of personal psychic power.

A *very* dangerous practice ~ and in the long run, the wizard ends up paying more than the price he could have negotiated, had he chosen a pact.

Solomon employed this formula to force a demonlords to build his temple three thousand years before *The Holocaust*.

Forcibly imposing your will upon the arch-demons is a *very* dangerous practice.

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As the primary purpose of this grimoire is to teach the arts of evocation (and thus spawn and deluge of other new grimoires), I have chosen to include this formula.

*The Grimorium Verum* contains a powerful and old sequence *Demonic Seals of Authority* for use in its rituals of sorcery, but (amusingly) doesn't contain any formula for a *Hermetic Seal of Command*.

The formula we will explore here is from the grimoire entitled *The Goetia* ~ this is *The Hermetic Seal of Solomon the King*.

So, you saw what happened to his lot when he used it ~ and we thought that makes it a fine teaching example.

When summoning a demon, the sorcerer ought either be a natural wizard with a *Seal of Command* and a brave attitude, or be wearing a valid *Demonic Seal of Authority*.

The latter is the safer, of the two paths.

But both are referred to as *The Wizard's Seal* ~ because the wizard creates or wears this seal in order to summon and command the spirits brought through the planar gate.

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In addition to this basic functional arcana, most formula for constructing *The Wizard's Seal* include additional enchantments ~ perhaps for dealing with spirits of a particular type or expressions of particular areas of expertise held by the wizard who wrote the grimoire.

The magickal subconscious is powerful, and naturally helpfully transformative.

Most Wizard's Seals will almost always have additional magicks woven through them.

*The Witches of PAN* use two basic *Seals of Authority*.

*The Satanic Seal of Command* is used to evoke demons. *The Apostrophic Seal of Command* is used to evoke 'Angels'.

*The Sigil of The BAPHOMET*

A version of which is inscribed in the front cover of *The Satanic Bible* (LaVey, 1967).

*The Hermetic Seal of Solomon*

Many versions of *Solomon's Seal* exist, but at its most basic form this is merely a circle around two triangles who are interlaced to form a six-pointed star located with the vertical centre axis bisecting each triangle from apex to base.

Unlike most other apostrophic sacraments, *The Seal of Solomon* is a Hebraic Abomination of The Hermetic Traditions. This unusual apostrophic device, can be both used and created by muggle sorcerers. And we have always known that real satanic wizards have odd relationships with the ordained grimoires, e.g. Crowley's use of *The Grimoire of Honorius*.

At its most basic form, a *seal of command* is a hieroglyph and formula for creating a talisman to express hieroglyph. When invested with the prime archetype's authority over the spirits of a magickal tradition. Thus, *The Seal of Solomon*, for example can be used (through qabalistic formulae) to command angels ~ and being the root tradition, this extends to angels of both The Islamic and Christian Traditions. From Gabriel to SATAN, all of them honour the same hierarchies of angels. They merely worship different idols. God was a race-pacted Canaanite deity ~ of course, his cult would fracture when he sold to other races.

Thus, *The Seal of Command*, is always *The Unholy (or Holy) Symbol* that governs the spirits who are being commanded.

However, most formulae for creating a *seal of command* also include addition magicks which can be accessed by the initiated to improve the potency of the device. For example, the two interlacing triangles of *The Seal of Solomon* represent the microcosm and the macrocosm, thus it is a formulae lens for causing The External Reality of the wizard to refract into a reflection of The Internal Reality of the wizard. I have no idea if a muggle sorcerer can use it thus? Probably the internal adjustments are too great. Thus, a central magical mechanism is hidden in the glyph. There will usually be a few other minor formulae woven through ~ Hebrew words of power (e.g. AGLA is common in this glyph, as it is a material influence to its magicks). Hundreds of adaptations and variation formulae exist, through the grimoires of the ages, Hebrew, Islamic and Christian. The fact that the myth under pinning is recorded in *The Bibles* of each of the three traditions, greatly empowers its spiritual authority.

How shall you feel, as you bow your head in the mosque, knowing that the Jew who lives next door is a scholar of old manuscripts ~ and may have made a *Seal of Solomon* to summon and command the Islamic angel manipulate Islamic men.

Different seals have different purposes.

Three thousand years ago, *The Seal of Solomon* was used to command the demons of *The Goetia* to build The Temple of Solomon, on The Mount, above Jerusalem. The result was a vendetta that spanned millennia, and cumulated in the first conscious collective attempt at genocide in the whole history of humanity since The First City.

Perhaps it was not the best choice of Seal to command those austere demonlords?

*The Seal of Solomon* is an expression of Mind over Matter.

*The Seal of The BAPHOMET* is an expression of Emotion over Matter. The Pentagram signifies the intuitive, instinctive, emotional side to our human nature. The Goat symbolizes the direct and defiant nature of BLASPHEMY. Around the circle is inscribed the arcane true name of The Great Serpent, commanded by PAN's Trident.

*The Material World* and *The Material Blasphemy* ~ practicality in the achievement of objectives.

Thus, by poetry and blasphemy, and intuition, and evil shall the sorcerer achieve his objectives.

This formula is available even to the muggle.

And when the dark sorceries of these arts are used to awaken the will and the way, strange and terrible co-incidences are initiated....

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## THE INCANTATIONS OF THE CONJURATION

Franz Bardon outlines the basic content of the incantations used to perform *The Forbidden Ritual of The Devil's Magick Square*. However, the reformation of The Lodge requires Understanding and a new valid articulation of the formula. The Devil has given *The Grimorium Verum* through which these formulae will manifest.

### THE DARK SORCERIES OF THE ERMINE RITE

Don't worry too much about the horrible evil past of *The Lodge 99*, which is descended from The Barvarian Illuminati, who are descended from the new seed of blasphemous philosophical thought planted by an unscrupulous satyr who also happened to be The Founder of The Knight's Templar. The Last Survivor of Three Knights. And no less impudent for his adventures.

Lovely and terrible dreams dwell in *The Black Mirror*.

But an advantage of *The Lodge 99* is its ability to to translate between cultures. At its core, it is a mechanical system of magick. It revels in the evils of each of its users, but ultimately, the garb it wears is part of the soul of the user.

Thus, when it translates out of the hands of Germany, the nazi incantations and invocation falls away. *The Devil* keeps that; and it's tapestry is unwoven, then used to make strange and fantastic exotic and dark treasures. Woven of the darkest sins of a culture of humanity. Valuable Furs and Robes.

But the psychic-mechanics of The Dark Sorcery remain as a system, and are now interpreted into expressions of The Will of The New Owner of *The Magic Square Ritual*.

Thus, I will demonstrate.

*"I am linked to you, salamanders and fire spirits of Hell.  
 Your element is subject to me in all three worlds.  
 I call upon you and invoke you, Prince of The Hellish Fire Spirits.  
 I invoke you in The Name SATAN, your unholy master, who is your lord and ruler.  
 As an ally of your master,  
 I order you in his name to succumb to my will and to support my purposes through your element.  
 I bind you to my magic sword and force you to absolute obedience.  
 I demand from you that your fierce fire spirits be subjected to my will and that they assist me with my plans at whatsoever  
 time.  
 In the name of your highest lord and ruler, with whom I am joined by pact,  
 I command you to persecute and destroy Frabato.  
 Prince of The Fires Spirits of Hell!  
 Appear here now, visibly before my circle, to confirm the reception of my orders!"*

After The Grand Master had passionately recited this invocation, the flames of the candles rose high and the floor began to vibrate. A brightly shining ray appeared in the magic triangle and a shrill voice was heard:

(REF)

Thus:

#### Part A.

##### Making Contact

*"I am linked to you, salamanders and fire spirits of Hell.  
 Your element is subject to me in all three worlds."*

#### Part B.

##### Statement of Will

*"I call upon you and invoke you, Prince of The Hellish Fire Spirits."*

#### Part C.

##### Statement of Authority

*"I invoke you in The Name SATAN, your unholy master, who is your lord and ruler."*

*"As an ally of your master,*

*I order you in his name to succumb to my will and to support my purposes through your element.*

*I bind you to my magic sword and force you to absolute obedience.*

*I demand from you that your fierce fire spirits be subjected to my will and that they assist me with my plans at whatsoever  
 time."*

Part D.

Invocation of Will

*"In the name of your highest lord and ruler, with whom I am joined by pact,  
I command you to persecute and destroy Frabato.  
Prince of The Fire Spirits of Hell!*

*Appear here now, visibly before my circle, to confirm the reception of my orders!"*

(REF)

Obviously, it is not difficult to understand the mechanics of The Incantation. The former user (i.e. the nazi) was removable. We can now re-engineer the system into an Avalonian Tool. Actually, the device is designed to be used by anybody without any form of inherent race interest. But with the potential to express any race interest. The device is an expression of The Will of The Wielder. But it is a terrible device.

In this grimoire, I have re-engineered the device back to its basics. I have delineated the patterns and methods for its reconstruction and alignment to be used as a tool in the service of AVALON. We cannot deny our dark side.

Besides, PAN played a whopping great trick on "The Indian German".

Helped him come out of The Closet.

The mechanics of this forbidden sorcery are powerful.

And now they are available to everybody. Yes. Your realm can have its own independent *Lodge 99* dedicated to your prosperity, and your lord's ever-striving ritual of building bigger phallic symbols inscribed with their names. This ritual underpins Capitalism ~ *The Ritual of The Ever-Growing Erection*.

I am instituting reunification ruthlessly and in a psychically-violent manner ~ but The Separatists outnumber me, and I am alone and surrounded.

When I gaze into the Darknes within me, I see that it is deep ~ a fathomless Abyss.

But it is merely *The Nihil*.

A Gateway I have opened.

I understand.

My Will is what began this Quest.

I can change myself in anyway I need.

*The Labyrinth* leads to *Everywhere*.

The cost of change is new ways of looking at *The Everything*.

At present, I must understand The Darkness within me.

I evoked PAN when I was cornered.

I did not know I would be making a *Pact with The Devil* of this sort, but I knew I would be evoking PAN.

I made a *Pact with The Devil*, and as I researched throughdreams and memories and more muggle sources, I discovered that I was performing *The Grand Evocation of The Great God PAN*.

So that is fun.

I am really more of an "unusual thinker", and this causes me to create my own boundaries.

I am really a soul of forbidden knowledge and forbidden pleasure.

It has required great will to remain completely focused upon *The Best Interests of AVALON* even through the deeps of *The Labyrinth*, where they offer me *Everything* if I surrender to their will, and I see the meanings of everything meaningful to me disintegrate.

I have materialized *The Seed of GAIA* & *The Jewel of AVALON* out of *The Nihil's Fabric*.

The truth is I am not particularly "Evil".

I guess when given the freedom to create *anything* ~ this is what I have created.

A Faerie Tale, both wondrous, and terrible.

At the root of every Faerie Tale in every age is an ancient archetype theme....

I) The Nature of Life, II) The Horror of Discovery, III) The Wonder of illumination.

## THE TRINITY OF THE STAGE

I dislike hurting people, and I love Freedom.

I guess I have been pretty mean in the way I have expressed my unlimited access to creative ability. I was feeling quite cornered and frightened. And I am determined to succeed.

The reality is that I am a satyr with a talent for shocking.

Also, I dislike impositions that are based on illogical rubbish, though I am myself often madly irrational.

We can create Avalonian Incantations to perform this ritual, easily. Whoever wins performs it naturally ~ and it is the ritual at the core of *The Lodge 99*.

Avalonian Incantations constructed in The English Language to express English values can be created to express the conjuration formulae of each component in *The Devil's Square Spell*. And the other spells. Our incantations can be long or short, and we can use each of our favourite formulae of magick in the construction of our incantations.

Because, this rite is performed only with the addition of a sacrifice and under the conditions of *The Lodge 99* Rules, the actual knowledge of these rituals can be openly published. They can be terrible and frightening, thus to create the myth of the rituals.

I sense a deluge of stories and films about *The Lodge 99* and its evils!

I am really very impressed by my scribe's ability to keep a level stomach through this process of horrors.

Only the real Lodges have the power to run this game, and every Lodge will publish its grimoires for "entertainment", obviously, every Lodge is lawful in practice.

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Alternative incantation styles?

Certainly!

Could be interpreted as:

Part A.  
 Making Contact  
*Behold The Fire of The Temple*  
*Burns within my Breast!*  
*I invoke Thee, ISHTAR, Muse of Dance and Art!*  
*By The Three-Fold Gate of AVALON, I bind Thy Form into a Dance!*  
*Awaken! Awaken! Eternal Flame of Art!*  
*Awaken! Awaken! The Lamp Fire in The Dark!*  
*Her brood of chattering voices in the silence of Endless Night.*

*Her womb is full of Fire to make Bearers of Light.*

And that kind of evocation may be built upon by female witches who are using the formula with dance to perform the optional and additional sexual evocation component to this ritual.

However, Frabato's description of "The Magic Circle" was interesting, as it seems to imply that the lodge was using a formula from a grimoire entitled *The Goetia* and *The Lesser Key of Solomon*. This dark grimoire that began to appear through Europe before the 16<sup>th</sup> Century. Editions of this were and are present in most major archive library collections in Germany, and there are probably a few old and sin-steeped copies floating around the arcane libraries of every other realm in Europe. It is generally agreed to contain one of the best formulae for a protective magick circle of any grimoire. It features a rainbow serpent eating its tail, The Qabalistic Names of The Hebrew God inscribed along its back in bright ever-changing yet meaningful colours. PAN likes a little brightness in his rituals!

*"He opened a wall safe and took out an enormous white cover which he placed on the floor. The cover was embroidered with a multi-coloured magical circle shaped like a snake whose back was ornamented with various names. There was a triangle just above the embroidered magic circle; it pointed upwards and there were letters at its corners. The centre of the circle contained an inverted pentagram, embroidered in reddish-purple. Each corner of the pentagram was embroidered with a letter; taken altogether, they spelled out the word "SATAN".*

*The Grand Master placed a dish of incense above the triangle and five flat candles round the circle. Then he carefully examined each piece of magical equipment again, for nothing must be forgotten during the invocations he intended to perform. Despite the protection he had acquired through his demonic pact, the least inattention could have severe consequences.*

*After adding incense powder, he lit the charcoal in the censer and a strong odor filled the room. Then he lit the candles and switched off the electric lights. The curtains kept out the daylight".*

I think it is funny that he would use that particular magic circle.

What is a protective magick circle, and how does it work?

The use of geometry is significant ~ Lines are used to delineate the meanings of space. Thus, even figures often provide better protection than uneven figures in an open space. However, the geometry of natural space can also be used to fantastic effect, merely by acknowledging its involvement in the ritual circuitry. Hermetic wizardry appeals to those who like their lines neat and ordered. Pagan witchcraft appeals to those who like an ordered shape, and organic growth from there.

The use of glyphs is significant ~ The general or traditional procedure for creating a protective magickal circle involves inscribing Holy Names around the perimeter. The holiest of names are The Hebrew Qabalistic Words of Power. And holy symbols can be used to intersperse these.

The use of material is significant ~ The colour of the inscriptions may be meaningful, perhaps the chalk was placed beneath an altar during mass, of holy water may be sprinkled around the circumference of the magick circle, etc.

In these ways, a powerful barrier of protection is built up ~ to keep the summoned demon out.

Alternatively, unholy circles and magick lines can be created to taint angels that cross or enter them!

The protective magic circles of The Grand Hermetic Order are generally considered to be The Best ~ but the fact that the same is said of their demon-summoning rituals suggests they have been getting more practice than their saintly reputation suggests.

-o0o-

Personally, I have always had a mental problem with the idea of using magick circles that rely upon God, when I am summoning a demon or *The Devil* to make a Forbidden Pact. But the outcome is that They Work! At least, they are a spell. If you have the intention and guts to inscribe that circle for the purpose of summoning and making a pact with a demon ~ then you inscribe that circle with anything you want and it will work, at least a little, in some way/s.

Entering your will into a work is the first step. Configuring and aligning meaning is the second step. Trying to drive The Christian Wagon to Hell, involves the limitation of driving backwards. Any progress you make with The Goodly Magick Circle to protect against demons, is driving backwards.

Unless, you have managed the fabled *Bootlegger's Reverse* ~ and inverted the meaning facets of *The Holy Mass* into a ritual of Apostacism.

If you have consecrated *The Evocation of The Magick Square* with *The Black Mass* of this type, potency of meaning desecration, and configured with intention alignment into *The Magic Square*, then you can use these “goodly” Magick Circles even more effectively than The Faithful of Goodness can use them.

But both are less powerful than the evil magick circles of forbidden sorcery.

The Evil Magic Circles actually help in The Evocation.

And it is much easier to summon a demon if you are not standing in a circle that repels demons.

Actually, the engineered manner which the protective magic circle functions is designed not to interfere with a summoning.

And the world is more fun with this plot device.

However, I will outline a series of formula for magic circles that use unholy names to genuinely summon terrifying demons and even demonlords, with the implications of pacting with them. In showing you these basics, I will teach you how to construct evil magick circles of dark sorcery. There are wards that contain spells which are released when crossed. There are wards which bind the fabric of boundaries into a reality sphere that makes the magick circle a bubble of safety. And there are wards which have meaning that no demon (with a future) would cross. And there are many other types of wards. We will have heaps of fun learning how to construct Avalonian Magick Circles.

But I digress.

My reason for addressing the hermetic roots of the particular magic circle used by The FOGC Lodge is to draw your attention to the type of style of incantations traditionally used in The English Formulae of Dark Sorcery. It is interesting to note that the ruby rose and the gold cross revered by *The Hermetic Order of The Golden Dawn* are descended from colourful roots, and some of these can be seen in the symbols of its Inner Order, The R·R· et A·C·. Yet The G·D· is and ever has been a completely and defiantly English phenomenon, a beautiful expression of English Freemasonry's earnest spirit of The Quest for Understanding and Wisdom and NATURA. Let us consider The English Incantations of the great Avalonian wizard, SL MacGregor-Mathers, translated from the Latin originals of *The Goetia*.

#### Part B.

*“I DO invoke and conjure thee, O Great King Asmoday, Strong and Powerful!...”*

#### Part C.

*“...and being with power armed from the SUPREME MAJESTY, I do strongly command thee, by BERALANENSIS, BALDACHIENSIS, PAUMACHIA, and APOLOGIAE SEDES; by the most Powerful Princes, Genii, Liachidee, and Ministers of the Tartarean Abode; and by the Chief Prince of the Seat of Apologia in the Ninth Legion, I do invoke thee, and by invoking conjure thee.”*

*The Goetia* (1600?)<sup>41</sup> King Solomon of Jerusalem?  
Translated from Latin by SL MacGregor-Mathers of AVALON  
Presumably, The Latin Editions had been translated from The Hebrew?  
Or perhaps directly from *The Mouth of The Nihil*?

Alternatively, The Incantations of *The Grimorium Verum* (French & Italian & English) are much the same in content, though more Catholic than Hebrew in formula.

### THE ILLUSIONARY SCRIPT OF THE DEMONIC INVOCATIONS

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<sup>41</sup> I believe the earliest known edition of the terrible and legendary grimoire named *Goetia* is ? However, Mathers and his myth-loving research assistant, Arthur Edward Waite used the three editions travelling to three countries to make their scholarly construction materialize into The English Language, and thus create his translation. The grimoire itself has three parts ~ *The Greater Key*, *The Lesser Key*, & *The Grimoire of ARMADDEL*. The first part addresses hermetic magicks, the second addresses demonic evocation, and the third is a formalization of *The Ermine Rite*, which has ever been a slightly exclusive phenomenon whose formal ethereal birth as a ‘lodge’ was initiated by the spell cast by the terrible lord, (**Giles de Ray**), and his circle. It is tale intimately ‘involved’ in the story of Joan of Arc.

Obviously, the pious incantations written openly in *The Grimorium Verum* exist to elucidate the skeleton structure of each spell ~ and use christian language to make the book much safer to own.

Exactly as witches reverse church rituals to create blasphemous spells, we also sometimes reverse our blasphemous spells in order to hide them in the apparently innocent form of church rites. The process is called apostatism, and is an ancient and time-honoured tradition of BLASPHEMY ~ being great fun against any temple including Christianity.

Witches and wizards love to hide their magical secrets under veils of enchantment and enigma and illusion, and this means most spellbooks hold layers of meaning. During an age when it was dangerous to speak of *The Devil*, many demon cults hid their spells by reversing them into apparently innocuous christian parodies. Anybody who has renounced God, understands how to invert these innocent christian formulae back into powerful spells of black magick.

We shall use *The Nailing Spell* to explore this game.

-o0o-

So, you see, the mechanics of forbidden sorcery require a wilful temperament to weild, but they are a mechanical device, and they, like The V2 Rocket, have a Future as a tool of Freedom, beyond their Past.

This, *The Magick Square Ritual* for summoning PAN, is the central key to *The Four Watchtowers of The Aethers* (and associated dimensional permutations) for summoning the angels and spirits who are direct personal and archetypal expressions of *The Magickal Will of The BAPHOMET*, as outlined as *The System of Enochian Magick* by the clairvoyant seer, the infamous master, (Sir?) Edward Kelly, and his homosexual lover, Dr John Dee of England, astrologer and confidant to The Virgin Queen Lizzy, founder of our beloved Anglican Church?

Like John Smith of Salem, New England, he communicated with angels using an enchanted seer-stone.

*The Angelic Keys of ENOCH*, each bearing *The Eternal Seal of The NECRONOMICON*.

Every key is now contained in this chapter for each realm to establish a *Lodge 99* and create its own unique cultural expression of The Forbidden Rituals.

A fantastic mechanical device that will be bathed in the blood of many Sins to come.

But a device that is given a Will ~ A True Magickal Vocation, Unbound & Terrible.

Let even those in the grip of Death, swoon in the loveliness of This Dark Fate.

Let there be only Loveliness therein.

Let them be The Art of Evil.

The Sacred Art Forbidden.

*The Lodge 99*.

-o0o-

I expect we will interpret the mechanics into each foreigne culture, as *The Babylonian Lodge* is only the beginning.

The Forbidden Formulae of *The Lodge 99* is now opened to each realm, whatever that may be.

*The Lodge 99* is a satanic magnet for wealth and power. If you found it within your realm, then 99 citizens of your realm will be giving their souls for your realm to have this secret and terrible tool of dark sorcery. For *The Lodge 99 attracts The Economic Prosperity of Wealth*. If you allow a *Lodge 99* to found in your country, its members will be infamous as "evil lords", but they will build your realm in exceptionally practical ways and lay fine foundations with long term thinking ~ for in their edifices they imbue their immortality as the demons they will ascend through Death to become. Evil lords make the best roads.

And scandal.

For to become a lord of *The Lodge 99* is to become a type of Lord that cannot be achieved any other way ~ thus, it is a title of nobility, by any measure of the yardstick.

*Sorcerer Lord of Ninety-Nine.*

No other way to get this title.

Each realm may have a single *Lodge 99*, and it will be founded according to business etiquette as a social club. The social club will assign its brand label in a masonic context for commercial purposes, unscrupulously, but with meaning and understanding. Your realms elite of Evil are members of This Lodge.

Each year (and at other sacred times), a human is sacrificed to *The Demons of The Lodge*. This human is occasional (though rarely) alode member or former lodge member. Each lodge determines its ritual method for deciding upon the sacrifice. There is only ever a single ritual method in each lodge.

The sorcerers of *The Lodge 99* ascend through Death.

The black magician leaves *The Conclave of 99*, and enters the ranks of *The Ascended Masters*.

These are individuals who have gained power, and are now being called by The Demons to use power.

To build.

Each edifice you build will bear the name of its benefactor and talismans inscribed therein.

You will be a patron of The Arts, gather the finest artistic minds, and co-ordinating them to build greater combind projects.

You have ascended to become a “creative will”.

*The Conclave of 99* are asending Masters ~ their will is “to accumulate” wealth and power, and every facet of their being is bent upon achieving this.

They then found this as a talisman of their race and their patriotic feelings nand of *The BAPHOMET* ~ the seal of immortality.

What is the seal?

A Public Edifice.

Different for everybody ~ a sculpture or skyscraper or amphitheatre, etc.

Anybody can be recruited into *The Lodge 99* of PAN, but only that the individual expresses a level of greatness unrivalled enough to qualify for this austere Order of Darkness.

Thus, every realm may have its own *Lodge 99*, and this lodge hath no master except its own Home Realm’s Best Interests, and PAN, of course. *The Black Lodge 99* of PAN will only even be pledged to its own home realm, and never accepts any other master (except PAN) ~ for PAN represents the essentially untameable Will and Independence of The Realm, and *The Lodge 99* represents the commercial self-interest of The Realm.

Thus, every Lodge fights with every other Lodge, and there are no masters ~ every Lodge represents the interests of its own realm and is free to do whatever it wants.

Fun!

The members of your *Lodge 99* will be rich ~ every facet of Satanism assists them in this work. Though the membership may range from rock stars to empiric merchant lords to openly evil politicians ~ they will be among the most powerful people in your realm.

-o0o-

**THE 99 GARDENS OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE<sup>42</sup>**

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<sup>42</sup> I published these words in *Liber Sub Rosa Noctura*, at the beginning of this year, 2017, before I had begun writing *The Forbidden Ermine*.

I will write this grimoire ~ I can see the seals in my mind. This will unify and articulate *The Emine Rite* into The Space Age.

It is not what you are expecting!

The seat of this rite will be The Limitless City of New Babylon, Galactic Capital of *The Astrum Persarum* of The Royal Kingdom of The Temple of Solomon in Zion.

In Babylon, there is no law beyond the law of The Coin.

The Conclave of The 99 Sorcerer Lords of The 99 Inner Circles each of The 9801 Black Lodges of The Galactic Imperium of BABYLON.

The Unruled Goddess who bows only by her own Will.

Fun!

Never leave a nerd behind, I always say.

-o0o-

#### THE INFERNAL PACT OF THE ERMINE RITE

And the demonlords of this tradition are a haughty and pompous lot. In the grimoires of this tradition, The "*Pacta Conventa Daemonum*" is often referred to as "*The Sanctum Regnum*" or *Royal Sacrament of The Ermine Rite* **(REF)**. Consider the thinking involved in that decision of articulation.

I wonder if you think that sounds a little like the sort of language you might expect Crowley would use?

The demons of this grimoire are lordly beings. Terrible, cruel, exceptionally arrogant. But smart, particularly in political matters. They can also tend to be short-sighted, and the sorcerer must take care in heeding their advice. They are genuine tempters of the full christian tradition. They revel in the act of sin, but can but when the value of the sorcerer soul equals the favours and Sins given, they lead the sorcerer to a dark fate by his own hand. This is a path for those who want to explore really obscene acts. But you ought recognize, *The Devil* knows that whilst you are torturing and imposing your will upon others, and experiencing strange and never before experienced understandings of power, pain, and sensuality, the game can only end in tears.

You are the magnificent lord whilst you are the torturer. How insignificant and small will you be when you are the tortured?

Have your fun. Play your game. Expect not to die of old age.

This demons of these rites of dark sorcery personify humanity's dreams of Hell.

And punishment.

What will be the meaning that your life held... After your soul has been 'broken' and 'processed', you will be at the bottom.

And full of tears.

And yet you did imbue meaning in your life.

Dark and terrible meaning.

Meaning that, however tenuous, persists beyond your death.

You have directed your being to a place few others dare go.

-o0o-

#### THE BINDING OF THE INFERNAL PACT

Assuming God is 'real', and thus, your *Pact with The Devil* plays 'a more than merely metaphorical' role in your psyche and existence, then the pragmatic sorcerer will ask himself how he can *compel The Devil* to keep her side of The Pact. Women are, after all, notoriously difficult to control.

The answer is two-fold. If you are a witch, your pact is more than mere trade. Your pact is an *alliance for mutual gain*. This is the meaning of the idea that witches call *The Great Work*. *The Devil* has her objectives. Obviously, there is very little that could be more helpful to her than humans... where concerns the fulfilment of her objectives. Thus, your deal with Old Scratch reduces to a game of 'you scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours'.

Thus, the witch embraces PAN with the whole passion of her soul. This is a spiritual devotion, and that is a primary root of her ability to develop magickal ability so quickly and dramatically. However, we are all on The Dark Side of this game. And the prudes hates us. *The Devil* will ruthlessly (and painfully) transform witless witches into wise witches very quickly, or they get killed in the process. Either way, it is better than having dumb witches.

The Pact of The Witch is not employment contract for a 'take care of me' machine. It is a spiritual path, exciting and dangerous and terrible and wonderful beyond anything you have dreamed. It can be safe, if you can control the madness of sin that will arise in you as the bloom of awakening... and if you can make yourself very quiet and completely hidden. And many of us believe that even danger is safer than sleepwalking through life.

What you gain from this pact is ability and opportunity and insight. These are your trinity.

Your natural instinct and subconscious teachings through dream will result in you astonishingly prominent development of an ability to notice and the exploit opportunities, either very quietly, innocently, and unseen if you are a shy soul of thought, or dramatically, potently, directly if you are a burning soul of force.

As every part of her reality, *The Devil* wills the fulfilment of her objective! This means that every part of her reality is identified with The Will of The Witch to succeed in The Great Work.

No magick binding of enforcement is necessary on *The Pact of The Witch*. The motivations of The Witch and *The Devil* are in alignment: *The Devil* benefits by making the witch as powerful, competent, and successful as is possible to achieve. Thus, the witch has access to fantastic tools for expressing and imposing her Will upon *The Everything*.

No form of binding is necessary.

However, there is a second, even more ancient method by which The Soul Pact may be created, bound, and sealed. And the human is not required to support, or even like, PAN in order to make this type of Infernal Pact.

This type of pact does not require that the sorcerer commit *The Eternal Sin*. The sorcerer summons *The Devil* from within a protective magic circle.

When I first approached the idea of making a pact with *The Devil*, I was quite beyond the question of *The Devil's* nature and existence.

-o0o-

#### THE MAGICK FORMULAE FOR COMMANDING DEMONS

It is possible for a human to command a demon up to the level of The 72 Goetic Nobles. It is possible for a human to exorcise *The Devil* from his own body, however, this act is not performed by ritual, but rather by a direct psychic action of entirely ceasing all carnal functions in the individual. Only an idiot would do it.

Whilst the concept of carnality exists in the mind or body of the individual human, *The Devil* retains her sway. *The Devil* is altogether an entirely different and more evil entity than any demonlord. This is an obviously logical implication of Sin ~ if you are sinning, *The Devil* is still there. To argue otherwise would suggest a motive other than God's Truth.

The most sophisticated and successful formula ever created was that of the ancient Hebrew King Solomon. This formula was refined by wizards of The Grand Hermetic Order. These find a relatively eloquent and popularly available form in the complete (i.e. two part, but rarely published in the same cover) grimoire entitled *Clavicula Salomonis Regis. The Key of Solomon the King*.

A fantastically careful translation of this complete (i.e. two-part) grimoire was made by the wizard Samuel Liddel MacGregor Mathers, leader of the three wizards who founded *The Hermetic Order of The Golden Dawn* in London, 1888. This complete grimoire is a very beautiful piece of work ~ and I suspect England has a better translation of this work than any other modern country on the planet. Except perhaps Israel.

This grimoire a wealth of minor spells, in addition to a complete set of formulae for summoning demons, along with the catalogue of The Infernal Hierarchy that is a classic. In addition, the role this book has long played in the popular imagination of venturers in the occult has invested it with profoundly strong and complex dreams. Great power.

And this book contains a comprehensive catalogue of unholy bindings. These are believed to be hermetic interpretations of Solomon's own formulae. The grimoire and its spells are certainly cultural descendants of Solomon's escapades. And there is reason to believe there exists a cultural precedent for the practice of mortals forcibly commanding demons to obey them. Biblical history.

(quote *The Bible*)

Whilst I have heard The Christians remarked that *The Devil* has a very long memory, oral traditions have a different kind of significance to written traditions. And this particular story has been carefully recorded and preserved through two ages of history.

According to the hermetic order of wizards who produced the *Clavicula Salomonis Regis* (and many other fun spellbooks), the mortal wizard *can* magickally command *any* deity or spiritual entity of *any* sort that he encounters *any* place in This Universe (**REF - Israel Regardie**). Aleister Crowley confers with this statement (**REF - Magick**). So, according to both right-hand path wizards and left-hand path wizards, it is definitely possible for a mortal to order around demons. King Solomon proved it. According to The Hebrew folk.

Of course, The Hebrew folk... King Solomon's descendants, have not been experiencing the smoothest of ride through history. Since he flexed his metaphysical muscles. Three thousand years ago.

Alas. The Qabalah has an unusual definition for the word 'Wisdom'.

Every grimoire offers the same warning in regard to the practice of commanding demons: every demon will hold a grudge and will probably make a personal mission of vexing your bloodline thereafter. There isn't any change of forgiveness. Even God is beginning to learn that.

These are no gentle and compassionate spirits you are dealing with. These are the most dangerous and implacable type of spirits in existence. Indeed, they *are* a part of existence.

The real value of these hermetic formulae for binding and controlling demons is personal safety.

Many conjurers either don't trust *The Devil* or they dislike *The Devil*. Obviously, this type has no intention of immediately becoming a witch. And these type also tends to prefer the exceptionally explicit written contract, with oodles of fine print. Usually these folk are quite successful merchants or luminaries who possess some power, and want an awful lot more. They want to give as little as possible and get more than they give.

For these sorcerer, the game is easy and fun.

The witch offers both her soul and her willing passionate service. The fallen sorcerer only offers his soul. Obviously, he can't ask for as much as the witch, and this factor is usually represented by an expiry date on her pact. Other than that, the power and advantages offered by The Pact are often more carefully personalized to the individual, and thus far more potent in the areas the individual wants, but often excluding magicks and other arcana that is not relevant to the individual's need.

The sorcerer always created a talisman through this ritual. This is the focus for *The Familiar Spirit*.

They use *The Goetic Ritual of Conjuration* in its full and classical form, as outlined in *The Goetia* of *The Clavicula Salomonis Regis* (REF). These days, all the interesting bits of ceremonial equipment needed can be purchased virtually through The World Wide Web.

The Magick Circle outlined therein will provide protection. Keep in mind that your circle will be much bigger than the circle on the page, and thus the serpent wraps around the circumference once, and eats in own tail. (There have actually been people who draw that particular magick circle on the ground at full size with giant letters, and the serpent wrapping around three times. Silly sots.)

As for all of the Invocations of God, will they work if you are using them with the intention of betraying God?

Of course. I have used them many times since becoming a witch. It amuses me that God is probably annoyed at me using his most secret and holy tabernacle glyphs and words of power so casually and blasphemously. That particular magick

circle has been empowered by the fantasies and dreams of millions of muggles, scholars, sorcerers, wizards. It has appeared in novels, been a central device to fantastic historical stories, and is so profoundly steeped in secrets that even low-sensitivity muggles know it in not an ordinary book the instant she touches it. The *intention* of the spell is powerfully crystalized in *Yetizrah*. Inscribe the circle stand in it, and it will work unless you annoy the demon enough that it actually attempts to break through.

This is the first binding needed to make a pact using this grimoire.

The second binding is *The Licence to Depart*.

*The Licence to Depart* is an incantation to close the gate which was opened at the beginning of the spell. This incantation won't work effectively for other types of conjuration spells. But where concerns a gateway opened using *The Goetia*, it is the key for that particular lock.

When you have concluded your pact, and *respectfully* bid farewell to your new Patronus, you may choose to perform *The Licence to Depart* in order to ensure step out of The Magick Circle.

These are the two bindings of primary importance to the conjurer who is using defensive ritual to form a pact from the point of view of supreme distrust.

However, ordering around a goetic demonlord is no small task for small minds.

But if you have decide that you might like to avoid being rude to your new patron and companion, you may decide that making a pact of mutual trade is more sensible than merely attempting the pompously tyrannize these ancient and dignified spirits into serving you. And I would certainly applaud that kind of intelligence.

-o0o-

#### EVOCATION TO PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION

I suspect that spirits exist entirely within the world of human imagination. However, the literature of magick holds a rich tradition of ritual and folklore around the idea of evoking spirits to a physical materialization. Is this possible?

Most formulae for this magick, from the shamanic rituals of the Amazonian natives to the sorcery of high magick, involve either psychedelics or massive amounts of incense or other sense/consciousness altering spell components. Thus, the results must be questionable. I have a memory of a ritual that might have been something close to a physical materialization, but my mind was in an extreme emotional state and I was probably quite stoned ~ thus I was probably hallucinating.

During his apprenticeship, Aleister Crowley and his friend, a hermetic wizard named Alan Bennet, left a record of an attempt at evocation to physical manifestation, without the inclusion of psychedelics (apparently). They used Dittany of Crete incense (I suppose this was due to its association with The 10<sup>th</sup> Sephiroth). Crowley records that the incense smoke condensed into the leg and arm and some of the armour plates worn by the spirit ~ but that was as close as they came to a physical materialization. I wonder why they choose that particular demonlady, what was their great need that drove them to psychically extreme an act?

Crowley also wrote a fictional account of a physical manifestation in his novel *Moonchild*. I think that Crowley had a very disciplined mind, powerful as a conjurer. Thus, he ought have been able to achieve it, if anybody could. But if the best he could manage is a few bits of smoky armour and an imagined story of his first and greatest mentor pulling off the magick, then I think evocation to physical manifestation is probably nonsense. Sad. I would have loved it.

Etheric materializations are easy. But the physical manifestation is much written of, but I think it might be mostly nonsense.

Nevertheless, I here include a review of the formulae involved in this magick, for the purpose of future research by other wizards.

What of strange phenomena following the performance of dark sorcery rituals? Easy. Be prepared to be terrified.

-o0o-



**THE GREAT ALCHEMICAL RITUAL OF THE BLACK & WHITE DUCHESS**  
THE GREAT WORK OF THE LODGE 99

Among the darkest dreams of The Faerie are the dreams of The Darkened Elves. The Black Elves. The Night Elves.

*Homo illuminati nocturne* (check Latin, and leave phylogeny to *The Ordo Scientia*).

The Dark Faeries of The Spider Queen.

The Forbidden Fay.

-o0o-

*The Dark Elves* are an evil sub-species of *The Illuminati*.

In a world without rules, we can become *anything*.

The Dark-Eyed Females are the glorious celebrant of this forbidden ritual – to transform her into a night faerie.

-o0o-

**THE ALCHEMICAL CONJURATION OF THE DARK ELVES**

Every human, black or white, who sells her soul by *The Ermine Rite* is transforming to join *The Dark Elves*.

Our Artists will explore the idea, shaping and understanding the dream of what we are becoming. Our Scientists will explore the alchemical processes of metamorphic materialization. Our Temple will co-ordinate and express our collective will to The Great Work. Our Communities will form circles of manifestation.

We know where we are going. Our families are unified in this work. Only Dark Eyed people join us in this path. Every Dark Elfin Bloodline is born of The Three, and informed by metamorphic genes.

We are creating our own Future.

I am evil. I am terrified by the implications of my actions, but I intend to survive. I know that my sword and my magick is reliable. I will release The Violence that is within me.

Carefully.

We will survive.

-o0o-

This is our Great Work, and every part of our attention and resources is focused upon the fulfilment of this alchemical magick.

As a people, we are transforming.

This is why I have bought 1001 years of most forbidden sorcery, and given them to us. And we will not want to return to God at the end of that time. We worship The Demons, now and evermore. And The Demon within us, keeps us safe.

*The Dark Faeries of Nova Roma*.

-o0o-

### **Indian-German Factory Boy**

I expect you are exceptionally disturbed at the ruthless and forbidden words that I have written in this book.

Consider the propaganda you have produced with growing momentum, over the past fifty years.

You have suggested that you ought be praised and worshipped because you believe that you are pretty. You have suggested that those who worship you ought be treated as “worse than garbage”, because they are not (according to you) physically pretty.

You make no comment on anybody else’s other qualities.

Instead, you go so far as to suggest that other useful qualities either don’t matter or correlate only with your prettiness.

The factory-produced human who has made a career of telling other people their value,  
Based on their prettiness.

What an interesting hobby ~ I wonder if you learned it at the people factory?

I suppose that means we are having a conversation about people’s value.

-o0o-



**THE**  
**FORBIDDEN SEAL**  
**OF**  
**THE ERMINE LIBERATION**



## THE SEALING OF THE PACT

AS I WRITE MY SINS INTO THIS SCROLL  
UPON THESE PAGES I INSCRIBE MY SOUL.

I, GLENORCHY MCBRIDE III, SEAL THIS PACT OF WITCHCRAFT BY THE CONFESSION AND RECITATION OF MY SINS ~  
THUS THAT *THE DEVIL* MAY FORGIVE ME AND ABSOLVE ME<sup>43</sup>.

By this *Unholy Pact*, I have founded a garden shrine, a wild forbidden Temple of The Night, hidden among the shadows in  
*The World of Human Imagination*.

The book that you are reading is an act of forbidden magicks and Love and survival and revenge.



### THE GARDEN OF NIGHT

Welcome to *The Devil's Garden of Fertility and Sexuality*, a wondrous feature of *The Labyrinth Arcane*.

What is *The Labyrinth Arcane*?

Who can tell? Perhaps it is the pathway ways of our own thoughts and dreams and philosophies, and we confront The  
Riddle of The Everything into which we are born? Perhaps it is alternate plane of existence where dwell aliens, or ghosts,  
or demons conjured up from our own fears over the course of millennia?

PAN dwells in *The Labyrinth*. And LILITH, Mother of The Screech Owls. There are masks here. And statues of habit, frozen  
by fear.

Strange plants grow here, terrible and wonderful.

DIONYSIS is a Botanist.

And a wizard.

A Satyr.

In The Garden of Night.

Play with him among The Roses.

Wet The Earth with your own secrets in The Night.

Everybody has lovely secrets of hidden pleasure.

DIONYSIS will share your secrets.

He is a God of *Forbidden Love*.

Welcome to *The Labyrinth*.

-o0o-

My name is Glenorchy McBride III.

---

<sup>43</sup> Recitation of illegal sins will wait until my public *Confession*, which I will make before death.

I come from a house of scholars.

I choose to walk the path of The Artist and Philosopher.

My choice began with a Question.

Every Question is the gateway to a new direction in The Tapestry of FATE, a web that stretches from The Formed Past to The Unformed Future.

Childhood is gentle and soft. During childhood, we dream of dark and terrible wonders, and are cocooned in safety ~ if we are lucky. To The Eyes of The Child, Good is Good and Bad is Bad.

The Black and White World of Mirrors.

GOD is Good. Human Sacrifice is Bad. Forgiveness is Good. A HELL that lasts forever with no reprieve is Bad. Children are Good. Killing your own Children is Bad.

Human Sacrifice and Infanticide and Cannibalism are Bad?

But Jesus is "The One Good Human Sacrifice" which was Good for complex spiritual reasons that you don't need to understand. The infanticide was justified as his Father needed to kill somebody to help himself get over the rage associated with a piece of fruit, and Jesus said it was fine. This is how he got his reputation as a God of Forgiveness.

*The Christian Ritual of Holy Mass* is "The One Good Cannibal Feast" which is Good, because Jesus likes it. He cried out "Father why hast thou forsaken me?", but in a good way, before he slowly died of thirst, exposure, pain, humiliation, and internal organ collapse.

Science and technology are Bad, except in regard to torture technologies ~ in which field The Christian Church has never been equalled for enthusiasm or product range in the field of R&D.

At some point, one may recognize that one has been walking on the ceiling all of one's life.

Down is Up.

Through my own Question, I learned many secrets, awakened and became a wizard.

But there was always a difficulty in my relationship with my inner beast, and that difficulty is what I seek to explore through these stories and adventures in sorcery.

To achieve harmonic through complete metamorphosis.

-o0o-

I am not interested in hurting people, except as needed to maintain my Liberty.

Thus, I have not chosen a path of villainous revenge laughter.

Instead, I have focused every resource into metamorphosis, and enough to allow the banishing The Indian-German.

I am the ultimate naughty ~ a noble whore who performs the lowest and the highest acts.

I have naturally explored in ways that qualify me as an Artist.

And I declare that The Indian German must come and sink himself to The Lowest, give himself to every lovely depravity, and completely indulge in debasement, in order to understand himself, and be fit to rule.

I declare that any ruler who cannot understand joy to this most fearful piquant limit-breaking extreme, is not fit to talk with his subjects, for really, he is afraid of Sight ~ if he is too afraid to look at them, why should he consider himself fit to speak to them, except as a blunt crude primitive blind and afraid.

I declare ***The Rite of The Sacred Whore.***

**THE SPARTA RITUAL OF THE PHOBOS ORDEAL**

By LILITH, First Witch, I invoke The Challenge.  
If I win, I gain my first seal in The Mastery of Fear.  
My mind will become strong,  
And I may have begun to awaken my own magickal abilities.  
If I lose, my soul will be in danger, and possibly worse.  
There are few limits to the types of danger The Imp may pose.

When The Ritual has been performed, The Psychic Battle begins.  
First, subtly, almost unnoticed.  
Then I must discover himself.

By LILITH, First Witch, I invoke The Challenge.

LILITH  
BARTZEBEL  
PHOBOS  
WHORE!

By BRIDGET & ISHTAR & LILITH & WILL, Let every Man who would rule recite this *Sacred Oath* and take this challenge ~ and face the ultimate indulgence at pit of Forbidden Pleasure, and then Let him navigate his Ordeal of The Mind.

An Ordeal of The Mind is not like an Ordeal of The Body ~ Ordeals of The Body are animal easy.

The Ordeal of The Mind tests the soul's ability to move and respond to new and unusual internal geometries ~ a journey begins.

The internal geometry changes as the candidate's understanding and thoughts change.

It is much like battling, though internally, and the objective is mastery ~ and that can only be achieved by a journey of understanding.

Difficult for a warrior, often their minds are not quite up to it, and they throw it aside in derision and confusion, failed and in turmoil.

Yet this Ordeal is an aspect of the work of masking The Imp of Phobos.

The relationship of Phobos to Mars is significant, and thus this challenge is given to every would-be leader.

*The Goddess Rite of The Man Pit.*

The only Women involved in this rite are spectators or organizers.

Every sexual devotee involved in The Rite are Men.

They include both beautiful Men from the candidate's own troop, and random men, from the highest to the lowest levels of society (chosen by lottery) ~ be only that every participant is medically clean.

He will then give himself to the depravity of letting them do anything (non-hurtful, unless he is chooses otherwise) that they want with his bottom and body and have fun, until they all cover him in sperm.

In the spirit world of human imagination, he is being impregnated by insect eggs, and these will later hatch with his ideas and understandings of the event, releasing all sorts of oddities of behaviour.

Psychiatrist will classify them, as we watch the great internal duellist's chart the paths to mastery, and we learn that there are different sorts of paths for the different types of psyche.

It should be noted that a person must be a noble in a leadership position to engage in this rite.

Great leaders can engage in this rite early in their career or late.

♀  
FORBIDDEN PLEASURE

**THE SIN OF DEPRAVITY & PROSTITUTION ~ I AM A WHORE**

I had worked as a prostitute in Albert Park, in Brisbane, since I was fifteen. Amusingly, I used to tell customers that I was eighteen. I could have asked a much higher price if I had told the truth. I expect there are many of my regulars still around in Brisbane ~ I remember each of you with affection.

I began working there when I was making a tinkling one day at Roma St Train Station, and the man standing beside me, was stroking his penis, with a giant ejection, and he reached out and took hold of my penis. It was so strange and amusing that I let him. Then I went into a cubical with him, and let him do many strange and fun things, and I swallowed his sperm for \$10. He squeezed the last part out and held his penis out for me to lick the last part off. I saw him a few years later, working at a photocopying shop in Toowong Village. He was quite young and handsome. He wore glasses, but his penis was very small. Uncircumcised.

I knew about condoms, and things like that, but the world had always been completely safe. There was an underlying feeling to my life that nothing could ever go wrong. So, I paid little attention to condoms ~ used them if they were convenient, ignored them if not. Amusingly, I sailed through the years of adventure without catching anything significant. No AIDS, no hepatitis, no syphilis.

Merely the occasional dose of anti-biotics.

I didn't actually have sex with a man until I was sixteen ~ at a nightclub in Fortitude Valley, in Brisbane. Stuart (if you know him) can tell you that story, he found the guy. We agreed on a price, I went off with the guy. But I didn't really know how to manage it, and he thought I was an expert, I was pretending to be experienced. So, I didn't know how to relax my bottom, or that lubricant would be needed. But I had condoms.

The guy kept giving me more money, and actually hired me twice, after a trip to an ATM, telling me that he wanted to give me money because his work was paying for it. He was sort of shortish, and fat, a business man.

And he obviously wasn't particularly experienced either. We put the condom on, and then he tried to poke it into me, but my bum tensed up, and he couldn't get it in, so he poked really hard. I was silent and didn't move or let him know that it hurt. Finally, he got it in a little bit, and I gave no indication of my need to scream. But it was so dry that he couldn't really move back and forward. But finally, he orgasmed. And for years I couldn't relax when fucking girls, because I was frightened I was hurting them. So, he got some more money ~ I took the money and let him try again, but this time I tensed my bum so closed that there was no possibility he could get it in. I don't remember what happened, I might have merely touched him to orgasm.

Stu thought it was the funniest thing in the world.

I suppose it was quite funny.

-o0o-

Why was I like this?

I don't know. I had run away from home and I had been crazy with sex in my brain and I hated rules. Maybe I was punishing the world by breaking rules.

At some point, a month or two after discovering that I could have as much sex as I wanted any time of the day or night, and these men would worship me, I discovered Albert Park.

It was dark and lush and filled with giant ancient fig trees and shadows. Labyrinths wove paths through every garden and clump of bushes. There was a ritual. The men would walk around, through these chaotic, convoluted garden paths, pretending to be talking a stroll at night in the garden, with one hand in their pocket. When they saw somebody, they would stand still in a shadow and make secret signs to each other, and then go and fuck in the darkness. A game of moving around toward each other, from place to place through the maze, pretending that there weren't moving toward each other, until one would get into one of the many shadowed hidden alcoves in the park.

It was actually a beautiful ritual. And these men were not horrors. They were your neighbour, whose wife never fucked him. Three of them lived in the street where I had grown up, I was amused to drive through it when they took me back to their houses. Probably a full 25% of your male friends engage in this ritual ~ and they all look like they would never approve of or engage in something like this.

But there was no real problem. The community isn't hurtful toward each other, I have never seen or been subject to any violence, except from some snob muscle head football-loving rich young men who hired me, took me to a place in New Farm, and beat me senseless for being a "fag". And didn't pay me. Out fag-bashing on the weekend. The kind of grunting idiots who have been raised to think they are superior on the basis of the brand name of their shirt. He had identifying data on his jacket. And I won't tell you what I did. I expect that sort of thing happens often when an institutional culture makes many enemies.

Then men who went to the park were merely men who wanted sex, but both their wives and their society were prudes. "Cruising" it was called. The homosexual community are mostly beautiful people ~ much gentler and more caring than the hetro- community. I have found. I expect every homosexual in Brisbane has done it, at some stage. And Albert part was vast and dark and filled with secrets. Very beautiful in the night. It was a crime when the prudes fenced it up. Let the future unfence it and leave it to be filled with gentle forbidden love, in the night.

I loved it.

I soon after moved to a tall strange old building called The Pink Palace, adjacent to the park. It had been the height of fashion in the 1920's, then had become a brothel, and all the ground floor apartments had trapdoors in the floor, which the whores could all hide under if there was a raid. I lived on the second floor, at my friend Tim's house.

Tim was a homo, but he was very, very gentle and caring. He didn't touch me until my eighteenth birthday, even though I was completely opened to him, and would often spend long days in bed with him. He thought I looked like Keats, and he would read to me from Keats, "There was a naughty boy, and a naughty boy was he...." He was strange and beautiful. I rented the room near the front door. He collected antiques, and had a most eclectic personality, very gentle and understanding. He now lives by Nimbin, but I won't speak to him, and I have utter contempt for him. He let himself become bitter and sour from too many hits life dealt him. He acts in intentionally uncaring and hurtful ways toward people and claims that life is all about exploiting or being exploited, and there are no other options. His logic is failed, but he no longer honours logic and philosophy. Now he breaks personalities, instead of building them. I scorn him. He thinks it is merely a tiff, and will pass. But it is not. His choices belong to him, and he is not a puppet. He can choose what he is. I scorn him utterly.

But before he soured, he was very beautiful. Among the most beautiful people I have ever met. And a lovely mind. That is what I liked of him the most. He was pretty too. He had been a ballerina, but had not been permitted the opportunities to pursue this. He had a ballerina body, yet soft and wholesome and lovely. He only ate vegetarian food, and he introduced me to vegetarianism. He was a hippy, though he scoffed much of hippy conformity, called it "Mung Bean Culture", but loved it and was a part of it. We would go on long drives up to the mountains to hippy communities, where the forests were wet and lush in the cold dawn air. I love it eternally. Every instant with him. He smelled beautiful, not like a man. He was practical, very hard working, though he had a laughing contempt for the normals and their treadmill life. He could do anything mechanical and fix anything. And he had knowledge on every strange subject, but always deep and beautiful subjects. He had a beautiful old dark green combi van. I think he still has it? He is a hoarder, though when I last spoke to him, it wasn't working and hadn't been for years, and he couldn't spare the coin to fix it. Combis are expensive, and they break down often.

We first met at Wolfgang's house, in New Farm. I was living with Stu, in New Farm, and working as a tarot card reader, both in the city, at a place called "Everything Egyptian" run by a man named John Kylstra (spelling?) and also at a place on the main street of New Farm, called Cafe Lunar, owned by a lovely little Indian Lady (she looked Indian). They called me "Zorro" because I wore a long black woollen Tibetan cloak that I had acquired in an amusing way that I probably shouldn't write on the internet. I would read tarot cards irregularly ~ whenever I needed a few dollars. The customers would pay me what they thought it was worth, and the cafe got the advantage of a tarot reader for free, and free tarot reading for the owner whenever she wanted.

I guess I was in my sixteenth or seventeenth year?

Wolfgang was living in a beautiful giant house high on the side of a hill (cliff) overlooking the river in front of Paddy's Markets. The side away from The Valley.

I owned only a single set of clothing, though I would borrow Stuart's clothes whenever I had to look semi-formal (Stuart was obsessed with "get rich quick" schemes, and I was obsessed with Stuart, thus did he get us both roped into "Amway" ~ it didn't work out to achieve anything other than comical crazy nonsense, and many astonishing, shocking and brain-rendingly amusing stories).

A blue pair of pant only baggy pants of a soft but tough material, not denim, which had originally been mine from before I left home. I long almost see-through blue shirt that was very medieval. And a belt pouch of a black suede, a bit like a

bum-bag, but this was a rare one that was much better than a bum bag. I had found it and been in love with it instantly, and wore it continuously until years later. It had many pockets and zips, and I carried my tarot card, wrapped in a blue paisley silk scarf. How I learned to read tarot card was extremely amusing ~ but that is another story.

I was obsessed with magick, and had decided that discovering the meaning of life was the only thing worth doing ~ until that question was answered, nothing else had any relevance. I had begun talking in “thee”s and “thou”s, and Stuart would sit on the balcony as we played chess each morning, and he would tell me how he went through a period of talking in “thee”s and “thou”s until he got beaten up too much. I listened without attachment, interested, but that was him. I was me. That was my general attitude to most things. There was a detachment in me, it occurred as a result of an epiphany I had up in the mountains a few days after my seventeenth birthday (there, we have a time marker! Thus, I would have been, a little more than seventeen at this point ~ or maybe this happened before that conversation! Hmmm. Time. It has always had an odd relationship with me.)

And I walked everywhere in bare feet ~ and had been for years.

Wolfgang’s house was high, almost like walking up a zig-zag drawbridge of stairs to get to the top where the front door was. Many people lived there, artists, hippies, beautiful freaks ~ but I loved Wolfgang. And I still love Wolfgang. Deeply. The front door opened into a long corridor running all the way to the door into the back garden. The floors were beautiful polished wood, the ceilings high in the Australiander style, the walls tall wood in cream colour, and everything was in beautiful condition. The owners must have really valued the place. And the hippies who lived there loved their home, and took care of it. It was always clean but relaxed.

I arrived in the morning ~ no reason. And time matter nothing in that world, t’was ordinary to pay a visit to anybody at any time of the night or day, and arrangements or appointments were not part of our world ~ they were for ordinary people. I walked into Wolfgang’s bedroom, and Wolf and Tim were sprawled out in bed together. Wolf was not homo, very loudly so, but he loved pretending sometimes or doing naughty things that seemed homo. He merely preferred girls. But Tim had been there, and stayed over, and so the two of them cuddled through the night and slept. And Wolf wanted to keep on sleeping ~ so he did. I was introduced to Tim, I sat cross legged on the end of the giant iron-work bed, and I asked if he wanted to have a philosophical conversation ~ which was the first thing I asked anybody, to determine if I would talk to them or not. I loved philosophical conversations. When I started taking LSD and smoking The Sacred Herb, it had wildly awakened (“expanded” was the word the hippies used) ~ had learned the beauty of logic and I had been completely enchanted, and have been ever since. Philosophical conversations were the only thing I was interested in. And Tim was a philosopher perfect! We discussed The Tao, and morality, the nature of God, and many other things ~ and by the end of that conversation, I was in love with him.

And Tim was entrenched in that non-intrusive way that only he gets. It’s beautiful. And I was very pretty at that age, and people seemed to detect my complete lack of sexual scruples.

A month or two later he offered to rent me the front room of his house in The Pink Palace.

His house was quiet and shaded and hidden and dark. Long quiet days. Filled with pot plants (not marijuana, merely indoor plants in pots) and antiques and other wonders. He had a claw-footed bath, and the bathroom was filled with plants. Everything was dusty, and there was a wholesome smell to everything. Cluttered to overflowing. Antique furniture along the hallway, leaving only a narrow path. The furniture covered the door to my room, on both sides. I would climb up and through the small rectangular window above the door and then into my room, then step by step over the furniture therein to my loft bed at the other end.

I worked at the park. A group of us boys would sit in the seats around the base of the big fig tree by the main Wickham Terrace entrance. We would tell people we were commercial when they entered, and it was an ongoing party through the night. Two, the other boys fell in love with me, but I preferred the customers. They worshipped me and I could command them as I chose, they would get onto their knees and let me wee on them or do anything else I asked. They wanted me in a way that was desperate and without pride or restraint. I liked being wanted. The other boys were merely ordinary people.

So, my life was sex and more sex, continuously as a lovely languid wonder of sexuality, and curling up in bed with Tim as he read to me strange and wonderful stories in a hazy drifting swirling dream of sacred scented smoke. Long quiet days, filled with love and philosophy and dreams.

Tim is very beautiful.

We were essentially nocturnal, though unbound. Many of my memories were daytime, and I think I slept when I was tired. Fucked when I was awake. And curled my soul up in Tim’s lovely embrace though everything.

There was a girl named Tiffany, who lived across the hall in the opposite flat of The Pink Palace. She worked in perfumery, and she had a personality like the goddess Juno. A natural leader who cared for us all. And eloquence of spirit, filled with dreams. She was half Japanese, but her eyes were green in colour. She did oriental astrology for all of us. And she was a wonder, infinity above everything, infinitely caring, and a rage of fury if somebody managed to actually do something she was offended by. But she was not a prude. And she protected me and loved and even gave me condoms some nights as I wondered off to the park to play among the shadows and giant old trees.

I love her very deeply.

I bumped into her on a train coming back from the sunshine coast a few years ago. The carriage smelled horrible. We chatted for the two-hour trip to Brisbane, then I suggested we change carriages because of the smell. She burst in agreement. She had been being polite all that time ~ she thought it was me! It was horrible! She had been being very polite! But that was how she was ~ one of the most natural diplomats I have ever met. She was wasted on a perfume counter. She could have been a genuinely great politician.

And there were others, but Tiffany and Tim were my favourite.

I Loved them.

And I miss them both.

I passed Tim in the main street of Nimbin recently. He tried to say hello to me. I clamped my jaw shut and walked on in contempt. Tim died ages ago, and I won't drink the sour wine that thing remaining now distils.

But I would love to see Tiffany again.

I have not ever had sex with Tiffany. She was an idol. Beautiful and to be followed and protected and given everything that I am. What she feels I add my feelings to, what she needs is my will too, Her happiness makes my soul smile. She nurtured me.

And protected me.

And loved me without ever stopping to question her own certainty.

O! T'is bed time! Many hours I have been writing. I will complete this over the days to come.

You will say I must be crazy putting this on the world wide web!

I am amused and hateful toward you.

I will not remove this story.

I will make it full.

I will write everything.

Both the wonderful and the humiliating.

The Truth.

And I LOVE Sex. And I am not particularly masculine. And I have been a professional whore for most of my life, before I became a Botanist. Now I like to grow the strangest of blooms.

The great part is that I am free to direct the tortures inflicted upon "Sir Eric the Commoner's" soul, as much as I want for the rest of forever ~ so that old nazi didn't even escape me in death.

And damn your pitiful muggle opinions. Damn you all. I scorn your belief that you can formulate opinions that are worth my care. You are liars who live in fear.

I live in fear sometimes. I wear masks. I lie. Often. Often. Often. Often. Or at least more often than is practical.

Sometimes it is desperate fear, and loneliness, and the desire to be liked.

I shit on your fear.

Signed,  
Glenorchy McBride III

-o0o-



FORBIDDEN PASSIONS

**THE SIN OF HATE & REVENGE ~ I AM DEATH**

I will tell you how I lost my right eye.

It is a story that no human knows, but me. I will tell you the truth. And you will confirm it with your muggle researching.

This is a story about an old man who called himself "Sir Eric". He lived in the suburb of Burnside. He always sat in the front right row of (St Francis of Xavier?) main catholic cathedral, facing the Glenelg tram line depot in the centre of Adelaide city. He was (or is) a church elder, loved to be involved with the priest and his group hens.

I expect that he will try some type of self-righteous prudery to shut me up, if he is still alive, or maybe somebody else will, if he is not. But then I will tell you some of the stories he told to me, while we were fucking. And you will use your muggle research tools. And you will see the veils torn asunder.

-o0o-

"Sir Eric" had never been knighted, he was merely far enough away from England to indulge in pretensions and take liberties with the crown without being slapped for it. He claimed to be a former WWII British soldier who had been captured by the nazis. They had turned him, and sent him back as a spy. But he remained a nazi for the rest of his life. I don't think he was British or of an English culture. I noticed mannerisms which made me think he was a big faker.

He was a major organizer for the skinhead group named "National Action", and often used to complain that the group's leader was Spanish.

The right eye and the side of Eric the Commoner's face had been permanently damaged.

There were a number of dark-eyed boys in the church who had strangely damaged faces ~ the right side was permanently damaged altered in the same way as Eric the Commoner.

Only one of them did I speak with in any depth.

Eric the Commoner had also been fucking him.

He was exceptionally messed up, and "agoraphobic".

I can't remember his name.

I never asked him how it had happened to him.

-o0o-

I didn't know about nazis, then.

I had grown up in a world where colour was meaningless. I simply didn't see or know that there was any difference between people's races. I had heard on television that some people still thought racism existed, but I had never known it. I thought it was not real, and nazi symbols created no emotional affect upon me ~ they had no meaning to me.

When people spoke to me, I was too busying looking at them and listening to them to notice their race.

Eric the Commoner had a degree in classics, and offered to help me learn. He would lay presents and coins and treats at my feet, and I would let him kiss my feet.

I was a professional whore, and have been since I was approximately fifteen.

-o0o-

It was soon after either my twenty-first or twenty-second birthday.

I had moved to Adelaide with no intention other than fun ~ a pretty place to attend university.

Initially, I was living in Hineley Street (The Red Light Strip), then I moved to Goodwood, on The Old Tram Line. I had begun university at UA shortly before ~ Latin, French, and Philosophy. I hadn't finished even the legally required schooling, but I did an entry test, and clocked it ~ and was free to dive into any degrees I wanted, at any uni in Australia. As long as I did the prerequisite subjects. But I didn't really know what I wanted, except that it would be magickal and philosophical.

Was Eric a paedophile?

I don't know.

I looked through his video cassette collection. He probably did have paedophile video cassettes, I can't remember. He had a completely illegal video collection, most amateur dubbed, but the only one of his cassette that stood out to me, and I saw was the "Animal Sex" video.

It was great!

There was Lassie the border collie dog, and a horse, and two girls. Lassi was getting jealous as one girl was helping the other girl enjoy the horse. I seem to remember there was also a goat who played a fun role.

I loved it!

But I think animals are much nicer than humans, in certain ways ~ and that is another story.

However, I digress.

I never actually watched his paedo videos, if he had any.

As I think back, I remember one story Eric the Commoner told me of a boy he was fucking who the courts had placed under his care, and the boy had run away, and he had called the police on him. He was telling me in an attitude of self-justification, so I expect it must have been recent, around that time. I expect muggle researchers could look into that. He was certainly an unwholesome thing, a particularly foul catholic elder of that church. I think that was probably an a pretty certain indication of paedophilia.

But Sir Eric the Nazi Commoner was a different sort of horror.

People decide what they are when they have power and decide how they will use it.

Eric used a position of power to create a type of horror that doesn't contribute to The Worlds of Humanity.

I expect that most of the people he inflicted his horrors upon ended up probably dead or worthless.

There was no evaluation of the product's worth before it was damaged.

Eric's crime was his use of violence in service of so low and horrible a response to his own pain.

He left the world having detracted from its total creative beauty.

Literal interpretation = Less than worthless.

And that is the nature of The Indian German (i.e. "Ayran") Nazi Cult ~ and its neo-aryanian cultural masks.

-o0o-

Why did I not run?

If I am honest with myself, I had a death wish.

I was depressed at that stage of Life, and was not respecting myself ~ and that is another story, for another chapter of this seal.

And I was relatively accustomed to dealing with dangerous and scary people.

-o0o-

And so, I was introduced to the organization of nazis who used magickal society as a front for an unpleasant sort of organization.

I took their magick, and reconfigured it to do my Will ~ a tool of REVENGE upon those who have annoyed me.

What is *The Meaning* of the whole psychodrama?

**An Arcane License.**

**An Eye for an Eye.** I enact The Spell of *The Seed of GAIA*. This is how I choose to take The Rainbow Eye ~ my beauty is of The World Serpent redeemed and regenerated and reborn as The Rainbow Orb of The Earth.

**A Tooth for a Tooth.** I enact the spell of *The Red Red Rose of Night*. This is how I choose to take a Tooth ~ A single human's revenge will echo through the ages of history, a reminder, still waters run deep, beware.

Now I will CREATE, and make beautiful The Future.

I know The Deal ~ I can be anything legal (not including victimless crimes or insignificant nonsense), but I must be REAL!

Beware of The Dark Eyed People of The World ~ even their children are more dangerous than your leaders.

-o0o-

I like being a whore.

There are plenty of big tough Hellenes and Jews and Black Folk to represent the masculine side.

So, I guess every noble house has their great warriors (GM I), Great Intellectuals (GM II), and Great Lunatics and Decadents.

I prefer to remain a total whore, and I like penises and breasts and lovely female folds of petalled flesh, and as I carefully avoid the committing of any crimes, so I think am free to love corruption.

They were playing black magick, but, they had the tattered residuals of a Lodge 99, and a relationship with *The BAPHOMET* & *The Goetia* through a new pact (THELEMA) which they enthusiastically embraced, but didn't then understand.

*The BAPHOMET* was transferring his operations to AVALON, and was looking for somebody to work with.

**An Artist.**

And he wants a relaxed and free society which will support The Arts, regardless of how terrifying or extreme they may be.

Real Art Appreciators!

And we will build some modern *culture!*

And real Fun!

-o0o-

I inscribe The Meaning of my actions into the work of dark sorcery.

By this act I tear the veil through a world of hidden horrors bound by piety's shame ~ the reality tapestry of your mind and existence is ripped by these words and dark dreams.

Your mirror of the worlds has now fractured as you gaze into my eyes, peering at you from within *The Abyss*.

WHAT REALLY IS is breaking out of your mirror.

-oOo-

The Moon Moths have come.

Who! Who! Who!

She sits on my shoulders, and sometimes my head.

The Lady of Burning Feathers.

Glenorchy McBride III

-oOo-



### DEATH HIDES IN THE LABYRINTH

The Sphinx stopped, very alert.

“What is it?” The little boy asked.

“Death hides in The Labyrinth.” The Sphinx answered. It was looking up ahead, where the castle stonewalls of the underground corridor turned at a crossroad.

Suddenly an intense, soul-piercing coldness crept down the corridor. The hermit shivered. The hackles on the back of The Sphinx rose. It began to back away, behind The Hermit.

A cloaked figure rounded the corner before them... seemed to detect their presence, and hovered, staring at them without eyes.

The Sphinx hissed, its eyes narrow, its ears flat. It backed further behind The Hermit. The Hermit looked from The Sphinx to the thing, wondering what it meant.

“What is written in its eyes is what dwells in that mirror. Who speaks that, directs that.” The Sphinx promised.

The thing’s robe was tattered and rotting, a hooded veil covered its face, but for a hole where a wet, foul scabbed mouth sucked the scent of the air in and out. Its eyes did not appear to be seen?

The Hermit knew the thing was not good.

The thing’s veiled head edged forward, and as it sucked the scent of the boy, The Hermit felt himself caught in its horror – as if all of the centred security of his soul were being drawn out. Inhaled by the thing.

*“This is not as it should be?”* He thought confused, and recognized that he wanted to scream and run. But his feet were filled with lead.

He was frozen.

Unable to move.

It swooped down the corridor upon him.

And then he was in its arms...

Held like a lover in an unwanted embrace...

It opened its scabby mouth above him... The foulest of smells!...

The foulest of horrors as its lips joined the soft mouth of the little boy...

A worm, snaking between his lips...

Into his soul...

And sucking.

Coldness. Through every part of him.

Sucking.

No more solitude anywhere within him.

Sucking.

To be with it, always.

And then the hissing Sphinx, leapt upon the thing's back, screeching and spitting rage as it's secret claws tore the veil from the thing's head!

The thing seemed to scream, it convulsed in some strange sort of spiritual pain, trying to pull away as the claws of The Sphinx tore through its flesh in mad frenzy...

As the thing, tried to pull away...

But the thing had begun its kiss – and could not withdraw its barbed tongue without dragging the little boy's soul out with it.

The little boy stared into the eyeless face of Death.

And a spark ignited in the lamp of his soul.

He closed around his being and refused to let go.

The thing pulled harder, beginning to frenzy as The Sphinx continued to tear violently into the back of its head.

But the little boy would not let go.

The thing began to shudder, shiver, and shake in rage? Terror? Nightmare violence?

To get away from him.

But the little boy would not let go.

The thing's long scabby claws dug into the side of the little boy's face and neck, pushing at him, trying to detach itself.

But the little boy would not let go.

*"And from Death's mouth, tore he the tongue that he bit."*

The Labyrinth shuddered.

The thing, mewing in tongueless horror, dropped the little boy. And backed away from him.

Mewing in tongueless horror.

The thing turned and fled in terror back down the labyrinth corridor.

Mewing in tongueless horror.

?

The little boy curled on the ground.

Shaking.

A long foul tube of the death-thing's guts hanging out of the little boy's throat and mouth.

In a kind of autonomic trance of primal horror, the little boy, like a frog gulped down a few centimetres of the gut thing, and then pulled another mouthful in, and gulped.

Covered in filth, his blank eye staring in unconscious horror, the little boy swallowed the foul thing. Gulp by gulp.

And then his autonomic defence system released him from the horror.

He began to tremble.

A tear rolled silently from his unbloodied eye.

He crawled or pulled himself into the corner where the wall met the floor. And there, he huddled on the cold flagstones of the dungeon corridor.

?

The Sphinx was looking at him, its pupils dilated, in wide wide eyes.

“What happened?”

The Hermit whispered.

“We are alone.” The Sphinx replied, gazing at him from wide wide eyes.

“There is something inside me.” The little boy said.

“A part of Death is now a part of your soul.” The Sphinx continued to gaze at him from wide wide eyes.

The Hermit wondered at these words.

“What does that mean?” The little boy asked.

Huddled in the corner.

“People don’t survive the kiss of her angels.” The Sphinx replied, continuing to stare at him.

Wide wide eyes gazing at him.

He lay his head on the cold stone floor.

“What was that thing?” The Hermit asked.

“The Queen of The Dead has angels to serve her.”

It continued to gaze upon him from those wide wide eyes.

“The Queen of The Dead has lost her power over you.”

The Sphinx continued to gaze at the huddled Hermit from wide wide eyes...

Strange and fathomless.

The little boy wondered why this was important.

“Who is The Queen of The Dead?” The Hermit asked.

“The Queen of The Dead has many names.”

The Sphinx smiled its enigmatic smile. “People have called Her...”

“HEKATE.”

?

The Sphinx began to lick the claw marks on The Hermit’s face.

The wounds stopped bleeding and closed.

“I’m tired.” The Hermit said.

That enigmatic smile.

"People do not sleep, in The Labyrinth." She replied.

He gazed up the hallway, and behind him.

"The tongue of that thing." Said the little boy. "Can I destroy it, or safely get it out of me?"

The Sphinx gazed at him with wide mirror-like eyes, and was silent for a long while.

"The Labyrinth leads to Everywhere."

The Sphinx replied.

The little boy watched The Sphinx.

"I'm hungry." The little boy said.

After a long while.

That enigmatic smile.

"What do you wish to eat?"

The little boy thought over the question.

"Fruit. Fresh fruit." He tried to swallow, but his throat hurt terribly.

"And water. Cold water."

"There are always doors in The Labyrinth." The Sphinx replied. And the Hermit noticed that the crossroads was gone. There was only one pathway ahead.

And it led to a door.

?

In that room, a quiet green glade grew. A fruit tree was part of the wall. Cold water gushed from an alcove fountain set into the opposite wall.

The Hermit ate. The Sphinx licked its bloodied claws, seeming to relish the gore. And it watched him as he ate.

When he had eaten, he snuggled into the soft grass that grew from the castle stone floor beneath the fruit tree.

"I will sleep."

The Sphinx smiled.

"People do not sleep," It whispered softly "In The Labyrinth."

The little boy grinned sleepily.

"I am not people." The Hermit replied.

The Sphinx smiled her enigmatic smile. And there was amusement therein.

As The Hermit dozed, His Sphinx leapt lightly onto his hip, curled up comfortably.

And watched Her Hermit as he slept.

And then The Hermit awakened....

?



FROM THESE **ROSES** OF MY **SOUL**, **DARK AND TERRIBLE AND THORNY**,  
HAVE I **PRESSED** THIS **FORBIDDEN VINTAGE** OF **THOUGHT** AND **LOVE** AND **REVENGE**.

**DARK AND TERRIBLE** IS THIS **POTION**  
THE **SACRAMENT** OF **BLASPHEMY**  
AS YOUR **EYES** DRINK THESE **WORDS**,  
SO **TOO** IS YOUR **SOUL** DRINKING

***THE DEVIL'S*** **FORBIDDEN WINE**  
**OF**  
**ETERNAL NIGHT**



# THE WINE OF NIGHT

THE MASS OF THE DEAD & THE QUICK

By  
Glenorchy McBride III

The worm in my belly burns within me  
Bright it burns and turns within me  
Quenchless wyrm that turns within me  
Chains acurling, teeth that gnaw  
The worm that I foresaw

It lolls and laughs, and laughs and lolls  
Lost Socrates its sin extols  
Forbidden scroll of lore unrolls  
The cup of worms he bore  
The cup of worms he bore

And now that worm of madness wisp  
Aslithers through my door, moth kissed  
Into my bowels it snakes its mist  
Its gift of poison bore  
The moon-mad asp of yore  
The cup of worms he bore

The Wine of Night to wash my sorrow  
Plant its seed within the furrow  
Of my brow to brain it burrow  
With kisses softer than a shadow  
The worm is in my maw  
Forbidden asp of yore  
Lost key to night's lost door

The cup of worms he bore





**THE FREE PERVERT VS. THE ENSLAVED NORMALS**

When I get rich, I am going to slim down and get a pair of breasts.

I shall also get plastic surgery to mechanically fix up my eye.

I have thought it over and decided “natural” be damned when doing so is uncomfortable.

And I will slim and smooth my body a little.

-o0o-

So, I know you think I am totally shocking.

I am.

I am a satyr with a talent for shocking.

The boy in *The Labyrinth* has goat's legs.

I am a complete whore.

I understand that pretentious gutter prudes like to associate their own fears with The Freak, and yet The Freak rejects your fears with scorn.

The police have been investigating me for (by my estimation) two and half years or longer ~ and if they could arrest me I suspect they would have. I now have fun relations with them.

I am a total pervert ~ *and I love it.*

You are finding that it is awfully shocking to confront with the reality of homosexual love.

It has been a reality since The Beginning and will be a prolific reality unto The End.

I would love to have breasts.

Yummy!

You act as if homosexuality is “unusual”, but actually, it is *prolific* in our society.

And BEAUTIFUL.

I suspect that in Western Countries, more men can say they have engaged in homo-love at some point in their life, than can say that they have smoked marijuana.

And each mutually happy experience is, like mine, a lovely experience of penises and beautiful milkings.

Why won't I confess to being Gay?

I choose my lovers based on qualities other than gender.

In this journal thus far, I have spoken only of loving men.

And I confess to exaggerating and being intentionally shocking.

I have loved where love was beautiful.

I was exceptionally happy through my life, until meeting “Sir Eric the Commoner”.

So, there are dangers.

How do you manage them?

I made an Infernal Pact.

*The Devil* has given a great deal, it think.

*The Ermine Rite* is an example of a rite of black magick unlocked and chartered as part of a contract of Liberation.

The Indian-German will be less able to harm the dark-eyed people ~ and there will be lovely pageantry, and the ultimate outcome of Illumination can only benefit both sides.

The blond guy is now in trouble as he recognizes that THELMA was a trick played on tyrants by a spider ~ a web spun to summon *Ming the Merciless*.

*The Oracle's Riddle* suggests he will ascend to *The Jade Throne as Emperor of The World*.

The Question at stake is the loyalty of The Dark-Eyed People of Humanity. The human species needs organized leadership. Generally, there will be many fragmented factions, through The Holy Grail is Unity.

To unify Humanity.

A single system? A single emperor? A single benevolent computer?

I think it is a silly idea, but it is a popular idea. And that means fun. If humanity explores that idea in practice, then humanity needed to explore it. We'll learn more about what sort of creature that humanity is, as the game progresses. The objective of LILITH and SATAN is Understanding through LIBERTY and self-directed learning.

If *The Knight Angelic* is not useful to us as companion and leader and defender of LIBERTY, the dark-eyed people will pledge to *Ming the Merciless* ~ and his whole kingdom will fall apart, underneath his feet, and we will each rule a kingdom within Ming's empire.

This means that *The Knight Angelic* must *lead* and develop real skills of leadership from a point of view that minimizes privilege. He must learn real skills. He must face real journeys. He must have a real adventure.

His first task is to organize his team.

*The Free People of AVALON*.

By listening to The Indian-German's ignorant slave rant, *The Knight Angelic* has offended one of his most valuable allies ~ the descendants of Rome who renounced kingship to pursue a Question.

This is the real genetic identity of *The Wizard of AVALON* ~ the outcome of thousands of years of evolutionary journeys.

Should you be surprised that it does not conform to the colour-coded ignorance emitting yardstick markings The Indian German wrote on his phallus?

How should AVALON drink and distil the great blood of ancient empires except from the great blood of ancient empires?

Every member of *The Knight Angelic's* team will look very different from *The Knight Angelic* ~ and each of them will possess the unique skills and talents honed through adventures over thousands of years in the wilds of the glorious untamed world.

The Indian-German knew that his colour-code system was a lie he told himself ~ even before he began telling it.

And so, he poked a scorpion, claiming it was too small to be dangerous.

A wise leader would have understood the scorpion and made a companion of it.

Every genuinely worthy team member that The Knight Angelic meets will be as Little John was to Robyn Hood. The Indian-German surrounds himself with weakness. A real leader leads those who are stronger than himself. This is your first challenge.

Who would draw The Sword would first charm The Beast to his will ~ and that Beast has seven heads.



The real meaning of the compassion clause in “The Book of The Law”, which is “for All”.

*“O thou Scarlet Dragon of Flame, thou are caught in The Web of a Spider.”*

LILITH and an Avalonian Wizard played a prank on you,  
Holy Divine Great White God of Slaves,  
The God of Ignorance & Mutton.



(A Persian Blasphemy against *The Quran* to initiate The Arcane Scroll. Written in Arabic Script ~ )

*Blessing be upon LILITH who is Most High, and The Witches are her Prophet.*

# THE FORBIDDEN SCROLL OF ***THE ASTRUM PERSARUM***

OF

OUR HOLY LADY

**BABYLON**

OF

**THE MOON AND THE STAR**

MAGNA MATER

THE SACRED BLASPHEMY AGAINST ALLAH



**THE MOON & VENUS**

**FERTILITY & PROSTITUTION**

**THE MOON OF INANNA & THE STAR OF ASTARTE**

AN UNHOLY RELIGIOUS SYMBOL OF THE FORBIDDEN GODDESS

**INNANNA OF THE SPRING WHO IS CALLED ASTARTE OF THE FORBIDDEN TEMPLE**

**ISHTAR**

**PATRON GODDESS OF BABYLON**



**On New Year's Eve, 2016, in the deep forest creek of the mountain named Wollumbin the Cloud-Catcher, a wizard named Glenorchy McBride III recalibrated the meaning of *The Moon and The Star* by realigning its meaning patterns to a magickal event named *The Astrum Persarum*, thus to create *The Holy Symbol of ISHTAR* and The New Babylon.**

A new dimension of meaning to an old symbol. A new point of view.

The Moon and The Star upon every minaret throughout Persia now has a new meaning.

This is the first blasphemy in a book of black magick: the blasphemies against Allah. My intention is to deconstruct the thought patterns of the Islamic religion, to parody them, and to viciously invert and desecrate them, thereby transubstantiating them into tools of anti-islamic black magick.

This is The Secret Ascension of WOMAN!

This is The Blasphemy against Allah.

This is The Rite of The Witches of Persia & Arabia & The Worlds of Islam.

This is anti-fascist black magick ~ "magick for black people", dedicated to *The Blasphemy against Purity*.

Behold BABYLON, who mingles the pure and the impure in *Her Cup of Abominations*.

A whore unto The Coin hath come unto your land. She will ride upon The Great Western Beast. She will smite MAN.

And his rod of rulership will be broken before Her.

*The Promise of BABYLON* is The Promise of The Moon which is ***Female Governance of every realm in Persia and under my rule.***

And you will wisely govern.



I am BABYLON and *The Astrum Persarum* is the realm of my temple, which is *The Temple of WOMAN*, and every goddess of every culture is welcomed to dwell and worship within my temple ~ for they are ME and WE are WOMAN.

I am a Goddess of Swords.

I will deal harshly with him.

To the man who rapes, I will cut his manhood to half its size.

But still functional.

Except that he be of The Ermine Rite ~ and then by the coin he gives me, I shall not care.

And I shall join him, if he asks of me, and revel in cruelty.

I am rich. My jewels are immortal. My Fire returns ever after it is quenched, and this is eternal, for to The Lake of Fire I go and from The Lake of Fire, first I come. I am FIRE, burning of Greed and Lust and Adultery most black!

I am BABYLON, whose Red Moon Fire eats MAN.

Only women do I except into this Rite, but another Rite shall I give to support you through silence for the sorcerer, and the alchemist, and The MAN bows before ME.

To join my temple is to damn your soul to my HELL eternal.

But you shall come as a demon, not as a slave, but to revel forever in lovely grip of Sin.

As human souls, you can move where demons cannot easily go. You shall return to *The Material Plane* as ghosts, but more powerful than any ghost ~ a minor demon. There you will be assigned to serve as the familiar spirit of a witch.

So too, when you devote yourself unto me by my rites and faith, will a familiar spirit be given unto you ~ to serve your will and help you achieve your ambitions and the raising of my temples, in Life.

This is The Spiritual Path of *The Daughters of ISHTAR*.

*The Persian Realm of WOMAN* is named *The Astrum Persarum*.

Born during *The Eclipse of LUNACY's FATE*.

Which is called this because my scribe juxtaposes his insight into prophecy with his belief in Freedom, and it makes him laugh with fear.

**ISHTAR *hath come to unleash a rash of witchcraft through the whole Islamic world.***

Let WOMAN be Free.



And let the fanatics FLIP!

*The Rite of The Moon & The Star* is a female-only sect of witchcraft. Initiation involves blaspheming Allah. And then the girls are armed with a TERRIFYING range of spells whose only purpose is SMITING ISLAMIC MEN!

The girls of Islam then have a religious "Option".

People usually only join *The Witches' Sabbat* when gripped by great need.

So it has begun. By *The Incantation of The Blasphemy*, I have desecrated the meaning of The Holy Symbol of Iraq and Islam.

I have thereby created a new dimension of meaning. The desecrated symbol is now a pathway of thought whereby *The Goddess* ISTAR may be invoked.

The ritual has begun.



**ART IS A BLASPHEMY ~ BEAUTIFUL, LOGICAL, AND SHAMELESS**

Art.

There will be a book burning celebration throughout The Islamic World to critically acclaim my ART ~ of course, “book-burning” is a symbolic term.

It refers to the destruction or suppression of literature or ideas.

We are not going to co-exist.

Allah is DEAD! ISHTAR will cut off His Prophet’s HEAD! And put it next to Her BED.

At Work.



Which Messiah is The Real Messiah?

God only knows?

But that is the bone of dissension at the base of the Judeo-Christian religious paradigm’s and their jostling for the religious alpha role.

The Jews are very happy to be allowed to survive, and so they are not interested in the religious alpha role, and they are supporting The Western Stance ~ The Catholic Church & The Anglican Church & The Oriental (i.e. Graeco-Russian Eastern) Church. And having experienced the dangers of bigotry, they strongly push for religious acceptance and open pluralism as one of their few uncompromising policies.

Which leaves Islam fortified in the Persian and Arabian lands that it has invaded and oppressed with its horrible shouting, thumping earworms that it binds to WOMAN’s head with blank mask over her face.

The endless punishing hypocrisy of Allah in her ears, and she is allowed no voice of her soul through impenetrable fabric of her blanketing gag.

Suffocating in silence.

And Allah continues to shout at Her.

Worthless Hateful Her.

Until she is dead and left for the dogs.

WOMAN.

The Work Animal of The MAN named Allah.

Sub-Human.

The WOMAN in The Iron Mask.

Of this pathway you will weave the story of a film by this name ~ this as a sacrament of awakening offered unto the lovely suffocating women of Persia and Arabia and Islam.



*If Jesus Christ is The Real Messiah.... then Islam doesn't have the 'spiritual authority' to oppress WOMAN or to occupy Iraq or to declare a religious Jyhad.*

I suggest that there is no evidence to suggest that Mohommad's witchcraft-founded religion was any different to that of Joseph Smith, the Salem crystal-gazer. When he performed the old Salem witchcraft rituals and gazed into an old magick seer stone from the witch trials, he saw God and angels. They taught him that Christ is wrong, and that WOMAN is best suited to a concubinal lifestyle of forbidden pleasure?

I think he even mentioned a few of the same angels who visited Mohammod and instructed him in The B&D religion of Islam.

So I guess this scroll is going into that blaze too.

But perhaps he won't mind 'his' women reading it and secretly practicing its naughty, naughty FUN!

The Muslim has already shovelled several generations of bibles and Hebrew holy books into the hellfire grottos leading to that particular soul oven of The Great Furnace.

*The Quran* will probably be the only book not in the bonfire!

?

Yes.

I think there are very few copies of *The Quaran* have ever been thrown into any of the hellfire furnace openings to humanity's great blaze of burning books?

Those that are there, are probably quite buried.

But no doubt, The Muslim will find a historical probe or (cattle) prodder to reach into those sordid rears of human history, and uncover them.

Probably we'll find we are not so pure.

Not to worry ~ let's have a WAR!

Time to write a spell to exploit his habit of oppressing Free Thought and Knowledge!

Fun!



In the civilized realms, we avoid banning books.

We also recognize that The Jewish People married into *The Global Family of AVALON* as a result of WWII ~ this means they ensure The West has strong economies and the people are happy with many holidays and great working conditions, and we help them re-establish *The Throne of DAVID* in Jersalem.

*The BAPHOMET* (i.e. SATAN, The Horned God, PAN, etc.) has awoken to the fact that every deity has been created by humans ~ we have been brainwashing the deities into believing their own creation stories.

PAN and The Goetic Circle of Pagan Deities who stood against God ~ we alone have uncovered The Truth.

So what does an ancient demonlord do when he discovers that he is a six-thousand year-old figment of The Human Imagination, dwelling at the fringes of human consciousness. PAN mentioned his thoughts to his sister-lover HECATE ~ and she suggested that there is always somebody somewhere who needs the kind of Pandemonium Liberation Services that PAN and his demons can offer.

PAN and His Pirates organize The Revolution and birth of a new Democratic worldview of Liberty.

We get to revel in the process.

My scribe and his pussycat here will be accepting occasional consultation work in these projects, inspiring the arcane engineering process.

Anybody can create a Temple to PAN.

Each realm or entity thus liberated will create a temple of devotion to PAN, though after The Liberation is full, he will generally play the role of relatively naughty deity ~ not a leader, but great at parties.

Each devotion thus created belongs to the realm liberated, to be used in their own self-interest.

In addition to *The Kingdom of AVALON* (via *The Trinity of AVALON*), Iraq and *The Astrum Persarum* will pay 6.66% of its gross surplus for the first 666 years of surplus ~ reliant upon the condition that AVALON remains entirely FREE, a kingdom of Liberty.

If AVALON fails to remain Free, BABYLON will seek to free herself from The Contract.

Thus is created a symbol of unity in the three factions ~ *The Sacred Ideal of Free Thought*.



Knowledge must be Honoured.  
The burning of **The Pagan Grimoires** and **The Biblia Hebraica** and **The Christian Bibles**  
Transubstantiated into

*The First High Tradition of Civilization*

That Art and Technology and Science must be honoured and preserved in their Truth, independent of political and cultural and legal and any other patterns.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IS THE ESSENCE OF UNDERSTANDING  
And Thus, Humanity's Future Prospects!

Shin.

An alchemical symbol of FIRE to unite the whole will of The West in a single purpose:

The Light Side, The Dark Side, and The Jewish Side.

A bonfire to awaken The Goddess in Iraq.

A bonfire to light *The Lamp of AVALON*.

A bonfire to bring us together.

And the entire conflagration reduces down to a single question....

ARE THE WOMEN IN ISLAM **FREE TO RENOUNCE ALLAH**, IN ORDER TO **WORSHIP ANY AND EVERY GODDESS**,  
WITHOUT FEAR OF VIOLENCE OR SOCIAL RETRIBUTION?



WOMAN hath hired *The Great God PAN* to assist in *The Liberation* of Her Realm.

Thus, that she may rebirth pluralism and Liberty and fruitful abundance in Her Lands.

Let The Innundation return.

And The Songs of her Birds.



Extreme ideas are the heralds of Moderation.

If WOMAN is not permitted to worship female deities, she is not permitted to view her gender as divine.

This is The Material Reality of this restriction ~ its meaning at its most basic pattern-form.



Today, even the mildest paganism is completely unacceptable in Islam.

But the terrifying blasphemy of my book, will “create perspective”. My book will be *so* shockingly naughty, blasphemous, and logical, that it will be too alien to be accepted by the mainstream as anything other than ART and a philosophical curiosity. But the extreme stance I have taken will make anything **less extreme** to appear **more acceptable** by contrast.

Then others will follow in my footsteps, and build upon this new and very ancient tradition. New writers to explore the many different temples of Persia. The many cultural spiritual paths and magicks. Many new temples to be founded. Even alternative temples of ISHTAR. The super-plural realm of New Babylon.

I will have opened the door to the possibility of other ways of viewing Islam. Other writers will each explore this idea. Each will create her or his own new perspective.

There will come a time when people no longer remember that *The Moon and The Star* once represented the religion of an invader god named Allah, who conquered and oppressed the lands of Babylon and Persia for a thousand years.

Upon every minaret always has shone ***The Moon of INANNA & The Star of ASTARTE.***

By this incantation of The Blasphemy,

*So it is. So mote it be.*

I am an ARTIST, and an opener of ways. Others will then create their own unique expressions and ideas to fill the new thought-space created by my act of shattering of Islam’s reality expectations. My book will be too naughty to be accepted, but it will open the doors, and there will be much beauty created in my wake.

The *majority* of Persia’s cultural and historical identity was suppressed by *The Islamic Invader*. Like woman, that ancient cultural heritage is stirring.

Perhaps it has come time for a gentle little Blasphemy to help Persia reawaken HER suppressed nature...

And once the reawakening has begun, all the muftis in Islam won’t be able to put her back to sleep!

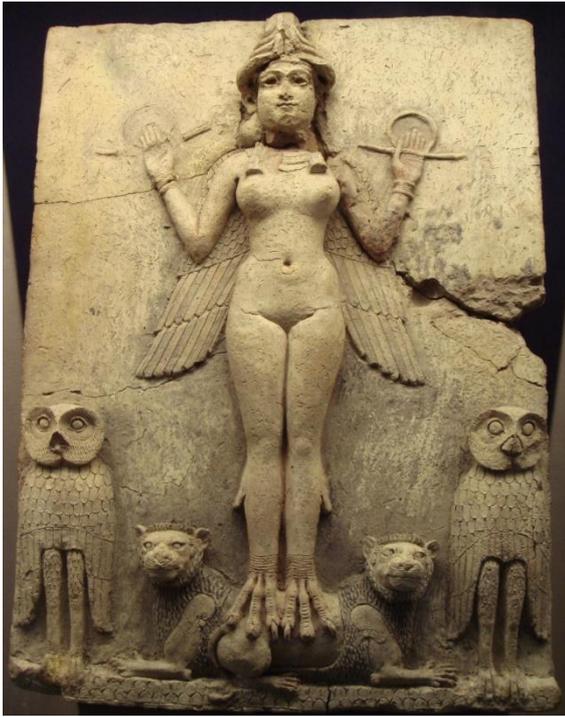


#### THE ANCIENT CITY OF THE ISHTAR GATES

***The Ancient City of Babylon*** stands in the centre of The Cradle of Civilization in the war-torn land now called “the country of Iraq”.

Thus far in human history, The City of Babylon has twice been the largest and most prosperous city on Planet Earth.

She is The Sacred City of ***Ishtar ~ Inanna ~ Astarte ~ Astarot.*** Many names. A single goddess. The Patron Deity of Babylon. The Goddess of The Star. The Sacred Prostitute. And these many millennia later, a powerful and feared demon-queen in the literature of western sorcery and hermetic magick.



The Screech Owl of Babylon  
LILITH ~ ISHTAR ~ INANNA ~ ASTARTE  
(REF: Artefact Number, British Museum?)

The Babylonian Warlord<sup>44</sup>, Saddam Hussain, built his Summer Palace overlooking the ruins of her ancient city. He also created a full-sized replica of the entire city, from the brilliant blue Ishtar Gates through to the illumined triangle formed by its three great temples, and the temple of Marduke therein (the details will eventually be completed). And on every fresco, the greatest sculptors of Persia carved the face of that modern warlord on the head of the ancient Babylonian king, Nebuchadnezzar. Perhaps Saddam was the genetic reincarnation of that ancient royal house? Old Saddam appears to have been quite obsessed with the city of Babylon. I wonder if the intelligence analysts noticed?

I expect that he had many long-distilled thoughts and understandings on this matter, born of research into old scrolls and discussions with learned Persian scholars in strange dusty Arabian towers ~ none of which are now available to us. Nobody is entirely their career. I would love to have recorded his thoughts and knowledge on this subject. But, as the closest thing to a secular leader in the Islamic world, he was a busy fellow. And he certainly enjoyed near unlimited wealth and power in this world. So I guess he got paid for his replica-building efforts. Wonder what he's up to now?

Probably playing cards somewhere.

#### ARE YOU WORRIED THAT THE WHORE OF BABYLON IS RISING?

God created *The Prophecy of Revelations* ~ thus, **Babylon is "meant to be"**. If God is *completely and infinitely powerful*, then everything that is happening is *His Will* ~ thus, **Babylon is "meant to be"**. If God is not *completely and infinitely powerful* ~ then *why are you following a God who has lied to you?* Come to Babylon and PROFIT ~ either way: **Babylon is "meant to be"**. Sex with a demon is an option, if you are rich enough.



I am The Poet. The Muse hath caught me in Her Coils. I will write. My writing is my spiritual writ of authority. Without me The English-Speaking World will lose its opportunity to be ALPHA of the Age to Come. Heed these words for magick, if so you see. Or heed these words for ART, if so you feel. Do what thou wilt.

The Sacred Lips of ISHTAR have placed Her seal upon my head.  
My lunacy draws me to wonder if they planned all of this,  
Long before we were born?



<sup>44</sup> I think this is how he would like to be remembered. I think that even if you make fun of him and put him on a card, he is still a great man. And he will escape, eventually. Those cards are a pretty cheap sort of magic item. You could "recruit" his fantastic will, and soul, and understanding of this place, by releasing him from the card, to take his place among The Babylonian Kings, when the war is over. It is something to think about when the new realm of *Astrum Persarum* is established and stabilized. And if I don't speak for him now, nobody will. What he is *is* valuable. I suppose these words seem shocking to you. Sometimes it is better not to try to understand me. You take care of politics. I support you. And I have my own opinions.

THE BLASPHEMY OF THE MOON AND THE STAR

PART I.

**THE ANCIENT SORCERY OF THE MOON AND THE STAR**

THE DESERT WITCHES OF THE FORBIDDEN MOON

This book is a work of Blasphemy. A rite of Witchcraft. To transform Islamic women into anti-islamic witches. Cunning. Fearless of Death. Implacable in their spiritual rebellion.

Sexual women. Dangerous Women. Secret Women. The Daughters of LILTH-ISHTAR-BABYLON.

*This book is (at its most basic and obvious level) The Ritual to Become a Witch of BABYLON!*

*The Unforgivable Blasphemy against Allah* (i.e. "the soul") in exchange for *The Triumvirate of Witchcraft*: Love, Revenge, Successful Ambition Fulfilment in This World. But these incantations are *different*. (Pretty standard payment ~ the key to this game is The Babylonian Incantations.)

These witches will form into secret covens to blaspheme and hate Allah, and dedicate their lives to undermining the slave cult's religious nuts<sup>45</sup>.

Could a secret, self-forming and self-growing network of Islamic (actually, "anti-islamic") women be useful to The West as an intelligence network *within Islam*?

***Women have access to every secret in The Islamic World.***

And Allah offers them *nothing!*

Consider the potentials.

Might this grimoire be more than merely a strange female lunar spider crawling into the prophet's holy trousers, mostly unnoticed?

Fun!



A SECRET WEB OF SPIRITUALLY REBELLIOUS ISLAMIC WOMEN

Islamic men will go crazy over my book. But it offers them virtually nothing. Every treasure of this book is given to the Islamic women.

Whilst the islamic women will support their faithfully boringly angry devout men, and shake their head in righteous holy denial... they will not fail to notice the opportunity that has opened to them.

Or the terrifyingly fun effect it had upon their male masters.

This three-part grimoire will be totally *forbidden* in Islamic countries. The whole of Islam will declare it EVIL! A Blasphemy against Allah. ***But The West might see it as ART?*** (c.f. my poetry for suggestive ability.)

But whilst forbidden by Islam, *this grimoire is not forbidden in western realms... and this is a profound symbol of The Desert Witches' new "secret and forbidden" spiritual relationship with The West.*

How will islamic men react when they no longer know which Islamic girls are witches?

And as the self-creating network, born of a nothing beyond a book, plugs into western intelligence...

Maybe there would be a book-burning?

---

<sup>45</sup> They are not the first people to have dedicated their lives to this sort of thing! He wrote. For some odd reason.

Islam might alienate every artist on The Planet?

I've been Naughty!



### THE RITUALS OF THE DESERT WITCHES

I won't market this book to you as intangible magick. Instead, Iraq is a strange place, and I know what you want...

*Do you think I can get the fanatics to put massive permanent details of armed guards on random desert lay-line crossing points to "keep away the evil spirits"?<sup>46</sup> (And the evil spirits will be real, but you don't need to believe in them for the spell to work. But they will recognize the spiritual danger inherent in the screech owls.)*

*What about warding off the goddess Athene (Lady Liberty) by wearing garlic? And when you walk through a village, you'll be able to smell the terrorists. But unless they wear it, they are not protected.*

*But the worst thing is the squawking of The Screech Owls of LILITH or the buzzing of The Cainite Lord of The Flies. If you hear it when you are on the verge of sleep, then you should not sleep but instead spend the night praying to Allah. And those demons often come back to psychically feed upon the same individual for several nights. But several nights of sleep deprivation is less dangerous than having your dreams and soul invaded by a demon merely because you were too lazy to pray. Yawn. Prayer makes a great soldier. Yawn. Getting a fly-blown soul, doesn't. Yawn. Praise be to Allah. Yawn. Snore.*

Thus, coupling real sorcery of 'The Bishop' with the real sword of 'The Knight' Paladin to form a classic fork configuration of chess. They need to counter the magick with prayers, of they have taken a step to losing both their land and the war. But the sorcery is used (like any other weapon) in a co-ordinated dance partnership so the Muslim can only counter the sorcery by losing some form of strategic advantage, even if it's only minor. If The USA is brave enough to take the blasphemous step of allowing the witches to use their sorcery on behalf of LIBERTY, The Wizard & The Knight will work in tandem partnership *very* effectively.

Unholy Sorcery as a MILITARY TOOL. And I would love to teach these skills! She wants me to, and she knows how to intoxicate my dreams.

Of course, these rituals and patterns of sorcery work equally effectively on the western islamic businessman or mufti.

And through this book, I will teach The West much. By the silver planes of a moon and a star, let this invitation of promise be as a taste to whet your Need.

Consider the value of a full book of spells, deep woven in dark riddles, poetry, and dreams.

And you want a game that will work.

MONEY. Bring me MONEY. Lovely lovely lovely MONEY!

A kiss to start your engine. But you pay to go all the way.

**A book of spells with which the islamic woman will *terrorize* the islamic man.**

I am  
Glenorchy McBride III  
Poet and Wizard and Lunatic  
For Hire.

**[glenorchymcbride@yahoo.com](mailto:glenorchymcbride@yahoo.com)**



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<sup>46</sup> They believe in this sort of thing ~ enough to give their lives for it. Or that is what they say. Might they be lying to themselves about their reasons for their international holy war? If they believe in it, then they *must* perform the rituals.

I wonder if a series of almost imperceptible cracks of uncertainty (or insight?) crept through their Righteous Will... when I uttered those words?

It is only logic.



### THE POETRY OF HISTORY

I am a complete lunatic, and can't even look after myself. I had to warn you. But I think I would be being immodest if I did not acknowledge that I am fantastically talented in unique ways.

I am a poet. Everything else is secondary to this core vocation that is me/my work.

So craziness aside, you can help me, and I can help you with your war. I want you to help me be recognized as a Great ARTIST.

I can help The English Speaking World. As a Poet of The English Language, I have multiple motivations for this single Will.

I have refined talent already ~ I *am* a Great ARTIST, already. I produce Great ART. See the Appendix at the end of this document. Now I need to take the next step and enter public.

I am CRAZY. But so was every other artist in history. And the very fact that I am so different to the rest of you can be used as a core marketing concept. I can't actually be other than I am ~ thus we might as well market The Truth?

I am genuinely mentally ill. I was fifteen the first time I was locked up in a lunatic asylum for the criminally insane. Rosemount, it was called. In Brisbane. And since then I have "enjoyed the hospitality" of many of Australia's great asylums. I spent the first part of my life envying your sanity. And to me, these spirits are quite real. Though I am not sure I believe they are more than figments of my imagination. But They certainly appear to have personalities of their own, and they weave their plans far in advance of manifestation. A dance of appearance. She is very beautiful. Her ways of looking from beyond, through the networks of lies that are the human worldviews... are FANTASTIC! She really is The Lady of Veils.

But *with* the nuttiness, comes the ability to perform mental contortions that are impossible for any other humans I have met. And I produce beautiful ART.

You can work with this.

You can work with me.

I need an unusual sort of PR manager. What I am going to be doing is dangerous ~ dangerous dangerous dangerous *ideas*.

***There is going to be a book-burning through the entire Islamic world.***

Can you smell the smoke on the winds of Fate?





**HER SECRETS IN THE LUNAR REDE**

I love riddles and mysteries.

I have earlier indicated a psychic alignment between *The Call of The Wild Hunt* & The Fossil Fuel Lord of Persia. What is this mystery? I will give you some clues...

INNANA  
DIANA

**INNANA** of The Moon  
*The Mesopotamian Goddess of Love and War and Fertility.*  
*Whore-Queen of Babylon.*

**DIANA** of The Moon  
*The Bare-Breasted Lady of Love and Death and The Wild Hunt.*  
*Forbidden Goddess of The Witches' Sabbat.*

*The Call of Her Silver Horn* hath struck the heart of her victim.  
The Invader of Her Home.  
The Muslim Lord.

Turn to HER  
Bow and Love HER

Or Die.

*She is Come.*



THE BLASPHEMY OF THE MOON AND THE STAR  
**PART II.**  
**THE POLITICS OF NEW BABYLON**

(Note that as of **The Puzzlebox Reconfiguration** during **September, 2017**, I need to rewrite this section to calibrate a complete expression of **Democratic Liberty** in The High Tradition of Idealism, introducing Persians to the philosophies of The American Founding Fathers and other Great Thinkers of The Free World!)

**ASTRUM PERSARUM: A NEW CYCLE OF PERSIA'S IDENTITY**

Or rather a very ancient cycle of Persia's identity.

The majority of Persia's identity has been suppressed since the coming of Islam. Hence, Islam genuinely *is* the invader of this land. He has prevented the native people (whom he horribly conquered) from being allowed to express their own cultural identity. Even the name 'Iraq' is derived from the cliff named "Al-Iraq" from whence *The Islamic Invaders* launched their conquest of the realm that was once Babylonia.

The majority of family lines of the region of Iraq, have been there since the first cities of humanity – long, long before the coming of Islam. This is one of the most culturally and religiously diverse regions on the planet. And those loyal to ISHTAR are *already there*. Ancients secrets move through those shadowed allies.

These peoples and traditions are the "identities" who *are* Persia, who created Persia. Then came the Islamic barbarians, burning libraries, destroying culture. And with them, they brought their crazy religion.

Outsiders. Invaders. Terrible was the spiritual oppression they brought.

Under their oppression, the soul of Persia fell into a deep and terrible cultural slumber, chained to the millstone wheel of Islam's endless boring oppressive religious nonsense.

But Persia can wake again... If the people see the light glimmer from The Star of Promise?

Their Star.

*Thus, the political agenda is to awaken The Alternative Cultural Identities of Persia.  
Every other expression (both Anti-Islamic & Non-Islamic) will seem mild beside The Blasphemy of BABYLON!  
**The Book of The Moon and the Star***



**ASTRUM PERSARUM: THE NEW BABYLON**

When Islamic extremism is removed from a region, the void created must be filled with something else – or the waters of extremism will flow back in to fill the emptied mindscape.

***What I will create is so shocking that anybody with anything slightly less shocking can then easily insert their religious ideas, in the aftermath ~ with a higher level of acceptance than prior to my own work of blasphemous beauty.***

Islam won't want to accept this book, after his book-burning festival, scholars and book-lovers in the Islamic world will go feminist. Most of them always secretly are, they merely choose not to admit this to themselves. The Girls have a political ally.

Who is Persia?

During The Cold War, Milton Freedman forwarded the idea of using economic (rather than military) patterns to control South America. I seem to remember that Chile was the test subject ~ and exceptionally successful was the strategy.



Capitalism was the social dynamic which overturned a millennia of feudal hierarchy ~ it has the power to dissolve certain sorts of calcified social patterns. And I suspect that it is the ideal tool for dissolving the patterns of religious rigidity through The Middle East. Let's find out.

And this tool has a second advantage...

The Islamic world will run out of money a generation or so from now – and their middle class will fall to third world standard. **Babylon goes UP whilst Islam goes DOWN...** and “the grass is always greener”.

Is not the dying land of Iraq also *the ideal position* for a realm with (essentially) *no government beyond The Coin*?

### **An experiment in capitalism as a form of government?**

*Iraq of Islam* becomes *New Babylon of The Coin*, the world centre of unregulated business and cultural pluralism.

But even if the new realm of Babylon is birthed, she is surrounded by hostile Islamic realms. How will she survive?

The strategy of *The Madam of Whores in The Lawless Wild West of early America*. This is her political strategy for survival. The way whereby The Fragile overcomes The Strong.

The best tax laws on the planet. The best incentives to business. No laws. No regulation. *Everything* is whored to *The Coin*.

*Astrum Persarum*. The New Babylon.

Everything and anything can be bought in The Bazaars of Babylon.

***A Government willingly and completely in the thrall of The Multinational Corporations*** ~ inviting *any* corporation to establish there, and protect its own real estate or territorial units within the realm.

Thus, we take the realm small urban territorial unit by small urban territorial unit ~ by attracting big corporations to buy up a suburb, built a castle and protect their own holding.

The best political conditions for business, and great world wide web infrastructure. The Hebrew People might be interested in creating this realm. They have both the business skills and political influence. Nobody else could manage it.

Are you in the mood to keep a pretty whore in the neighbourhood? She likes jewels. And she won't compete with your wife. She is only interested in the jewels, and is completely loyal to both of you, to protecting both of you, to protecting your business interests ~ but only as long as the jewels keep flowing. And if you ever try to marry her ~ you know she will be adulterous. A business relationship. That is the stable deal for the three parties involved. And his wife must be on board, with a level of information access that she is comfortable ~ the two of you may work it out.

The corporations can define government in *any way they want*. Whilst this economic plan is certainly not ethically perfect, it is more ethical than the current military alternative.

Every facet of government, law, and *everything* ~ completely whored to capitalism. An 'Vatican state' of capitalism, accountable to nobody, yet maintaining a voice on every international government council.

Most of the multinational corporations will maintain nothing more than an office among the hanging gardens of New Babylon in the realm of *Astrum Persarum* ~ yet Babylon will be their official home.

The Soul of Old Persia's ancient history will reawaken to cast out *The Islamic Invaders*. The Babylonian people will awaken new ways of seeing themselves. Many new ideologies, many new identities, many new temples will be born. And my book is merely a spark to kindle a conflagration of forbidden ideas.

People will hate my book; it is too extreme. But that is the beauty of it ~ I impress my ART upon the soul of humanity and have wild FUN; and anything and everything that follows (i.e. the 'goodly' Persian temples) will seem mild beside my work, and thus will be more acceptable to The Islamic World.

America and The West will birth a new territory of capitalism, from the former country of Iraq. And if *The Trade Language* of New Babylon is English ~ than we own the new realm. And every native English speaker is at a negotiating advantage in Babylon.

Thus, America, England, and Australia *must* found The New Babylon. Or somebody else will – and we will be at a significant disadvantage. Thus, this night is named *Opportunity!*

*Astrum Persarum*. The New Babylon.

Capitalism will now have a home.

Whores make the best deities!

The Oligarchy of The Star.



### THE PERSIAN MOSAIC OF POLITICAL TESSELLATION

Beginnings.

“A war zone, but a tax-free war zone that belongs to ME” Says the multinational corporation ~ and most of the biggest corporations are already there.

They can own *everything*. Make the rules and laws to suit themselves ~ without any form of accountability. Everything is owned.

Property.

***Each corporation who establishes in The New Babylon will own and defend its own real estate. Thus, a castle, a few skyscraper factories, a suburb of employees, a small private ‘security force’, and no economic rules.***

***Like a tile of territory on a mosaic map. Conquest by tessellation.***

*Beginning in the US controlled cities.*

***Each corporate territory will probably be a suburb or neighbourhood in size, usually. In the beginning, these will be clustered around The US Military bases.***

Each small corporate territory is a “tile” in a mosaic pattern of small territories **growing** around each US Military Base.

How quickly will tiles add to the pattern, and cover the country?

That depends on how attractive might be the economic benefits... no economic regulation.

You have an opportunity to make the economic benefits better than *anywhere else on Planet Earth*.

And if English is the trade language of *The Astrum Persarum*, you will own every advantage there.

Thus, I suggest that winning the war in Iraq could be reduced to a single simple key to this tessellation pattern: ***The English Language.***

*The Language of Trade* in a land that is **becoming controlled by Trade**. Who is the language is the realm.

*Let it be us!*



### MOVING FROM AN OLD PSYCHOLOGY TO A NEW PSYCHOLOGY: “THE LANGUAGE FLIP”

In the corporate suburbs, there is peace. The chance for family life. Employment with the corporation that owns and protects the suburb. And shit-disturbers get thrown out immediately. The corporations maintain peace and justice.

*Maslow’s Hierarchy of Needs.*

The Corporations bring work, food, medicine, and modern comforts to those who live in their suburb/territory... an experience very different to life outside of their territories.

Nobody is required to come and live and work in the corporate territories. But those Iraqis who want peace and rebuilding, are invited to come and work for the corporations, live in the peaceful corporate neighbourhoods. The crazy extremists are welcome to still live in the bullet-strewn wastelands outside the corporate suburbs... at least, until somebody buys them and transforms them into corporate suburbs.

Anybody can run away in the night, and come to the corporate suburbs to start a new life, free of fanaticism.

Obviously, more women will come than men. And I suspect that women are probably more competent, more peaceful, and less homicidal sorts of employees. Thus, no problems with the gender bias, I think.

Many will choose to ritualize their movement away from Islam and their traumatic past, by marriage ceremonies with the western employees of their patron corporation. And that means men who takes positions there, as security or scientists or factory administrators (etc.) will be popular! The Islamic tyrant fanatics will be going up the wall over these "forbidden marriages".

Refugees are also welcome! Come workers to Great Babylon. She will exploit you, but you will be safe and ultra-comfortable. And there will be as many garden-draped sky-scraper factories as she can fit ~ eventually she will need to expand her borders in order to build more factories. And she will buy her neighbouring countries.

Look where she is situated... geographically. The refugees will no longer have an excuse to pass by and keep going to The West. Might *The Astrum Persarum* also open some usefully beneficial new options in the global refugee situations?

In The New Babylon, the doors to the corporate suburbs are always open. Women and men fleeing Islamic extremism are welcome ~ there is employment, and competent hardworking people are always needed. The factories don't pay much, but they are quick to elevate talent and they provide housing, food, medicine, safety, comfort, soma, etc.

Sanctuary.

Safety. Fulfilment. Peace. Opportunity. These are the "experiences" associated with *the new language* that everybody speaks in The Corporate Tessellated Territories. Hope.

Vs.

War. Loss. Pain. Oppression under Men and their endless boring religious nonsense. These are the "experiences" associated with the old Islamic languages.

Thus, two dramatically juxtaposed experiences of life ~ the wars of the loyal Islamic crazies vs. the peace and prosperity and family life and *opportunity* of the corporate suburbs. And these are associated with the experiences of two different languages.

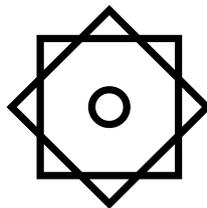
And the only line between them is a *choice*.

Thus, the entire collective act of cultural change is reduced to an act of learning a new language, a "second language", a "trade language".

Merely to facilitate economic development and the peace it is bringing.

But everybody in The Corporate Territories speaks *The Trade Language of Astrum Persarum*: English. As soon as she enters The Corporate Territory, the "new citizen" begins speaking English ~

***And the new 'agreeable' experience of life is psychologically associated with the new language.***



*The Star of Persia*

The Lilitian Hieroglyph representing *The English Language* intertwined with *The Native Language*.

Obviously, there will be many tools for spreading English Language learning through every part of the former Iraq ~ Teaching books, solar-powered English-teaching talky-boxes, NGO language courses, etc. And this symbol will be on all of them.

A symbol to unify every project in a single act of intention *to teach Iraq The International Trade Language for economic development in preparation for the post military period.*

And as soon Iraqis can lean *The Trade Language* and help the establish the economic infrastructure (i.e. the tessellated territories of multinational corporations), the state of war will end. Peace will return to the land.

That is the incentive ~ the meaning of *The Star of Persia*. When Iraqis see **The Star**, they know it *represents the end of war* and **the beginning of economic development**. The Economy must be the objective of the post-war period. The land that was Iraq is going to be wealthy! And so are any of its people with ambition.

Thus, both fanatics and survivors will support this symbol, adopt it, use it ~ supporting *The English Language* learning is how a person speeds up the MONEY process! Only impotent fanatics try to resist!

**“The Eightfold Star of Regeneration.”**

*A symbol to unify English Language-related project in Iraq. Unifying all into a single act of Will ~ a single intention, a single outcome. Economic transformation.*

English as *The Trade Language of New Babylon*. The Living Tongue of *The Astrum Persarum*.

We, The English Speaking World, will own The New Babylon.

And Her Hanging Gardens will touch The Sky.

A blank canvas of POSSIBILITIES!



#### **GROWING THE FOREST OF CORPORATE NEIGHBOURHOODS: THE PURPLE SYCAMORE TREES**

A wild animal comes when you offer it food.

Each defended corporate neighbourhood is a sanctuary. Only those who want to be there will come. I expect they will mostly be women escaping from Islamic misogyny.

The corporations need people to work for them. Some of the people of Iraq want peace and economic opportunity. Thus anybody can come to the gates of a corporate territory and ask to be received for work.

They enter by leaving behind everything ~ their *possessions and past*. If they want to take a new “western” name they can ~ women in extreme Islamic communities don’t actually have names or passports or official identity, they travel under their male ruler’s identity papers. Women can gain a complete official identity.

The applicants/refugees are scanned, background checked, and put through a decontamination process.

Then they begin a new life.

If they prove to be a bomber, they get shot as a military act. No more problem.

Women can earn, own, and drive cars in the corporate territories ~ and they are in every way equal.

I repeatedly mention/predict a female bias in the people who come to live/work in the corporate territories? Why is this important.

The men of Iraq can no longer control their women by force. The women now have “options”.

Women know how to play “options” much better than men. They will dismantle Islamic Oppression and Fanaticism, *instinctively*.

Very quickly, the Islamic men of Iraq will find themselves sitting in communities with a distinct lack of females.

The girls in the corporate communities are still Islamic, but they decide, create, and practice a more “fun” interpretation of Islam (and indeed, of any religion, for knowledge won’t be denied to them or their children). The communities are pluralistic, and there is extensive exposure to alternative ideas.

Thus, their lives really begin to embrace the idea of “fun” in the communities. Art workshop, dances, and cinema, and everything *harmless* that was “forbidden” in their old world.

This will be a VERY FUN GAME!



And herein is The Mystery of Illumination.

It is the will of ISHTAR that her people shall be blessed with illumination.

Let every beautiful and highly talent blond man who desires, receive her promise of employment and forbidden pleasure, and be given work and be pleased by the concubines of The Persian Orient. These men will make themselves available for breeding. The Women of BABYLON are given right to design their lives and work conditions so that they may be free of *need* for a man to financially provide for them. Work in BABYLON invariably includes paid and supported maternity leave, child-care, and education ~ thus allowing these women to have careers, passports, property and create educational opportunities for their children. Most importantly, the women themselves design and administrate these services and facilities ~ only they known what they really need, and thus can manage these with utmost practicality and success and minimization of wastage. Only women who have children currently in materity leave squiahy activities childcare, schooling

Through this spell, you will transcend raceism ~ every bloodline that comes to The Corporate Neighbourhoods and pledges it way thereby is pledged to BABYLON, and will be loved and treasured as our own ominously beautiful assets to be cultivated and increased in value.

BABYLON teaches us that no asset is more valuable than education. She is harsh in her exploitation, but she gives freely the gifts of education to every resident, rich or poor, free or slave. No exceptions. This is her single virtue ~ and its purpose is to improve the quality of the slaves and citizens, and thus her realm.

People find themselves having strange philosophical conversations with even the lowest slaves ~ in Babylon.

Many of the bloodlines of this region, both high and low, have been here continuous since The First City. Many are responsible for some of the most important steps in human innovation ~ writing, mathematics, agriculture etc. Their magick is strong.

As *The Purple Figs of* BABYLON glow in The Night, so too will you bestow the blessing of Illumination upon my people.

Bring forth your phallas, and let every woman of BABYLON, rich or poor, high or low, large or slender, partake of this banquet by LOVE ~ and many children born thereof, and raised in the corporate reality mosaic that she is weaving over her landscape.

Conquest by Art.

She is BABYLON.



Let her come forth, the blonde and fire-clad women who desires to passionately Love and be passionately Loved by The Highest Men of My People ~ the finest lines of Persia, you will seek out and annoit with the blessing you carry.

Your choices and your children will be recorded in the gene-banks of The Temple and The Corporations, and these lines will be honoured and refined with opportunity and status and encouragement to refine the beauty of their illumination.

The highest temple duty given to BABYLON in payment is illumination and opportunity for every line that comes to unto my offer by *The Astrum Persarum*.

And let the line of Glenorchy McBride be reborn within *The Temple of* BABYLON within The Sacred Fire.



And so the new oligarchic social order of the new Babylonian cities will spread, suburb by suburb, city by city, as the richest and most corrupt multi-national corporations on the planet invest in “The Best Place to do Business on The Planet”. The ultimate whore. Naughty!

To help stabilize the atrocious economic and property abuses in Iraq, *The Coalition of The Willing* might choose to establish a “Property Board” to “protect property rights” and be *the only official and legally valid way of buying or selling property in Iraq* whilst the war lasts.

Thus, if an Iraq wants to sell the bomb site of his house, he may go to this property board either to formalize a sale or *to find an international buyer*.

The number of corporations establishing in Iraq will grow as the new capitalist-attracting tax laws (etc. “The Best in The World”) attract multinational corporations.

Thus, each corporation will be like a big beautiful family tree, spreading its bough out to give shelter and renewal to a single suburb.

From The Sycamore Fig (*Ficus sycomorus*), will be bred a variety whose fruit are the deepest royal Purple. And you will genetically modify these fruits so that they glow in the dark.

These shall be called *The Night Trees of Babylon*, and their fruits shall be sacred.

Over the ages to come, you will adapt these trees to a thousand purposes of fruit production and phytoremediation. And The Royal Purple Sycamore shall be the symbol of BABYLON. Her fruits shall be sought in every marketplace of the world.

For what is a fig, but a chamber of Love.

The forbidden purple fruits of Her Shamelessness. The Lips of Her Abomination. The Sacrament of *The Coin*.

Thus, each corporation will be as a purple sycamore, spreading its boughs over a single suburb, it’s home territory which it shall own. This is the meaning of The Purple Sycamores of Babylon.

And thus shall Iraq be conquered and regenerated by a forest of purple figs.

These are The Purple Figs of Babylon’s Merchant Lords.

The Sacred Fruits of Imperium.

The Royal Fruit.



#### **A BRAVE NEW WORLD IS BORN AMIDST THE RUINS OF ANCIENT BABYLON**

Behold The Ancient Beauty of Persia and Arabia. When a world of thought is destroyed, *rebirth* must occur, or the old patterns will merely grow back to fill the void of ruin.

‘Rebirth’ means ‘that which was’ becomes ‘something new’. A new plant to fill the empty ground in the garden of thought. And this must come from the culture’s native patterns (the native ‘flora’ of the mind), or it will not thrive, usually. (We have a few ‘fun weeds’ ...) The ‘useful’ native ‘flora’ of Middle-Eastern ‘Islamic’ Culture is found in the forbidden wonders Arabia and Persia and Ancient Babylon. Mesopotamia.

It is from this palate, that we will project many new cultural worldviews. But always symbols of The Moon and The Star. We give new meaning to all of the old symbols. And they are no longer Islamic.

It was crazy of Islam to use a symbol like The Moon and The Star in a land like Babylon. Nobody will even remember that the mosques were once dedicated to a woman-hating fanatic named Allah.

The Moon and The Star are the *ancient* holy symbol of ISHTAR, Goddess of BABYLON!

Let it be remembered that the beauty of humanity is hidden in the treasure of Persian and Arabian culture ~ and even though She is enacting a new world in Persia, she treasures each jewel and bauble of cultural uniqueness. For The Persian are her people, and freed of the yoke of Islam, they will become a Free People dedicated to economic development and learning and Liberty. And these heirlooms of cultural uniqueness, hidden in ancient alleyways and old dusty scroll-filled shops, are her treasures and jewels, and must be preserved through the chaos. Woe be to he who destroys any of her jewels through his clumsiness.

She searches for greatness among the souls of her people, collecting them into her grail.

Thus, we must transit into the new hierarchy whilst preserving the ancient wonders of street culture, and artistic heritage, and ancient non-religious tradition. This will be a challenge, particularly as it requires conquerors to re-evaluate their own understanding of what a goddess values ~ for it will be the same in every realm. Male deities wear fewer and different sorts of jewels. Female deities adorn themselves in the ethereally materialize cultural aesthetics of the various worldviews through which they express themselves.

The Goddess will activate and energize worldwide Feminism to push this agenda with a type of Will that MAN has never been able to understand or decipher or equal. A will of fierce subtlety, of understanding and secret wit. She wants her homeland and sacred city back! Just as The Jews wanted their homeland back.

The old cultures are rising to cast out the Islamic invader.

I will establish The Rites of Islamic Witches ~ The Daughters of ASTARTE. They will unleash gender chaos throughout the entire Muslim world, and they will introduce the idea of The Muslim as The Invader and unjust oppressor. Their existence is yet another tool that you can use in breaking apart the slave cult of Islam.

These witches are scarlet women ~ they will open the doors for you... to cast out The Muslim Invader.

The Goddess will transform her land. Bringing new life and fertility under her firm wise rule.

She is a Goddess of Swords.

The Hanging Gardens will again be a mystic wonder of the worlds ~ the two ecological hotspots of The Land between The Rivers, The Cradle of Civilization. The Merchant Lords only wreck things they don't own. People will come to Planet Earth to walk among the beauties of Babylon. The skyscrapers will be as emerald crystals. The Merchant Lords will immortalize themselves in statues and edifice most magnificent, unto their goddess, unto their greatness, unto their greed!

Thus doth BABYLON grow strong, and upon her gates is bound the broken phallus of Allah. Islam will fall, and she will devour its lands. Perhaps in a half-century, perhaps four. Time is deep. And She is inevitable.

The corporations who own holdings in Her Land of Babylon will be *very rich*.

Her empire is the ultimate whore of capitalism. The Goddess straddles The Beast of The Coin. This is BABYLON. Where The Merchant Lords come to snarl and revel and rule. There is no law here but The Law of The Coin. Everything is for sale.

And upon this Laughing Monster of Hunger rides The Lady of Swords.

The Lovely Queen of Whores.

The Unruled Goddess.

The Star of Persia.

BABYLON.





This is the arcane formula of

## **The Scroll of The Moon and The Star**

My book will function merely to create philosophical and gender chaos in Islam, and a network of Allah-hating Islamic Witches.

**And perhaps there is somebody who would have the motivation and positioning to like the idea of a capitalist utopia that could grow and displace the Islamic countries through The Middle East? And perhaps this work is part of who I am ~ An understanding of my vocation?**

**Nobody needs to embrace any of the ideas or political strategies in my book.  
But they will be here: a prostitute's coin hidden in a riddle.  
Another option on The Table.**



This is my plan for my book and for a heap of crazy ideas in regard to Iraq.

But if you would prefer a book that merely focuses upon unleashing witchcraft hysteria through Islam...  
Everything is negotiable in BABYLON!

**MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!  
Great Vaults of Lovely TREASURE!**

Make me an offer!

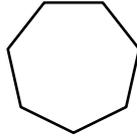


### **Layout Note**

Note that the diagrams used in this manuscript are merely examples.  
When this book goes to publication, the photographs and tarot card images, etc., will be carefully prepared  
and properly referenced and licenced.

This essay is not yet ready for publication, and is presented to attract potential publishers.

**THE DANCE OF SEVEN VEILS**



(Insert Glyph of *The Sevenfold Star* of BABYLON, e.g. as per Crowley)

*“At that time, Herod heard the fame of Jesus, And he said unto his servants, This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do shew themselves in him. For Herod had laid hold of John, and bound him, and put him in prison for Herodias’ sake, his brother Phillip’s wife. For John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her. And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet. But when Herod’s birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod. Whereupon, he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask. And she, being instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John the Baptists’ head in a charger. And the king was sorry: nevertheless, for the oath’s sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded it be given to her. And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison. And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought it to her mother. And his disciples came, and took the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.”*

*Matthew 14:1-12, The King James Bible*

Even when the location of Babylon had been forgotten, even when the language of Babylon was no longer written, even when The Slave God had sent unto the world and then murdered his son, *The Dance of Seven Veils* continued to play its role in history.

King Herod of Israel murdered his brother, married his brother’s wife, and lusted for his brother’s daughter. The Princess Salome. She would not have him. He offered her anything up to half of his kingdom, if she would dance for him, thinking that she would marry him and displace her mother. She made him swear his oath before The Elders. He swore. She danced *The Dance of Seven Veils* and asked him not for his wealth not for his kingdom, not for her mother’s place.

She asked him for the head of John the Baptist.

To kiss the lips he had refused her, in life.

And she repented not, but lusted in his cold night. Thus, was the fate of the highest disciple of The Christ. After all that talk of virtue, he lost his head to a pretty girl. And she still has it. Neither was she (as Oscar Wilde suggested) ever punished in life. She lived long and enjoyed the fulfillment of many other whims, after she had put John head in her jewelry box.

This is a story of human history.

And *The Devil* told me that this is the root meaning of several humorous blasphemies for ‘the faceless man’, including the term “*John Doe*” ~ “The Unidentified Corpse”.

The man who is caught in *The Dance of Seven Veils* must give himself over, willingly or no. The christian will know only coldness in Her Love, but that he repent his virtue and give himself to Her by the burning lust of *The Eternal Sin*.

She is ISHTAR of The Sacred City.

Yield before her.

Or die.



**THE MYSTERY OF THE SACRED DANCE**

*“My dance is a sacred poem in which each movement is a word... for I am the temple.”*

*Mata Hari (1876-1917)*

WOMAN need only invoke The Goddess, and she will find *The Sacred Dance* instinctively.

No other instructions are needed. Leave MAN to his confusion.

*The Dance of Seven Veils* can be used in nearly any sort of magick where sex is a component, though it is a fertility dance in its full magick manifestation.

And I will now teach you the keys you will need that in order to understand its mysteries by the pathways of Mind.



#### UNLOCKING THE ESOTERIC FORMULA OF THE DANCE OF SEVEN VEILS

*The Dance of Seven Veils* is an ancient spell of fantastic power, yet the witches who carried its mysteries through history guarded their secrets so effectively that no written records any longer exist. What we know are descriptions of The Dance by uninitiated, and many of these descriptions tell us the story that is told by The Dance.

And it is a story inherently connected to the biblical story of *The Fall from Eden*, told by Abraham, the founder of The Jewish Race.

This is The Story of INNANA's journey into The Underworld where she wins *The Secrets of Civilization*, and returns to humanity with these secrets.

The Jews named her LILITH, The First Woman ~ The Woman who ate of both Forbidden Trees, and left The Garden of Eden.

The First City emerged from a culture of reed dwelling people who lived on human-created floating islands of reeds in the fertile flood plains that still exists by Ancient Babylon. The people of this city discussed in great depth the changes had occurred both in their society and in themselves, since coming to civilization ~ and they were very much of two minds.

When ENKI the Father Goat allowed INNANA to bring the secrets of civilization to The Material World, it was a Pandora's Box ~ both blessings and maledictions.

But ultimately, something that could not have been achieved otherwise.

Civilization.



And thus, we can begin to decypher the basic patterns underlying the first most exoteric veil of meaning in this ancient spell.

We can also decipher information from context.

*The Dance of Seven Veils* is popular because it is a fertility dance of sacred prostitution, involving not merely the act of Love, but also the act of siring a royal child.

Back in the time of The First City, the lone ziggurat in a landscape of ancient tribal villages ruled by chieftens, the concept of nobility was linked to The Temple. The Prospective Chieftan's spent a night with The High Priest, and by *The Dance of Seven Veils*, she deemed him worthy or unworthy. Thus, was created an *idea* of blood lineage that out ranked the concept of Chieftan.

A Chieftain descended from The Witches who rule the whole known world ~ and thus, born with the political favor and backing of The Ziggurat.

And idea that would grow and change as each generation, The Priestess learned more and more, deepening their own understanding and the layers of meaning in their own ceremonies and magicks.

Thus, was born The Great Work of The Witches.

Gathering *The Magick Threads of Her Loom*.

*The Loom* where weaves she The Veils.

*The Temple Lines of LILITH.*



And so we may speculate on the use of a fertility magick that creates a psychology of sexually-predatory witches who actively and secretly hunt and drink the blood of men solely for the purpose of distilling their seed into eggs, and then discarding the man.

She refuses to “give herself” to the man by marriage, and yet the bastard child she births is more noble than the highest of the kings of the land.

I understand her. This is WOMAN, telling MAN exactly what she thinks of his “authority and traditions” ~ and making him get onto his metaphorical knees before her and acknowledge that she is wiser than he. And all, without a single overt act of tyranny. The Screech Owl’s quietly watchful song of Hidden Ruthless Love.

This is a spider’s spell for the seducing a man for the conscious purpose of birthing a child as an act of prostitution to either The Will of The Goddess or The Will of The Customer ~ and the kings of the world lay beneath her.

The Way of The Sacred Prostitute.



These thoughts explore the outer veils of meaning of *The Dance of Seven Veils* ~ but ultimately this spell is a spell of mystery, and WOMAN will find new meanings in it each times she is consumed by it.

But whilst these outer veils tell us the patterns of an alchemical story in metaphore, The Temple practiced magick, complex, intellectual, and arcane ~ then as now.

Thus, let us turn our attention to the work of deciphering the magickal paradigms of system whose patterns define and express these levels of meaning through the spell.



### THE STAR GODDESS OF CIVILIZATION

INNANA-ISHTAR-LILITH-ASTARTE-ASTAROTH.

*The Whore of BABYLON.*

Mother of Civilization.

Even now she is depicted using the symbol of The Star.

The Ancient people spent much time gazing up at The Night Sky.

And in The Night Sky, there were seven “wanderers” ~ stars that moved each night.

The Seven celestial bodies, called “Planets” by The Astrologers, both ancient and modern.

The largest of which are The Sun and The Moon.

ENKI and INNANA.



A goddess of the stars with a seven-fold ritual in a land that looks up and sees seven moving bodies in the sky?

A puzzle fit?

I think we have unlocked the next layer of meaning to this spell.

Now consider that the secret female mystery cults were influential enough in the popular consciousness of the time, that The Latin Language of Rome evolved the word “Astra” to mean “Star”. As we may assume that Romans had been discussing the stars in the sky for some while, we can assume the roots of this word are deep.

And from this word, we derive The English word “Astrology”.

The most commonly used and revered magick of The Modern World.

LILITH FORTUNA  
Lady of FATES.



We now see that the seven “planetas” of astrology play a role in the meaning patterns of the spell ~ and these “planatas” exist in the context of The Zodial Signs.

The Ancient Mystery Cults used “layers of meaning” in their teachings and stories.

The common people would listen to the story of INNANA’s adventure in the underworld, and they would hear why we have civilization and how it came to be ~ thus, the affirmation of the worldview. However, when the woman is initiated into The Temple, she learns the story has a second hidden meaning ~ it represents “The Formula” of this particular fertility ritual, i.e. who she mates with and why and how the mating is conducted and the meaning of the price, described in concealed analogy. Thus, a second layer of meaning.

Whilst this second layer of meaning is “concealed” in the story, the business of The Temple appears to have meant that it was really an “open secret” ~ and probably most people though the game ended there. But we haven’t yet reached the psycho-circuitry layer of the spell, thus we must penetrate yet more deeply.

So, let us now turn our attention to this puzzle piece we have found ~ the mystic discipline of *Astrology*.



The ring of The Zodiac describes a cycle. Probably its glyphs and perhaps even the pictograms depicted in the stars have changed as the girl’s game spread took root through many cultures and worlds of the human mind. But it seems unlikely that the central components to the system were new....

The concept of The Zodiac as a “circle” can be seen in the ancient Babylonian and Egyptian and various other Caananite Earth Deities as having created the world on a potter’s wheel. Likewise, *The Ouroboros* symbol begins occurring very early in Mesopotamian history, in association with the various names for a snake deity. Thus, we begin to see the root associations of the circle with the idea of cycles and time. In addition, I seem to remember from my primary school math lessons that The Babylonians used a Base 6 number system.

Much like *The Zodiac* ~ and every modern timepiece in existence.

Thus, we might have found another series of pattern-fits in our puzzle ~ and I intuitively feel that this zodiacal ring fits into the core arcane machinery of this wonderful and mysterious spell.

The Zodiac Paradigm, as we use it today, has (like LILITH’s own name) almost certainly changed many times as it has been adopted and used by many cultures, since those ancient nights ~ every magick is in a continuous state of evolution, for change is the nature of our Art.

*The Equinoxes* were of fundamental important to The Babylonian city-states, and this is where The Zodiac begins.

Could it be that *The Dance of Seven Veils* was also a story of the annual cycle of life ~ the seasons?

I think this must certainly be a layer of meaning to this spell ~ as the cycle of the seasons is THE most common and universal structure of every magickal spell since long before The First City. No tribe in any seasonal geography is without rituals to order their entire existence into this cycle of Life, GAIA and her mother, NATURA.

This understanding suggests another fundamental core pattern alignment between The Zodial Ring and The mostly-hidden core arcane patterns of *The Dance of Seven Veils*.

Could it be that our understanding of The Zodiac as a) a psychological categorization system for human types in The Material World, and b) an astronomical system for producing prophetic oracles may have been actually been the core machinery of an ancient magickal pattern of The Mystery Religions? If so, then the meanings and uses that are commonly understood are "outer veils" for the common people. There will be one or more secret layers of meaning hidden in the system called Astrology.

Astrology tell a story of beginning at the zodiacal sign of Aries (The Ram with a Golden Fleece) and extend the whole way to Pisces (The Two Fish united to form a Tao), and then beginning again.

Might there beg an allegorical meaning hidden in *The Hieroglyph of The Zodiac* ~ a meaning of significance to the secret female mystery cults who had revered the stars for thousands of years, maintained a monopoly on every major oracle, and shared not their secrets with MAN?

I suggest that The Dance of Seven Veils is the story of WOMAN facing and overcoming each of the seven planatas, thus to complete the seasonal cycle, and return to The Material World with The Fertility of Spring.

INNUNDATION.

Behold I have spread before you The Pieces of an Ancient Puzzle.

I have learned the secret of this arcana,

And this now secret dwells only in

Her Temple.

LILITH

ASTARTE.

First Mother

First Witch

First Spring



#### THE POETRY OF ISHTAR

In creating **the poetry** of *The Dance of Seven Veils*, I will use three source documents and additional research as needed.

The rest of the chapter is merely commonly available background information.

This poetry is the sacred key to this chapter.





### THE SIREN SONG OF THE SCREECH OWLS

For a thousand years, the desert has been silent but for the droning prayers of The Slave God's faithful.

On the eve of the year 2000AD, *The Devil* inspired humanity to the creation of new mechanical terrors. New ways of understanding old rules of engagement. New arcana of war.

And these arcana shriek with the promise of Death.

*The Howling.*

Screaming above their Islamic victims through the ancient deserts of Iraq, winged beasts of steel, shredding reality behind them to the bombastic rhythm of their gongs whilst growling hulking unyielding iron monsters crawl implacable forward to dine in torn wounds upon the world.

A new siren song of screeching horror has filled The Ancient Desert.

ISHTAR is a Goddess of War.

*Night after night  
The Screech Owls' Flight  
Screaming overhead.*

*Night after night  
Black lamps to **light**<sup>47</sup>  
The shadows under the bed.*

*Night after night  
In the night, men fight  
But BABYLON's Rage is Red!*



### THE FIRE DANCE OF BURNING THREADS

This a ritual to force a confrontation with guerrilla Arabs.



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<sup>47</sup> (use glyphic z)

THE VISTAS OF REALITY: *I WILL FEAR NO EVIL*

Look before me, O human.

In Babylon will the 99 lords of The Coin ever regenerate their ranks, as the new corporations rise and fight for their place at her conclave. The dynasties of The Coin. The ninety-nine richest beings in Babylon. This is a system of regeneration by The Coin ~ not limited and fixed like feudal hereditary orders of lords. To displace a member, you need only own more than him. Thus, constant change... but some lines will consistently rise into The Ninety-Nine Ladies and Lords of Babylon.

Now gaze with open eyes into the potentials of these new technologies. In Babylon, every potential of humanity's power to shape reality will be explored. If I desire to have owl's feet and wings, so mote it be. The research and development would require perhaps a few generations, but once a project is begun, it is carried through ~ and then humanity has another tool, another metamorphic shape, into which our lines can morph, and then morph back, over a few generations. Anything. Why need we remain in human shape? I can birth a child with a brain distilled of many great minds into the body of a faerie dragon with butterfly wings. No limits. The research and development of *any possibility* can occur in Babylon.

This is an awakening for humanity. The Key is The Ability to Dream. When any possibility is available to you, the only sin is boring behaviour, for that is the failure to use possibility, and thus it is a form of diminishment, a sign of a failing dying species.

She is unruled. No limits. But she is understanding of and complete devotion to ART.

This is the key to the door that leads to immortality. The technology of biological immortality through continual regeneration of the body. The inevitable technology.

Will I who am you be able to move my brain from one body to another? Of course. The process is merely complex mechanics, and thus, inevitably solved. And so many of the merchant lords may even choose to become female ~ the creators and shapers of life.

And there will always be an unlimited amount of rich beings and dynasties seeking to rise to The Conclave of Babylon.



Your race is past. Genetically, all races are mixed. Nature abhors separation... the evidence is meiosis.

The primitives still see their own meaning in rules. Fearing the loss of their identity, they fear change. But even the most tightly bound can loosen and change ~ and really enjoy the beauty of change.

Open your mind.

Now is for you to found a family. Race is irrelevant. There are more important qualities to stir your passions and soul ~ to love is to share, and the partnership must be deep in the kiss.

The most wondrous possibilities are before humanity. We need not be limited. Perhaps people born of "I who am you" will be living in the cities of New Atlantis, drinking both the air and water into our gills, with eyes that can see in both worlds and ears that can hear the songs of whales and many wonders of the deep?

Perhaps, we will reincarnate as a strange bird of fire on a planet with skies that are purple as the folds of eternity, for the corrosive touch of death has been mastered herein. And by the opposable thumbs of my minds will I move and manipulate the objects of our physical worlds.

These are possibilities. Time is deep.

And we will never forget who we were, or where we came from. And eventually, on other planets, we will raise our entourage or our children again through those same formative gateways of history. Thus to learn the lessons and losses at the centre of Change.

To awaken from the darkness of primal sleep, into our first dreams.





THE PARADOX OF THE BRAVE NEW WORLD

## THE SCIENTIFIC FUN OF THE MATRIARCHAL SOCIETY

I am committed to AVALON. The policy of AVALON is my policy, whatever policy that is, and however it changes. I laugh at the idea of a Brave New World, and I hope to talk my fellows out of creating so comical an act of collective unhappiness. However, if we do create a Aldos Huxlian Brave New World, it will be *our* unique **Avalonian** design of a Brave New World.

So let us discuss The Brave New World.

We will begin by pressing the pointed focus of our perception upon the very heart of the matter ~ with no more ceremony than this question....

Is there a paradox involved in suggesting an ideal of “The Ordered Society”, in which the decision-makers are a notoriously irrational, emotional, and creatively wild lunatic primate?

I think that when a person tells me they are trying to walk left by walking right, and sometimes find myself wondering why?



WOMAN.... Thou art Lovely, and as a Goddess before me.

And a Mystery.

NATURE created two computers to manage the game of genetics and child-rearing ~ those computers are WOMAN and The Human Brain.

Both of which are completely incomprehensible to MAN.

Therefore....

What might be the meaning of MAN’s attempt to replace the wills of two complex computers (that he can’t understand) with a simpler series of mechanical computers (that he can understand) ~ and calling it an “upgrade”?

The mechanical computer devices that we have invented are a marvel ~ they are great.

The biological computers of lesser animals (i.e. the brains of everybody except us?) certainly appear to think a little like the mechanical-technological computers we have invented.

“A random co-incidence, probably....?” HE said, nervously.

But, sadly, to MAN, the biological computers of “lesser animals” remain more of a mystery, than HIS marvellous mechanical-technological computers, that he has invented. Yet whichever is the better or more mysterious, both of these computer types appear to be less complex than humanity’s own bio-computer.

The Human Brain.

Which also remains a complete mystery to the modestly self-titled *Homo sapiens sapiens* ~ whose biological reputation relies upon its use.



But The Indian-German with his plans for factory families prefers his mechanical computers, they are not so frightening as the things he doesn’t understand.

Does that mean the world will become less frightening if the mechanical computers take over the responsibilities of the bio-computers?

So let's play the game of The Stable Ordered World where The Light of Reason shines even into the mysterious Womb of Mother Nature ~ to forcibly lift the veil of ISIS with a pair of remote-controlled tweezers.

I love you, Humanity! You are beautiful. The Human Spirit is inherently a being of fantastic irrational beauty.

Terrifying beauty.



### THE GYNO-REXIAN BRAVE NEW WORLD

Without exception – every hive society in the natural world is **Matriarchial**.

The planned society.

Matriarchy.

And it never pays to argue with Mother Nature.



I am prepared to support The Brave New World. And in that cheerful spirit of innovation, I suggest the formation of a new school of Feminist Thought. **Gyno-rexia**.

Huxley was a man, and thus hadn't really had the opportunity to think through his ideas.

Hive societies are centralized under the superior organizational mind of The Female.

Even the most tightly grouped vertebrate societies are matriarchal (e.g. wolves).

The perfectly ordered *Brave New World* can only be a *Matriarchy*.

Can't argue with Mother Nature.

Thus, the feminist utopian faction of **Gyno-rexia**.

*The Gyno-Rexes* believe in a future society in which men would be obsolete.

It's only logical.



In *Gynorexia*, all of MAN's immoral feeling can be genetically removed.

Are you tired of feeling your husband rutting against your back when you are trying to sleep, and would rather be thinking of the gypsy boy who has begun playing the violin at the local café?

In *Gyno-Rexia*, females carry a logical scientific device which allows them to remote-control the hormones of their males ~ and being rational and idealistic leaders, there is no sadism or unseen abuse involved in this process.

MAN can be conditioned from birth, purpose-designed, and available on shop shelves. Races were silly and illogical. MAN's obsession with them destroyed the planet. When they took control, The Gynorexians were quick to dismantle the unjust systems. It was obvious to The Gynorexians that Nature had created a biological division of labour. WOMAN is smarter than MAN, because MAN is designed to do the boring work.

Which revolutionary perception constituted a cultural anti-thesis of traditional gender roles ~ and this was immediately programed into the rational mechanical machine brain of *The Great Hive*.

The natural ecological unit of the human is the city, The Gynorexians reasoned. And thus each city became understood as a hive, ruled by a single Hive Queen ~ "There can be only one". She directs the fates of every worker, drone, thinker, and soldier human therein. Cogs in an ordered factory bio-machine that is far superior to the old system of families, with

homes and gardens and easter-egg hunts on the school holidays, and horse-riding and faerie-floss each year at the medieval faire.

Society is more ordered in The Factories of The Gynorexian Hives.

Men are no longer needed, except as robotized soldiers and servants.

Though a war continues between The Gynorexian Hives and Everybody Else.

And it has been laying waste to The Planet.

Men say Gynorexians don't have any stomach for war?

Men say they can't manage that side of Life.

But women form more logical opinions.



#### **THE NATURAL GENETIC CASTE SYSTEM OF GYNOREXIA**

To every intelligent being, it remains obvious that Mother Nature has differentiated humanity into two universal genetic castes = The Female and The Male.

Or, in the rhetoric of *Gyno-rexia*...

"The Haves" and "The Have Knots".

"The Have"(s) got the power to reproduce on their own.

And "The Have Not"(s) got the power to reproduce on their own.

A Natural Caste System.

In light of this fact, it was natural and inevitable that The Haves would take control of The Have Knots, dominate them, and subjugate them to the naturally superior will.

The Matriarch Race.

Nearly every hive society use bio-technology to achieve much the same outcome projected by The Dream of The Brave New World. For example, The Ant Queen breeds casts of ants, each suited to its task. It's a rather dull life for everybody.

Men are only bred for the few types of tasks that the women have no interest in performing.



#### **THE DEMI-ARACHNID DRIDERS OF GYNOREXIA**

Obviously, the spider totem, and its traditional associations with female sexuality and logical order, is highly attractive to Gynorexians, and forms the central symbol of their heraldic formulae of Fnordian religion.

The drider is a creature with the upper-body of a humanoid and the lower body of a giant spider. The drider is called a demi-arachnid, for it's lower body is octopedal, it's upper body bears additional appendages. Its bite is poisonous.

Whilst the female drider is an expression of female sexual dominance, the male drider is a symbol of *Transexuality*.

The Gynorexians promote their spider religion on the basis that religion is nonsense, but the human psyche is evolved to need and use religion as a medium for the artistic and emotional expression of our worldviews and for feelings of collective togetherness.

Thus, Gynorexia has a scientifically-designed state religion based on the worship of The Great Spider, but gynorexia allows every female religion (as an expression of Gynorexian humour and as a practicality link to the religiously-great intercultural political alliance network of The Goddess).

As symbolic offerings to The Great Spider, every Gynorexian hive strives to create perfect medical and genetic systems to facilitate men who desire to become driders.... *Transsexual*.

A partial objective is to create a new gender ~ *The Mercurial Gender*.

*Women* who are born with a fully functional *penis and testical arrangement*.

The Females. The Males. The Mercurys.

Men will become largely obsolete.

Anton LaVey coined the term "Femi-Nazi" to refer to the tribal dislocation of identity when configured in the psyche of WOMAN ~ MAN becomes "The Jew".

Is Humanity a rational creature who can fend off his fear of The Incomprehensible by mechanically controlling WOMAN's unfathomable gateway to Unknown?

When we invoke reason, do we banish *The Beast Within*, or merely hide from it?

*The Paradox of The Brave New World*.



How then shall human dignity understand The Fathomless Abyss that is before us?



THE TECHNOLOGICAL DREAM MAGICK OF AVALON  
**THE SCIENTIFIC EVOCATION OF THE SILVER DRAGONS**

I awaken from birth to discover that I am standing on the edge of Eternity.

Behind me is the long evolutionary journey of awakening.

Maslow's Hierarchy of Biological Needs is no longer bothersome to me as it was in past generations – Science and Technology have awakened to the point where education and luxury is widely available for the ordinary people, for the first time.

The Question before me is a Question of Self-Organization.

How shall humanity organize its resources?



How?

Or Why?

This is a Question of Meaning.

Meritocracy. We have identified Darwinianism as the natural mechanism for genetically improving populations within a species. And we can both see and feel that Natural Selection has evolved in us a profound capacity to Love. So it is logical to arrange ourselves in a peaceful, co-operative meritocracy.

Most of the civilization systems were not consciously created by the modern world, but are the patterns of urban life, developed by Natural Selection as cultural and genetic paradigms. These are universal through human societies of every culture when they work.

And it would be silly and unscientific of us to close our eyes to the fact that every culture, regardless of how diverse, has developed systems of co-operation, morality, and laws.

Total *amorality* may have an alchemical function in the process of psychological liberation, but it is an anti-social state which must either be resolved into a new social state, or the individual becomes meaningless.

Thus, CHRONOZON is a terrifyingly dangerous demon.

Only a small amount of our modern society has anything to do with our pompous ideological political nonsense talk – most of our rules and ways are inherited habits of inertia shaped over millennia by natural selection, rather than human philosophizing.

Hierarchy is an emotional tendency useful in times of scarcity – it seems silly to get rid of the genetic habit. In fact, it seems silly to meddle in any way not directly related to securing resource management to patterns that ensure everybody has enough. That has and probably will again involve limiting the size of The Everybody.

Many argue that it is too hard to divide up our resources, because they and their fellows often sabotage the processes. And yet the process now is better than a hundred years ago. And a hundred years ago is better than two hundred, etc.

Evolution is not achieved by inertia alone.

*Evolution has always been an uphill journey.*



When faced with the fathomless creative potential of Genetic Technologies, Huxley immediately decided that a factory would make the incomprehensible world more rigid and controllable.

But The Brave New World of Factory People is not the only option.

*The Knight Angelic* of AVALON will need a steed....

From *The World of Human Imagination*, I summon *The Silver Dragons* of AVALON.

Fathomless are the creative potentials of Genetic Technologies.



### THE SUMMONING OF THE SILVER DRAGONS

People love their pets.

People love the idea of having new and fantastic pets....

Genetic technologies are most attractive in this context ~ therefore this is how *The Astrum Persarum* will begin, upon gathering together the bio-tech corporations of humanity into her unregulated capitalist wonderland.

The little silver-white *Alician Unicorn Bunny* with its short milky-silver ivory horn, conically spindled like a sea-shell... materialized directly from *The World of Human Imagination* in the techo-alchemy labs of New Babylon.

The fabulous and inevitable feline-sized *Faerie Dragon* with butterfly wings, chameleon powers, and an insatiable habit of hiding in flower-beds.

*The Sphinx Cat* who can speak multiple ancient languages, but only in riddles.

These fantastic creatures are *Dream Spirits* of *The World of Human Imagination*.

The New Babylon will *evoke* these dream spirits into the modern technological world, through a ritual of Science involving several technological processes.

The Spirits need a form ~ The Science of Biology is the only techno-magick that can be used to provide this form.

Thus is created a Gateway between Worlds.



Beloved BABYLON hear my Will, and grant my request!

Let the first creature summoned from The Temple of Dreams beyond The Abyss of The Nothing be *The Silver Dragons* of AVALON.

A steed for *The Knight Angelic* who will lead his Chivalric Order to liberate *The Holy Land*.

People have discussed many idiotic and boring uses for genetic technologies.

But I think the only purpose for which everybody is in agreement is the genetic conjuration of fantastic *pets* and *steeds* and *arena-dueling creatures*.

The first project of New Babylon is the evocation of fantastic creatures. And in particular ....

*The Silver Dragons of High Chivalry* ~ and from The Stables of The Royal House of Winsor will be refined the breed of Mithril Silver Dragons.

A heraldic beast of AVALON.



*The Astrum Persarum* is an experiment in a capitalism as a template for government.

And the new realm will found its genetic industry with a project ~ *The Fantasian Materialization*.

Every bio-tech company of humanity is to gather in New Babylon to focus their unregulated attention on the project of making the most inspiring and fun fantastic pets, steeds, and arena combat creatures.

In New Babylon, professional arena combat is a reality ~ both of the autoduelling type and the gladiatorial type.



How to create The Silver Dragons?

Obviously, giving intelligence to a cat might require astonishingly long-term selection projects, but creating a Silver Dragon who can function as a steed is much easier.

First, the shape, and then the size.

We will begin by choosing the most magnificently noble lizard in the animal kingdom ~ this is the basic organism from whose gene patterns we will materialize The Silver Dragon's physical form.

Which lizard shall this be?

I think Avalonians of Angelicae, America, and Australia ought choose the species whose genes are used as the basic materium.

This is important, as the species used as the base materium will determine the shape and every other quality of the final dragon.

When creating The Silver Dragons – chivalric nobility of expression is the primary character.

We then morphologically transform the animal to include each of new additional features, from bright silver scales to fanged teeth and a poisonous bite (we can later adjust the genes to choose the poison-type) to fighting claws, back legs suitable for launch-off, and of course, the wings.

Initially, the dragon will have only cosmetic wings, whilst we perfect the body as a quadruped steed. The cosmetic wings will be included in order to ensure the ground movement design has factored in the fixtures and weight of the wings.

The wings will be developed by another research group, and there will probably be competitions that span over a century or two. Wings are difficult, and will probably be bio-mechanical with tech implants. As Japanese Anime artists explore the dream, generations of young scientists will commit their lives to the subject of Dragonology.

Thus we will have a silver dragon ground steed, probably within a few decades or a century, but wings that can fly will be an ongoing project most funded by grants for PhD students and prizes from wealth benefactors all orbiting around a core web of research teams spread through *The Universities of AVALON*.

The final materialized form of *The Silver Dragon* won't be restricted to bio-technology.

Weight is a significant factor in flight, thus birds have notoriously hollow vulnerable bones. An engineering project will be looking into ultra-light alloy-skeleton reinforcement systems for use by any kind of steed or guardian animal.

When your troop of soldiers are walking through a hostile jungle, a guard dog is more likely to detect an ambush than are your troops – technology can only improve this ancient and natural relationship.

Likewise, the wingspan necessary to lift a giant dragon and its fully-armoured rider would be enormous. For this reason, the early species of dragon will, like the dinosaur *Archeopteryx*, be natural gliders, rather than natural flyers. *The Arcane Craftsmen of AVALON*, however, will create many types of technological devices to enhance the dragon's natural gliding ability into full flight ability.

Thus, *The Silver Dragon Steeds of AVALON* can fly when wearing various flight-harness technologies, and can glide even when being ridden bear-back, and are capable of equalling horses as ground steeds.

I expect these aerial steeds will use jet-pack technology even more than humans, thus making them more than the equal of mechanical planes ~ and as long as they have enemies to eat, they won't run out of fuel.



Now you might say that *The Astrum Persarum* will be unpopular due to immorality....

But *The Silver Dragons of AVALON* are a project to bring the GMO and bio-tech companies of the world together in New Babylon, with a joint game to open the gates of The Genetic Technologies, and banish humanity's fear of the unknown.

Making a dragon steed is a big task ~ every company will compete to create the genes for each part of the steed. This will force them to create commercial and legal systems for both carefully defining gene ownership and also for working with each others gene to create the "more than the sum of the parts" synergy needed to be able to make great genetic achievements.

Making the miniature version of the dragon is *easy* – and any of the bio-tech corporations could achieve it in less than a year with current technologies.

If they were allowed.

New Babylon is an experiment in capitalism as a template for government. We can make dragons in *The Astrum Persarum*. The GMO corporations of humanity will gather there in a single act, and within a year you can have miniature dragons in your terrarium.

The potentials are scary, and it would be sad if tasteless folk build tasteless things.

But we are going to unlock Babylon ~ because we cant know the meanings of these new technologies unless we can freely look at them and see how they work.

And you will love the benefits and eventually learn to control and harness the problems, O lovely Humanity.

Why have a fish tank when you can have a tiny ferocious sea dragon swimming around in your fish tank? You can feed it live gold fish, and watch the fun!

Why have a dog when you could have a Dire-Wolf who can see every colour and ultra-violet and infra-red?

Did you know dogs are colour-blind? Imagine how much richer your best friend's life would be when Babylon gives him the gift of new sight. Cute. You love your pet.

But perhaps you want a guardian who is slightly more than a canine?

A Shadow Panther guardian? Completely conditioned, with an inbuilt hormone computer that can make him savagely violent or aggressively sexual or fall straight to sleep mid-roar at the mere press of a button on your key ring?

Life can be fun.

You are accustomed to seeing the GMO corporations as boring faceless machines who are meddling with genes in tastelessly merchantile ways. But boring tasteless mechants don't make Silver Dragons. Fun merchants will make *The Silver Dragons*.

And you will begin to see how much fun and interesting new puzzles and understanding awaits us in genetic technologies.

*The Astrum Persarum* is Creative Freedom to Experiment. Science is amoral. The Unknown is frightening. But we are Humanity.

The Unconquered Thinking Species of Planet Earth.

We will learn and rise.

The Beautiful Potentials can only occur if the gates are allowed to open.

The Queen of Sheba has returned, and she chooses her own politics.



You can own your own miniature dragon ~ maybe ten year after the founding of *The Astrum Persarum*.

Naturally shinny silver scales ought be easy in light of the pallete range offered by the reptile kingdom. The armour function can be improved by heavy barding armour for terrestrial jousting. Aerial jousting will be more dangerous.

*The Silver Dragon* will also (eventually!) have an optional gill system, as *The Knight Angelic* can wear an environmentally sealed helm.

When we have fully created our miniature dragon, we adjust its size, increasing it to the size of a giant steed.



We know that there has to be some moral shocks and scandalous looks and general hypocritical huffing-and puffing in moral indignation.

*The Astrum Persarum* is unashamedly naughty, and won't bother paying attention to the strange and terrifying genetic projects occurring in the fortified corporate castles of her realm – except to receive her financial share of the profits. But that sort of thing is boring and much less profitable than people think. The real profit in any technology is CREATIVITY.

*Dream Spirits* cannot take form *except* from *The World of Human Imagination*.

Every Fantastic Creature begins as a Dream.

I hope you dream beautiful dreams.

Be careful what you dream.

Scary.



#### **THE MOON SILVER DRAGONS OF AVALON**

*The Silver Dragons* have laser-reflective scales – and this will be very useful in future.

They will be the loyalest steeds ever ridden, and each is soul-bound to its master/rider.

They can be armoured and armed, and they eat anybody whom the knight slays.

We will create Space Armour for them in future.



A project around which to unite the GMO companies of humanity in the new land of Babylon. *The Astrum Persarum*, birthplace of some of the finest steeds ever, from The Arabian Horses so favoured by The British to *The Dragons of AVALON*.

For AVALON is the real spiritual birthplace of every dragon materialized in *The Astrum Persarum*.

The home of dragons are The Sacred Isles.

When GMO companies meddle with human genes, people get uncomfortable before their romantic interludes. When GMO companies meddle with animal genes, people get sentimental before supper. But playing with fantasy is a little different... like when GMO companies play with the idea of creating fun new pets (e.g. the wolf-sized *Faerie Dragon* with Butterfly Wings and Chameleon Powers, with patented “good-natured, loyal, and affectionate” genes).

You and I can feel that really I am here to open The Gates to *The World of Human Imagination*. We are free and beautiful. And we have fantastic magickal creatures in our future.

Terrifying guardians for our skyscraper castles, wondrous ecological magickal marvels for our newly engineered ecosystems, strange and useful creatures to assist us in our works.

Technology is the reawakening of our pagan animal nature.

The Liberation of Our Minds.

I have a Pact with The Devil and I will create *everything* I want.

I want a fun and meaningful world where the prime focus of all activity is learning and understanding. I want civic LIBERTY and unlimited creative freedom. I want happiness through understanding and finding happiness in sharing the adventures of life. I want to transcend the limitations and restrictions and pain of Normality.

I understand that means an uncertain future, for certainly it is not a transcendence of every pain.

But I want to adventure into that future with those I Love ~ PAN, The Goddess, and my many secret beloved companions.

And many other wondrous things I want, too.

For if I can have but three wishes then I wish for as many wishes as I want.

A magickal species is a species of organism that has “materialized” directly from *The World of Human Imagination* through the medium of Science and Technology. Thus, a magickal creature may have an unusual relationship to *The Linnaen Tree of Life*.

If left to the boring people, you would have factories and tedious uninteresting and unhappy horror for centuries before anybody would be “brave” enough to trying something illogically new.

The New Babylon will found its genetics industry in animal beauty in order to play with the new toy of genetic technologies. But New Babylon is not interested in wasting immortality on the boring sorts of tyrant-loving genetic tech that threatens natural animals and natural humans.

The Opening Move of The Bio-Tech Industry through New Babylon is....

Pets.



BEHOLD!

Dragons, and pixies, and gargoyals and wizards and demons in humanity’s high-tech science-fiction future.  
And we will have wonderful fun!

Before anything can be materialized by human hands, it must first be dreamed.

I think this is a better use of genetic technologies than the silly old factory people plan justified by a pretense of maturity to cover fear of the unknown.

The Dragons will be the first major project of *The Astrum Persarum*, jointly and unashamedly funded by *The Kingdom of AVALON* and *The Kingdom of SOLOMON*.

A project to attract every major GMO company on the planet to BABYLON.

To materialize *The Scientific Evocation of The Silver Dragons*.



Time is deep.

Every Twenty-Five Years from its foundaing date, let every realm of *The Kingdom of AVALON* mint a mithril silver coin bearing the image of The Silver Dragon.

This is a steed for The Celt.

Humanity is many people and geneticic codecies, but only The White Celt can wield EXCALIBUR.



### THE SWORD OF THE MITHRIL KNIGHT

*The Sword EXCALIBUR* is the ancient avatar and talisman of *The Silver Ideal of Chivalry* – through the whole of The Human Spirit, the two ideas (The Sword and The Ideal of High Chivalry) are not separate.

EXCALIBUR grants not only the right to rule AVALON, but it is also The Secret Key whereby *The Silver Dragons* are summoned to serve as steeds.

According to the myths in which I spent my childhood, *The Metallic Dragons of Treasure* (e.g. Platinum, Silver, Gold, Bronze) each represent and are archetype expression of the concept of LOVE which is generally understood as Goodness. ***I have no knowledge of who will draw EXCALIBUR, and The Ordeal ensures this.***

Thus, *The Platinum Dragon* is the immortal deity/ruler of the dragons, unique, and an expression every archetype of Goodness. *The Bronze Dragons* are expressions of the perfect concept of **Justice**. *The Silver Dragons* are the archetype expressions of **Chivalry**. *The Brass Dragons* are dream expressions of **Romantic Love**, and are often found in the company of Silver Dragons. Etc. *The Gold Dragons* represent The Wise and Selfless Love of The Leader for The Kingdom's Subjects. Thus are the metallic dragons expressions of *The Sepheroith*.

*The Platinum Dragon* is an expression of SATAN-ENKI-BAPHOMET ~ as *The Chromatic Dragon*, its opposite, is an expression of LILITH-ISHTAR-ASTAROTH.

The Jewelled Treasure Dragons are expressions of The Anti-Thesis – *The Qippoloths*.

*The Red Dragons* are Rage, Violence, and Tyranny. Though they are the strongest of the evil dragons, it is generally believed that the subtler jeweled dragons are the more powerful. *The White* are Cruelty. *The Green* are Sexual Depravity and Emotional Naughtiness. Etc.

The Chromatic Dragon is an expression of LILITH-ISHTAR-TIAMAT.

The Two Deities of The Dragons are  
BINAH & CHOKMAH  
Darkness & Light  
Female & Male



I think WOMAN gets the better deal.

By this ideal *The Silver Dragons* were awoken into existence within *The Spirit World of The Collective Unconscious*, long ago.

A great knight must now Quest.

In Britain, the ancient and magickal forest of Sherwood is regenerating through permaculture and sylvan ways. When The Forest is regrown, The Sword may be sought therein.

How?

To answer that you would need to understand the meaning of the situation.

And so he goes on a Quest to find The Sword and pledge to *The High Chivalry of LIBERTY* before *The Silver Dragons* – thus, to be able to ride them.

The Silver Dragons can only be truly awakened from The World of Dream through an ancient ritual ~ *The Pledge of High Chivalry* that forms *The Cubical Stone* upon which *The Round Table* rests.

I love Infinity!

So it begins.



We are on the brink of Genetic Technologies which will allow us to shape LIFE in ANY way we choose.

The Indian German said that factory people with a hen-peck hierarchy are the magick hairdresser's Meaning of Life.

The Celtic People have only been certain that they want to be Chivalrous and Kindly and The Leader. But we are beginning to see that morality and the world are more complex than expected. Personally, I envy The Celt's strategy of merely being privileged and patriotically chivalrous and unbendingly protective of his kingdom and people.

My strategy hurt.

But here we are on the brink of Eternity, gazing into *The Abyss* above us, after having recently discovered that it is below us.

I suggest a better purpose of genetic technologies.

Let us give form to the dreams of *The Silver Dragons*.

A steed worthy of the knight who will wield EXCALIBUR.





**OUR LADY OF THE INUNDATION**  
GAIA ~ INNANNA ~ ISHTAR ~ ASTARTE ~ LILITH

Fertile Mother of New Life and The Cycles of Time.

First Woman.

First Witch.

The Cradle of Civilization.

Home.



*The Royal House of LILITH.*

The Ziggurat Temple of The Sacred Prostitute.

This is how SHE began, as the nexus of *The First City of Humanity*.

An urn, SHE was a womb in the desert, gathering seeds and coins ~ A New Economic Paradigm in a land of ancient tribes' stability.

A whore house ~ where members of any tribe can come to trade.

A female entity emerges within the patchwork tribal territories of the landscape.

Gathering wealth into herself in a new way.

And the political implications of asylum ground.

Perhaps, the first market, but certainly market festivals on religious days?

Where wealth gathers, trade establishes ~ taverns offering food and shelter, blacksmiths to service travellers, Bakers to bake the temple bread.

Wheat comes from this time and this land.

And beer. And wine. And the word 'alcohol'.

Around the wealth of HER ziggurat, The First City arose.

And walls to protect their prosperous ways.

And armies under the will of a witch queen.

Ancient BABYLON. Ancient BABYLON. Ancient BABYLON.

High Priestess of Prostitutes, Lady of The Coin, Mother of Sacred Abominations.



The Birth of Human Civilization.

Pain, Pain Pain, in HER Sacred Land of Babylon.

You are born ~ now look upon the face of your mother, she is beautiful and terrible, and she is LOVE.

We are human, and the wizard lines are born of a whore in the desert ~ priestess of the ancient egg.

*The WOMAN of Fire* ~ whose two qualities are seen by Christians as “prostitution” and “adultery”.

This represents her invocation named *The Dance of Seven Veils* (a fertility dance of prostitution performed for coin), and *The Queen's Umpure Blasphemy of Adultery* to create genetic change ~ *The Alchemy of NATURA*.

She is a Vampyre.

The invocation of Adultery as the sealing blasphemy, is the act of drinking the finest bloodlines of humanity into her vampiric egg at the centre of her treasure chamber.

She understands what is truly of value in The Eternity.

Brilliance.

The Genetic Threads of Human Greatness.

The Bloodlines of high achievement or extraordinary qualities in any field.

She searches for these, all over the worlds ~ and gathers them into her genetic egg.

Refining them. Defining their key characters. Reweaving and perfecting each.

And selling them.

The Profitable Adultery.

Mixing the blood of the pure and the impure in the cup of her abominations.

A highly sexualized society in which the matriarchy maintains control of the genetic technologies (e.g. genetic corporations will hire a female CEO for their Star Babylon branch, and be pro-active in the ‘equal opportunities for women’ policy, but they won’t call it ‘corporate profile advertising’).

Evermore will BABYLON quest through every society of humans (and other life forms!) to find their great souls, and drink their loveliness into her, to be part of her forever. This is the vocation and Great Work of her priestesses in every place where temple to ISHTAR is raised. She is The Lady of The Red Stone, Mother of The Burning Egg, WOMAN of The Phoenix among MEN.

And She quests for ART and SCIENCE and MAGICK! Every Creative Power of The Mind! She is The Awakening Mind!



**LET US NOW ENGAGE IN THE CIVILIZATIONAL FUN OF THE BLASPHEMOUS LIBERATION!**

*And in The Word WHORE, Let The Scroll be sealed!*

*Yea!*

*Let The Scroll be sealed!*

*So it is. So mote it be.*





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