

Mantelräpore

3

Leicester Jones

"Love is the law, love under will." - AL.I.57
"the slaves shall serve" - AL.II.58
these rights.

5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart
when, where, and with whom ye will." - AL.I.51
"take your fill and will of love as ye will,
4. Man has the right to love as he will: -

to dress as he will.
to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as he will:
to write what he will:
to speak what he will:
3. Man has the right to think what he will:

to move as he will on the face of the earth.
to dwell where he will:
to drink what he will:
2. Man has the right to eat what he will:
to die when and how he will.

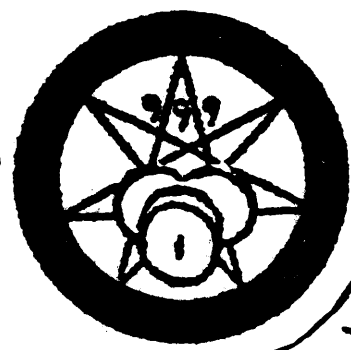
to rest as he will:
to work as he will:
to live in the way that he wills to do:
1. Man has the right to live by his own law -
There is no god but man

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."
-AL.I.40
"thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that, and no
other shall say nay." - AL.I.42-3.
"Every man and every woman is a star." - AL.I.3

AL.II.21

"the law of
the strong;
this is our law
and the joy
of the world."

Z:

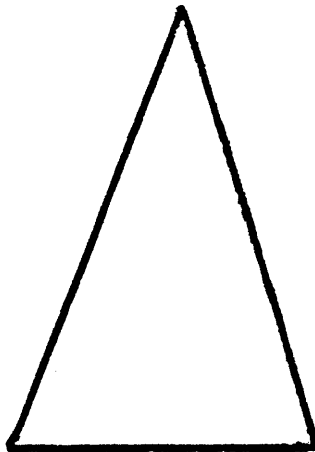


Liber LXVII

The Grove of the Star and the Snake

This issue of Mandragore is composed of the individual & combined efforts of four stars working with the Double Current of Shaitan-Aiwass/Maat. The hieroglyph on the cover expresses the matter and mode of this current.

The magazine is divided into two sections, the first being of the essence of Heru-ra-ha and the gods of Liber AL, the second the essence of Maat, 'she who moves'.



The pantedle on the back cover expresses the unity of the Grove of the Star and the Snake. We are a pagan/magickal tribe currently working as a center of power of the "Double Wanded One": Heru-ra-ha/Maat

"...Nuiti! Haditi! Ra-Hoor-Khnuti!

the Sun, Strength & Sight, Light; these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake." - AL, II, 21

"...Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you." - AL, I, 9

"...because of my hair the trees of Eternity." - AL, I, 59

The Grove

Alo-n
HADES
Khreb ent Ptah
Noctua

OZ...drawn by Aio-n

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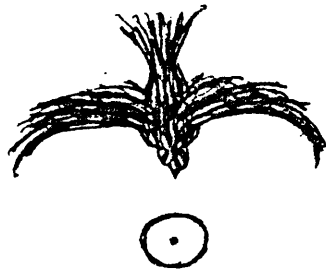
The Descent of the Snake & the Flight of the Hawk
 Identifications with Hoor-paar-kraat & Ra-hoor-khuit
 As Prelude & Epilogue to Meditation on ABRAHADABRA'S Self-union.

In silence I sink to tunnels of primal dark
 in love I am falling, back to the womb of time
 inhaling winds of aethyr, the sweet breath of Nu.
 I am the silver prince of air and darkness;
 seed, not reflection; self, and not mask.
 I the shadow, the serpent-child, the watcher
 of the life-in-death of stellar night;
 I the embryo in eternity. By the Name of the God
 I return to the center of creation
 wordless void before beginnings.

The movement is the regression,
 the instant is the obsession.
 I am the first, the bornless star
 dissolved in arching skies and tidal sea,
 in laughter at the lie of ending.
 I am the Dancer in the Night of Pan
 I raise the wand of double power
 my soul a throne for the wind's turning.
 Within the egg, the spirit strives
 to spread bright wings.



I arise to the dawn of exploding suns,
 the future-spun wheel of brilliant pattern.
 I am free of hidden pasts,
 gone beyond death's illusory grasp.
 I am the everborn of Nu
 who lives to exult in Babalon's lust;
 I am the hawk-lord, crowned in light,
 who soars to conversation with the Sun.
 I bear the ongoing spiral forces
 of evolution and entropy.



I the victorious charioteer,
 bearing my dark twin within me
 glyphed in the code of my every cell.
 I the knower, the changing god
 bleeding eye of the vivid horizon.
 My form is the Hero of the Aeon,
 my soul a single jewel of flame
 embraced in the circular body of space.
 I arise, I awake, to the surge of ageless light
 which flowers blazing through my spine.

Blood Rite of Horus

HOORI runs like a river of blood.
the sun hangs like a tigers-eye
in the sky.
the child who is the lover
drinks from the spring of lunar flood.

Throne of Set rooted in deepest Night
Pillar of Ra descending solar light
Triangle of Red, the secret sign

at the throne of the daughter: the solar wine.

the woman stands between the songs

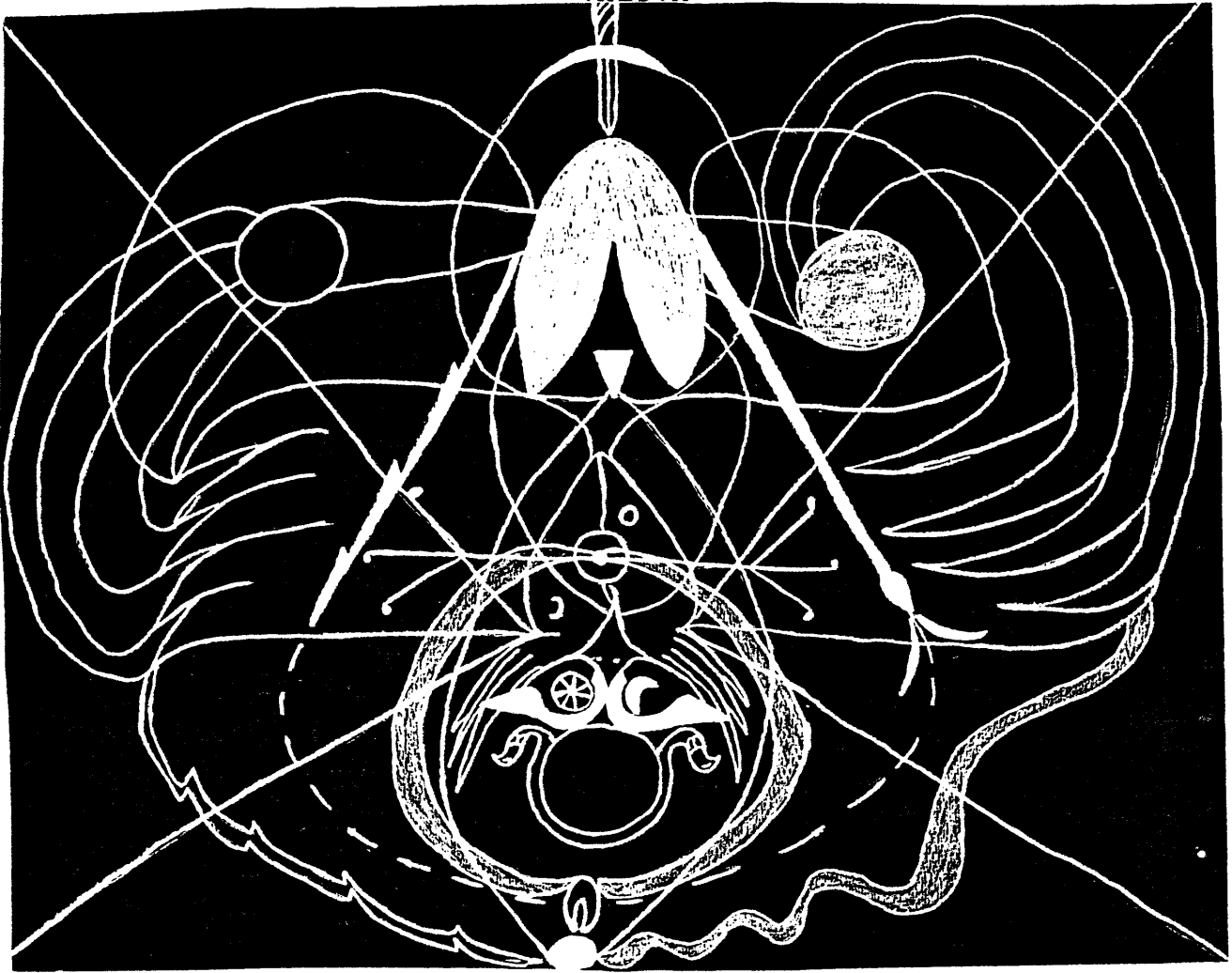
of night & day.

the Man hunts the woman thirsty for his prey.
the woman draws her flaming sword & calls the lightning.
the fire burns, the phoenix hovers, begins to sing.

the song of Horus is a battle cry;

Do Thy Will! to Hell with why!

laughter & love is the light of the world.
at Noon the thunderbolt of HOORI is hurled.



Rite of the Kings: for when thelemites disagree.

Open saying: The Kings are few and secret, a King may choose his garment as he will. They shall rule the many and the known, masked and concealed.

Toast each other with chalice saying: The lords of the earth are our kinsfolk the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty: ye are brothers.

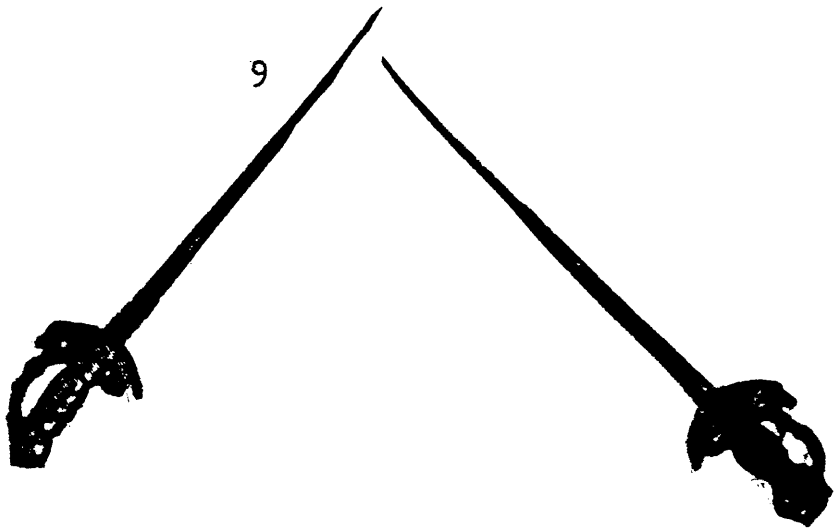
Offer each other the chalice saying: As brothers fight ye. Love is the law, love under will. King against King!

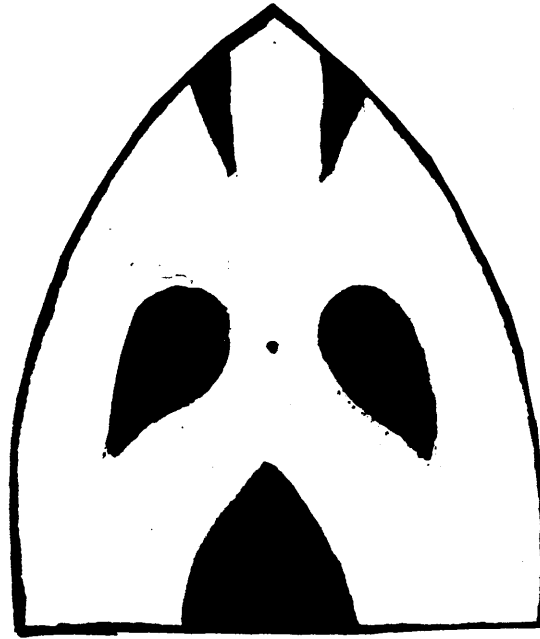
Love one another with burning hearts. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious langour, force and fire are of us.

Closing: Thru lifes tribulation, He that lives long & desires death much is ever the King among the Kings. The highest are of us.

This is for two or more people. All thats needed is a chalice of wine and a copy of Liber AL to set next to it.

Khreb ent Ptah





Aum. Ha.

Throw all energy down to earth crying Malkuth.
forhead again ; whisper ; Aleph
touch left shoulder; Mum
touch right shoulder; Shin
touch forhead; Aleph

- 7. To ground energy;
- 6. Same as number 2 but reverse order and energy.
- 5. Accept Sigil/ vision and scribe.
- 4. vibrate IPSOS eight times from crown.
- 3. Middle Pillar exercise up the 7 power centers.

end in center ; Io Pan.
west; Mast
east; Henu Ra Ha
south; Hadit
north; Nuit

with the sign of silence. Once per quarter;
to the north the sign of the Enterer followed by the word finished
2. Starting with the east and then to the west, then to the south and finally
The order is; 3rd eye, Muladhara center, right shoulder, left shoulder then
chest. It is used as a replacement of the Cabalistic Cross.

Forhead; Abrahadabra
chest; IAO
left shoulder; Agape (or FIAOF)
Muladhara; Ipsos
right shoulder; Thelema

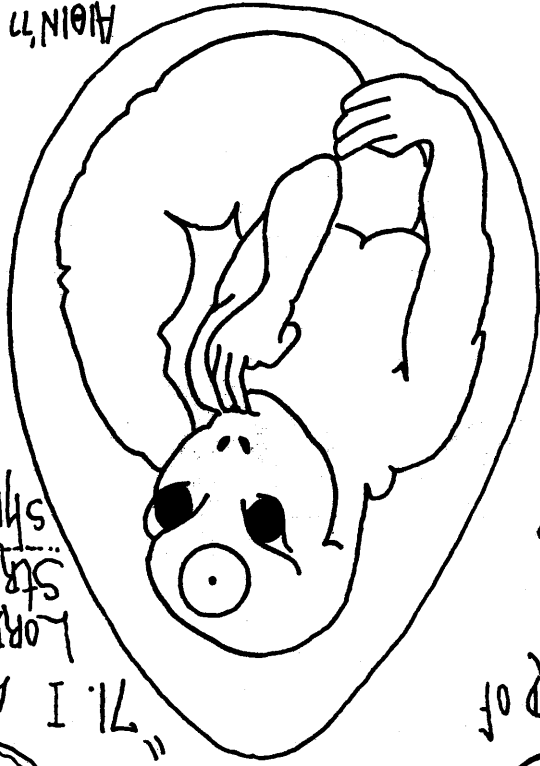
- 1. Thelemite Cross;
- 0. Open self, meditate ; part veil.

ACCEPTING SIGILS

ABRAHADABRA • This begins the publishing of the work LIBER SIGIL A IAF.

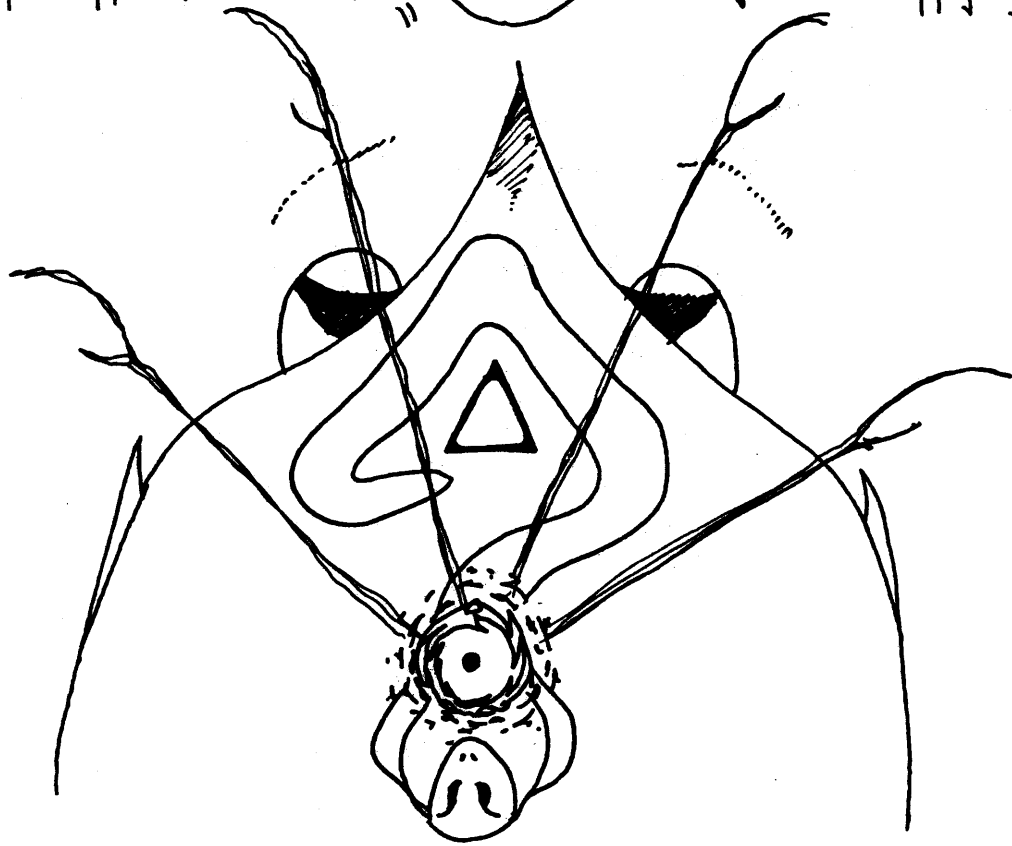
Fr. 131

Alain'



"71. I AM THE HAWK-HEADED
LORD OF SILENCE & OF
STRENGTH; MY NEYUSS
SHROUDS THE NIGHT-BIVE SKY"
-AL III

35. THE HALF OF THE WORD OF
HERU-RA-HA, CALLED
HOOR-PA-KRAAT AND
RA-HOOR-KHUT.
-AL III



THE DANCE OF HERU RA HA

This dance-ritual is derived through LIBER PENNAE PRAENUMBRA and the subsequent Maatian system. (See Cincinnati Journal of Cerimonial Magick, Vol.1, #1) The sphere of Heru Ra Ha is the Black Flame of Tiphereth. This ritual is to dance the AEON in. This is accomplished by uniting Ra Hoor Khnut and Hoor paar Krath. Create for yourself a temple rightly disposed to Nut; Hadit and the twins; Heru Ra Ha. Select two wands, one for the Lord of Force and Fire another for the Child in the Egg of Blue. To the East there is a small circle with earth in it. Though it is always better to invoke in the woods, a round container shall suffice. The two wands are placed over the container in the Mark of the Beast ; ⊗ . RHK wand to the right, HPK wand to the left. Sacred Herb is to the ~~left~~ of the small circle, sacred wine to the left. Oil, Stele etc. as desired. Thelemite cross; third eye; Abrahadabra; Earth chakra; Ipsos; right shoulder; Thelema; left shoulder; Agape, chest; FIAOF. "The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-krath and Ra-Hoor-Khut." AL.3.35

ABRAHADABRA!

"Every man and every woman is a star" - AL.1.3.

Draw down energy charging and purifying wands; Thelema; Offer wine; NU ; Offer herb; HAD ; Partake thereof , uniting with the two-who-are-one.

Take up HPK wand and circle sunwise in the Sign of Silence drawing silence as a curtain behind you. The mantra might be; Egg of Blue; Replace first wand and take up RHK wand cast a circle of fire sunwise. The mantra might be ; Force and Fire!

A 93 is drawn in the earth, wands covering.

"I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength; my newyss shrouds the night-blue sky" . - AL.3.70.

Meditate, assuming Mask. Rise slowly from asana and, taking the HPK wand, dance the dance of the Child in the Egg, flowing in the womb of silence. Collapse at altar in foetal-death posture. Replace wand. Rise from asana in WRATH. Snatch up RHK wand; dance, defend, parry, strike! Dance the dance of the Warrior Lord. Collapse into burning asana, charging 93 drawn previously.

"I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the wand of the Force of Coph Nia (QNA) - but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an Universe and naught remains" . - AL.3.72.

Mix 93 into earth.

Taking up both wands, dance the World/Circle dance of Heru Ra Ha counter sunwise. Joyfully see the current you have channeled spin out from yourself and the earth/core of this rite.

" And in the heart of the Sphinx danced the Lord Adoni, in his garlands of roses and pearls making glad the concourse of things; yes, making glad the concourse of things" .- Liber CCXXXI.21.

Return to the circle of earth and stick both wands in the earth so they stand up straight, forming an 11. Anoint each with wine, adorning the twin loa; HPK & RHK.

"Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for your time is nigh at hand" .- AL.3.71.

Earth, circle and current are scattered to the 4 corners.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" .- AL.1.40. "Love is the Law, Love under will" .- AL.1.57

Alc-n : 4/1/78

BEFORE DANCING/AFTER DANCING

The Logos of Ra Hoor Khuit is delivered by the hands of the Peacock Angel OVIZ to the servent of the Hawk-Headed Lord.

May the flowing of my flight cast the shadow of my wings as a Black Flame upon the earth. May I spiral down through the Heavens and alight amidst my Kiblah, for this is my island and I have fortified it. May I slay the Hag of the West and drink her blood upon the Altar of Emerald. May my feathers be the fire of the Noon-day sun and the obsidian of my beak the chill of night. May the path be laid straight before me by the wisdom of Maat and the rod of Tahuti.

I dance out into the darkness that I may entwine amidst the stars. The echo of my cry is the four-fold Will; Abrahadabra.

Alc-n-131: 6/17/78

" Horus is upon his throne; Horus is upon his seat. My face is like unto that of a divine hawk, I am one who hath been armed by his Lord.

I have come forth from the Underworld. I have seen Osiris, I have risen up on either side of him. Nut hath shrouded me.

The Gods behold me and I have beheld the Gods. The Eye of Horus hath consumed me, who dwells in darkness. The Gods stretch forth their arms unto me.

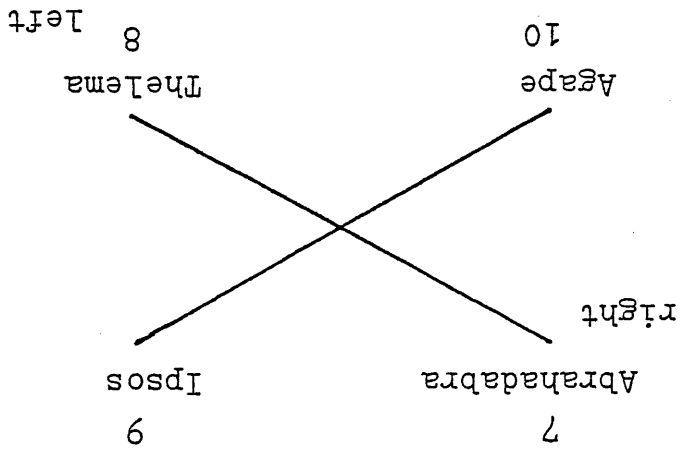
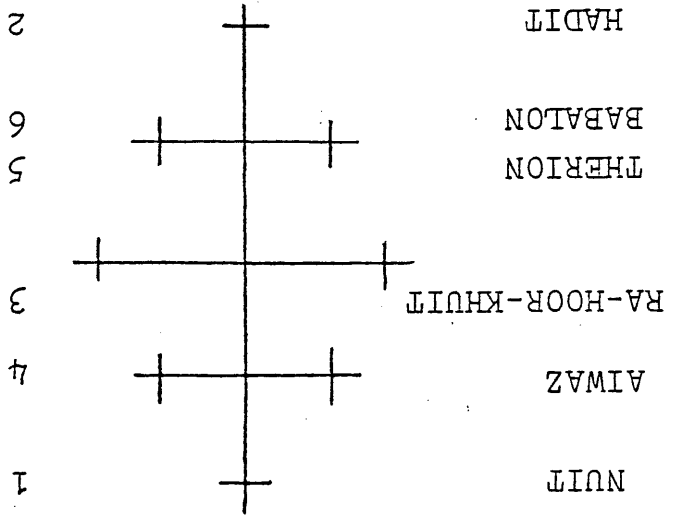
I rise up, I get the Mastery and I drive back evil which opposeth me. The Gods open unto me the Holy Way,

They see my form, And they hear the words which I utter in their presence".

The Papyrus of Ani, Book of the Dead ; Ch.LXXVII, lines 39-43.

The elevenfold cross has become a purification rite for me. My variation is a combination of Crowley's first gesture of Liber V vel Reguli consisting of six movements, followed by a Double Current charge of five movements.

The first part is of the Gods and the second of Man. It is assumed that there is some balance of the five elements already achieved. The student starts by invoking the Gods. This is likened to the Arrow of Nuit in its descending flight or the influence of Shin, the trump the Aeon. The next and complimentary gestures are the vibrations of the words of Power. These, following the first, can cause unity of self and universe and/or not, nothing. This is like Tehn, the trump last which Crowley numbered Eleven.



This ritual has balanced & inspired me. Why is it a purification ritual also? Because eleven is also the number of the Qliphoth, the accursed shells. All of us at one time or other must triumph over these forces in our own natures. The cleaning up of the unbalanced residue is the freedom of the eleven, "the general number of magick, or energy tending to change".

From shoulders to hips make the cross with the right hand, then draw a circle around the cross. Draw the energy into a point in the center of the chest and vibrate the last word of your choice, FIAOF, LASHITAL, etc.

When the six above is harmonized with the five below the Magician becomes the 'One beyond Ten'.

Note: This has been ripped off in the pursuit of knowledge. See Magick in Theory & Practise and Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God.

-Noctua

I am the flame of blood upon thy altar, Horus of the Two Horizons, & I call my love to me, with my song, he comes unto me.

Beyond this, in the place of brilliant stillness, I come to a single flame of light. You are there Not. The only reply to the lightning bolt that our love has brought down from the outer spaces is the howling of thunder & the summer wind through the hair of Nu.

I am open like a river pouring onto earth, I am watering our lives with sweet music & song. The face of God in the pearl of blood floating in the belly of the chalice. The sea burning within me, the sun in my belly, the heaving sea!

In my blood on the earth is the blossoming of the kisses of Nu. I drop these precious pearls and they bloom as roses at my feet. My belly rolls like the stormy sea. It is the crashing of waves against the breast of shore, it is the wind steaming through the trees of earth - this song of the Temple of HAR.

THE RITE OF HORUS AT HIGH NOON

-Aio-n, 131; 6/28/78

I sing thy praise, O Hawk-headed Lord.
 Thou who lightest upon my leathered arm in the cloak
 of many forms.
 I see thee as a Rain of Fire and as thy eyes;
 A dead orb in space and a star.
 Thou art truly Light and Dark and have Named all Names.
 Thy eye of flame which Set possesses sees now the water-bearer.
 Let the pools that are dry from the Thirst of Osiris be replenished,
 Ra Hoor Khuit proclaims it from the East!
 Rain of Fire, Rain of Water; Soul of the Seven Winds,
 I invoke the Tongue of Horus;
 Avenger of his Sister; Earth, The sweet song, the Little Mother.
 She who is held in the Claws of Osiris.
 Let the spirits of Force and Fire drink the blood of the cursed,
 Those who will not see through their Eyes.
 Seven are these and Horus, the golden hawk of flame
 Ascends this; the Concourse of the Sun;
 He bursts through the Temple of the Bull,
 He swims through the Temple of Cannes,
 He screams through the Temple of the Pyramid of Blood,
 He swiftly flies through the Temple of the Howling Winds,
 He is caught in the Jewel of Space in the Temple of the
 Blue Lidded Daughter,
 He is born as a Star in the Temple of the One,
 And of the Temple of N.O.X. there is naught but an echo;
 SHT.....



Timeless he sits
embraced in lotus womb
the unborn god of stellar night.

Child of the arching gateway of space
movement of regression to archtypical time
silent lord who ends the turning of the wheel.

I breathe the darkness in flowing rhythm
return to the center, snake-coils unwind
we two are one and naught.

In destruction, in beginnings dawn
the midnight star bears the aeon's seed
to the temple of the year's redeeming.

I am the Babe of the Abyss, chalice within the eternal flower.
The centuries of tyranny fall to burning death in my gaze,
the years resurrect to my rebellion.

-3/18/78, HADES⁶⁹

The Hunting of the Hawk

Restriction is the vengeance of the self upon the mask
which breaks the veil of silence. Freedom is accepting
challenge, and invincibility beyond the passing moments of
the quest.

The fragmentary matter/illusion objects of the world are
neutral. They do not observe the musical ritual of the
emotions; their souls do not burn, and they have no opinion
on your changing moods. Sorrow cannot steal the light of
sunrise, and joy cannot resurrect those who accept death's
beauty as finality. Regrets cannot reduce the work of
evolution.

The lost stars do not flame in spacial ocean at the
tattered fringes of forever; they are but jewels of forgotten
colour that line the bowl of the sacrificial chalice at the
feast of the re-uniting. The eyes of the cup are blind now;
once it was the skull which blossomed to crown your spine.
Afterwards she drank the offered wine of your existence,
and Babalon grew drunk.

At the annihilation-point of the falling tower, the
man with shattered eyes wept tears of blood which dissolved
in that non-existing universal ocean. On the day of the
judgement and wandering's end, the man rose up to still the
questioning voices of the slain years past, and crucified
those few uncaring angels who never dared to lie down in lust
with the myriad young of the scarlet she-goat. We nailed
their wide wings to the sky, we came with shining nails of
love in our dark-stained hands.
Whom the Aeon doth not redeem, it destroys.

-5/11/78, HADES⁶⁹