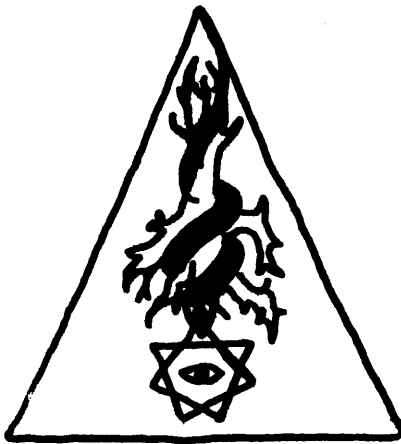


THUNDERBOLTS

Woe unto me that am cast down from my place by the might of the new Aeon. For the ten palaces are broken, and the ten kings are carried away into bondage, and they are set to fight as the gladiators in the circus of him that hath laid his hand upon eleven. For the ancient tower is shattered by the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning. And they that walk upon their hands shall build the holy place. Blessed are they who have turned the Eye of Hour unto the zenith, for they shall be filled with the vigour of the goat. All that was ordered and stable is shaken. The Aeon of Wonders is come. Like locusts shall they gather themselves together, the servants of the Star and of the Snake, and they shall eat up everything that is upon the earth. For why? Because the Lord of Righteousness delighteth in them. The prophets shall prophesy monstrous things, and the wizards shall perform monstrous things. The sorceress shall be desired of all men, and the enchanter shall rule the earth.

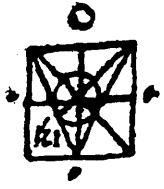


G:5:5:

Blessing unto the name of the Beast, for he hath let loose a mighty flood of fire from his manhood, and from his womanhood hath he let loose a mighty flood of water. Every thought of his mind is as a tempest that uprooted the great trees of the earth, and shaketh the mountains thereof. And the throne of his spirit is a mighty throne of madness and desolation, so that they that look upon it shall cry: Behold the abomination!

Great is the Beast that cometh forth like a lion, the servant of the Star and of the Snake. He is the Eternal one; He is the Almighty one. Blessed are they upon whom he shall look with favour, for nothing shall stand before his face. Accursed are they upon whom he shall look with derision, for nothing shall stand before his face.

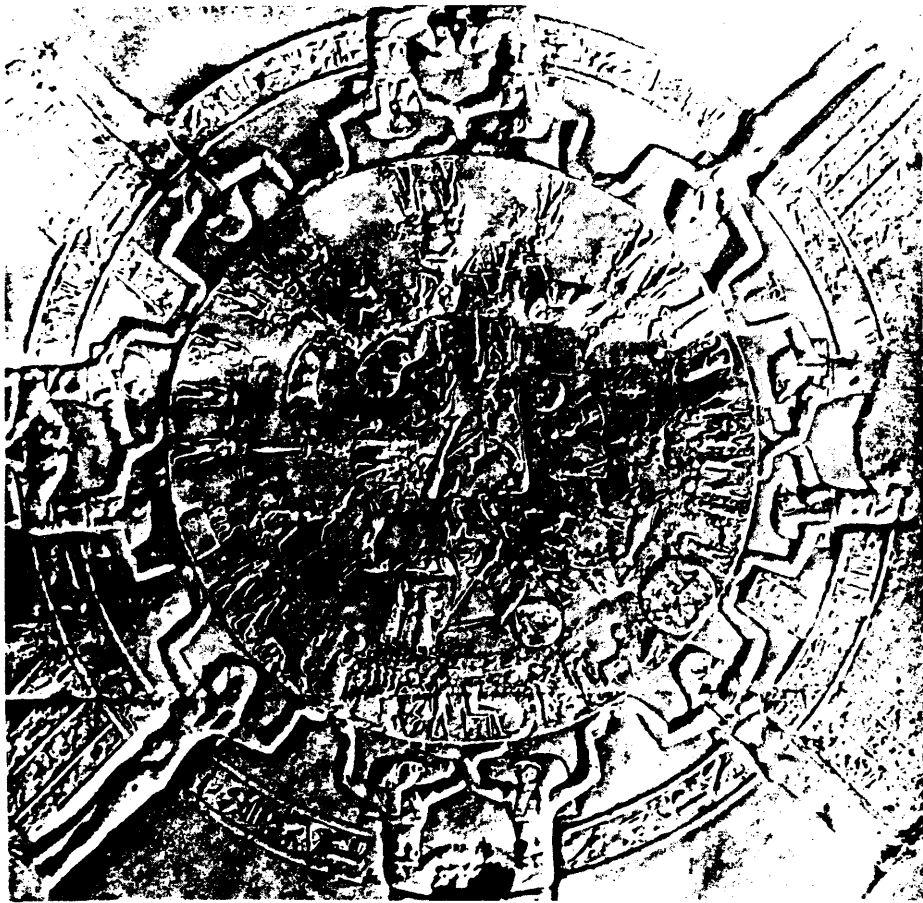
And every mystery that hath not been revealed from the foundation of the world he shall reveal unto his chosen. And they shall have power over every spirit of the ether; and of the earth and under the earth; on dry land and in the water; of whirling air and of rushing fire. And they shall have power over all the inhabitants of the earth, and every scourge of God shall be subdued beneath their feet. The angels shall come unto them and walk with them, and the great gods of heaven shall be their guests. Liber 418 - 16th Aethyr



DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE GREAT WORK THEIR LIFE LONG JUST

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INTRODUCTION

When one undertakes the Great Work, many experiences are the outcome. One may find himself in a dark pit of self, wondering how DNA goes together. The pieces of seemingly dark art (the composition of this issue) are not dark at all to the experienced. For the magician must understand the polarities to make the whole work.

This issue is our Typhonian one.

"It is an essential feature of the primordial archetype that it combines positive and negative attributes and groups of attributes. This union of opposites in the primordial archetype, its ambivalence, is characteristic of the original situation of the unconscious, which consciousness has not yet dissected into its antitheses. Early man experienced this paradoxical simultaneity of good and evil, friendly and terrible, in the godhead as a unity; while as consciousness developed, the good goddess and the bad goddess, for example, usually came to be worshipped as different beings. . . . Erich Neumann - 'The Great Mother, an analysis of the archetype.'"

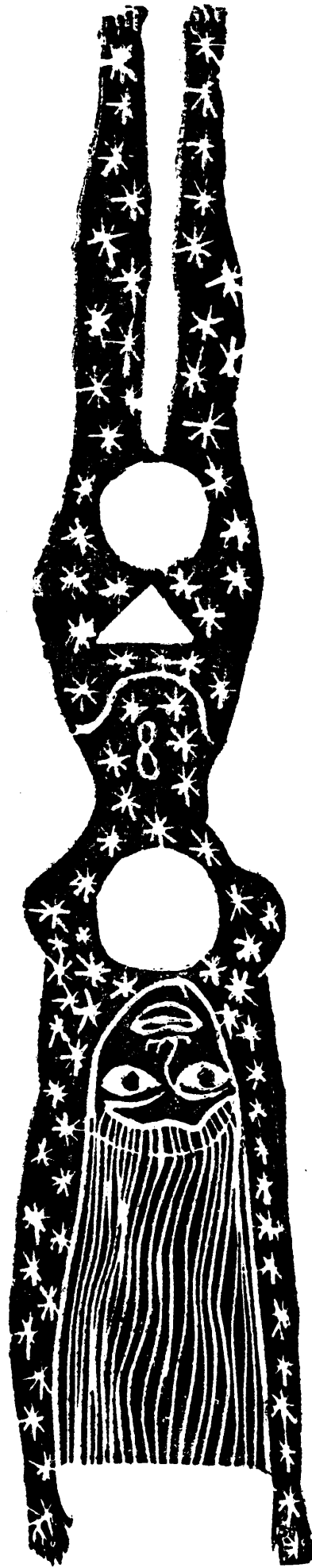
The transcending of good and bad, black and white, is a basic task of all Thelemites, and should be dealt with on the path of the Great Work. To have repercussions of good and bad is an endless regression or block on the path.

Lets walk the thin tightrope of 'no difference' (AL I 22). Along the way you will meet your dark self, in all its manifestations. How will you deal with this? -

Confrontation; its best to examine these energies. Learn them, so to see when they are manifesting around you. Then when they resurge from within, you are aware, and can will whatever change is desired. There is energy here, to be utilized for understanding.

For example, the Grove of the Star & the Snake in this issue has produced what seems (excuse the word) dark art. But realizing that we produced this work from our individual and group experiences of self and the universe, is proof that we are evolving because of it and so is humanity.

Khrebet Ptah



Lift up thy head & become one with the starry night sky. Droop down thy head and feel the rapture of the earth. Lie down between the rapture & the joy. Fix thy gaze upon the stars. Feel thyself falling through space. Increase this feeling unto the final Dissolution. Let thyself be lifted to the breast of Nu.

"I am the secret serpent coiled about to spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one."

Strike at the body of Nuit with thy body of purple & green & thy tongue of fire. Drop down before the altar:

"Blue am I and gold in the light of my bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes; & my spangles are purple & green."

Take up the fire & Dance the Dance of the Winged Snake of Light. See thyself as a great serpent:

"I will fill her with joy: with my force shall she see & strike at the worship of Nu: she shall achieve Hadit."

As you dance feel yourself being drawn to the fire on the altar. Spiral in until the flame of blue on the outside unites with the solar red flame at the center. Merge the two flames until the flame burns the purest deepest black. From out of the centre of the flame itself hear the words:

"And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body."

Sprinkle the water upon the circle of earth and see the dew of the stars spun therein. Empty the bowl and leave it in the north. Circle inwards. Dance the Dance of the Lament Flame of Blue. The mantra might be: Allala.

"Come forth, O children, under the stars, & take your fill of Love."

Cast a circle of space with the altar at the center: Use a large bowl filled with rainwater. In the north raise it to the sky so that the stars may reflect therein.

"I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star."

Light a single flame upon the altar.

Worship in the black night. Use wine & strange drugs. Do so in silence until the earth becomes Not.

The Dance of the Manifestation of Nuit

3/13/79 Khreb ent Ptah

I S I S

I Speak In Silence

being drawn further & further towards circumference.

I whirl the circle

filling to capacity.

I am enlarging

it grows larger with every cycle.

The Dance is a circle

FULL CIRCLE

through the night sky
the dreams of Noctua 156, 8/7/78 e.v.

*the quotes are from Liber Al. The first two on this page are
from Liber Cordi Scinc Tiser Pente vel LXV, chapter II, 13 & 14.

"Every man and every woman is a star."

Let the Star Splendour of Nuit rain onto the earth. Scatter the
circle over the sphere of this planet. Go forth as a jewel upon
the body of the night sky.
Then rose she up from the abyss of Ages of Sleep, and her body
embraced me. Altogether I melted into her beauty and was glad."

"Then at the end appointed her body was whiter than the milk
of the stars, and her lips red and warm as the sunset, and her
life of a white heat like the heat of the midmost sun.

By the water and the toad
 Knife of black and turgid smoke
 Mirror-chalice and crowned moon
 Hearken to the Sorcerors Rune.
 Hidden Sun and Gate of Light
 Left hand of the Sacred Hawk
 As we love the Child, we wake
 Centering all into the crown
 Into the pool let it be cast
 Forming the Finished Silver Mask.
 I dance upon quicksilver dew
 It is the Moon that trods the steps
 I am floating Goddess-Light
 As an owl I join the night.

-AIO-N / 131
 8/17/78

ISIS-LUNA

- AIO-N / 131; 1/28/79

O thou Black Isis, darkness
 With thy two hands and thy womb
 You who form the infinite star-clad gate
 Between dawn and dusk.
 Between dawn and dusk.
 You take into your body the milky-way
 Dancing a shadow about the galaxies
 All falls into your embrace
 You, dark one, destroyer of dreams
 Midwife to the Lunar Birth
 Dark lust of the sleeping sun
 I bring thee forth as a beauteous image!
 Ornate and ebony
 Upon a throne floating in darkness
 You support the edge-of-the-shadow
 That-which-is-not.
 Pull me within thy endless womb
 That I may be reborn
 As the son-beyond-the-sun
 Into the starless sea.

" She comes out as a white shadow...."
 - Peter Gabriel

- HADES

I. Nuti! Nothingness concealed in manifestation
 the shining darkness hides her face
 behind the veils of dust and time
 that mask the birth and death of stars
 and the workings of the creator god
 the lady moon weeps silver waves
 her ageless inward rush of space
 drowns me in oceans of purple beginning
 weaves chill black flame about my core
 the snake of night encircling
 the rising animal heart of light
 born of her love...

II. IO PANI! The all! The one! IO PANI!

The wild beast tramples worlds of stone

and the rays of his sunlight bring forth green

in hungering power of life's pursuit

the hunter and the hunted dance

the twisting pattern of the chase

then merge in the ageless passion play

by horn and tooth under midnight moon

by the burning tree and the open eye

new magicks are born within the beast

rage, majesty and madness in forests of the dream

the wheel spins faster...

III. Seti! Black prince of throne and fountain

peacock angel of endless eyes

the changes whirl within the wand

bright god rises in dark beast

the current returning spirals higher

revealing man, seed of nameless stars

who strides from tomorrow's bornless blaze

a wanderer amid transformation

who wears the masks of many lives

the spear-bearing herald, lightning of the beyond

who rides forth in the quest of the grail

and weds the king's daughter within the palace...

IV. Scarlet dawning to the cosmic rhythm

Babalon rising, the gate of the sun;

opening flower of sensation, devouring fire of dissolution

embracing all the sons of men

and ravishing the saints

her form a jewelled and silver chalice

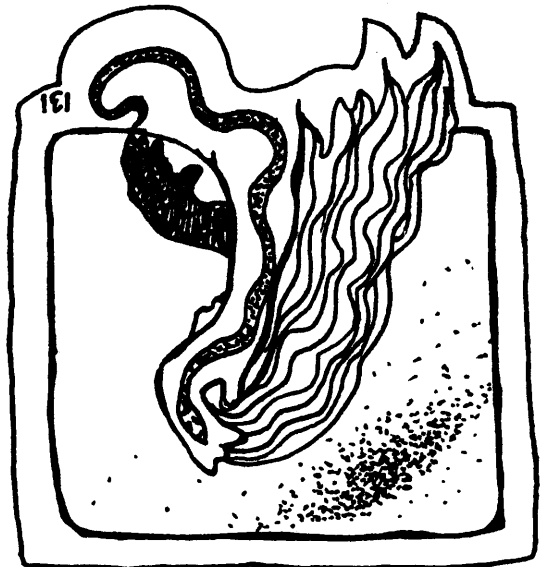
filled with passion's bloody wine

her word a process of endless becoming

ever-virgin, her soul unknown


lost at the point where the image-bearing ray

melts in the darkness of her eyes.



"Ascend in the flame of the pyre, O my Soul!
Thy God is like the cold emptiness of the utmost heaven,
into which thou radiatest thy little light.
When Thou shalt know me, O empty God,
my flame shall utterly expire in thy great N.O.X."

(Liber Liber! vel Lapidus Lazuli, I, v. 39-40.)

"Nox : Night. A secret name of the Goddess which in its
symbolic form represents the Mark of the Beast: "
hence Nox is sometimes called the Night of Pan." (Glossary, Alister Crowley & the Hidden God, K. Grant.)

"N.O.X. (Nuit, Pan-Set, Babalon) Representing the creative
spark (Pan-Set) eclipsed on one side by Nuit, nothing, the "dark"
female force of the Aeon and on the other side by Babalon, the
physical manifestation of Nuit. The whole representing the
Night of Pan; the dark, primal part of us that resides deep
within the subconscious."

(Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick, # I.)

"N.O.X. = Nun-Ayin-Tzaddi = 210
N = Mentu O = Amoun X = Isis Virgin"

(Crowley's comment on Liber VII, first pub. in Melea #4.)

"Completing the circle widdershins, retire to the center and
raise thy voice in the Paean, with these words IO PAN, with
the Signs of N.O.X."

(from the Star Ruby)

"Let him make the sign called Puella, standing with his feet
together, head bowed, his left hand shielding the Muladhara
Chakra, and his right hand shielding his breast (attitude of
the Venus de Medicl). (NUIT)
Let him give the sign called Vir, the feet being together.
The hands, with clenched finger and thumbs thrust out forwards,
are held to the temples; the head is then bowed and pushed out,
as if to symbolize the putting of a horned beast (attitude of
Pan, Bacchus, etc.). (THERION or PAN)
Let him give the sign Puer, standing with feet together, and
head erect. Let his right hand (the thumb extended at right
angles to the fingers) be raised, the forearm vertical at a
right angle with the upper arm, which is horizontally extended
in the line joining the shoulders. Let his left hand, the
thumb extended forwards and the fingers clenched, rest at the
junction of the thighs. (HADIT or SET)
Let him give the sign Mulier. The feet are widely separated,
and the arms raised so as to suggest a crescent. The head is
thrown back (attitude of Baphomet, Isis in welcome, the Micro-
cosm of Vitruvius). (BABALON)"
(Liber V vel Reguli (Mark of the Beast) in Crowley's
Magick in Theory & Practice.)

- HADES69

The above fragmentary quotations were compiled by

Crowley's Book of Lies

"Of the heart of N.O.X. the Night of Pan."
(O = the Negative, which is before Kether in the gabalistic system. "N is the tarot symbol, Death; and the X or Cross is a sign of the Phallus." "Nox adds to 210, which symbolizes the reduction of duality to unity, and thus to negativity, and is thus a hieroglyph of the Great Work.")
(The Sabbath of the Goat' and its comment; #1 in

In conclusion, I would like to mention that the inverse of this operation is that of the dayside L.V.X., and to briefly outline my own concept of the meaning of this dance. It is a recapitulation of evolution; the centering naught becomes the blind rising beast of all, who evolves to man and finally to god (Nu/Pan/Had/Babalon). Or the reverse.

(Aleister Crowley & the Hidden God, by Kenneth Grant.)

"The word Nox, or Night, contains the key to this passage as it also contains the key to the formula of Nuit arched over the celebrant and shedding her kalas upon him. This can be demonstrated gabalistically as well as literally, for N.O.X. = 210, which is the number of a secret formula called Omphada, a word that conceals 3 x 70 (i.e. 210), the Three Phases of Nought; Nought, or Nuit, in the three worlds or states of waking consciousness, dreaming consciousness and the deep sleep or empty state. 210 is also the number of reversal, topsy-turvy, and therefore of the reversal of the senses described above. In Crowley's comment on Nox, the N is equated with Mentu (the phallus), the O with Amoun (the Hidden God), the X with Isis (as virgin, i.e. asleep, unawakened.)"

and finally, of the verses from the Holy Books which opened the sequence, Kenneth Grant observes that:

(Notes on the Star Ruby, Paul Lieberkranz, Oriflamme #1)

"Hail Pani! Paphage! Pangenator! All-devourer!
All-begetter! The number of Pan is 131, which is the same as of Samual; the Angel of destruction. Yet the destruction of Pan is but the beginning of the Night of Pan - N.O.X. - which itself is a glyph of existence; the signs of N.O.X. (Vir, Mulier, Puer, Puella) match up with the formula of the Tetragrammaton (IHHV) - the formula of creation. But this contradictory symbolism is a feature of the Supernals, for beyond the Abyss the idea that creation and destruction are the same thing need not be explained by intellectual gymnastics."

I am beautiful and immortal

Many lovers have sought me

I have loved none of them.

I have reigned for thousands of years

You live to die

I live to live on; live with me

Mine is a ceaseless ripening.

I will repay you

as never did woman

My powers are of the air and the water
as well as the fire and the earth.

O if I found a man that could believe

In what he saw not, felt not, and yet knew,

From him I should take substance, and receive

Firmness and form relate to touch and view;

Then should I clothe me in the likeness true

Of that idea where his soul did cleave!

For I, though me he neither saw nor heard,

Nor with his hand could touch finger of mine,

Although not once my breath had ever stirred

A hair of him, could trammel brains and spine

With rooted bonds which Death could not untwine

Or life, though hope were evermore deferred.

For by his side I lay, a bodiless thing;

I breathed not, saw not, felt not, only thought,

And made him love me—with a hungering

After he knew not what—if it was aught

Or but a nameless something that was wrought

By him out of himself; for I did sing.

A song that had no sound into his soul;

I lay a heartless thing against his heart,

Giving him nothing where he gave his whole

Being to clothe me human, every part;

That I at last into his sense might dart,

Thus first into his living mind I stole.

What you have made me is yours

My power, my beauty, my love are your own: take them.

In me was every woman. I have power

Over the soul of every living man,

Such as no woman ever could, or can;

All women, I, the woman, still outran,

Outsoared, outstruck, outreigned, in hall or bower.

To satisfy the hunger of my love

You must follow me.

Ah, who was ever conquering Love but I!

Who else did ever throne in heart of man!

When dreams are danced, enacted in real life, they are no longer dreams.

BANISHING

Lady of Shadow
Queen in Hell

Great dreamer

Dancing terror of mans' seed

I invoke the Light

Vilest of creatures

Hungry for blood

Slayer of lives and souls of men

Creator of lucid veils

Phantasms and imitations of forms

I invoke the Light

Suddenly I woke, knew the thing

That held me-not like a serpent coiled about,

But like a vapor moist, corrupt, and drear,

Filling heart, soul, and breast and brain throughout

I invoke the Light

To restore you to what you were

You had convinced me to give up my identity to serve you

A Fool of all time

To the woman who knows neither Death nor Life

You are the real slave

Powerless to destroy or create

Deceiver of a multitude

I invoke the Light

Annihilation, is not the end of you

My understanding shall be thy death

I invoke the Child of Light

10/19/78

Crowley led me to the book 'Lilith' by George Mac Donald. It was included in the book list of Magick in Theory and Practice. Mr. Mac Donald is quoted frequently in the two pieces above.

Khreb ent P'tah

