They bring you down here into the World from the Outside and then they teach you the Words, and by that time you’ve already begun to forget magic. Sometimes it tries to come back to you, puts on the mask of an imaginary friend and calls to you from across the schoolyard where they teach you lessons in self and submission. You can see the other place, the one where they know your true name, the place that this is only a reflection of, when you close your eyes. It slides by in strange dreams, sometimes comes out through scribbles in the margins of your schoolwork, but then they teach you the word Imagination. And it is not a real word. And it is not real. Welcome to the World.

You grow up in front of the television, you grow up in front of the blackboard, you grow up wrapped in the black coils of the dragon, dumb, forgetful. When I grow up I’m going to be a princess. When I grow up I’m going
to be a fireman. I’m going to be an astronaut. I’m going to be a ballerina. Every day of your life they teach you to forget your birthright. Hormones kick in and your body goes haywire with lust, hope, dreams, terrors. When I grow up I’m going to be on MTV. I’m going to be in the NBA. I’m going to be president of the USA. On the edge of town you sit on a hill with friends looking down at the twinkling houses, tossing beer cans down into the darkness, heart already grown hard. When I grow up I’m going to get out of here. Go walking for hours with your hands in your pockets, staring at the ground, trying to remember something. There was something you forgot. Something you can almost remember, but not quite, just on the periphery, an impossible itch. If you could just remember, everything would be different, you know it . . . The specter of Real Life hangs over you, cleverly named, as if nothing but the forty-hour work week was actually real. All the toys and dreams must be put away now. You didn’t really think you were special, did you?

When I grow up I’m going to take what I get and learn to fucking like it.

Did we forget something? Best not to think about it, really. Best to get on with life. After all, everybody knows that there is no such thing as magic, and what you see is always what you get. And so you become an adult, by sole virtue of the number of years you have lived. You look for a place to glue yourself into the jigsaw, and you have already forgotten how to hear.

And magic crouches in the barren tree outside your locked window and slowly taps all night, saying, play with me, play with me.

Or maybe it doesn’t get that far. Maybe you’ll find it. Maybe you’ll start to take it all seriously, the things that the skewed maladjusted outcaste kids talk about on the fringes of the schoolyard. It starts with that book you find in the back of the public library, the one about magic, real magic, that you read secretly under the table in math class. Or it starts with the voices that begin to come. Or with a certain certainty of unknown origin. And one day it makes perfect sense (how long have you been looking
for it?), and you try it. Try to do something to reality. And it works. And as your hope grows, you watch the lilting fingers of Hell brush across the people in the school, dragging them down into gray mundanity, addiction, slavery, pregnancy, locked tight into the roles that have been constructed for them, and you realize that if there’s any magic in this world that you’ll have to work for it harder than anything else you could ever work for, in order to never become like that, gray-eyed, dead to the world’s mystery, chained to this waking-nightmare blood-trailing terror we call “real life.”

In the back of the class staring at them in disbelief we realize the violence of this planet, that will eat us whole if given half the chance. We come to the Vision of Sorrow and realize that hell exists, it is right beside us always. It waits to swallow us raw.

And in the name of Chaos do you rise against the Beast and declare yourself a crazy little child who disbelieves in it all and you know that this is enough.

We disbelieve in your shadowplay adult world that you create from paper and ink and flashing screens to convince us that we are powerless, saying over and over “this is the way things are, things are, this is the way things are.”

And you call yourself a magician because if this is reality then you will make something unreal of yourself, and the more absurd the better. And this is how we begin to discover the true order of things, and how we discover our true elders, and our true names. And how we begin to see how much we truly have to learn.

And cast into the wilderness beyond this fearful culture’s walls you wander and explore, mind reeling, chattering to yourself. In the whitewashed forests you glance your fear around the edge of a tree. And this hoodoo magic madness is real after all. It chases you, hounds you to the ends. At night they come to you in your dreams and show you the way, and you wander alone and
crazy and full of it all, until you begin to find the tracks of others in the sand. As night falls you look for the glow of their fires. And then one day you find them.

And that’s where the real magic begins.

**The Pure and Violent Mentation of the All**

The quest for “magic,” which, in the end, may just be a word, has led me into some fairly odd places for a dorky kid from the suburbs to find himself in. The act of declaring myself a “magician” when I was seventeen, just for the sheer what-the-fuckness of it, to see if I could actually become something that wasn’t supposed to exist, seemed to prompt such a response from the universe that despite the fact I was thoroughly convinced there was no such thing as magic, I shortly found myself spending hours constructing ornate after-school rituals, speaking to discarnate entities in the woods, hexing reality to get out of detention and entering a bizarre, newly meaningful version of reality lush with symbol, juxtaposition, telepathic impressions, and rhymes and puns of experience itself. In college I pored through tens of thousands of pages of occult literature, trying to suss out the wisdom of the ages, figuring out how everything else stood in relation to it, uncovering a secret history to things; tried my hand at using drugs and sex to provoke occult insight; tracked down and interrogated at length every “magician” I could find, which included most of my heroes. Spent every moment learning to control my mind, to direct my will and imagination. At a certain point it became hard to pretend it was a game any longer, when “real” life seemed like the game now, the simple and plain mask to wear over the endlessly reflecting, recombining, joyous self, each new feint at the mystery opening a new ravine of potential and kinetic experience.
I took myself apart and put myself back together, stripping away every lie I could find, every lie about how things were or how I was supposed to be or what magic was, over and over and over and over again, searching frantically for whatever could possibly be hiding underneath it all, until it felt like there was nothing left. I talked to spirits. I talked to demons. I talked to Gods.

Well. It’s an adventure. Might be the last one going. Might be the only one that was ever going. Imagine my surprise when I found out that instead of securing myself a ticket to the little white room where they feed you little yellow pills, I had instead found my entryway to a whole ‘nother zone, a golden temple deep in the jungle with only the faintest signs and paths leading to it away from the main roads, inhabited by crowds of people who were wondering what had taken me so long.

So I rode the synchronicities to New York City and the next thing I knew I was editing this book, since the opportunity just up and presented itself, and then ended up in London holed up finishing school and assembling the book and trying to figure out what the fuck had happened to me. Still haven’t really pieced that last one together, to be honest.

I found myself gathered with the others in the back of dark pubs plotting out the future.

I found myself dancing all night on the moors with witches on mushrooms and DMT, peering into the realm of the dead and into the “future”; and watching the Aeonic flow begin to turn this world into exactly what it needs to be, and right on time too.

I found myself crunching the numbers, crunching the gematria, scouring the sacred books, rolling up my sleeves and *doing* the magic way more than I ever had before, for hours and hours every day, sometimes all day, scratching around the numinous until it all exploded in the bliss and truth of Ma’at.
I followed it across Europe; to the Roman ruins that only looked like they’d fallen yesterday; to the Vatican where I poured my blood into the fountains of holy water; to the old city of Prague where they made the golem and where Vin Diesel made *XXX*.¹

I rode the maniacal shark of my desire from the dusty back corners of the library of my childhood all the way to the foothills of Mount Everest, and there, sitting in the dust watching the sun set over the ravines and valleys of Nepal, I sat with a girl reading a book a Tibetan lama had given me, helping her practice her English as she laboriously traced out a line with her finger and read it right back to my face:

“How can you suppose . . . to have sway . . . over others . . . if you do not . . . have sway . . . over your . . . own . . . mind?”

And so I found myself in India, sunburnt, walking among the oceanside shrines of Mumbai, stepping over the dying fly-covered children carpeting the city streets. I found myself in Goa, wandering the deserted beaches under gray skies, convinced I had found the edge of the world. I found myself sitting in Varanasi, every circuit burnt, watching bodies cremate on the Ganges for a week, staring at the vivid futurism of the skulls turning black, staring at the bloated bodies of sadhus floating down the river. I found myself on the back of a camel in the Great Thar Desert riding into the red sun, convinced I had found the edge of myself, consciousness turned into pure white noise. Camped in the middle of the sands in the middle of the night, staring at the crescent moon in the sky, right above my sleeping camel. It was a tarot card. It was perfect.

(And at this point a giant plastic Tao flies out of a portal and smacks our narrator in the yap, which he promptly shuts. We notice a “$0.99 / Made in Taiwan” sticker on the back.)

Well. Magic. It sure is an adventure. Yes indeedy.
PROPOSITION ONE

The lowest-common-denominator definition of magic—that sticking pins in a voodoo doll will produce corresponding pains in the person it is a model of—contains the whole doctrine of ritual magic in miniature. Our nervous systems are our models of our universe—therefore, making changes to our nervous systems will produce corresponding changes in the universe, and vice versa.

PROPOSITION TWO

Spiders weave webs, beavers build dams and people make magic; they manifest meaning and structure from nothingness. The world is pure magic, it is the image of our DNA writ large in manifestation—it is our sigil and what we have chosen to make with our time. The stupas of Lhasa are no more magical than the infernal machinery of New York; it’s all what we’ve chosen to bring forth from ourselves, it’s all relative and it’s all us.

HUNTING DUST

The following is a general theory of magical initiation drawn from my own personal experience, reading and interactions with other magicians. Though magic can never be fully described, as it is by definition beyond definitions, the following model seems to be a good fit for the initial stages.

From first learning to speak until the age of six or seven, children enter what Swiss developmental psychologist Jean Piaget called the preoperational stage, more generally known as “magical thinking.” It is in this stage of development that the child believes that the universe is a manifestation of the self.
According to Dr. Benjamin Spock, “In a young child’s view, it is very possible that it rains because the sky is sad. If your baby brother gets sick and goes to the hospital, it could be your fault if you were mad at him the day before. If you want something very, very badly and it happens, then your wanting caused it to happen. These are examples of magical thinking. They are also examples of egocentric thinking—not that the young child is selfish. It’s just that he cannot take anyone else’s perspective, so that everything in the world revolves around him. When he’s sad, he cries. So, it must be that the sky does, too.”

This state is characterized by the onset of symbolic thought, in which one thing can represent or correspond to another, and marked by the sense that everything, including inanimate objects, is alive and sentient, and capable of emotion and feeling.

Studying this mode of operation in animistic cultures conducting their affairs at the level of magical thinking, early anthropologist Sir James Frazer isolated the basic components of magic as the Law of Similarity—that like produces like, and that an effect resembles its cause (e.g., rehearsing a desired event in ritual will “cause” that event to happen in actuality); and the Law of Contact or Contagion—that anything that has once been in contact will remain in contact, no matter what the physical distance is (e.g., a person may be affected by actions taken towards their hair, nails or blood; or a corporation by its logo). It is on these principles that all sorcery is worked.

The child experiences herself as awash in divinity, and partaking in divinity and the secret connections between things; and because of the limits of both her own cognitive development and those of monotheist cultures, which most developing children are unfortunately liable to find themselves in, she is unable to recognize that everybody else around her may be just as God-like.
This state, of course, cannot be supported in a healthy environment as it prevents empathy or any kind of social ordering. If taken to its limits, magical thinking at this level—of totemic superstition and the presupposition that whatever one does is correct, because one is omnipotent and divine—will quickly end in the career of a serial killer or an American president.

The preoperational stage is quickly replaced by the concrete operational stage, in which the child begins to think logically and in organized patterns about concrete events, and loses the previous intuitive and egocentric focus. The joke is, though, that despite its social limitations, the preoperational stage may provide a much clearer picture of how the universe actually runs than its concrete and abstract operational successors, which are more concerned with how social interaction runs. (Compare, for instance, Frazer’s Laws of Similarity and Contagion with Bell’s Theorem, which shows that physical reality is non-local.)

It is only through the loss of magical thinking that one can fully individuate, and learn to work with other people and come to healthy functioning in modern society. Yet a loss it is, and if one were to find oneself dead-ended behind some anonymous checkout counter, stumbling home every night to find some kind of succor in lite beer and television, the only place left where magic is real, one could hardly be blamed for wondering exactly what it was that went amiss.

Which brings us to magic proper—as in that entertaining, sexy, meaningful, futuristic lifestyle we know and love.

Magicians tend to be people who couldn’t quite let go of that childhood wonder, who never quite forgot that feeling of being less separate from their experience. These people often first seek to re-enchant their world, grown gray since childhood, with the tactical use of art, poetry, music, sex, drugs or some other mode of enflaming the imagination before
sensing the vast, hidden order of things which lies just beyond the imagination and the possible; the hidden order of which the imagination is a sensory organ for making exploratory forays into.

Magic, then, becomes a disciplined quest to recover the state of magical thinking and claim all of its eccentric treasures, and to break the chains of social conditioning and static personality that have made one less than imminently divine. Armed with the ability to live as a functional adult in “mundane reality,” the individual can now make a safe return to the doorstep of magical thinking, and reclaim the spark of divinity within them that, though likely a bit scuffed up by religion, education, media, processed junk food and the daily erosion of life on this planet, will provide no less of a nuclear incident when touched.

The reintegration of this outlook on life, along with the more stable viewpoint, then becomes the initial task of the budding magician—that is, making space for magic itself to manifest, and gaining a foothold in that other place. Reintegration is not an easy task. One largely has to go against everything one has been taught about the world; one has to find a way of safely unlearning the neat boundaries that have been placed around the possible. The multitudes of magical training systems that abound in the world represent general, customizable guidelines for doing this.

The crucial difference between the original state of magical thinking and the new one of magical action is that the individual is able to conceive of a universe in which all are God, though some may be forgetful of this; and in which all is One in infinite diversity. The newborn magician has empathy, and as such is able to find the appropriate ends to direct their efforts towards. And magic works. The magician has returned to the childhood world of wonder, awe and magic, with all the organizational and emotional skills of the adult. He has gazed upon the face of God and found hir not to be a commanding, authoritarian legislator but instead a
constantly growing, learning and exploring androgynous child on an adventure—“I tell you the truth, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven.” (Matthew 18:3)

This is the first synthesis; this is where it starts. When one gains access to the magical world, a slipstream which lies just one inch beyond the possible, in a world only a child, crazy person or Artist would so dare to believe in, one will quickly find that the game takes on a life of its own.

**I Swear They Had a Shaved Horse Dancing on the Stage With Them**

“Casting a magic spell” is easy. The basic mechanism goes like this: You decide what you want (this is often the hardest part)! You make that desire as precise as you possibly can, and make sure that it has a route for manifestation. You then make a *symbolic representation* of that desire occurring—a mantra, a hand movement, a dance, a piece of art or music, or a simple symbol on a piece of paper. Some form of trance state is then entered—through prolonged sex, certain drugs, dancing, meditation, yoga, drinking lots of questionable energy drinks or any other method—and the whole of the self is focused upon this symbolic representation, so that the whole of the universe, for a time, is nothing but that symbol, sent down to the deep levels of manifestation. Ceremonial magic, once taken out of its medieval context, is an incredibly effective (and fun) method for this, the idea being to completely overload all of the senses—sight, smell, taste, hearing and touch—with content directly symbolizing one’s intent until complete shutdown of the conscious apparatus. After completing one’s working, *you then forget what you have done.* Your desire tends to enter your reality as soon as it leaves your head.
This process works remarkably well. That’s really all you need to know about magic. It’s motor oil to decrease the friction of life and give you control over how you spend your precious time on this planet.

Of course, there’s more. There’s always more.

The more you do this, and the more you exteriorize your desire into the world, the more you are, essentially, exteriorizing your own mind. The most visible example of this is the increasingly implausible synchronicities that begin to pile up the more you combine intent and trance. This is the awakening of a faculty of mind that dwells beneath and beyond the observed world.

The data registered by our sensory organs is processed and assembled by the brain into the somewhat-cohesive whole that we perceive; our “realities” are therefore one hundred percent subjective. They are wholesale fabrications by the brain, which must sort our observations and memory into a personality functional enough to allow our continued survival. That means that there is no difference between anything when viewed from a wide enough angle; it is all a product of the brain. Our “self” is no different from its “environment”; it’s all the same thing. All is mind. So if the world starts talking to you, don’t freak the fuck out or anything. It’s just reminding you that it’s also a part of you, and not to treat it as separate.

Mysticism is the mastery of the self by interiorization. Magic is the mastery of the self by exteriorization. Magic won’t make you lose your mind, but it will relocate it outside of your body. (How could you lose it when it’s right in front of your face?)

There’s more, of course. There’s always more.
**How to Take the High Road**

It is our will to be enrapt in the divine schematics of the universe, blasted out across the mantle of heaven, burning in ecstasy until the dinner bell rings. Our dreams and our nightmares alike call us home, and it is there that we go. Through our Art do we unify the world of the imaginary and the world of the real until, meeting face-to-face, a third is born in their annihilation.

Our tactics are all encompassing. Mastering the tools of this world—all its tricks of status and aspiration—do we stand above them with our veins coursing with the blood of the Prophets. This is our birthright; our mandate as human beings is nothing less than to swallow the stars. The magician must outsmart the system, that is, the system of creation itself.

I stood on Sunset Boulevard, on the patch of concrete where River Phoenix died, and as I called out to it all, I thought, there will be time enough for all of our dreams.

Our hearts are nothing when weighed against this world.

**Between Scylla and Charybdis**

The training of the magician begins the moment they wholeheartedly embrace such an irrational and romantic calling. It is not a choice made fully consciously, and often has begun months or even years before the technical processes of the occult have been encountered. Those who will in later life declare themselves to be “magicians” (or whatever you want to call it, it has different names in all times and places) will have often been marked from early childhood by strange qualities, high sensitivity, strange obsessions, an overactive imagination and an inability to fully mix with other children; however, looking to the past for a causal explanation of the present is misleading, as the magician’s initiation is conducted by *his or her*
transcendent Self, which has very little to do with the lower-case-s self we normally experience in four dimensions. This Self is what is responsible for the awakening and dissolution of the individual, and will use anything available—books, music, movies, your environment, people in your life, ambient information, dreams, life experiences—to lead you directly towards it in an ever-tightening synchronic net.

It is the full identification and unity with this entity—your Self Made God—that is the true goal of magic. Research and discernment are a must; false identification or missing the boat altogether would be unfortunate. When one looks around one begins to realize that this experience is universal to all people in all times and places, and that *almost everybody except you is in the process of doing it or has already done it.* (Can you read the shockwaves?)

**I AM—THAT—I AM**

We seek the numinous through any and all means possible. We find everything to be true, everything to be permitted. To be so jacked up on magic that reality itself bends around you when you enter the room: That is the goal.

We find the following tactics useful.

**INITIATION**

The universe gets as giddy as a schoolgirl with ADHD after eating six bowls of Fruit Loops (with Red Bull substituted for milk) when we respectfully make the leap into magic and offer to play with the cosmos on its own terms. Magic lies between us and the universe, right here, right now, this instant, and always has. (Remember to breathe.)

**Love saves the universe every time.**
STEP THE FIRST, STEP THE LAST

Relax, trust, love, silence.

THE SIXTH SENSE

The sixth sense is nothing more than the human imagination, raised to a fever pitch and trained as a scientific organ. The imagination is the sensory array that we use to contact not only our own hopes, aspirations and manifolds of Self, but also the shared dreamtime of our social units and ultimately of our species. There is no such thing as something that is just in your head (or just anything)—the imaginary is a shared space which everybody accesses all of the time, as the Internet has shown in a metaphorical physical form. Once this is grasped, the phenomena of telepathy, ESP and precognition, as well as the more occult aspects of advertising and the media, suddenly begin to make sense.

THE OTHER WORLD

Accessed through mirrors, trance, ritual, proper living, art and some drugs. The less said the better, as nothing can be verified and in all likelihood it is a territory that cannot be mapped. Often aligns with the mundane world and manifests spontaneously through coincidence and the “feel” of things.

When you were a kid, in the back seat of the car on a long ride, staring out at the landscape flashing by and everything was made strange—but like home, like the best kind of dream—you saw the door.

The land on the other side of the door is inhabited.
Mapping the Psychocosm

Magical or “spiritual” growth is accomplished by going deeper and deeper inside oneself while simultaneously expanding more and more one’s agency within the world. The inward turn yearns towards death; the overcoming of the illusory self in the silence of the mind. The outward turn yearns toward love; the overcoming of the illusory self in unity with another.

Chemical Warfare

Drugs are hardly necessary for magic, but can often act like social grease and rocket fuel for its processes. They also have their pitfalls, the finer points of which shouldn’t need to be repeated to an educated audience. These are not merely issues of personal safety and comfort, but also political ones. Not only can drug culture be potentially blamed for some of the failures of the movements of the 1960s, but drugs—mainly meaning marijuana, cocaine and heroin—are at this point such a critical component of the web of narcomilitarism and violence that runs this planet that becoming part of the consumption chain is in many cases supporting the wrong people, whether that means Al Qaeda or the Central Intelligence Agency. Unless you know exactly who grew or made what you’re consuming, to imbibe any illegal (or, in many cases, legal) drug potentially means imbibing human misery, poverty, slavery, torture and murder.

On the other hand, to claim that the use of consciousness-expanding drugs, especially naturally-occurring psychedelics, has not been a primary driving force in human culture since prehistory, or that they cannot lead to peak experiences of tremendous meaning and lasting benefit, would be lying. To say that any substance is inherently “good” would also be pretty far from the truth. A very large part of the population has at least some experience of consciousness-expanding drugs. Those who use them intelligently, or even
who use them for magic, are exceedingly rare. While drugs can be an important catalyst in magic, it should be added, they are certainly not the point or the end state, or even essential to its workings.

Altered states, however, are essential, and though drugs may be the easiest way there, they are also the hardest to direct towards productive ends. Peter J. Carroll, one of the originators of chaos magic, made the foundation stone of his approach that “altered states of consciousness are the key to magical power,” and it is indeed altered states of all forms that we seek to cultivate. The human nervous system is the best toy in the world, and we are here to explore and innovate with it. This is true on more than just the individual level.

Cultures are largely defined by the types of altered states that they seek to cultivate en masse, and also those that they seek to avoid. In the post-industrialized world, that tends to mean the sexual-territorial thrash of alcohol; the frantic, competitive, mechanical acceleration and paranoia of caffeine, refined sugar, cocaine and amphetamines; the flattened-alpha-wave “vegging out” of passively staring at a flickering screen; socially-constricted and -constructed sexual expression; the vicarious mass aggression of sporting events; and the oil-dependent trance of driving an automobile.

The history of magic and Gnosticism can be seen, on one level, as the history of the exploration of new altered states of consciousness. The counter-conspiracy to cultural hegemony has often been to monkey with its bloodstream.

Jazz, rock ‘n roll, acid house, hip-hop culture, the Sexual Revolution, the Internet, body modification, the mass popularity of marijuana, LSD and MDMA—all spearheaded by those following the Gnostic impulse of reconnection with something beyond the world of illusion—have all opened suggestive doors of new possibility in the previous century, doors that are now either taxed, policed or closed altogether, though they have all
been axles upon which individual consciousnesses, and history, have been revolutionized. The stuff just grows, no matter what they do to clamp down on it.

The forms of altered consciousness that we choose to pioneer and engineer for ourselves and our social groups over the coming decades will determine what doors are opened for us, and how our stories are written. It is through the group-experienced, intent-driven altered state that the magical world is most strongly aligned with the mundane one. Got any ideas?

**Sorcery**

Remembering by anamnesis, soul-memory, that all is one, one intuits that all may be affected from anywhere, at any time, in any way. It is hardly mystic; you are simply more than you think you are.

Attempting to change your corner of the cosmic game with magic can create *opportunities*, but it’s still up to you to take them, even if they’re inside you.

**Divination**

Remembering by anamnesis that all is one, one intuits that any information about the totality may be gained from any fragment anywhere, at any time, in any way (holographic universe principle).

Divination systems tend to be a training system for a psychic faculty that will cease to need props after a certain point. Divine the future in the clouds, the rustling of the wind through the trees, your dreams. Better yet, listen directly to your heart.
BEASTIES

It is a very “cute” and androcentric contrivance of the “postmodern” (i.e., sarcastic) approach to magic that anything that is not immediately visible is of necessity created and sustained by human belief. This is only feasible from the perspective of the, um, “non-dual experience.” Try to stop believing in street-level reality and see where that gets you.

One is at a loss as to what spirits, égregores, demons, angels, gods, Great Old Ones, etheric floaters, lwa, Secret Chiefs and other discarnate intelligences are, but experience has shown them to exist independently of the human mind (not that anything can ever be truly proven to exist outside of the human mind). They may appear to be psychological metaphor up to a point, but beyond that things start turning all Eerie Indiana. The nature of “praeterhuman intelligences” is perhaps the central riddle of the whole magic game. When venturing into faerie land one is recommended to have one’s wits together at all times. Exercise discretion and don’t step out of the circle. Invoke to balance, not exaggerate.

And remember that if you invite them in, discarnate intelligences can quickly stop being discarnate.

STICKING IT WHERE IT DON’T BELONG

When performing any magic action whatsoever, be prepared ahead of time to get exactly what you asked for, and don’t be surprised when things turn out much more literally than you thought they would.

MAGUSITIS

If a black cat crosses your path, it’s bad luck; if a dragonfly does, it’s good luck—to the superstitious mind, certain events have occult meanings. To
the magical mind, *all* events have occult meanings. Under extreme magical consciousness, every street number is immediately broken down and reconstituted through gematria into Qabalistic patterns; every stain in the pavement becomes a rune; every advertisement is trying to reprogram your soul; the fragments of lyrics from the radios of passing cars are talking directly to you; all world events and the intricacies of pop culture are taken to be the signs and portents of Aeonic progression; every movement of the mind is the passing shadow of something huge and luminous. Literalism, quite dangerously, is often not far behind.

Navigating this is an ongoing part of the magical experience. Laughter is key here—learning to laugh at existence and at oneself. The Neuro-Linguistic Programming concept of the *state break* can also be useful—derailing unwanted trains of thought by some sudden, random and absurd action.

**WE FLOAT**

The primary logical fallacy in magic is the establishment of one-to-one relationships between signifiers and signifieds. Give it a rest. There are never easy answers, as all initiated symbols and texts can be interpreted on several levels and from several angles. Occult symbols and concepts are not “read” with the conscious mind, they are read with the entire entity in all four basic dimensions; they are read with the totality of one’s experience and hence none of it “means” anything in and of itself. The “meaning” dwells in the relationship you establish with that symbol in the moment. This applies exponentially more to magical and paranormal experiences. The other world turns to address the easy caress of metaphor rather than the pornography of fact.8
Magic exists in and partakes of the character of inbetweenness. It exists in the blank spaces between the sentences, between the personalities, between the “facts” of the matter. In the third mind. Those who can dwell in the blankness between the words and the numbers will be forever free.

**Rule Number One of Living in the Twenty-First Century**

Whether or not you believe in magic or not, and whether or not magic is viable as a scientific discipline, and whether or not magic is “real” or not is your own opinion, but *It doesn’t matter one single bit*. Because politics, pop culture and advertising don’t work along any rules *except the rules of magic*.

**Conspiracy Theory and Arcane Symbolism**

Multiple-choice question: Which is the most powerful magician?

1. The ritualist standing at her altar (altar) conjuring with her four weapons: wand (wand), cup (cup), dagger (dagger) and pentacle (pentacle).

2. The ritualist standing at her altar (her life) conjuring with her four weapons: wand (willpower), cup (intuition), sword (discrimination) and pentacle (material resources).

3. The ritualist standing at her altar (the masses) conjuring with her four weapons: wand (the media), cup (consensus trance), sword (laws and military) and pentacle (the economy).

4. The ritualist standing at her altar (the world) conjuring with her four weapons: wand (active individuals), cup (passive masses), sword (warfare) and pentacle (planetary resources).

5. The ritualist standing at her altar (spirit) conjuring with her four weapons: wand (fire), cup (water), sword (air) and pentacle (earth).
TIME

Through magic we reorient ourselves in time, investigate ourselves in our many facets, reach around corners. We ponder the past; seek its secret threads and what it can tell us about who we are. We try to live fully for the moment, be conscious only of this eternal present. And sometimes we make plans for the future, write out our little magic spells, aim high, set goals and it all works out now, doesn’t it? And in the overlaps and blank spots of our binding of time, in the static, is the real magic made.

In this human condition we try to decipher our sadness, ask our mortality and weakness for its name, and our sorrow is nothing save time itself.

Stumbling through inner London in the rain, alone and crazy from the magic, I came upon something safe. In an abandoned playground in the shadow of the council flats I found a worn stone circle, a hollow carved out in the center, overflowing with rainwater. I had been locked up in my room doing the magic and trying to unravel the puzzles of eternity and here in front of me was this offering bowl, the writing carved above it reading simply:

“to catch them
and be filled
again
and again
and again”

And this was magic. And when I looked around me at the empty metal bars of the playground and knew that it was not raindrops but children that would be caught and held safe, I understood that this was real magic. Stark feminine force, a reality as hard and unyielding as the concrete, waiting
underneath the wars and the stock market and our rebellion and this playground earth to catch us all. Underneath all the games and the words.

This was surely the work of a Master Builder.

The magic connections we weave underneath the world’s seeming. The intelligence that peers in and laughs at our little games.

**The Bedside Manner**

After the primary initiations one is urged to move the focus away from the self; a watched pot never boils after all and Will is never perfected when it is divided in self-examination. There are infinite masks for a magician to wear but ultimately it is what you add to the lives of those close to you that you will be judged by.

The days of the solitary magician, sitting at home manically charting Qabalistic datum or sitting at the computer discussion “shifting the dominant paradigm” with invisible others, are over. While all magical systems are to be considered fodder for research and fuel for activation, the only thing that will matter in this century is *what you do* with magic. If you want to change reality, then do it. The dominant trait of the new breed is severe professionalism. Those magicians with sufficiently interesting personal style will become the rock stars and fashionistas of this era, as nobody has been before. Most effective of all will be well-funded and visible collectives of individuals.

As they said in *Godfather II*—“This is the business we have chosen.”

Affirm the unexplainable with every passing instant. The most frightening moment of all may be the one in which you are taken seriously.
MYTHOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC “TRUTH”

Use whatever is most effective; they are props. The true goal would be to create your own mythology; your own science; your own religion from the stuff of will, imagination and direct, unprejudiced experience of life. Easier said than done.

Never be afraid to ask the big questions.

HIGH MAGIC

Turn any television set to the static of any empty channel. The hissing pattern you will see is a 7.3 centimeter radio signal emitted by the Big Bang, cosmic microwave background radiation made up of photons that have spent the last fifteen billion years cooling from that hot instant. The black and white fuzz of the eternal dual principle, split off from that original unity, that first spark, hissing across the screen in endless interplay, like a game of Go, creating trinities, quadrinities; creating all that is through their dance. It is here, the face of creation, in every living room, right there in-between the newscasters and the stars. Turn up the volume and listen to the hiss. In the symbology of the imminent Aeon of Ma’at, of reintegration of spirit into matter, this is the Swan—symbol of firstness, Kether, of regality and purity; who, when approached, chased you from the pond, hissing forth with the viciousness of creation itself.

This is the image of the beginning, unveiled before our furtive gaze.

Since the Copenhagen interpretation of quantum mechanics posits that light is neither wave nor particle until it is observed as either, or that things are neither black or white, one way or another until observed as such, then this shows that by observing our origin we are changing it; that by observing our past we are creating our present. Our gaze, after all, is as concrete of a thing as what it regards.
The Participatory Anthropic Principle, going even further, suggests that the observation of the universe is what is required to make it real. Through staring into that primal chaos are we bringing it order; and so is the Great Work performed, in every instant’s gaze. I see that, therefore I am that.

The Final Anthropic Principle, last in this trio of weird sisters, suggests that universes must produce intelligence in order for that intelligence to observe the creation of the universe and so make it real. This is an eternal intelligence, an eternal mind, which is the end point of the universe’s evolution. Intelligence beyond that of the human. God is not in the machine. We are the machine that will create God.

And this is magic. By observation we create; by investing with meaning do we give form; by physical enactment do we make manifest. And what we observe is the infinite, here for us to create whatever we wish from, the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters. And with every passing instant do we create eternity. Aum. Hee hee!

**Your Point Is**

Every man and woman is a star. Every man and woman is God, creating the totality of the universe they perceive in every instant, whether they are aware of it or not. We are all already playing God. And we are all already Gods—we just have to remember how to access that part of us which partakes of that boundless, non-local divinity. And in that non-local space will you find the voices of the light, if you know how to listen.

What the “divine” is isn’t the point; the language fails by definition, as it exists of a plane higher than words. It could be DNA. It could be the morphogenetic field. It could be the Holy Guardian Angel. It could be Christ, Krishna, Atman. Ultimately it doesn’t matter, because it is the voice
of intelligence which guards and guides our progression—an intelligence which knows far, far better than any one of us or any collection of us as a group what is best for us. The voice of love is unmistakable and the entire history of the human quest for truth and meaning can be shaken down to one statement, stamped on the forehead of the entire universe so it has to see it every time it looks in its rusty bathroom mirror, and that is:

LOVE IS THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE—END OF FUCKING STORY

... end of story. You have now graduated from Consciousness Expansion Class, forever.

Love is the qiblah of evolution and of divinity. When adrift in its slipstream, caught in the love-realms of the angelians, we have our purest understanding of things. We have certainty.

The love of the universe.

The love of the future.

The love of each other.

SETTING GOALS

Create positive change on this planet or shut your mouth.
ENDNOTES

1. *XXX*, a 2001 action film starring Mr. Vin Diesel, is a parable about Generation Hex and the emergence of the chaos current into the mainstream.

2. www.drspeck.com

3. What Don Beck and Christopher Cowan’s “Spiral Dynamics” model of cultural growth, based on the research of Dr. Clare Graves, refers to as the “purple meme.”


5. The onset of magical thinking comes at around the same time as that of language; meaning that by this point the child has already been largely separated from its innate sense of oneness with the universe, language being a Promethean binding and individuating agent. The very fact that the child believes it can have magical affect on the universe presupposes separation from that universe. Initiates aim to run time in reverse and return to the source of incarnation while still incarnated; it is likely for this reason that we so often see people who begin in magic seeking to cause change to the universe quickly dropping this model and instead seeking to wholly merge with the universe. They have remembered an earlier, more “innate” state of withinity. Rather than seeking to become God-like, they seek to become God. Without the realization that being God is really a fairly commonplace experience, this attitude will produce such shady shit as Western civilization.

6. A classic vocation for the magician then becomes to gently prod others awake; and hopefully through more creative positions than the missionary.

7. Many thanks to Jack Parsons.

8. The Yaminahua shamans of the Peruvian Amazon speak of “tsai yoshtoyoshto,” or “language-twisting-twisting.” According to them, blunt and concrete language frightens spirits away and instead must be constructed in an oblique and open-ended manner. Compare this to the running effort in the Twentieth Century to restructure English around uncertainly and open-endedness, such as Crowley’s strictures on “I” and “because” or Dr. David Bourland’s “E-Prime.”

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