

## YIADRY.

### SPHERE WORKING in 115eh with the NAOS DECK TAROT.

## LUNA

*Sphere Working*

Luna  
XVIII / XV / XIII

August 5<sup>th</sup> 2004

### XVIII

After bathing, I slipped into my black cloak (which still smelled strongly of civet) and entered my Temple. I had incensed the area an hour previously. Once inside, I lit a small candle, and settled into a comfortable position. Using the black tarot box on end as a small dais, I lay the three cards associated with the moon sphere face down beside me. The crimson and coloured wyrd-tree's quite striking. I vibrated the first of the words, "shu-ga-ra!" And turned the first tarot atu over, placing it facing me on the tarot-box table.

I stared at it.

I stared at it some more.

I felt curiously inept at the task of meditation and decided it would be best to focus on just one thing, anything, if only to get the meditation started. I chose the camel skull in the foreground. I mentally envisioned myself touching it and summoned the sensation of bone on my fingertips from memory. I ran my hand over its surface, feeling its smoothness. Then I felt its knobbly teeth - actually sensing the sensation in my fingertips as I did so. I touched and ran my fingers around and into the nose and eye sockets, trying to interact with this seemingly dead, flat image in front of me. I don't know what I expected the meditations to be like, but I sensed I was going to have to work hard to involve myself with the image. I tried licking the skull, then smelling the skull. I could even faintly smell the sweet pungent bone from memory. Then a sexual impulse - and I put the skull to my groin and copulated with it as a fierce desire to masturbate surged over me. (I did not comply). I imagined placing my penis in several orifices of the skull. Feeling some relief at obeying the impulse, the urge left as quickly as it had arrived and I found myself focusing again on what else I could do with the skull. I lifted the skull - (after some spatial-thinking effort) curious to see what was underneath. At this point I suddenly felt projections course forth as though I was forcing a certain something to be underneath the skull, and I had to fight these thoughts back in order to let what was really under the skull occur of itself. I think I was only partially successful. There was a 'feeling' of seeing dark soil and a vague semblance of writhing 'worms'.

I tried to rationalise why the skull was here, why it was used in the image at all. If the camel had died here, possibly from drinking poison from the dry hole in the ground in front of it - where was its body? I felt somebody, or something had placed the skull here on purpose. But what purpose? I tried to remember everything I knew about camels, associations especially. Water-storage, deserts, humps, etc. Putting the skull back down, and feeling puzzled at its significance; I tried to look through the eyehole of the skull to see what I could see. Before I could get any clear vision, I felt overwhelmed by a confusion of half-formed thoughts tumbling out into my consciousness and dominating me, it was difficult to focus on a task unless I really concentrated hard on blocking out suggestions to do others.

I left the skull alone and explored the dried, cracked hole, the sensation of crumbling dirt filling my hands as I ran them around the edges of the dry mud walls. As I finished doing this, I felt a nagging sense of failure. I was unsure if I was doing the sphere working right or even efficaciously and I silently wished I'd done weeks of visual meditation exercises prior to undertaking them. I resumed my exploration with the snake slithering from the camel's jawbone. I wondered why it was in the skull - a reason more than simple shelter? I envisioned grabbing it. And my hands filled with a fat wet thickness - a vivid memory of the texture of eels. I felt my way up to the head of the

snake - there, another strong sexual impulse. I sucked the tail of the snake. Then I envisioned anally penetrating myself with the tail. I felt a strong sexual impulse. I considered base thoughts for such an exploration at first, then I decided to let myself complete my impulses and followed through by sucking the tail off the snake into my mouth. Having obeyed it, my sexual impulse subsided. I tried to reach a connection between the dry hole, the camel skull and the snake. Ideas shimmered faintly and ideas really came to the surface. Nonplussed, I turned my attention to the painted path. I tried to see my footprints in it, then to feel the dirt with my hands. Not satisfied, I tried to rub the rubble and dust into my body, feeling the texture of grit on my arms and legs, in a memory. I then thought about where the path led to and became interested in trying to interact with the other parts of the image.

Approaching the towers I tried to visualise the nearest scorpion. I held it in my hand by its tail, which was thick and 'felt' poisonous and the scorpion promptly stung me with its fat sting, gouging a deep wound in the back of my hand - and kept stinging me. I decided to let it go and explore more. I looked at the figures in the towers - but I could neither make them visible nor get them to talk - despite verbally asking them for their names. At least, letting them speak rather than my mind pushing pre-conceived words into their mouths. By this, I mean a plain name beginning with 'S' being felt, and then consciously feeling that too boring my mental calculator adding a more abstract spin to it by putting an M in front of it and changing the letters to suit my preconception of demon aesthetics. By now I was starting to feel I recognized this new feeling of being interrupted in this exercise by an almost alien voice (what I think were projections) and dismissed information like this when it occurred as some lesser form of psychobabble. I envisioned the towers with staircases, and began walking up the winding stairs hoping there would occur some rooms to explore. When nothing came, I tried visualizing these rooms - but only a brief word like "books" would flash into my head and a faint abstract, but no room would appear. I found each room empty, and did not think to look out of their windows, except the hooded window near the top of the tower. I looked out of this window and saw the other hooded figure gazing back at me. It felt portentous. I felt there was a fair distance between the towers, maybe 30-ft. I arrived at the top of tower and tried to look around. I saw mountains, more than were visible from the 'ground' (i.e. more than the three painted in the image), and also felt a sensation of knowledge of a giant, but invisible, mountain on the horizon. I saw little else but desert. I tried to look down the side of the tower. I managed it and felt like I had envisioned space to actually fall if I jumped down. I touched the smooth rocks of the turret and then placing my hands on the rocks, pulled myself up and leapt over the side. I plummeted through the air - a memory of the sensation of rushing through space after jumping from a bridge filled me - and I actually felt like I was falling. I remembered the weight with which I had hit ground from experience and this sensation was felt too - very heavily. I had jumped from the rear of the tower, but seemed to be able to decide mid-way to land on the black book instead. I tried exploring the other tower in the same way - and found nothing in there either. I tried something new and explored behind the towers. As I stepped behind and saw the rocky base and dull desert sand behind the tower on the left, I 'felt' a eagle fly overhead, and sensed the shadow on the ground. That was when I started hearing the chirping of birds. I hadn't heard them up until now, and I would have to move if I wanted to ascertain if the noise was actually coming from outside the temple so I simply accepted it and let it flow. The chirping sounded like a whole lot of birds twittering as they do at dusk - so it was birds outside, only I'd never noticed that it was possible to hear such a noise from inside my temple this late at night until tonight. There was actually a brief moment after hearing the birds that I heard a slight but odd scrape-rustle in my room - and I didn't actually notice when the birds stopped, only that they had when I finished my entire sphereworking. Moving on, finally I focused on the black book. I dusted off the scorpions and tried to open it while it lay on the ground. I couldn't do it at first; it seemed much too hard to imagine the act occurring when the painted firmly shut aura of the book was competing with my visualization. Whenever I did manage to sense it open and see its white pages, they were either very faint geometry or blank white pages, and every step of the way I had to fight the feeling I was projecting too hard to fill it with its contents. In the end, the book stayed shut. I was frustrated at this. But it occurred to me that everything in this part of the picture seemed to have a common theme: some sort of unifying emptiness or futility despite promising appearance. I re-examined the path. It looked as though the two towers were a sort of gate or gateway - but to what? And if it was a gateway why did the shadowy figures not speak, the towers stay empty and the book remain a blank to me? I felt the answer might lie at the end of the path, beyond the towers. Visualizing walking on into the distant mountains I felt that nagging projection trying to fill the void again, imagining (forcing is a better word) a gargantuan hole in the ground beyond, as per Dante's Hell for some sort of comparison. And it irritated me because I wouldn't stop forcing things to appear, but there was developing this feeling that there were two separate 'I's'. I who was concentrating on meditating intently, and my Ego or some sort of mental noisemaker that filled blank spaces with 'typical' material. Material that is best thought of as what "I" expected to be there. The hole annoyed me and I left the mountains, having now examined

I didn't try to taste or touch or smell the imagery of death. I felt a little bit rushed and nervous that the candle would expire if I took too long. Riding the euphoric delusion or satori of my previous two meditations I concentrating on finding the secret that would connect the Unconscious and Ego cards, to this Self-card. I visualised the parts of the image as alive. The forest burning, the smoke churning in spirals, the black banner waving in the wind flapping noisily, but I couldn't keep this up for long. My intuitive (or my imagination, but I hope if it is, its not interfered by postulating silly connections) was running hot and as I meditated on the forest and the flame with the messages of the last two cards white-hot in my mind, the word came in a flash: Immolation. It followed that evolution to "Lucifer" would result in a fully-fledged hunter or predator who destroys and creates using the thesis, antithesis, synthesis principle. A pyramid of skulls, a burning forest (the unconscious?), a fast flowing river (consciousness?) and the warrior who stands watching the forest burn all seem to indicate a mastery of 'organic death' and knowing how to evolve after assimilating both beast and "I". Then setting about oneself and others as a headhunter.

What does elude me, is the significance of the dwarf. And before I could get anything from the dwarf, the candle died out prematurely and I was plunged into total darkness. I half thought it might be the cosmos giving me a metaphor. I sat in the dark for quite a long time - enjoying it - and lazily mulling over my thoughts. It was during this time that such insights as the snake as Loki came to me. I felt happy, physically cold, but relaxed. I didn't feel a sense of loss per se, but a satisfaction and a real joy at having performed this exercise. It occurred to me that sinister chant or vibration would have been a really good thing to practice before I had started doing these meditations. I recommend it to anyone since it would be more effective and ominous to evoke controlled and sustainable sounds during vibration rather than struggling to maintain the same pitch and intensity for more than ten seconds at a time.

## MERCURY

*Sphereworking*

Mercury  
6/VIII/VXI

The flame from the sulphur burned blue, a luminous Blue that I have not seen. It was not bright as a yellow flame, but incandescent and infused me immediately with a sinister sensation of black magic in the air. I imagined briefly this blue flame burning brightly through out the ages in the crucibles of many sorcerers and magickian's and how it must have given all whom undertook such workings an eerie supernatural illuminate.

I was cautious as I could be with the Sulphur - not too much, and no touching the substance, for I had heard it was very poisonous and it was too late now to substantiate claims so I stayed cautious. I crushed the small yellow rocks, and lit the powder using a lit incense stick of musk. When I had moved away I saw the blue. I was very curious at the flame and in my rush to see it up close I inhaled a large whiff of the noxious incense and was surprised at its strength. It burned my nose and throat a little.

I bathed, and settled into the Temple once more wearing nothing but my black cloak. I assumed a comfortable position and vibrated "Ga Wath Am" then turned over the first tarot card and placed it on the end-up tarot box, my makeshift table.

It was difficult to focus on exploration this time. I tried to imagine myself as part of the images such as in my last working but very little sensation, sound, smell etc came forward - it was a meditation mostly of thought. Connections seemed to be all I could manage.

"The Fool as the Eternal Present who makes a choice to leave the herd constraints behind and journey to/embrace the 'moon', a crescent, thus unfulfilled - the terror, darkness, the unknown, the shadow realm. He may be pursued or nipped in the heel by the herd warning him to stay away from the numinous, stay down, stay still. As he stands poised on an abyss - or followed by his base animal instinct, his beast that pulls him back from the edge, or perhaps urges him toward it...

much of the landscape and depictions therein the MOON, I returned to the camel skull with the hope that new connections might now form. Where was its body? Something had put the skull there deliberately. The skull has been placed there for a purpose. As a marker, to mark this 'gateway', to tell me something about it. Suddenly I felt the camel skull was a sign or a warning of some sort about what lay further on. As I contemplated this thought it occurred to me that the camel skull and the dry hole looked for the entire world like they were related, but really, it was a contradiction. It could well be a warning about illusion in the Gateway. One could spend a long time at that gate; there's much to interact with - but nothing could I get from it but stony silence. I felt like I were slowly unlocking something as I thought about the connections. If the camel skull warned of illusion, then perhaps that was why there was a snake coming out of the camel's mouth: a symbol of Loki? The Trickster? And if the gateway were really just empty - then I would have to take the path onward into the mountains. And to know what was in those mountains, I would need to look at the next image of Lucifer, and then make my way forwards with Lucifer, and backwards with The Moon.

#### XV

I vibrated "Noctuius."

Having felt a surge of joy that I might have found 'something' (hopefully an essence) in "The Moon", I knew must make an effort to transform The Moon into Lucifer. It seemed there would be a logical sequence to follow that connected Lucifer to insight I had of The Moon. I started meditation with Lucifer by looking at the symbols: fire in the hand, a broken chain, a naked man (raised), a butterfly, a wolf, a naked couple embracing, a septenary sigil etc. As I looked at the butterfly, the word "change" entered my head and not surprisingly "Death" when I looked at the skull. But as I moved from symbol to symbol, I felt there to be some sort of message I could see slowly forming as I pondered change and death. Since I was on the hunt for what lay beyond the mountains in The Moon I was probably bound to find or force an association. But I tried to let it come naturally if at all possible, without flying to conclusions as I felt I might have done (or was meant to do) with The Moon. The message seemed to be "evolution. Then, "Further Evolution" I felt connections starting to flow. The base animal the Wolf as the Beast. A Primal atavism, Wild and untamed. Then on the other side of the image, an old man holds an animal horn. It seized me hard: somewhere these images have arisen in the mind of an individual. I must get into the mind, what was it thinking, why did it place these images together, what's the connection? I felt the horn was a symbol connected in some way to the wolf, then it dawned. The old man was a manifestation of some sort of greater control or power over the beast - the beast honed and shaped into something no less primal but amalgamated with the old man. The old man wields the essence of the beast, (the horn) like a musical instrument that can be strummed or delicately blown or a flagon from which a fine primal wine can be sipped. I felt elated - and felt the arrangement of the figures was deliberate. I felt the naked man was the 'middle-man' of two extreme states, representing the meld of both of them and more. And further than that, not just the meld of an individual, but the demonstration of a universal process. Combined, the three forms equated to a synthesis, an evolutionary marvel - further hinted at by the butterfly I thought. I then verbally asked the figures embracing in the foreground who they were. The thought formed that the man replied "I don't speak" and when I asked the woman, I sensed. "I do speak". I felt like I was unlocking another secret. The man and woman were symbolic of union separation depending on how I viewed it. Lucifer and the Embracing couple were symbolic of separation and union too, as were the old man and the Wolf. Then I concentrated on the butterfly (change) and the skull with a flower growing from it and I felt I intuitively understood this both complex and simple depiction. "Death, is Organic" & "Change too, is Organic" - "Nothing is ever destroyed, merely added to". I felt I had touched on the essence of the card, but only intuitively I couldn't really put it into words because most of them would have been contradictory and also limited, which the Lucifer card does not appear to be. So essentially, what I had seen in the Moon said was "Beware, and Be Wary of the Illusions. Spending too much time at Gates can trap you. Go on toward the Mountains, the unknown." And then Lucifer: "When you can see past the Illusions, you can begin to free yourself. Starting as a Beast, change into a flower, grow from a flower into a Man, grow (germinate) into a Man with a Beast, assimilate your lower with your higher and unite as Lucifer"

It seemed like a good way for me to express the septenary star sigil with words. I placed the card down on its face, and prepared for the final image.

#### XIII

As the candle began to flicker and sputter, warning me that it was about to go out by dimming the light to almost pitch black in the temple and then illuminating the room again in flashes, I vibrated "ny-thra!" then turned over to 13, Death.

destruction of the previous works built - wisdom watches the fall. By falling, the man causes the white lady to watch. Hence, no ideal, no construct, no permanent, ultimate form that cannot be destroyed by the intrusion of stronger forms or 'formlesses'. Wisdom in this... the destruction of the "human" as a prelude to wisdom. No human may reach the Gods, only that which is beyond the limitation of the form "human", i.e. X, and that which is beyond X. No matter how strong, high, powerful the tower that a human dwells in, it is a tower, and it is a human and thus subject to the limits of the form, whose ultimate shape is destruction."

## VENUS

*Sphereworking*

Venus

VI - XIV - XVII

The temple was incensed with sandalwood while I bathed. I changed into my black cloak afterward and seated myself in its dark confines. I lit a candle and began a small warm-up vibration leading into the first dark god "Karu Samsu". The atmosphere in the temple didn't seem real - almost like I was dreaming. I put this down to the circumstances of the working being a snap decision made to undertake the working due to convenient isolation and not having time to work ease into the atmosphere.

VI

I vibrated "Ka-ru Sam-su"  
Turning over the card, the colours hit my senses first - the yellow glow on the bushes and trees seemed neon in the candlelight and for a moment I just studied the image letting its details soak in. I carefully attempted to ease into the picture by selecting one feature to meditate upon. I chose the green symbol of Karu Samsu on the pale ground and tried to make a connection between it and the picture. I was distracted from this by feeling drawn toward the fire in the atu - as well as the dagger, sword, cup and cloak. With each of these objects I meditated - and each one conjured a word. I do not recall the words exactly but they were similar to relating the aim of each tool if each tool were a weapon in ones armoury. I tried putting on the cloak and imagined its smooth velvet material sliding over my skin. The word 'disguise' came to mind. I picked up the cup next and imagined myself drinking from it. The cup seemed to have once contained red wine but now it was empty and I traced my tongue around the inside rim of the cup to taste it. The cup was solid, heavy and made of stone - it seemed to be symbolic of something but the word that came to mind with this object is now lost to me. I picked up the small dagger next. It was weighted well but light, with a silver blade and a hilt wrapped with fresh strips of black leather. I could smell the leather. Almost instantly - I grew bored and impatient with the exploration and angrily threw the dagger from my position near the stones toward the female figure in the foreground striking her. It struck. But it was not enough - still enraged and seized by a fit of violence (or perhaps lust since I had almost a full erection) I ran over to the female and began stabbing her with the dagger. I stabbed her in the chest, in the breasts, buttocks, and back. I grabbed her hair roughly and pulled her head back - then I began to saw it off at the neck. Though I cut off her head and held it high, pleased, I imagined her head on her neck hanging on enough to need hacking at with a more destructive implement. I envisioned myself holding the sword and swung it hard - severing her head completely. I hacked then at her arms and torso - dismembering her as she fell to the ground. I cut her feet off her legs as she lay prone, then thrust the blade in between her buttocks deep into her ass and watched a thick crimson wound well with blood. I thought to prise her eyeball from her head with the dagger but did not. I stabbed her making wet meaty sounds and then cut her severed limbs and torso into smaller pieces with angry arcs of the sword. I then thought to put a piece of her in my mouth and chew it. While I was doing this I realised the male had not reacted. I swung the sword at his head as hard as I could, cutting his face in half. I then cut off his arms and hacked his body into small pieces too. Not sated - I thought them whole again and dragged them by their heads over to the fire where I held their faces in the flames until they bubbled and charred. Having obeyed the impulses the anger subsided and I examined the tarot image whole again. I tried to visualise a breeze blowing within the image and of memory of flickering fire and wind-blown whispering trees enabled a brief visual of such things occurring in the card. I tried touching the giant stones and the trees and felt the cold surface of the stone and the smooth bark on the tree branches. But I began to lose concentration - and

Change is in the air, the Unknown, paradoxically manifesting on the event horizon of the eternal moment, the first note of a Sinister concerto."

And for a moment I saw the sunset sky not as air, but as sea - a huge golden ocean, and I heard waves - and from the centre of the image, behind or even merely obscured within the fool, there emanated a golden sun.

#### VIII

I vibrated "ne-ka-lah" (I noted that some syllables can be vibrated more easily (perhaps ominously too) than others. That I am sitting and thus not able to use my full diaphragm and lung capacity shortens the vibrations considerably - but there is little to be done. The environment must be thus if there is even to be an environment. But returning to my point - I don't know if it's the silence that envelops these workings or the reverence of the Temple that heightens the vibrations - but what changes in the air as I perform even rudimentary vibrations of these words? I don't know. But it is something.

As in the previous working there was little exploration - I felt detached from the second (and third) card, and later made notes on how the one after me should alter and improve the imagery to prevent this detachment. It was not a distaste of the tarot itself, the tarot is immediate enough as to provide good vibrant workings - but the forces that lay behind the cards were conceivably altered by the medium by which it channelled. The next time these images were augmented they would need to be sharper, less linear, (and no skinheads). I am beginning to understand. The colours are important, in that they can skew the interpretation of the Dark God. I warn that one must memorize the worded depictions as they appear in Naos and use the colours only as context - for they play tricks on one and alter interpretation, make one see light and shadow where there is none. Recite the depictions during meditation - see what you are meant to see not what the artist would have you see, inadvertently or deliberate.

"Beyond opposites the fool must venture - beyond herd and individual, beyond near and far, beyond growth and decay. Beyond words and actions. The star-game - advanced consciousness, consciousness advancing/advanced. To Change myself is the key. To change myself first and I will become as change itself, when my 'pieces' fall to the Earth as catalysts, as butterflies. Beyond all conceivable forms, the superform as befits the superman, to combine two opposing forms (thesis and antithesis) into contradiction (synthesis) - to mirror the contradiction and rename the contradiction the new form. To strive to contradict the contradiction and rename this the other new form. To strive to aim higher even than these until greater forms arise after these, and to strive for the superform and to surpass even this until the Numinous is reached."

#### XVI

I vibrated "A-ba-tu"

(Is there a fixed correlation between the 21 points of Robury and the M Arc? Has Conrad merely summed his tarot meditations into a succinct format?)

Once again - I tried to imagine myself as part of the picture. I tried concentrating on one part of the picture but it was no good - I simply couldn't explore the card as I had done with Atus VXIII XV and XIII in the first sphereworking. Something seemed to have been lost (or gained) that prevented this approach in me - having now experienced what might lie behind the cards, I felt my own artwork were somehow responsible, but in what way? But two sensations were managed - the first of these felt like an actual visitation to the image.

It was brief - perhaps ten seconds - but I imagined I heard the waves crashing against the cliff, the wind howling and the thunder reverberating. Then I was standing in the image - looking at myself on the path through the white lady's eyes as if I was her looking at someone else. The colours were different too - the sky was a strange green and the castle and rocks were black, almost silhouettes. I tried diving in the water too - imagining the cold waters against my skin I shivered - and tried to swim through the murky darkness with my eyes open. The sea felt entirely empty. It was an odd feeling. I couldn't sustain the visualisation or the concentration for more than a few seconds.

I tried to enter the keep - I managed to evoke the memory of cold stone underneath my fingertips as I touched it - but I could not see past the archway into the impenetrable gloom. I continued with my mental association.

"Man" falling from the highest tower - a warning against zenith, against singularity, against one point - a portent that there are many, a ring of points, a boundless churning wheel ... of points. More than one hears of stars numbered in a galaxy. A necessary

"It is done and I return to my home world".

## SOL

Sphereworking

Sol

V / VII / XII

Incense: Cannabis

V

Well before my meditation with this card, I believed I understood Rio V 'The Master'. Arena's 'The Master' (sic) prose echoed some of that understanding.

Control: mastery of emotions, actions, and stories that wend through them - escape, to never be trapped in ones ways by vice or emotion say, but to seek always the path onward.

I tried touching the tetrahedron with the imprisoned figures (shown as a pyramid on my tarot) - and it was as though my fingers were touching very fine silk - then muslin, wood, steel and finally a gelatinous liquid. I perceived it as a metaphor expressing the infinite variety of forms that can trap one. The glowing arch: as what lies beyond the master, beyond mastery. The spaces that beckon the master away from the archetypal - as though archetype were merely toy; and the master had understood the pattern of convergence of cosmic energies and must now leave the dabbling and the dabblers and transcend. The master is called on to continue his quest to journey among new planets, new stars, and new gods. I found myself absorbed in the arch at a point during the meditation - lost in the re-lit doorway my visions swam in neon-orange - and a giant monstrous head leered out at me. The shifting candlelight intensified the hallucinations and the head became a dragon - as though Satan was the visage itself waiting beyond that archway.

VII

"Shait-tan"

I concentrated on the black orb. I touched it briefly intending to begin exploring the sensations of the world but was sucked into the orb before I could do this. I stared for a long time at twinkling constellations in some black galaxy. At first I assumed it the Cosmos Incarnate. I felt hypnotised.

As I broke away, the snarling wolf and guardian reminded me of attributes in Lucifer, atu XV - rough, base, beast-like qualities - and I felt these qualities, having been controlled and mastered - were qualities now commanded from that higher force able to exercise the beast at will. I studied the axe and club closely for greater insight but despite recalling an esoteric connotation with a double-headed axe (labrys) I saw them as weaponry for the guardian. Was the animal-skin clad man The Master guarding secrets he was privy to from the white woman approaching? Wisdom this white lady? The Profane? The faintest outline of the green dragon became visible. Was this a dark god menacing the white woman? I saw a purple rift appear between the woman and the man, suddenly feeling great separation between the two figures as though the white woman were an outsider in some way. Was then, the orb itself the new form of the 'The Master' with the man and wolf as causal forces to 'assist' him, and the green dragon a-casual forces to 'assist' him then? A triangle of personal, aeonic and cosmic forces, maybe?

Azoth: as the role of a protector of satanic keys.

The censor: is it consecratory? A gift - perhaps some alchemical symbol or a symbol of a process?

I closed my eyes and concentrated on the orange path leading out of the image. I imagined wandering it - but visuals were poor and it was difficult to do. I walked to a desolate part of the desert where there was nothing but an oval shaped tree - with many branches and sickly pale bark. When I touched a smooth surface of one of the lower branches, it disappeared. I opened my eyes to continue staring at the atu.

once more an overwhelming desire to find connections in the card: to see the image Archetypically, overtook me and ended physical exploration efforts.

Appearance stripped / Essence bared. The Cup, Sword, Dagger & Cloak discarded as a semblance of aspects of something shed. "Ritual tools" abandoned and the force to be evoked experienced as it is without external aids. The stones as some kind of markers - as a 'gateway' or a threshold: or the void between different 'worlds' - what is discarded and what is embraced and represented by the numinous union beyond them. The male and female embracing - as a union - a greater 'love' now from something that has left behind the human and for something beyond clumsy garments of a human repertoire. Aspects shed - stripping of appearance of outer form/skin and former homocentric aims discarded in favour of a new formless 'tool-less' suprahuman. The Serpent as the chthonic symbol of Satan coiled around the space between the human and the non-human. The Fire as a numinous phosphorescence of suprahuman predatorial awakening. Also: the binding contract of the possession by archetype: all worldly concerns cast away in favour of passion and compassion?

I felt I was touching some nerve in the card but it stayed for the most part intuitive - as though something subliminal understood and recognized the imagery but trying to find the words to explain it was an exercise in futility.

The feeling was that I must settle for an element of chaos in an interpretation of the lovers and accept that the imagery defies a rational understanding.

#### XIV

"A - o soth"

During vibration of Asoth I felt the sounds were not like any other vibration I had made thus far - there was a real sense of making the kind of sound that would unsettle anyone able to hear it. Perhaps it comes from an identity with the energies of Hel - an empathic understanding of what is being conveyed and thus the suitable sound and intonation to convey it?

An arrogant feeling I'd already seized its essence by living the archetype marred my meditation on Hel. But I tried nevertheless to sit and concentrate on the image as a whole. As I looked at the picture I became fascinated with the coloured orbs being thrown into the lake - and remembered the text from Naos that these were "multi-coloured Crystals". I also focused on the shrivelled eye and my mind began to sew. Hel, that is, the female figure, was not human. With the discarding of clumsy tools and appearances and the crossing of the threshold in The Lovers to apprehend the force as it is, embracing the Essence had irrevocably changed the psyche by dint of crossing the barrier. The crystals she threw in the lake I fancied symbolized something - not a human value of wealth - but something older. What was it that crystals had inherent within them? As I looked briefly at the rainbow in the grey skies above I began to see the crystals as 'hard light' - prisms, and in the context of Hel - frozen rainbows. Dead promises in the darkest lake. Dead promises from a cold inhuman precision and predatorial culling of human prey by some sort of alien-chameleon whose true monstrous Wyrd is veiled by sexuality and illusions. She is ethereal as a dream - contorting her shape to fill any container and presencing the dark with sinister stealth and subterfuge with no chance of the prey waking until it is too late and their matrix serves the cause beyond them. Her shrivelled eye marks her monstrous transformation - the Beast, the true abyssal beast is shelled by 'beauty' - and masked - but unable to be completely concealed such is the intrusion of the cosmos into this walking nexion.

#### XVII

"Nem - ic - u"

Where did the wormhole studded by seven White Stars lead to? Visually I tried to travel it - but the blue sky hindered my imagination. But is this what comes of the gathering of hard lights, of frozen rainbows - of offers mercilessly culled for a cause beyond them - to presence the owners of this starry ring in the sky? The nexion become a star? But such would mean humans can become non-human and non-humans can become stars - and perhaps the star is a connection to the Acausal? Is the acausal? The girl - she crouches between a rocky barren ditch and a fast-flowing river and seems to represent another threshold - a division - to be pouring that Old world from the spaces into ours. Does the river lead to the lake? I cannot seem to grasp the abstract within the image - I searched for the relation to the fiery giants and the new species of predator-cum-prescender. But if there is a relation it eludes me. Perhaps though, I over grasp and fumble to find more words for a wordless display of a nexion. Or is there an energy in the archetype that once found can be allocated to any circumstance - personal, aeonic or cosmic?



The sun and moon seemed significant - but are they in the Naos description? Perhaps I am to expect a pattern of contrasts in Naos? Because that's the impression they gave, only a more profound union than on of 'opposites attracting'... the sun setting and the moon waning. Something sinister in that.

## XII

"Win - dex".

A difficult set of syllables to sustain for long - I managed 5 or 10 seconds at the most. My voice still wavers and cracks during certain syllables. Its not smooth to begin with - and I think now that I really should have set some time aside to practise meditation despite my other engagements - I should have made time.

The hanged man as trapped, bodily, his shell imprisoned by the Tree - but only just - by a foot. A man of Time or in Time.

But barely! See what flesh the flesh, so beyond the confines of Time and culture, so advanced beyond human it has left the 'body', no longer inhabiting the shell but soaring free, unable to remain of earth. The bleeding eyes as discarding of the corpse, the cocoon of the butterfly pecked by the Raven - as a sign of seeing beyond? - Marking sight as aonic, beyond causal flow?

The hanged man in opposition to the direction of the Tree to which all of the Tree is connected in time and space via intricacies and a mundane web. The hanged man Against the currents that drive those forces.

The bleeding eye, sign - stage - crucifixion between the lightning and the sun, a paradox that can only be furthered irrationally by entry to the Abyss. The serpent body coiled around the base of the tree - grounded, Encompasser of the Unconscious Well, Ambassador at the roots of the Dream, Chthonic Embassy of Naos. The Raven symbolic of a cosmic pioneer, free of time and able to dream for oneself. Dreaming oneself beyond the physical realm, body, and entering the Abyss.

## MARS

*Spheredworking*

Mars

I / IV / IX

Incense: Musk

I

I imagined running my fingers into the grooves of the carved word 'desire' on the wooden wand. And felt wood grain.

The Magician seems to be exercising power over something - flowers as growth/birth? Like? The Magician seems to be selectively preventing whatever from arising. Perhaps incense as 'Esoteric' forms and tetrahedron as 'Exoteric'? But then what role of the golden golem? It is not the grain, that role is taken in tradition by the tetrahedron. A feminine aspect then - polarity? Because he is inaugurating a new form, or the energies that bring such a form about. Perhaps he is symbolically 'trampling on the Tree'?

IV

The white robed figure lying prone as symbolic of a killing (of the Self) and the arising of what is beyond. Is there Earthly eye from the wolf or are the animals merely watchers? Eagle in sky, wolf on ground - is there a creature present in the sea? Perhaps the sea is not mastered for a reason. Standing figure as conqueror - looking out to sea from a height. Sun is rising. The tetrahedron emanating crimson and blue - a sense of active participation or powers performed by the Lord. Terrible powers seized by the culling of the white-robed one.

Animals nearby lend the Lord a sense of inhuman charm or charisma. Mastery of these two aspects in the 102?