

The Many Petals of Xanadu
by: 2701

California use to be a great place right after the 60tys, or so my parents told me. But life in the 60tys wasn't what it was cracked up to be. All the asinine bullshit went into hiding in the decade following. The Civil Rights movement wasn't the only thing to happen back then. They often told me the hippies were mostly a hypocritical sort. After all, who do you think is messing up the world's political landscape today?

After the movement was over, they bathed, cut their hair and went to work taking office.

However, there was a darker side to the California 60tys that no one likes to talk about. Literally, the only national news regarding this underbelly of darkness was the Manson family. The media of the time would have buried that too, if not for a celebrity getting killed.

Cults of all manner wandered the land, preaching polygamy, paganism and even Satan. Star worshipers, Hari Chrisna, and Christian heretics, soul solicited the streets in force. Human sacrifice, orgies and drugs were the fuel to a transcendental nightmare. All of this debauchery was practiced under the guise of communes and churches.

My parents were not bereft of the madness. Something else had happened in the 60tys that is secret. Through the pile of human garbage and make believe, something real happened with a fateful meeting. A Physicist and a Engineer met. What resulted from that meeting changed our world forever.

It wasn't long when ancient Orders of Alchemist and Magickians re-established the science of mysticism and Hermeticism. Everything from Zoroastrianism to the Golden Dawn began cropping up in new orders based on the old ways. They called themselves 'Neo Mages', or more accurately Mages of the turning Aeon.

My parents were lulled into such orders and thrived. Hell, if they were alive today they would still be thriving. I am personally plagued with the nagging feeling that they all went overboard, all of them. All these young, long haired, social rebels opened up Pandora's box and went on their merry way.

None of us escaped their madness. But I was their favorite victim. I was brought up in a world of spirits and planetary powers. I was forced into Martial Arts and Yoga. I was that kid on the schoolyard that no one could place. I wasn't a victim and I wasn't a

bully. I wasn't a dunce or a nerd. I existed somewhere in between Malkut and Yesod.

Seeing the world as it is, when no one else sees it is agony. This is the legacy my parents left me with. Sure there were orgies and rituals, but their rules are not like that of the uninitiated. The premise is do everything in the name of love.

It isn't human love, it isn't what we think love is. It is the pure love of the source of all light. The love that can not be understood or grasped. If you have not felt this love, you never will beyond your pathetic human belief.

This is where that fabled box comes into play. True spirituality is based on true undeniable experience. Truth can and will be replicated. This story, I am about to embark on, is based in that world. A world between light and dark, Gaea and the Aethers. A world where the rules you believe are so static do not exist.

SB

Chapter 1: The Pattern of Demonic Possession

My house is a cold, dark, utilitarian slate. It is dark because spirits don't like the light, it is cold because it keeps my Chi balanced and it is empty because in the end, all one owns is worthless. Property is another leash. Ask yourself, Do you actually own your home or your car?

Protracted years under the gun, makes it nearly impossible to sort the perfection of self. It isn't easy to cast off the bounds of slavery. All these self important delusions are enforced by a constant stream of media magick and gross manipulation. Your rulers worship Mammon and feed off of the decaying rot of the dead. The travesty of it all is their use of the tools of the Ancients, bound and forged against all children of Adam.

It isn't certain what exactly created this time/aeon. In my experience the information leading to the great mystery of time is blank. Time shouldn't exist, it is made up like everything else in the realms of science. But it does exist and this generation shall reap the rewards of their blindness.

That is, to say, if those of us still sworn to protect the mundane fail.

Years ago I had bad day, it was the kind of day that leaves you staggered and confused. I was 22 years old and a young and beautiful Rockstar. Sadly, Magick desynced me from the rhythm of everyone around me. This made it difficult to keep a band.

Honestly my only redeeming quality was my physical beauty. It was a force of nature. In itself, I was able to keep afloat. The masses of females flocking around me were like moths to the flame. They took me into their wombs and sheltered me from the world of man. This story is my gratitude to all of them. For each one of them begged me to write it.

I was never impressed with my looks in themselves. The most sexy thing a woman can say to me is, 'I love your mind.' Sure it is a

nice self aggrandizement when you look good. Yet, all things fade and the flesh is sickly and weak.

Being what I am, made this lifestyle at times difficult. I felt more like a gigolo than a Magickian. Magick isn't something like a fantasy story. You can't cast fireballs at your neighbor, because magic and magick are not the same thing. They are numerically opposed. One is a world in which you get conned by illusion. The other is a world in which madmen become Gods.

That bad day burned itself into my spirit and tore away my soul. I had just gotten through casting a duke of hell out of a young Lesbian. I know right? Where is the downside of that? *One might think anyway.*

The misfortune was that I had bitten off more than I could chew. Like all exorcisms back then, there was usually some mundane poser wandering around with me. It was so common, then they would turn tail and run at the first sign of trouble, and of course they were never heard from again.

I didn't think about that much back then. Like all young Magickians drunk on their power, my arrogance eclipsed my reason. In retrospect, I wonder if those poor unfortunates may not have made it to where they were escaping too. With the unrelenting cause and effect that I have endured, the chances are they didn't.

The horror of realizing that what you are doing is not pantomime twists perception. This is the foundation of true Magick. As I said, I had bitten off more than I could chew. I was forced to call on a Angel for protection and he didn't come. Something else came and time stood still. I am not shitting you, literally everything stopped around us.

I was childish back then, if not a bit too deep. There I stepped, in between worlds, challenging the Angel with stupid questions and childish conclusions. It was patient, yet, still in a rush. It was light and dark, it's responses always had two meanings.

The jist of the psychodrama that I had found myself in, was that the stage was fixed. I was in mortal danger. In a last ditch effort to save my pathetic soul from oblivion, I gave into the Angel, who in return immediately called on a power not unknown to me.

Like a live wire, my body contorted, my fingers twisted into a sign. A strange mist covered the ground like a spectral carpet. I am

not sure what happened after that, I think I just passed out. I came to and everything was gone. The demons, all the tools of the ritual and Virginia.

I jumped on top of her dead body heavily with tears flooding down my face. I called to her, "Virginia, I summon you, come forth." Nothing, she was gone. I focused my will in the plane of air and called again, "Don't leave me bitch. COME FORTH!" Still nothing, this is when I began to fret about a prison sentence.

It don't matter if you are a Fundamentalist, Catholic priest, witch doctor or Magickian *-or any other fucking thing for that matter-*. If the victim dies you are to blame. 'The demons did it,' will never hold up in court.

I kept calling, I felt her tired, empty soul drifting further and further toward the sickly plane of Stigia.

Then in the most weak moment of my life, her eyes popped open and she uttered, "Oh my God! I had no idea."

Like a vixen, she grabbed the back of my head crushing her dry lips into mine. Temptation is very easy to resist, most mundane people ignore the mechanism in Lew of the excuse, 'temptation makes one feel alive.' Maybe I am being too generous with my theory, it could just be they are weak willed. Self will ran riot if you will.

When your soul is wiped, hanging by a thread, none of the tools are there to protect you. I drank in her energy through eagerly desperate kisses. Like a starving infant gulping harder and harder I swallowed. Her hands covering me in sensual love and passion.

My cock pushed hard against my leather pants trying desperately to penetrate her. I never stopped to think about her being a devout feminist or a lesbian. I didn't think about testing what had returned to her body from beyond.

All that existed was her soft hand on my cock. She stroked me and the feeling of power returned. My cock was slick with precum, her snatch was thick with secretion. I lapped it up laying on top of her, she took my manhood into her mouth like she had been doing it her entire life. We writhed on the dirty bed like filthy Pisces.

Moaning and rolling from top to bottom we lapped at each other like beasts. As above, so below right?

I entered her, plowing for the gold. I remember the end of my dick smacking against her pelvis. Her eyes opened wide, "What an erotic feeling."

Slowing my roll, we gazed into each others glowing eyes. "Have you ever done this before?" I whispered, passionately thrusting softly in and out.

"No", she responded, closing her eyes and pulling me deep into her. The light in the room was strange, shadows didn't quite match the angle in which they were cast. What may have been yellow was more brilliant, clean.

"Bring me home" she cried.

I sped up my rhythm reaching down and playing with her clit. In her excitement she push hard on my chest throwing me off her. Prone, gazing at the ceiling, I thought I saw a burning black star off in the distance beyond the ceiling. She leapt on top of me guiding me back into her slick slit.

Rocking on my cock made her start screaming. I tried to put my hand over her mouth but she knocked it away. Ecstasy flew out her in a storm of madness. Random junk in the sleazy motel room started flying about the air. We exploded into the first act of the chemical wedding.

Then the world died. All the strange light faded, everything dropped to the ground and the shadows situated themselves in more natural shadow. We lay on the bed dumbfounded and abused.

After, silence had taken hold. Virginia asked, braking the comfortable emptiness with sound, "What just happened?"

"Its over." I replied, never thinking to complete the work. I felt like I had been stretched across eternity and little pieces of my being remained out there in the infinite void. All I wanted to do was go home and sleep.

Eventually, I got up to leave and she thanked me, full of gratitude. The motorcycle ride home felt long and tiresome. No matter how hard I gunned the throttle, home wasn't getting any closer. My Endro obeyed, but it felt like the universe was defying me.

When I finally arrived, everyone I lived with was on Ecstasy. I didn't bother with them, I simply walked into the room that I shared and collapsed on my bed. I slept through the day, then the night.

This was common, they went on with their mundane lives never knowing where I went or what I had been through.

My world came into view with the feeling of kicking heroin. I knew I hadn't shot up, they had found my needles and threw them away a week previous. I never shared needles.

Dry heaves wracked my stomach. The sweats left my tee shirt soaking. It felt like the world was a imitation of something just out of touch. Everything was hazy and incomplete.

This is when I got the "I can love you if you kill yourself or not. But I don't have to watch it." speech. Yet, only after the, "Matthew left last night without saying anything. He just walked to the station and left without saying a word." news.

Back to the streets I went like a animal crawling into the bushes to die. The world had changed, I knew something was different. Some strange intangible feeling felt like an itch in my intellect that I couldn't scratch. Perhaps it is more accurate to say, I had changed and in that change I was a bit lacking. Either way sleeping in a bush didn't appeal to me.

Sadly, none of the chemical wedding was over yet, nothing is ever over yet. The problem flitters about in the mind, you justify things through ego. The conundrum with that particular type of justification was the title "Duke of Hell." Like many young Magickians I leaned on the title as an ego boost, instead of the reality. Dukes have servants, a lot of servants.

I just couldn't brave the streets at that moment in my life, so I went home. I spouted all the normal bullshit my grandmother wanted to hear. My parents were still alive at that point but we didn't get along.

It is one thing to live with parents who have no craft. These mundane parents spend their time bubbling about your head, guessing on what you are up to. To a child born of parents of the craft, the world becomes a game of psychic espionage. They create servitors to watch you, they play mentalism games to bind you and you always talk. I just couldn't take that nonsense. The problem with power is it grows with age.

After arriving, It didn't take long for Asha to show up. Asha was a friend that I had know for several years. Her family was pagan, at that time I masquerading as a witch, so to keep the constant flow of sugar mama's coming in. If you can con someone with no effort why

bother with magick? Magick has a price, conning people doesn't. Price and consequence are different.

She rattled on that she needs to go get her sister, that her sister is in spiritual trouble, that she needs help. I am fairly certain that I hadn't realized yet that people were coming to me for spiritual help. I have always abstained from that sort of thing. I go with God. Yet, being young and her being attractive played a role in my acceptance of her quest.

Off to the Valley we went. During the drive she explained the situation. Her sister had broken up with her boyfriend or gotten thrown out or something. Now that I think about it, I think I may have been the one being conned. Because when we found her sister the woman was deeply bound in the thrall of Cocaine Psychosis.

The first night was bad. A wicked line, invisible to sight, was leading from the demon in Virginia straight into anyone around me. I wasn't a noob by any means, I wasn't inexperienced in anyway. I had preformed my first exorcism when I was 16. But I had problems with not taking things seriously back then. I just hadn't had my ass kicked yet. I thought I was all powerful.

I knew of a place on sunset that tourists don't know about. I knew about this place because it was were the junkies went after they made a big score. Though, you could find all manner of crap in those bungelos, it was a good place to hide out. The upside to it was the great burger joint across the street. I can remember nights of pure intoxication, walking through that drive thru after the front doors had been locked.

I don't think I have explained this woman's condition properly. We were in a mid 70tys Volkswagen bug. There isn't a lot of room in Hitler's revenge. Cramming in a woman who is wandering chaotically about after Fae -*that only she can see*- is not an easy task. On top of that half, the time, in the first few hours, she didn't know who we were. Worse still, she treated her clothing like a 2 year old treats a dirty diaper constantly stripping.

I bought a bottle of Bourbon and some candles. Asha had brought a boombox. The candles were meant to be a comfort. The booze was meant to sedate me. But her sister kept trying to run off. Eventually, I just threw her over my lap and spanked her hard. She obeyed me after that. It wasn't a sexual thing. She was acting like a deaf unruly child so I treated her as such.

Yet the chemical wedding would not be denied.

Sometime around midnight she began dancing around in a circle. I was well drunk at this point, Asha was sober. We were laying on the bed, she started saying things that didn't make since. A large percentage of it sounded like gibberish. Something about a Asha giving birth to the Witch Queen. I don't know if the trepidation of the moment was lulling me into a haze, or the crazy chaos magick or the booze. But the spell was really strong.

The light in the room became sharp like before, the shadows elongated and left their homes and Asha and I began to fuck. This was odd because I didn't want her. This happened a lot to me but usually I had a choice. This time I had no choice. Later, I surmised that she probably hadn't wanted me either and that she also had no choice.

I know, I should be able to recant the deed. Sadly like most real battle magick, demonic or otherwise, reality stretches thin and the mind finds it hard to keep up.

This is what I actually recall after all these years. Her sister moved like a pict priestess. She kept going on about a Witch Queen and the Angel. She was right there next to us, Asha was on top of me. I recall little points of yellow light floating about the room. I think that was seeing a witches circlet on her head.

Between her weird chants, she was urging us on. Once again it was not all that sexual -accept for the sex of course- I don't even remember it ending or going to sleep. I am not sure that Asha does'nt either. But for the next three days until a spot opened up in rehab, we fucked, baby sat, chased down fairies and even kept her from hunting down a some KGB agents. When I said Cocaine Psychosis the operative word is 'Psychosis'.

Now this is the odd thing. I have never made a woman pregnant before or after that affair. Many have claimed, but all have failed to prove it. None the less, Asha got pregnant. I was a coward, I was also honest with myself. I knew I was in no position with my life to raise a child. I mean fuck, I was battling with demons daily. Coupled with Asha's lack of interest in me, there was no way.

In a small way, I honestly did want to have that child, but the desire did not equal the disdain. My desire and selfishness for that life will never out weigh the knowledge that no one should be bringing babies into this world until the war is over.

Demons are not what you see in the media. They are not what you read in most books. They do not bare any resemblance to what the Christians tell you, demons are not Christian nor are they Jew. They are devious and most are more playful with clever people than idiots. A possession event is often a vehicle to their target. They are not there to torment some poor innocent soul. Though sometimes that is lanyap. They are there to match their wits against an Exorcist. In this regard they are very much like the travelers in the grid, I will get that later.

An Exorcist is not what you or the Catholics think either. One is born an Exorcist, it marks you and rips pieces out of your spirit. It is constant spiritual and psychic battle. The battle field is everyone around you and the price for defeat is their souls. Exorcists are tormented creatures fighting the good fight with no thanks.

In the end Asha had already decided on her course of action before I had a chance to decide. The Witch Queen would not be born. The Witch Queen was to die and the Chemical Romance was over in the second act. To be honest I think we both felt a sad sort of melancholy over the event. We did love each other in a way. Yet like all wanders, she too disappeared never to be heard from again.

Chapter 2:

In the light of all my spiritual conquests and failures I was lost. Enlightenment brings pain. It is the pain of other's ignorance that makes everything nearly impossible to live with. The truth, I existed outside of the material realm. I live in a place others can not see. Yet, it is all around them.

This reality began taking its toll on the people around me. The concreteness of my being, screamed that I was different. Paired with preconceived idea's about the spirit, left them feeling uncomfortable. I always found it difficult to support myself. Something inside of me refused to behave.

Everyone hears the madmen ranting that everyone are slaves. Still, none really take it seriously. I will not live on my knees for those beneath me. I refuse to take stupid orders. As one person I that I knew long ago said, "you don't play bitch well."

Back then, I was not aware of Mammon's influence on this world. How that creature got here, I still do not understand. With the advent of the Internet, knowledge began to flow freely. Any megalomaniac could pretend they deciphered the code and inadvertently or otherwise loosed all types of abomination on the world. Never understanding what they were doing.

I began seeing the subtle coils of a grip upon the people of the world in the 1990tys. However, it was slow going, they are stupid in the end and the stupid take a very long time to accomplish anything successfully.

In the late 90tys smart people began to come into demand due to computer technology.

