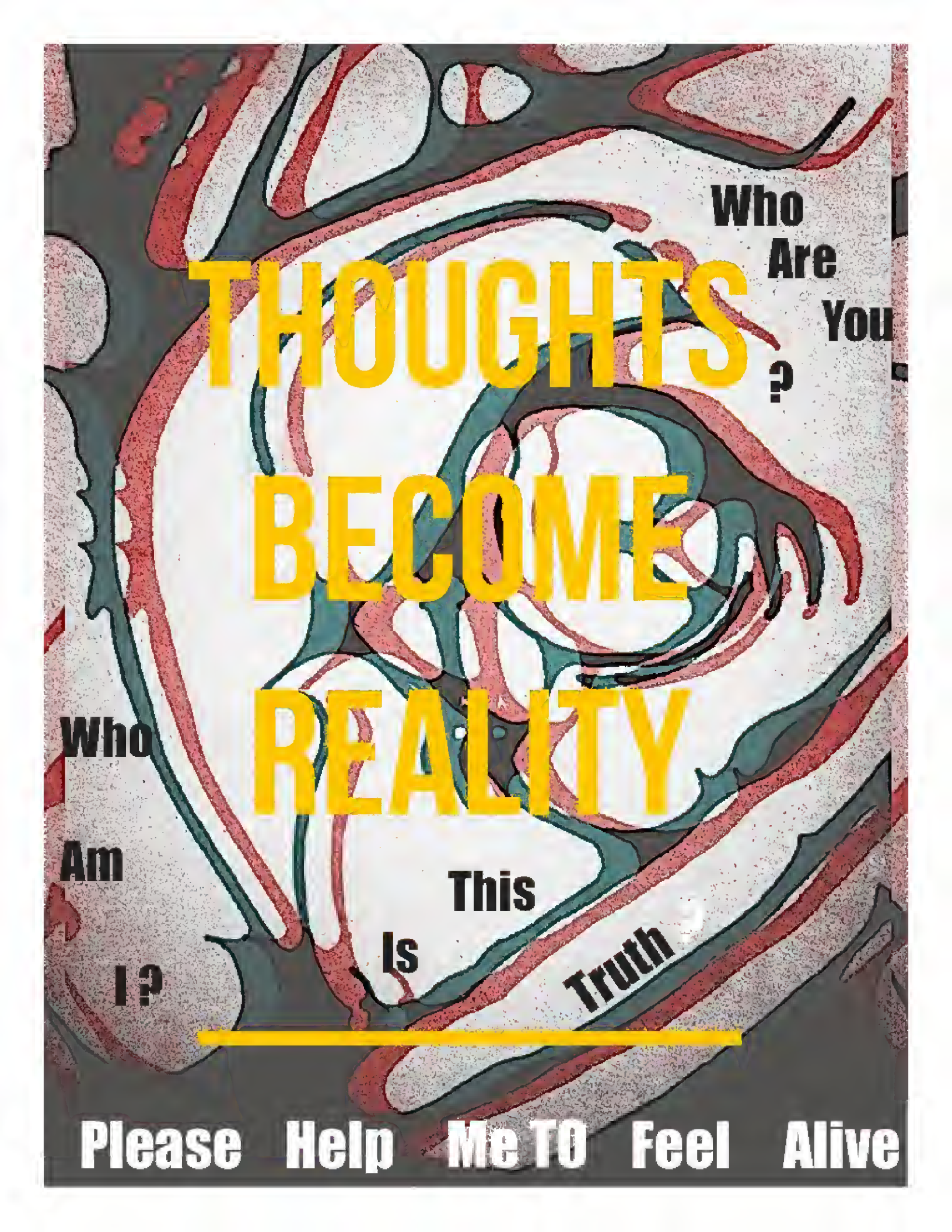




LIBER32



**THOUGHTS
BECOME
REALITY**

**Who
Are
You
?**

Who

Am

I?

This

Is

Truth

Please Help Me TO Feel Alive

Musick of the Jeers
by: William Egbert

"I'm going ahead with the production," Eric said on the phone.

"What production?" I knew already, but it was important to keep up appearances, or so my psychiatrist said.

"Munchhausen, Letterpress and Stationary: The Musical. This---this William----this is how I will get my job back. I'm going to make Buttmunch seem like a god."

"Oh, yes, the old chestnut." I watched the hairs on the back of my hand writhe into black tendrils, flagellating the narcotic fumes as they wafted into the downdraft of the fan.

The dread that Eric would ask me to collaborate was palpable. The idea had developed over some months, when Eric and I worked in neighboring cubicles in the dreary MLS accounting office. Amid the endless tedium, we would often joke about office politics, the stupidity of our co-workers, and occasionally such mundane tangents as anarchism and black magic. At some point, in this cauldron of misanthropy, one of us suggested, sardonically, that we should make a musical to enshrine the small glories of working in the specialty goods arm of Munchhausen Consolidated Paper Co.

"It will be just like our lives, except with slightly less singing and dancing," I quipped.

"I can see it: anthropomorphic vegetables doing the foxtrot in the cafeteria," Eric said.

We laughed, and the MLS musical became a running joke between us, referenced conspiratorially in the hall by the water cooler. Eventually it spread and briefly became an office sensation, with dregs from as far off as the public relations office stopping us to ask how the script was coming along. I would joke that we were in talks with some high profile Broadway directors, and that the production would be more elaborate and costly than *Turn Out the Dark*, but inevitably it was all forgotten, except by Eric and myself, and we returned to the weird nonpersons at the end of the room. Even long after the humor had died and the concept had played out, Eric and I would drop references at little things: "That's going in the musical." "Just imagine this on stage!"

Eventually the main office discovered the lascivious secret behind my compulsive hand washing and I was forced to resign under a dark cloud of rumor and suspicion. Eric and I stayed in touch, even after I moved to Florida to pursue my opium addiction while taking a new career in trafficking Cubans to Mexico. Eric stayed with the company, even receiving a much deserved promotion now that he was free of my distractions. In the absence of my negativity, he even seemed to grow fond of his position, enjoying the job security, the lack of responsibility that comes with utter unimportance. So, when he was fired, it was only natural that Eric would resort to chaos magic and harebrained schemes in the hopes of returning to work.

"I've already written the score," Eric said, his madness oozing through the phone line, "it's based on sacred geometric configurations I decoded from the Tibetan Book of the Dead. The audience---their very souls!---will meld with the zeitgeist of Munchhausen!"

"This sounds like a sane and rational course of action," I said, taking another drag of opium vapor from my modified e-cig. "I am certain you will find a great deal of outside interest in your endeavor and are not inviting trademark lawsuits at all."

"Oh, but it could work! Have you ever heard of an 'industrial musical'?" I admitted I had not. "It's team building bullshit that companies do. They hire people to stage custom productions specifically tailored to promote "company culture." I discuss it with Roy from PR at lunch all the time."

"Is this like when Patrick thought he was traveling through dimensions because the CIA was after him?" I said.

"Yes! This is a big deal just like that! I've been thinking about the way they deified old man Munchhausen. There's a lot of gnosis around him, like they were really trying to raise the man to the level of a god. I can harness that to make a kickass inspirational play---I know it!"

"Yes, they worshiped Butt-munch," I said, and becoming more pensive, added, "by elevating the man to a god, you drag the gods closer to man."

"Exactly! My whole employment at MLS has been one big ritual chamber fuck-fest! My chaos brain is in overdrive! I'm going to end the script with a supernova over the bay!"

Something about Eric's last statement stirred an unpleasant conflagration in me. I took another drag, choked on the poppy smoke, and let the phone drop to the floor. There was a thud from somewhere nearby. The air conditioning was breathing effluvial gusts on my face and neck. In the orange glow of the streetlight, a desiccated bush became the needled maw of a black and sinister creature. "Bethany...." I whispered the name of someone I didn't know at the lengthening shadows. As if in reply, a mestizo family burst into violent argument in the apartment above me.

"It's a bad trip, man," I said to Eric, who I thought might still be on the phone by the leg of couch. I thought, in this torrent of badfeels, if I murmured strongly enough, if I put enough force behind my words, they would penetrate the vinyl chair arm and we would be able to carry on conversation as if nothing was amiss. But the badfeels became worsefeels and I was suddenly on the floor. The coolness and flatness of the world was soothing, or so I thought. It wouldn't settle my stomach, however. It came up like the elephant in the room by an impolite guest.

Perhaps a dance, I thought, hoping to regain some primordial control of my universe. I moved my left arm along the floor, under the table, beside my head, then back again. I gyrated my right arm in synch with my left, careful to avoid the vomit puddle. My legs twitched and flailed.

"This is the Dance of Miracles," I told the empty phone that once was Eric, "this is the dance that will take me home."

My legs found their way under the couch and finding comfort there, told the rest of my body about this secret cove. Soon, the whole of it was under there, nestled as I do when I am presented with wombly security. I bit my knuckles and, as the sunlight licked the windowpane, fell asleep.



AEON NETWORK



ARTIST- SPECTRE7

spectra7 Bio

I consider myself a "primitive occult artist". That basically means that I try to embody the same sort of ethos to my work as a cave painter would have done back when we were still afraid of our own shadows in the firelight (of course, maybe we still are). Through my work, I try to bring about a primal sort of essence in whatever I might be abstracting or, in magical parlance, sigilizing. I'm also a resident of the Gulf Coast region of the USA (Mobile, AL specifically). I'm all alone here!!

My big visual influences in my life have to come, primarily, from the tendrils of my heritage. I am of predominant Anglo-Norman and continental Teutonic ancestry, and in knowing that my main "alphabet of desire" are the various runic alphabets of the Germanic persuasion. The themes in my art, however, are not Teutonic-specific; I've also delved into the realms of Haitian Vodou, Chaos-Gnostic Satanism, Qliphotic mysticism, and many more.

Spirituality is also a big part of my being, even if the focus of it changes by the day! I'm very much inspired by the Anticosmic/Chaos-Gnostic current of Satanism (otherwise known as Current 218). I'm also quite interested in what is known as Thursatru, or in layman's terms Giant Worship. Giants, in Nordic mythos were personifications of chaotic/primordial beings, many of whom were utterly destructive. In this regard, I align myself more with the Eldjotnar (fire giants) than I do with other strains of them.

This leads me to crux of all of these spiritual beliefs, which for me is the element of Fire. I've always had a fascination with it. How it dances. The warmth it gives off. How potentially chaotic it is when left to its own devices. I see Fire almost as something that is truly alive, and worthy of worship, both in an archetypal form through various gods/goddesses of fire, but also in a literal sense as well. Without it, where would humanity be?

It is in this spirit of the sacred Fire that I helped to initiate what is now called the Yajna Pact. Yajna Pact is a spiritual community of artists that support and encourage each other to be as Flame in everything that they pursue in their lives, artistically and spiritually. For those who are unknown with the terminology, yajna is an ancient Vedic ritual that involves offering sacrifice into a sacred fire for the purposes of deity worship.

Regarding the painting that I submitted for this zine, Mutter der Schatten simply means "Mother of Shadows" in German. This was an entity that I met in a strange way through another gentleman who is a friend of mine, who also happens to be a spiritual medium. He claimed this "feminine shadow being" had an intense interest in me, and wanted to eat my heart, as it were. I took this to mean She wanted a sacrifice of my own lifefblood, which I provided to Her through a source of fire, along with the usual sigil charging that I normally do during my rituals.

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The origin of this particular entity still eludes my friend and I. He felt that She might have been Egyptian or Greek in origin, or perhaps another being masquerading in a different guise. What I can confirm is that the initial working, and a few others, were more than likely instrumental in aspects of my life changing for the better, and for that I immortalized Her essence in this art of mine.

Trippy Shit

Isnt It?



Mind

Protect YOuR

From Intrusion!

"MOST OF THESE COME FROM A CONSERVATIVE LITTLE GROUP ON LIVE JOURNAL CALLED ASK ME ANY THING. THEY WERE NOT VERY HAPPY ABOUT MY EXISTENCE SO I'LL QUOTE THEM AS ANON... BUT FEEL FREE TO JOIN THEIR GROUP AND HAVE SOME FUN."-CEPHLAPOD

" I DON'T HAVE ANY THOUGHTS ON HELL AS I DON'T THINK IT'S A THING I GIVE IT ABOUT AS MUCH THOUGHT AS I DO ASGARD. ACTUALLY I PROBABLY GIVE ASGARD MORE THOUGHT BECAUSE AVENGERS! HELL PLAYS NO ROLE IN MY LIFE OR THOUGHTS.
"-PENELOPE SLIFER

"I BELIEVE 'HELL' IS PHYSICALLY OCCURRING...
IN THE REALM." - ANON

"KARMIC DEBT WILL FOLLOW U..."- LUNA

"DON'T FEED THE BEARS."- JAMEY GURNER

"I REALLY DO NOT THINK ANYONE CAN PROVE OR DISPROVE THAT HELL EXISTS. SOME RELIGIONS BELIEVE IN IT OTHERS DO NOT."- ANON

"OH AND I DON'T WANT TO BE QUOTED."- JACK WANTANABE

"THANKS YOU WON'T BET"-CEPHLAPOD

"I USED TO HAVE LUCID DREAMING AND ASTRAL PROJECTION EXPERIENCES SOME YEARS AGO. I HAVE BEEN TO HELL SEVERAL TIMES, AND WRITTEN OF THE EXPERIENCE, SO I WOULD SAY HELL IS DEFINITELY REAL, HOWEVER, I BELIEVE WE CREATE OUR OWN SURROUNDINGS THERE AND CAN GO TO A MORE PLEASANT ENVIRONMENT IF WE HAVE A CHANGE IN CONSCIOUSNESS."- TARA FLOWER


"SO WHAT ABOUT MAGIC?... THOUGHTS?"-CEPHLAPOD

"UHM...NOPE, THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE SKILLED AT TRICKERY, ILLUSIONS ECT... BUT AS FOR SUPERNATURAL MAKING THINGS HAPPEN THAT BREAK EVERY SCIENTIFIC LAW WE HAVE, DEFINITELY NOT."- PENELOPE SLIFER

"SCIENCE SEEKS TO BREAK SCIENTIFIC LAWS...BUT I GET YOUR POINT... TO ME THE SUPERNATURAL DOESN'T ALWAYS HAVE TO COLLIDE WITH SCIENCE, SOMETIMES THEY JUST LOOK AT EACH OTHER FUNNY"-CEPHLAPOD

"I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT SCIENCE IS."- PENELOPE SLIFER

"I THINK I 'DON'T KNOW' BUT I THINK WERE HERE TO LEARN NOW THOSE QUESTIONS OF THE SPIRIT."- STEVIL MARTIN

A photograph of a humanoid robot, possibly a prosthetic or a specialized machine, standing on a tall, cylindrical, multi-tiered pedestal. The robot has a metallic, segmented body with a head, torso, and limbs. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. Overlaid on the right side of the image is text in a pink, serif font. The text reads: "... We were all lied to. And its doing nothing more than creating an ILLUSION of SEPERATION". The word "SEPERATION" is in all caps. At the bottom right, there is a signature in a smaller, black, sans-serif font: "-Stevil Martin".

... We
were all
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And its
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-Stevil
Martin

Fig. 6.



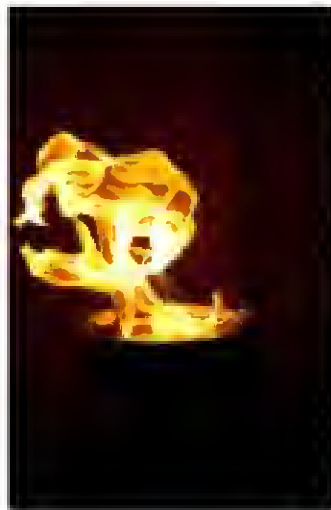
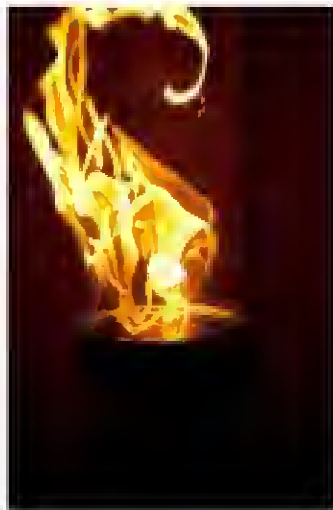
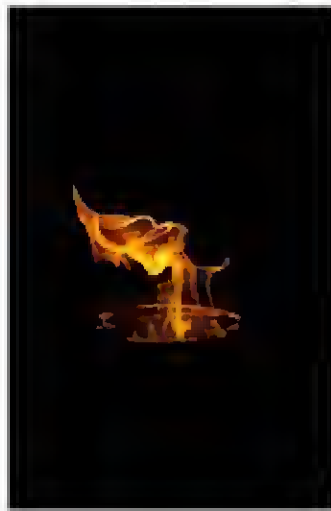
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DENIZENS
OF
SKUZZ

CONCERTS, DESIGN AND WEIRDO SHIT

“IT IS MY BELIEF THAT FIRE IS
A RORSCHACH TEST AND DESIRES
IT REFLECTS OUR INNER GOALS BACK
AT US.”
Fire Spirits



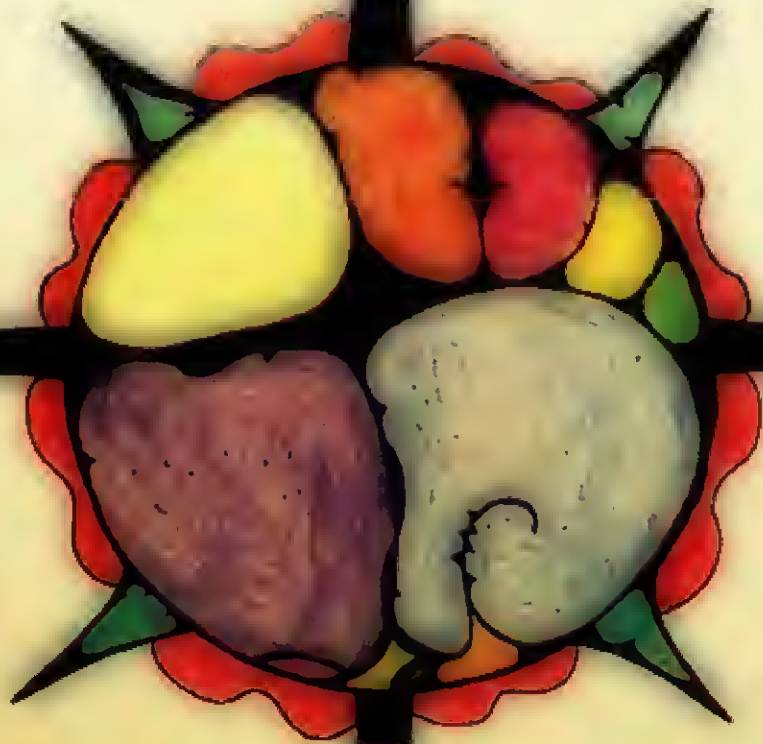
-ARTIST STEFAN J. SIMMONS

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“SEE.
Music
is Just
Vibration.
Like
Color.
And
It All
operates
the same
Wavelength
To
Actually
Learn
Music $\frac{0}{3}$
Color theory
Plugs
you to
id
Something Greater”

ARTIST: JOHN PARKER



Artist- Cephlapod