

Operation 531 | July 17th, 2015 | New Orleans

Participants: Ailura Ringtail (me), Ahavah Ain Soph, AxAeon, Christopher Norred, Joshua Hardee

AxAeon:

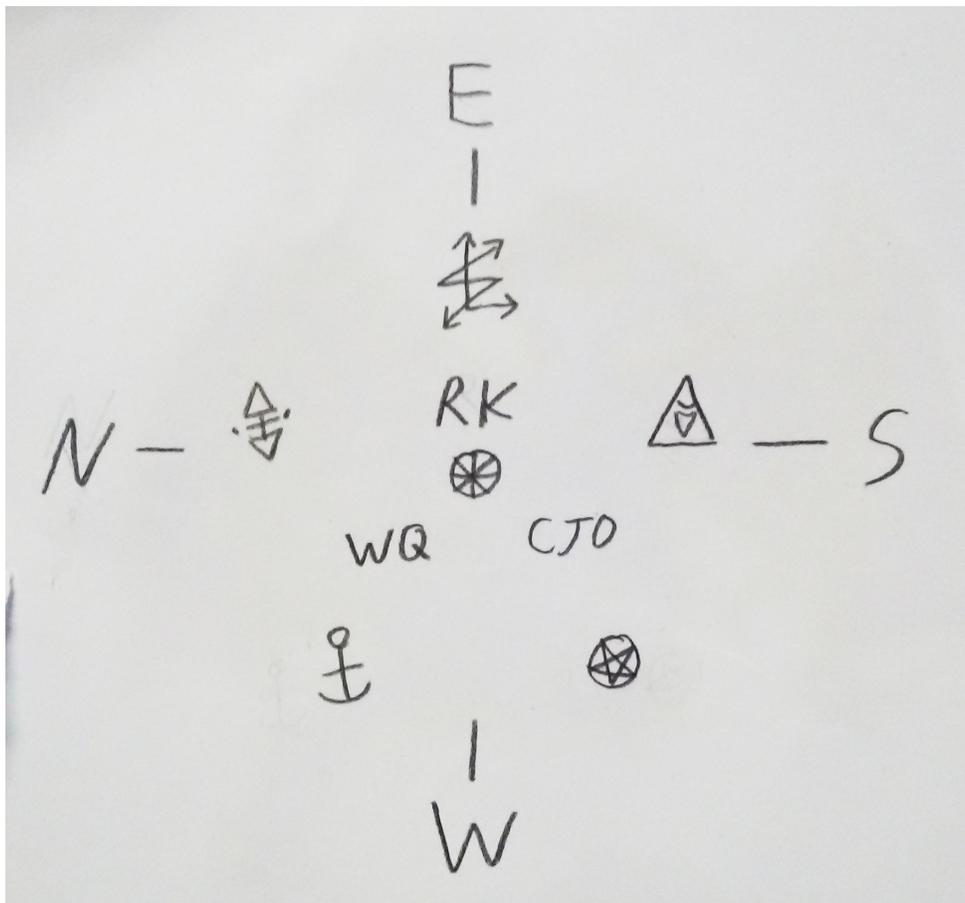
Due to the numerical decline in participants, the simultaneous invocation of the primary 8 DKMU godforms was reconstructed for a group of five as follows:

Operation 531

Ellis, Doombringer, Ino, Trigag, and Zalty are assigned to participants based on personal relationship with the egregores and/or enthusiasm or choice. With a solid experienced group this may even be left to chance by drawing straws or the like. Participants are asked to construct a small altar as explained in Liber LS for their assigned godform. A glass candle, the required sigil and a symbolic item is sufficient. The five are arranged equidistant around the consecrated circle.

The Red King, White Queen, and Conjunctio are arranged in the same manner triangularly in the center to form the Magnum opus of the operation. They are conceptually linked with the alchemical wedding of Mercury, Sulfur and Salt.

Altars and Participants are arranged as such:



The purpose of the Operation 531 is to introduce a unified goal to the godforms. They must work as a conscious machine to process the input of the participants and future seekers through an initiatory path into the goal of personal evolution and transmutation.

The following sigil was created as a result of the intention mentioned:



Input seeker, output gold

It is to be placed in the center of the working, into the point within the fire kindled during ritual. The image of the phoenix may also be employed here.

Any participants doing distance work may use the following setup, but only for the god form of choice. Once invocation has been successfully achieved, she is to light a separate candle in honor of the alchemical triad of the working using the sigil as a link to the collective working.

Ritual Outline:

Purify Space: Cast circle w/ Incense + Salt/water, purify participants

Gnostic Pentagram Banishing

Evocation of Khaos

Individual Invocation of Egregores

Bringing the Candle Fire to Central Fire

Meeting of the Minds

Break the Circle

Frater Theodbold:

What does a "meeting of the minds" mean, exactly?

AxAeon:

We shall see, at that particular point in the ritual we're assuming that the minds spoken of aren't entirely our own ;)

This structure can be adjusted for different numbers of participants and performed to access and empower the egregore's interworking. The important elements to include are the sigil and the configuration depicted above. Based on the idea of egregores as group spirits, a secondary goal of this working was/is to encourage greater cohesive action between the human-bodied members and associates of DKMU.

The rest of this document will consist of experience reports from those at the central location in New Orleans. Others who did distance work have also given their accounts, which can be found on the forums.

Chris Norred:

Pre-ritual: flipped through the god forms pdf trying not to read too hard so I wouldn't have a conception to interfere with the ritual, soot covered old man with a grin caught my eye so that's what I modeled the mask after.

State: excited ,nervous ,semi sleep deprived, physical body exhausted from manual labor a fifteen minute meditation is used to quell any what if it doesn't work thoughts and half a five hour energy is drunk to stay awake but trying to avoid the 'working mind set' of focused and alert. Spent the drive lightly focusing on doombringer sigil

Before start there was a noticeable tension like something was waiting. My energy body was vibrating noticeably to me, donning ritual clothes increased this. Drank half of a rum and sweet tea set the rest inside the circle for later. Rather relaxed and ready to go.

Gnostic pentagram banishing
Evocation of Kaos

At this point the charge in the atmosphere was extremely noticeable everything seemed pulled tight and ready to snap loose.

Invocation of doombringer
Hear me and allow my trespass
O ancient absurdity he who initiates the seeker
For I am such and I ask of you the knowledge

Gatekeeper! Mask of Chaos! (Repeated a number of times until it became gate breaker masksksss of kaooosss)

I am truth and I am lies
And I am the end of it all!

At this point I'm in a really strange state its extremely empty feeling and when thoughts come they come from random far away points.

after this point events may or may not be in sequence...I would liken looking at the memory of 'the meeting of the minds' as looking at the memory of a high dose mushroom trip its there but it's in flashes and all shuffled together. Using three dashes to separate memories

Every one is so large :0 a voice floats through my empty head *obviously we are*

Ellis stood on her hands [by putting her hands under her feet] "look I'm hand standing"
Ino screams "what does it all mean?"
I said "Nothing"
Zalty "bahaha He said Nothing!"
Immediately after which Ino tries to logic how nothing is something since it's something it must be everything.

"Should we give them short cuts?" (I don't know who brought this up)
Trigag "No"
Doombringer "No the path must be walked"
Ino "But isn't what were doing short cuts? She is a short cut"
Ellis "I do make paths and cuts"
Doom bringer "but they aren't always short. No short cuts."
Zalty loudly laughing "Short cuts! Long cuts!" More laughs
Doombringer "walking the path is the goal and the journey. There is no end. No short cuts."

Trigag "I just want to eat them"

Zalty uses his hat as a bag.

Ellis "I'm wrapping you all in my web." Runs around every one and gets spider webs every where and spider webs proceed to be absolutely everywhere throughout the rest of the ritual.

I remember thinking what is this? And grabbing the web, being flooded with info and an obviously alien voice saying *everything*

"We are cooking with souls!" Trigag nods and i points to Ellis "You gather the ingredients" points to Zalty "you season, I show them the recipe" points to Ino "I..Trigag do you know what that one does?"

"No."

"Neither do I but you are the oven."

"They all go to you eventually" someone speaking to Trigag

"Somethings coming!" Boom no longer empty with whispering thoughts on all sides... just really stretched out and mostly me. Three of us Immediately banished which brought reality down really hard my memory is pretty whole from this point.

All in all I'd call it a success...when I look at the sigil the ritual was meant to empower it seems to squirm and crawl within itself.

When I direct my Astral site to it I get: triangle with circles for points and a vortex in the middle, and a spinning rotating magnetic cross. Could be front-loaded because I knew what the ritual was going to do but seems like the machine is on and running to me.

[Ahavah](#) reports that he remembers nothing at all between the invocation and the next morning. Because none of us had known Ino to act the way she did, we considered that he had invoked something else, possibly an aspect of infinity or "laughing infinity". I disagree with this based on two things: One, in Chris's recollection she took part in the discussion of what to do with initiates, and Two, I remember that Trigag was originally unable to talk until Ellis linked him to Ino, thus giving him access to language. After this he spoke easily, though tersely. From the being's demeanor, and with the benefit of experience gained since that time, my own guess is that Ahavah picked up some of what I was putting off and had a kind of dual Ino/Zalty thing going on.

[Joshua](#) has no comment.

[Ringtail](#):

There had been some jokes during the final planning stages that if we didn't have enough people we could find some homeless guy, hand him a bottle of rum and say, "Here, you be Zalty." That was essentially what they did with me, as I had arrived off the streets with a backpack and zero experience with invocation. Or with alcohol, for that matter. Thank you Ahavah for pressuring me into some preparation on the nights leading up so I didn't die.

My emotions were appropriate for my station: the sigils drawn by another hand, Funkervogt's "Red Queen" track playing in my ears, realization on multiple swimming senses of names and symbols of an online dream that until then, in my world, had

belonged only to me. I had the unusual experience of literally not being able to imagine another place I'd rather have been.

My altar consisted of the candle and sigil sitting on a plate alongside a shell filled with sea salt, a glass of water and white beach sand, flecks of rum-soaked palo santo wood. I don't know about the others except that we each had a mirror shard from the previous year's Chelseanacht. The five invoked godforms carried an object or accouterment to focus their power: Ellis's being a mass of fake spider web which clung to everything near it, so that people were picking bits off it off themselves throughout the next day. Trigag had Joshua's mask and knives, Doombringer, a mask and black suit shirt, Zalty a paper hat made from the comics section, and I think Ino's was Ahavah's guitar. The central altars were just a candle and sigil, with the red, white and black (CJO) candles aligned with the corresponding colors in the outer circle.

As we cast the circle and took our places, my doubts were replaced by a feeling that each step I took was choreographed, a sensation I recognized from the final weeks of the evocation marathon that Spring. This inspirational lead seemed to be rising up from the circle on the floor, and I believe it was the intent of the ritual itself, as encoded into the configuration of the setup.

Hear me and travel forth, O great navigator, he who is both yung an ol',
For I seek thy council and joyous bounty.

-swig-

Fly from bright seas, weigh anchor upon my soul, and bring to this working your
imprudence and joy.

-swig-

Viva Zalty! I invoke the Fulfillment. May my own wings unfurl as white sails.

-swig-

I am bearing, chart and compass.

I am he who untangles knots,

Savior of lost souls,

Dawn after the stormy night,

Pirate of everything worth having!

-swig-

We do what we want 'cause we're pirates and free! Ya ho!

-long swig-

My actions from this point followed ideas which appeared in my mind but didn't feel sourced from me (but I mean, where are any of my actions sourced from, really 0_o). At times I didn't even realize I was acting, like when we poured rum into the cauldron – in our defense, Ellis did it first with her wine – The pyromania sounds more like me than Zalty, but I never really *decided* to do that. Most of it was in a grey area where my choice was to follow the whim that came to mind and not fight it. I drank rum like water, although it burned my throat and I alone wouldn't have been so enthusiastic. As to whether the thing acting through me was indeed Ye Great Navigator, I can only point to how anything remotely nautical-themed continued to make me nauseous for days after the ritual, and for many months after that any such stimulus would produce a Zaltyean overshadowing. Any time I looked at water it had a hypnotic power, such that

even small waves felt as though they were tugging at my blood. This lasted at least through the autumn.

While my own perceptions of this night could be blamed on excessive alcohol, this is not the case with the others, who had anywhere from negligible to moderate amounts and certainly not enough to cause the memory blanks and ensuing atrocious magical hangover that we all sustained.

My memory was very patchy and I can't place the order of events. I remember taking the candle to the central fire. Ellis, Ino and Zalty were very talkative, with Ino going on and on about infinities and how everything is nothing is anything. Her sentiment looked like way over the top existential angst, except with too much laughter to really be angst.

Doombringer and Trigag were completely silent until Ellis linked Trigag to language. Looking to my right at Doombringer was like looking into a grey gulf; his corner of the circle seemed to contain more space than the others, at least half the room's worth of space. We offered him a shot of rum and encouraged him loudly to "set something on *fire*, Doombringer!" but somehow the house didn't get burned down. Locking eyes with him induced in me a momentary clarity which I believe allowed me to recall these interactions better than other events. He may have caused me to disinvoke temporarily, and upon looking away we returned to our previous state. Another time Ino was yelling a question and we repeated it to Doombringer, who after a moment's silence said "nothing". We turned back to Ino and said "he says 'nothing'!" and laughed like it was the best joke in the world.

The egregores talked about funneling practitioners through the machine, in line with the intent of the working, and there was a discussion of whether or not there should be shortcuts. We were all standing up at that time and I think I was near Trigag. AxAeon recalls Ellis saying to Zalty that he builds ships to cross the Abyss, to which he "laughed maniacally and gave a 'yarr' or something". I was told later that at some point Ahavah/Ino and Zalty/me started "freaking out and yelling" and two people, no one could remember who, said at once that "Something's coming!" Ahavah and I were both screaming and falling on the floor. With two of the cast out of commission, Alex and Joshua and Chris banished quickly while they had the chance – sounds like this is where I started to get unpossessed, because I was yelling "what was that, what the fuck was that". My memory is of the conversations in the circle, and then of coming to my senses in the bathroom, sick and miserable, the spirit having left me.

Totally worth it.

Death to the Image, Hail the New Flesh

Deph'eth Beck'eth Nix'eth

YA HO

Ringtail out.