

LIBER @M

## THE WORD MADE FLESH

### PART ]I[

The following poem remind me of my theory of the word made flesh. Accompanied with the text is my own commentary; all notes in parenthesis are mine.

### THE WORD IN PRAISE OF LEGBA

The word is the domain of Legba. The word is the ship on which Legba crosses in safe passage the space between the world and the divine.

The creation of the world is an act of purpose and beauty. In the beginning Legba danced and the stars fell from the heavens. They fell yet a little way for the heavens and the Earth were not far separate. Legba walked among the stars naming them.

The hot stars he called 'virtue.' He gathered them together and placed them in a large pot. There they sang their song and danced their frantic dance giving freely of their heat to the airs which blow and encircle the Earth. This the cup of the saints and those who choose to drink gain a vitality of the soul.

The cold stars he called 'righteousness' and strung them on a necklace. This necklace he gave to his daughter to wear. And the cold stars shook and glimmered upon the breasts calling to all who would taste their pale fires. These fires confer a straightness and evenness of the body [this could refer to the erect lingam, though it also makes me think of the Kundalini fire rising up the spine. The straightness and evenness correlates to the hierarchical King, who wears the crown and rules the URth.].

In the begging their was the word [Fiat LVX or let there be consciousness]. Legba embraced the word [rode it] and lay in the soft fullness to ride as a chariot [ As when spirits possess us, dislocating the ego, Legba similarly possess the word and rides it like a human host. Legba

himself correlates to Christ who sacrificed himself, as did the Kings in Europe, so he could open the gates to Heaven. Christ was goD made flesh, or rather possessed by him; and therefore also the BeasT. When he died he became a powerful spirit between heaven and the URth. In a sense he is like your Holy Guardian Angel, a mediator between the living and the dead. The word thus becomes a form of Eucharist, the body of Christ -or some other holy spirit, and when we consume it we are assimilating the spirit within ourselves. At this point the ego is surrendered to the control of the talismanic virus. The transmutation that takes place to transform wafer into flesh is the same as sigilisation, where the word becomes host for spirit. The apparition, i.e. Christ or Legba is then invoked to assist in the transmutation of word into host. Once achieved communion with goD follows. This being the consumption of the sacrament, which is something of a spiritual virus. In occult terms, gnosis is achieved- i.e. the censor of conciseness is bypassed, allowing the host to slip in via a crack in our reality principle. Once assimilated, the word is fleshed, and you become a horse man of the apocalypse.

Something that has occurred to me is the combination of the sigil/virus- which is exactly similar in its process and effects as that of the evocation of the BeasT, with the DOR OJAs. Perhaps a sort of nuclear chain reaction would occur; causing the host to mutate those who came in contact or even near it. Such process would leave oneself mutated as well when contact was made with the heavy @M.

What must be conveyed is that the radioactive property of the virus is emitted by your organism as the first matter of the host passes beyond the singularity- Muldahara charka, into Universe B; i.e. the illusory magical universe. This is what I have called the Missing Magical Link. For I believe the magical link is generated via the evocation of the BeasT, or the Shadow/id. It is here where mortal man taps the raw power of the URth. Such power is located at the base of your spine, around the area of URanus. It is this @oMc finite point that is the Singularity, and as one learns from the study of such collapsed stars its highly probable that nothing would survive such extreme gravitational forces, except the emission of radiation. It is this force that mutates your environment. I have formulated three ways to generate this radioactivity. The first is to arouse the instinctual anger that is the violence of the BeasT, this is the same destructive power of the Hurricane or volcanic eruption. The second is the one formulated in this article on the fleshing of the word, or the transmutation of word into virus. The first technique follows the formula of sorcery, while the second is that of the goetic art of ceremonial magick. The third is the process I refer to as the Fusion bomb, or the fermentation of the radioactive organic seed. The spilt star spate is synonymous with the collapse of a star, this stellar slime is the plutonium venom of eviloution. This final force has been

recognized by the voudonist Michael Bertiaux as OJAS, and the eminent psychologist Wilhelm Reich as Deadly Orgone- i.e. spate, radiation. So it should then be obvious that a combination of these formulas would only increase the radioactivity of ones spell. For it is this power that allows us via the spell to mutatare environment in ways beneficial to the designs of our desires.

In part ][ of this essay I referred to the sigil as if it were a spirit. I did so because sigilisation allows us to resurrect the spirit of dead words. Christ and the HGA are behind the words of this genius, and by means of transmutation the word is given life. It could also be theorized that sigilisation makes the Airy word so dense and complex that its original intent becomes unconscious. This allows the ego to forget about it, and once achieved the ego is no longer able to suppress it, as it normally does the id. Once suppression ceases the sigil takes full possession. With the transmutation the Fall begins, into the black hole of the unconsciousness where the sigil becomes part of the id. Now until the sigil is completely forgotten the Abyss is not fully crossed. For it is at the Singularity that the logos becomes radiation, the magical current of the @omised first matter.] as a Beetle, as a baroque between the land of the gods and the lands of those that who walk upon the Earth.

Sweet Legba, son of brightness, the sound of your cane echoes in the emptiness between. Your feet fast flying part the aethyr and open road [like the flight of the shaman traveling astrally]. Walker on the crossroads [the graveyard resident of the shells of the dead, they are subject under him.] Caller of the quarter, Giver of Names [or controlling spirits, in the same fashion as the AOD sigil that becomes the spirits true name] Patron of Beginnings... Bringer/Beggetter of the word [Berashith].

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