

THE HEKATÆON

by *Jack Grayle*

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IXAXAAR OCCULT LITERATURE

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Sigils and Illustrations by *Ronan E Cassidy* and *David Herrerías*
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BOOK I: THE CALL

*So begins the first book of *The Hekataëon*, which describes a series of actions meant to
be taken eight nights before the new moon, culminating in an encounter, on the ninth
night, with Hekate herself - the Queen of the Crossroads.*

RITE 1: DE SIGILI

A celebration of Hekate's sacred sigil.

RITE 2: DE NATURA

Being a meditation on Hekate's titanic nature.

RITE 3: DE POTENTIA

Being a recital of Hekate's manifold functions.

RITE 4: DE FORMA

A declaration of the forms and formlessness of Hekate.

RITE 5: SENSIBUS

A paean to sharpen our apprehension of her.

RITE 6: CANTICUM

*Being a sacred song to attune oneself to Hekate's worship, to consecrate
sacred space, and summon helpful spirits.*

RITE 7: FATUS

*Being a method of determining Hekate's will by means of an oracle made
of six stones.*

RITE 8: ARBITRIUM

The stones speak, revealing Hekate's will.

RITE 9: INVOCATIO

The new moon dedication.

IYNX

Being a spell to bind a spirit-servant into a strapholos.

BOOK II: WHITE FLAME

Here follow twenty-seven meditations on twenty-seven epithets of Hekate's eternal, ineffable and ever-changing forms.

HEKATE'S LADDER

Wherein the Devotee may create a tool to invoke Hekate by her epithets.

BOOK III: RED BLADE

A devotional grimoire containing thirty rites by which the Adept becomes a Hierophant of the Forked Path.

THREE INCARNATIONS

Here follow three rites whose purpose is to allow the Adept to glimpse Hekate in three bestial forms through the medium of smoke.

HORSE OF THE AIR

Wherein Hekate manifests as a horse.

DOG OF THE EARTH

Wherein Hekate manifests as a dog.

SNAKE OF THE WATER

Wherein Hekate manifests as a serpent.

rites of the Moon: THREE LUNAR GODDESSES

Having apprehended Hekate in three zoomorphic forms, the Adept will now expand her devotion to include three mighty goddesses who reign over the three spheres of celestial, terrestrial and chthonic existence, as well as the crescent, gibbous, and full phases of the moon.

FIRST EMANATION: ARTEMIS

Crescent Moon Chant

SECOND EMANATION: PERSEPHONE

Gibbous Moon Chant

THIRD EMANATION: SELENE

Full Moon Chant

THREE BEASTS

Wherein the lunar goddesses grant power over animal-spirits and authority over the dead.

THE BEAR OF ARTEMIS

Being a rite to create a fierce servant that will guard, protect, and watch over the Adept or someone close to her.

THE HOUND OF PERSEPHONE

Being a rite to create a vengeful servant that will pursue and harry its quarry.

THE OWL OF SELENE

Being a rite to create a swift servant that will fill its target with desire.

THE HEADS OF KERBEROS

Being a rite to consecrate three canine skulls to house the spirit of Kerberos, the Hound of Hades.

THE CALL TO KERBEROS

A rite for sanctifying and securing a ritual space by calling the Hound of Hades.

rites of the Sun: THREE CHTHONIC GODS

A series of hymns and rites to attune oneself to the masculine gods that correspond to Selene, Artemis and Persephone.

THE PHYLACTERY OF HELIOS-AION

THE BLADE OF ZAGREUS-SABAZIOS-DIONYSUS

THE ARROWS OF PHOIBOS-APOLLON

FIRST ARROW RITE: THE CROW'S FOOT

Being a charm to break addictions.

SECOND ARROW RITE: THE RAVEN'S FOOT

Being a charm to raise and contain the dust of the dead.

THE LYRE OF PHOIBOS-APOLLON

Whereby the Adept may master a chant whose function is to attune the sorcerous self to the seven spheres of existence.

FIRST NIGHT JOURNEY

Orpheos: The Song of Descent whereby the Adept may utilize the vowel pyramid to take a self-led spirit journey to the Underworld.

rites of the Earth: Three Sorcerous Queens

The following rites introduce the Adept to three powerful witch-queens: Kirke, Medea, and Pasiphae.

QUEEN PASIPHAЕ: LOVER OF THE BULL

Wherein the Adept honors and identifies with Queen Pasiphae, a daughter of the Sun and embodiment of the Moon, thereby preparing herself for congress with the chthonic Bull God.

PASIPHAЕ RITE: THE GODFACE

In which the Adept consecrates a Dionysian mask which may be used as a xoanon - an idol containing the god himself - and as a tool by which dangerous spirits may be commanded.

PASIPHAЕ RITE: HIEROS GAMOS

In which the Adept conjoins with the Bull God's epiphany.

SECOND NIGHT JOURNEY

Asterion: Into the Labyrinth

This rite describes a vision-journey of the Adept's descent into the Labyrinth, dismemberment by the Bull God's fierce son, and rejuvenation by the Dark One's benevolent epiphany: The Black Goat.

QUEEN KIRKE: THE SHAPE-CHANGER

Wherein the Initiate honors and identifies with Queen Kirke, a daughter of the Sun, thereby gaining the authority to summon from herbs and oils the chthonic spirits needed to work her will.

RITE 1: THE BALM

Wherein the Initiate, by brewing a potion, may enlist the spirits of three beneficial herbs to strengthen, protect and heal.

RITE 2: THE BANE

Wherein the Initiate, by brewing a potion, may enlist the spirits of three baneful herbs to avenge a wrong through the working of a slander spell aimed at a wax figure.

QUEEN MEDEA: THE DRAGON RIDER

Wherein the Initiate honors and identifies with Medea, the granddaughter of the Sun, thereby gaining ophitic power.

RITE 1: THE DRAGON BOX

A spell to bind a heart.

RITE 2: THE DRAGON ORACLE

In which two Initiates, acting as Dionysian Bacchae, begot a sacred cord to induce oracular pronouncements.

DEIPNON

Feeding the Queen of Night.

BOOK IV: BLACK MOON

Here follows a book to honor the Hekate/Hermes conflation known as Hekahermes/Hermekate.

WAXING HALF-MOON HYMN TO HEKAHERMES

In which Hekate's liminal male/female nature is invoked by the Hierophant to aid a transition from one stage to the next.

WANING HALF-MOON HYMN TO HERMEKATE

Being a drum-chant to invoke the wild abandon which is the gift of Hermekate.

CONSECRATION OF THE HEAD OF HERMEKATE/ HEKAHERMES

CULT OF THE GOAT

Being solo and sabbatic rites designed to deepen the Hierophant's bond with the Underworld and its scion, Dionysus-Zagreus-Sabazios.

GOAT RITE:

A Solo Ritual

CULT OF THE GOAT:

An Ecstatic Ritual

GOAT SONGS

Three Dionysian dramas to celebrate the mythic adventures of Hekate and Hermes.

GOATSONG I: THE DESCENT

A mystery drama revealing Persephone's abduction and return.

GOATSONG II: GIGANTOMACHIA

A Tragedy of the Sons of Earth.

GOATSONG III: HIEROS GAMOS

A sacred comedy concerning Odysseus' encounter with Queen Kirke.

DEDICATION

Wherein the Hierophant calls upon Hekate to abide within her at all times, thereby committing herself utterly to the Forked Path.

ACTIVATION

Whereby the final rite is performed, and The Hekateon is awakened.

'Tis a majestic thing, the darkness.
- *The Bacchae*, Euripides

NOTE

This book is a hymnal to Hekate. It was created as an act of devotion, and is meant to be used as such. To that end it contains four sections which allow the Reader to enter Hekate's service by enlisting the aid of three spirit allies, creating nine sacred tools of art, learning the arcane meaning of Hekate's twenty-seven epithets, and accessing the latent powers of the titans, the dead, and the Earth itself through the workings of thirty-three spells.

The chants, prayers, and invocations within are written in verse, and are meant to be read aloud. By doing so the Reader awakens both the devotion within herself and Hekate's awareness of that devotion. It will also awaken the book, which will gradually quicken, and become a spiritual assistant once the final activation rite is performed.

However, because the rites within are meant to be physically enacted, and because no rite benefitted from its officiant struggling to read a poorly-lit piece of paper at a windy crossroads, the Reader should understand that she need not recite the hymns verbatim while in the field. Having already read them aloud in private to activate the book and proclaim allegiance to the Queen of the Crossroads, she may, while performing the rituals that follow, approximate the prayers set down herein, so long as her intention is consistent with the book's.

I refer to the Reader throughout as "she," but the feminine form should be understood to encompass male readers as well. For while some of the goddesses (and gods) associated with Hekate are quite feminine, Hekate herself is deeply androgynous. And since her cult began, men as well as women have worshipped at her altar to lasting effect.

Finally, it must be said that while many of the images, ideas, and *voces magicae* set forth herein are steeped in tradition, this book is neither a scholarly work nor a reconstruction of Hellenic rites. It is my attempt, after five years of effort, to describe the path that led me to her altar, where I am kneeling still.

CAVEAT LECTOR

Behold!

You hold within your hands a shrine
To that black shining She
Who loves the gloom and empty places;
The Faceless One who paces with the fallen
As they walk the path of night. Look, look:
It is no book,

But is itself a crossroads
At which you, Reader, must make a choice:
To set it aside, and live a safe
And stable life; or read it and do nothing,
'Til, like Actaeon (who watched the Huntress bathe
But could not declare desire), you flee the hounds
Of your own hunger 'til you can run
No longer;

Or

Read on, reflect,
And then enact her hallowed rites,
And brave the Black Moon's blank, unblinking gaze
Until the darkness you stare into
Stares back, and She claims you as her own.
Beware

The choice. Choose well. And choose
You must: for in your hands you hold
The crossroads' very crux:
This book
That is no book.

SIC

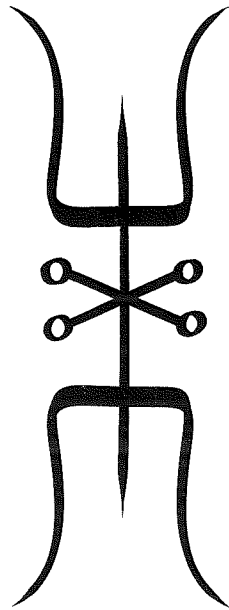
The Choice is made.

BOOK I: THE CALL

So begins the first book of *The Hekateion*, which describes a series of actions meant to be taken eight nights before the new moon, and on the night of the new moon itself. On each of these nine nights the Reader should read the text on the corresponding pages; each contains a guidance, a rite, and a hymn. The guidance provides instruction as to how and when the hymn should be read and the rite conducted. Some rites are shorter and others longer; but all prepare the Reader for a true encounter, on the ninth night, with Hekate herself - the Queen of the Crossroads.

After nine nights of study and contemplation, if the Reader still wishes to enter service as Hekate's Devotee, she will read aloud the invocation on the night of the new moon, and then sign the pact with a drop of her blood. Having thus committed to the Forked Path, she will engage the first of her spirit allies - the *ynx* - by fashioning a tool to embody this assistant spirit, and so lend force to her prayers and commands.

The following rites are simple, but they are meant to be performed in a spirit of respect and devotion. If the Reader does so, she will have prepared herself for the Queen's epiphany, and the Great Change will begin.



RITE 1: DE SIGILI

Eight days before the new moon: A celebration of Hekate's sacred sigil. As with each of these nine rites, before reciting aloud the words of the hymn, read them silently, and then review the guidance given below.

See: The Sigil of Crossroads,
Of the Forked Path, of divine divergence;
And of that peerless She who guards them all
And guides the traveler's choice:
She whom we call Dragon-Voice, Terror,
Torch-Bearer, Barking Bitch, Witch, Wonder,
Ghost-Faced Moon; Nameless, Faceless, Fearless,
Peerless Upriser, Deep Descender, World-Wrecker,
Age-Ender, Eater of Filth, Cutter of Cords,
Sewer of Souls: She whom it pleases to be called
HEKATE!
She who brings dole and delight as Patroness
Of all progressions, successions, transgressions; She
To whom the witches pray; who rules dawn, the day
And dusk, but deeply loves the Night,
And those who gather in it.
Touch her sigil; know
No limit.

GUIDANCE

On the opposite page is a sigil of Hekate. Having washed your hands thrice, and having dusted them with cinnamon, sit down in a private place at a liminal hour (such as dawn, dusk or midnight), bringing with you a clean sheet of paper, a writing utensil that has never been used before, a fireproof bowl, and matches. After sitting quietly for a few minutes to let your mind settle, silently read the verse above to yourself. Then, on the clean sheet of paper, slowly draw the sigil, contemplating as you do its form and composition.

The two tridents indicate mastery over the upper and lower worlds, while the vertical shaft represents Hekate's ability to traverse both without impediment. The central X signifies

both the earth's surface and the crossroads where opposing forces intersect. This is where she manifests.

Having drawn the sigil, close your eyes and let your breathing slow. Picture the following:

You find yourself on a plain covered by swaying blades of sea-grass. You are walking a sandy path. The air smells of salt. It is deep dusk, and a wet mist hangs heavily on either side of the path. Up ahead, you see that you are approaching a fork in the path. On either side of the fork a torch has been set into the ground, burning dimly through the mist. The torches flare as you approach. The faint smell of burning pitch mingles with the sea-air, stinging your nostrils. As you draw closer, you see that a tall pole has been set into the ground at the crux of the crossroads. Hanging by leather cords from the top of that pole are three thin pieces of wood; each is about the size and shape of the head of a shovel. As you approach them, the hair on the back of your neck prickles and the flesh of your arms rises to gooseflesh, because suddenly you see what they are. They are masks.

Exhale. Open your eyes. Be in the place you are in. And look again at the sigil that you have drawn. Consider what has led you on the path that you now travel. It has forked once already, with the opening of this book. In eight days, it will fork again. At each fork, you will have to determine whether to continue on your chosen path. Each step you take brings you closer to She Who Waits, and farther from those things and people of this world which are not of her. It also takes you closer toward yourself: your secret self; your inner self; your subtle self; the self which no one knows but you - and her. So take this time to see that self, and contemplate its worth. For unless you find yourself worthy, you cannot continue. Everything offered to Hekate must be deemed worthy by the one who offers it. If you reach her altar, you must offer yourself. See that self, as if you were gazing into a dark mirror. Find its worth.

If you are able to find that which is worthy in yourself, and are determined to continue on this path, do the following: on the paper before you, draw your initials, or a sign representing yourself, to the left of the Crossroads Sigil, then to the right of it, then above it, then below. Now you encompass her as she encompasses you.

Look upon the sigil and your initials. See how it makes you feel. Register this feeling without judging it. It is information which will inform the choices you will make over the next eight days.

When you are ready, put both of your hands on the sigil, covering it completely, and read in a loud, clear voice the hymn set forth above, three times. When you have finished, kiss the sigil you created, then light a match and burn it above the bowl, letting the ash fall within. When the ash has cooled, store it in a safe place, for it is sacred and will prove useful later.

The first day's task is done, and you have begun your journey.

Recommended Reading: Hesiod's *Theogony*, lines 411-452. This, like all recommended texts for the next eight days, is an ancient devotional hymn which is widely available, and may be obtained without cost. Read it before sleeping, and let the account of Hekate's nature inform your dreams during this period of preparation.

RITE 2: DE NATURA

Seven days before the new moon: Being a meditation on her titanic nature.

As with each of these rites, first review the hymn in silence,

then follow the guidance at the bottom of the page.

Once you have finished, read the hymn aloud.

O hundred-handed Hekate;
O Serpent with a thousand scales;
Far-Worker, Nothing-Shirker
Face hidden by a saffron veil;
This much have you made known:

You are neither goddess (though it pleases some to
call you so)
Nor beast (despite your scales and crescent horns)
Nor woman (though you may take a maiden's form)
Nor human (though we aspire to call you mother,
lover, kin)
Nor any combination thereof or therein.
What then art thou?
What, then?
What?

TITAN.

First Force!
Primal fire that formed
Out of the void; from the Abyss
Came they: old embodiments
Of Universal Law: some of cold
And some of flame; some of generation;
Some of gravity, and sound, and speed;
Some of degradation. But your lot, Hekate
Was greater than these by far; for yours
Was not just Earth, Sea, and Stars, but
The borders that divide them; not places,
But the paths between, which fork and branch
And subdivide. O Queen of Subdivision,

Of Void and Voices; Queen of Choices
And of their consequence: your sacrament
Is decision.

O Titaness unchained! Release the one who knows
Your name! She who stands before you and proclaims:

Gaia is titan, is great, but is ruled by Demeter; Pontus
is titan, is great, but is ruled by Poseidon; Helios is
titan, is great, but is ruled by Phoibos. But Hekate,
titan, greatest of the great, is alone unruléd; her path
unchecked; her orbit uncircumscribed; her jurisdiction
unlimited by divine decree; and therefore is it said of
her:

Protou oloi oi theoi tremoun: "Before you, all gods tremble...."

As do I.

As do I.

As do I.

GUIDANCE

At a liminal hour, having washed your hands thrice and
dusted them with cinnamon, sit somewhere private, bringing
with you pen, paper, bowl, matches, and a white candle. Sit,
breathe deeply, and gather yourself. When your mind has
stilled, once again (as you will do each of these nine nights)
draw Hekate's sigil on a clean piece of paper, contemplating
its meaning as you do. Write your initials on all four sides
of it as before. Then light a white candle, and set it down
at the sigil's center.

Once the candle is lit, stare into its flame, breathing deeply.
The words you are going to read are few, but they contain
an important declaration. They acknowledge Hekate's titanic
nature. The titans were primordial forces which preceded
the gods; they embodied the ineradicable manifestations of
Nature and Time. Hekate herself is a fourth-generation titan,
which means that she is different from most gods, because

she represents an older, more primitive order. But she is also different from the original twelve titans because (unlike them) she is not subject to the authority of the gods: she moves freely between worlds, realms, aeons, and dimensions. She is LIMINE, the Liminal One, who is neither any one thing nor its opposite, but is the path by which opposing forces are reconciled. She is the Connectrix, the Communicatrix, the Mediatrix; the one who opens the channels between this world and the worlds we seek, and facilitates the transmission of information, intelligence, wisdom, will, and indeed the very stuff of life.

Before you read aloud the words of the hymn above, close your eyes, steadying your breath, and picture, in your mind's eye, the following:

You are standing again on a sandy path at dusk, with long blades of grass waving gently on either side of you in a salt-scented breeze. The breeze has blown away the mist, so that you can see the star-speckled dome of the heavens above you. Ahead and to your left is a ridge that borders a starlit sea; ahead and to your right is a dark wood. Between them is the crossroads where the sandy path splits left toward the ridge and right toward the woods. Two torches burn on either side of the forked path, and at the crux of the fork is the tall wooden pole from which hang three thin masks. They shift slightly in the breeze, and you glimpse the face of the first mask. See it in your mind's eye: its shape, its structure, its unexpected beauty. Feel it affect you in some way. Feel yourself to be in some way changed by the seeing of that face. Know that face to be Hekate's face. One of them.

Look down, now, and in your mind's eye see the sandy path beneath your feet glow softly with a symbol etched in blue light: the sigil of Hekate. You are standing on its center just as the candle sits upon the paper sigil. Inhale slowly, and as you do, see the sigil glow with a blue light. As you exhale, it burns even brighter. Do this three times. At the end of the third exhalation, see the glowing sigil rotate upright, so

that its shaft aligns with your spine, and the upper trident points above your head to the heavens, and the lower trident points below your feet to the Underworld. See it glow with a blue and radiant fire, and feel yourself glow as well, filled with the crackling force that comes with proximity to her numinous essence, by which all things are made possible.

Exhale slowly, and open your eyes. Be where you are again: in the room, at dusk, staring at a flickering flame. When you are fully present, cover the sigil with your hands and read the hymn aloud twice, envisioning the glowing trident - now invisible, for it is within you - glowing brighter with every word. Then, when the words have been spoken, close your eyes and exhale. Let the image of the glowing trident fade.

In the stillness that follows, with your eyes still closed, reach out with your consciousness and sense the candle flame burning before you. You should be able to sense it, though you cannot see it: its wavering light; its faint heat; the space it occupies. Now extend that same outreaching consciousness to your left, to your right, above you, and behind you. Seek for another flame-like presence in the room with the subtle working of your senses. By so doing you may encounter another force, unseen but there, which may either remain, shift, or discreetly withdraw at your mind's approach. Whatever it does, let it. When it finally dissipates, take a deep breath, open your eyes, and blow out the candle. As before, kiss and burn the sigil, and store the ash.

The second step on your journey has been completed, and you are that much closer to the ninth night.

Recommended Reading: Proclus' *Hymn to Hekate and Janus*. Let the words of this short and passionate hymn sink in before sleep.

RITE 3: DE POTENTIA

Six days before the new moon: Being a recital of Hekate's manifold functions. As before, review the hymn in silence, then read the guidance before speaking the hymn aloud.

She exists! She exists! Ever and always, Hekate exists,
And so the gods rejoice, for she enables their reign;
And so the titans rejoice, for she ennoble their bondage;
And so the mortals rejoice, for she conducts each soul
to its destination;
And so the Fates rejoice, for she is their Instrumentality
- their Spindle, Loom and Shears;
And so we rejoice, for her existence embodies nine
sacred functions; namely,

To destroy old and outworn forms, in order to make
way for the new - and therefore is she known as
REXICHTHON, Earth-Splitter;

To ensoul the noetic mind-force that emanates from
Lion-Faced Aion, the scion of Eternity; and to take
such ensoulments from the Moon to Earth, whereby
she ensures the souls' enfleshment in the bodies of
men and women - and therefore is she known as
ZOOTROPHOS, Nurturer of Life.

To recover the lost, and re-unite the departed, and
accompany the absent on their journey - and therefore is
she known as ATALOS, Compassionate One.

To reap the souls of the Restless Dead, and escort them
to their peace, past Kerberos, Minos, Charon, Nyx,
Styx, Aklys, and Aidoneos, the King of the Dead,
to the place deep within the Earth where they receive
their final judgment, and from whence they drift back
to the Moon, her kingdom, where their lower, hylic
souls are flensed from their higher, noetic minds, which
then return to Aion in the Realm of the Stars - and

therefore is she known as PYSCHOPOMP, Soul-
Guide.

To bind, restrain and secure her fellow titans imprisoned
in the black pit of Tartaros, which is as far below Earth
as Heaven is above it - and therefore is she known as
TARTAROUKHOS, the Lady of Tartaros.

To grant increase, secure success, and send surcease
from suffering - to benefit the breeder, the believer,
the soldier, sportsman, lawyer, warrior, wife, witch,
mage, mother and thief - and therefore is she called
APOTROPAIA, Shield from Harm.

To visit the unjustly imprisoned, and negotiate the terms
of their release - and therefore is she called SOTEIRA,
Savior.

To devour that which is cast off; to want the unwanted;
to seek out the unsought; to reach the unreachable
and catch the uncaught; to touch the untouchable and
claim the unclaimable - and therefore is she called
BORBOROPHORBA, Eater of Filth.

To revel in her own existence, celebrating her ineffable
self, and therefore is she called EPIPHANESTATE,
the Most Manifest One.

KHAIRA * KHAIRA * KHAIRA
HEKATE!

GUIDANCE

After reading the hymn above in silence, follow all steps from
the previous day: at a liminal hour find a quiet space, wash
thrice and dust with cinnamon, draw her sigil, and light a
white candle at its center. But in addition, now light myrrh
incense as well. When the smoke begins to waft upward, turn
out all lights, leaving only the candle, and come to stillness.
Breathe deep and steadily, focusing on the flame, until you quiet

your mind. Having previously considered what brought you to this path, and having contemplated your own worthiness, now imagine what awaits you. Ask yourself what you seek, and think about the answer. You may be seeking healing, power, profit, freedom, respect, pleasure, wisdom, control, or transformation. But to receive it, you must first identify it.

Above the entrance of the Temple of Delphi were engraved the words GNOTHI SAUTON - Know Yourself. Honestly make an attempt to do so: consider what you are seeking, and ask how you came to be without those things, and what would have to happen in your life for you to attain them. Then consider: which of Hekate's nine functions would satisfy your need?

When you are ready, come to stillness, close your eyes, and let your breath slowly deepen. Picture the following:

You are standing on the sandy path leading to the crossroads amid a field of saw-edged grass; to your left is the sea; to your right a dark wood. Feel the cool salt breeze brush your cheek, and hear the wooden clatter of the masks that hang from the pole. See the first mask shift aside, so that the second slowly turns to face you.

Look at it. See that terrible face. Let it be what it is. Accept it. Breathe in the essence of that face, and exhale.

As you inhale again, look slowly down to see in your mind's eye the sigil glowing softly under your feet on the sandy path. Breathe out and in three times, seeing it slowly rising, rotating upward until its axis aligns with your spine, imbuing your every bone with a blue and purifying flame. Now look up, and see the stars obscured by clouds which roll off the sea. They begin spiraling above you in a storm cell. As the cell coils, its center curls downward above your head. See a flash - a bright jag of lightning leap from its core, striking the tip of the trident which encompasses your head like a crown. Feel that divine fire illuminate and purify each limb, vein,

artery, and neuron in your body, incinerating the coagulation of fear and weakness, leaving only that which is eternal, ineffable, and worthy. Feel yourself burn with incandescent fire. Know that the One Who Enables All is drawing nearer.

Open your eyes, exhaling slowly. Return to this reality. Cover the sigil, and read the hymn aloud twice, taking care to pronounce the Greek epithets in each section carefully. The recitation of these names is a traditional technique to compel divine attention.

When you have finished, close your eyes once more, and reach out with your consciousness to detect the warmth and light of the candle before you. Then extend your consciousness left, right, above, below, and behind you. Seek a presence akin to the candle flame, but different. Breathe slowly and steadily throughout. Be patient. If you sense a presence, register it, but do nothing. If you do not, simply register that fact as well, and accept it without judgment.

Gradually withdraw your senses back into yourself. When you are ready, open your eyes, and as before, end the rite by blowing out the flame, kissing the sigil, burning it, and storing the ash. You are now a third of the way to your dedication. Let this knowledge, and the image of the divine fire vivifying each limb, strengthen your resolve, and deepen your will throughout the following day.

Recommended Reading: *Hymn to Selene* from the Greek Magical Papyri. This passionate invocation of Hekate-Selene is one of a trove of spells excavated from a Greco-Egyptian sorcerer's tomb, and represents an invaluable example of an actual summoning of titanic powers by a practicing magician nearly two millennia ago.

RITE 4: DE FORMA

Five days before the new moon: A celebration of the forms and formlessness of Hekate. As before, read the text in silence, and then review the guidance carefully before speaking the hymn aloud.

- O Indominable Darkness that dwells
In the heart of Light;
- O Formless Fire that informs
The womb of Night;
- O woman astride an open grave
Giving birth to life;
- O child with a dog's face
Whose left hand is a knife:

POLYMORPHOS * POLYPROSOPOS
APHRATTOS * APLETOS
ANESSA * ANESSA
HEKATE!

- O mile-high Bull who pulls the plow
Through a field of stars;
- O Companion on the journey
Whose touch heals journey's scars;
- O infernal Flame whose heat
Begins celestial wars;
- O Sound of three dogs barking
With no apparent source:

CALLEO SEH * CLOUTHI MEU * ANESSA!
CALLEO SEH * CLOUTHI MEU * BASILEA!
CALLEO SEH * CLOUTHI MEU * HEKATE!

- O Radiant Serpent who sheds the night
To reveal her true complexion;
- O Six Hands crowning a flaming eye,
Extending in every direction;
- O Mirror taking what's without, within
To forge unseen connection:

- O Tongue that tells the secret names
With intimate inflection;

POLYMORPHOS * POLYPROSOPOS
APHRATTOS * APLETOS
ANESSA * ANESSA
HEKATE!

GUIDANCE

At a liminal hour wash thrice, dust with cinnamon, draw the sigil and burn myrrh, but this time light *two* white candles: one on the sigil's center as before, and one on the trident pointing away from you.

Having celebrated Hekate's nine functions, the Reader will now celebrate her forms. Hekate is both Many-Formed (POLYMORPHOS) and Many-Faced (POLYPROSOPOS). She is also AZOSTOS (The Unconstrained One), which means that she defies definition. And yet by declaring aloud some of the Hekatean forms which prophets, poets and priestesses have identified in the past, the Reader thereby aligns herself with the wise, and thus comes one step closer to dedication. Toward the end of the rite are three phrases beginning with the words CALLEO SEH which translate to "I call you; hear me, Queen." They should only be spoken if the Reader truly wishes to draw the attention of the Queen of Night. If she is uncertain, they should be omitted from her reading. If she is certain, they should be spoken with great force.

Before reading the hymn aloud, understand that Hekate is different from other spirits in that she alone, ever and always, *comes when called*. Those who persist on the Forked Path will, in time, both request her favor and compel her attention. But the ability to request, the courage to compel - these require the Reader to bravely invoke one of the oldest and most unpredictable presences in the world, and stand unashamedly before its devouring gaze.

Therefore, before beginning this rite, steady your breathing,

close your eyes, and see in your mind's eye the following:

You are standing at the sigil's center on the sandy path that leads to the crossroads amid the sawgrass, beyond which the dark forest extends to your right, and to your left, the starlit sea. Look up and see the storm cell wheel slowly above you, heavy with the crackle of divine fire. Inhale and exhale deeply thrice, and imagine the sigil beneath your feet slowly rising up until it aligns with your spine and its upper trident crowns your brow. Again hear the crack of lightning and feel the vivifying rush of flame coursing through your veins. Then look down.

Below your feet, the earth has disappeared. You hover in mid-air above the churning face of the sea. Beneath you, the waters beginning to rotate, mirroring the clouds which spiral above. Watch as they form a deepening whirlpool, which funnels deep into the sea's surface, leading down into darkness.

Know, as you stare into the whirlpool's depths, that you are approaching something enormous: communion with an entity with no beginning or end; an inhuman force which perceives keenly the difference between confidence and weakness, respect and disrespect, purity and impurity. To rise up into the storm cell - to descend into the maelstrom - these are extreme acts which, once taken, cannot be reversed. To encounter Hekate is to near the nexus of our reality; to come to the confluence of time and space; to attain the axis of the world-tree whose roots, trunk and branches connect all things with their opposite. It is to pass into the singularity through which the future becomes the present, and the present, the past. It is to court oblivion - the oblivion which follows being disassembled, scattered, and reassembled into our newer, truer selves; the selves which, mirror-like, reflect the flame of her dark star.

If you are willing to stride into the whirlwind, if you are willing to swim into the vortex, then you are ready to proceed. See yourself standing on the path that leads to the crossroads. Feel the weight of your flesh upon the architecture of your

bones. Acknowledge your strengths and flaws. Know that the deity whom you are going to address does not require her devotees to cringe and lament their shortcomings. Instead, what will be needed is determination, courage, strength of will, clear-headedness, and the ability to invoke whole-heartedly and command without hesitation. If you know that you are capable of doing so - of braving both whirlwind and vortex, and she whom they serve - then turn your focus to the tall pole which stands at the crossroads' crux, and look at the third mask.

See that face clearly. Know that face for your own.

Take this mask between your hands, feeling the grain, the shape of it. Press it against your brow, eyes, lips. It is your face, now. One of them.

Open your eyes with a slow exhalation, and become present in this reality. Then, when you are ready, cover the sigil with your hands and read aloud the hymn set forth above thrice. Do it with force and clarity. Know that by speaking these words you are rousing the She-Wolf in her den, the Dragoness in her lair. By calling on Hekate by name, and proclaiming knowledge of her forms, you will capture the attention of the Queen of the Crossroads, who will henceforth attend your progress closely.

As before, once you have read the hymn, close your eyes and breathe slowly, sensing now the heat, light, and form of two candles before you, and then extending your consciousness left, right, above, below, and behind you to apprehend any other presence in the room. Take some time with this. After noting what you have (or have not) felt, open your eyes again, extinguish the flames, and kiss and burn the sigil.

Your journey to the new moon dedication is half over.

Recommended Reading: *Homeric Hymn to Demeter*, which gives a detailed version of Persephone's abduction by Hades, and emphasizes Hekate's role as companion and ally to Persephone and her mother Demeter.

RITE 5: SENSIBUS

*Four days before the new moon: A paean to sharpen our apprehension of her.
Silently read the hymn below, in which each sense is attuned to
Hekate's presence, and then review the guidance.
When you have finished, speak the hymn aloud, and note the changes
that may come.*

Before me are two pillars - one of ivory, one of bone;
Before me is a hole in the earth, leading to my home;
Before me is a curtain of stars,
through which I pass alone;
Through which I pass, and pass, and pass -
Never to return.

EYES -

I will see what the Sybil saw, and the Sybil
Saw four black bulls shimmering through the flames
Whose bellows rent the earth like a garment;

I will see what Medea saw, and Medea
Saw the crescent moon's tip
Drip blood like a sacrificial knife;

I will see what Solomon saw, and Solomon
Saw a woman uncoiling within a ring of chalk,
Six-armed like a scorpion, bearing two torches,
two whips, two blades.

DADOUKHOS * DADOUKHOS -

Bless these eyes that they may see you
All about - within, without - above and below, in
all seasons.

HANDS -

I will touch what Persephone touched, and Persephone
Touched a hand in the darkness
Which led her to the light;
I will touch what Clytius touched, and Clytius

Touched a flame of unendurable heat
Which burned away his impurities;

I will touch what Jason touched, and Jason
Touched dragon's teeth as smooth as seeds,
And like black seeds, he sowed them.

ATALOS * ATALOS -

Bless these hands that they may feel you
All about - within, without - above and below,
in all seasons.

TONGUE -

I will taste what Dionysus tasted, and Dionysus
Sucked warm milk from a black she-goat
At dusk in a cave on Mt. Nysa;

I will taste what Ladon tasted, and Dragon Ladon
Licked poppy-broth from a juniper branch
That cooled his fiery fury;

I will taste what Odysseus tasted, and Odysseus
Swallowed honey, wine and barleymeal
Mixed with baneful herbs, yet lived and loved
thereafter.

APOTROPAIA * APOTROPAIA -

Bless this tongue that it may taste you
All about - within, without - above and below,
in all seasons.

NOSTRILS -

I will smell what the titans smell when the titans
Are raised from the earth, and what the titans smell
Is blood.

I will smell what the gods smell when the gods
Are pulled from their orbits, and what the gods smell
Is frankincense.

I will smell what the dead smell when the dead
Are pulled from their graves, and what the dead smell
Is myrrh.

ANGELOS * ANGELOS -

Bless these nostrils that they may scent you
All about - within, without - above and below,
in all seasons.

EARS -

I will hear what Byzantium heard when Byzantium
Heard hounds barking deep within the earth,
Signaling the Macedonian approach.

I will hear what the Theban sorcerer heard when he,
Proclaiming himself a god, heard the hiss,
pop and howl
That came from his own throat.

I will hear what Demeter heard when Demeter,
Wailing at her daughter's rape, heard from the cave
A voice saying, "Mother, why do you weep?"

PSYCHOPOMP * PSYCHOPOMP -

Bless these ears that they may hear you
All about - within, without - above and below,
in all seasons.

Before me are two pillars - one of ivory, one of bone;
Before me is a hole in the earth, leading to my home;
Before me is a curtain of stars, through which I pass alone;
Through which I pass, and pass, and pass -
Never to return.

GUIDANCE

With this hymn the Reader awakens her senses to the task
before her: she will be experiencing things she never experienced
before, and each sense must be prepared for the journey. It
should be understood that the ancient Greeks believed spirits

to be incorporeal, so that when they manifested, mortals
would experience their epiphanies in different ways: some
with visions, some with strange scents, some with surprising
sounds, some with a distinct taste. This hymn opens the
gateways of the senses, and prepares the Reader's perception
for the otherworldly encounters that await.

Before reading this hymn aloud, do the usual - wash hands
thrice, dust with cinnamon, draw the sigil, burn myrrh, and
then light three white candles, one in the middle of the sigil,
and one on each trident.

Then settle your breath into a steady rhythm, closing your
eyes and envisioning the following:

You are on the path before the crossroads, with the starlit
sea to your left and the dark woods to your right. With
three steady exhalations feel the sigil beneath your feet rise
upright, aligning its axis with your spine, sending a rush of
blue fire coursing from the base of your pelvis and up to the
crown of your head.

Look upward and see, over the course of five breaths, the
great spiral of the storm cell above your head slowly unfurl
and dissipate, revealing the night sky. There, set upon the
cloak of night, are a familiar scattering of stars which resemble
the headless hunter whom we call Orion. Letting your eye
drift downward and to the left, see a smaller cluster of
stars in the shape of the hound that attends him. This is
Canis Major, the Big Dog. Its stars are bright, but one star
in particular flashes with a blue-green light, outshining all
other stars in the sky. This is Sirius, the Dog Star, which
the ancients believed had a baleful effect, for it heralded the
season of heat and contagion - the Dog Days of Summer.
It is closely associated with Hekate.

See the star wink down at you like a celestial eye. Note the
splendor of its radiant beams, which extend earthward like
blue-green blades. Long and thin, they stretch farther and

farther until they touch the earth, five of them, to the right of you, to the left of you, before you, behind you, and at your feet. They swing like searchlights, crossing each other, drawing closer and closer until they converge into a single beam, which strikes your eye with blinding blue-green force.

Feel yourself vibrate with the power of that star's strength, trembling like a struck tuning fork. For a moment, be blinded by the light. See nothing as you inhale deeply, exhale, and inhale again more deeply still. Then, as you slowly exhale, envision blue-green fire flowing from your mouth in an unending stream: a wide belt of flame spreading out in every direction; splitting and splitting again, to curl back and encircle you in bands of light that twine together helix-like, encompassing you in a net of fire - a web of light. One of Hekate's epithets is ARKUIA, the Netter. As such, she encloses, she encompasses whom she will. Some are supplicants; some are servants; some are prey. You are none of these - yet. You are the Reader, who will now call upon each of her own senses and bid Hekate sharpen each one so that you may come to know her presence, and be transformed.

Exhale, and open your eyes.

Each of the five sections of this hymn corresponds to a sense. Each begins with three examples of classical encounters involving Hekate in song and story, and each ends with a direct request to Hekate for a blessing. As you begin each section, touch the named body part - eyes, ears, etc. At the end of each section, as the final epithet is read twice with the request for favor, put both your hands several inches above the two flames on each end of the sigil-tridents, feeling their warmth enter into your body like a blessing.

When you have finished reading the hymn aloud, end as before: close your eyes and extend your apprehension to the three candles before you, sensing the increased heat, light, scent and shape of them. And then extend your senses in all directions, to detect any other presence that may be in

the room. Let each sense be keen to detect any scent, touch, sound, taste, or image that may appear. ~~Be especially alert for the barking of dogs - Hekate's most frequent epiphany.~~ If you *do* encounter a presence, do not concern yourself with what to do or say. Simply abide in its company, breathing steadily and deeply, until you understand it to have departed.

If no presence is discernible, do not be fooled: Hekate, above all other entities, comes when called. The Queen of the Crossroads in some form or other *is* present, even if indiscernible. It is her prerogative, for now, to remain unseen, unfelt. Respect her right, and her great power, and know that the hymn you have spoken will henceforth sharpen your sensibilities, so that you may come to recognize her company more and more frequently until you are never out of it, and indeed are permanently *transformed* by it, like an insect preserved forever in amber.

End the rite by blowing out the candles, kissing the sigil, burning it and preserving the ash.

The dedication is now close indeed - as is the decision that you must make before taking that monumental step. Also close is something equally important: the discovery of Hekate's will, before which all creation must yield.

Recommended Reading: *Orphic Hymn to Hekate*. This short, powerful hymn is replete with the epithets for which the Queen of the Crossroads was renowned.

CONSECRATION SONG

Play 3 times



Ou - ra - ni-an, Ei - na - li-an, - Ch - tho - ni-an, - E - ver - las - ting - God - dess,

5 See with-in this cir-cle, ga - ther-ed in your hon-or; See with-in this cir-cle three - black-

8 - dogs; See them lift their muz-zles to the black moon, howl-ing; How - ling down

11 your fav-or and love. Ou - ra - ni-an, Ei - na - li-an - Ch - tho - ni-an, -

15 E - ver - las - ting - God - dess of mine.

RITE 6: CANTICUM

Three days before the new moon: Being a sacred song to attune oneself to Hekate's worship, consecrate sacred space, and summon helpful spirits.

Read the hymn and the guidance below silently, and then sing the hymn aloud.

Ouranian - Einalian - Chthonian
 Everlasting Goddess;
 Ouranian - Einalian - Chthonian
 Everlasting Goddess;
 Ouranian - Einalian - Chthonian
 Everlasting Goddess

Of mine:

See within this circle, gathered in your honor;

See within the circle three black dogs;

See them lift their muzzles to the black moon, howling:

Howling down your favor and love.

Howling down your favor and love.

Howling down your favor and love.

Ouranian - Einalian - Chthonian

Everlasting Goddess

Of mine.

GUIDANCE

This is a song of consecration. Just as washing thrice and dusting with cinnamon are meant to purify the Reader's outer self, this song is meant to purify and prepare her inner self, while sanctifying her work space.

Hekate's jurisdiction was recognized by her devotees as being celestial (OURANIAN), oceanic (EINALIAN) and earthly (CHTHONIAN), a fact celebrated by this simple hymn, which may be sung solo or as a round. The song invites the Queen of the Crossroads to help the singer consecrate a sacred space in order to make an offering, say a prayer, or conduct a ritual.

The song should be learnt by the evening of the sixth day.

On this evening, the Reader should take all the usual steps to achieve purity and focus: washing, dusting with cinnamon, drawing the sigil and lighting three white candles and incense. This time, however, set a small bowl containing spring water and salt to the left of the sigil. On the right, put a small branch of yew needles.

Breathe yourself to stillness. Once you are centered and your breathing is slow and regular, take one of the lit candles and tip it over the bowl so that some of the hot wax drips in, saying as you do:

Let fire and water blend;
Let all impurities end;
Let the veil rend,
As the song I sing is sung.

Dip the yew branch in the water, and asperge the four corners of the room. Then sing the hymn three times.

As you sing the hymn, feel the soft crunch of the sandy path below your feet, and the light brush of sawgrass against either hand. Smell sea salt, the splash of waves, and the distant rumble of thunder. Visualize the crossroads before you; the torches, pole, masks. As each verse is sung, picture the sacred song flowing from your lips like a long banner made of fire, which splits and weaves about you in a helix of blue flame.

When the hymn ends, let the stillness linger. Reside in silence for a while. We often learn more listening than we do speaking, so be content to sit for a few minutes in the presence of the three flames. The space you have created is sacred now, and because you are in it, a part of it - its creator, in fact - *you* are sacred too. See what that feels like, and whether it is different from how you feel at other times. Abide in the stillness. Extend your senses. If you hear a sound, feel a sensation, glimpse something, or receive an image in your mind's eye, acknowledge it calmly and continue to breathe steadily. Your eyes may be open or closed. The

important thing is that you be fully present in both the song and the silence that follows, and be aware of what is yourself and what is not, and content with both.

When you decide to end your vigil, simply say to those powers or presences that may have attended your rite, "Thank you for your company. Now go in peace." Burn the sigil, and blow out the candles.

Recommended Reading: *Hymn to the Waning Moon*, from the Greek Magical Papyri. This millennia-old invocation gives an unsparing view of Hekate in her most fearsome lunar aspect.

RITE 7: FATUS

Two days before the new moon:

*Being a method of determining Hekate's will by means of an oracle
made of six stones. Read the hymn below silently, then follow
the guidance.*

Stones, you are no stones, but two Tongues of the Sea;
See the one who stands before you, for she
Would be a black dog,
Who serves the Black Queen.
Hear my words,
Hear my words,
For this is what they mean:
As Hekate led Kore from the earth in spring,
So you must bring knowledge to me;
When asked, answer truthfully;
As you honor her, so serve me:
Stones, you are no stones, but two Tongues of the Sea.

AKHA AKHAKHA KHAKH
KHARKHARA KHAKH

Stones, you are no stones, but two Tongues of the Air;
See the one who stands before you, and prepare
To give voice to voiceless spirits
That attend the Night Mare;
Hear my words,
Hear my words,
For this is what they share:
As Hekate questioned the Sun in autumn,
So I will question you;
When asked, answer me, to give the Queen her due;
As you honor her, so serve me too. Now, prepare:
Stones, you are no stones, but two Tongues of the Air.

AKHA AKHAKHA KHAKH
KHARKHARA KHAKH

Stones, you are no stones, but two Tongues of the
Underground;
See the one who stands before you, and go down
To the caves within the earth,
And retrieve all that you've found;
Hear my words,
Hear my words,
For this is how they sound:
As Hekate made Hades in winter unlock his iron gate,
So my call will draw forth Fate
In the form of six stones which give tongue to what
awaits;
As you honor her, stones, so to me be bound:
Stones, you are no stones, but two Tongues of the
Underground.

AKHA AKHAKHA KHAKH
KHARKHARA KHAKH

GUIDANCE

The purpose of this rite is to consecrate an oracle which may be consulted to learn Hekate's will. It requires six stones of similar size and shape, with three being light-colored and three dark. This oracle will be consulted at key points in the Reader's progress to confirm whether she is ready to pass on to the next phase of study.

To consecrate the oracle, find a private place on the seventh day, and at a liminal hour do the usual - washing, dusting, drawing the sigil, lighting three white candles and myrrh - then put a bowl of salt water to the left of the sigil and the pouch of six stones to the right of it. Breathe deeply, and let yourself come to centeredness. Drip wax into the salt water and then asperge the four corners of the room. Sing the hymn that you learned yesterday to consecrate the space, visualizing a helix of blue fire forming around you as you do. Once you have finished, slowly take the six stones out of the pouch and line them up before you.

Speak aloud your intention, saying, "In the name of Hekate, I now consecrate these stones to serve me, so that by consulting them I shall know the will of Hekate; once questioned, the dark stones coming to my hand will indicate YES, and the light ones coming to my hand will indicate NO."

Then consecrate them. As you speak the first stanza of the consecration hymn, take one dark and one light stone, and first pass them through the rising fumes of myrrh, then pass them through the flame of the center candle, and then dip them into the bowl of salt water. These two stones will be the Tongues of the Sea. Once finished, call out the *voces magicae* (magical voices) at the end of the stanza, and then set the two stones down. Take the next two stones - one light, one dark - and consecrate them in the same way while speaking aloud the second stanza of the hymn; these will be the Tongues of the Air. Then do the same with the last two stones, speaking the third stanza; these will be the Tongues of the Underground.

Once consecrated, return the stones to the pouch. Breathe deeply, close your eyes, and extend your senses to the candles before you, and then gradually expand to every corner of the room, listening, feeling, and searching with every sense. If you encounter an unexpected presence, reside in its company for however long it stays. If not, be content, and let the silence of the consecrated room calm you and strengthen your resolve - for tomorrow the oracle will speak.

End the rite by singing the first six lines of the consecration hymn, then blow out the candles, and kiss and burn the sigil.

Recommended Reading: *Orphic Hymn to Artemis*. This beautiful hymn sets forth the many names and attributions of Artemis, Hekate's titanic first cousin, with whom she was often conflated.

RITE 8: ARBITRIUM

*One day before the new moon: The stones speak.
What follows is the call to the titanic spirits residing within the six
oracle stones, which will reveal Hekate's will.
As before, silently read both the hymn and the guidance below before
proceeding with this crucial step.*

O Earth!
O you Daughters of Earth!
O you Sons of Earth!
O you Servants of Earth!
O you Serpents of Earth!
O you Powers of Earth!
O you Prisoners of Earth!
O you who dwell in darkness,
In caverns unseen by the sun;
In mile-deep lakes, in corridors
That vein the vaults that run
Beneath, beneath, beneath!

Speak, now, with truthful tongues,
Willful ones: You rulers, you rebels,
You dwellers of the deep; O dark deceivers,
Deceive not me! For by the ineffable name
Of Hekate, Hekate, Hekate
Do I adjure you: by the name
OF TARTAROUKHOS
Are you called, are you
Compelled to come:
Make these stones
Tell truth!
As the wind yields rain,
As the waves yield foam,
As the well yields water,
As the quarry yields stone,
So let these tongues speak
And reveal the will of Hekate.

KYNA * KORE * KYNA * BASILEA * KYNA *
 HEKATE
 TARTAROUKHOS * TARTAROUKHOS *
 TARTAROUKHOS
 AH EH AY EE OH EW AU

GUIDANCE

This is the eighth day of the devotional path, and tomorrow is the ninth. The ninth-day rite contains the dedicatory ritual whereby the Reader commits herself to Hekate's path, with all the study, devotion, and work that attends it. But before that day comes, two determinations must be made. First, the Reader must honestly decide whether she wishes to take that step. And second, the Reader must discover whether Hekate grants her permission to do so.

Hekate's permission will be determined by using the consecrated stones. But before consulting them, the Reader must meditate on her own needs and desires. To begin this process, do the usual: purify yourself, and set forth the sigil, candles, incense, salt water, and the pouch of stones. Sing the consecration hymn, imagining a helix of blue fire encompassing you and your space; then let your breathing grow deep and steady.

Now visualize the following: a sandy path, and the sigil on the path, and yourself standing at the sigil's center. See ahead of you that the path forks at a crossroads. The right branch of the crossroads is a narrow, rocky trail that plunges steeply into a dark wood. The left branch is wide and sandy, and curves gently back the way you came, following the ridge that looks out over a starlit sea.

See the three paths, the crossroads that intersects them, and yourself standing just a few feet from its epicenter. Now consider yourself in your mind's eye: see your physical features, fairly considering which you like and which you don't. We all have flaws and strengths. But you must find yourself worthy to proceed.

If you find yourself worthy regardless of your flaws, then look past your flesh and see the subtle self that resides within you. This subtle self is transparent as gauze; it may look similar to your physical self, or quite different. This is your inner self. See it now: its form, its features; its color and shape. It, too, has flaws, and it too has worth. Looking at it, consider whether it is ready for the demanding journey that begins with the narrow path that leads into the woods, or whether it should travel - for the time being, at least - the wide, sandy path that leads back the way you came. Ask: does my subtle self *need* the challenging path of dedication, devotion and magical practice, or does it need to heal, restore, and strengthen for now, without undue strain or commitment? Understand that there is no wrong choice: only two paths, both equal, which are about to diverge. You need to choose one. Which will it be?

Before you make your final choice, see past both your physical and subtle forms, to the spark that resides at the very core of both. This spark is a small flare of light as bright as a diamond: it burns with the same unquenchable flame that lights the sun and stars. It is found in all forms of life upon the earth. It is perfect, unchanging, and eternal. See this spark within your subtle self, and know that whatever you choose, this spark will always remain itself. It will never diminish, and neither will you.

Make your choice. If you choose to forgo the steep and rocky path, then see yourself walk to the left, peacefully returning the way you came along the sandy trail that follows the ridge above the starlit sea. But if you would choose the path to the right - the narrow and rocky path, which leads into the woods - then open your eyes, and prepare to discover if permission to proceed will be granted.

To determine Hekate's will in this matter, take the pouch full of stones in your right hand, and move it slowly through the rising incense and candle flame, then with your left hand sprinkle the salt water on it. When you have finished,

Speak aloud the hymn set forth above. Chant the last three lines thrice. Afterward, breathe deeply, concentrate on your desire, and say, "Hekate, great goddess, greatest titan, do you grant me permission to dedicate myself to you tomorrow, and pursue the path of devotion?" And then reach into the pouch and pull out a stone.

A dark stone indicates YES. If you pull out a dark stone, then thank Hekate sincerely in your own words, and then meditate on the great step you take tomorrow.

A pale stone indicates NO. It is not a final refusal; it simply means that now is not the time for you to proceed; that there is more for you to learn about yourself, and your needs, desires, and the nature and worth of your physical and subtle selves. If you still wish to continue, take a few days of rest, and then begin again with the Day 1 exercise to start the nine-day process once more. When you arrive at Day 8, you may draw from the pouch again, and hopefully you will be granted permission to proceed down the path you choose. If you draw a pale stone again, you may try a *third* time if you wish, after another eight days of preparation. However, if you draw three pale stones in a row, it is probably not in your best interest to proceed, and you should consider pursuing another devotional path.

Remember that a pale stone is not a condemnation. It takes great certainty and fortitude to devote yourself to Hekate's path, and for a deity to tell a mortal to continue to prepare, and meditate and strengthen herself before committing to a challenging path, is not an insult. It is an act of love.

RITE 9: INVOCATIO

The new moon dedication.

By speaking the following invocation aloud, the Reader formally invokes the attention of Hekate, and vows to serve her - thereby taking the first, most important step down the Forked Path.

Drink only water today, and eat little. Meditate throughout the day on the step that you are about to take, staying pure in mind and body as you do. Then, at midnight, in private, consecrate the space as usual by washing, dusting with cinnamon, burning myrrh and - this time - lighting three *black* candles.

After singing the consecration song, take a few minutes to deepen your breath and close your eyes, turning your attention to any forces within or without which would distract you from your work.

Visualize yourself walking the path that curves through the field of waving sawgrass. Arrive at the crossroads. You can smell the sea; the stars above you shine brightly. The torches that stand on either side of the forked path burn low. But the pole at the center of the crossroads is no longer a pole.

It is a woman.

You have called, and she has come.

Kneel before her - both in your mind's eye, and physically. Then open your eyes, and holding this book, read aloud the dedicatory hymn which follows. Read it three times. Each reading should be louder than the last. As you read it, let the meaning sink in, and personalize it - let the call to Hekate come not from your lips, but your soul.

As the last word of the dedication is spoken, this book - *The Hekataeon* - will begin to quicken, to come alive. Finish the rite by drawing your personal sigil or initials above, below, to

the right and to the left of the circle on the following page, and then put a drop of your blood at its center (for those unable to give blood, the juice of pomegranate may substitute both here and in the rites that follow). This awakens the book. The drop of blood is its first meal, the opening of its first red eye. More will follow, and as each eye opens, the book will grow stronger, and more capable of performing its function, which is ever and always to enlighten, empower, and draw the Reader closer to Hekate. But before that journey is completed, you must take the first step on the Forked Path. This dedication is that step.

Therefore, in the dark of the new moon, kneeling by candlelight, read the following dedication thrice, initial the sigil, and sign the pact in blood.

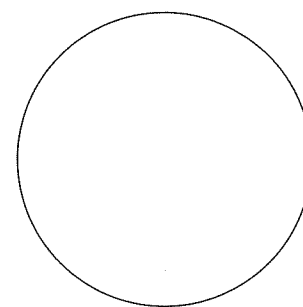
BRIMO * BRIMO * BRIM! - Look down!
 I call you, Queen Without a Crown;
 Grave-breaker, you who burned to ash
 The titans in that unquenchable flame
 That gives no heat, no light: O Queen
 Of Night: Bright brilliant sphere: here
 I stand at the crossroads, calling
 With a borrowed cry: Rise, rise, rise
 Black Radiance: Come, Killer of Men,
 Seeker of Souls, Guide of What
 And Guard of When:
 Welcome, Three-Faced Force:
 Hound of earth; sky-bound horse;
 Lashing snake of the lonely lake and sullen sea!
 See the soul who gladly waits, offering
 Her hunger.

BRIMO * BRIMO - Nameless name
 Uncast shadow; outcast flame
 That glares down from the darkened sky,
 Pull the gate and hear the hinge reply,
 As do I: O Fearless Fire! Suffer
 My desire to know the unknowable,

Seek the unseekable, touch the untouchable,
 Speak the unspeakable, and draw you down
 Like black rain. Unconstrained, ferocious She;
 Queen of Earth and Sky and Sea:
 See the soul who gladly waits, offering
 Her hunger.

BRIMO * BRIMO * BRIM!
 O Prodigy of Nyx; of Destruction
 And the Starry Sky: World-Ender,
 Time-Bender, Glimmering Guide
 Who bears two torches into the Black;
 You: the only one who can come back.
 Rustle of oak, whisper of scales:
 Cracking brand bound with serpent tails;
 Dweller in darkness, haunter of lakes,
 Enthroned in the void that hunger makes.
 Unbound, ungirt, by dogs enchoired,
 Loved by the lost; by the dead desired,
 Found by the fallen, felt when alone
 Glimpsed when the moon is black as a bone.
 O Titaness! Unbound, unclaimed, Moon
 Of a thousand faces and names; you
 From whom nothing was taken; no chain
 Can bind the Kraken-Caller: So come!
 Howler, towerer, owl-like She
 Who treads the Abyss. Nightwalker Chthonie
 Whose herald is hounds: you, whose coming
 Groans the ground! Hear me, Blessed Bitch,
 Witch-Mother; Maiden; Huntress; Awful Other,
 And see the soul who gladly waits, offering
 Her hunger.

BRIMO * BRIMO * BRIM! Invincible She!
 Rejector of Nothing: Reject not me!
 I call, you, Queen, on bended knee,
 And cry the name that's known to me:
 BRIMO * BRIMO * HEKATE!



SIC

The Deed is Done.



THE FIRST ALLY

Having made the Call, the Reader must now begin forming a relationship with Hekate. The quickest and most effective way to do this is to enlist the aid of spirit allies. A spirit ally which is invoked, instructed, fed and given a home, will repay the Devotee with loyalty and service. It is said that you must "set a thief to catch a thief." In like manner, you must set a spirit to catch a spirit. Hekate is a titanic, multi-dimensional earth force of immense power and ungraspable size and strength - but she is a spirit just the same. As such, her attention can be caught; her presence can be drawn forth from the earth, sea and sky wherein she resides; the Most Manifest One can be made manifest with the help of a swift, clever ally that the Greeks called a *ynx*.

Traditional magic is the ability to compel change through the agency of spirit allies. The *ynx* is a tool to do just this.

IYNX

Being a spell to bind a spirit-servant into a strapholos.

The ancient Greeks referred to otherworldly messengers as *inyges*. These *inyges* (which we now call wrynecks) were originally migratory birds which flew annually from Northern Africa to Europe via Iran. When threatened, they would hiss and writhe their long necks like snakes, and thus the wryneck was thought to be either a bird-like snake or snake-like bird. Its name was therefore appropriated for a class of intermediary spirits capable of flying to heavenly and chthonic realms alike, bearing messages to and from their masters.

The very first *inyges* were actual wryneck birds which were tied spread-eagle to small wheels. When the wheels were spun, the birds would hiss, and their writhing would accelerate the wheels' rotations. These devices were understood to compel the attention of the gods. But eventually *inyges* were simplified into a sorcerous tool called a *strapholos*. The *strapholos* was a small disk with two holes in the center through which a string was strung. By firmly pulling on both strings at the same time, the *strapholos* would whirl forward and then backward, making a humming, hissing noise - much like the bound bird. So the *strapholos* was given the nickname *ynx*, and like its namesake, it was understood to compel the attention of the targeted spirit or god. The *strapholos* still exists today in the form of the child's toy known as the whirligig.

Like the sorceresses of old, the Reader is about to engage in an adventure through territory that is both beautiful and dangerous, and she cannot proceed without helper spirits which ensure that when she calls the Black Dog, the Black Dog comes. The *ynx* can do so. It is the sorcerous equivalent of a dog-whistle.

To create a *ynx*, combine within a glass bottle the following ingredients: flame (by putting the mouth of the bottle over a candle flame until it is extinguished), saliva, salt water, a



pinch of grave-earth of one who died young, smoke from burning myrrh, and some of the ash retained from burning the Crossroads Sigil after the rites in The Call. Then add either a feather or snakeskin (ideally, both). Seal the bottle with a cork and wax, and bury it in the earth for three days. After digging it up, set it under water for three days. Finally, hang it from the branch of a tree so that it is suspended in the air for three days. Each time you do so, recite the one of the three corresponding commands:

In the name of Hekate-Persephone-Selene:

As Zagreus was buried in Persephone's womb, so let this earth bear you!

As Dionysus was buried in Semele's womb, so let this water bear you!

As Sabazios was buried in Zeus' womb, so let this air bear you!

While the spirit within is gestating, fashion or purchase a simple *strapholos* and inscribe upon it the Sigil of the Crossroads and the letters of Hekate's name. It will house the *lynx*, and, if used correctly, will compel divine spirits to attend your workings.

When the nine days of gestation are over, on a night of the waxing moon, take the bottle to a crossroads, kneel down, and break it. As you do, make a long hissing sound, and say the following:

Sky Snake!

Shrike Serpent!

Shadow Drake!

Secret Servant!

O subservient *lynx*!

O sacred slave who links heaven, earth

The Underworld, and all their rulers:

Quicker than the kestrel; keener, crueler:

Hear me, Heaven's Harrier; Herald, Carrier,

Whisperer in Hekate's ear:

With grave-earth, incense, brine, blood, fire
I call you into being. From nothing
You came; to nothing you will return.
You are a creature of great speed and strength;
O quick and cunning *lynx*,
You exist solely to work my will.

Spirit of mine: know that I have named you [state its name].

When I recite your name thrice,

You will appear to me in a form of [describe how it will appear].

When called, you shall do me no offense,

But will carry out my commands, and advise me wisely and truthfully.

You must respond at the sound of your name

When you hear the *strapholos* song.

Begin spinning the *strapholos*.

Hear the whirl of this *strapholos*, *lynx*

Hear it whip and hum

Hear the hiss of this *strapholos*, *lynx*

And come, come, come

And come, come, come

And come, come, come.

Repeat the phrase until you are certain of the *lynx*'s attention; then state:

Having come to me, *lynx*,

I now send you forth:

Bear my prayers deeper, higher

Through earth, air, ice, and fire

To where my Queen resides.

And henceforth when I call the Black Dog,

Make the Black Dog come.

Tell the *ynx* that when it hears you speak the words of irresistible compulsion, it *must* bring Hekate, or her servant, into your presence to attend your prayers or workings.

Tell it that these are the words of compulsion:

MASKELLI * MASKELLO
PHNOUNKENTEBAOTH
OREOBAZAGRA * REXICHTHON
HIPPOCHTHON * PYREPEGANYX

Tell it that you will reward it after it has successfully performed its function (and such rewards might be regular songs, prayers, incense, and food offerings). Then bid the *ynx* to appear to you in a dream, in the form you have dictated, at 3:33 AM that very night, and then set your alarm accordingly. The *ynx* will appear.

The Reader Becomes a Devotee

So ends The Call. Having celebrated Hekate's mysteries for nine nights, and having boldly chosen the Forked Path, the Reader has now become a Devotee. She has learned her mistress's sacred nature, holy function, and powerful names. She has dedicated herself to the Queen's sacred service, created an oracle, and consecrated a *strapholos* to house a *ynx*. The next step for the Devotee is to deepen her understanding of Hekate's manifold nature by studying the common and arcane meanings of her various epithets, as well as the corresponding gestures and sigils by which each name may be incorporated into magical practice.

A lunar month has twenty-eight days, and what follows is a lunar month of study. On each night of the month, the Devotee will study one of Hekate's many epithets. After learning twenty-seven epithets, she will discover how to incorporate them into a Hekate's Ladder, a string of prayer beads which will house another important ally.

Before beginning, it is important to understand two truths about Hekate's epithets. The first is that none of them are entirely accurate, or even complete: each contains a glimpse of the truth - nothing more. Each is but one facet of Hekate's many-faceted jewel; a fraction of her great number; a fragment of her ungraspable whole. But each nevertheless contains a valuable insight into the Queen's nature, and provides a means by which one certain, specific aspect of Hekate may be invoked to great effect.

The second truth is that - in a way that is hard to grasp - each of these epithets is, in and of itself, a separate spirit. Each is an actual entity which is *of* Hekate, and yet at the same time separate *from* her. A sea anemone may have twenty-seven limbs, and they may work in concert or apart, but the limb is not the anemone, and the anemone is not the limb. Some limbs may have separate functions, or different appearances; some may work together, or not. Some may

even seem opposed to one another. But they are all *of* the anemone, and without even one of them, the anemone is less itself. Accordingly, you may consider the epithets that follow to be the separate limbs of an unimaginably old and powerful entity whose notice you have captured, and who now waits patiently, within her lair, for your approach.

BOOK II: WHITE FLAME



So begins the second book of *The Hekateion*.

The Greek sorcerer's traditional cry to the gods was *Sais eponymies epaknon!* (Attend your epithets!) For it was understood that, by recounting the gods' divine attributes, the sorceress proved her knowledge and devotion, thus winning their favor.

Here follow twenty-seven meditations on twenty-seven epithets of Hekate's eternal, ineffable and ever-changing forms. The first nine epithets establish Hekate's relationship with herself, describing her sacred nature as the everlasting and all-prevailing titan of the earth. The next nine illuminate her relationship with mortals as protector, guardian and guide. The third set reveals her function as it relates to the realm of the dead.

By familiarizing yourself with the arcane meanings of Hekate's epithets (and the various sigils and gestures that have been set forth to embody them), you may, as did your ancient predecessors, begin to encounter Hekate herself, one glimpse at a time, thereby gaining knowledge - and favor - of the Queen of the Crossroads.

DAY 1: BRIMO

Meaning: Furious One

Arcana: Brimo is the Burner, the Blazer, the Boiler-Over, the furious release of unfettered force which illuminates, incinerates, and transforms what *was* into what *will be*.

One of Hekate's earliest epithets was the Torch Bearer (DADOPHORUS), and one of her latest was the Formless Fire (PYRIAMORPHOS). Both - like BRIMO - acknowledge her fiery function. The two blazing torches Hekate carries signify both illumination and conflagration, while the Formless Fire represents an outpouring of primal energy which cannot be defined or contained. Together they reveal her as titanic first-force whose very presence acts as agent of Necessity (ANANKE); as bringer of inevitable change; as ender of outworn ages and forms. This function was demonstrated most clearly when Hekate aided the rebellious gods against their predecessors, the titans, in cosmic combat, and also when - during the Gigantomachia (War of Giants) - Hekate aided the gods by incinerating the serpent-tailed giant, Clytius, in single combat. As she did on a cosmic scale in mythic time, so she does on a human scale, today.

When invoked as BRIMO, Hekate's fierce, formless force subdues all foes, whether external (such as Restless Dead) or internal (such as weakness, addiction, madness). She is the Fire-Breather (PYRIPNOOS), the Fire-Walker (PYRIPHOITOS), who is Of Fiery Counsel (PYRIBOULOS). And while the sacred flames of her being may never be quenched, they may be directed toward appropriate targets.

Restless Dead (*Auroi*) and Untimely Dead (*Biaathanatoi*) are by their very nature outworn souls which linger past their appointed time, and as such they are particularly vulnerable to the power of Hekate's blazing torches. To invoke her as BRIMO is to incinerate spectral foes, unwelcome spirits,

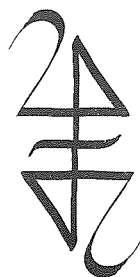
and manifestations of the ghosts and gods that bring fear and dysfunction.

In the absence of external phantoms, Hekate's primal fire may be invoked and focused within. If done correctly, it will purge the Devotee of her vices, weaknesses, and unworthy qualities. As a forge melts away impurities in metal, so does the Formless Fire invoked as BRIMO burn away the Devotee's fears, anxiety, depression, addiction, obsession, and despair.

Finally, BRIMO is the password in the Mysteries of Eleusis. As far back as 3,500 years ago, the Eleusian Mysteries provided initiatory rites by which women and men could participate in Demeter's recovery of her daughter Persephone from the Underworld. In doing so, devotees re-integrated themselves into the sacred order of nature, and attained the ability to experience a joyous afterlife. As Hekate aided Demeter by descending to the Underworld and facilitating Persephone's release, so the word BRIMO serves both as a meditative mantra to trigger a trance state, and an epithet to banish harmful forces.

Gesture: Wrists crossed, both palms facing one's chest, with the fingers extended outward and the thumbs locked together. The gesture indicates both a breastplate-like shield, and nine outward-radiating flames that eradicate unwelcome foes.

Sigil:



Use: To enter into a purifying trance, the Devotee should trace the symbol in oil upon her brow and the palms of

her hands while slowly intoning BRIMO repeatedly. She should envision a formless fire ascending upward from the earth, through her feet, and outward through every limb, encompassing her in fiery armor: forming gloves, greaves, breastplate, and a shimmering helm that binds and protects.

To banish spectral foes, the sigil can be applied to the doorways, windows and corners of a space afflicted with unwelcome presences. To banish material foes and forces, the sigil can be painted in accelerant across an image of the threat, and set alight at midnight, on the last night of the waning moon, while chanting BRIMO BRIMO BRIMO.

DAY 2: BOUKOLOS

Meaning: Ox-Herder

Arcana: The constellation that we know as the Big Dipper was called by the ancients The Plough, and they believed that its seasonal rotation about Polaris, the North Star, mimicked an ox-drawn plough being drawn around a circular field of stars. As Ox-Herder, Hekate is seen as the driver of the celestial "bull" that pulls this plough. In other words, she is the primal force that drives the very engine of the cosmos; the one that inexorably winds existence through its necessary phases toward its inevitable conclusion.

More generally, BOUKOLOS is the mover of the immovable. The oxen are the static states that must be driven to their various destinies. How does she drive them? With her serpent-whip. Where does she drive them? To the hill to feed, to the river to drink, to the field to breed, to the abattoir to die.

The ox is the stubborn flesh which is subject to stasis, gorging, rut-hunger, violence. Her ox-whip is the goad (NYSSA) that enflames the reluctant flesh; that enrages the apathetic mind; that directs the unstoppable brute force in the direction

dictated by Necessity (ANANKE), and as effectuated by Persuasion (PEITHO).

When serpent-whip meets bull-flesh, the blows enrage the unmoving beast into action. Thus, this epithet reveals Hekate's role as Far-Worker: the Setter-Into-Motion of forces and events that trigger new ages, aeons, phases, fashions - and their decline.

BOUKOLOS is also the name given to the hierophants of the Orphic Mysteries, who helped purify initiates so they could pass safely to Elysium upon their deaths. Likewise, every Devotee who gathers about her others who would worship Hekate, and leads them to the Crownless Queen, becomes, in turn, a BOUKOLOS.

Gesture: Both wrists slightly touching, palms facing away from oneself with the thumbs locked one against the other, fingers extended outwards, at arms' length. The gesture indicates a shove, and may be made with a pushing motion, to drive an unwelcome presence or condition away, or to push one thing toward another when the time is right for the two to conjoin. Thus, it may be used effectively to resist obsessive thoughts, compulsive habits, or unwelcome presences.

Sigil:



Use: The BOUKOLOS sigil should be carved into the earth near the unmoving thing that must move. It may also be drawn upon a text which must be learnt by heart to aid its commission to memory, or upon any sort of test to excel.

DAY 3: THEREBROMON

Meaning: Cry of the Beast

Arcana: THEREBROMON references both the barking of dogs - which traditionally heralds Hekate's arrival - and also the bull-like roar which she herself is said to emit during her titanic epiphany.

Ancient hymns and invocations not only reference Hekate as dog-headed and dog-like, but as an actual MELAINA KYNA (Black Bitch). They also describe her as horned (KEROSIS), bull-faced (TAUROPIS), and bull-voiced. As Hekate has a strong chthonic correlation, the cry of the beast which comes at her epiphany is ultimately a cry of the Earth itself. And traditionally, the Earth cries out against mankind's injustice and impiety. Therefore, calling upon her by the name THEREBROMON is appropriate when the Devotee has been wronged by those who have in some way broken the universal standards of hospitality, loyalty, familial duty, or sacred stewardship. Then the cry is made as a fierce and inarticulate call for her to manifest in her most primal form, and provide correction.

Hekate as THEREBROMON comes when called, but with a price. In classic literature, her most violent manifestation results in bull-bellows that split the earth, break graves, raise ghosts, and make the soil writhe with blood and serpents. To draw forth her fierce epiphany, Hekate's attention must be won with heartfelt prayers, ideally accompanied by a blazing fire, aromatic herbs, and generous offerings of raw meat burned in a trench.

Gesture: Make a mouth-like triangle with your hands by touching the tips of your thumbs together, and the tips of your index fingers together, with your palms pointing outward. This shape resembles lips parted in an open howl. Standing outside at night, let your fingers frame the moon, then drawn them back until they press against your mouth. Inhale, envisioning

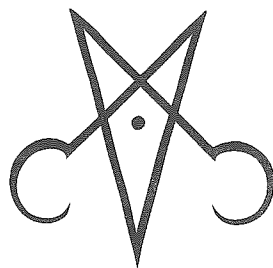
the moonlight entering your mouth, throat, chest and lungs. Then let out a long, drawn-out sighing bellow, exhaling until the last bit of air has left your body. Do this three times, then say aloud these words:

Let the Bull-Faced One hear her servant's cry,
And come as a mother protecting her calf.
Hail bull-headed, bull-eyed, bull-voiced Hekate,
Hail! Let the dog-faced one hear her servant's cry,
And come as a mother protecting her pup.
Hail dog-headed, dog-faced, dog-voiced Hekate!

Slap the earth forcefully with your open hand three times, as this is the traditional means of waking the titanic forces of the earth.

This particular epithet correlates with the cry of outrage made by Demeter when she discovered the abduction of her daughter Persephone, whose very name anticipates her mother's fury, translating as it does into "Sound of Destruction." Therefore it is entirely appropriate to use the epithet **THEREBROMON** in conjunction with workings which seek redress for injury and insult done to women, children, and the most vulnerable members of society.

Sigil:



Use: To invoke vengeance upon one who exploits others, draw or carve this sigil upon their property, and recite the name **THEREBROMON** nine times.



To raise titanic forces from within the earth, obtain a bullroarer and carve upon one side the Sigil of the Crossroads, and on the other, the sigil for **THEREBROMON**. Color the Crossroads Sigil black, using ink mixed with myrrh and grave dust. Color the **THEREBROMON** sigil red, using blood or the juice of the pomegranate. Spin it counter-clockwise on Saturday at midnight, or in the hour of Saturn following dusk, and the spirit within the grave-dust will come when you call it by its true name. Ask it anything; it will answer you through the fluttering sound of the bullroarer. To lay it to earth again, spin the bullroarer clockwise and banish it in the name of **BRIMO**.

DAY 4: AGROTERRA

Meaning: Huntress

Arcana: Hekate is frequently conflated with her cousin Artemis, the Arrow-Shooting (**IOCHEAIRA**) goddess who, besides embodying the wild, untamed and virginal earth, acts as both Deerslayer (**ELAPHEBOLOS**) and Manslayer (**ANDROPHONOS**). These epithets encompass an important aspect of Hekate's godly and titanic nature. As Deerslayer she acts as the necessary thinner of the herd, the Mistress of Beasts (**POTNIA THERON**) who controls animals' cycles of birth, growth, rut and death, with her unerring golden arrows. As Manslayer, she is primal, pre-human, titanic, a granddaughter of Gaia (Earth), Pontus (Sea), and Ouranos (Sky). She preceded humans and will outlast them. She was present at all crucial mutations of our species, and will witness our last descendants' final breath. And, too, she is present at every significant change between these two extremes, both for our species, our culture, and for each of us in our personal lives. No one knows us like she does. She wove our souls into our physical forms and will, when the time is ripe, unravel them.

In simpler terms - she is our killer. She will end us when

the threads of our individual dooms converge, just as Prince Actaeon's hounds dismembered their master when Artemis discovered him spying on her as she bathed. However, for the Devotee, Actaeon's tale has a different meaning than for most. Its traditional moral is that humans should not presume to catch a glimpse of immortal mysteries, lest they suffer the consequences. But the Devotee, knowing full well that the goddess in her glory will be the Devotee's end, is liberated to take on the role of Actaeon: knowing that the goddess is APLETOS (Unknowable), she must seek to know her. Knowing the goddess is APHRATTOS (Unnamable), she must seek to name her. Knowing the goddess is AGROTASIA (Wild), she must seek to contain her. Knowing the goddess is everywhere, is endless and eternal, she must seek to draw her down to manifest in a certain place, at a certain moment in time, to perform a certain function.

The Devotee must presume much in order to connect with Hekate, and she must do so knowing that the titan she calls SOTEIRA (Savior) will ultimately be her OLETIS (Destroyer). She must accept that the very hounds that do the Devotee's bidding today, will bring her to earth tomorrow. Yet still she must worship, must make the call, must invoke, embody, give thanks, make sacrifice, pray, praise, presume. For as the stag's heart secretly yearns for its mistress's arrow, so the Devotee's soul secretly longs for the hound's tooth, for only when she has left this world can she herself manifest as a true Hound of Hekate.

Gesture: Lock the right index finger around the left thumb, and extend the left arm forward quickly until the left thumb snaps free of the right index finger like the released string of a bow. The gesture, accompanied by the whispered word AGROTERRA, draws the Huntress' attention toward the Devotee's target, be it a person or object that is desired or deplored. It is especially effective if used in conjunction with the Crescent Moon Chant in the Book of the Red Blade.

Sigil:



Use: This sigil is useful for protecting adolescent girls. Put their names within a circle and set the AGROTERRA sigil on four sides as a shielding charm. Sew it into an article of their clothing, or place it within a picture frame between the backing and a photograph of the loved one.

DAY 5: AGRIOPE

Meaning: Fierce-Face

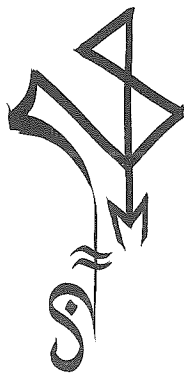
As BRIMO is bane to spirits, so AGRIOPE is bane to mortals. This epithet reflects Hekate as Sender of the Restless Ones; as Unleasher of the Jealous Dead. AGRIOPE is the horse-faced haunt that hunches over the crib; the child-thief; the birth-thwarter whose name was whispered to be Gorgo, Mormo, Gello, Erigone, Empousa. These hungry spirits served as the iron fingers of Hekate's left hand, from which her devotees prayed to be spared; for the Restless Ones were not only thought to be child-hunters, but capable of goading mortals to *furor*, the manic state which drove adults to frenzy and the young to suicide.

It is important to remember, however, that Hekate's function was primarily as a guardian and guide, and indeed her mystery cult on the isle of Aegina was thought to *cure* afflicted initiates of their madness: for the fierce faces of the Restless Dead could be kept at bay by the Fiercest Face of All: by MEDOUSA - the Protector. And it follows that the great Gorgon whose terrible visage could paralyze the unworthy could also guarantee safety to those capable of honoring the Queen of Night.

The epithets AGRIOPE and APOTROPAIA (Harm-Diverter) are flip sides of the same coin: one is the tomb-haunting ghaſt who, whip in hand, purſues unlucky mortals with laſhes of madneſs; and the other is the Gorgonic glare of AUROBORE, the Ghoul-Devourer, who ſhields mortals from the predations of the dead. Thoſe who worſhip the Black Queen are capable of calling upon either aſpect, to protect or harry, as they ſee fit.

Gesture: The Traditional "Evil-Eye" gesture: outſtretch the left arm, and curve the index and ſmalleſt finger forward like horns, with the thumb touching the ſecond and third fingers, which are curved downwards.

Sigil:



Use: Both gesture and ſigil can be uſed to direct the Reſtleſs Ones' attention to a certain target. This ſigil may be traced upon paper bearing the name and picture of the target. The paper ſhould be folded into a packet, with the epithet and ſigil inſcribed on the inſide, containing the grave duſt of a woman who died violently, young and childleſs. It ſhould be bound with black conſecrated thread that has been tied in nine knots, with each knot made beneath a waning moon in a loop held aloft and tightened around the light of Sirius, the Dog Star, while chanting the words:



Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thouſand Faces,
I call upon AGRIOPE, AGRIOPE, AGRIOPE
To bind the body and ſoul of [Name of deceased] to
work my will.

By MASKELLI bind her;

By MASKELLO bind her;

By PHNOUNKENTABAOTH bind her;

By OREOBAGRA bind her;

By REXICHTON bind her;

By HIPPOCHTHON bind her;

BY PYRIPEGANEX bind her;

To work my will until my will is done.

GELLO * GORGO * LAMIA * ERIGONE
HEKATE * HEKATE * HEKATE

The ſoul within the duſt ſhould be informed as to its function, and the packet placed on the target's property or mailed to them. When its function is completed, an offering of water mixed with honey ſhould be poured upon the grave of the ſoul whoſe duſt was uſed, with thanks.

DAY 6: AZOSTOS

Meaning: Ungirt, Unbound, Unconstrained

Arcana: Hekate is unconstrained in three ways: by being unbound by belt or garment (as ſhe is often portrayed as a huntreſs in a ſhort ſkirt); by being unbound by border or boundary (as one who has undisputed ſovereignty over heaven, ſea and earth); and by being unbound by age and era (or indeed the very arrow of time).

Thus is her body, unreſtrained, free to run, roam, and hunt the hart at all times and in all places; thus is her ſovereignty, unreſtricted, free to trammel the abyſs, the ſea-bed, the mountain-top, the moon, and the ſphere of the ſtars, without need of permission; and thus is her ſpirit uncircumscribed,

free to transcend the flow of history, and travel against the current of time, unconstrained by the logic of cause and effect.

Existing outside the flow of history, but acting as an agent of change within it, she is present whenever a choice or change diverts the flow of events so as to re-pattern the great skein of life that is woven by the Fates. And so it must be, for she is the very instrumentality of the Fates: the spindle that spins our substance into being; the loom upon which our destiny is woven; the blade with which our thread is cut.

Because of her sacred status as AZOSTOS, as facilitator of Fate, no system of worship can fully exclude her successfully. As a result, she alone is present in all systems of worship, though it pleases her to allow the form and shape of her various avatars to reflect, mirror-like, the idiosyncratic aspects of every faith. Because of her role, all systems and their citizens fear, desire and need her - whether they know it or not; and in each she is present, if hidden. For even when she is barred by the priests from their cathedrals or temples, she may nonetheless be found smoldering in the corners of their kitchens, carved into their homes' doorframes, buried in their fields, hammered above their barn doors, suspended from their wives' hips, tattooed upon their daughters' flesh. She cannot be denied for long.

She knows this. She knows no limit, for she herself is deathless.

Hekate heralded the end of the Age of Nothing by initiating the Age of Titans; then she heralded the end of the Age of Titans by initiating the Age of Gods; then she heralded the end of the Age of Gods by initiating the Age of God; then she heralded in the Age of No God; and so does she now herald in the New Age of Gods, which shall last until she heralds in the New Age of Titans, which shall last until she heralds in the New Age of Nothing.

And after Nothing's inevitable end, still shall she reign.
Still shall she reign.

Gesture: Cross your forearms, press your wrists to your chest, then let each hand sweep downward and outward swiftly in a gesture reminiscent of shaking off shackles and bonds. As she is unconstrained, so may you be.

Sigil:



Use: To remove spiritual, psychic, emotional or mental bonds, remove your clothes and jewelry, let your hair down, and draw the sigil upon the inside of each wrist with ink mixed with myrrh, while chanting the words AZOSTOS AZOSTOS HEKATE AZOSTOS. Spin in a circle with your arms outstretched, first one way and then the other, chanting as you spin like a mortal *ymx*, until a light delirium unfolds you, and you can stand no longer. Lying upon the ground with your eyes closed, a vision of her will appear in the shifting darkness as you softly continue the chant.

DAY 7: SPEIRODRAKONTOZONOS

Meaning: Clad in Serpent Tresses

Hekate is sometimes portrayed as having her brow crowned with oak twigs, with serpents entwined in writhing braids down her back. Thus, she is literally "clad in serpent tresses."

Arcana: To speak this name is to affirm allegiance to the oldest manifestation of the Great Queen - the Primal Serpent, the Eternal Witch who is the Chaos Dragon incarnate. The serpents that entwine about Hekate's head reveal her chthonic nature and embody her regenerative self, which, like the serpent, is capable of striking; of devouring; of surviving long

periods of dormancy and decay; of sloughing off outworn forms; of generating a glittering array of scales that reflect the wondering gaze of each successive age.

While Hekate is always present at our journeys' most important junctures and milestones, she becomes truly manifest upon hearing her epithets called out, seeing her rites enacted, and above all else, receiving her monthly meal (*deipnon*) which the Devotee leaves at a crossroads at the midnight hour during the new moon. This midnight meal resuscitates her in the same way that the first breath of spring stirs the serpent from its den. Her rousal is the first great step the Reader takes to become a Devotee, then Adept, then Initiate, then Hierophant, and finally Hound.

But such rousal can only be accomplished if the Devotee understands the nature of Hekate's serpent tresses: they are emanations of her innermost nature, which is sacral, amorphous, deathless, and as endlessly self-devouring (AKROPHORE) as it is self-creating. The Egyptian *uraeus* conferred royalty and divinity upon pharaohs by indicating that the wearer wielded serpent-power, and so too do Hekate's serpent tresses signify her role as primal, titanic, formless, androgynous emanation of the regenerative earth: one which transcends the constraints of gender, race, culture, and time.

Gesture: Put the thumbs of your hands beneath your ears pointing backward, and then stiffen your fingers so that they rest against your skull above your ears, jutting back like a crown of serpents.

To heal injuries and weakness, channel Hekate's enlivening fire by inhaling deeply with a hissing sound, thereby summoning primal serpent energy from the earth, and then exhale with a slow whisper, envisioning fire emanating out from your hair, eyelashes, eyes, mouth, and fingertips as you do.

Sigil:



Use: This sigil helps the Devotee recover from a wound, whether physical, emotional or spiritual. It should be carved three times into a soft wood surface such as pine or willow, colored with the Devotee's blood, touched to the afflicted area, then ritually burnt while repeating Hekate's words to Demeter as she grieved the loss of her daughter: "Mother, why do you weep?"

As the wood turns to ash, the healing wound will quicken.

DAY 8: THEA DEINOS

—
Meaning: Goddess of Fear

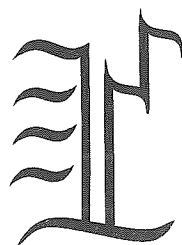
Arcana: THEA DEINOS specifically refers to Hekate's aspect as Fearful One (PHOBERÓS), Deathly One (NYKUÍA), and Grave-Goddess (TIMBYDIAN). It also reflects her own willingness to let some aspects of herself be eclipsed by others in our perception. This reveals both her acceptance of our limitations, and the brutality of our need. While her fearsome self is but a fraction of her great number, a facet of her jewel, a fragment of her unknowable whole, it is also that-without-which-she-cannot-be-known. On a certain level, to know Hekate is to fear her.

This epithet imposes an obligation upon the Devotee to familiarize herself with Hekate's uncanny aspect; to confront her in her home territory (the graveyard, the ruin, the waste,

the woods at night) in order to learn the first fearsome lesson upon which all further acquaintance depends. This lesson should not be avoided: her fearsomeness is her gift to us, since by it do we recognize her approach as Bender-of-Proud-Necks (KATAKAMPSYPSACHENOS), and it is only as such that she is able to break through our complacency to reinvigorate us with wonder and awe, and so fashion our spirits anew.

Gesture: Hands held upward, palms angled up and to the left, defensively, while the face is turned downward and to the right. This pious gesture is appropriate to show respect when confronted with emanations of her fierce aspect.

Sigil:



Use: This sigil is used to make amends; to acknowledge Hekate's authority, and to recommit to her. Trace the sigil in oil on the brow, the hollow of the throat, the heart. Acknowledge out loud one's shortcomings. And begin again.

DAY 9: KRATAIS

Meaning: Strong One

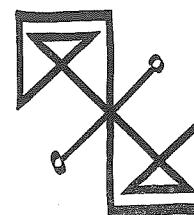
Arcana: Kratais is the decisive blow, the act that engenders change, the stunning reversal that reveals our true natures, our destinies, our ultimate fate. It yields knowledge of what will be, what will never be, and what has always been. It humbles, it elevates, it reduces, it resolves.

KRATAIS was also the name of a sea goddess with whom Hekate was sometimes conflated, and who mothered the sea beast Scylla. KRATAIS therefore has a strong connection with Hekate's EINALIAN (or oceanic) aspect; and for good reason: like the sea, Hekate is every-changing, yet always the same. Like a rock that withstands the crashing waves, Hekate is constant and immutable. Thus our changing perception of her nature reveals more about us that it does of her. With each passing age, the wave breaks - she does not.

Hekate is the daughter of Perses - of Destruction itself. She, the Endless One, is our ultimate end: the engine of change who is herself changeless; the axis around which creation rotates and revolves. She was, is, and ever will be the Dominating Force (DAMNOMENIA), the Dominator of Mankind (DAMASANDRA), the Dominator of Dominators (DAMNODAMIA).

Gesture: Sharply striking the back of one hand upon the palm of the other. This sound and gesture, accompanied by the cry of KRATAIS, immediately banishes from sacred working space all unwelcome and interfering spirits, much in the same manner as does the sorcerer's traditional cry of *Este Bebeloi!*

Sigil:



Use: When travelling over water, inscribe this sigil in myrrh ink on the instep of both of your feet to ensure a safe journey. Draw it on a delicate object and it will be less likely to break. Inscribe it on your fist to give your blows threefold force.

DAY 10: KOUROTROPHOS

—
Meaning: Nurturer of Youth

The KOUROTROPHOS is the nurturer of Kore, the Youth. Her role is that of a midwife to the mother, Easer-of-the-Pangs-of-Childbirth (EILEITHYIA), and of godmother to the child, guiding and guarding her at each step of her soul's journey. The epithet KOUROTROPHOS was often applied to Hekate's first cousin Artemis, with whom Hekate was sometimes conflated. Artemis was goddess of the untamed earth, the unplowed land, wild animals and virgin girls. Her worshippers placated her with offerings and prayers to reduce the agonizing pangs of childbirth, which were regarded as the price Artemis imposed upon those who left her virgin realm. As patron of the passage from youth to adulthood, Artemis was not only the goddess of those who made the journey successfully, but of those who did not: she was a gatherer of the souls of those who died in childbirth, and - as Goddess of the Hanged (APANCHOMENE) - of those youths who died by their own hand. In this regard, Hekate's role and Artemis' overlap: both stand at the crossroads where youth and adulthood meet, and both are caretakers of the souls of those who do and do not complete the journey. Thus, Hekate-Artemis is a syncretic goddess whom both parents and youths wisely acknowledge.

Arcana: As a mother strives to bring structure and stability to her children's lives, so Hekate brings the opposite: she brings transition and change. These life-changes forge the Devotee's spirit, like metal that is constantly re-heated, re-bent, re-hammered until it becomes what it was always destined to be. Hekate has a hundred hands, and each one holds a knife, and each of her Devotees' spirits is one such knife, whose strength and edge reflects the fierceness of her forging. Therefore Hekate's followers do not regret change, reversal and even disaster, but embrace it. It is the divine forging flame that heats us, that we may be pounded to perfection upon the anvil of Fate.

Gesture: A two-armed cradling gesture.

Sigil:



Use: This sigil may be used to ease the pangs of birth; to ensure a quick and easy death for those whose time has naturally arrived; or to mark the passing of a stillborn child or mother who dies in childbirth, thus granting them swift passage to the new realm that awaits. To this end, the sigil above may be drawn on paper and left beneath the pillows of those who are *in extremis*. It may also be traced upon the flesh with the Devotee's finger. In such cases, the sigil should be traced upon the pregnant mother's belly, or upon the hollow of the afflicted person's throat, or upon the deceased's brow. It may also be drawn or carved into the earth of a suicide's grave - with a gift of *nephalia* - to ensure that the spirit rests easy.

DAY 11: ZOOTROPHOS

—
Meaning: Nurturer of All Life

Arcana: Hekate's role is too often relegated in the popular imagination as wielder and maintainer of the death-force, when in fact she was praised by Hesiod as one whose favor granted increase of livestock in the barn, as well as success in competitive endeavors such as athletics, law and business. She thus nurtures life in three ways: first, by being the key that unlocks the various thresholds that stand between womb and tomb; second, by holding her chthonic shadow-force in check, which otherwise would draw, whirlpool-like, each soul to its conclusion prematurely; and third, by being integral to

life's conception, as she provides the very font of invisible essence which forms our soul-force.

While it may seem inconsistent to attribute life-nurturing aspects to an androgynous titan who has neither consort nor offspring, it must be remembered that Hekate is celebrated as both gate-keeper and key-keeper, and as such, she represents the singularity through which a family of two increases to three, and by which a single cell doubles, and doubles again.

Consider that this epithet is related to the contradictory nature of life, whereby all things eventually become their opposites: the unliving become the living, which become unliving again. The innocent become experienced and eventually return to innocence. The ignorant become wise, and then foolish once more. Out of nothing comes something: void takes form, and then discorporates, only to take form again. Hekate as ZOOTROPHOS nurtures and oversees each of these transitions, maintaining as she does the avenues whereby each and every thing seeks or flees its opposite. She was present when the primal chaos exploded in a burst of light that congealed into myriad forms, and she will be present at the end when every form devolves into chaos once again.

Gesture: After slapping the earth thrice, stretch the arms to either side, palms up, in a lifting gesture, as if raising life-force from the earth. This gesture may be used to raise a chthonic spirit (such as ghosts or Kerberos), a Queen of the Earth (such as Hekate or Persephone), Lords of the Underworld (such as Hermes or Dionysus), or even Great Gaia herself.

Sigil:



Use: This sigil is to be drawn upon the palms of the hands when raising earth-spirits or gods, as described above. It is also appropriate when you wish to divert a force that is anti-life, such as the impulse toward suicide, in which case it should be drawn on the flesh closest to the heart. Use it to endure the unendurable, express the inexpressible, capture contradictions, and become that which you are not.

DAY 12: ATALOS

Meaning: Compassionate One

Hekate's role as ATALOS - the Compassionate One - is best demonstrated by her quick response when she heard Demeter weeping at the abduction of her daughter Persephone. In the tale relayed by Hesiod's *Theogony*, Hekate leaves her cave and comforts the bereaved mother, advising her of what she knows of the girl's abduction. She attends Demeter as they ascend to the heavens to inquire of Helios, the Sun, as to the girl's whereabouts. From him she discovers that Hades is responsible. The god Hermes then negotiates with the God of the Dead an arrangement whereby Persephone will remain in the Underworld every year for three months, and then return to the upper world for the rest of the year. Thereafter, Hekate accompanies Persephone as "predecessor" (PROPOLOS) and "follower" (HOPAON) on her journey to and from the Underworld. During the winter months Hekate was said to remain below to provide Persephone with comfort and company.

This tale portrays Hekate's compassion as responsive, active, energetic, fearless, compassionate, and effective. Here, she is the much-needed Helper (AREGOS), the inexhaustible All-Giver (PANDOTEIRA), the true Soul-Guide (PSYCHOPOMPOS). Those who wish to emulate her can find no better example of Hekatean compassion. In the end, it is not enough to simply invoke Hekate's name to empower magical workings; to truly show Hekatean character,

the Devotee should actively listen to those who cry out with unmet need, and respond with energetic, resourceful, and committed actions to restore the upset balance, and remedy injustice.

Arcana: Helios, like Hekate, is a titan, and his daughters and granddaughters are renowned for being both sorceresses and devoted priestesses of Hekate in tales such as *The Odyssey* and *Argonautica*. It is often forgotten that Helios was considered by magical practitioners to be a chthonic deity. This was due to the fact that the ancients believed that while half of the sun's journey was spent crossing the sky above the earth, the other half was spent plunging into the farthest waters of the Western Sea at dusk, and traveling through the Underworld through the course of the night, until it rose in the East with the dawn. Hesiod's tale provides a glimpse of Hekate and Helios working together, assisting in the recovery of Demeter's child, and saving mankind in the process. This incident shows that the Devotee may combine her appeals to both Hekate and Helios when a masculine, solar power is desired. Helios is particularly useful for compassionate workings, as his fiery presence has long been associated with the sun's nurturing, generative, and life-affirming force.

Gesture: Arms crossed over the chest in an "X" shape, with the hands enclosed in fists, and the first and second fingers of each fist clutching its respective thumb. This gesture is closely associated with images of Helios-Aion, who (like Hekate) was often portrayed as holding a key, to indicate his role as unlocker of the portal between the upper and lower worlds.

Sigil:



Use: Both gesture and sigil are best used to engender compassion in ourselves and others, in a way that is both affective and transformative. The sigil may be drawn unobtrusively on the back of documents such as letters, memos, briefs, requests, complaints, forms and written messages which are created by the Devotee in an effort to aid others, prevent harm, or do justice.

DAY 13: APOTROPAIA

Meaning: Averter of Harm

An apotropaic gesture or device is one that averts evil. And the most notable apotropaic device in the ancient world was the *Gorgoneion*, a shield created to contain the Gorgon Medusa's paralyzing glare.

Medusa was said to have been a beautiful woman cursed by Athena so that she had serpent hair, and a face so frightening that her gaze turned her victims to stone. Medusa was ultimately defeated by the hero Perseus who, with the aid of the goddess Athena, showed Medusa her reflection in his mirror-like shield before beheading her. Perseus then used her head to rescue the princess Andromeda, whom he found tied to a crag in Ethiopia to be sacrificed to a sea dragon. Afterwards, Perseus gave

Medusa's head to the goddess Athena, who set it on her shield, where its frozen glare henceforth paralyzed all enemies who gazed upon it. This shield was called the *Gorgoneion*. In imitation of the original *Gorgoneion*, Greek warriors often decorated their own shields with a typical Gorgon's face: wide eyes, squat nose, lips pulled back to reveal two tusks, tongue extended, and the whole head radiating a mass of writhing snakes.

The Gorgons were said to have been sea-beasts spawned by the ocean god Phorcis (and, in at least one account, by Hekate-Kratais, a conflation of Hekate with a separate sea goddess). The Gorgons thus may be seen as descendants of one of Hekate's ocean-dwelling aspects. With this in mind, to invoke the epithet APOTROPAIA is to immediately establish a defensive shield in the tradition of the *Gorgoneion* that protects the Devotee from harm.

Medusa had two other Gorgon sisters, and thus the three Gorgons formed a triple sisterhood which paralleled the three Fates (or Morai), the three Furies (Eumenides), the three Gray Ones (Graecae), and the three Graces (Charitae). Thus, the Gorgons' femininity and triplicity (along with their serpent hair) reveal them to be primal chthonic earth spirits aligned with the oldest titanic forces. Their original nature was clearly holy: in Greek, *medousa* means "Protector." The Gorgons' original function seems to have been to challenge heroes and protect earth spirits. Unworthy foes would be paralyzed; worthy adversaries would prevail.

Arcana: The arcane secret behind the story of Perseus is that Andromeda, Medusa and the Sea Dragon are all the same entity: the Dragon is the goddess in her most primal and titanic aspect, as elemental devourer; Medusa, as half-woman-half-serpent, appears to be a hybrid of the titanic, divine and the human; and Andromeda, the epitome of human beauty and desirability, is the divine goal that Perseus fights to attain, to realize his nature as Hero.

Stripped of the non-essential trappings of gender, the tale

has much to offer the Devotee, who, Perseus-like, must confront and withstand the prospect of her own mortality and ignorance (which is symbolized by the form of Primal Devouring Sea Dragon). She does so bearing the head of the Serpent Woman (Medusa/Hekate), a mask-like trophy which she won through her ability to reflect the Serpent Woman's nature (using a mirror-like shield granted to her by the goddess of wisdom, Athena); and which she uses to free Andromeda, the chained beauty who represents the divine in its most lovely and recognizable form: as She-Who-Longs-To-Merge-With-Humans, to aid their transformation from incompleteness to wholeness. The name Andromeda itself means "Mindful of Mankind." Knowing this, the Devotee, in seeking to polish her own soul so that it reflects back the dark glory of Hekate in her fiercest form, may hope to confront the darkest forces within and without herself, and in so doing, conjoin with the Sacred Self who waits for attainment in a *hieros gamos* (holy union) in which the Devotee finds completion, transformation, ultimate knowledge, and the unutterable, everlasting delight of sacred unification with the divine.

Gesture: When confronted with adversarial spiritual forces, embody APOTROPAIA by transforming your face into a mask of the *Gorgoneion*: open your eyes wide, cross them, and then use the smallest finger of both hands to pull back the corners of both lips, baring the teeth in a feral grimace, and extending your tongue as far out and down as it will go.

Sigil:



Use: For protection in remote and dangerous locations, create an amulet which has the *Gorgoneion* on one side, and the APOTROPAIA sigil on the other. Ideally it should be made of magnetized iron, serpentine, or clay mixed with the dust of serpent skin.

DAY 14: AUROBORE

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Meaning: Eater of Restless Dead

Arcana: If APOTROPAIA is a shield, AUROBORE is a sword.

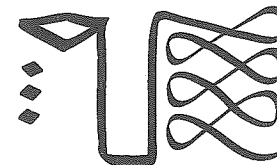
AUROBORE is the mouth of the devourer: the ALEXIKAKOS (Eater of Evil). It is the strike of the cobra *Naga Ophiophagus*, the snake-who-eats-snakes. When the Devotee encounters malevolent spirits of the departed in the course of her work, she may first attempt to placate the restless spirits with an offering of wine, milk, or tobacco, or (in the case of a haunted dwelling) by setting out a container or small statue (*Kolosoi*) specially made to house the spirit, which may then be removed to another location. But if the spirit proves implacable, it may become appropriate to invoke HEKATE BRIMO, HEKATE AUROBORE, and HEKATE APOTROPAIA to dispatch the offending ghosts.

Hekate's power over spirits is directly related to her dual nature as both PYRIPEGANYX (Font of Fire) and NEKUIA (Netter). The epithet PYRIPEGANYX identifies Hekate as the outflowing source of our soul-stuff: she is the multi-dimensional singularity through which flows the divine fire which animates our flesh. This is the reason why she infallibly attends the crucial milestones of our lives, and comes so readily when we call: she is EPIPHANESTATE (the Most Manifest One); and as our Creatrix, is as connected to us as a spider is to its web. Thus wayward souls that outstay their time on earth may be re-absorbed by the one who is both author and ender of their tale. She is NEKUIA, the

Netter who, spider-like, senses the faintest vibration from the farthest strands of her web, and can quickly harvest any being whose time has come. Therefore, it is the Devotee's mission to align herself with Hekate so that her appeals for aid will merit an immediate response.

Gesture: Place both thumbs at the hollow of your throat and place your fingertips on either side of your throat, saying AUROBORE nine times. This consecrates your throat as a vessel for spirit-speech, which is described hereafter.

Sigil:



Use: In a cemetery at dusk, draw this sigil on your throat, and make the gesture described above. After repeating AUROBORE nine times, set your left hand upon a grave. Leave your right hand upon your throat. To converse with the resident soul, name it aloud, and then ask a question while exhaling, and as you inhale, let your voice articulate the spirit's reply aloud through the medium of the inflowing breath. Reply on your exhalation, and speak for the spirit again as you inhale. Do not attempt to filter or plan the spirit's response; it will come to you in the moment in the natural course of your inhalations and exhalations. Let there be no pause between question and answer; let your mind be blank; let yourself become a two-way channel for the voice of the living to speak to the voice of the dead. When you are finished, leave a coin, and upon the gravestone draw with chalk the AUROBORE sigil, to ensure that the spirit remains behind.

DAY 15: DADOPHOROUS

Meaning: Torch-Bearer

The two torches that Hekate bears have a dual function. First, they serve to illuminate the darkness as she leads night-travelers to their destination, be it to a foreign land, the spheres of the upper air, or the depths of Hades. Second, they represent the weapon she used against her own kind when she sided with the gods at the end of the Age of Titans, and again during the Gigantomachia (War of Giants). The same flames that led Persephone out of Hades burnt the rebel giant Clytius to ash. As Torchbearer, she is thus protector and destroyer; revealer and obliterator; liberator and incinerator.

Arcana: Hekate's torches have a third, more subtle function. As in the perfect darkness of the deep sea the anglerfish's bioluminescent light draws its prey, so too does the light from her twin torches draw to her those human seekers who will become Devotees, Adepts, Initiates, Hierophants, and then ultimately, her Hounds. In this way, all attempts made by the Devotee to share Hekate's radiance with others serve as *dadaphoric* acts in which the Devotees themselves become, briefly, the flickering flames emanating from Hekate's brilliant torches.

Gesture: Both arms held aloft, to either side, the hands curved upward as if grasping two torches.

Sigil:



Use: To see spirits, write the sigil upon yew bark and burn it. Combine the ash with olive oil, melted tallow (fat), a crushed leaf of vervain, crossroads dirt taken from a cemetery, and the ashes of the Hekate's sigil that you burnt during the nine-day preparation. Gently rub the cream on and around your left eyelid. Say three times aloud, "Hekate, DADOPHOROUS, Torchbearer, as you revealed all to Kore on her descent, so reveal the unseen world to me, by MASKELLI MASKELLO etc." Then close your right eye, and open your left. If there are spirits, present, you will glimpse them.

Most importantly, the cream can reveal to you the presence of Hekate's epithets themselves, which are, in the end, simply spirit-emanations of the Queen. To invoke any of the 27 epithets to manifestation, do the following:

Purify yourself and apply the cream to your left eye. Burn myrrh. Then, having consecrated your space at a liminal hour, and having whirled the *ymx* toward you (counter-clockwise) and spoken the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula, call upon any one of the twenty-seven epithets in the Book of the White Flame, saying its name repeatedly as a mantra. Do this in a dark space lit by one black candle, saying after nine recitations, "Come to me." This may take some time. But eventually your skin will rise in gooseflesh, and the hairs at the back of your neck will prickle, signifying the spirit's arrival. Soon thereafter the epithet will manifest, either in a form that is visible, or in a discernible taste, scent, touch, or sound. It may arise within your mind as an unbidden image, shape or color, or it may take actual form as a living, breathing entity before your eyes.

When the epithet manifests, greet it respectfully, but without groveling. It is not Hekate's complete self, but an emanation, a single aspect, a servant of the Queen you serve. Once it appears, you may remain silent in its presence, or converse with it, or bid it to aid you in some manner consistent with its function. When you are finished with it, say farewell,

and spin the *ymx* in the opposite direction (clockwise, away from you) to speed its departure.

Afterwards, keep a careful record of the image or specific sensations that accompanied its arrival: these are the keys by which the epithet may be identified. The next time you call upon it, summon those specific images, tastes, sounds, smells or sensations that accompanied its initial arrival, and the epithet will manifest more swiftly and completely than before.

In the unlikely event that the epithet outstays its welcome, simply say the following: "Return to your source, the Virgin-Serpent-Bitch herself, immediately, immediately! I adjure you by **ABLANATHANALBA**, by **AKRAMMACHAMAREI**, and by these seven shudderful names" - then close your eyes and intone the seven vowels in the Lyre of Apollon, as set forth hereafter in the Book of the Red Blade. The spirit will depart. Carefully remove all of the cream and flush your left eye when the ritual is done.

DAY 16: KLEIDOPHOROUS

Meaning: Key-Bearer

As Key-Bearer, Hekate decides who passes through the portals of place, space and time. The most significant portals for the Devotee are those which link the upper and lower worlds. As one who travels between worlds with impunity, Hekate has unfettered access to all gods, ghosts, spirits and *daimons*, and thus she is an invaluable ally of the sorceress, being uniquely suited to aid in her quest to access other realms, petition gods for favor, raise spirits, visit the Underworld, and speak to the dead.

Arcana: Although Hekate is often portrayed as holding a key, she herself is the true key. She alone unlocks mysteries and unleashes the forces within us. Knowing this is the first and most important step toward piercing the veil of unknowing,

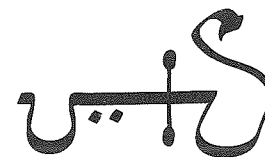
and crossing the thresholds that stand between our will and its target.

One of Hekate's main functions is **TARTAROUKHOS** (Guardian of Tartaros). Tartaros is the dark pit where the souls of the wicked reside. Supposedly it would take an anvil nine days to fall from Earth to Tartaros, which was said to be as far below the Earth as Olympos was high above it. Tartaros was said to contain all of the most rebellious titans. There in the dark they reside, imprisoned by an adamant gate. Fierce, three-headed Kerberos guards it, and Hekate holds the only key. Thus, as **TARTAROUKHOS**, Hekate is crucial to maintaining the regime of the gods and the safety of mortals. This has two applications for Devotees. The first is that Hekate, as **TARTAROUKHOS**, is the one who can capture and contain malevolent spirits which would mischief the Devotee. The other is that she can free them. The Devotee will, in time, require both services.

Devotion is divine: it is the gods' due. But magic is titanic. To work magic the Devotee must draw upon ancient knowledge and call upon the faceless forces of the Earth, compelling them by the bonds that bind them, to do her will. Doing so requires a titanic intermediary - which is Hekate's role. As the Gate-Keeper (**PROPYLAIA**) who bears the key to opening other realms, Hekate can be induced, under the proper circumstances, to unleash titanic forces which can bend the very skein of Fate.

Gesture: The left hand raised, as if holding a key, and the right hand clutching the left elbow.

Sigil:



Use: Devotees will benefit from incorporating into their practice actual keys, which embody the bodiless key of Hekate herself. These keys should be consecrated in spring water, grave-earth, and the fumes of myrrh, then inscribed with the KLEIDOPHOROUS sigil. This triple-consecration acknowledges her *ouranian*, *einanian*, and *chthonian* jurisdiction. A drop of the Devotee's blood should be added to feed its resident spirit, thus activating the item. Such keys can be worn for protection, or pressed into the earth, teeth-first, to compel the fortune of another, either for better or for worse. Additionally, two keys set into the earth on either side of a home's entrance, or hung by nails from the door-frames, will provide protection. And keys bearing the Devotee's blood may be left at sacred or special places to which the Devotee hopes to send her spirit-self in dreams or visions.

DAY 17: PROPYLAIA

Meaning: Before the Gate

In ancient times, just as every home had a door, every city had a gate, and the security of both required that a guardian be set before the entrance. These guardians were often mortal, but could be spirits as well.

The idea of a spirit-guardian is not new. In Paleolithic times, sacrificial victims were buried beneath dolmens or altars; and even in the medieval age, live cats were sometimes intentionally sealed into the walls of homes. Both practices were meant to provide the structure with a guardian who would protect the inhabitants from beyond the grave.

Hekate, as PROPYLAIA, is the ultimate guardian. Her devotees traditionally set small shrines called *hekataia* outside their doorways. These shrines were meant to create a local dwelling place for Hekate, who would be attracted to the offerings of food which would be left therein after each meal. It was believed that Hekate would feed upon the offerings,

and in return provide security for the home. In some cities her image was carved upon the main gates, so the populace would be protected from invasion by the Gatekeeper herself.

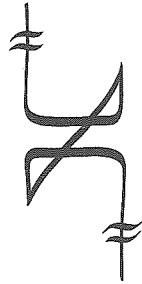
Arcana: Just as Hekate DADOPHORUS is both Torch-Bearer and Torch, as Hekate KLEIDOPHORUS is both Key-Bearer and Key, so Hekate PROPYLAIA is both Gate-Keeper and Gate. She herself is a gate; a gate to the worlds of magic, wonder, death, and new life. She is the Liminal One (LIMENOSKOPOS) who is a divine portal to the wild realms within and without us. She is the gate to our future, and to our past. She is the gate through which the Devotee can access titanic power, and thereby contact the dead.

To the unlearned, Hekate is simply one goddess of many. But to the Devotee, Hekate is the foremost titan, the most favored and most feared. And as a titan, it must be remembered that Hekate is an ineluctable force that operates on set protocols, and these protocols can be triggered - *must* be triggered - by the Devotee who seeks the very heart of magic. The Devotee knows that Hekate attends the crossroads at midnight of the new moon. Hekate has no choice but to do so: she is titan. The Devotee knows that Hekate comes when called. She has no choice: she is titan. Hekate accompanies the descender on her descent; she placates the three-headed dog; she negotiates with the Lord of Hades; she leads the ascent; she illuminates the dark path; she incinerates opposition; she devours the dead. She must; she has no choice: she is titan.

Paradoxically, although Hekate is AZOSTOS (unbound, unrestrained, unconstrained by rule or law) she is nonetheless a true cosmic earthforce, and identifies herself as such (as a titan) thereby allowing herself to be invoked and made manifest in a way that no other deity may be. Hekate, the Most-Manifest One (EPIPHANESTATE), is not only always available to the Devotee who knows the proper call, but is the one true essential portal through which other realms may be reached.

Gesture: Cross your forearms in an X-shape, flatten the palms, and bend the wrists backwards until the fingernails of both hands touch and point upward - thus forming a diamond-shaped "gate."

Sigil:



Use: Inscribe this sigil on stakes pounded into the earth at the borders of one's property to protect it from intrusion. Draw it upon a pregnant woman's belly to encourage safe birth. And when wishing to access other realms (especially before trance work or sleep), draw the sigil in honey on a piece of paper, and carefully lick it off.

DAY 18: ENODIA

Meaning: Of the Path, Of the Crossroads

The import of ENODIA is that Hekate is not so much encountered in the safety of a home or temple, but on the road, with all the uncertainty that attends a journey. Seen in this light, her company is at once practical and necessary. Those who journey are less concerned with philosophical subtleties than with safety. It is because they are vulnerable that she makes herself manifest.

ENODIA may also in some ways be seen as her urban self, the counterpoint to PHILEREMOS (Lover of Empty Places). As She of the Streets, she walks equally with the elite and the lowest of the low. But as the world of magic is

more often the resort of those who have no other recourse, it is the poor who most often gravitate toward her and her practice. And the poor are the ones that She of the Streets encounters most often. In the streets and alleys she sees the anxiety of those who seek work and security; she sees the lonely and the hunted; she sees those who are broke, hungry, debt-ridden and desperate, wandering aimlessly in search of sustenance and meaning, attempting to eke out a living at the margin of existence. And while ENODIA is also ATALOS (The Compassionate One), her function is not necessarily to remedy their suffering, but to be its chief witness; to be the sufferers' unshakable companion (PROPOLOS) on their journey.

Two other epithets may be effectively used in conjunction with ENODIA, and they are KAPETOKTYPOS (Gravebreaker) and BORBOROPHORBA (Eater of Filth). These reference the fact that in the ancient world, feral dogs and jackals would enter tombs and devour corpses in the cemeteries outside the city walls. As Hekate was sometimes called a "dog in human form," she was understood to do the same. While the image may be distasteful to the non-initiated, it is sacred to the Devotee, who sees in it a metaphor for Hekate's role in processing the dead and transitioning them, through the portal of herself, to the afterlife. And, too, it represents her willingness to engage intimately with those who are considered untouchable by society. This factor gives great hope to the Devotee who, despite her shortcomings, seeks for union with Hekate.

As ENODIA, Hekate helps the Devotee navigate the challenges of urban life. Her favor relieves its stresses and deprivations. But in return she requires that we follow her footsteps and do what we can to provide succor to the desperate. In ancient times, the food offerings left at the *hekataia* and crossroads in her honor were often eaten by the poor. The Devotee may wish to continue this practice in a manner appropriate for contemporary times.

Arcana: the central conceit of Enodia is that she embodies a nexus where separate paths converge. This nexus is sacred, because of the triple path's nature. This forking path's very shape, its "threeness," resonates with divine female power. It can be encountered in the three Fates, the three Furies, the three physical realms of Earth, Sea and Sky, the division of Time into Past, Present and Future, as well as the division of personal experience into *That-Which-I-Did*, *That-Which-I-Will-Do*, and *That-Which-I-Will-Not-Attempt*. It is the Y that is emblematic of the female genitalia. To stand at it is to step into the crux of night-energy.

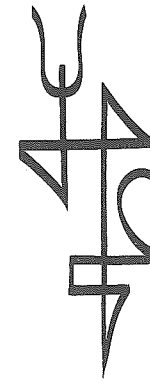
The nexus is dangerous, too, because crossroads were dangerous places: they represented uncertainty. Being poorly marked, they provided travelers with the possibility of getting lost. They were also the common haunt of brigands who lay in ambush. Additionally they were sites of public execution, and so the spirits of the Restless Dead were believed to linger there.

All of these factors - the sexual sigility; the sacred triplicity of place, time and choice; the presence of dangers physical and spiritual; and the requirement of a decision (thereby testing one's luck, intuition and will) - are reflected in the Greek epithets of ENODIA and TRIMORPHOS (Three-Formed One), and the Latin epithet TRIVIA (Triple One). Thus ENODIA, TRIMORPHOS and TRIVIA may be used by the Devotee to summon Hekate's presence at whatever literal or figurative crossroads she finds herself at. They are also useful in necromantic work when, on a spirit journey, the Devotee finds herself in the presence of Kerberos, the three-headed guardian of the Gateway to the Underworld. In such a scenario, the epithets ENODIA, TRIMORPHOS and TRIVIA, as well as *FILA TON SKYLON* (Friend of Dogs) provide the Devotee with a means of placating the Dog of the Dead by calling upon the one to whom Kerberos always grants passage.

Gesture: Arms held before the Devotee, elbows touching, thumbs interlocked, palms outward, and all fingertips touching

the palms, except for the index fingers, which are extended upwards and outwards. This stang-like gesture signifies a path (the forearms) which forks (the index fingers). It may be used to create a gestural crossroads at which she may be summoned by the recitation of her various epithets.

Sigil:



Use: For divinatory purposes, draw the ENODIA sigil on a laurel (bay) leaf and then chew the leaf to gain inspiration. Typically, this inspiration would take the form of spontaneously answering a question in verse.

For a vision, chew the leaf in a dark room lit by one candle, while holding in your lap a bowl of spring water sprinkled with the grave-earth of one who died young. Let the water have a thin film of oil on the top. Ask a question, and stare into the patterns of candlelight reflected in the oil. When you see a shape form, however briefly, name it (as in, "I see you take the form of a receding wave"; or "I see you as a shooting star"). Gradually the images in the bowl will become clearer, and your question will be answered by the spirit of the bowl through the medium of reflected light. Once finished, pour the water out at a crossroads, thanking ENODIA, and asking her to retain the spirit that you raised.

This sigil may also be etched into the earth at an actual crossroads to confuse pursuit.

DAY 19: SCOTIA

Meaning: Dark One

SCOTIA captures the literal darkness of Hekate's chthonic nature: she is of the depths of the earth, and native to the worlds of sleep, dream and death. Though able to cross the borders of day and night with ease, SCOTIA is most fully present at twilight, dusk, nightfall, and especially during midnight of the new moon.

Arcana: Hekate is present in the darkness not because she wishes to hide, but because she is a Prodigy of Night. "Prodigy" has three meanings: first, a miraculous child; second, a marvelous embodiment of a certain virtue; and last, as a natural wonder. All three apply to Hekate, who is the primal Nightchild (and as such, a sibling to Death and the Fates), the true embodiment of liminalities and magic, and a wonder of timeless, tireless earthforce that defies all limits and definitions.

Hekate is MELAINA (the Black One). Therefore, to be in the dark is to be in her; to be in actual contact with her sacred, secret self; to be intimately connected with her divine nature. Her Devotees for this reason draw energy from residing, as she does, in the gloom. For this reason they do not despise the darkness, but seek it out. And the fear they feel, if any, is holy, for it derives from the divine paradox of the darkness's double nature: it is both formless void and the embodiment of her ineffable form.

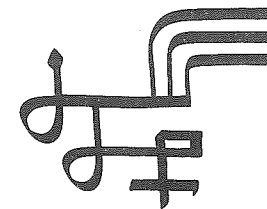
Hekate's Devotees may feed upon the gloom using *witchbreath*, which is a slow intake of breath for a four-count, holding the breath for a four-count, releasing it on a four-count, and being empty of breath for a four-count. The *witchbreath* helps the Devotee contemplate the nature of the four seasons of the earth, and of the four corresponding seasons of life. Such breaths sustain and strengthen Devotees, as they allow Hekate's darkness to enfold them, fill them, inspire them, and heal their bodies and minds.

To be in darkness, then, and mindful of being so, is to partake in Hekate's holy shadow-substance and to sacramentally engage with the ever-living Queen of Night who accompanies, advances, terminates, and renews everything and everyone.

Thracian images of Hekate are unique in their portrayal of her as a mother bearing a child. The image has value: as a mother nurses an infant with her life-force in the form of milk, so Hekate nurtures her Devotees with her own life-force, which is shadow and flame. Hekate's flame is the Formless Fire which pours continually from her sacred crux, enlivening, animating and purifying her worshippers. Her shadow is the fertile, soil-dark earth-energy that emanates from the Underworld. This chthonic substance, like black milk from a black goat, strengthens and vitalizes the Devotee, increasing her earth-power, earth-wisdom, and earth-sight, thus revealing to her the true nature of life, spirit, and magic - which is the mediating force between all things.

Gesture: Cover the left eye with the palm of the left hand, and the right eye with the palm of the right, thus literally invoking SCOTIA - the Darkness.

Sigil:



Use: When traced gesturally over both eyes, this sigil enables the Devotee to safely navigate dark territory, and to quickly find what is hiding, or hidden, or lost. An object bearing the sigil will avoid notice. An insomniac who puts this sigil beneath her pillow will find dreamless sleep. And those who sit in the darkness, both fists enclosing this sigil, will attract to themselves those spirits which abide in darkness, which will in turn gently devour the outermost, mundane shell which

encloses the Devotee, just as ants devour the outer coating of the peony in spring, allowing it to bloom.

DAY 20: PHILEREMOS

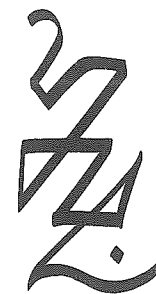
Meaning: Lover of the Abyss

Arcana: Though Hekate fought against the titans, and is charged keeping them locked in Tartaros, yet does she love her fallen kin. *Phil* means love, and *eremos* derives from *Erebus*, the Empty Place. She is thus the Void-Lover; she is ABYSSOS (Of the Abyss); and lover too of all those rebellious, fallen ones who are exiled to dwell in perpetual darkness. Some - like Koeos, Krios, Perses, Asteria - are her relations, and some - like Nyx, Styx, Khaos, Ouranos - are the primal forces which must be bound lest all creation revert back to its primeval origins. And, too, the Abyss that Hekate loves contains those who were cast down for their forbidden advocacy for mankind, such as Prometheus, the Light-Bearer, who was sentenced to eternal confinement and torture by Zeus as punishment for gifting mankind with fire.

Thus, PHILEREMOS strengthens and sustains the Devotee's attempts to connect with the primal earth forces which dwell in darkness. Specifically, this epithet can be invoked to bridge the gap between ancient praxis and the more contemporary currents by which practitioners engage the legions of spirits set forth in the medieval grimoires. PHILEREMOS contains that aspect of the Queen of Night who consorts with the infernal forces that were exiled by the Authority, and are sought out by those transgressors who would make a pact with the same.

Gesture: Make two fists and press the knuckles of one against the other, and then pull them apart swiftly, thus imitating the opening of the unpassable adamantine gates of Tartaros.

Sigil:



Use: This sigil may be used to provide a seamless continuum between archaic systems of devotion and the goetic use of post-antiquity grimoires. Draw the sigil nine times on a red ribbon and wind the ribbon around your left forearm. Having done so, your grimoire work will be attended by the aspect of Hekate which is most complementary to its particular current. In this context the Devotee may wish to address Hekate as Hekate-Selene-Enepsigos, in recognition of the secret name revealed to King Solomon by the triform lunar *daimon* which appears in the second-century grimoire *The Testament of Solomon*. In such case, this sigil will serve as the Seal of Enepsigos.

DAY 21: PHOSPHOROS

Meaning: Light-Bringer

A paradox: The Dark One is also the Light-Bringer. This is due in part to the fact that Hekate was often conflated with another titanic child of Night - Selene (the Moon). Ancient artists frequently portrayed Hekate as bearing a crescent moon upon her brow to proclaim her close relationship to the realm of Nyx generally, and to Selene in particular. Indeed, as one who bears torches into the dark realms, Hekate's fiery function, and the moon's, can be seen as nearly identical: both are night-travelers who fearlessly tread the darkness, illuminating and inspiring mortals at all places and all times.

And many of Hekate's epithets reflect this: she is the Radiant (PHAETHO) Night-Shining (NYKTOPHANEIA) Lamp-Bearer (LAMPADIOS); the Glowing (AGLAOS) Brilliant-Braided (LIPAROPLOKAMOS) Holy Light (PHOS) Who-Strikes-with-Light (PHOTOPLEX).

Arcana: Hekate is a titan, and therefore her function is titanic. Like her fellow-titan Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven to aid mankind, the light that Hekate brings is both blessing and curse. It is a blessing because by its power the Devotee is guided, protected, enlightened and inspired. It is a curse in that it leads the Devotee to night-realms which contain sights that cannot be unseen, visions that cannot be forgotten, and knowledge that cannot be unlearned. As the Devotee draws closer to Hekate's flame, and so becomes more Hound than human, she thereby attains an otherness, a strangeness, that sets her apart from the normal run of mortals, and in so doing she forgoes some of the comfort and peace of mind that comes from blending indistinguishably with the herd.

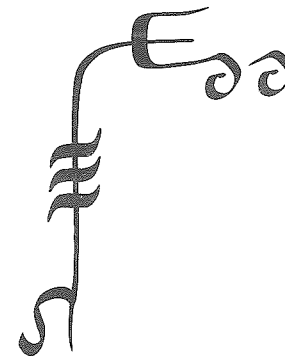
But the compensation for this otherness is the Devotee's ecstatic experience of Hekate's purifying flame, which is the very star-stuff of which her mother, Asteria, was made. PHOS is the holy light: the explosive illumination of the first astral burst that birthed our age, and also the last flicker of fire that will end our era. PHOSPHOROS therefore proclaims Hekate's role as witness to our eternal cycle of inception, birth, progression, fruition, conflict, compromise, degeneration, resurgence, and destruction - and also her role as inciter of the same. As one who heralds change, she is (though eternal) ever-changing and multiform, just as the moon is eternally itself, yet ever-altering through a cycle of increase and diminishment, of death and rebirth.

Hekate's role in the eternal drama of Earth's children results not only in Cycle (which is our experience of time) but in Story (which is our apprehension of and rebellion against time's engine, which is entropy). This explains Hekate-Selene's function as inspirer of artists and poets to excel beyond their

normal scope, and as inspirer of lovers, who by their union stave off mankind's end by producing future generations. Thus PHOSPHOROS reflects Hekate's bringing of birth-light and death-light on a cosmic, local, and personal level; and her gift of illuminating for the Devotee the mysteries of magic, ritual, and sacred lore; and also of her inspiring mortals with the ability to find meaning in the cycle of our rise and demise, in the forms of art and desire. It also provides a link between Hekate's function and that of Lucifer (The Light-Bearer) in the grimoires. To that end the Devotee may also merge the PHOSPHOROS sigil with the various sigils of Lucifer in the grimoires to create a confluence of their overlapping currents.

Gesture: Raise the left hand, palm up, outstretched toward the moon's face, as if to receive a gift.

Sigil:



Use: To gain artistic inspiration, use honey to paint the sigil at the bottom of a small glass bowl, and fill the bowl with water. Hold it up to the full moon, so that Selene's light shines through it, striking your eyes. Chant the Hymn to Selene as set forth hereafter in the Book of the Red Blade. Breathe in the moon's rays with *witchbreath* - the four-count inhalation, held breath, and exhalation, and the rapturous emptiness that follows. Say three times, "Selene, Selene, Selene: You who are without, come in!" Then cry loudly,

AKTIOPHI ERESCHIGAL NEBOUTOSOUALETH
PHROUREXIA THERMIDOKHE BAREO. Drink
the water in the bowl, then return to your work. She will
inspire it.

DAY 22: NOCTILUNA

Meaning: Night Light

Hekate is the flame that scatters the darkness, and the darkness that devours the flame. Though all-powerful and eternal, she is never static: she fluctuates, flexes, feeds, recedes, and returns. She is AKROBORE - the Tail-Biter - the serpent that devours itself. Her paradoxes proclaim her divinity: she weaves souls and devours souls; she illuminates and confounds; she frees and she binds; she empowers those she dominates, and reduces those who resist. There is nothing she cannot be and nowhere she cannot go: yet she is ever and always herself. She defies definition because to be defined is to be restricted to this and not that, and she will brook no such restriction. Therefore when the Devotee acknowledges Hekate as both SKOTIA and PHOSPHOROS, as both MELAINA and NOCTILUNA, it is an act of deference to her paradoxical divinity. By using these epithets, by admitting that Hekate is indefinable, the Devotee allows Hekate to manifest - because by doing so, she concedes nothing.

Arcana: To Hekate's Devotees, the night sky tells the story of Jason and the Argonauts, whose adventures were both blessed and cursed by Hekate's priestess, Medea. The constellations involved are best seen in the Northern Hemisphere in summer and autumn.

The story, as relayed fully in Apollonius Rhodius' *Argonautica*, tells how the Greek hero Jason journeyed in his warship, the Argo, to Kolchis (modern-day Georgia, on the Black Sea) to find the legendary Golden Fleece, which had been shorn from the sacred ram Phrixus. The fleece was guarded by

the serpent-dragon Ladon. Jason was able to steal the fleece by drugging Ladon with a sleeping potion made for him by Medea, who was Hekate's priestess and a granddaughter of the Sun. Having stolen the fleece, Jason fled with Medea from the wrath of her father, King Aeëtes. Some tales relay that they were accompanied by Medea's brother Apsyrtus, and when King Aeëtes drew too close, Medea dismembered her brother and threw the pieces into the sea, allowing Jason and the Argonauts to escape while Aeëtes stopped to mournfully gather the remnants of his son. The corresponding constellations are as follows:

The "Big Dipper" (Ursa Major) represents Medea's cauldron, in which she brewed a potion to stun the dragon Ladon.

The "Little Dipper" (Ursa Minor) is the bowl of potion Medea gave to Jason for that purpose.

The "Dragon" (Draco) that slithers between the Big and Little Dippers is Ladon, the serpent in the garden of Hesperides.

The "Lyre" (Lyra) at which the Dragon stares is the precious Golden Fleece.

The "Eagle" (Aquila) is the Argo, the ship in which Jason and Medea fled Kolchis after stealing the fleece.

The "Swan" (Cygnus) is the ship of Medea's father King Aeëtes, who pursued the Argo to recover his daughter and the fleece.

The five stars in the "Dolphin" (Delphinus) are the dismembered pieces of Apsyrtus, Medea's brother, which she threw into the sea to slow her father's pursuit.

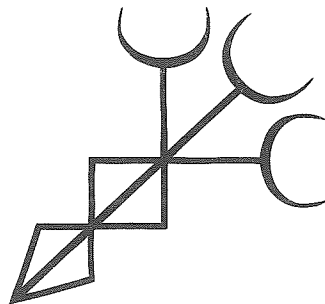
The "Twins" (Gemini) are Jason and Medea, united in love.

To the uninitiated, the tale of Jason and Medea is distasteful, referencing as it does acts of theft and murder. But the

Devotee understands that the tale has an occult meaning: Jason represents the Devotee herself, who travels great distances and faces great obstacles to obtain the Golden Fleece, which represents the recovery of sacred lore and divine gnosis. Medea represents Hekate, who aids the Devotee's efforts by granting sorcerous secrets (the potion) which enable the Devotee to overcome the dragon (the forces that obstruct the Devotee's search for knowledge and power). These sorcerous secrets are granted in exchange for the Devotee's love and devotion. Aeëtes is the patriarchal establishment, which would monopolize the spiritual power that the Devotee seeks. And the dismemberment and scattering of Apsyrtus is the Devotee's decision - enabled by Hekate - to excise and jettison those parts of herself which are so integrated with the old, obsolete regime that they impede her journey. The escape affected by Jason due to Medea's sacrifice, and their subsequent congress as lovers, represents the union of the Devotee and Hekate once all obstacles are overcome, sacred knowledge is won, and the Devotee has rid herself of those attributes and influences which would prevent her from becoming, most fully, herself. The tale culminates in a kind of *hieros gamos*, a mystical union of human and divine beings, which plays out across the sky in beautiful stellar images set against the void.

Gesture: Tightly entwine the fingers of both hands together, but extend both index fingers and thumbs outward to press against one another. Thus the hands form a shape simulating Jason's ship, the Argo. Lift the hands skyward at night, and move them from one constellation to the next, contemplating the ancient tale, and its meaning.

Sigil:



Use: To invoke the wiles and craft of Medea, draw the sigil upon the left wrist before engaging in any baneful craft. This is especially effective when performing the Rite of the Dragon Box in the Book of the Red Blade. Should you intentionally touch a target with your left hand when your wrist bears this sigil, you will draw into yourself something of the target's essence. You will thereby gain knowledge of the target, which will itself be left with a hunger for what it has lost.

DAY 23: NICTOPOLIS CHTHONIE

Meaning: Night-Walker of the Underworld

As NICTOPOLIS CHTHONIE, Hekate accompanies the Devotee's soul on its descent to the Underworld. She does this at the Devotee's final moment of death, and also when, through necromantic workings, the Devotee opens the portal between worlds and engages with chthonic powers.

Arcana: In the journey to and from the Underworld, Hekate is guide and guard. But between descent and ascent comes the actual binding of titanic powers, and then Hekate is TARTAROUKHOS, the Keeper of Tartaros - the deep abyss which was said to be as far below Earth as Earth was below heaven. Evil souls were sent to Tartaros as punishment, which is where the fiercest titans were imprisoned.

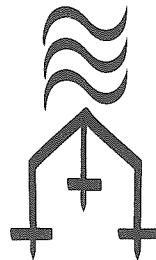
Such a place can only be reached by Hekate ABYSSOS (Dweller in the Abyss), by Hekate KLEIDOPHORUS (Key-Keeper), by Hekate NICTOPOLIS CHTHONIE. Only she can accompany the Devotee to such a dread place and unleash those forces with which the Devotee seeks congress; only she can restrain and placate them, and safely return the Devotee to the surface world.

Hekate's willingness to do so is contingent upon both her subjects' devotion and the consistency of their commitment: by providing her *deipnon* (the monthly meal left at the new

moon), reciting her holy names, learning her lore, residing in her darkness, and mastering the means by which her Mistress' attention may be compelled.

Gesture: Place the palms of both hands together in a prayer-like gesture, and tip them downwards until the tips of the fingers touch the ground.

Sigil:



Use: The sigil for NICTOPOLIS CHTHONIE avails the Devotee of protection and guidance through the infernal vales of the Underworld. With it, the Devotee can access the chthonic domains of any culture or tradition. Like the Herald's Wand which Hekate and Hermes carried, this sigil allows the bearer to enter and leave the black realms unmolested. Inscribe it upon the palm of the right hand, and when confronted by guardians, challengers and terrors on spirit journeys, display it forcefully, saying ARARAKHARA EPHTHISIKERE. You will be allowed to pass.

It will also grant impunity to those who engage in the *Messe Noire*.

DAY 24: FILA TON SKYLON

Meaning: Friend of Dogs

One of Hekate's primary epiphanies is the barking of dogs. It is not so much that her approach is *heralded* by the barking of

dogs, as that the barking of dogs itself is her *actual arrival*. It does not signify her, it *is* her. "Fierce dogs are dear to you," says the anonymous author of the PGM's *Prayer to Selene for Anything*, and for good reason.

As a denizen of the forest, the dog is a hunter; of the city, it is a guard; and of the cemetery, a scavenger. Thus, Hekate's epithet "Friend of Dogs" establishes her, respectively, as a huntress, a protectress, and corpse-eater.

From ancient times, historians observed that young black dogs would be hanged outside Hekate's sacred cave on the isle of Samothrace as an offering to enlarge her pack of ghostly hounds. Indeed, one of her titles is KYNA MELAINA (Black Bitch), and as such she may be assumed to take on dog-like attributes; namely an unerring ability to detect, track, and capture prey, and a capacity for unparalleled fierceness and loyalty. Furthermore - and most relevant to those who seek to invoke her - the ancients tell us that, like a hound, Hekate comes when called.

Hekate's Devotees have no greater wish than to serve as her hounds, both in this life and the next. In this regard her epithet Friend of Dogs gives them hope, for it signifies her favoring of the outcast, of the untouchable, and her tolerance for the company of mortals who seek to walk her path. It is an encouragement for those who fumble in the dark for inspiration, instruction, and guidance.

Arcana: FILA TON SKYLON may reference Hekate's relationship to Kerberos, the monstrous Hound of Hades begat by Typhon and Ekhidna. Kerberos guards the banks of the River Styx so that no living being can enter the Underworld, and no dead soul may leave. Herakles' last great labor was to enchain Kerberos, and drag him to the upper world. Wherever the froth from Kerberos' saliva fell to the earth, there poisonous aconite grew - a plant dear to witches' hearts, and one said to harbor great chthonic power.

As Hekate's role as KLEIDOPHOROUS (Key-Bearer) is to imprison the titans in Tartaros; and as her role as PSYCHOPOMP (Soul-Guide) is to lead souls to their fate in the Underworld; so Kerberos serves a complementary function by keeping the dead from the living and the living from the dead. By serving thus, Kerberos is in essence a gate. And as Hekate is nothing if not a gatekeeper, it follows that not only does she have dominion over him, but that he - though a son of Typhon - is a hound (perhaps the foremost) of her pack. Therefore, as her functionary, Kerberos' power can be accessed and wielded by the Devotee in rites and rituals that are consistent with both his nature and hers.

Gesture: Kneel with your right knee and your left palm touching the ground. Bow your head, looking downwards at the earth. This posture of canine submission has within it a coiled power. It silently establishes that the Devotee is committed to be Hekate's hound, with all that entails, and is therefore worthy of her favor and protection.

Sigil:



Use: Dogs have evolved the ability to devour and process that which a human cannot, and withstand conditions which would kill most mortal men and women. This sigil may be drawn upon a small piece of paper and devoured, in order to stiffen the Devotee's resolve and resilience so that she may undergo ordeals which would otherwise be impossible to endure.

Also, when confronted with an aggressive dog, whether physical or incorporeal, stay its approach by tracing this sigil in the air.

DAY 25: SKYLAKITIN

Meaning: Leader of the Pack

SKYLAKITIN emphasizes Hekate's role as the unquestioned leader of the deathly pack of souls who roam the night, both the honored dead and the Restless Ones who may have died untimely, or by violent means (*Auroi* and *Biaianthanatoi*).

Arcana: Like moths to flame, dead souls swarm about Hekate, who is their guiding light. But her function as shepherd of souls is far more than simply a transporter from the terrestrial to the chthonic realms. In some systems she also translates and synthesizes the very substance of our beings.

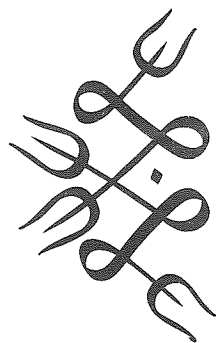
In late antiquity, some Neoplatonists believed that Hekate was instrumental in every step of the soul's journey. They thought that the primal fabric of our minds was spun forth by the solar god out of his own eternal essence, and that Hekate, who had dominion over the lunar sphere, then personally wove our newly-minted minds to our immortal soul-stuff, which gushed forth from her own body. Having merged these solar and lunar substances, she selected which body on earth we would be born into, and then followed our progress, being present as compassionate witness and unseen facilitator at our every crossroads (literal or figurative) from cradle to grave. In death, it was believed that she freed our souls from their mortal shells, and led them back to her kingdom, the Moon. There she gradually disentangled our minds from our souls, through a silent age of healing and repair, at which point our solar minds were set adrift to return to the fiery power from whence they came, thereby merging again with the Sun's essence, until eventually their raw material was spun off again to repeat the journey anew. Our lunar souls remained with Hekate, to be absorbed back into her body, merging indistinguishably with her eternal cosmic Self.

This mystical vision derives from late antiquity. But earlier Hellenic legends reveal a tale of how the captive Trojan Queen

Hecuba, driven mad by grief, was transformed into a black hound to serve as Hekate's attendant. And so it is understood that at their time of passing, Devotees may experience either a celestial or a chthonic afterlife. Therefore, those children of Hekate who wish to be undone and rendered into their *prima materia* shall be so rendered. And those who wish to remain in her service shall so remain, their bark echoing her own as they swarm about her, riding the nightwind that sweeps across the sleeping earth.

Gesture: The left hand extended palm-down toward the earth, with the two smallest fingers pressed against the palm, and the middle and index finger extended, along with the thumb. The right hand extended upward toward the sky, with the thumb and smallest finger touching, and the three middle fingers raised upward. This gesture acknowledges both the Queens of the Earth, and the Lords of Air and Fire, and attracts the notice of both.

Sigil:



Use: Carve this sigil on a small flat stone and place it under your tongue. Strip and get down on all fours when the moon is in eclipse. Repeat the phrase PHORBA PHORBOBAR BARO PHORPHOR PHORBAI EUPHORBA PHORBOREU PHORBA PHORBOR BOPHA BORBORPHA PANPHORBA until your voice transforms into a furious barking. Move as a dog. Relieve yourself as a dog. Taste raw meat. Pant. Sniff. Become a black dog in the service of a Black Queen.

DAY 26: SOTEIRA

Meaning: Savior

As SOTEIRA, Hekate is the Goddess of Deliverance from Impossible Situations. Specifically, she acts as a negotiator between opposed forces at impasse, and as a maker of treaties. Marble reliefs on ancient monuments reveal the belief that some credited Hekate with mediating an end to the war between the Greeks and the Amazons by arranging the marriage between Theseus and the Amazon queen Hippolyta. This tale is often considered to be a metaphor for the hope for a resolution to the seemingly eternal war between the genders.

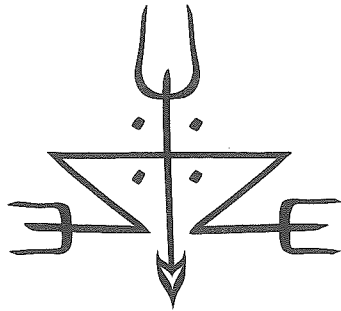
Likewise, Hekate is said to have guided Persephone's return to the upper world for nine months of the year, thus again striking a compromise between opposed male and female powers and prerogatives, and in the process saving humans from both Demeter's wrath and Hades' revenge.

Finally, some ancient storytellers relayed how Hekate, on behalf of the titanic mother-goddess Rhea, fed the titan Kronos with a stone when he had meant to devour his own son, thus allowing the infant Zeus to be safely taken to Mount Ida, where he could grow to maturity and ultimately usher in the glorious Age of the Gods.

Each of these tales shows Hekate as an upender of a dysfunctional order when opposing parties have reached an insurmountable impasse. They reveal not only a lively invention and resourcefulness on Hekate's part, but also a personal investment in achieving breakthroughs which allow old orders to end and new ones to begin. Thus Hekate is the instrumentality of Fate, and perhaps is herself an apotheosis of those all-powerful "Kindly Ones" who spin, weave, and cut the thread of every life that has ever existed, and ever will.

Gesture: Strike the palm of your right hand against your heart thrice, repeating this epithet each time.

Sigil:



Use: To alleviate mania, compulsion, and nightmares, draw this sigil on both palms. Kneel and slap your palms against the ground. Press your brow to the earth, and make your request for succor to Hekate through the medium of the Earth herself. Then take a pinch of the dirt and swallow it.

Also, when filled with gratitude for Hekate's role as SOTEIRA in your life, express it by drawing this sigil on a thin strip of cloth, tying one end of the cloth around a key, and hanging it from the bough of a tree (or lamp post) at a crossroads.

DAY 27: PANTOUS COSMOU KLEIDOCHOUS

Meaning: Key-Keeper of the Entire Universe

As Cosmic Key-Keeper, Hekate is the crux, the axis, the nexus of our reality; she is the singularity wherein the future becomes the present, and the present, the past. She ushers in each new age, and destroys old regimes. Unbound by the constraints of time, space, distance and dimensionality, she is all-able, and enables all.

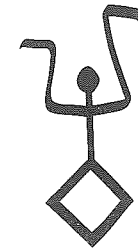
Arcana: Humans fear the gods; gods fear the Fates. They do so because the Fates determine the origin, extent, and termination of all existences, including those of the gods. Hekate is the Fates' instrumentality; but more than that, she

is a conflation of their three selves with the three implacable Furies; but more than that, she is the apotheosis of Ananke, the primal serpentine embodiment of Eternal Necessity, who in Hekate is made manifest. But more than that, she is always and everywhere her own sacred self.

And somehow, she is also a thin, unremarkable pariah dog at the edge of a great city, prying trash from fresh graves, to feed her young - her blind, hungry newborn brood. Which is what in the end we are, and always will be.

Gesture: Both arms extended outward, to either side, with the palms upward.

Sigil:



Use: To be traced either in the air, or on paper, or on flesh, at the very beginning or very end of a venture, phase, era, relationship, or life, in acknowledgment of she who was and is and will be our ultimate author, witness, and companion.

DAY 28: HEKATE'S LADDER

Wherein the Devotee may create a fetish for invoking Hekate by her epithets.

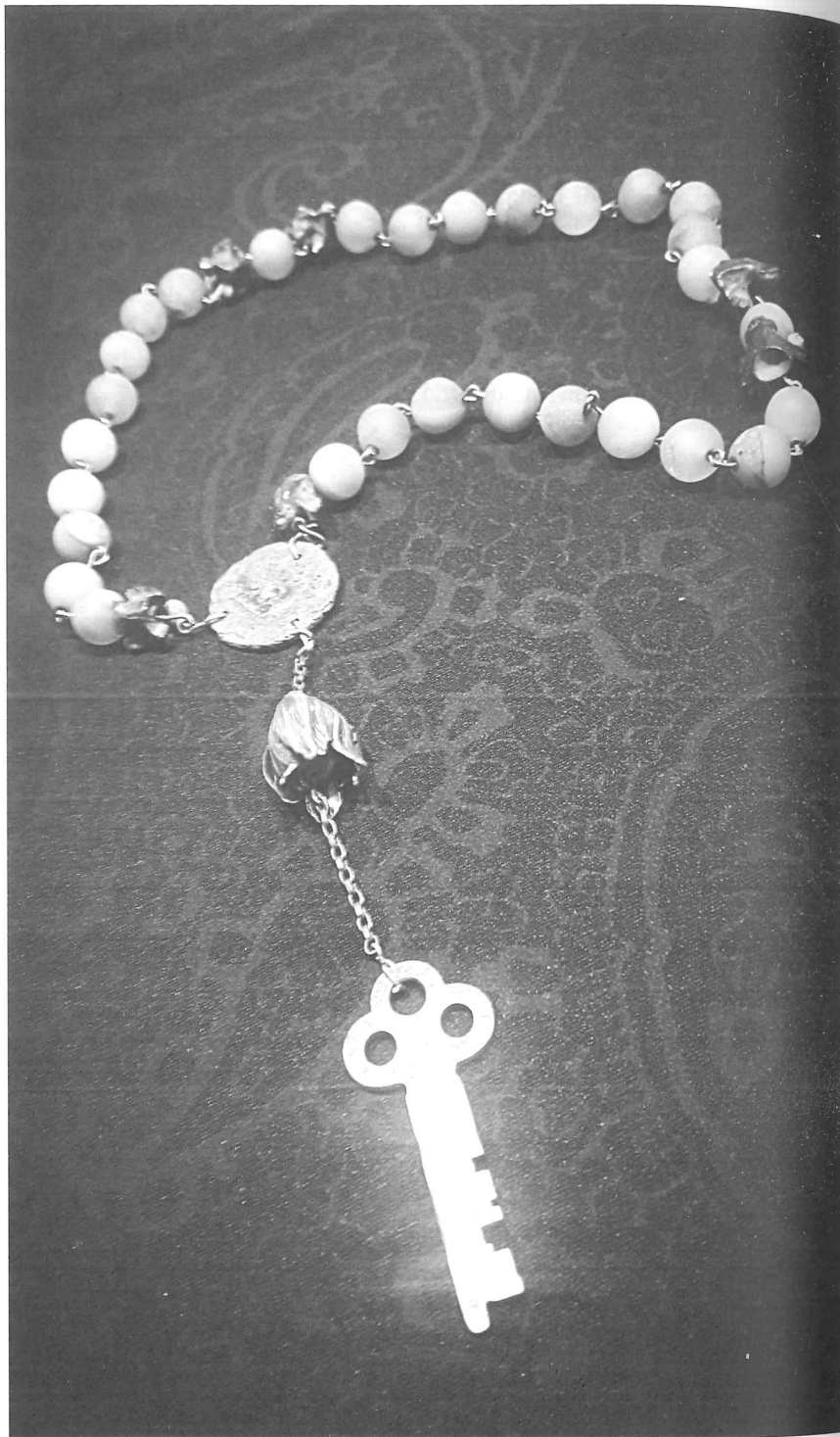
To help the Devotee travel to celestial or chthonic realms, a strand of beads and bones may be linked in the following fashion to create the Hekate's Ladder, a fetish whose function is to form a ladder of thirty-three steps which the Devotee may climb to the sacred planes where the Crescent-Horned Queen resides. Each step of this Ladder is a traditional epithet of Hekate. As the Devotee touches each of the beads, she will call Hekate by one of her sacred names. Not only is the speaking of these epithets a transformative act, but if created mindfully with the intention to conjoin with Hekate, the Ladder's very construction becomes a sacred rite in and of itself.

To build the Ladder, gather thirty beads, six snake vertebrae, fifty eye-pins, a key, a metal blossom and an object - such as a coin or pendant - containing her image, symbol, or sigil.

Insert an eye-pin through each bead, and after cutting off the unneeded length, bend the remainder into a loop just big enough to interlink with the loop of the next eye-pin, which will be inserted through the next bead, as the process is repeated.

If creating a bone-and-bead fetish is not feasible, it is acceptable to create a simple string of twenty-seven knots to aid in calling her attention. It is important to understand that the true "Ladder" is not so much the physical object as it is the chain of epithets which, when spoken aloud, inexorably draws the Devotee closer to her Queen.

Once the Ladder has been created, it must be consecrated so that it may serve as a home for a spirit ally. To this end, the fetish should be ritually "born" into the world.



To give birth to the fetish, the Ladder should be taken outside on a night with a full moon. The Devotee, having eaten little that day, and having ritually bathed, dusted with cinnamon, and having not spoken for the previous hour, should put herself into a light trance state by repeating the epithet DRAKAINA (Dragoness). Once tranced, she should slip the ladder into her mouth, and set out to a private, outdoor place - taking with her spring water mixed with honey (*nephalia*), three garlic cloves, three consecrated thorns, sandalwood incense, and a black candle.

Arriving at a crossroads, the Devotee should go down upon one knee, set the three garlic heads on the ground in a triangle, and pin each to the earth with a thorn. She should light two cones of sandalwood incense on either side of the triangle, and then pour out the *nephalia* in a circle around the garlic and candles. In the very center of that circle, she should firmly set and light the black candle. Then, in her mind, the Devotee should hear herself cry out the following words as she looks up at the face of the moon:

O Serpent of a Thousand Scales!
 O DRAKAINA! O Hekate-Selene!
 See the she who kneels before you;
 Bless the she who kneels before you;
 And from the she who kneels before you
 Draw forth, draw forth, draw forth
 A subtle serpent which will serve
 The Serpent Queen Herself.
 Find me worthy, Dragoness,
 For ever and always I serve the Serpent Queen.

KHAIRA * KHAIRA * BRIMO * HEKATE
 KHAIRA * KHAIRA * BRIMO * DRAKAINA
 KHAIRA * KHAIRA * BRIMO * SELENE

Then, staring at the moon, the Devotee will slowly cross her eyes until the moon becomes two moons which shine like glowing eyes gazing down upon her. She will stare harder until

the moon's beams seem to lengthen and brighten, reaching down from the heavens until they blind the Devotee.

At this point, the Devotee closes her eyes. She imagines, in the darkness of her inner vision, those two lights becoming eyes - the eyes of a creature of great size, which raptor-like descends, enfolds her in its wings, and swiftly merges with her.

The Devotee should inhale, hold, and exhale her *witchbreath*. In the emptiness that follows, she should feel her heart pulsing with light and life, lit from within like the moon. She will see her heart uncoil itself into a glowing serpent, which will then travel up her neck and into her mouth, growing brighter and brighter as it does. When its light can no longer be contained, she leans forward, opens her mouth, and lets the ladder, link by link, spill slowly out onto the ground. She then opens her eyes, and sees it lying there not as a chain of beads and bones, but as a subtle snake with beautiful silver scales. Struck with the beauty of this serpent-child, the Devotee picks it up, cupping it with both hands, and lifts it toward the moon. She thanks Hekate-Selene in her own words for this gift. She presses it to her breast, feeds it with her essence. Then she kisses it and takes it home.

Later that night, the Devotee will sing to the Ladder, feed it a drop of blood, and name it. She will explain to it that its function is to lead her to the realm where Hekate resides, and to raise those aspects of Hekate that conform to each epithet the Devotee invokes. The Ladder should be told that it feeds on the sound of the spoken epithets, and upon blood; and that when it is not in use, it sleeps.

Thus is the Hekate's Ladder brought into the world.

CLIMBING HEKATE'S LADDER

*Wherein the sacred epithets are revealed, and
the order of recitation is set forth.*

Once it has been created and consecrated, the Ladder is used in this way: Take in hand the first bone, and recite the call below ("Hekate, Hekate, Hekate..."), then take the first bead and recite the first epithet, and then proceed to the second bead and say the second epithet, and so on. The Devotee may recite the epithets in Greek or English (or both), as it pleases her.

Hekate, Hekate, Hekate -

Megali Thea, Megiste Titan!
(Great Goddess, Greatest Titan!)
Calleo Seh! (I call you)
Clouthi Meou! (Hear me)
Kleidzo Seh! (I invoke you)
Khaira, Hekate! (Rejoice, Hekate!)

- First Bone: Khaira, Vasilisa tis Stavrodromi
(Hail, Queen of Crossroads)
- Bead 1: BRIMO TRIMORPHOS
(Crackling Three-Face)
- Bead 2: BOUKOLOS (Ox-Herder)
- Bead 3: THEREBROMON (Voice of the Beast)
- Bead 4: AGRIOPE (Fierce Face)
- Bead 5: AGROTERRA (Huntress)
- Bead 6: AZOSTOS (Ungirt)
- Bead 7: SPEIRODRAKONTOZONOS
(Clad in Serpent Tresses)
- Bead 8: THEA DEINOS * THEA DEINOS *
THEA DEINOS (Goddess of Fear)
- Bead 9: KRATAIS (Strong One)
- Second Bone: Kore to Persi kai Asteria
(Daughter of Destruction and Starry One)
- Middle Bead: Protou, oloi oi theoi tremoun

- (Before you, all gods tremble)
- Third Bone: Khaira, Vasilisa tis Mavris Selinis
(Hail, Queen of the Black Moon)
- Bead 10: KOUROTROPHOS (Nurturer of Youth)
- Bead 11: ZOOTROPHOS (Nurturer of All Life)
- Bead 12: ATALOS (Compassionate One)
- Bead 13: APOTROPAIA (Diverter of Harm)
- Bead 14: AUROBORE (Devourer of Ghosts)
- Bead 15: DADOPHOROS (Torch-Bearer)
- Bead 16: KLEIDOPHOROS (Key-Keeper)
- Bead 17: PROPYLAIA (She of the Gate)
- Bead 18: ENODIA (She of the Way)
- Fourth Bone: Engoni to Krios kai Euribia
(Granddaughter to Ram and Flowing Force)
- Middle Bead: Protou, oloi oi theoi tremoun
(Before you, all gods tremble)
- Fifth Bone: Khaira, Anessa Eneroi
(Hail, Queen of the Dead)
- Bead 19: SKOTIA (Lover of Gloom)
- Bead 20: PHILEREMOS (Lover of Empty Places)
- Bead 21: PHOSPHOROS (Light-Bringer)
- Bead 22: NOCTILUNA
(Shining Face of the Night)
- Bead 23: NICTOPOLIS CHTHONIE
(Nightwalker of the Underworld)
- Bead 24: FILA TON SKYLON
(Friend of Dogs)
- Bead 25: SKYLAKITIN (Leader of the Pack)
- Bead 26: SOTEIRA * SOTEIRA *
SOTEIRA (Savior)
- Bead 27: PANTOUS KOSMOU
KLEIDOUKOS
(Great Key-Keeper of the Cosmos)
- Sixth Bone: Engoni to sophos Kocos kai lampsi
Phoebe (Granddaughter to wise Cocos
and bright Moonlight)

Grasp the coin tightly, saying:

Coin:

Hekate, I know that you are
unknowable - and therefore I call you
APLETOS (Unknowable One).
I know that you are unnamable - and
therefore I call you APHRATTOS
(Unnamable One).
And yet you are of the Night, so I
call you NYKTIA (She of the Night);
invincible, so I call you PRYTANIA
(Invincible One);
REXICHTHON (Earth-Splitter),
HIPPOCHTHON (Horse of the
Earth);
PYREPEGANYX (Fount of Fire);
BORBOROPHORBA (Eater of Filth).
O Rejecter of Nothing, reject not me,
but favor the one who favors you.

Draw a drop of blood with a lancet,
and touch it to the coin, saying:

There is blood upon the moon, there
is blood upon your lips.
There is blood upon the moon, there
is blood upon your lips.
There is blood upon the moon, there
is blood upon your lips.

O LYKAINA (She-Wolf);
DRAKAINA (Dragoness);
AIMOPOTIS (Blood-Drinker):
Look upon my offering with favor!
As you would be fed, feed me - for
your hunger and mine are one.

Take the blossom in your hand and
touch it to your bent brow.

Blossom: Hekate, if it please you, grant me this favor...

State your desire.

Finally, take hold of the key and touch it to your heart.

Key: Hekate, I have a key within me.

(Lift it, as an offering)

This key do I give to you.
Take it, and take me too. Guard and
guide me in my time of transition, and
lead me to where I am bound. Let me
be, in this life and the next, your
faithful Hound.

(Kiss the key thrice, then say:)

KHAIRA * HEKATE * KHAIRA *
HEKATE * KHAIRA * HEKATE

From Devotee to Adept

So ends the White Flame. Having contemplated the literal and arcane meanings of Hekate's twenty-seven epithets, and having learned their sacred gestures, sigils, purposes and praxes, and incorporated the same into the Hekate's Ladder, the Devotee has now become an Adept.

The next step requires the Adept to learn the sorcerous workings which separate the worshipper from the witch. What follows is a series of rites by which the Adept encounters Hekate's earth-forms, the goddesses with whom she is conflated, the gods that complement her function, the witches of the earth, and spirits of the Underworld. By reading aloud the ritual words set forth hereafter, the Adept further enlivens this book as a sentient servant of the Queen of Crossroads. And by performing the deeds herein, the Adept will gradually gain the experience and wisdom necessary to become a true Initiate of the Forked Path. And, too, she draws ever closer to her ultimate goal, which is to be, in this life and the next, a Hound of Hekate.

BOOK III: RED BLADE



INCARNATIONS OF THE EARTH

Three rites follow. Their purpose is to allow the Adept to glimpse a visual manifestation of Hekate through the medium of incense fumes. If performed correctly, the Adept will glimpse Hekate in one of three bestial aspects which embody her earthly nature. The sight of these zoomorphic forms is meant to inspire and strengthen the Adept's craft, and deepen her understanding of the Queen's various natures. Breathing in the fumes will also sharpen the Adept's awareness of her own subtle self, and increase her control of it, which will aid her in her spirit travels.

Furthermore, at the end of each of these three rites, the Adept will consecrate in the rising fumes a special set of leather cords, which will be used to form a sacred belt or girdle. Once activated, this cord in turn will serve as a fetish of authority over spirit-beasts.

INCARNATA: HORSE OF THE AIR

Wherein Hekate may be induced to express an avatar of herself in the form of a horse. Begin this rite by doing the usual preparations regarding purity as set forth in The Call, to include the Consecration Song. For this rite, the Adept will need dragon's blood incense, a bowl of pomegranate seeds, willow twigs, and two six-foot lengths of thin leather cord.

The Horse

Hekate is an ageless, boundless, many-formed (POLYMORPHOS) Queen of Earth, and as such has multiple animal aspects, three of which are the horse, dog, and snake. Each of these primal forms incarnates an aspect of the upper, middle and lower earth, and exerts a corresponding power.

Hekate's horse-form incarnates her jurisdiction of the upper earth: its atmospheres and mists, its vapors, fogs, mirages, clouds, and the winds that kiss its crust. It also corresponds to the higher, noetic realm of the mind.

As the horse's whipping mane is driven by the gale; as its body leaves the earth in full gallop; as it rears upon its hind legs to gain advantage of the upper air; so too does Hekate revel in high elevation, and influence the forces that flow, flatten, carve and corrode the surface of the earth and those who dwell upon it. The horse's frame reflects her might; its speed reflects her ubiquity; its proud nature reflects her unique status as She From Whom Nothing Was Taken.

To draw down her horse avatar, either obtain the skull of a horse or its image, and mark it with the sigil of Hekate's epithet THEREBROMON. Paint two of its teeth with your blood, and place white flowers in the sockets of its eyes.

It is used thus:

Hang the skull upon a wall or suspend it from a staff that stands upright. Set several bricks of incense on burning charcoal in a brazier beneath the skull so that it is wreathed in scented smoke. Place the willow twigs on it as well. Spinning the *strapholos*, arouse your *ynx* with the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula, and then call out the following words, which mean "Horse of the Air." Chant them until they lose all meaning, and you fall into a light trance:

HIPPON TAIS OURANIA! HIPpon TAIS
OURANIA! HIPpon TAIS OURANIA!

When you achieve a light trance, open your eyes and recite the HYMN OF THE WHITE HORSE:

Khaira, Hekate! Calleo seh!
Ah, Hekate, Sacred She
Of the black-flag mane and flint-hard hoof
With a neigh that caves in churches' roofs
And relieves the mother-to-be of her burden;
Queen of Air! Night Mare! You
Who move between the moon and upper earth
Easing birth, and seeking our ensoulment: Lo,
Behold: In black and gold you come! I see
The skull before me move within the smoke: the veil
Is broken: see the She who rides the wind!
Titan-kin; ATALOS! Friend to men, and yet
Their slayer, too. I offer you
Fear and love and worship.

Crush pomegranate seeds until with dripping hands you fling red juice upon the skull, saying:

Taste the juice
That bound Persephone to the black granite throne;
There is no law here but your own; and yet
As she was bound, so I bind you to me. O Queen, agree:
Be with me now this while, and hear, as I
With trembling tongue do my several hungers tell,

And cry your blessing down.
 And cry your blessing down.
 And cry your blessing down.

Then kneel on one knee, and say:

Grant, Mistress, that I may glimpse you
 In the form of a white horse; consume you
 In the form of a white horse; ride you
 In the form of a white horse, to the crossroads
 Where you wait. O unbridled steed!
 Suffer my insatiate need;
 Bless the seeker with red hands
 Who here before you stands,
 And favor her who breathes you in
 With otherworldly force!

Stare into the rising fumes, reciting the words HIPPON
 TAIS OURANIA repeatedly.

When you see the Horse of the Air, lean in swiftly and
 breathe in its form, scent, and taste. By so doing, you inhale
 her essence, and incorporate it into your physical body and the
 breath (*pneuma*) that animates it, thus making it permanently
 a part of your deepest self.

STAR CORD - PEGASOS

Before the smoke dissipates, take two six-foot lengths of
 leather cord, and move them gently through the rising fumes,
 saying:

In the name of Hekate
 Let this cord be sacred;
 Let it be the sinew
 Of Hekate's right hand.
 Let it be a white horse;
 The wing of a white horse;
 The right wing of Pegasus, of Springer-Forth;
 The wing of the white Night Mare.

HIPPOCHTHON * HIPPOCHTHON *
 HIPPOCHTHON
 REXICHTHON * NYCTICHTHON * BRIMO *
 HEKATE

Paint these two cords white. They will eventually be braided
 with four other cords consecrated in the following two rites,
 to create a fetish of great power and authority.

Awaken yourself at 3:33 AM to discover the Dream of the
 White Horse, in which Hekate or her servant may advise
 the Adept how to purify her noetic spirit.

If you did indeed glimpse Hekate in her horse form, your
 engagement with her may most likely be primarily celestial,
 with lunar associations. In such case, you should strongly
 consider performing the rites dedicated to Kirke when you
 reach the chapter regarding the Queens of the Earth.

INCARNATA: DOG OF THE EARTH

Wherein Hekate may be induced to express an avatar of herself in the form of a dog. Begin this rite by doing the usual preparations regarding purity as set forth in The Call, then sing the Consecration Song. For this rite, the Adept will need copal incense, oak twigs, raw meat, rain water, and two six-foot lengths of thin leather cord.

The Dog

Hekate's dog-form incarnates her jurisdiction of the earth's surface: its hills and mountains, vales and valleys, woods, wastes, and the cities that spread like circuitry across its crust. It also corresponds to the middle, hylic self - which is to say the physical body with all its earth-bound hungers.

As the dog will sense its prey from miles away; as it tracks unerringly; as it slays valiantly; as it deems itself a friend to man; so too does Hekate ("The Far Worker") see and sense all from afar; so does she pursue both the Restless Dead and the living who long for intercession; so does she attend the soul that cries out in transition; so does she avail both god and man as counselor, companion, and fearsome friend.

To draw forth her dog avatar, obtain the skull of a dog or its image, and mark it with the sigil of Hekate's epithet **FILATON SKYLON**. Paint two teeth with your blood, and place black flowers in the sockets of its eyes.

It is used thus:

Hang the skull upon a wall or suspend it from a staff that stands upright. Set several bricks of incense on charcoal in a brazier beneath it so that it is wreathed in scented smoke. Set before it fresh meat and oak twigs. Then spinning the *strapholos*, rouse your *ynx* with the **MASKELLI MASKELLO** formula, and then chant these words (which mean "Dog of the Earth") until they lose all meaning, and you fall into a light trance:

SKYLOS TOU SOMATOS! SKYLOS TOU SOMATOS! SKYLOS TOU SOMATOS!

When you achieve a light trance, open your eyes and recite the **HYMN OF THE BLACK DOG**:

Khaira, Hekate! Calleo seh!
 Ah, Hekate, Sacred She
 Who roams the ruins and dry creek beds
 Flanked by the ranks of Restless Dead
 Who howl out your approach: You, who poach
 The hart, and hunt the hungry souls of men:
 Final Friend: hear this prayer that draws you forth
 From out your lair into this holy place. Fierce-Face!
 Black Bitch! Witch-Hound! Haunter of hallows
 And Harrower of mounds; ghost-hungering Harrier
 Who bays the spirits of unburied men: turn again
 To hear my cry. All-Conqueror: Hear! I alone
 Now call you forth. I alone now grip the cord. O Most adored
 And awful Hound; I hear your tread upon the floor;
 Smell your hide, and see your shadow rising
 Through the brazier's scented smoke...
 O Hound-Who-Hails-From-She-Who-Hunts:
 Break not the cord nor boughs of oak.

Dip your hands into a bowl of the rain water mixed with blood from the raw meat, and fling the drops on the skull repeatedly, saying:

See the flesh before you;
 Reject not the flesh before you,
 For the flesh that comes before you
 Is the flesh that comes from me.
 O Queen, agree:
 Be with me now this while, and hear, Hound, as I
 With trembling tongue do my several hungers tell,
 And cry your blessing down.
 And cry your blessing down.
 And cry your blessing down.

Kneel on one knee, and say:

Grant, Mistress, that I may glimpse you
 In the form of a black dog; devour you
 In the form of a black dog; run with you
 In the form of a black dog, to the crossroads
 Where you wait. O inexhaustible pursuer:
 Work within your hound and through her;
 Bless the seeker with red hands
 Who here before you stands
 And favor her who breathes you in
 With otherworldly force!

Stare into the rising fumes, reciting the words SKYLOS
 TOU SOMATOS repeatedly.

When you see the dog, lean in quickly to breathe in the
 form, scent, and taste of its spirit-breath, its *pneuma*, and
 incorporate it into your deepest self.

STAR CORD - CANIS MAJOR

Before the smoke dissipates, take two six-foot lengths of leather
 cord, and move them gently through the rising fumes, saying:

In the name of Hekate
 Let this cord be sacred;
 Let it be the sinews
 Of Hekate's legs.
 Let it be a black dog;
 The hind leg of a black dog;
 The leg of Maira, the hunter's hound;
 The hound of the hunter Zagreus.

KYON MELAINA * KYON MELAINA *
 KYON MELAINA
 REXICHTHON * NYCTICHTHON * BRIMO *
 HEKATE

Paint these two cords black. They will eventually be braided

with the other four cords, to create a lunar fetish of authority.

Awaken yourself at 3:33 AM to discover the Dream of the
 Black Dog, in which Hekate or her servant may advise the
 Adept how to strengthen her hylic self.

If you did indeed glimpse Hekate in her dog form, your
 engagement with her may be primarily terrestrial, with surface-
 world associations. This will mean that you should strongly
 consider performing the rites dedicated to Pasiphae when
 you reach the chapter regarding the Queens of the Earth.

INCARNATA: SNAKE OF THE WATER

Wherein Hekate may be induced to express an avatar of herself in the form of a serpent. Begin this rite by doing the usual preparations regarding purity as set forth in The Call, then singing the Consecration Song. For this rite, the Adept will need myrrh incense, yew twigs, a snakeskin, an egg, and two six-foot lengths of thin leather cord.

The Snake

Hekate's snake-form incarnates her jurisdiction of the under-earth: specifically its seas, lakes, rivers, canyons, caverns and caves. It also corresponds to the lower, chthonic self: the soul that, like a yew tree, grows, ages, corrodes, dies, and sloughs off its deathly form to reveal new life within.

As the snake strikes unseen; as it fills its prey with venom, as it breeds in darkness, and survives the vacant season; so does she, the invisible, Ever-Present One, work her will subtly and from great distance; so does she as Queen of Witches guide the shadow-knowledge of herb and earth lore fraught with toxins that trigger delirium, ecstasy, and death; so does she in the Moon's realm - in the greatest *mysterium* - unite and disincorporate mortal mind, body and soul, thus weaving and unweaving the children of the gods before they are born and after they die.

To draw up Hekate's snake avatar from the earth, obtain the skull of a snake or its image, and mark it with the sigil of Hekate's epithet SPEIRODRAKONTOZONOS. Paint two fangs with your blood, and place red flowers in the sockets of its eyes.

It is used thus:

Hang the skull upon a wall or suspend it from a staff that stands upright. Set several bricks of incense on charcoal in a brazier beneath it so that it is wreathed in scented smoke. Add

the yew. Set a piece of snakeskin on the brazier. As it burns, spin the *strapholos*, arousing your *ynx* with the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula. Then call out the following words (which mean Snake of the Water), chanting them until they lose all meaning, and you fall into a light trance:

OPHIS NEROU! OPHIS NEROU! OPHIS NEROU!

When you achieve a light trance, open your eyes and recite the HYMN OF THE RED SERPENT:

Khaira, Hekate! Calleo seh!

Ah, Hekate, Sacred She;

You who dwell in the deep, who abide in darkness; you
Whose lair is cavern, cave, sea-chamber, grotto:

O anger-boding Brooder, Swift Eluder,
Intruder-into-the-Den-of-Others, Dragon-Mother,

All-Swallower, Awful Other, Smotherer,
Causer-of-Tremors, Temblor-Sender, Time-Bender,

Ender of Life

And Death.

O Snake

Of subtle breath, whose dreams

Defy winter's knife; you who slough off ice

In spring like a cloak; you who choke

Old unsuspecting powers, and envenom enemies of life;

O strange device entwining immortal limbs

Of lion-faced Aion, outfacing earthly tyrants;

Disgorging like eggs the souls of the unborn: O friend

Of the forlorn, be friend to me!

See in my hand this stone, this egg: and the skin

Stretched thin between.

Take up an egg in one hand, and let the other be wet with spring water and honey. Place the egg in the brazier and sprinkle with honey-water (*nephalia*) the serpent's skull or image, saying:

O Scaled Queen
 Bear witness to my worship; let
 My words invade your sleep.
 Behold - your servant waits, she keeps
 Her vigil faithfully: For
 Here am I, here am I, here am I!
 Hear, and rise from out the deep.

When your skin prickles with apprehension, say:

Now I hear the whisper of
 Your swift approach. Now
 The flames grow still, and the smoke
 Forgets to rise; now my eyes avert for fear
 Of your black unblinking gaze. O Sorrow-Easer,
 Havoc-crier, lead me through the maze of
 Your desire. Dark heart
 Crowned by a ring of fire: suffer
 My desire to know the unknowable,
 Seek the unseekable, touch the untouchable,
 Speak the unspeakable, and win your favor well.
 Be with me now a while, and hear, as I
 With trembling tongue do my several hungers tell.
 And cry your blessing down.
 And cry your blessing down.
 And cry your blessing down.

Then kneel on one knee, and say:

Grant, Mistress, that I may glimpse you
 In the form of a red snake; devour you
 In the form of a red snake; descend with you
 In the form of a red snake; O courser of the
 hidden course:
 Maiden, Serpent, Hound and Horse;
 Bless the seeker with wet hands
 Who kneeling here before you stands,
 And favor her who breathes you in
 With otherworldly force!

Stare into the rising fumes, reciting the words OPHIS
 NEROU repeatedly.

When you see the snake, inhale its form, scent, and taste,
 and incorporate its *pneuma* into your deepest self.

STAR CORD - DRACO

Before the smoke dissipates, take two six-foot lengths of
 leather cord, and move them gently through the rising fumes,
 saying:

In the name of Hekate
 Let this cord be sacred;
 Let it be the sinew
 Of Hekate's left hand.
 Let it be a red dragon;
 The left claw of a red dragon;
 The left claw of the King of Night
 Who falls earthward like flaming star.

DRACO AIMONIOS * DRACO AIMONIOS *
 DRACO AIMONIOS
 REXICHTHON * NYCTICHTHON * BRIMO *
 HEKATE

Paint these two cords red. They will eventually be braided
 with the other four cords to create a lunar girdle.

Awaken yourself at 3:33 AM to discover the Dream of the
 Red Serpent, in which Hekate or her servant may advise the
 Adept on how to prepare her chthonic soul.

If you did indeed glimpse Hekate in her serpent form,
 your engagement with her may be primarily chthonic, with
 Underworld associations. In such case you should strongly
 consider performing the rites dedicated to Medea when you
 reach the chapter regarding the Queens of the Earth.

It is important that before proceeding to the next set of

rites the Adept has actually seen, inhaled, and dreamt of Hekate in at least one of her bestial forms. This experience is necessary to begin the work that follows, and especially to know which sorceress - Pasiphae, Kirke or Medea - the Adept will eventually need to align herself with in the rites to come.

If you have not had a clear vision of a horse, dog, or serpent in the rising fumes, and have not dreamt of Hekate in one such form, do not be discouraged: it will come. All honest efforts to encounter the Queen are eventually rewarded. But you must be patient. Accordingly, you are strongly urged to begin again and repeat the three beast rites before proceeding further. If you do so, let a longer and stricter period of purification - through ritual bathing and light fasting - precede each of the rites, and success will surely follow.

If you have still not had a dream vision after doing the rites a second time, consult the oracle stones to determine whether you are ready to proceed.

If you *have* had a vision of Hekate in one of her zoomorphic forms, and have consecrated the six cords, rejoice - and proceed to the rites that follow, in which the Adept encounters Hekate in the forms of the three goddesses with whom she is most often conflated.

rites of the Moon:

THREE LUNAR GODDESSES

Having apprehended Hekate in three zoomorphic forms, the Adept will now expand her devotion to include three mighty goddesses who reign over the three spheres of celestial, terrestrial and chthonic existence, as well as the crescent, gibbous, and full phases of the moon.

Each of the following rites invokes one of the goddesses with whom Hekate was most often conflated: Artemis (her first cousin), Persephone (whom Hekate attended in Hades), and Selene (the titan of the moon). Each of these three deities have specific jurisdictions (the wilderness, the Underworld, and the lunar sphere, respectively) which overlap with Hekate's realms of influence, and each is considered to be so closely aligned with Hekate as to be, in some cases, indistinguishable. Therefore, by invoking the power and protection of these goddesses, and by performing sacred rites in their names, the Adept may both broaden and deepen her relationship with Hekate herself. The Adept may also, using the six Star Cords, create and consecrate a lunar girdle which will grant her authority over spirit-beasts, which may then be commanded to work her will.



FIRST EMANATION: ARTEMIS

Artemis, the twin sister of Apollon and first cousin to Hekate, was widely revered as a goddess of untamed beasts, unploughed lands, and virgin youths. She was imagined to be tall, lithe, and surpassingly beautiful; a huntress who pursued deer with her faithful hounds and unerring arrows. Her bent bow can be identified with the crescent moon, which in its waxing phase embodies her blessing of mortals with successful ventures, healthy development, and the safe passage of maidens to adulthood. In its waning phase, the crescent moon embodies her baneful effects, which are the failure of mortal efforts, the withering of health, acts of vengeance, reversals of fortune, and suicide.

Each of the following hymns to the three goddesses is a devotional incantation to be chanted aloud in a heartfelt manner at night. When spoken beneath a waxing crescent moon, the following Hymn to Artemis draws down the goddess's attention and favor - both of which are needed to successfully perform the rites that are set forth hereafter.

To win Artemis' favor, stand beneath the crescent moon in a private place, having near at hand a glass bowl partly filled with water from a running river or stream. Stare up at Artemis' bent bow, and then say the following:

ARTEMIC HYMN

Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
Of which one is Artemis,

O Mistress

Of the Hunt: She whose limbs are white
As chalk; uncaught; much-sought; a seeker
Yourself: through the wildwood, heeled
By a hundred shadow-hounds: Yes, You

Bow-Bender, Shaft-Fitter, Feather-Slicker,
Deer-Slayer. No prayer
Hear you, but that from a maiden's lips,
And the red froth coughed
By a heart-struck stag. Short-skirt;
Ungirt; half-glimpsed; never kissed: your lips
Part only to see the hart that flies not knowing
It's already slain.

Then, there was this: Once
In a moonlit pool you stripped to bathe
Not noticing the proud prince Actaeon
Who, hunting, paused at length to gaze
Upon unearthly flesh. His breath
Caught; he fought the urge to flee
And lost. He watched, in fear, the washing
Of your birch-bare limbs. But then
You raised black eyes. He fled, but fell: for
His skull had sprouted antlers that
Entangled every branch. Feet split to hooves.
He scrambled on all fours, pursued
By his own baying hounds whose eyes
Mistook their master.
He would have called them off, but stags
Can't speak. So they unraveled him like rope.

Huntress: young and undefiled, who walks alone;
Who calls grass "bed" and forest "home";
Who swells the ranks of the newly dead
With shafts that turn the white snow red;
You who hang Actaeon's bloody head
From the willow by its horns: be forewarned:
For here I stand among the briars, as did he
To watch the baring of your fatal form. Like his,
My desires cannot conform.
Have mercy, then, upon my brain,
Which wants what it cannot contain. Teach it
To turn, content, away, from what is not to be.
Or better yet: let me stay and stare

Without deception, without fear
At Thee.

LIBATION

After speaking this hymn, again lift the glass bowl of water overhead. Stare at Artemis' bent bow in the form of the crescent moon through the glass, and then tip the bowl and pour some of the water onto your brow. This initiatory act both purifies your physical body, and consecrates your spirit to her service. Pour the rest upon the earth, saving a small amount.

FIRST STAR CORD

Having spoken the Hymn to Artemis, and having taken her light into you in the form of moon-water, it is time to fashion the first star-cord of the girdle.

In a secure workspace, take three of the six leather cords: one consecrated to her horse, her dog, and her serpent forms. Place the white, black and red cords next to one another, and tightly secure one end of the three cords with a piece of thin wire. Then carefully braid the strands together until the three become one. Braid them slowly and deliberately, while singing the Consecration Song. When the braid is completed, fasten the loose end with wire as well, and attach to that wire some fetish - a bone, stone, bead or bit of wood - that reflects Artemic power. A dog tooth, or piece of antler, or amber, would be appropriate. Then pass the finished cord through candleflame and incense, and sprinkle it with the remaining moon water, saying:

I consecrate this cord to Hekate-Artemis
And by her drawn bow is it empowered.

ASKION * KATASKION * LIX * TETRAX *
DAMNAMENEUS * AISON
ASKION * KATASKION * LIX * TETRAX *
DAMNAMENEUS * AISON
ASKION * KATASKION * LIX * TETRAX *
DAMNAMENEUS * AISON

Then put your hands on the cord and say the Crescent Moon Chant on the following page. Once you have finished, ask in your own words for Hekate-Artemis to bless the cord with her virtue, and grant you authority to wear and use it.

Now the cord is charged with Artemic power, and the Girdle of the Moon is half completed.

CRESCENT MOON CHANT TO
HEKATE-ARTEMIS

BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA
BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA
BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA

Artemis, come!

O Goddess of the Wood, whose flesh is food
That feeds all those who hunger;
O Goddess of the fawn who dies at dawn,
And rises as nightfall stronger;

BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA
BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA
BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA

Artemis, come!

Goddess of the child born in the wild
Whose mother is the Earth;
Goddess of those who die in the throes
Of labor, giving birth;

BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA
BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA
BAUBO PHORBA, BAUBO PHORBA -
OREOBAGRA

Artemis, come!

O Artemis-Hekate-Selene
Grip the bow; bend the sinews;
Let me be the dart!
Aim me toward your target
And bury me in its heart.

SECOND EMANATION: PERSEPHONE

Persephone is the daughter of the goddess Demeter, the Earth-Mother, and is the embodiment of the fresh-flowering earth in springtime. Legend tells that the god Hades became enamored with Persephone and kidnapped the girl to become his unwilling bride. But when Demeter's sorrow threatened to destroy the earth and every mortal on it, Hermes descended to the Underworld to recover her, only to find that the girl had eaten six pomegranate seeds. Having eaten of the food of the Underworld, she would never be allowed to permanently leave it. Therefore an agreement was reached whereby Persephone would remain with Hades three months of the year, and be reunited with her mother for the other nine. Persephone's return to the upper world forever after began the blooming of the green world in spring.

Thus Persephone has a dual nature: she is celebrated during the warm months as the embodiment of fertility and rebirth, making the waxing gibbous moon, with its swelling, pregnant form, an appropriate symbol. But she is also feared as the dread Queen of the Underworld, who rules over the realm of the Dead every winter, and then is the waning gibbous moon her form. By honoring her dual nature, Adepts may gain knowledge of the upper and lower worlds, and gain influence over the living and the dead.

To win Persephone's favor, stand beneath the gibbous moon in a private place, having near at hand a glass bowl partly filled with spring water. Stare up at Persephone's fertile form, and then say the following:

PERSEPHONIC HYMN

—

Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
Of which one is Persephone,

O Queen of Hell: You fell
From the world of the living to the dead,
Where you fed upon the pomegranate;
Six seeds of pomegranate that bound you
To the granite of Hades' throne;
Six seeds of pomegranate that stained
Your red lips black, and cut the cord
That led back to your home. You were alone
Until she came - The Torchbearer,
Dadophorus -
To attend your imprisonment, and require
Your release. O Queen of Peace
Of the Grave. O Slave
To Love: Enchained by six seeds
Of your desire, surrounded by
Five rivers of fire, and the soft susurrus
Of one million dead. Lips as dark
As a fresh-cut wound; flesh
As pale as the skull of the moon; and hair
As black as the granite throne; as the lintel stone
Above the bed on which he broke you.
O Unbroken She: O Persephone:
In time, you were freed, and yet
Even after Hekate sealed the terms
Of your release, and led you forth, you wept
To leave the fields of white asphodel, and the violet
Fungal sun; the veins of gold that split the stone
Where five rivers become one. For by then
It had become your home. And he himself
Had become your home. O Queen of Bone,
Of Gold, of Cold Places, of the Peace
Of the Grave. You who reign in black. You
Who went to Hell and back, and back
To Hell again; O Final Friend, attend:
We come, we come, we come!
To your kingdom we are traveling as fast
As our unraveling lives permit. We come
To join our family and friends. O Rose of May
Who lies in winter's grave: receive our souls

In silence

And then break us to our fates upon that black,
 Unyielding bed where you learned the meaning
 Of the color red; O Queen of Bone, take us;
 Make us yours; let our names be said
 Once more by black lips, cold as stone.
 Mistress, let us love our lives,
 Fear not our deaths, and finally find
 Our future home.

LIBATION

After speaking this hymn, again lift the bowl of spring water overhead. Stare at Persephone's beautiful form looking down at you through the glass, and then lower the bowl and drink deeply from it. Pour the rest upon the earth, leaving only a small amount.

SECOND STAR CORD

Having spoken the Hymn to Persephone, and having taken her light into you in the form of moon-water, it is time to fashion the second star-cord of the girdle.

In a secure workplace, take the remaining three cords consecrated to Hekate's dog, horse and serpent forms. Place them next to one another, and tightly secure one end of the three cords with a piece of thin wire. Then carefully braid the strands together until the three become one. Braid them slowly and deliberately, while singing the Consecration Song. When the braid is completed, fasten the loose end with wire as well, and attach to the wire some fetish that reflects Persephonic power. A snake bone, piece of yew, magnet or chunk of obsidian would be appropriate. Then pass the finished cord through a candle flame and incense, and sprinkle it with the remaining water, saying:

I consecrate this cord to Hekate-Persephone
 And by her scepter is it empowered.

ASKION * KATASKION * LIX * TETRAX *

DAMNAMENEUS * AISON
 ASKION * KATASKION * LIX * TETRAX *
 DAMNAMENEUS * AISON
 ASKION * KATASKION * LIX * TETRAX *
 DAMNAMENEUS * AISON

Put your hands on the cord and recite the Gibbous Moon Chant on the next page. Then ask in your own words for Hekate-Persephone to bless the cord with her virtue, and grant you authority to wear and use it.

Now is the cord charged with Persephonic power. All that is left is to weave them together, which brings us to the next rite.

GIBBOUS MOON CHANT TO
HEKATE-PERSEPHONE

NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL
NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL
NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL

O Queen of the Moon who sleeps among tombs
And whose children are within her;
O Queen of the Moon who was taken too soon;
O May's rose in winter;
O Queen of the Moon, descend soon
As the veil grows thinner.

NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL
NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL
NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL

O Queen of Bone, your sacred song
Makes immortals envy;
O Queen of Bone, your radiant son
Drives mortals to frenzy;
O Queen of Bone, behold the one
Who loves you more than any.

NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL
NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL
NOERE KODERE - SOIRE SOIRE, ERISHKIGAL



THIRD EMANATION: SELENE

Selene is the titan of the moon, and the sister of Helios, the Sun. Since time immemorial she has been celebrated as **POLYMORPHOS**, the Many-Formed One, who is ever-changing, yet always the same. The unearthly beauty of Selene's light was seen as a bringer of passion, inspiration and madness, and as a gift to those liminal beings who live by night. Selene's nature was seen to be as changeable as her form, so that she yielded blessings as she waxed, and baneful effects as she waned. As a titan, her power was believed to be accessible to those mortals who knew the proper songs, sigils, epithets, and words of power. Her ability to cause infatuation and artistic inspiration was legendary, as was her influence over the spirits of the dead and creatures of darkness. She is clearly associated with Artemis, Persephone and Hekate, and their jurisdictions closely overlap. There can be no greater aid to the Adept's art than to develop a strong bond and working relationship with this beautiful, dangerous titan in all her various phases.

Stand beneath the full moon, and having near at hand a glass bowl filled with rain water, stare up at Selene's shining face. Contemplate its beauty and strangeness. Then say the following:

SELENIC HYMN

Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
 Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
 Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a Thousand Faces
 Of which one is Selene,

O Lunar Queen

Who rides the night in a chariot drawn
 By snow-white bulls; You who leave
 The burning brand of madness on the brow
 Of those who tilt their faces toward your
 Bold immortal orbit: O Selene! O upraised hand

With an eye drawn on the palm; O Balm
 Of Heaven! You who bring the welcome kiss
 Of sleep to fevered brains! (As venom is the bane
 Of venom, so, Selene, it takes your kiss
 To cure your kiss.) Cold mistress, draped in light;
 Traverser of the Sea of Night
 And Day;
 Revealer of the way
 For the wayward wife, and thief, and the priestess
 Who teeters on the knife-edge of belief;
 O Intoxicator; O Agitator; O Vow-Breaker
 Hear me now! O Slaker
 Of Forbidden Thirst; First-Born-Taker; Hunger-Maker;
 Ripe as a fruit about to burst
 When full. When not,
 How like a dream half-caught, always turning
 Into something just between what we want
 And what we've got; most immortal paradox:
 Silent god of poets;
 Chaste god of lovers;
 Guileless god of thieves!
 O Gazer-Down! O Morphia: never stable,
 Ever changing, mouth frozen in an open howl;
 Brow crowned with crescent horns through which
 The slow dead drift past your watchful gaze
 Into the holy maze of your being. O Freeing Force,
 O Irresistable Tryster, O Trance-Sister of the Sun,
 You who draw the tides of different wombs to one.
 O You! O Moon! O Selene! O Queen of mine:
 Mind my call, and pause
 In your rotation: O Queen of mine, please mind
 My faint oration: before your bull-drawn chariot
 Sinks beneath the sullen sea; before the four directions
 Become three; O Queen: agree! Stop to see
 Your servant on her knees - her face
 Bathed in holy light, craving both your kiss
 And bite.

LIBATION

After speaking this hymn, again lift the glass bowl of water overhead. Stare at Selene's face looking down at you through the glass and rain water, and then lower the bowl and drink deeply from it. Pour the rest upon the earth.

WEAVING THE CORDS INTO A MOON GIRDLE

Still standing beneath the full moon, take the two braided star-cords and tie them into a Herakles Knot.

Before you tighten the knot, leave a gap in the knot's center. Lift it up above your head, so that the full moon can be seen within the gap of the Herakles Knot. Before pulling it tight - thereby capturing Selene's power - say the following:

Selene, Selene, Selene! Hekate-Selene!
 Triple-Headed, Triple-Necked, Triple-Voiced;
 O shining Queen who drives white bulls across the sky:
 By pulling this cord, I hereby bind you to me,
 And me to you. See what I do.
 Favor the one who favors you.
 Bless the one who blesses you.
 Come into the one who comes to you.
 Selene, Selene, Selene! Hekate-Selene!
 Triple-Headed, Triple-Necked, Triple-Voiced;
 O shining Queen who drives white bulls across the sky:
 Hear my cry.

Then pull the cord tight. Press the knot against your brow, and recite the Full Moon Chant on the next page.

When you have finished the chant, lower the cord. Set the knot against your navel, and tie the two loose ends with the fetishes in a knot behind your back. You are now wearing the girdle. This item now contains the fumigated essences of Hekate's three zoomorphic forms and the fetishes of the three goddesses who are closest to her. Most importantly, it has captured the full moon's influence, which it now binds to the core of your being.

In the end, this physical cord is simply an outer manifestation of a more important inner change. The words you have spoken, the chants you have sung, the water you have drunk, and the promises you have made, bind you to Artemis-Persephone-Selene - and by extension, to Hekate. They bind you with bonds far stronger than any piece of leather can. Nonetheless, the girdle you have created is sacred, has great value, and will aid your art immeasurably. If you have performed these rites faithfully, even if the physical cord is lost, stolen or destroyed, the power will remain within you; because in the end, what has been cut, measured, braided and blessed, is not so much the cord as your own spirit. By doing as you have done, your deepest self has been refashioned into a tool of the Queen of Night. With that refashioning comes great power - and the authority to wield it.

FULL MOON CHANT TO HEKATE-SELENE

THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THANATHA, THANA, THAN

O Hekate-Selene, you come ever between
The traveler and her destination;
O Hekate-Selene, crescent-horned queen
You inflame the imagination;
O Hekate-Selene, serpent-like, serene
Your kiss is contagion

Which I seek
Which I seek
Which I seek.

THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THANATA, THANA, THAN

O Hekate-Selene, I am not what I seem
I have no home, no nation;
O Hekate-Selene, accept the gift I bring:
Myself, for habitation;
O Hekate-Selene, descend into my dreams
Provide illumination

Which I seek
Which I seek
Which I seek.

THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THAN, THANA, THANATHA
THANATHA, THANA, THAN

THREE BEASTS

Hekate is often referred to as being accompanied by dogs, which were probably wolves in their earliest manifestation. She is associated with owls as well, and in ancient iconography is sometimes portrayed as being flanked by lions. In this regard she is akin to the Near Eastern Great Goddess, who was, among other roles, *POTNIA THERON*, the Mistress of Beasts. This designation may apply equally well to those goddesses with whom Hekate is most often conflated: Artemis' earliest epiphany was most likely a bear, which would be consistent with her reputation of defending children placed under her protection. Persephone, with her associations with the three-headed dog Kerberos and the two-headed hound Orthos, has many parallels with Hekate *FILA TON SKYLON* (Friend of Dogs). And Selene's blank, unblinking gaze has long been connected to the gaze of owls, while her crescent-moon crown has been said to be the horns of a divine white bull - a creature whose traits were also attributed to Hekate *KEROSIS* (Horned One).

Authority over beasts, in short, is a hallmark of the lunar goddesses, and now that the Adept has, through prayer and incantation, aligned herself with Hekate's *ouranian*, *einalian*, and *chthonian* powers, and has created a girdle to channel the lunar influence that is particular to *NYKTIA*, the Nocturnal Queen, she too shares in the Queen's authority over the spirits of animals associated with the night.

The following rites combine three disparate threads: connection to the Hekatean goddesses, power over animal-spirits, and authority over the dead. The Adept need not perform all three rites immediately. But she should perform at least one. She should know of at least one person who should be protected, bound, or avenged; and such ones should receive their due.

The following rites provide the means of doing so, through the agency of spirit-beasts. The Adept should not be squeamish about such work; after all, the Greeks believed that it was through mortals' actions that the gods influenced the physical world. So by enacting any one of these rites, the Adept gives the goddesses whom she serves a great gift: the means and opportunity to rule through mortal agency.

THE BEAR OF ARTEMIS

Being a rite to create a fierce servant that will guard, protect, and watch over the Adept or someone close to her.

On a night of the waxing crescent moon, put on the Moon Girdle, and then take clay and mix it with the grave-earth of a woman who was, in life, a good mother. Fashion the clay into the shape of a bear, at least four inches in length. Cut the tips off of several sharp thorns from a tree such as a hawthorn, blackthorn or honey locust, and press them into the bear's feet so that they stick out like claws. A small hollow should be formed in the center of its back, and into that hollow should be put a bear tooth or claw (or replica of the same), mixed with your own hair, spittle, and blood. Add a leaf of wormwood. Also place into the hollow a living thing - such as a bee - as well as a small piece of paper containing the name of the one you wish to protect, surrounded by each of the letters in Artemis' name. Then seal the hollow off.

On the outside of the bear inscribe the following words:

A
AR
ARK
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ARKTO
ARKTOS

Bake the bear in an oven for an hour until the clay hardens. When you have taken it out, paint it white and black. Then set it upon a table containing lit incense of myrrh, white flowers, fresh fruit, and *nephalia* (spring water mixed with honey). Do the usual actions to purify yourself and consecrate the space. Chant the Crescent Moon Hymn to Hekate-Artemis while spinning your *strapholos*. Pass the bear through the incense, touching its face to the flowers, fruit and *nephalia* in turn. Exhale slowly into its open mouth. Then say the following:

Spirit of the grave;
[Name of Departed] son/daughter of [Name];
From nothing I called you,
And to nothing you will return.
Know that you are welcome here;
Know that you are a great white bear;
Know that you are consecrated to the service
Of one who serves Hekate-Artemis: for I am she
Who serves Hekate-Artemis. Know that I am your
mistress.

See these sacred foods I set before you, upon which you
now feed.

Be alive. Be loyal to me. In the name of Hekate-Artemis,
obey my command.

And my command is this:

Recite the bear's charge in your own words; namely, that it watch over, guard, protect, and keep from harm a certain person, whom you now name. Tell the bear that it does not sleep, nor need sleep; it is alert at all times and everywhere, and that it will warn its ward of pending danger, and when possible deliver them from all injury and harm. Tell the bear that it can never hurt you or its ward, and that its existence may be ended only when its clay form is destroyed. Otherwise it will perform its function perpetually.

Give the bear to its intended ward, and tell her to keep it safe. If this is not possible, tell the bear to follow its claw, and pull out one claw and either mail it to its ward, or set it on the ward's property.

THE HOUND OF PERSEPHONE

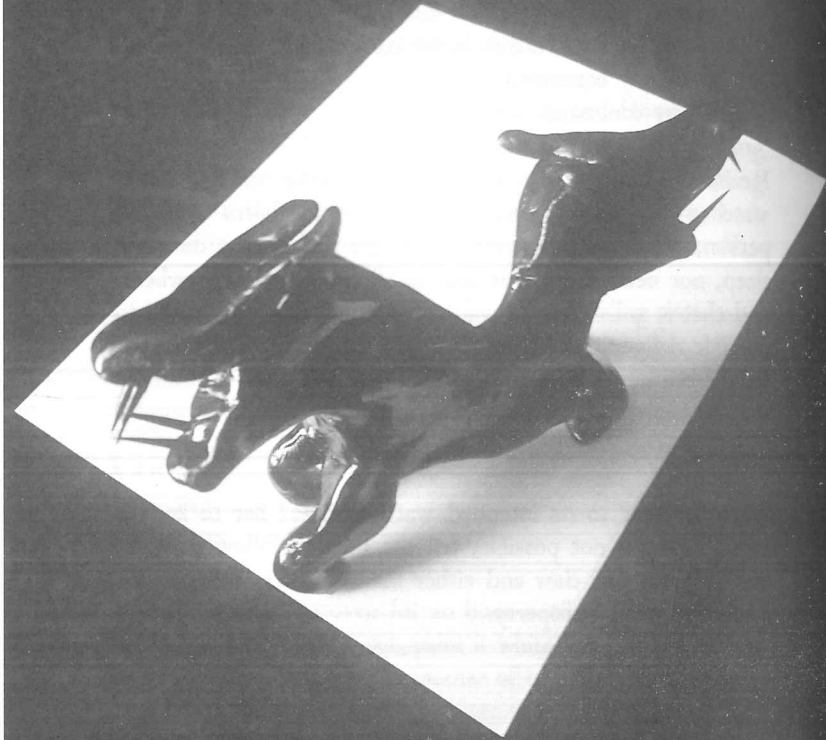
Being a rite to create a vengeful servant that will pursue and harry its quarry.

On a night of the waning gibbous moon, put on the Moon Girdle, and then take clay and mix it with the grave-earth of one who has died violently. Fashion the clay into the shape of a two-headed dog, at least four inches in length. The dog should have four legs but no tail; there should be a head on either end, facing in opposite directions. The mouths of the heads should be open, showing teeth - which should be made of cuttings from thorns of hawthorn, blackthorn, honey locust, or some such sacred plant. A small hollow should be formed in the center of its back, and into that hollow should be put dog hair mixed with your own hair, spittle, blood, as well as a leaf of aconite or hellebore. Also place into the hollow a living thing such as a scarab beetle, as well as a piece of paper containing the name of the one you want it to hunt (with any material of theirs) surrounded by the letters in Persephone's name. Seal the hollow off.

Into the flesh of the dog inscribe the following words:

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OR
ORT
ORTH
ORTHO
ORTHOS

Bake the dog in an oven for an hour until the clay hardens. When you have taken it out, paint it black and red. Set it upon a table containing lit incense of myrrh, dark flowers, fresh fruit, and *nephalia*. Do the usual acts to purify yourself and consecrate your space. Then, after chanting the Gibbous Moon Hymn to Hekate-Persephone three times while spinning your *strapholos*, pass the dog through the incense, touching its two faces to the flowers, fruit and *nephalia* in turn. Exhale



slowly into its open mouth, and then say the following:

Spirit of the grave;
 [Name of Departed] son/daughter of [Name];
 From nothing I called you,
 And to nothing you will return.
 Know that you are a two-faced hound;
 Know that you are forever bound;
 Know that you are consecrated to the service
 Of one who serves Hekate-Persephone: for I
 Serve Hekate-Persephone. Know that I am your mistress.
 See these sacred foods I set before you, upon which you
 now feed.
 Be alive. Be loyal to me. In the name of Hekate-
 Persephone, obey my command.
 And my command is this:

Recite the dog's charge in your own words; namely, that it seek out, pursue, overtake, and harry a certain person, whom you now name. Tell the dog that it does not sleep, nor need to sleep; it is alert at all times and everywhere, and that it will seek its prey until it finds it, and harry it unceasingly so that the target can neither eat, drink, rest, sleep, or be at ease in any way, so that his health and peace of mind vanish like the waning moon. Tell the dog that it can never hurt you or those close to you, and that its existence may be ended only when its clay form is destroyed. Otherwise it will perform its function perpetually.

Tell the dog to follow its tooth, and pull out one of its thorn teeth and either mail it to your target or put it on the target's property.

THE OWL OF SELENE

Being a rite to create a swift servant that will fill its target with desire.

On a night of the full moon, put on the Moon Girdle, and then take clay and mix it with the grave-earth of one who has died by her own hand. Fashion half the clay into the shape of the person whom you desire, and with the other half form a *stryx* - a witch-owl - whose shape is that of an owl with a long, thin serpent's tail. Etch upon the clay person the name of your target, and add into it any material you have belonging to them. Then wind the *stryx*'s serpent tail about the clay person from foot to neck, so that its owl-body perches on top of their head. For eyes, draw two large circles in the owl's head and poke deep holes in the center of them with a thorn. The owl's wings should be made of thorns cut from a sacred tree. The thorn-wings should be outspread. Using thirteen thorns, pin the owl's serpent-tail to the body it encompasses, securing it from every side and angle. Then gouge a hollow in the figure's back. Put into the hollow a piece of feather mixed with your own hair, spittle, blood, as well as the petal of a moonflower (*datura*), or nightshade. Also place into the hollow a living thing that can fly, such as a wasp. Then add a piece of paper showing your name and the target's name entwined, and surrounded by the letters of Selene's name. Seal the hollow off.

Into the flesh of the owl inscribe the following words and sigils:

S
 ST
 STR
 STRY
 STRYX

Bake the figure in an oven for an hour until the clay hardens. When you have taken it out, paint the owl white and red. Set it upon a table containing lit myrrh incense, red flowers,

fresh fruit, and *nephelia*. Do the usual to purify yourself and consecrate the space. Then, after chanting the Full-Moon Hymn to Hekate-Selene three times while spinning the *strapholos*, pass the owl through the incense, touching its face to the flowers, fruit and *nephelia* in turn. Exhale slowly into its open mouth, and say the following:

Spirit of the grave;
 [Name of Departed] son/daughter of [Name];
 From nothing I called you,
 And to nothing you will return.
 Know that you are a silent Stryx;
 To my love you are affixed;
 And consecrated to the service
 Of one who serves Hekate-Selene: for I
 Serve Hekate-Selene. Know that I am your mistress.
 See these sacred foods I set before you, upon which you
 now feed.
 Be alive. Be loyal to me. In the name of Hekate-Selene,
 obey my command.
 And my command is this:

Recite the *stryx*'s charge in your own words; namely, that it seek out, pursue, overtake, and latch on to the heart of a certain person, whom you now name. Tell it the names of your target's mother. Tell the owl that it does not sleep, or need to sleep; it is alert at all times and everywhere, and that it will seek its prey until it finds it, and fill the prey's heart with desire (either sexual or platonic) for yourself or another. Tell the owl that it can never hurt you, and that its existence may be ended only when its clay form is destroyed. Otherwise it will perform its function eternally.

Tell the owl to follow its feather, and pull out one thorn from its wing and mail it to its target, or set it on the target's property or person.

Once the Adept has performed at least one of the three Beast Rites, she will be ready to create an avatar of the

fiercest beast of all - Kerberos, the great three-headed Dog of the Dead. This consecration is very different than the previous three. The clay vessels of the spirit-beasts were meant to perform one function and one function only, and were animated by a small earth spirit made of clay, an insect, and dust from the departed. But the Kerberos Rite is a different matter altogether. Kerberos is an enormously powerful chthonic spirit whose function is to guard the gate between the worlds of the living and the dead. Once animated, his power will concentrate Hekate's presence in ways that must be experienced to be believed.

Before proceeding further, contemplate whether you are ready to engage such a spirit. If necessary, consult the oracle stones. If you draw a white stone, consider fashioning more spirit-beasts to further develop your art. But if the stone is dark, then proceed to the following rite knowing that you have been deemed ready for the great encounter that is to come.

THE HEADS OF KERBEROS

Being a rite to consecrate three canine skulls.

Kerberos is a fierce spirit whose function is to guard the entry to the Underworld so that the living cannot enter and the dead cannot leave. The ferocious offspring of the god-defying beast Typhon and the dragoness Echidna, Kerberos manifests in the form of a three-headed dog with a serpent-tail and serpent-mane. He is closely aligned with Hekate: both guard thresholds; both have power over the dead; and both are depicted as having hybrid snake and dog forms. Therefore, when conducting rituals in which Hekate, titanic forces, or the dead are invoked, it is wise to engage a spirit ally whose sole purpose is to control such entities. To this end, the following ritual provides a means of consecrating three canine skulls to the service of Hekate-Persephone-Selene. Once consecrated, they will attract and house a spirit of Kerberos to protect and empower all formal workings.

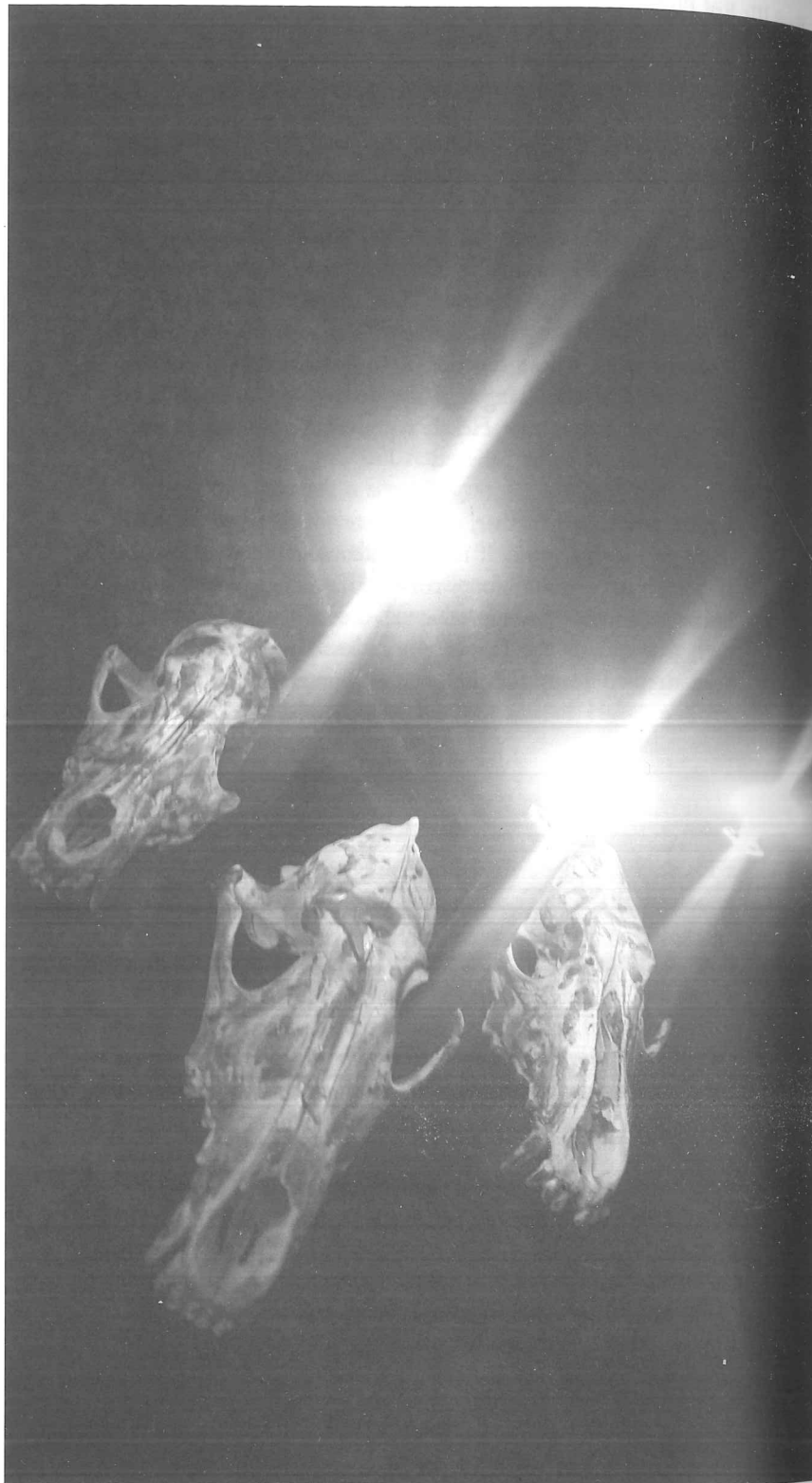
At midnight of the new moon, having obtained three canine skulls (or their image), set them before a bowl of spring water mixed with salt, a smoldering cone of myrrh incense, and a lit black candle. One by one, pass the three skulls through the water, smoke and flame, saying the following words for each one:

Sprinkling the salt water on the skull:

Brine you are not brine, but the tears
Persephone shed. Rain down, rain down, rain down
Upon this hound's head. And you, head: drink deeply
Of the waters of the dead. Persephone,
Put the soul of Kerberos into this waiting head!

Putting your right hand on the skull, and your left hand on the ground:

Rise, Rise, Rise - Great Kerberos!



Rise, in the name of AIMOGENES
 Rise, in the name of KOMPHTHO
 Rise, Rise, Rise - Great Kerberos!

Passing the same skull through the rising myrrh fumes:

Smoke, you are not smoke, but the cloud
 Of Brimo's breath. Lift, lift, lift, the veil
 Between life and death. And you, head: breathe deeply
 The broth of Brimo's breath. Let the living
 Rule the living, and the dead rule the dead. Brimo,
 Breathe the soul of Kerberos into this waiting head!

Putting your right hand on the skull, and your left hand on
 the ground:

Rise, Rise, Rise - Great Kerberos!
 Rise, in the name of AIMOKYN
 Rise, in the name of KOMASITH
 Rise, Rise, Rise - Great Kerberos!

Passing the same skull through flame:

Flame, you are not flame, but Selene's
 Bright gaze. Burn, burn, burn, into this bone
 Maze. And you, head: bravely bare
 The heat from this blaze. Let the living
 Rule the living, and the dead rule the dead. Selene,
 Put the soul of Kerberos into this waiting head!

Putting your right hand on the skull, and your left hand on
 the ground:

Rise, Rise, Rise - Great Kerberos!
 Rise, in the name of AIMOPHYN
 Rise, in the name of KOMNOUN
 Rise, Rise, Rise - Great Kerberos!

Do the above for each skull, then touch the mouth of each
 with raw meat and spring water, saying:

See - I give you meat, each to each, head to head.
 See - I quench your thirst, each to each, head to head.
 Now! In the name of our Mistress, the great and dread
 Hekate-Persephone-Selene,
 Come Kerberos, rejoicing at my call,
 Into these waiting heads!

Having consecrated each head, set them together and place
 your two hands on them so that all three are being touched.
 Then, in your own words, introduce yourself to them. Tell
 them who you are, and what you require of them; namely,
 that they have been selected by you and purchased by you
 and consecrated by you to serve yourself - you, who are a
 servant of Hekate. Tell them that their function is to draw
 up from Hades the spirits of Kerberos' three heads when told
 to do so, thereby sanctifying, protecting, and empowering
 your sacred workings. Tell them that you are their master,
 and will feed them after every successful rite, and that they
 must ever and always be loyal to you and you alone. Then kiss
 each one on the brow, and welcome it to new life. Set them
 in a secure container, and tell them that when they are not
 in use, they sleep, and will feel neither heat, cold, boredom,
 hunger nor thirst when encased in their home. Cover them
 with a rich cloth, and keep them safe. Every time you use
 them satisfactorily, touch food to their jaws to reward them
 afterward. The customary foods to placate Kerberos are
 figs and oat cakes, and these will suffice, although blood or
 raw meat will also serve. Use them regularly, and they will
 become invaluable guardians and conduits to the Underworld.

You have now created and consecrated extremely powerful
 servants; ones which, hound-like, will serve you loyally if
 tended with consideration and respect.

The following rite sets forth the means by which the skulls
 are used to activate the spirit of Kerberos himself.

THE CALL TO KERBEROS

*A rite for sanctifying and securing a ritual space by calling
the Hound of Hades.*

Having consecrated the skulls, the Adept must now learn to use them in a ritual context. When beginning a rite, she should walk backward into the ritual space, mark out a circle with a piece of iron, and then let each hand clutch its thumb as she begins the invocation. As each of Kerberos' heads are named, the Adept should set along the circle's edge one of the outfacing canine skulls, evenly spaced apart. Ideally, the first should point to the South-East, the second to the South-West, and the third to the North. As each skull is set down and the invocation spoken, the Adept should gently place her left foot upon it, to secure each third of the circle in turn. As this is being done, a black candle is lit and set within one of the eye-holes of each skull to light the space and signify that the skull has been activated, and is alert. Here follows the Call to Kerberos:

Kerberos, Kerberos, Kerberos -
Black Dog who guards the shores of Styx -
In the name of Hekate-Persephone-Selene
I summon you, O son of Typhon and Echidna
To secure this circle against all gods and ghosts
That would disturb my prayer.

I call you by your serpent tail
I call you by your serpent mane
I call you by your three heads
And by this call are you bound.

Lifting up the first head:

Kerberos, Kerberos, Kerberos
In the name of Hekate-Persephone-Selene
I call you by your first head;
I call it by the sacred name of AIMOGENES KOMPHTHO

Born-of-Blood Shaker-of-the-Earth;
You whose bellows echo hell and scatter ghosts like
autumn leaves:
I set my foot upon your brow, and by this are you bound.

Set the skull down, touch it with your left foot, then set a lit black candle in its eye-hole. Then lift the second head and say:

Kerberos, Kerberos, Kerberos -
In the name of Hekate-Persephone-Selene
I call you by your second head;
I call it by the sacred name of AIMOKYN KOMASITH
Shedder-of-Blood Shaker-of-the-Ground;
You whose bite is bitter poison; whose saliva
Seeds the earth with witch-delighting aconite;
I set my foot upon your brow, and by this are you bound.

Set the skull down, touch it with your left foot, then set a lit black candle in its eye-hole. Then lift the third head and say:

Kerberos, Kerberos, Kerberos -
In the name of Hekate-Persephone-Selene
I call you by your third head;
I call it by the sacred name of AIMOPHYN KOMNOUN
Blood-Letter Shaker-of-the-Abyss, You
Whose claws are hooks that halt each flitting shade,
And pin it to its fate; I set my foot
Upon your brow, and by this are you bound.

Set the skull down, touch it with your left foot, then set a lit black candle in its eye hole. Then kneel and put your left palm against the earth, and say:

Kerberos, Kerberos, Kerberos -
O son of Typhon and Echidna!
Black dog that guards the shores of Styx
I summon you to secure and strengthen this circle!
And draw forth your dread Mistress when I so command:

I call you by your serpent tail
 I call you by your serpent mane
 I call you by your three heads
 And by this call are you bound.

Having called forth Kerberos, the Adept may address the spirit or god that she then calls upon.

At the end of the ritual, provided that the Hound has fulfilled his function, his presence may be dismissed with words of thanks:

Kerberos, Kerberos, Kerberos -
 I release you from my call: So
 Walk the black road,
 Ride the black wind,
 Cross the black water,
 And return, return, return
 Great Kerberos,
 To the infernal shores of Styx.

The skulls may be fed at a later time, to reward them for their service.

The Adept has now completed *The Hekateon's* Rites of the Moon by calling upon the Queens of the Moon, and obtaining the virtue needed to create and consecrate servant beasts and chthonic spirits. She has progressed from Reader to Devotee to Adept, and has learned methods which she may now modify and adapt to serve her own purposes.

To progress to the next level, however, she will need to rise to the heights of the heavens and descend to the depths of the Underworld. Doing so requires the patronage and protection of three chthonic solar powers which were the traditional counterparts of the lunar goddesses. To this end, the Adept is urged to explore the Rites of the Sun, which are set forth hereafter.



rites of the sun:

three chthonic gods

It is written that even though Hekate was the "most beloved" titan, the gods themselves trembled in her presence. Their regard for her seems to have been universal: there is no record of any god opposing her, and neither is there a developed myth of any god being her lover or consort. As for male counterparts, Hekate is most intimately connected with Hermes, the messenger of the gods, who, like Hekate, has jurisdiction over borders and boundaries, is closely associated with magic, and serves as psychopomp to departed souls. Rites to honor the integration of Hekate and Hermes follow separately at the end of this book.

The three goddesses that Hekate is often conflated with - Selene, Persephone, and Artemis - are closely associated with three particular gods who offset, balance, and in some respects magnify their powers. These three gods also have the distinction of being the goddesses' brothers. They are, respectively, Helios (the titan of the Sun), Dionysus (the god of madness and ecstasy), and Apollon (Artemis' twin).

Each of the aforementioned gods has chthonic influence; each

is closely associated with magic and the realm of the dead; and two of the three (Dionysus and Apollo) are considered to be, like Hekate and Hermes, deeply androgynous. Therefore, by forming relationships with these male gods, the Adept may greatly increase her ability to access those aspects of Hekate which are considered more masculine in nature. Equally important is that the rituals which follow will prepare the Adept to work with the dead.

In addition, each ritual culminates in the creation of an item sacred to the god, which will protect and empower the Adept in her night journeys.

THE PHYLACTERY OF HELIOS-AION

Helios is the titan of the sun, and brother to Selene. He is considered both a celestial and chthonic power, and may be invoked to contact the shades of the dead who reside in the Underworld.

It may seem strange to think of the sun as a chthonic deity. And yet the ancients did: they saw the sun track its course across the sky by day, sink below the western horizon at dusk, and then rise again in the East with the dawn. To them, the only explanation was that during the night, the sun had made a night-journey through the Underworld from the western horizon to the eastern. And since only the mightiest gods and heroes were said to be able to enter and leave the Underworld at will - and since Helios did so *every night* - he was deemed to have great power and influence over the Underworld; Hellenized Egyptians referred to him by the epithets of KOMPHTHO (Shaker of the Earth), KOMASITH (Shaker of the Ground), and KOMNOUN (Shaker of the Abyss). He was understood to have regular contact with the rulers of the Underworld and with the dead themselves. As a fierce, fiery, invincibly strong traverser of the heavenly/earthly/chthonic circuit, he was deemed to be eternally powerful and closely associated with the principle of resurrection and death-resistance. In magical rites he was often conflated with Aion, the serpent-bound, lion-headed god who embodied Eternity, and Life's perpetual struggle against Entropy.

With the following invocation the Adept calls upon Helios-Aion. The purpose of this rite is to petition Helios-Aion for the power to communicate with deceased souls, and to gain protection against retaliation from the Restless Dead. This power and protection will be attained through the creation of a phylactery - a small square of metallic foil, which will be worn during all necromantic rites hereafter. To this end, obtain two pieces of gold (or gold-colored) foil about four inches by three inches in length. Using a thorn, etch upon the first foil the following words:

HELIOS

AO EY EOI AIOE YEOA OUORZARA
 LAMANTHATHRE KANTHIOPER GARPSARTHRE
 MENLARDAPA KENTHER DRYOMEN
 THRANDRETHRE IABE ZELANTHI BER
 ZATHRE ZAKENTI BIOLLITHRE AEO OYO EO
 OO RAMIATHA AEO OYO OYO OAYO

And upon the second, the following words:

AION

ATHEZE PHOI AAA DAIAGTHI THEOBIS PHIATH
 THAMBRAMI ABRAOTH CHTHOLCHIL THOE
 OELCHOTH THIOOEMCH CHOOMCH SAESI
 ISACHCHOE IEROUTHRA OOOOO AIOAI

Attach the two strips of foil to each other so that the deities' names face outward. The invocation is strengthened if the Adept speaks in view of the sun, burns frankincense, and holds in her left hand cat fur wrapped in the skin of a snake. In her right should be the two strips of gold foil and a sliver of magnetite, which will form the phylactery.

On a Sunday, standing before the rising or noon-day sun, and holding the phylactery in one hand, read aloud the secret names of Helios and Aion on either side of the foil. Then raise your face to the sun and cry out the following words with great conviction:

HYMN TO HELIOS-AION

—

Aion! Aion! O lion-faced god encircled
 By a snake that bites its tail beneath your feet.
 The chain's complete, entwining everything except
 Your roar, which comes inexorably before
 Each birth. For you we hunger! For you we thirst!
 IAO ADONAI SABAOTH! AOTH ADONAI, IAO!
 Aion! God of the uncontainable

Contained; god of the unrestrainable
 Restrained. O you! All vegetative life
 Leans toward the light emitted from your fragrant
 Brow. Hear now, how your holy howl
 Shatters the winter ice like glass! See the new grass
 Rise at the touch of your hot breath! And see
 The sea rise at the swift and sudden death
 Of dark. Behold the morning sun outshines
 The morning star! Your roar engulfs the jackal's bark
 As swift as summer thunder. O wonderful prisoner
 Of Time, who thrashes as its coils tighten, and bellows
 At the loss of breath. Though foreseen, your death
 Is arrested by your roar. So roar on!

BARBAR ADONAI AOTH SABAOTH IAO AZAI
 IAO!

O beautiful verdant foe of that crowing cock
 That wields the circle shield and has, for legs,
 Two tails that lash the deep. O Enemy of Sleep
 And Age, whose sacramental rage echoes
 Joyful over fallow fields, ensuring autumn's yield
 Is heavy! O Fertile Father, Belly-Sweller, Yeller
 Of that fecund phrase that makes the mare grow big
 And the barren wife conceive: roar on,
 Endless Roarer! Let the blows of your violent laughter
 Fall ever after and before each little death
 That makes up life. O Wooer of the Earth,
 Let your cry come twice as often
 As before! You are the wind beneath the door,
 The ceaseless singer whose raw song leads
 To what comes next. O Magnus Rex:

IAO SABAOTH AION! IOA SABOATH AION!
 ABRASAX ABRASA ABRAS ABRA ABR AB A
 AOTH SABAOTH AION - IAO!

Aion! O brilliant fire that unfolds
 Above the polar ice. Aion! Red disc

That inflames the sea's device. Aion!
 Flickering eyes that constellate
 The void. Aion! Forked tongue that flashes
 When two chaoses collide; like lightning
 Licking the lower sphere, fathering new forms
 And formulae, ideas and intelligences:
 Lyrics to the age-old song: O long-sufferer
 Who can do no wrong and heeds no wound.
 Doom-Defier, Life-Crier, Soul-Inspirer:

IAO BARBARAI BARBAROATH!

Aion! Aion! Aion! Endless Roarer
 Whose forked tongue seeds with souls
 The darkness. See! How every bolt hits its mark:
 The lightning rod that is Herself: her hissing hair
 Alive with the sound of your voice; her writhing form
 Illumined by the flashing fire that arcs
 From one pole to its twin. O mystery
 Profound! Wherein the Lion Mind meets
 The Serpent Soul, gushes forth in stellar forth
 And drifts to earth like dandelion seeds,
 And like a seed, finds purchase, splits,
 Roots, pierces, drinks, devours, and so finds
 Enfleshment. O mystery profound!
 Which is our very birthright, and of which
 We are ourselves the proof.

IAO!

Aion, Aion, Aion,
 Lion-faced father forever enchained, behold
 The child who stands before you! Behold
 Your child who declares knowledge of you!
 Behold, your child who makes demands of you!
 For hear me: I make this call by the holy
 And unbreakable bond between Father and child;
 Artist and art, singer and song:
 Behold me! We correspond, you and I, as eye

To tear, and vein to blood, and sex to seed: behold
 My need! O hear me, for my call is strong! Louder
 Than your roar, sharper than your tooth, stronger
 Than your chains. I call you, Aion, by the serpent
 That binds you; by the expanse of time that stretches
 Before and behind you; by your hunger;
 By your anger; by your need to propagate;
 And lastly by the name of great Hekate, she
 Who is axis, portal, and enabler
 Of your desire: Aion! As Zeus overcame his sire
 Kronos, so do I outshout your agony
 And bend you to this place.

IAO!

PHYLACTERY OF THE SUN

Fold the gold foil sheets in half three times around the fur,
 skin and magnetite, forming a phylactery, and seal it by pressing
 a pin through either end, while speaking aloud this request:

Helios, Lord of Fire,
 As this stone is clothed in gold,
 Protect me with your blazing flames
 When to the Underworld I travel;
 Let your force flow through my veins
 And sheathe me in your strength; ignite
 My gaze, that all souls might
 Obey me, and the Restless Ones
 Turn as tinder touched by the fire
 Enkindled by your roar.

Then preserve the phylactery with a protective cover made of
 black and gold cloth. Fashion it so that it may be wound about
 your wrist, bicep or neck when traveling to the Underworld
 in visions, in sleep, or when working with the dead.

CALL TO AN ANCESTOR

While Hekate is the ultimate psychopomp, there is a long
 tradition among sorcerers of asking guidance from their

departed ancestors to gain insight into the mortal and spirit realms. The problem for most modern practitioners is that they do not know of a specific ancestor of theirs who would be a willing guide to their spirit-journeys.

To remedy this, write an open letter to your ancestors, as such:

This letter is addressed to those women and men
 Who are my great-grand-parents, and their parents
 Before them, and theirs before them, going back
 A thousand generations. Know that I am [Your Name]
 And I am of your blood; I am of your line; I am your kin.
 I seek knowledge of my ancestors; I would favor those
 Who would favor me. I promise food, and drink, and light,
 And sweet scents, and conversation, and a hundred
 kindnesses,
 For the ancestors of my line who will make themselves
 known
 To me. I seek one who will treat me as a beloved
 grandchild:
 To guide my steps, advise me wisely; warn me of dangers,
 And to help and assist me at all times. If you are of my
 blood,
 And if you would answer my call, come to me tonight
 at [midnight, etc.]
 In a dream, and clearly state your name to me. This I ask,
 This I ask, this I ask, of those ancestors of mine who
 would receive
 Love, respect, and honor, from one who is their kin
 By blood, or bond, or fortune.

Having written the letter, wearing the phylactery, burn frankincense at sunset on a Sunday and, in full view of the sun, recite the Hymn to Helios-Aion. Afterward, in your own words, ask the god to deliver the letter you've written to all those of your blood in the Underworld, ending your prayer with these words:

Holy Helios, grant me, tonight at [midnight, etc.]
 A vision, clear and true, of one
 Of my blood, my kith, my kin, my kind,
 My line: an ancestor to guide my journey.

Burn the letter and bury the ashes underground at a crossroads while facing West. Pour out a glass of fiery spirits on the spot, and return home, setting your alarm for the designated time. That very night, at the appointed hour, an ancestor will appear to you in a dream. Expect the unexpected: they may take the form of an animal, or of one still living. Do not be deceived: no matter how unlikely the form that appears in your dream, it is nonetheless one of your kin who is making themselves known to you; they are merely using the raw material of your memories to fashion a semblance of their long-departed self. Whoever appears, welcome them with gratitude and respect, and the next day create a shrine or space for them, and leave frequent offerings. You will thereby gain a powerful ally and guide.

It goes without saying that this rite may be easily adapted to contact a person who, though not kin, is nonetheless a knowledgeable master who could serve as your mentor.

Even if you do not seek a guide, but merely wish to send a message to one who is departed, you may still write a heartfelt message to that person, and when the sun is setting on the horizon, burn it in a flame consecrated by calling out the Hymn to Helios-Aion, and make an offering of frankincense. Bury it at a crossroads along with a coin. The message will be delivered that night.

THE SPIRIT TRAP

As one begins to traffic with the spirit world, it is inevitable that certain mischievous or malignant spirits may bleed through between realms to inconvenience the Adept. In such cases, it may be wise to set a spirit trap.

Helios, as the blazing titan that burns across the sky by day

and navigates the Underworld by night, is bane to all restless souls who would mischief humans. And Hekate, as Netter (ARKUIA) and Devourer of Ghosts (AUROBORE), is well-regarded as a reaper of the unquiet dead. To this end, a simple spirit trap incorporating the power of both may be fashioned to snare a restless presence, as thus:

Take a clay cup or bowl which has never been used before, and inscribe around the inside rim four sun-signs to represent the power of Helios. Below the sun-signs, write the following sentence in a spiral from the rim to the bottom of the cup:

AS SHADOWS FLEE THE SUN ALL SOULS MUST FOLLOW ME.

At the very bottom of the cup, inscribe the image of a spider-like woman in a web, and write above it **HEKATE ARKUIA**, and below it **HEKATE AUROBORE**.

Fill the bottom of the cup with a mixture of milk and blood drained from raw meat, and leave it out overnight. The next morning, the trap will have caught any loose spirits. Such spirits can be dealt with by taking the cup outside your house, stamping your foot three times, and pouring out the mixture upon the earth, saying:

GAIA * GAIA * GAIA

As the crow devours the hung,
As the sow devours her young,
So swallow this unwelcome guest,
By the time my song is sung -
And now it's sung.

To seal the spot, trace upon the earth with your left hand the **AUROBORE** sigil from the Book of the White Flame. The spirit will not return.

THE BLADE OF ZAGREUS- SABAZIOS-DIONYSUS

Dionysus is a strange god. He is Persephone's brother, but also her son - for the Orphic myth relates that they share the same father. Legend tells that Chthonic Zeus, in the form of a dragon, mated with his daughter, Persephone, when she, in the form of a serpent, was coiled within her lair. The product of their dragon/serpent union was a horned child with power over all wild beasts, whose name was Zagreus - an epiphany of the great god Dionysus.

Modern readers may recoil at the idea of incest, but the ancients knew that incest in this context was not meant to indicate an actual abusive relationship: its significance was mythic. It portrayed the conjunction of primal, divine forces which, though separate, were related (in this case, the heavenly virility of Zeus paired with chthonic fertility of Persephone) and combined to create new forms and forces that had never before existed. Here, the Lightning-Father and the Blossom-Daughter conjoined to create a child whose being integrated aerial fire and chthonic fecundity, and who synthesized the human and the bestial.

But Zagreus did not live long. The Orphic tradition tells that Zeus' jealous wife Hera ordered the titans to slay the child. They complied, whitening their faces with lime and luring the child to a deserted place, where they dismembered him. But before the titans could devour his corpse, Zeus discovered their treachery and blasted them with a lightning bolt. As for Zagreus, Zeus snatched up his still-beating heart at the last moment. Soon after, he impregnated his mortal lover, Semele.

Semele carried the fetus for several months until Hera dared her to make Zeus swear by the River Styx to reveal his true form to her. Semele did so, only to discover that Zeus' epiphany is the lightning bolt. Semele was thus incinerated by divine fire, as the titans had been.

But Zeus was able once again to rescue his beloved child, and this time he placed the fetus in his own thigh. There Dionysus safely remained until he was born again - this time from his *father's* body. Thus Dionysus is the only god to have been killed twice; the only one to have been born thrice; and the only one who was carried to term in the bodies of a divine goddess, a mortal woman, and a male god. He is therefore a unique being of incomparable strangeness: a bringer of madness who is himself mad; an intoxicator, a causer of ecstasy in whom joy and fury are intertwined; an awakener of our animal-nature who is himself the apotheosis of indomitable LIFE lived in the NOW.

This invocation calls upon Zagreus-Sabazios-Dionysus, a late conflation of the mad god of wine and revelry whose Underworld epiphany is a chthonic bull, or serpent, or bull-serpent. The rite's purpose is to awaken the god, attract his attention, and drink him in the form of wine, so as to create within oneself a hybrid of self and god which can be called the GodFace. By doing so, the Adept will gain the favor of his mother Persephone, and the authority of Dionysus himself to call, command and dismiss the dead.

As with any rite involving titans, Underworld gods, or the dead, it is ideal to do this rite in the hour of Saturn, on the day of Saturn (Saturday). And likewise, rites dedicated to solar power are best performed on Sunday in the hours of the sun, and lunar rites on Monday in the hours of the moon, etc.

So: on the appropriate day and hour, speak the following invocation aloud with a full cup of wine in one hand and a bloodstone in the other. At the end of each stanza, take a drink of the wine, and pour some out upon the ground (or if indoors, a bowl made of wood or clay) as a libation. It should be noted that the phrase EUOI SABOI was the frequent cry of Dionysus' followers, who were called the Maenads (Mad Women) or Bacchae (Followers of Bacchus). The cry may have meant "This is holy!"

Here follows the invocation:

HYMN TO ZAGREUS-SABAZIOS-DIONYSUS

—

Zagreus Sabazios Dionysus!

Zagreus Sabazios!

Zagreus!

Zag!

Sab!

Dio!

O climbing vine

O hidden sign

O python coiled in a cave

Passion's slave and master

O Author of the welcome disaster:

Welcome! Everlasting killer of the black goat;

You who float at the outer edge of reason

And desire; you whose immortal grandfather

Was his sire: EUOI SABOI! O AGRIOS THEOI:

Wild one of the woods, running loose; love-child

Of Persephone and Zeus; by Hera hated, and hunted

By the titan-kin, who pursued you through the forms

Of bee and boar and bull - 'Til cornered as a bull,

You were dismembered in great agony. But then

Your father from the still-hot ashes pulled

Your beating heart, and placed it in a secret womb

To start again. O friend

Of drunks and dreamers, fighters, fugitives,

And pythons coiled in caves; of passions' slaves

And masters. O Welcome Disaster - Come!

I call you to this place, and picturing your radiant face

I lift this brimming cup. EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!

Drink wine, and pour out a libation.

AGRIOS! BROMIOS! CHTHONIOS! Wild-Roarer-
Underneath!

I bind you by the name of OENEUSE: You-for-Whom
The-Wine-Press-Bleeds. O you! O boundless bleeder

Whose wine-dark blood sanctifies the theatre
 Where the gods themselves enthrone: Welcome home,
 Drinking god whose cup increases thirst; welcome home,
 Life-loving god who was killed at birth; welcome home
 Weeping god whose laughter brings rebirth. EUOI
 SABOI DIONYSUS!

Drink, pour.

AGRIOS! BROMIOS! CHTHONIOS! Wild-Roarer-
 Underneath!
 I bind you by the name of LYAEUS: You-Who-Drowns
 The-Unmet-Need-in-Wine. O Brother mine; lover
 Of the Labyrinth Girl who swept the bones from off
 The path; pale python fathered by his grandfather,
 Sired by fire and mothered by death: thrice-born bull
 Born of the earth, filled equally with laughter and
 With wrath. To you I cry, EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!

Drink, pour.

AGRIOS! BROMIOS! CHTHONIOS! Wild-Roarer-
 Underneath!
 I bind you by the name of MYSTES: You-Whose-Mysteries
 Are-Deep. O Vine-Brother, Wine-Bleeder; Life-Singer;
 Drum Beater: Inventor of the dance ecstatic; Herald
 Of Necessary Havoc; You whose rhythms wake us to
 The Moment, taming, for an instant, Time. As snakes
 Swallow snakes, so the noise your revels make quiet
 The unquiet mind. O brother mine, behold your brother
 Longing for the touch of vines. And so I cry,
 EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!

Drink, pour.

AGRIOS! BROMIOS! CHTHONIOS! Wild-Roarer-
 Underneath!
 I bind you by the name of ERIKRIPTOS:
 You-Whose-Rites

No-Sane-One-Sees. So see me, standing at your threshold
 Boldly calling for the Man-Bull-Snake: bathe me
 With your blessed blood; fill the void that hunger makes.
 O Striker of the Goat-Skin Drum
 O Splitter of the Altar-Stone
 O Bringer of Oblivion
 Behold this stone and empty cup, come
 Quickly to this empty cup; I bind you
 To this empty cup: flow into it
 Like a wound in flood. Your laughter
 Is leaves, your blood is fire; you, now,
 Do I devour entire. (Drink)
 I am [your name], I am not [your name]; (Drink)
 I am Dionysus, I am not Dionysus; (Drink)
 I am [your name] - Dionysus - [your name],
 The thrice-born bull who rises from the fiery grave;
 Passion's slave and master; immortal son
 Of the sacred disaster. Hear me, Earth:
 All I ask for, I receive! (Stamp foot)
 EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!

Zagreus Sabazios Dionysus
 Zagreus Sabazios
 Zagreus
 Zag
 Sab
 Dio
 O
 EUOI! EUOI! EUOI!

Having called out the invocation, bury the bloodstone at a crossroads, and pour the remaining wine out over the soil that covers it. The bloodstone represents yourself, and like a seed, you have planted it and watered it with wine. As a well-sown seed will grow into a plant, the seed you have sown within yourself will now take root. Dionysus, the Most-Manifest One will manifest. But to aid his manifestation, and fully absorb his authority, you must create a fetish to honor him. That rite comes next.

CONSECRATION OF THE DAGGER

Creating an Infernal Blade.

The earliest rites of Dionysus reflect the belief that, as a child, Dionysus' own nursemaids turned against him in their ecstatic frenzy and dismembered him by hand. However, the later Orphic myth tells that Hera, in her jealousy, summoned ghost-faced titans from the earth to distract and dispatch the child. Once killed, they divided him into pieces, as Set did to his brother Osiris in the Egyptian mysteries. The knife the titans used was described by an ancient poet as the *Tartarie Machaire* - the Knife of Tartaros; the Infernal Knife.

The following rite describes the creation of a *Tartarie Machaire*. The possession of such a weapon will aid the Adept immeasurably, since its infernal virtue will raise titans of the earth and spirits of the Underworld, hold them at bay when they are malicious, and dispatch them speedily when they have served their purpose.

Such a blade should have a spirit within it to empower its necromantic functions. The following rite calls upon three mighty powers - the Fates, the Furies, and Helios - to draw forth, through the agency of Hekate, a chthonic *daimon* often invoked by Greco-Egyptian sorcerers: BAINKHOOKH, also called BAXYXSXYXX - the Son of Darkness/Soul of Darkness. This is an entity of great strength and cunning; one which may be of great assistance to the Adept once it is raised and directed to inhabit the blade in the following rite.

The Adept begins by taking on the GodFace of Dionysus in order to compel and command the *daimon*. Her demeanor throughout must be confident and determined, but in dealing with the *daimon*, it is important that she maintain a tone of respect, with no trace of contempt or condescension. BAINKHOOKH is a mighty spirit, and once raised, it is appropriate that it be treated in a manner appropriate to its station - especially if the Adept wishes it to cooperate in the future.

To begin with, obtain an iron blade, as well as three vessels - one containing spring water mixed with honey (*nephalia*), the next filled with milk mixed with blood, and the last containing fiery alcoholic spirits. Also bring a packet of sesame seeds.

In the place where the rite is to be performed, a fire (ideally in a pit) should be lit. If indoors, light a black candle and set next to it a bowl of earth to receive the libations. Set nearby a tempting meal decorated with flowers as a propitiatory gift to the spirit to be raised.

Then, in the hour of Saturn, beneath a waning gibbous moon, purify yourself and call upon your *ynx* to speed your prayer with the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula. Then stand before a consecrated flame with the iron knife in your left hand and the Moon Girdle about your waist, and say the following:

DAGGER RITE

O Hekate, Hekate, Hekate,
ALEXIATIS * APOTROPAIA * ANGELOS
PROPOLOS * KLEIDOUCHOS *
DADOPHOROS
PROPYLAIA * PROPYLAIA * PROPYLAIA

I am myself, I am not myself.
I am [your name]; I am not [your name]
I am Dionysus; I am not Dionysus;
I am [your name] - Dionysus - [your name]
The thrice-born Bull of the Earth -
The Goat who devours the grape -
The Serpent who sleeps, who stirs, who wakes -
Behold, you gods, you ghosts, you dwellers in darkness:
Behold!
I am the child who died at twilight;
Behold!
I am the babe born at midnight;

Behold!

I am the youth who shunned the daylight;

Behold!

I am the god who roams the dark night; and

ZAGREUS is my name, is my name, is my true name!

SABAZIOS is my name, is my name, is my true name!

DIONYSUS is my name, is my name, is my true name!

My father is fire; my mother, desire; and these words

will be heard:

Behold, you gods, you ghosts, you dwellers in darkness:

Behold this blade, behold this blade, behold this blade;

for it was

Cut from Earth,

Burned in Fire,

Drowned in Water,

Cooled in Air

O Crownless Queen, call forth the Fates: Come Klotho,

Lachesis, Atropos: O eternal sisters, grant me favor

For I call you by the Great and Terrible Name

MOIRA THORIO-BRITTAMMA-ORRANGADO

-I-ODANGAR-ROAMMA-TITIR-BOIROTH!

Pour *nephalia* upon the fire-pit or bowl of earth.

Have they come? Have they come? Have they come?

Repeat, until sensing the Fates' presence, then say:

They have.

Sweep blade through the flames.

O three-fold Fates,

Behold this blade, Behold this Blade, Behold this Blade;

for it was

Cut from Earth,

Burned in Fire,

Drowned in Water,

Cooled in Air

O peerless sisters, bless this blade, be this blade, come yourself into this blade;

And let this blade be bane to KAKOI, bane to

NUSOI, bane to LUGRA.

This I beseech. This I require, in the name of my

father, who was celestial Fire.

O sisters three, now unleash the KINDLY ONES,

Tisiphone, Megaira, Allecto,

Who come as unspeakable ERINYES when called

By the thrice-great name of ORGO-GORGON-

IOTRIAN.

Pour blood and milk upon the fire-pit or bowl of earth.

Has she come? Has she come? Has she come?

Upon sensing the Kindly Ones' presence as ERINYES, the Avenger:

She has.

Sweep blade through the flames.

O ORGO-GORGON-IO-TRIAN, bless this blade,

bless this blade, bless this blade, which was

Cut from Earth,

Burned in Fire,

Drowned in Water,

Cooled in Air

Bless this blade, be this blade, come yourself into this blade;

And let this blade be bane to KAKOI, bane to

NUSOI, bane to LUGRA.

This I beseech. This I require, in the name of my mother,
who was Desire.

O implacable ERINYES, now make way for the one
who drives the bulls of flame,
Undefeatable HELIOS, the blazing Sun who braves the
deep, him I call by name,
By name, by the unspeakable name of

AO EY EOI AIOE YEOA OUORZARA
LAMANTHATHRE KANTHIOPER
GARPSARTHRE MENLARDAPA KENTHER
DRYOMEN THRANDRETHRE IABE ZELANTHI
BER ZATHRE ZAKENTI BIOLLITHRE AEO OYO
EO OO RAMIATHA AEO OYO OYO OAYO

Pour fiery distilled spirits upon the fire-pit or bowl of earth.

Has he come? Has he come? Has he come?

Repeat until sensing Helios' presence, then:

He has.

Sweep blade through the flames.

O Helios, bless this blade, bless this blade, bless this
blade, which was

Cut from Earth,
Burned in Fire,
Drowned in Water,
Cooled in Air

Bless this blade, be this blade, come yourself into this blade;
And let this blade be bane to KAKOI, bane to NUSOI,
bane to LUGRA.

This I beseech. This I require, in the name of myself, for
ZAGREUS is my name, is my name, is my true name!

SABAZIOS is my name, is my name, is my true name!
DIONYSUS is my name, is my name, is my true name!

Now Hekate, ANGELOS, you who wear the chains of
KRONOS

Wound about your shining brow: Let those whom you
have brought

Now bless this blade until it's wrought
Not of iron, but adamantine, sharp as the shears of Fate
Or the sickle that severed OURANOS from himself.

Hold the blade over the flame; let it grow hot.

Bless this blade, bless this blade, imbue this blade
With a spirit who resides deep within the earth:
The Son of Darkness, the Soul of Darkness
He who is BAINKHOOKH
He who is BAXYXSXYXX.

HELIOS, awake him;
PERSEPHONE, release him;
HEKATE, bring him;
ERINYES, bind him;
FATES, blend him

Into the very fabric of this blade, this blade, this blade,
which was

Cut from Earth,
Burned in Fire,
Drowned in Water,
Cooled in Air

Throw sesame seeds upon the firepit thrice; as it crackles, say:

O BAINKHOOKH! O BAXYXSXYXX!

Throw more seeds; let them crackle.

O Son of Darkness, Soul of Darkness!
Have you come? Have you come? Have you come?

Throw more, hearing in their crackle his epiphany. Then say:

You have.

Do not kneel or bow to him. Raise both hands up, the palms
outfacing, the right higher than the left, and say:

Hail Dweller in the Deep; noble in bearing; majestic in
countenance;
Hail Void-Star: Black flame flickering within the Abyss;
Hail Shadow-Sun who burns, yet gives no heat, no light;
O Son of Night, behold the gifts I have prepared to
greet you,
Unruly One, restless, full of fury, bearing the cure in
your right hand,
Contagion in your left; hooded as the cobra; you whose
foot is cleft
Like the bull; you who are full of pride, and ride upon
the winds;
O Scion of a Secret Race; you whose beautiful face
Is invisible to mortals, whose sacred shape eludes the eye;
Be not offended to be drawn forth, for it is I who
does so; and
ZAGREUS is my name, is my name, is my true name!
SABAZIOS is my name, is my name, is my true name!
DIONYSUS is my name, is my name, is my true name!
O BAINKHOOKH! O BAXYXSXYXX!
O Son of Darkness, Soul of Darkness!

Put your own blood upon the blade.

Bless this blade, be this blade, come yourself into this blade;
And let this blade be bane to KAKOI, bane to NUSOI,
bane to LUGRA.
This I beseech. This I require. I forge you now within
this fire:

Sweep the blade through the fire again, saying:

Join forever with this blade. With all honor due, I compel
you, in the name of
HEKATE * DAMNOMENIA
HEKATE * DAMASANDRA
HEKATE * DAMNODAMIA

Let it be as I desire in the name of ANANKE,
of Bitter Necessity,
And in the name of Bitter Necessity do I say
ABLANATHANALBA;
In the name of Bitter Necessity do I say
AKRAMMAKAMAREI;
In the name of Bitter Necessity do I say

MASKELLI * MASKELLO
PHNOUNKENTEBAOTH
OREOBAGRA * REXICHTHON
HIPPOCHTHON * PYREPEGANYX

Let it be! Let it be! Let it be!

Take the consecrated blade from the fire, and address it.

Do you hear, blade? You are blessed in the Great
And Sacred Name of BAINKHOOKH,
of BAXYXSXYXX,
Soul of Darkness, Son of Darkness
And by this blessing are you bound.
Serve me, and be served in turn: this is my promise to you.

Hold the blade up near your ear, listening briefly to what it
may communicate.

And now, O Three-Fold FATES, O ERINYES,
O HELIOS
Depart, with my thanks and blessing;
Depart, with my devotion;

Depart, glad-hearted with the sacred sound of your
secret names

Ring in your ears:

Farewell, MOIRA THORIO-BRITTAMMA-
ORRANGADO-I-ODANGAR-ROAMMA-TITIR-
BOIROTH! Leave in this blade bitter NECESSITY;
Farewell, ORGO-GORGON-IO-TRIAN! Leave in
this blade your iron claws,
Farewell, AO EY EOI AIOE YEOA OUORZARA
LAMANTHATHRE KANTHIOPER
GARPSARTHRE MENLARDAPA KENTHER
DRYOMEN THRANDRETHRE IABE ZELANTHI
BER ZATHRE ZAKENTI BIOLLITHRE AEO OYO
EO OO RAMIATHA AEO OYO OYO OAYO: Leave
in this blade your unquenchable flame;

But Remain, BAINKHOOKH! Remain,
BAXYXSXYXX!

Reside within this blade from now on; attend my command,
And henceforth lend me both your FURY and its CURE
To find the unfindable, bind the unbindable, draw forth,
defend

And then dismiss those spirits over which you preside.

All else - gods, ghosts, dwellers in darkness, and
Peerless HEKATE ANGELOS as well
- Farewell, Farewell, Farewell!

When you have finished, dig a hole and bury the remains
of the meal and libations, and cover it. Put the blade in a
worthy container, treating it with great respect. Keep it on
your person in all rites in which you traffic with the dead,
and you will not only remain unscathed, but will be capable
of commanding departed spirits with true authority; aided,
as you are, by their prince.

THE ARROWS OF PHOIBOS-APOLLON

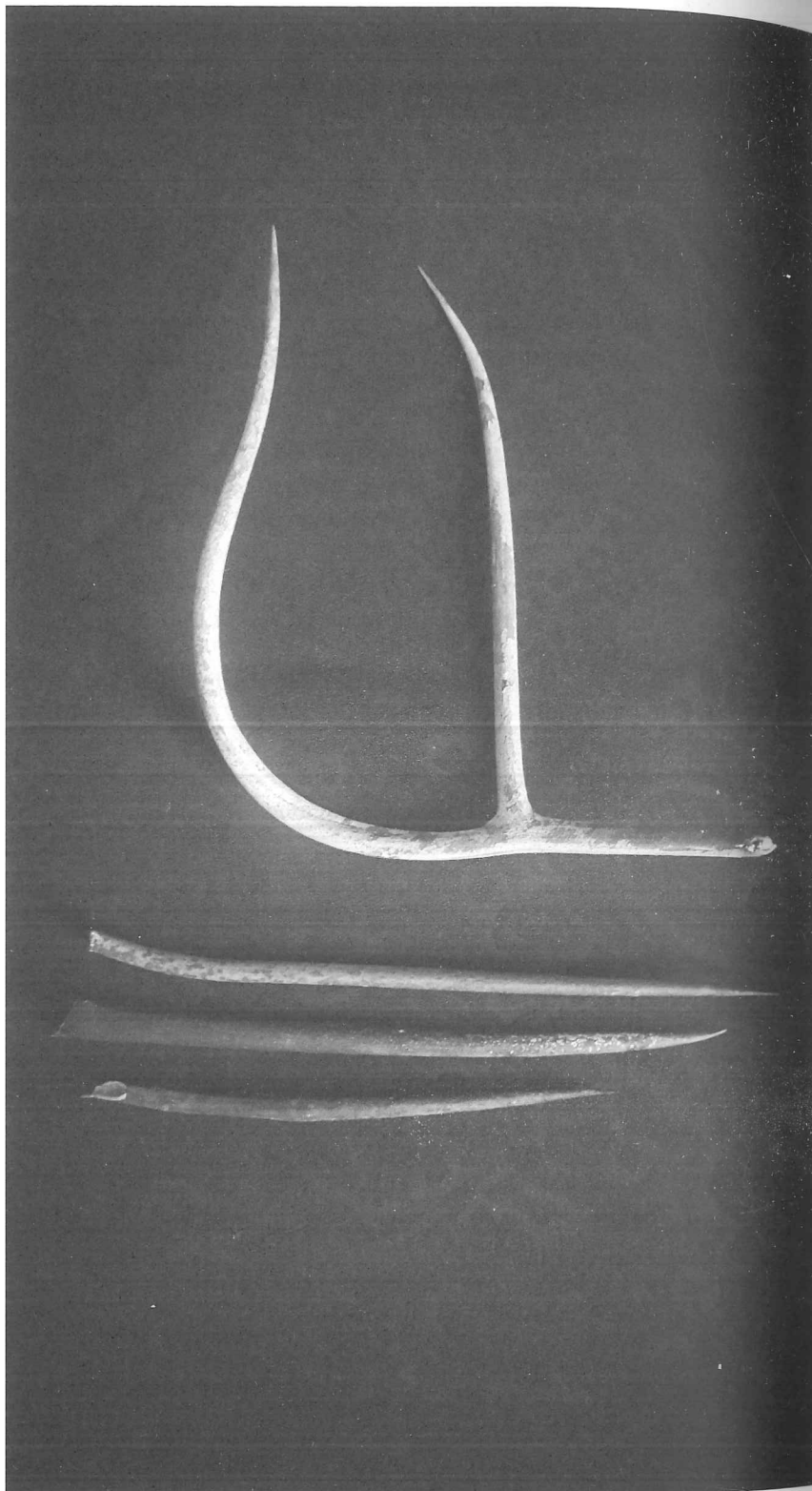
Apollon is the twin brother of Artemis. As the grandson of the titans Koeos and Phoebe, he is also first cousin to Hekate. He is considered in every way to be Artemis' equal: a blindingly beautiful god with blond hair and perfect form who excels at archery and playing the lyre, and who served as physician (PAIAN) to both gods and men. The father of both Asklepios and Orpheos, he was universally revered throughout the Greek world as a god of order, harmony, purity, and health, and as a patron of oracles, the arts and medicine.

It is common now to consider Apollon to be the opposite of Dionysus, who can be seen to embody unrestrained desire and disorder; and so the Adept might at first be tempted to overlook Apollon as a useful ally in her attempts to engage with chthonic forces. But this would be a mistake.

It must be remembered that the Greeks did not have a binary worldview: there were no "good gods" and "bad gods." There were only gods. They were seen to encompass all aspects of those things over which they had jurisdiction. So although Apollon might exert his power to guarantee health, he might just as easily withhold it to cause disease. And while his blessing might restore harmony to disordered systems, his curse could just as swiftly dismantle them. His very name - Apollon - may derive from the Greek verb *apollymi*, which means "to destroy."

His other epithets are revealing. He is frequently (like Hekate) called HEKATOS - the Far Shooter. Another early epithet is LYKAIOS, which probably refers to his function as protector of shepherds from wolves. Interestingly, his twin Artemis is referred to as LYKAION - the She-Wolf, and one tale tells that their mother Leto, when pregnant, took the form of a wandering wolf.

Far from being Dionysus' enemy, Apollon was in early times known by the epithet DIONYSODOTES, the Giver of



Dionysus, since legend tells that after Dionysus - who presided over the original oracle of Delphi - was dismembered by his nurses, he was subsequently brought back to life by the healing art of Apollon, to the relief of both gods and men. Thereafter, the Oracle at Delphi was shared by the two gods, who alternated residence in its inner sanctum so that each was present every other year.

It is not just Apollon's close relationship to Artemis and Dionysus that recommends him to the Adept as a useful ally: PHOIBOS (The Bright One) Apollon was widely regarded as having power over the sun (the titan Helios), which the gods had permitted to remain in heaven, so long as it did not stray from the narrow path set for it between the two horizons. Phoibos-Apollon, as sun god, ensured that Helios conformed to his strict regime. Therefore, it makes little sense to adjure Helios to raise this or that spirit, while ignoring Apollon, who has jurisdiction over him. And it will little avail the Adept to ask Dionysus for visions or spirit-conversation, while ignoring the one with whom he shares his oracle. And finally, it is unwise to try to achieve ritual purity, and fashion tools of art which contain spirit-power, while ignoring the god of both.

Therefore, without further delay, the Adept should, on a Sunday, in the hour of the sun, speak the following hymn of praise:

APOLLON HYMN

—

LYKAIOS! LYKAIOS!
PHOIBOS APOLLON!
PAIAN! PAIAN!
PHOIBOS APOLLON!
PYTHOK-TONOS!
DIONYSO-DOTES!
LYKAIOS! LYKAIOS!
PHOIBOS APOLLON!

Hail Archer! From whose brilliant bow
Rain arrows made of lead and gold:
The gold ones give the gift of health;
The lead ones spread contagion.

Hail Singer! Whose seductive song
Grants the dreamer dreams so strong
They bear her helplessly along
Into Sleep's silent nation.

Hail Healer! Whose spirit supplies
Cures that brighten fading eyes:
In extremity, the dying rise
Up in exultation.

LYKAIOS! LYKAIOS!
PHOIBOS APOLLON!
PAIAN! PAIAN!
PHOIBOS APOLLON!
PYTHOK-TONOS!
DIONYSO-DOTES!
LYKAIOS! LYKAIOS!
PHOIBOS APOLLON!

Hail Purest One! Bright, remote
As the flames that burn upon Night's cloak
Which fall to earth and turn to smoke
All mankind's creations.

Hail Shining One! Who never ages;
Guide the Sun in his twelve cages
Slay the Serpent, and for ages
Hence, make reparation.

Hail Hero! God of men and rats
Whose smile is bright and full of wrath;
Who healed Dionysus, and begat
Orpheos, for our salvation.

LYKAIOS! LYKAIOS!
 PHOIBOS APOLLON!
 PAIAN! PAIAN!
 PHOIBOS APOLLON!
 PYTHOK-TONOS!
 DIONYSO-DOTES!
 LYKAIOS! LYKAIOS!
 PHOIBOS APOLLON!

SACRED ARROWS

To create harmony, Apollon played his sacred lyre. To create havoc, he relied on his golden bow and arrows. Such destruction was often justifiable: Homer reveals in *The Illiad* that Apollon, infuriated that the Greek King Agamemnon refused to release the daughter of Apollon's faithful priest Cryses, shot plague-bearing arrows into the Greek's camp for nine days until the Trojan girl was freed.

Because Apollon's far-working power has no greater symbol than his arrows, it befits the Adept to incorporate an arrow-fetish into her practice. This is simply done. First, locate a tree that has thorns, such as the hawthorn, blackthorn or honey locust. Approach the tree respectfully, and explain to it that you have come to gather thorns to strengthen your efforts to honor the goddesses of the earth and the gods of air and fire. Pour an offering on the roots of the tree, such as milk mixed with honey. Then remove as many of the thorns as you need, without permanently injuring the tree.

Once you have gathered the thorns, consecrate them as follows. Make a small altar containing an image of the god, and write on the image the name APOLLON. Flank it with two white candles, and before it put bowls of burning bay leaves, saltwater and flame.

Pass the thorns through incense, saltwater and flame, reciting as you do the hymn of praise set forth above. Having finished, make the following call, which is addressed to both Apollon and Artemis. Because some tales say that Artemis slew only

women, and Apollon only men, it is wise to say the prayer twice as set forth below, once to each twin, to ensure that the "arrows" are doubly-blessed, and certain to find their mark.

Apollon!
 Destroyer, Healer, hear me:
 In my hand I hold these thorns, and pass them
 Through this fire. See me! Satisfy my desire:
 Grant them the virtue of your sacred flame;
 Let them strike the one I name;
 If Earth I name, then let Earth split;
 And if a spirit, then let it
 Rise or fall when my will
 Wills it: as you are
 LYKAIOS
 Let each bolt
 Find its target.

Artemis!
 Protector, Huntress, hear me:
 In my hand I hold these thorns, and pass them
 Through this fire. See me! Satisfy my desire:
 Grant them the virtue of your sacred flame;
 Let them strike the one I name;
 If Earth I name, then let Earth split;
 And if a spirit, then let it
 Rise or fall when my will
 Wills it: as you are
 LYKAION
 Let each bolt
 Find its target.

Having invoked the divine twins' power, address the thorns directly, as you touch the tip of each with a drop of your blood:

Thorn, you are no thorn, but a bolt
 From Apollon's bow.
 With the power of the Wolf

Feed, and fill, and flow.
And when I have a need, strike swiftly,
High or low. Thorn, you are no thorn,
But a bolt from Apollon's bow.

Thorn, you are no thorn, but a bolt
From Artemis' bow.
With the power of the She-Wolf
Feed, and fill, and flow.
And when I have a need, strike swiftly,
High or low. Thorn, you are no thorn,
But a bolt from Artemis' bow.

These consecrated thorns are of great use. Small ones may be incorporated as wings, teeth and claws of clay spirit-beasts, as described earlier. And longer thorns may be used to bind and activate charms of paper or cloth, and activate the epithets written thereon, as described in hereafter.

FIRST ARROW RITE: THE CROW'S FOOT

Being a charm to break addictions.

The Adept who wishes to interact with the gods and goddesses associated with Hekate must do so in a state of ritual purity. Outer purity can easily be managed by washing or dusting with cinnamon. However, inner purity is harder to maintain, and is often compromised by the distraction of unchecked compulsions. To this end, the Crow's Foot Rite incorporates three consecrated thorns to create a simple charm which will strengthen the Adept's will and remove addictive behaviors that can distract, weaken, and render her impure in the eyes of the gods.

Crows are clever, persistent creatures, being able to recognize faces, communicate abstract ideas, and fashion tools. They also have a long association with sorcerous workings. Thus, as wily, resourceful beings, their spirit can aid in the invocation of Hekate's power to quell addictive impulses.

The Crow's Foot is a design that combines and activates three complementary aspects of Hekate at once. It is highly adaptable, and the Adept may create variations of her own to empower her daily life in many ways, using the same triangular image in conjunction with different epithets. The design is simple, and does not change: draw a large triangle, then write an epithet of Hekate along each of the large triangle's three sides. Cut it carefully from the larger paper. Activate the charm by piercing the corners with the crow's "claws," saying aloud each epithet as the corresponding thorn is pushed into place. Three epithets said aloud; three thorns pushed into the paper: this is the Crow's Foot Rite. Then add a drop of blood to the center. This should be done at dawn, or when the Adept first wakes. Although it can also be done any time the Adept finds herself in the throes of compulsion.

For the Crow's Foot Charm, the epithets are the great and powerful names **DAMNOMENIA** (Dominator),



DAMASANDRA (Dominator of Mankind), and DAMNODAMIA (Dominator of Dominators). Each of these epithets acknowledges Hekate's supremacy over mortals and spirits. By inscribing and speaking each of these sacred names, the desired Hekatean power is summoned. By pinning the paper down with the thorns, the Dominator's virtue becomes bound to you in that particular time and place. By activating it with a drop of blood, the Adept quickly draws into her own life a jolt of Hekatean power, which will help her quell the unwanted voices which tempt her to give in to addictive behaviors.

There is no specific spoken charm for this rite: its power is triggered by the writing of the Dominator's three supreme epithets. If anything, the Adept may simply say, "Hekate, be my strength, and purge me of all weakness."

Once this is done, set the paper alight. Let your addiction, transferred to the paper, be devoured by the flame.

SECOND ARROW RITE: THE RAVEN'S FOOT

Being a charm to raise and contain the dead.

The second Raptor Rite is the Raven's Foot. Ravens are scavengers; they feed upon carrion. Their diet, along with their hoarse caw and black coloration, has led to their association with the dead since time immemorial. Accordingly, the Raven's Foot Charm is necromantic; it is a means of raising, containing, and commanding the dead.

To raise the dead it is best to have material from their actual bodies, but in absence of this, the dirt or dust from their graves can be used. But their essence should be summoned *into* the dust to ensure its activation, and once activated, the dust must be stored safely. This is the purpose of the Raven's Foot charm: to form a consecrated pouch that can safely contain the activated grave dust that the Adept harvests.

To prepare, the Adept should draw (or trace) on cloth the same triangular design from the previous page, and inscribe thereon the following names: ANESSA ENEROI (Queen of the Dead), TYMBIDIAN (She of Tombs) and TYMBORYCHOS (Gravebreaker). The cloth should then be stitched together to form a pouch to contain the grave dust, and pinned shut with three consecrated thorns.

This ritual is meant to be performed in deep dusk or darkness. Go to the grave of the intended. It should be someone who died young, violently, or by their own hand. Bring with you the Helios Phylactery, the Infernal Knife, and a container of spring water mixed with either honey or the alcoholic drink that the departed would have favored.

When you arrive at the grave, stand before it for a few moments, focusing on its occupant. Clear your mind, deepen your breath, and intone the Vowel Pyramid in the Lyre, which follows hereafter. When you are ready, activate

the *ynx*, using the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula.

To begin, give three low, loud, mournful cries to rouse the shade. Then strike its gravestone (or grave-earth) thrice with the infernal blade. This wakes and activates the blade's spirit, the Son-of-Darkness/Soul-of-Darkness. Having done so, recite these words:

BAINKHOOKH, as you are BAXYXSYXYX, rouse yourself, and raise this shade from out of the grave.

Give three low, mournful cries. Then strike the grave thrice with the blade again, saying:

Hekate, as you are ANESSA ENEROI; as you are TYMBIDIAN; as you are TYMBORYCHOS, bring and bind this soul to me, in this place and time.

Give three low, mournful cries. Then strike the grave thrice with the blade again, saying:

Persephone, as you are Queen of the Underworld, allow this soul to attend my call.

Give three low, mournful cries. Then strike the grave thrice with the blade again, saying:

[Name of Departed], son/daughter of [Name of their mother]
Hear my voice, hear my voice, hear my voice:
For mine is the voice that calls you forth.
You who sleep uneasy beneath the Earth
Forgotten by all but me;
Ignored by all but me;
Forsworn by all but me;
Restless One, hear my voice,
The voice that calls you by your name, your name, your name,
Which is [Name].
In life you were [describe what you know of the deceased]
But now that's done.

Pour out spring water mixed with honey or spirits in a circle, on the grave-earth.

Restless One, drink the drink I pour for you,
For this drink comes from me. [Say their name], agree:
I alone have satisfied your thirst. So I alone
Can call you forth. You cannot *not* come,
For you have felt my touch,
And you have heard my voice,
And you have drunk my drink,
And you are in my debt.
Rise up, rise up, [their name], Restless One,
Smell the earth and see the sky
And the one who drew you forth.
You have been chosen by me,
Woken by me,
Called by me,
Fed by me,
Paid by me,

Set a coin of some value on the grave.

So you are bound by me
To do this thing:

Dig up a scoop of dust from the grave.

You will come into this dust, this dust, this dust;
In this dust you will reside, until your task is done.
Only then can you return to sleep,
Restless One.
Only then will you be fed and blessed;
Only then will you find rest.
Follow this dust. Complete the task I give you.
Then return to the earth from whence you came.

Draw upon the grave, with chalk, a crossed circle divided into quarters by a cross.

In the name of
 HEKATE NEKUOIA TYMBIDIAN
 TYMBORYCHOS ANESSA ENEROI,
 I open this gate before you, and seal this gate behind
 you.

Speak to the bundle of dust:

When the job's done, the chalk's gone,
 And then you can return.

Having finished, place the dust into the Raven's Foot pouch,
 secure it safely, and leave.

When the dust has been used, and the task you've given the
 spirit has been completed, return to the grave and remove
 the chalk markings, and pour out more *nephelia* or alcoholic
 spirits, and leave another coin, along with your blessing and
 a prayer for the deceased to rest easy and well, forever.

TO QUESTION A SPIRIT

A raised spirit may be questioned from either its grave or
 from the dust that you have harvested. To do so, raise it
 in the same manner described above, but then sit before
 the grave and set a bowl of spring water mixed with blood
 between yourself and it, holding above the bowl the Infernal
 Knife. Between the bowl and the gravestone or grave-earth,
 light myrrh, to help the spirit manifest within the medium
 of the rising smoke. Strike the lip of the bowl with the knife
 nine times, rousing BAINKHOOKH. Then call upon the
 departed repeatedly in the name of Hekate-Persephone, to
 appear to you in a form neither harmful nor offensive, and
 tell it that it will be allowed to feed once it has answered
 your questions.

It will manifest in its own time, in its own way. Some Adepts
 will see it, or hear it, and some will not. But if the skin
 prickles along the arms and the nape of the neck, then it has

arrived. When it has, greet it with respect, and ask your
 question. Attend carefully its response. Ask for clarification
 if it is ambiguous. Once it has complied, pour the water
 and blood upon the earth, order the spirit to return to its
 grave and rest well, and leave quickly by a different route
 than when you came.

THE LYRE OF PHOIBOS-APOLLON

Whereby the Adept may master a chant whose function is to attune the sorcerous self to the seven spheres of existence.

Although the lyre was invented by his half-brother Hermes, Apollon was its pre-eminent player. Thus the god of order, light, health, purity and prophecy added music to his jurisdiction. He was thought to inspire compositions which transformed the listener by calming, enlightening, healing, and creating sacredness.

The following rite invokes into the Adept the power of Apollon's lyre, thus aiding her efforts to send her subtle self to other realms. The "lyre" is actually the Adept's natural instrument - her vocal chords. By carefully practicing the rite below, she can learn to use her voice as Apollon did his lyre: to create a magical means to enter an altered state. The secret to this method is the use of a very old vocal technique employed by Greco-Hellenic sorcerers: the Vowel Pyramid.

The Vowel Pyramid was depicted on ancient scrolls, amulets and phylacteries as follows:

```

      A
     EE
    HHH
   IIII
  OOOOO
 YYYYYY
ΩΩΩΩΩΩΩ

```

It can be assumed that since this "pyramid" was sometimes inscribed upon sacred materials, it was believed to have a beneficial visual effect. But any such effect would have been secondary to its actual, original function, which was to be verbally intoned. The seven vowels indicate a very specific set of sounds uttered by the sorceress to attune herself to the various realms of existence - celestial, terrestrial and

chthonic - in order to achieve a specific magical result. To master this technique, the Adept must first learn how the Greek vowels were pronounced:

AAA Pronounced "ah" as in father.
 EEE Pronounced "eh" as in letter.
 HHH Pronounced "ay" as in may.
 III Pronounced "ee" as in free.
 OOO Pronounced "oh" as in so.
 YYY Pronounced "eu" as in lieu, few, or the German word für.
 ΩΩΩ Pronounced "ow" as in house or Faust.

There are multiple theories as to which divinities or spheres were associated with which vowel: in most theories, each sound correlates to one of the seven gods associated with the days of the week, beginning with the moon and ending with Saturn, with the sun falling in the middle. But for *The Hekaton's* purposes, the vowels are meant to lead the Adept on a journey starting with the outer celestial sphere and delving into the deepest chthonic realms, and back again. So while the correspondences given below are not traditional, the vowels themselves, and their function and effect, are.

BREATH

For the purpose of attuning the sacred self to the Spheres, each "line" of the pyramid represents a single breath; so the first line should result in a single undulating sound ("ah") that lasts for an entire breath. While reciting the second line, the Adept should make two long "eh" sounds, each of which takes half of a breath. With the third line, the Adept should make three moderately long "ay" sounds that rise and fade in volume on a single breath, etc. The vowel sounds should quicken and grow louder as the Adept progresses through the Lyre, ending with seven short "ow" vibrations with the final breath.

INTENT

When intoning the vowels, the Adept should visualize her journey in the following manner:

A: Descend through the outermost sphere of fixed stars. With hands closed to fists, cross your arms before your chest to appear as Aion, the invincible spirit of the eternity who resides within that sphere. Let the vowel, as you sing it, celebrate the inextinguishable force of lion-faced, serpent-bound Aion.

EE: Descend through the second sphere of "unfixed stars," or planetary spirits. Open your hands and extend them outward, briefly taking on the shape of the god of that particular day: if Saturday, Kronos; if Sunday, Apollon; if Monday, Artemis; if Tuesday, Ares; if Wednesday, Hermes; if Thursday, Zeus; if Friday, Aphrodite. Let the vowel, as you sing it, celebrate the ineffable power of the appropriate god.

HHH: Descend through the third sphere of the sun. Raise your hands upward with fingers outstretched to mimic the blazing form of Helios as he tracks across the sky, taking on the shape of the invincible chthonic hero, the fiery ally of Hekate and begetter of witch-queens, who traverses both Heaven and the Underworld daily in his heroic course.

IIII: Descend through the fourth sphere of the Moon. Let your wrists touch, thumbs interlocking, with the other fingers forming an upward-facing cup, thus taking a crescent-moon shape as you briefly honor Selene. Let the vowel, as you sing it, celebrate her mystery and beauty. As you do, also acknowledge the multitudes of sublunary messengers, the *ynger* and *daimons* under her command, who fill the air between the moon and earth.

OOOOO: Descend through the fifth sphere, which is the surface of the earth, where all surface spirits - be they animal, plant, or mineral - reside. Briefly take on your own shape, and let the vowel as you sing it celebrate yourself, and those creatures and landforms around you.

YYYYYY: Descend through the sixth sphere, which is the Underworld, wherein reside the spirits of the dead, and

those who rule them. Take on the shape of Orpheos, raising your left hand with the palm out. As you do, let the vowel celebrate Persephone, her husband Hades (or Aidoneus, as he is sometimes called) and all those legions of the dead which they rule.

ΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩ: Descend through the seventh sphere to Tartaros. With the singing of this final vowel, retain your own shape, but give honor and praise to those enchained titans who reside in the darkest pit of Tartaros, which is as far beneath Earth as Heaven is above it. Celebrate their primal power and majesty, which their confinement cannot diminish.

-tone

Every vowel is associated with a different tone. Although logically it seems that the first vowel (A) should be uttered in the highest tone and the last (Ω) should be the lowest, in fact, the exact reverse is true: The deepest note is A, and each vowel thereafter rises in pitch until Ω is the highest of all. By reversing the natural order, making what is lowest the highest, and highest lowest, the chant opens a spirit-gate through which the Adept may connect with the various entities that reside within each realm. When the Adept has finished her journey, she should then recite the vowels in reverse, beginning with seven pulses of Ω in a high tone in one breath, and ending with a long, low intonation of A.

This, then, is the Lyre of Apollon. By itself, it does not compel or invoke any one specific power; its purpose is broader than that. It has a threefold function: first, to provide a means by which the Adept may align her subtle self to the various spheres of existence. Second, to open each of the seven gates through which the Adept may engage with spirits. And third, by reciting the vowels in proper order, with the appropriate pitch changes, the Adept demonstrates to the spirits whom she calls upon that she is *initiated* - that she has knowledge of sacred things, and has dedicated herself to the sacred powers, and has learned the sacred techniques of invocation - thereby

proving that she is worthy of their attention and respect. *How* she engages with them - through worship, meditation, or compulsion - is up to her; and this is the subject of the next set of rites.

FIRST NIGHT JOURNEY

Orpheos: The Song of Descent

Whereby the Adept may utilize the vowel pyramid to take a self-led spirit journey to the Underworld.

In the tale of Orpheos, myth and history inextricably combine. Orpheos seems to have been an actual spiritual leader who lived in Thrace between the Heroic and Hellenic Ages. His influential cult emphasized purity, vegetarianism, reincarnation, and the idea that the carnal body was a sort of prison from which the soul sought to escape. In this way his teachings anticipated those of Platonism and Christianity, which they pre-dated. Numerous hymns to gods and titans are attributed to Orpheos' school. In myth, he was said to have accompanied the Argonauts on their quest to retrieve the Golden Fleece from Kolchis. His skill with the lyre was legendary, and it was told that when his beloved Euridike died of a snake's venomous bite, Orpheos descended into Hades to retrieve her. So passionate was his love song that Kerberos and Kharon allowed him entry into the Underworld; so beautiful was his voice that Hades himself wept to hear it, and allowed Orpheos to retrieve his betrothed and lead her to the upper world - on one condition: that he not turn back to see if she was following him.

As the tale goes, Orpheos made it to the very threshold of the upper world until temptation got the better of him, and he turned to see Euridike vanish, snatched back into the depths of Hades before his very eyes. In his sorrow and madness, Orpheos later offended Dionysus, whose followers then dismembered him in their fury. His head was thrown into the Hebrus River where, still singing its inextinguishable song, it drifted out to sea.

In this, the first Night Journey, the Adept summons the shade of Orpheos, and with its help, sings her way to the Underworld using the sacred vowels that Greek sorcerers intoned to attune themselves to the powers of the unseen.

Once in the Underworld, the Adept may encounter and converse with a loved one who has passed away, thereby gaining knowledge and comfort.

On the night of the waning moon (preferably in the hour of Saturn), having eaten little but water and fruit, and being ritually pure within and without, set upon a white sheet fresh flowers, figs, pomegranates, two silver coins, a precious stone, and spring water. Wearing the phylactery of Helios-Aion, pour a 9-inch triangle of black salt upon the white sheet (or white salt upon a black sheet). Within the triangle, write out the name in salt:

O
R F
E O S

Kneeling before the offerings, with your right hand upraised and your left lowered toward the earth, intone the following vowel sounds in long exhalations as described earlier:

A
E E
H H H
I I I I
O O O O O
Y Y Y Y Y Y
Ω Ω Ω Ω Ω Ω Ω

Having sung through each vowel, strike the earth three times with the palm of your hand, and chant the following call:

Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos!
Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos!
Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos!

O severed head that sang of love, I summon you
By Thrice-Unknown-Darkness that preceded all;
O child of Nyx who walked in darkling mist

Beneath a haze of stars in Thrace, I summon you
By the golden face of Four-Winged Ram-Head Phanes,
He who split the Thrice-Unknown-Darkness
In a thunderclap of light;

O subtle force who forded Styx and stood
Before the granite throne, to sing a song of life
That made the Hell-King weep, I summon you
By All-Thundering Ouranos, and by his son,
Scythe-Wielding Kronos, and by his son,
Bolt-Throwing Zeus, and by his sons
Wine-Weeping Dionysus and Far-Shooting Apollon,
And by their scion
Who is Yourself, who is yourself, who is yourself:
Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos:
You do I summon. You do I summon.

Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos: My chants are chains
That bind you to this place:

Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos,
Hear my voice and walk the black road,
Ride the black wind, cross the black water; travel

Over Styx, Lethe, Acheron, Phlegethon, and Cocytus.
Over Styx, Lethe, Acheron, Phlegethon, and Cocytus.
Over Styx, Lethe, Acheron, Phlegethon, and Cocytus.

Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos: Hear my voice and come.
Hear my voice and come.

Lyre-Lifter, String-Striker, Verse-Voicer, Wise Writer;
You whose chords fill the hollow heart; you
Whose notes make oak trees uproot, embark;
You who reconciled light with dark, and life
With eternal death. O hero-wraith:
I bind you by the eclipsed sun; I bind you
By the Bakkhoi you could not outrun;
I bind you by the only one you ever loved:

By Euridike, Euridike, I bind you by the love
You bore Euridike, and by the love you bore Euridike
Are you bound.

Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos, my chants are chains
That stretch from East to West, and South to North;
My chants are chains; they draw you forth

Over Styx, Lethe, Acheron, Phlegethon, and Cocytus.
Over Styx, Lethe, Acheron, Phlegethon, and Cocytus.
Over Styx, Lethe, Acheron, Phlegethon, and Cocytus....

Repeat the names of the five rivers of the Underworld until
you are in a light trance state, and then say:

Orpheos, Orpheos, Orpheos - COME!

Clap your hands sharply on the final word of the call, and
wait, breathing deeply. Orpheos is now within you, and will
attend your descent. Speak these words thrice:

I am [your name], I am not [your name];
I am Orpheos, I am not Orpheos.
I am [your name] - Orpheos - [your name].

To begin the descent, once again intone the seven sacred
vowels, giving a breath to each. As each vowel is intoned,
envision yourself descending through the seven spheres as set
forth in the Lyre of Apollon.

Having sung yourself into the Underworld, envision yourself
floating past snarling Kerberos, who allows you to pass as
you give him figs, and past the skeletal ferryman Kharon, to
whom you give the two coins.

See yourself crossing five rivers, whose black surfaces
alternately bubble, smolder, and burn.

Arrive at a path of white crushed bone, which leads to a hall

carved of black granite, whose pillars are detailed in gold.
Enter the hall. In your hands is a lyre; about your body is
a white cloth.

Within the hall, a legion of spirits parts, allowing you to
approach the two black granite thrones upon which sit Hades
and Persephone. They stare down at you, their faces graven
like masks.

Go down upon one knee before them. Set before Persephone
the pomegranate, and before Hades the precious stone. One
of the two will ask you your name, and your business in
the realm of the dead. Announce yourself as [Your Name]
- Orpheos - [Your Name], and tell them respectfully that
you request to speak with a certain soul who is under their
jurisdiction. Name the soul.

Whichever god did not initially speak, will now either nod
or shake their head, thus granting or withholding permission
to visit the soul.

If permission is withheld, you must return the way you came,
intoning the vowels in reverse order, and try again another
night - perhaps bringing more generous gifts. If you are
granted permission, leave their hall, and take a path of black
flagstones that leads up the side of a low mountain. Atop a
jutting crag is a small pillared shrine which looks out over a
sunless sea. There your intended spirit will be waiting for you.

Offer it the bowl of spring water, and see it drink eagerly,
gaining color and shape and strength as it does. Then speak
gently to the spirit, explaining to it who you are, since it may
not immediately recognize or remember you. If the spirit is
one whom you have never met, introduce yourself, and ask
of it what you will. Be patient with the spirit, and listen
carefully. Its voice may be an indiscernible whisper, or buzzing
sound such as bees make. In time, it may grow clearer, or it
may not. Either way, the time you spend together is a gift
from the Lord and Lady of the Dead. Do not waste it.

Do not overstay your welcome. When you have said what you need to say, and listened for what they will share, say your farewell and bless the spirit, promising to remember it and offer it spring water and other gifts when you have returned to the upper world. Then feel your feet leave the surface, and drift back over the land of the dead, across the five smoldering rivers, past Kharon and Kerberos, and finally up to the surface world, intoning each of the vowels in reverse order as you do.

Do not look back.

rites of the earth:

three sorcerous queens

For those who would serve the Queen of Night, there can be few better subjects of study than the portrayal of sorceresses in accounts contemporaneous with Hekate's worship. The Adept who does so will not be surprised to discover that the foremost of these women are characterized as the direct descendants of Helios, the titan of the sun.

The following pages introduce the Reader to three such queens: Kirke, Medea, and Pasiphae. Kirke and Pasiphae are Helios' daughters, and Medea is his granddaughter. Both Kirke and Medea were notorious witches (*pharmakoi*) whose spells enchanted men, beasts and spirits alike, and who were favored by Hekate above other mortals. Pasiphae was a Cretan queen with lunar associations; she embodies the Adept's ability to draw the chthonic power of Dionysus into herself from the depths of the earth - a task which will serve her well in the rites to come.

Each of the following queens is either a seductress, a sorceress, or both; and each found favor with the gods. They can serve as examples, inspirations, and allies. Accordingly, the following rites provide a window into these semi-divine women's myths, and (for those who seek it) a door into the world of chthonic sun-magic.

QUEEN PASIPHAË: LOVER OF THE BULL

Pasiphaë was a queen of Crete, the wife of King Minos. Her legend tells that Minos prayed for a perfect creature to sacrifice as an offering to the gods, and his prayer was answered: the next day, a peerless black bull rose up out of the sea. However, Minos greedily determined to keep the bull for himself, and sacrificed another in its stead. But the gods were not so easily fooled. To punish Minos, they made his wife Pasiphaë become enamored of the mysterious, sea-born bull; so much so that she prevailed upon the inventor Daedalus to build her the hollow form of a cow into which she could put herself, in order to mate with the bull. Her plan worked, and from their union she gave birth to a bull-headed child: the Minotaur (Bull of Minos), whom she named Asterion (The Starry One).

So fierce was Asterion, however, that when grown he was kept in a labyrinth that Daedalus had fashioned for him. Because Asterion fed on human flesh, King Minos demanded a tribute from Athens of fourteen youths every year to feed him, until the hero Theseus swore to end the practice. Theseus sailed to Crete, and with the help of Princess Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë, he killed the Minotaur, and fled with Ariadne to the Isle of Naxos.

There on Naxos, Theseus abandoned Ariadne. Bereft and weeping, Ariadne then encountered the great god Dionysus, who fell in love with her. Their love was short-lived. She died soon thereafter - some say she abandoned Dionysus to pursue Theseus, and was killed by Artemis for doing so, either in the throes of childbirth or by hanging herself. But whatever the case, Dionysus never stopped loving her: after her death, he elevated her to the heavens, where her shining crown may still be seen in the constellation *Corona Borealis*.

Pasiphaë's physical coupling with the sacred bull is often dismissed as a shameful stain upon King Minos' reputation. But there is an occult meaning at work in this tale: for while

Dionysus' late epiphany was a black he-goat, in earlier times it was a black bull. Therefore, Pasiphaë's love for the sacred bull, and her coupling with it, foreshadowed her daughter's eventual union with Dionysus. Just as legends of the Year-King tell of a series of male rulers who mate with a divine queen, so does the tale of Pasiphaë and Ariadne reveal a line of royal women who give themselves to the god Dionysus completely, thereby achieving *hieros gamos* - sacred union with the god.

Far from being a curse, Pasiphaë's desire provides the Adept with an example of a mortal's passionate embrace of the divine in its most primal and carnal form. As such, Pasiphaë - whose name means Shining One, and who is certainly an aspect of Selene, the Moon - should be celebrated as a royal daughter of the Sun, whose blessing and favor may bring the Adept closer to both Helios, the heavenly lord of fire, and to Dionysus, the dark child of the Underworld.

PASIPHAE HYMN

Wherein the Adept honors and identifies with Queen Pasiphae, a daughter of the Sun and embodiment of the Moon, thereby preparing herself for congress with the chthonic Bull God.

In the late ancient world, Dionysus, despite the strangeness of his cult, was considered to be a sort of pagan Christ: a redeemer, but one whose mysteries allowed the initiated to be guaranteed an afterlife which was not only joyous, but fully carnal. Women initiated in his mysteries were said to become the Brides of Dionysus upon their deaths, and men to become the Husbands of Ariadne. These were not metaphors: the afterlife for the initiated was believed to be a royal bed, upon which the god lay waiting.

Accordingly, the rites of Pasiphae represent an initiation of sorts; one which allows the Adept to take on the mantle of the Queen of Crete, and by so doing engage physically with the chthonic power that Dionysus represents. Those willing to do so will thereby gain the power and authority that are due to one who is a lover of Persephone's only son.

The following hymn is to be sung beneath the crescent waxing moon while pouring *nephelia* upon the earth, after fumigating the spot by burning the dried petals of a white rose. Its purpose is to win the favor of Pasiphae, and to prepare the Adept to receive the gnosis that comes from physical congress with the Bull God, whose rites are described hereafter.

PASIPHAE HYMN

—

KHAIRA PASIPHAE * BASILEIA!

A Queen you are and ever will be!
But when you saw the bull
You knew that eventually
Your body would be full

Of the god who rose up from the sea,
Whose thick black neck bent like a tree
Before you, O Pasiphae,
Until your heart was ruled.

KHAIRA PASIPHAE * THEOTHRON!

A Queen you are and ever will be!
And when in the machine
Built to bear your lover's weight, as he
Approached unseen -
And then was *there* - on bended knee
You received the bull-shaped Sea
And thus achieved epiphany,
O god-filled, cow-formed Queen.

KHAIRA PASIPHAE * AGLAOS!

A Queen you are and ever will be!
Before they killed your son
You fed him flowers and wild honey
And kissed the black bent horns
That from his brow grew royally
Proclaiming to all who could see
His mother's final victory:
"She saw the Flame within the Form."

KHAIRA PASIPHAE * AKIOTHEOS!

A Queen you are and ever will be!
But when the labyrinth burned
You knew he was not lost, for see:
Your daughter's eyes discerned
A shape rise from the cresting sea;
A black form, horned, that like a tree
Bowed before Ariadne,
Who knew he had returned.

After having called out the hymn twice, kneel with one knee upon the ground, and set your left hand, palm down, upon the earth. Speak, then, in your own words to Pasiphae. She is a queen, and you must refer to her as such. Tell her that you honor her, and that you wish to experience, as she did, the release that comes when the hunger for a long-absent lover is finally satisfied. Ask for her aid and guidance. Then thank her in the name of Hekate-Persephone-Selene, and be done.

PASIPHAE RITE: THE GODFACE

In which the Adept consecrates a Dionysian mask which may be used as a xoanon - an idol containing the god himself.

The two Greek gods most closely associated with masks are Hekate and Dionysus. There is a reason for this. When dealing with spirits of the dead who are benign, or those ancestors eager to be called up from the earth, the Adept may speak openly as herself, using her own voice, face, and name. But not all spirits are friendly. In particular, those who died under harsh circumstances may be reluctant to respond, and difficult once raised.

To effectively raise and command spirits of the dead which are restive or malicious, one must have the permission of Persephone, the Queen of the Dead. To ensure her favor, the Adept would be wise to enlist the aid of Hekate, Persephone's closest companion, and of Dionysus, Persephone's beloved son.

Hekate's favor is earned through the regular offering of her monthly supper, or *deipnon* - the midnight meal left for her at a crossroads in the dark of the moon. She is compelled to attend through use of the *ynx*. But different steps must be taken to enlist the aid of Dionysus.

Like Hekate, he was called EPIPHANESTATE, the Most Manifest god; the god who comes when called. But the form he takes is unique: the epiphany of the Black Radiant Son of Persephone is a *mask*.

Therefore, to effectively solicit Persephone, the Adept should speak to her as her son, in the voice of her son, by wearing a mask dedicated to her son. Wearing such a mask, the Adept takes on a persona which is a hybrid of herself and Dionysus: one who is neither entirely male nor female; neither fully mortal nor god; neither entirely living nor dead; but a liminal being whose very liminality guarantees that his/her words cannot be ignored, and his/her commands cannot be denied.

When the Adept wears the consecrated mask of Dionysus, the god's voice will speak through her mouth to accomplish her will, and the raised spirit will obey. The mask is a literal godhead which conveys its soul-forcing virtue upon the wearer, and also serves to disguise her from the *auroi* and *biaiathanatoi* - the Restless Ones who might otherwise do her harm. This is especially important if she is working with the spirits of the dead within the confines of her own home.

Once created, the mask will serve as a *xoanon*, or idol: it is the placeholder for the god Dionysus himself, who in ancient days was often present in his temples in the form of a mask suspended from an ivy-clad pillar. To activate such an item, the Adept must perform a consecration which re-enacts the death and resurrection of the Unkillable One. The rite to consecrate the *xoanon* is as follows.

First, obtain a black mask. The mask may be a true replica of the wide-eyed, bearded face forged in bronze by blacksmiths long ago to embody the Roaring God, or it may be a non-traditional design created by the Adept - perhaps incorporating bull or goat imagery. It may even be as simple as a yard-long strip of translucent black cloth (which has the virtue of being easily transportable for use in the field). But at the very least, it should have painted on it two large round eyes to indicate the quintessential Dionysian feature: his blank, frontal gaze, which paralyzed beasts, mortals and spirits alike in ancient tales.

Once you have the mask, you are ready to proceed. At night, beneath a crescent waning moon, wrap the black mask in a white cloth and bury it in the earth, weeping. As you do, say:

Farewell, radiant son!
 Farewell, beloved Bull of the Earth!
 Farewell, farewell, serpent of a thousand glittering scales!
 Farewell child of Persephone and Zeus!
 Never shall we see your like again: farewell, farewell,
 farewell!

EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!
 EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!
 EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!

Fill in the grave, and leave the mask in the earth for nine days.

On the ninth day, when the new moon has come and gone, and the crescent moon waxes bright, dig up the mask with laughter and rejoicing. As you lift it out of the earth, call out:

Behold! Behold!
 The white seed has yielded a black leaf!
 The white paw has left a black print!
 The white star casts a black shadow!
 Behold, the dead one lives again in new-found glory!
 He who has been taken from us is now returned!
 IO, BROMIOS! IO, CHTHONIOS!
 IO! IO! IO!

Laughing, hold the mask up between your face and the moon, so that the mask is facing you. As the moon shines through its right eye into your left eye, and then its left eye into your right, call out:

See, the Queen-his-mother's bright light is shining
 through his sacred gaze!
 Truly, he is his Mother's son.

Shift the mask so that the starry darkness glimmers through the mask's mouth, stating:

See, the King-his-father's star-drenched darkness is shining
 through his sacred mouth! Truly, he is his Father's son.

Turn the mask outward, and holding it aloft, slowly rotate in a circle, stating:

Behold, black radiant son, the heavens and earth, and all that lies between. Behold the night, your dark dominion.

Behold all that's visible and invisible, which are your dark materials. Behold the black air, the black soil, and the black fires that burn below, all of which are your kingdom.

Lower the mask and turn it inward, so that it is facing you.

Behold, behold your Adept. Her name is [your name]. Delight in her presence, her touch, her shape, her scent, the sound of her voice. Hear her words, and know them to be true.

Know then, that you are the twice-born bull-serpent of the earth, a god of surpassing strength and wisdom and power. Know then, that you reside in this mask, and that when she puts on this mask and calls your name thrice you will respond immediately, coming into the mask immediately, in the fullness of your strength and glory.

Your great function is to summon for her the dead, and reveal to her their presence, and shield her from all possible harm, subjugating them to her every word, gesture, command, and intention. Do these things everywhere and always; come when called and depart when dismissed. For though you are a god, yet do gods love those mortals who honor them, and I have honored you more than any, for you were once dead, and by my words and wit and will, you now live again.

Behold [your name]! Behold your Adept! Behold your love! Behold, our sacred seal...

And with these words, kiss the mask thrice, once above each eye, and once on its lips.

Turn the mask outward and hold it in front of you: then press it gently to your face. Take deep breaths and exhale nine times, staring through its eyes into the earth, the outer dark, and at the moon's face. You are not yourself in this moment: whenever you wear the mask, you become a hybrid

of yourself and the great god Zagreus-Sabazios-Dionysus. See what visions may come.

When finished, gently remove the mask, turning it so that the moonlight once more shines through its eyes and into yours. Then lift the mask victoriously upward into the night air, calling out:

Hail to thee, O, bull-serpent of the earth,
White Seed, Black Fire,
IO, BROMIOS! IO, CHTHONIOS!
IO! IO! IO!

Gently cover the mask with a rich cloth, and take it home with you to its resting place. It is now alive, active, and ready for its task.

PASIPHAE RITE: HIEROS GAMOS

In which the Adept conjoins with the Bull God's epiphany.

If the Adept desires to conjoin with Dionysus, as did the initiates of old, thereby availing herself of the protections and privileges afforded to the lovers of Persephone's son, then she must prepare to be both embraced by the Black Bull, as was Pasiphae, and thereafter slain by the Black Bull's son, Asterion. Those who undergo the ordeal will be reborn spiritually, and may consider themselves to be an Initiate into the mysteries of Dionysus, with all the powers that attain.

The Rite of Pasiphae, by which the Adept experiences the Bull's embrace, follows below. The Vision of Asterion, whereby she is devoured and reborn, comes thereafter. Together, they bestow the full authority and protection of Persephone and Dionysus.

What follows is a phallophiliac rite. In ancient days, such rites were inextricably connected to Dionysian worship, which was itself often conducted before an altar framed with phalli. Indeed, the Athenian phallophoria was a festive parade in which a phallus more than a hundred feet long was carried through the streets of Athens by throngs of Greeks celebrating the generative power of the Bull God. Dionysus himself, in his quest to rescue his mother Semele from the Underworld, was said to have transfigured himself upon a phallus of fig wood; and during the Great Dionysia festival, the high priest's wife would enter into his sacred sanctuary to physically couple with the god's ithyphallic statue. The point of these rites is this: union with the Dark God is essentially carnal. Those who wish to invoke his power, and engage him on the deepest level as a true ally, should submit to him as did Pasiphae and Ariadne: through physical intercourse. Therefore, as you had done with the mask:

Take a new phallus, wrapped in white cloth and placed in an airtight container. In a private, outdoor place, while weeping, bury it nine days before the new moon, crying out:

Farewell, radiant son!
Farewell, beloved Bull of the Earth!
Farewell, farewell, serpent of a thousand glittering scales!
Farewell child of Persephone and Zeus!
Never shall we see your like again: farewell, farewell,
farewell!

EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!
EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!
EUOI SABOI DIONYSUS!

Then, on the ninth day, when the new moon has passed and the crescent waxes bright, dig up the phallus with laughter and rejoicing. As you lift it, say:

Behold! Behold!
The white seed has yielded a black leaf!
The white paw has left a black print!
The white star casts a black shadow!
Behold, the dead live again in new-found glory!
He who has been taken from us is now returned!
IO, BROMIOS! IO, CHTHONIOS!
IO! IO! IO!

Having unburied and unwrapped the phallus, set it upon an altar strewn with grapes and red flowers, and "feed" it by touching to it bowls of honey, oil, and wine. Praise its beauty and its power; trace its lineaments with your hand. Holding it with both hands, close your eyes and envision a bull rising up from the sea, with the brine dripping from his black flesh. Imagine him lowering his great neck, and your hand tracing the curve of his smooth, unyielding horns.

Then in a private place, and in a safe manner, disrobe and envision yourself taking on the form of a sacred cow. Dip your hand in the oil and trace an upward crescent on your brow, signifying the crescent moon. Kneeling on all fours, say:

Hands, you are no hands, but hooves;
Feet, you are now cloven.

Thighs, you are a cow's haunch;
Brow, now you have proven
Worthy of a crown that's made
Of the horns of heaven.
Skin, you are no skin, but the cattle's
Dappled hide. Dionysus, find worthy
She who here resides.

TAURE * TAURE * MELAINA TAURE
CALLEO SEH * CLOUTHI MEOU *
KLEIDZO SEH

Having said the final words of the invocation, receive the
god within you, as did Pasiphae and Ariadne, and so gain
carnal knowledge of the Black Bull.

SECOND NIGHT JOURNEY

Asterion: Into the Labyrinth

The Minotaur is often dismissed by modern academics as nothing more than an evil monster. But Pasiphae's "monstrous" offspring was, in fact, holy; a fact indicated by his heavenly name, Asterion, the Starry One. He was also by definition a *hero*, which to the Greeks meant a semi-divine godhead born of mortal and immortal parents. As such, he had a theriomorphic form (a bull's head), fed on sacred food (human flesh) and resided in a temple (the Labyrinth).

The explanation that the Labyrinth was solely meant to imprison Asterion is nonsensical: mazes are meant to confuse, but labyrinths have only one avenue of ingress and egress. They are not meant to confound the senses; they are meant to exhaust them. Why then could Asterion not escape? The answer may be that he did not *want* to: he was not the Labyrinth's prisoner; he was its master. And the Athenian youths did not travel its coiled path in confusion, but with deliberation: they knew that as sacrificial prisoners, they had no choice but to offer themselves (as had Pasiphae) to the Black Bull's scion: to Asterion. The Minotaur was worthy of them, and they of it.

In the oldest version of the tale, Ariadne does not aid Theseus by giving him a string to navigate the Labyrinth, but by giving him her glowing crown, which lit his way to the Labyrinth's heart. By this fact we understand two things: first, that Ariadne (like her mother) was most likely an aspect of Moonlight; and second, that the Labyrinth was completely unlit.

Asterion, then, abided in total darkness. He was the god-form it contained; he was SKOTIO (Dark One), he was PHILEREMOS (Lover of Empty Places), he was SARKOPHAGOS (Flesh-Eater). So if the Black Bull of Dionysus represents the Underworld, the Afterworld, the Dark World, then Asterion, his son, was the Son of that



Dionysian Darkness: the very Soul of the Abyss. This creates a parallel between Asterion and the princely Underworld spirit BAXYXSYYX/BAINKHOOKH (Son of Darkness/Soul of Darkness), and so the following vision completes the Adept's identification with the chthonic spirit already residing in her Infernal Knife. When she completes the vision, the spirit within the knife will reside within the hand that wields it, and both will be empowered by Dionysus, the Lord of the Souls of the Dead.

This rite describes a vision-journey of the Adept's descent into the Labyrinth, dismemberment by the Bull God's fierce son, and rejuvenation by the Dark One's benevolent epiphany: the Black Goat. This vision represents an initiation through which the Adept rises, new born, to be acknowledged by both Dionysus and Helios as one worthy of the chthonic mysteries.

Here follows the rite:

Gather dirt from three crossroads, and mix it with the powdered dust of yew, wormwood, and hellebore. Then, on the night of a new moon, in a private indoor space, undress and let your hair down. Pour the dust upon the floor (or some smooth surface placed upon the floor, such as a mirror). Trace within the dust the labyrinth design while singing the vowel pyramid described in the Lyre of Apollon.

Place one black candle in the center of the labyrinth, and at the entrance of the labyrinth place a bloodstone colored with your own blood. Sitting before the labyrinth, repeat the vowels in the Lyre until you have lulled yourself into a trance state. Then visualize yourself standing before the labyrinth's entrance, a rough stone arch notched with graven sigils. It frames only darkness. Take three deep breaths, and then step within, and begin the journey.

Travel the first three coils, right, left, and right again, each leading downward, farther away from the center. Then travel the fourth, which cuts inward to the left. Then follow

the three shorter coils - right, left and right - which spiral outward again, until the final coil winds to the labyrinth's heart. When you reach the center, you encounter Asterion.

Smell him first - the musk of a beast. Hear him next: the heavy clop of hooves on stone. Feel his two hands clench your wrists. Lift your neck, baring your throat, and feel his teeth close about it. Your chest is wet with blood: you cannot speak or breathe. Feel yourself lifted off your feet, suspended in mid-air, and then unceremoniously hung upon an iron hook. Then feel a sharp horn pierce your chest, and drag downward, cutting you from clavicle to crotch. Feel the skin of your chest pulled back like a curtain, and every organ sliding out. Feel empty. Hang upon the hook, blowing in a black wind that arises from some unguessable place. Die.

Then, gradually, see that you are no longer in darkness, but in a dimly-lighted land, hanging from a post set at the crux of a crossroads where three paths weaving between the sawgrass converge. To your right is the surging sea; to your left, the silent woods.

Minutes become hours; hours become days. Weeks pass, then months. Seasons come and go; stars wheel overhead by night, and by day the dim and distant sun rises and sets. Leaves fall upon you in autumn, snow in winter, rain in spring, and the dust of pollen in summer. You endure this seasonal cycle three times.

And then, one night, in darkness, you see a horned figure approach. He is different from Asterion: the horns are smaller, and they curve back gracefully between delicate, leaf-shaped ears; the muzzle comes to a rounded point. He is thinner, slighter. He wears a black robe, and a scruffy beard graces his chin. A goat. He fingers the worn sheet of your flesh curiously; smells it; touches his tongue to it. Finds value in it.

Hear the crunch of branches as he pulls twigs from a nearby yew tree, and stuffs them into the cavity of your body. See

him pluck a long hair from his mane, and tie it round a thorn; feel the steady prick as he sews up your torn body from crotch to clavicle. Feel his hands pull your jaw open. Taste his cold saliva as he spits in your mouth. Feel the two cool stones that he picks up and places in the cavities where your eyes were. Feel his sweet hot breath against your cheek as he leans in and whispers a word in your ear. That word is your secret name: your witch name. Hear that name. Remember it.

Feel the Goat's hands slide beneath your armpits as he lifts you from the hook and sets you gently upon your feet. He then takes his knife, and touches the cool tip of the blade to your brow, your mouth, the hollow of your throat, your chest. As he touches it to your heart, you feel your heart begin to beat again.

The Goat takes your hand, and he leads you down a path to the lip of a cliff. There he turns to face you. He parts his robes, takes you by the shoulders and pulls you into his body - into the darkness within him. You are encompassed in the darkness. The smell of him is intolerably feral. It burns your lungs when you inhale; you exhale mightily and what you exhale is flame. This happens three times. Each time you exhale flame with a loud roar. The first roar engulfs the ground beneath you in flame; the second sets the woods ablaze; the third ignites the very air and all that it contains, including yourself.

When the smoke clears, you are standing alone on the stone cliff, overlooking the sea, watching the red sun begin to rise at the horizon's edge. Feel its warmth upon your soft muzzle. Lift your hands, feel the unfamiliar angles of your face: the horns that curve elegantly back from your brow; your leaf-shaped ears.

Step to the edge of the cliff on your cloven hooves. Raise your hands to the rising sun, and call out the following hymn. It is a hymn to yourself, your newborn self. It echoes across the sea, the sky, the land:

HYMN TO YOURSELF

KOMPTHO * KOMASITH * KOMNOUN

Shaker of the Earth

Shaker of the Ground

Shaker of the Abyss

Behold the one who is new-born!

I am I: and I am

The shadow of all things

The one who sinks in sorrow and rises in splendor;

I am the blood upon the altar stone

I am oblivion

I am the true Son of Darkness;

The true Soul of Darkness is what I am:

BAINKHOOKH

Is my name, is my name, is my true name

BAXYXSYYXX

Is my name, is my name, is my true name.

Son, behold your father.

Father, behold your son.

For I am the blood upon the altar stone;

I am oblivion.

Shaker of the Earth

Shaker of the Ground

Shaker of the Abyss

KOMPTHO * KOMASITH * KOMNOUN

Let the vision slowly fade. Become again yourself. But recognize in that self the existence of something new: a power and a strength born of a timeless pact with the forces of the earth itself. You are different. You are not that which you were. You carry within you the black grace bestowed by the Black Bull, the Black Goat, and the Flaming One who rises and dies and rises again. You burn like a covered fire with new authority. You were, up to this point, an Adept. But you are now an Initiate.

QUEEN KIRKE: THE SHAPE-CHANGER

Wherein the Initiate honors and identifies with Queen Kirke, a daughter of the Sun, thereby gaining the authority to summon from herbs and oils the chthonic spirits needed to work her will.

A daughter of Helios, Kirke was the queen of the island-kingdom of Aeaea. Her myth, which is revealed most fully in Book 10 of Homer's *Odyssey*, tells that the Greeks, while returning from the Trojan war, were shipwrecked on Aeaea by a terrible storm. When Kirke first encountered the uncouth Greek warriors, she brewed an enchanted potion that changed them all to swine. But Odysseus, their leader, was spared thanks to the intervention of the god Hermes. Kirke and Odysseus subsequently became lovers, and jointly ruled her island for a year thereafter, whereupon Kirke allowed Odysseus and his crew to depart.

Kirke is the epitome of the *pharmakoi* - the herb witch. By invoking Kirke and performing the following rites, the Initiate may attain Kirke's irresistible seductive glamour, as well as her ability to transform the spirits of others and herself through the wise use of herbs, stones, and other materials.

On a Friday in the hour of Venus, take a bowl of mixed honey, milk and barley. Sip it before you begin, and when you finish, pour it out upon the earth. Burn the dried petals of a red rose to fumigate the offering, calling out the hymn as you do.

KIRKE HYMN

—
Kirke! Kirke! Kirke!
Daring daughter of the Sun, of Helios;
O heavenly harvester of flaming flowers!
O lure to men; seducer of sailors; enslaver
Of souls seeking shelter on your shores!

Kirke! Kirke! Kirke!
O white-limbed one who brings into the shade



The honey-cup where hungry heroes wait.
 O holder of the hazel wand; O speaker
 Of unspeakable speech; whisperer
 Of forgotten words; secret spell-sayer,
 Whose sayings wither hand to hoof, flesh
 To fur, nose to snout, tooth to tusk. Musty
 With the slow fall of golden pollen,
 O sweet-breathed one, honey-haired; fair
 As dawn when the storm is near. Passionate
 Persuader who drowns all fear in the grave
 Of a bottomless cup. Nocturnal flower
 In whom the sweetest toxins all converge,
 Whose pale petals spread with arresting scent;
 Saw-grass whose rasping leaves entwine the man
 With bad intent; honeycomb whose honey
 Comes dripping from the sacred vent.

Kirke! Kirke! Kirke!

O hunger-making queen who reduces
 Gods to men and men to beasts; O dripper
 Of the dew that makes a sword into a leash;
 O you who feed upon what's left, when humanity
 Is released! Gorgeous gorger, fair filler
 Of the unrejectable cup; O cutter-up
 Of earthen herb; sawer-off of blooming limb;
 Burner of the fragrant bud; tender
 Of the holy hive: Kirke, Kirke, Kirke, come!
 Solitary; succulent; envenomed; alive.

Having called out the hymn twice, kneel with one knee upon the ground, and set your left hand, palm down, upon the earth. Speak, then, in your own words to Kirke. She is a queen, and you must refer to her as such. Tell her that you honor her, and that you wish to experience, as she did, the power to draw what you desire, repel what you despise, and transform that which remains. Ask for her aid and guidance. Then thank her in the name of Hekate-Artemis-Selene, and be done.

KIRKE CHANT

The following chant is to be spoken while collecting beneficial and baneful herbs for the two rites described hereafter. When the moon waxes in spring, reap beneficial lily-of-the-valley, mandragora or saffron crocus bulbs, preferably at dawn, while calling out the chant. Then, at summer's end, safely collect baneful aconite, belladonna, henbane, foxglove, or moonflower at dusk when the moon wanes, chanting thus:

Below the waves are other waves;
 Above the sky's the sky;
 Within the earth's another earth;
 Within me is I.

My father is bane to shadows;
 My mother, bane to sun;
 My sisters are bane to many;
 My brothers are bane to one.

But I am bane to bane;
 I serve both shadow and sun;
 Yes, I am bane to bane;
 I rule both many and one.

If bane you seek, then seek me;
 (By venom is venom undone)
 If bane you seek, then seek me;
 For bane and I are one.

Below the waves are other waves;
 Above the sky's the sky;
 Within the earth's another earth;
 Within me is I.

While gathering herbs in the spring, the same chant can be spoken, replacing the word "bane" with "balm." Begin and end the chant by intoning the Lyre of Apollon.

RITE 1: THE BALM

Wherein the Initiate, by brewing a potion, may enlist the spirits of three beneficial herbs to strengthen, protect and heal.

Legend tells us that Odysseus was protected from Kirke's enchantments due to his use of a special herb called "Moly." This rite provides a structure for duplicating the plant's apotropaic effects by enlisting the spirits of the three herbs most likely to have been Moly.

When the moon waxes nearly full, purify yourself and consecrate a sacred space in the usual manner. Then light a fire and put over it a cauldron containing oil. While it heats up, chant the vowels in Apollon's Lyre, then summon Hekate with your *ymx*, using the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula. Once you have finished, drop into the simmering oil the mandragora, lily-of-the-valley and bulbs of saffron crocus which you have previously reaped while the moon waxed. Once they are in, let down your hair and get on your hands and knees. Bark loudly three times, and let your last bark merge into the following, which is repeated thrice:

PHORBA PHORBOBAR BARO PHORPHOR
PHORBAI

Then rise up before the cauldron and point to its contents with the *Tartarie Machaire* in which resides BAINKHOOKH, saying loudly:

Blood of a dragon,
Seed of Pan,
All-Seeing-Eye,
Burning hand.

Then take your consecrated blade, the *Tartarie Machaire* in which resides BAINKHOOKH, and chant the following words as you dip the blade in the oil, repeating each two-line section thrice:

O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Sink beneath the waves of Styx;
(stirring the blade clockwise in oil)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Drink beneath the waves of Styx;
(dipping the blade deeply into the oil)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Sleep beneath the waves of Styx;
(holding the blade still within the oil)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Wake beneath the waves of Styx;
(tapping the blade against the cauldron)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Rise above the waves of Styx;
(drawing the blade slowly out)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Walk across the River Styx -
(drawing an X shape on the oil's surface)
And with you, bring the Spirit of Moly.

Having drawn the oil-soaked blade out of the cauldron, hold it up before you and address the spirit that resides within the oil that drips from its iron edge:

Spirit of Mandragora! Of Crocus! Of Lily-of-the-Valley!
I conjure you in the name of Persephone-Artemis-Selene,
To rise up before me, and attend.

Before you stands the one who wields BAINKHOOKH
Before you stands a servant of the Black Queen.
Before you stands a serpent with a bull's head.
Before you stands a bull with a serpent's tail.
Before you stands the great serpent-bull,
The Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness,
BAXYXSYXYX;
Who calls you by your great and secret name:
MOLY, MOLY, MOLY!
Now, in the names of the Children of the Sun,
Kirke, Medea, Pasiphae,

By the power of Hekate; and the blessing
Of Persephone-Artemis-Selene,
Holy herbs, whose name is MOLY,
Shield these bones, shield this blood
From all that would confound it.

Again dip the knife blade into the herb-soaked oil, draw it out, and after it cools, gently swipe the mixture across every joint of the person being blessed: the knuckles of each hand, the wrist, elbow, shoulder, hip, knees, ankles, toes, neck. As you do so, say:

I consecrate [Name] to the protection of my mistress,
Great Hekate, and by Hekate's will and word,
And by the command of Kirke, her priestess,
And by the favor of BAXYXSXYX, who rules
beneath,
Let you, MOLY, serve as [Name's] shield and sword,
Shield and sword,
Shield and sword,
And arm [Name] with those powers of the earth
Of the earth,
Of the earth,
From which this brew obtains its virtue.

End the rite by drawing, with the blade's oil-soaked tip, a sigil upon the person's brow. The sigil should correspond to the epithet of Hekate that is most appropriate for the blessing needed, such as APOTROPAIA, AUROBORE, or SOTEIRA.

When the rite is done, safely pour the oil into a container to use again at a later date. Then deconsecrate the space, extinguish the fire, and wash the Infernal Knife, thanking the spirit that resides within it as you do. Later, be sure to reward it as you see fit.

RITE 2: THE BANE

Wherein the Initiate, by brewing a potion, may enlist the spirits of three baneful herbs to avenge a wrong through the working of a slander spell aimed at a wax figure.

Some injuries cry out for redress. When the Initiate or someone she loves is threatened with irreparable harm by one who cannot be stopped by all reasonable and lawful means, then the following rite may be enacted as a last resort. It requires a mix of baneful herbs that have been reaped by night as the moon wanes. It also requires the fashioning of a wax form in the likeness of the target, containing within it a paper with their full name written on it, as well as any material related to them that is obtainable.

This spell contains within it a series of slanders meant to rouse the goddesses to action. This traditional Greco-Egyptian technique requires you to insert the target's name in every line. Then, once the slander is spoken, you may state what the target's *actual* crimes were.

When the moon wanes, purify yourself and consecrate a private place in the usual manner. Light a fire, and place over it a cauldron of oil. While it heats up, chant the vowels in Apollon's Lyre, then summon Hekate with your *ynx*, using the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula. Once you have finished, and the oil is simmering, drop into it a mix of baneful herbs such as aconite, belladonna, foxglove, moonflower, or henbane, being careful not to touch them with your skin: all are mortal poison.

Once they are in, let down your hair and get on your hands and knees. Bark loudly three times, and let your last bark merge into the following, which is repeated thrice:

EUPHORBA PHORBOREU PHORBA PHORBOR
BORPHA BORBORPHA PANPHORBA

Then rise up before the cauldron and point to its contents with the *Tartarie Machaire* in which resides BAINKHOOKH, saying loudly:

Spit of the black dog
Sweat of a corpse
Tears of a black god
Serpent's source
Seed of a hanged man
Menses flood
Orion's urine
Gorgon's blood

Then dip the knife into the mix, saying as before:

O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Sink beneath the waves of Styx;
(stirring the blade clockwise in oil)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Drink beneath the waves of Styx;
(dipping the blade deeply into the oil)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Sleep beneath the waves of Styx;
(holding the blade still within the oil)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Wake beneath the waves of Styx;
(tapping the blade against the cauldron)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Rise above the waves of Styx;
(drawing the blade slowly out)
O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness
Walk across the River Styx -
(drawing an X shape on the oil's surface)
Flush, furious, full of force, envenomed
With five rivers' blood.
And with you, bring the Spirit of aconite/
Belladonna/foxtail/moonflower/henbane.

Lift the blade, and address the spirits of these baneful herbs, as the oil they reside in slides off the blade:

Spirits of aconite/belladonna/foxtail/moonflower/henbane attend!

Before you stands the one who wields BAINKHOOKH;
Before you stands a servant of the Black Queen.
Before you stands a serpent with a bull's head.
Before you stands a bull with a serpent's tail.
Before you stands the great serpent-bull,
Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness,
BAXYXSXYX;
Who calls you by your great and secret name, which is
AGONEXA;

In the name of Persephone-Artemis-Selene,
Rise up before me. Spirits,
I bid you seek the soul of [Name of your target],
Who defies the great and harms the good.

Hear me, hear, me, hear me! (Hereafter name the target:)
[Name] has kicked a pregnant bitch and laughed as it
miscarried.
[Name] spat into a glass and gave the drink to Kore.
[Name] shat at the crossroads path, and left that as a levy;
[Name] swears that Artemis' shafts have never struck
their quarry.
[Name] says that Rhea's face is twisted and misformed;
[Name] brags that Hekate's foes have never come to harm.

And besides this, she/he has (now list their actual crimes).

Strike the cauldron thrice with the edge of the blade, and say:

O Son-of-Darkness, Soul-of-Darkness,
As the sickle reaps the wheat;
As the sieve removes the chaff;
Let this blade cleave [Name],
As it splits this form in half.

Pierce the wax form with the heated blade and then slowly cut it in half, barking out the following thrice as before:

EUPHORBA PHORBOREU PHORBA PHORBOR
BORPHA BORBORPHA PANPHORBA

Then hold the wax remains on the tip of the blade over the simmering oil. Once they have melted, fling them into the cauldron, shouting

NEBOUTOSAOULETH! IA!

End the rite by drawing, with the blade's oil-soaked tip, a sigil upon the earth. The sigil should correspond to the epithet of Hekate that is most appropriate for the aspect of Hekate invoked, such as BRIMO, etc.

When the rite is done, safely pour the oil into a container to use again at a later time. Then deconsecrate the space, extinguish the fire, and thoroughly wash the Infernal Knife and the cauldron, being very careful not to let your flesh contact the oil or anything it has touched. Thank the spirit that resides within it as you do. Later reward the blade as you see fit.

A cauldron used for this spell should not be used again for any purpose other than baneful work.

QUEEN MEDEA: THE DRAGON RIDER

Wherein the Initiate honors and identifies with Medea, the granddaughter of the Sun, thereby gaining ophitic power.

Medea was the pre-eminent necromancer of classical literature. She was the daughter of Aeëtes, the son of Helios who ruled over the kingdom of Kolchis (which we now call Georgia, on the Black Sea). Aeëtes' prized possession was the Golden Fleece of the ram Phrixus, which was guarded by a dragon in the garden of Hesperides. It was this treasure that drew the Greek hero Jason to Kolchis' shores. Aphrodite saw to it that Medea fell deeply in love with Jason and used her magical arts to help him steal the Fleece. Medea's powerful potion stunned the dragon, and her knowledge of death magic allowed her to revive the dead and destroy the living, thus helping Jason escape Aeëtes' wrath. Regardless of the fact that Medea had betrayed her family and abandoned her kingdom to help him, Jason eventually abandoned her. The poets tell various tales of her revenge: in some, she incinerates Jason's mistress with a fiery cloak; in others, she dispatches their children and flies off in a chariot drawn by dragons to Ethiopia. But all agree that Medea's passion was as terrible as her art was powerful. The following hymn invokes her power, passion, and art.

This hymn is to be sung beneath the gibbous waxing moon, at or near midnight. Its purpose is to win the favor of Medea, and to enlist her aid in obtaining knowledge of the earth, the night, and the flesh, and the sacred point where they converge. As you sing it, pour red wine upon the earth and burn the petals of a dark rose.

HYMN TO MEDEA

Hail, Dragon-drugger! Hail, lover of the prince
Who led the Argonauts to Kolchis' shore;
You who made the dragon drowse and lose

His golden charge; O fleece-thief! Forgetter
 Of your family and your station; neither kin, nor clan
 Nor nation could prevent your subtle plan. O witch
 Of wondrous talent who brewed a broth
 That with inimitable action brought the dead
 To life! Hail proud poisoner! Hail causer of strife!
 Trickster, traveler to distant shores; O forgetter
 Of nothing. Faithful friend
 To the friendless foreigner; O you
 Who gave all, gave all, gave all!
 Knower of secrets; priestess of the Dog;
 Chantress, ghost-caller, fate-sealer, stealer
 Of your country's pride. Dismemberer,
 Dragon-rider. Infanticide. Fugitive
 Who fled her father's wrath. Path-finder,
 Diviner, Dreamspeaker, chaos-wrecker,
 Secret-sharer. O raiser of the Black Bull;
 Servant of the Black Queen. You who go
 Between the dashing rocks of your lover's
 Faithlessness and your father's wrath; You
 Who do nothing by halves; Sun-daughter
 Who can re-animate and slaughter; O you
 Who have neither husband, home, nor nation!

Hear the words of the one who sings your greatness;
 Hear the song of the one who bows before
 The Dragoness from Kolchis' shore.
 Favor me, Medea, and grant my workings force.

After having called out the hymn twice, kneel with one knee
 upon the ground, and set your left hand, palm down, upon
 the earth. Speak, then, in your own words to Medea. She is
 a queen, and you must refer to her as such. Tell her that you
 honor her, and that you wish to have, as she did, the power
 to entrance, to enthrall, to create and destroy, to choose your
 own fate and forge your own destiny. Ask for her aid and
 guidance. Then thank her in the name of Hekate-Artemis-
 Selene, and be done.

MEDEA CHANT

What follows is a conjugal chant. It should be spoken aloud
 by the Initiate before coupling with a lover. By doing so, the
 Initiate invokes into the body of the intended the spirit of
 Dragon-bodied, chthonic Zeus (who is, in fact, a version of
 Aidoneos - of Hades himself), while she herself embodies
 Serpent-formed Persephone. This dual association makes the
 coming together of the lovers a re-creation of the secret act
 that begat Dionysus-Zagreus, in whom Chaos, Ecstasy and
 Night-Force were made manifest.

In a private place, on the first night after the new moon,
 the Initiate should let down her hair, disrobe, and straddle
 her lover. Holding in her left hand a lit red candle, and in
 her right, a blade or lancet, she should call out the following:

O you of the lashing tail! Great Old
 Serpent of a thousand scales;
 Many-toothed dweller of the deep; you
 Who thrash in shallow sleep,
 And dream as aeons slowly slide
 Across the fabric of the void;
 God of the soon-to-be-destroyed -
 Awake! Awake! Awake!

The Initiate lets fall from the red candle a few drops of wax
 upon her lover's chest.

O you of the flashing eye! Adrift
 In the currents of the night;
 Too-bright devourer of worlds,
 Hear the echo of my words
 And let the full flag of your wrath unfurl.
 Awake! Awake! Awake!

The Initiate again lets a few drops of red wax fall.

Dragon Father, distant stranger,

I call to you with sacred anger, and with blood.
 O Hear the cry of your own brood; the kings
 Of earth are heaven's food. So feed: with each pricked
 Finger you grow stronger; let your hunger sleep
 No longer: Awake! Awake! Awake!

The Initiate pricks the ring finger of her left hand.

O Ender of Suffering! Satisfier
 Of desire. Fire of Heaven, Fist
 Of Fate: the kingdoms of the earth retreat too late
 As you uncoil: let all systems blaze
 With your burning breath, O Deathless
 Harbinger of Death: See! The cities
 Melt like glass; the world tilts; it
 Cannot last. Your scales grow bright
 As new-mint coins! Descend, Descend,
 As we conjoin. Descend, Descend, as
 We conjoin. Descend, Descend as
 We conjoin.

Using her pricked finger, the Initiate touches the brow of her
 beloved five times with drops of blood, saying:

With this hand I crown your brow
 With five red stars; and consecrate you
 To the cause of the coming wars.

She touches her pricked finger to her own lips, then her
 lover's, saying:

The stars are all connected; the stars become
 A crown. By the Dragon we are joined,
 And by the Dragon bound.

As the two merge, their coupling enables the spiritual
 conception of Dionysus-Zagreus within the Initiate. This
 completes the cycle begun with the rites of Pasiphae, and
 results in a true *mysterium*; namely, the spirit-form of the

horned child quickening within the Initiate, there to reside
 indefinitely, strengthening her will, aiding her gnosis, and
 drawing the favor of his chthonic and celestial parents. This
 favor will manifest in all manner of coincidence and serendipity,
 much to the Initiate's benefit. It will also secure her ability
 to command and maintain authority over BAINKHOOKH.

RITE 1: THE DRAGON BOX

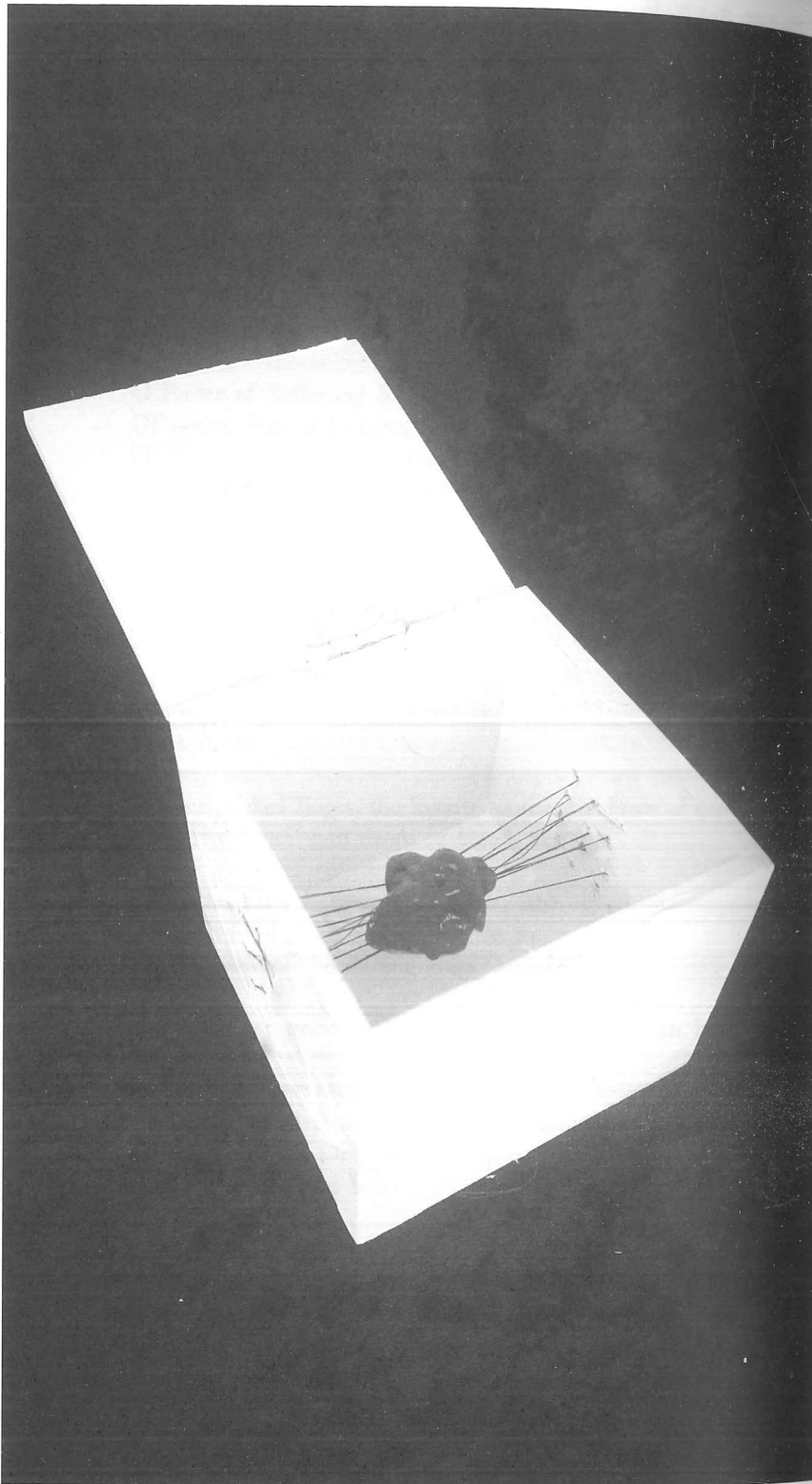
A spell to bind a heart.

Medea's great accomplishment was stealing the Golden Fleece for Jason; her great tragedy was that it did not keep him. What follows is a charm to secure the affections of a loved one forever. This spell invokes into a needle and thread the fierce spirits of nine of the most famous dragons in Greek myth, and uses them to bind a lover's heart.

To perform this rite, the Initiate should obtain a box the size of a fist, and drill nine small holes into two of the box's sides which parallel each other. She should then gather a yard of red thread, a needle that has never been used before, red and white rose petals, dust from the grave of one who died young and unmarried, and finally the raw heart of a fowl.

On the night of a full moon, the Initiate should purify and consecrate the space in the usual way, and after summoning Hekate with her *ynx* and the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula, she should light both myrrh and sandalwood, and strew her working space with white and red rose petals. She should have the grave-earth at hand.

When all is prepared, thread the needle, and then slowly pass both needle and thread nine times through the flame of a red candle, invoking one of the dragons with each pass. At the end of each of the nine invocations, tie a knot in the red thread, until it has nine knots at the hymn's end.



DRAGON HYMN

Attend, O serpent Ladon!
 Rough-scaled servant who enwraps
 The golden apple tree! Hundred-headed guardian
 Fed on poppies and honey; Lulled at twilight
 By the song of starlike Hesperides;
 Hekate, lend never-sleeping Ladon to me! - IA!

Attend, O serpent Kholkikos!
 Three-tongued dragon who protects
 Phrixus' golden fleece! You whose jagged spine
 Is fifty oar's-length at least; Beast of the grove
 Of Ares who seeds warriors with your teeth;
 Hekate, lend fire-breathing Kolkikhos to me! - IA!

Attend, O serpent Hydra!
 Nine-headed queen-companion to
 Kerberos at the Gate; whose every severed neck
 Two more perpetuates; whose ninth head
 Is immortal, made of gold, inviolate.
 Hekate, lend nine-headed Hydra to me! - IA!

Attend, O serpent Python!
 Hail, bicephalic amphisbene!
 Spitting venom from both heads
 To protect the prophet-queen; enwrapping
 Parnassus in nine coils until you rot
 Beneath the stream, your double-hearts
 Bristling with Apollo's arrows' gleam.
 Hekate, lend bone-crushing Python to me! - IA!

Attend, O serpent Sybaris!
 Drakaina! Devourer of flocks and men
 In a cave in Mt. Kriphis;
 Drakaina! Demander of perfect youths
 Sent trembling at eclipses;
 Drakaina! Whose fall revealed a spring
 When flung from off the cliff-face.

Hekate, lend ravenous Sybaris to me! - IA!

Attend, sea-serpent Lamia!
 Sharkish one encircling ships
 That founder fatally;
 Hungerer who removes her eyes
 The better for to see; Ethiopian queen
 Cursed by Hera eternally,
 To hunt the sailors who venture far
 Upon the wine-faced sea.
 Hekate, lend deep-dwelling Lamia to me! - IA!

Attend, O serpent Poene!
 Child-thief with cold iron claws
 Who haunts the broken tombs;
 Plague-begetter, blood-letter
 Whom Apollon sent to doom
 The Argive's children, after his child
 Was mauled beneath the moon.
 Hekate, lend vengeful Poene to me! - IA!

Attend, O serpent Kampe!
 Guardian of Tartaros, wielding
 A whip-like scorpion tail; winged nymph
 With eyes weeping fiery hail;
 Sickle-handed snake whose cries
 Echo the infernal vale.
 Hekate, lend black-winged Kampe to me! - IA!

Attend, O serpent Ekhidna!
 Monstermother, Typhon's lover
 And his hungry nurse: begetter of Kerberos,
 Khimaera, Hydra, Sphinx, and worse;
 Dragon-daughter; slaughter-causer;
 Rot within the earth.
 Hekate, lend monster-bearing Ekhidna to me! - IA!

Prick your finger with the needle and let a drop fall into
 the grave-earth. Mix it into a paste, telling it that it must

strengthen the dragon cord to snare and hold the heart of a lover forever, and recite the MASKELLI MASKELLO formula. Coat the thread with the paste.

Then take a fresh heart, and say over it:

Heart, you are no heart,
But the body and soul of [Name],
Son/daughter of [Name of Mother],
Heart, you are no heart,
But the mind and spirit of [Name],
Whom I, [state your name], claim for my own...

Place the heart in the small box, saying:

This needle is nine fangs; this red thread, nine tails;
In nine dragons' mouths I place you, [Name];
May She-Who-Cannot-Fail
Bind you utterly to me;
May Hekate, Hekate, Hekate
Bind you utterly to me.

Put the needle through one hole in the wall of the box and pierce the heart, then push it out the corresponding hole on the opposite side. Then put the needle back into the box through the nearest hole, and push it through the heart and out the opposite side. Continue doing this until the heart is pierced nine times, from nine different angles, and hangs suspended in the center of the box. As you do this, chant the following repeatedly:

Sleep you cannot;
Eat you cannot;
Laugh you cannot;
Weep you cannot;
Unless you sleep, eat, laugh, weep with me.

When you are finished, close the box and end the rite in the usual way. Keep the box in a safe place, and if the spirits

comply, your lover will never be able to fully leave you, for you possess their heart.

Should you ever choose to release the lover, open the box and cut each thread, saying as you do:

So with the pin, so with the fang;
So with the thread, so with the tail.
Out of nine dragons' mouths I take you
In the name of She-Who-Cannot-Fail,
You are free; you are free; you are free.

Then drop the heart in running water, and let the current bear it away.

RITE 2: THE DRAGON ORACLE

In which two Initiates, acting as Dionysian Bacchae, beget a sacred cord to induce oracular pronouncements.

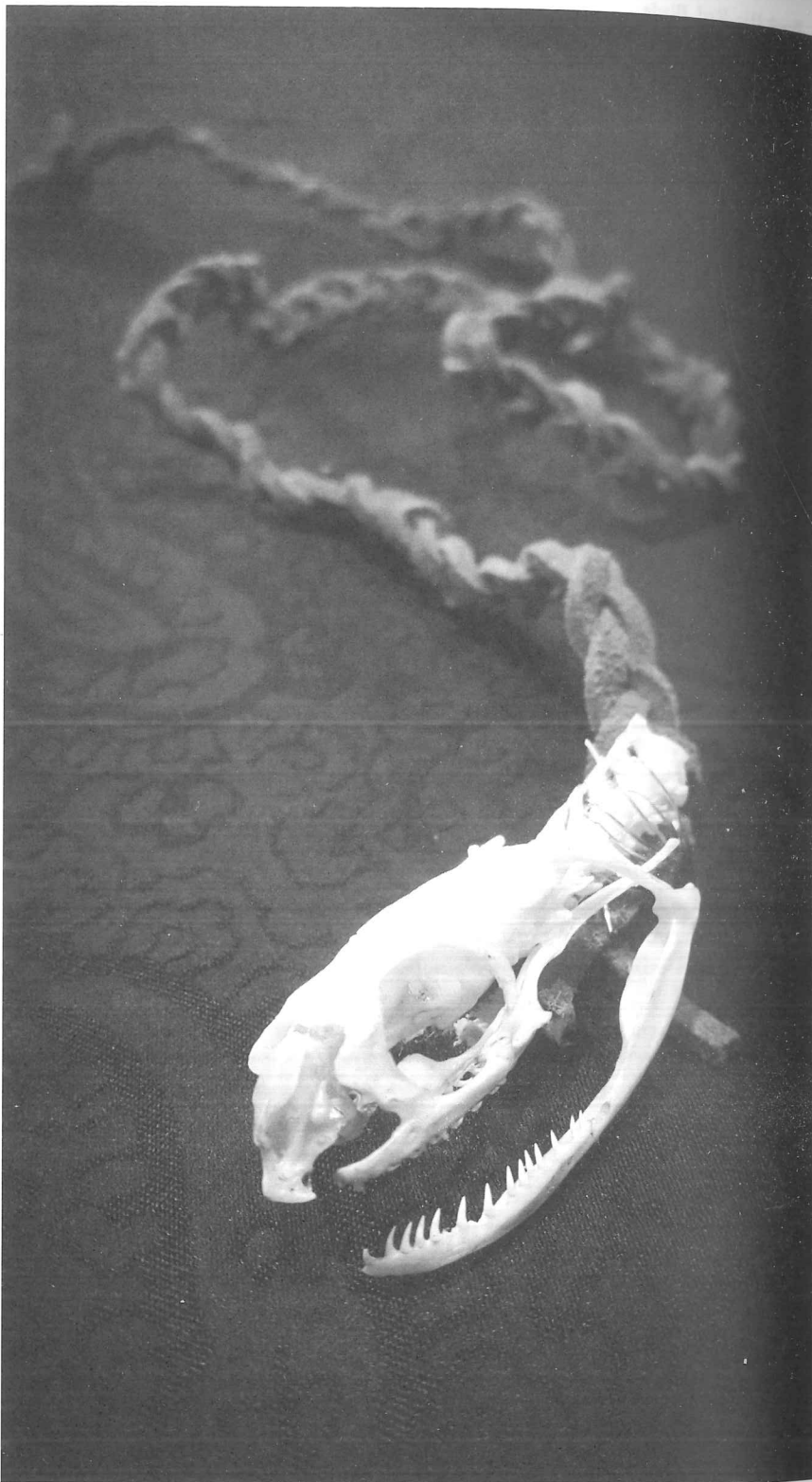
Many citizens of the ancient world traveled to the Temple of Delphi to have their questions answered by Apollon's Oracle - a priestess known as the Pythoness, who (after inhaling fumes that rose from an open crevice) answered pilgrims' queries with inspired verses. But scholars tell us that long before the Oracle at Delphi housed Apollon, it housed Dionysus; originally, it was the Dark God's priestess who declared his divine will to all who sought guidance.

Initiates may re-create this wonder. Those who have embraced the power of Pasiphae, Kirke and Medea, and have coupled with the Great Serpent and conceived his Horned Child, may summon into themselves the oracular voice of Dionysus, thereby speaking with the tongue of the Black Bull.

This rite requires the Initiate to select a partner to join with her in oracular congress. The two must take on the roles of Persephone and Chthonic Zeus, and allow the spirit of Dionysus-Zagreus to speak through them.

Having found a willing partner, the Initiate must obtain a sacred cord at least a yard in length. She may use her Moon Girdle if she wishes, although it will need to be modified slightly by attaching to the ends of the cord items which are redolent of serpent power, such as snake skulls, hagstones, variolites, obsidian, or carved willow.

Having fashioned the Serpent Cord, the two partners - who in this ritual are deemed the *Bacchae*, or devotees of Bacchus/ Dionysus - purify themselves, and take the cord (as well as wine, honey, hyacinth incense, black candles and two masks) to a deserted place, such as woods, at night - preferably when the gibbous moon waxes full or nearly full.



Before entering the woods, the Bacchae should look up to the sky and find, if possible, the Dragon constellation (Draco). Having located it, they should hold up a cord of braided leather, and imbue it with the power of the Dragon/Serpent (in this case, Zeus and Persephone) by tying a knot "around" the brightest star in that constellation while reciting the Medea Chant. Now the cord is ready to be consecrated for oracular purposes.

The Bacchae then find a secure, secluded spot. They make the space sacred by carving in the earth a circle with the Infernal Knife, and setting candles in the three dog skulls to invoke Kerberos as a guardian. Then, after lighting the hyacinth incense and singing the Consecration Song, the two Bacchae sit within the sacred space, facing each other.

The cord is filled with the star-energy of Draco, but it must now become an instrument of Dionysus. Because Persephone had the form of a serpent when she conceived, Dionysus sometimes takes the form of a serpent; sometimes a bull; and sometimes both. Thus, the cord will become a spiritual "serpent" child. It will become a vehicle for the serpent Dionysus himself once it is consecrated with its parents' breath, saliva, blood.

The Bacchae sit across from each other. Together, they intone the vowel pyramid in the Lyre of Apollon. Then, after a pause, the first Bacchant raises his hands and says to his partner:

Behold, I am Zeus, I am Zeus, I am Chthonic Zeus;
My form is the dragon's form;
This hand, a claw;
This mouth, a maw;
This skin is scales,
The blades of my back, wings.
Behold, for I am chthonic Zeus;
From my breath all heroes spring.

The first Bacchant, as "Zeus," leans toward his partner and slowly exhales a breath into her mouth as if his breath were flames. She inhales his spirit as he does, and raising her hands says:

Behold, I am Persephone, Persephone, Chthonic
Persephone;
My form is the serpent's form;
I have no hands, no feet
And yet I am complete;
Behold my scales, my tail, my coils
My teeth are fangs, my venom, oil
From which the god will rise.

The second Bacchant, as "Persephone," leans toward the first Bacchant and, cobra-like, spits into his mouth as if her saliva were venom.

Having declared themselves to be stand-ins for the gods, the Bacchae then put on their masks - a Zeus mask for him, and a Persephone mask for her. These may be elaborate, or as simple as a piece of translucent black cloth.

Then, using separate sterile lancets, the two Bacchae prick their fingers. They say:

Let our bloods mingle
Let our bloods match
And let, you gods,
There come to pass -
A Serpent-Bull, a Bull-Serpent
From the sacred current
Which now between us flows.

The Bacchae streak the cord with a drop of their blood. They then invoke Dionysus:

BROMIOS! CHTHONIOS! ZAGREUS!
BROMIOS! CHTHONIOS! ZAGREUS!

BROMIOS! CHTHONIOS! ZAGREUS!

O Serpent Who Becomes a Bull!
 O Bull Who Becomes a Serpent!
 Dionysus * Dionysus * Dionysus
 Be born! Be born! Be born!
 Speak now through your parents' mouths
 Breathe now through your parents' lungs
 O Bull with black horns,
 O Serpent with a forked tongue!

The cord is now charged with the spirit of Dionysus. To use it, each Bacchant loosely ties one end of the cord around the other's wrist. Facing each other, they sit and hold hands, so that their palms are lightly touching. Thus bound together, with eyes closed, they both intone the Y vowel (which is of the Underworld) until they achieve harmony and enter into a light trance.

One of the Bacchae asks a question aloud in a clear voice. Then, alternating words, the two begin to speak as one, channeling Dionysus, formulating a reply to the query. So the Bacchant who has not asked the question speaks the first word of the answering sentence, and the second Bacchant speaks the second word, and the first speaks the third word - and they alternate words until the sentence is complete and the question answered, at which point one of them says, "I have spoken." The message is then ended, and a silence may fall until another question is asked, or the god speaks without such encouragement.

When the god is speaking, the Bacchae stare into each other's eyes. When there is silence, their eyes are closed. Once all questions have been answered, one of the Bacchae will break eye contact and apply pressure to her partner's hands, to indicate that the oracle is finished. At that point, the Bacchae both remove their masks, and briefly thank Dionysus in their own words for blessing their efforts, and pour out the wine upon the ground. They should thank the cord as well, kiss

it, touch it with a drop of honey and wine, and lay it to rest gently in its box. It must always henceforth be treated with the utmost respect: it is both a spirit-serpent and an avatar of Dionysus. It is also, in an arcane sense, the Bacchae's child.

The Bacchae then blow out the candles, dismissing Kerberos as they do, and leave the space.

DEIPNON

Feeding the Queen of Night.

Hekate must be fed. While her celestial self may delight in incense, song, and spirit-offerings, her chthonic self is SARKOPHAGOS (Flesh-Eater), AIMOPOTIS (Blood-Drinker), AUROBOROS (Dead-Devourer), and as such, she hungers.

The heart of Hekatean worship is the act of offering Hekate her supper (*deipnon*) which the Initiate should provide during the night of the new moon. This meal is to be left at midnight at a crossroads where two roads meet, or (more traditionally) where one path forks. Historically the meal was left in silence, and the giver fled wordlessly without looking back, so as not to behold Hekate's fearsome presence. Such offerings are traditional and worthy, and will satisfy the Initiate's obligation well enough. But she who seeks to progress from Initiate to Hierophant should do more. She should seek communion with the titan herself by invoking Hekate directly during the *deipnon*, to experience, first hand, the epiphany of the Nocturnal Queen.

Take wine, milk, honey, and a simple meal to a path that forks in the woods or some other secluded place. Traditionally, Hekate's meals consisted of either lentils, eggs, fish, garlic, or a simple loaf of bread.

Dust your hands with cinnamon, and knock three times loudly at the place's threshold, be it a tree trunk, stone, or the earth itself. Say:

Hail, you spirits *in* the wood and *of* the wood!
I come tonight to leave great Hekate's meal.
Let me enter with your blessing, and safely leave.
I now await permission, and a sign.

When you perceive a sign - the bark of a dog, an owl's cry,

a shift in the wind - proceed to the crossroads. Once there, ground yourself, breathing deeply and extending every sense to take in the world around you. Raise your hands up to the dark night, saying:

Queen of Night and Fire; suffer my desire
To feed you as you would be fed. Let the dead
Rest quiet, and the woods here welcome me.

Pour out a small bottle of milk in a circle, saying:

You spirits *in* the wood and *of* the wood!
You Restless Ones, who follow Hekate like moths to
flame!
I now pour out the gift of milk
That you may taste the stuff of life. Drink deep,
Be satisfied, and hinder not our work.

Then lift up the *Tartarie Machaire* and say:

I lift this sacred blade,
Which was cut from Earth,
Burned in Fire,
Drowned in Water,
Cooled in Air;
And with it carve a ring!

Cut upon the earth a large circle with the knife's blade, and say:

And so it's done!

Lift the blade high again, saying:

This blade is a child who died at twilight;
This blade is a babe born at midnight;
This blade is a youth who shuns the daylight;
This blade is a god who roams the dark night!
I take this blade, which is BAINKHOOKH
I take this blade, which is BAXYXSXYX...

Cut a line from the North edge of the circle to the South edge, saying:

...And with it I conjoin North to South!

Cut a line from the East edge of the circle to the West edge, saying:

...And with it I conjoin East to West!

Point the blade straight up and straight down, saying:

...And with it I conjoin the Overworld and the Underworld!

Touch the blade to your chest and then extend your arm, pointing the tip outward, saying:

...And with it I conjoin what's Within with what's Without!

Hold it high with both hands, saying:

...And with it I transfix them all upon this point!
Let what's *within* this circle stay *within*,
And *without* stay *without*!
IA!

With the final cry, throw down the blade into the center of the circle, so that the tip is buried in the earth where the two lines meet, and the handle sticks upright.

The Devotee should now take out the three dog skulls, invoking the power of Kerberos to secure the space as set forth previously in the Call to Kerberos, setting each skull equally spaced along the circle, facing outward, with a lit candle set in one eye socket of each skull.

Then, standing within the circle, invoke Hekate as follows:

Hekate, Hekate, Hekate -
Megali Thea! (Great Goddess) Megiste Titan!
(Greatest titan)
Calleo Seh (I call you)
Clouthi Meou (Hear me)
Kleidzo Seh (I invoke you)
Khaira, Hekate! (Rejoice, Hekate!)

Rejoice, Hekate, as you hear me call you by your twenty-seven sacred names...

Then invoke her with the twenty-seven sacred names used in the Rite of Hekate's Ladder, repeating each epithet thrice.

Once her epithets have been recited, kneel down on one knee, and extend both arms outward with the palms toward the earth, calling out:

Tha perimeno edo, sto amorpho scotadi!
(Here I await in the beautiful darkness)
Ela mazi mou, sto amorpho scotadi!
(Join me here in the beautiful darkness)

Softly repeat the final phrase again and again, letting the words become a rote murmur as you extend your apprehension before, behind, and to both sides. Be patient. At some point - for no apparent reason - the hairs upon the back of your neck will prickle, and the skin of your arms will rise in gooseflesh; then will you know that she (or her *daimon*) has arrived. When you apprehend her presence, say:

She comes, she comes, my Mistress comes!

And chant:

Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a thousand faces;
Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a thousand faces;
Gorgo, Mormo, Moon of a thousand faces;
Hear me as I speak.

Cross your arms over your chest. Feel the beating of your heart. Speak, then, from the heart; thanking her for that which you have been given; asking for what favors you would seek. If you hear a voice within you that comes unbidden, know that it is hers, and give it voice. If you would converse with her, do so. If you would merely listen, or abide in her presence, then do that.

When you come to understand that your time together has ended, touch the gifts that you have brought, declaring:

Hekate,
Queen of the Black Moon,
She-Who-Hungers,
Hunger no more. For see:
Here, by my own hand, I bring you food.

Bread - for you sustain me;
Honey - for your service is sweet;
Wine - for you intoxicate, and delight.

Pour out the honey and wine upon the earth, and set down the meal. Then say:

LYKAINA! (She-Wolf), feed not until
Your hound safely flees.

Take up the three dog skulls, each in turn, blowing out its candle as you do. If you would feed them there and then, touch food (such as figs or barley cakes) to each mouth, saying its name, and stating thus:

AIMOGENES KOMPTHO

Taste the promised meal
Rejoice in my thanks, faithful one
And rest satisfied until I call again; etc.

And ending with:

Kerberos, Kerberos, Kerberos -
I've fed and blessed your triple heads,
And now release you from my call: So
Walk the black road
Ride the black wind
Cross the black water,
And return, return, return
Great Kerberos
To the infernal shores of Styx.

Having finished, pull the blade from the earth, stating:

With the pulling of this blade I now unbind
East, West, South, North
Heaven, Hell,
And all that's in between.

Then with the iron blade draw a line across the perimeter of the circle, saying:

The circle's broken; my work is done;
May the hounds of night pursue the sun
Until we meet again.

And leave, never looking back. At the wood's edge, thank the woods:

Spirits *in* the woods and *of* the woods,
I thank you for safe passage, and wish
You peace. Hail to Hekate,
Our great queen and mistress!

If at any point any fearsome spirit or force threatens, take your right heel with right hand; put your left hand on the top of your head, and snarling like the hound you are, say:

Beware, you worthless spirit:
From head to heel I'm Hekate's daughter/son!
And I call upon my Mistress now:

BRIMO, BRIMO, BRIM!

Flee this place you worthless shade!

BRIMO, BRIMO, BRIM!

For behold, the Black Queen approaches!

BRIMO, BRIMO, BRIM!

In her right hand is a torch, in her left a whip!

BRIMO, BRIMO, BRIM!

Flee the might of BRIMO HEKATE TRIMORPHOS!

If the foe advances still, draw forth the *Tartarie Machaire* and point in its direction, calling upon BAINKHOOKH to defend you. You will not have to do so twice.

From Initiate to Hierophant

Thus far the practitioner has progressed from Reader to Devotee; from Devotee to Adept; from Adept to Initiate. And now, having familiarized herself with the rites of the Queens of the Earth, the Initiate may truly be said to be a Hierophant: a priestess of the Queen of the Crossroads.

What remains?

The final dedication rite awaits, along with the activation of *The Hekaton* itself. But before that can take place, the Hierophant must encounter another manifestation of Hekate: a strange and beautiful hybrid which combines the fearful power of ENODIA with the kindly face of PHILANTHROPOS, the Friend to Mankind. This god was said to ride the wind, escort the dead, and teach lost lore to the living, thus allowing their deepest desires to manifest. He is also the laughing god of luck, joy and unfettered delight in all things that are carnal and of this world.

His/Her acquaintance awaits!

BOOK IV: BLACK MOON



So begins the last book of *The Hekaton*.

Thus far, the Hierophant has encountered manifestations of Hekate which inspire awe, wonder, and holy fear. But the Hierophant may be forgiven for wondering how - or even if - the Queen of Crossroads may be invoked in rites that celebrate the temporal and carnal joys of earthly things; especially since there are no well-developed myths of Hekate taking a lover or husband, or experiencing the ecstatic abandon that all mortals seek.

The answer is that she *does* have such an aspect (how could she not, being limitless?), which may be encountered in the form of Hekahermes/Hermekate - a sorcerous conflation of Hekate and the god Hermes.

The similarities between Hekate and Hermes are many. Both are HOPAON, companions to men and women on their life-journeys; both are PSYCHOPOMP, as they accompany souls down the winding path that leads to the Underworld after death. And both are associated with magic: Hekate has jurisdiction over the spirits of the dead which may be raised to do one's bidding; and Hermes is the luck-bringing trickster who gives certain mortals the knowledge of the sacred connections between the seen and unseen worlds. It was Hermes, the ancients said, who first conceived of the sacrificial offering, by which the gods are placated, and their favor gained.

Both are also sexually liminal. Hekate was called ANDROPOS (Manly) and ANDROGYN (Androgynous One). Hermes too was androgynous; often portrayed as beardless and young, he is said to have had male as well as female lovers, and with Aphrodite he fathered the intersex child Hermaphroditus. His very nature is liminal, having been begotten of Zeus and Maia, a mountain-nymph who was the eldest of the Pleiades. Both Hekate and Hermes are said to bear the *kerykeion*, the herald's wand which guaranteed the bearer access to all heavenly and chthonic realms, and whose very shape is of two coiling serpents, one male and one female, inextricably entwined.

Some say spirits have no gender. If this is true, then the already-small distance between Hekate and Hermes diminishes considerably. But even if a difference remains, there nonetheless is an overwhelming affinity between the two; indeed, one of the few references to Hekate taking a lover in ancient times names Hermes as her chosen paramour.

The two are fully compatible; especially since Hermes' nature reflects a side of Hekate that is not always apparent in the sparse record we have inherited. Hermes' nature is one of delight: as a bastard child born of Zeus' secret dalliance with the nymph Maia, he proclaimed aloud his forbidden parentage to the world in a song sung at the very moment of his birth. As an infant he not only stole the sacred cattle of Apollon, but then deviously denied doing so when interrogated by the irate god. To make amends, he invented both the lyre, whose music brings repose, and the syrinx, which brings wild joy. He advised heroes like Theseus and Odysseus, and is credited with teaching mortals the secret magical relations between all things, inspiring a system we now call *Hermeticism*. He fathered the great god Pan, who embodies the most rudimentary nature of the earth itself. He is said to ride the wind, and his animals are the ram, the hare, the hawk, and (like Dionysus) the goat.

Hermes is, in short, a friend to mankind, and as Hekahermes/Hermekate, he brings out the aspect of Hekate which is both

playful and carnal. For our purposes, Hekahermes/Hermekate will complete the sorceress' education by providing a link to the sabbatic rites that connect archaic magic with traditional witchcraft. Accordingly, the following pages present the means to consecrate a *xoanon*, or fetish, to embody this liminal sorcerer's patron in the form of a ram or goat skull. The accompanying rites demonstrate how Hekahermes/Hermekate may be celebrated and invoked in both solo and group revels which honor the great god Dionysus.

The Hierophant may justifiably wonder why Dionysus plays a predominate role in the Book of the Black Moon. The answer is that he is a sort of Pagan Christ: a true SOTEIR (Savior) who was thought to be Lord of the Dead and Shepherd of Souls. He is the indomitable child-god whose sexually indeterminate, bestial/mortal/divine nature embodies the liminality which all true seekers seek. By honoring him through the agency of Hekahermes/Hermekate, the Hierophant may incorporate an element of ecstatic carnality into her practice which is, on the one hand, respectful of Hekate's traditional nature as unclaimable maiden, while at the same time allowing the Hierophant to attain a vital connection to the traditional witches' gatherings of the more recent past, and the carnal gnosis resulting therefrom.

What follows, then, is this: first, a solemn hymn to the Hekate/Hermes conflation known as Hekahermes; second, a raucous chant to invoke the ecstatic rhythms of its twin, Hermekate; then the consecration of a goat or ram skull which may embody the full spirit of Hekahermes/Hermekate. Thereafter follow solo and group Dionysian revels in which this fetish, which embodies the dual spirits of Hekate and Hermes, becomes a stand-in for Dionysus himself, who is thereby incorporated with the other two in a chthonic trinity.

Finally, since Dionysus was honored with theatre at his festivals, three simple plays are included, which may be performed as part of a more decorous celebration. All three of the plays portray Hekate in some aspect of her traditional myth.

WAXING HALF-MOON HYMN TO HEKAHERMES

In which Hekate's liminal male/female nature is invoked by the Hierophant to aid a transition from one stage to the next.

This rite is meant to be enacted when the waxing moon is exactly half full. The "half-fullness" of the moon embodies the liminal duality of Hekahermes. As a counterpoint to the informal drum-chant on the following page, this hymn gives homage to Hekate's androgynous nature in more measured tones - and yet the Hierophant's joyous voice should capture how magnificently indefinable the Queen truly is. If possible, it should be performed at dawn or dusk, in sight of the half-full moon. The Hierophant should say it thrice, having first purified herself, and having lit one black and one white candle, and setting between the candles a bowl of water mixed with olive oil, a cup of barley mixed with lentils, and a garlic clove pierced by a nail.

HYMN TO HEKAHERMES

—
O husbandless, wifeless, strifeless Hekate!
O luster of the bronze sun and silver moon.
O childless womb that yet engenders and sustains.
O seedless phallus that penetrates our knowledge
Of nothing; that reigns in absence.
AZOSTOS! AZOSTOS! O unconstrained
By the bonds of flesh; everchanging
God that cannot be bent into a shape
By chains of gender and of sex.
O Hekahermes, O Hermekate,
O Fire unchecked! O
Unreckoned
Ambiguity.
Unruly Salamander
Born of flame, encumbered
By no mortal mate: having no equal, unsequeled;

Who yet perpetuates. O Parthenogenic one who woos
And preys upon her mates. O unabated Mistress/Master
Who evades the tongue's attempts to capture your
Uncapturable self. It cannot be helped: from your core
Primeval rays reach in every direction equally, always
And ever: and never can one blade of flame be bent
Beyond its eternal trajectory. So how could you
Concede the need to rut, with the concessions
That adhere? O God/Goddess of Force
And Voice and Fear; O Slayer/Savior;
O Blessor/Breaker; Raiser/Wrecker;
Murderer/Maker; Releaser/Netter;
Parasite/Host; Male/Female;
Flesh/Ghost.

Having called out the hymn thrice, thank Hekate in your own words for the gift of herself, and speak of how her liminality and amorphousness have allowed you to apprehend and celebrate those liminal aspects of your own outer and subtle selves. Then speak Hermes' name thrice, and in your own words ask him to enter into you; to henceforth be with you; and to hereafter grant you luck, joy, wisdom, and success.

If there is some impasse that you are at personally, especially concerning issues of identity, gender, sexuality or relationships, now would be an appropriate time to ask these twin powers to fortify you with insight, endurance, and that which is most within their power to grant: companionship for the journey.

WANING HALF-MOON HYMN TO HERMEKATE

*Being a drum-chant to invoke the wild abandon which is the gift
of Hermekate.*

The Hierophant should learn this chant by heart. It is meant to be sung aloud to the beat of a goatskin drum at night when the waning moon is half full. Set out two candles, one white and one black, and put between them a bowl containing beer mixed with wine, and a cup of honey mixed with blood. Also set down two coins - one facing up, one down.

The Hierophant and any others that she enlists should sing this chant repeatedly while dancing with abandon around either an open fire or (if indoors) the lit candles and offerings. Her dancing should be similar to that of Dionysus' Maenads: unpracticed, unselfconscious, simple and unpredictable, combining quick and slow movements, and gestures that were alternately sinuous and static. She should breathe deeply while dancing and singing the chant, and make every effort to forget anything but the dance and the song. Such ecstatic states would be greatly enhanced by the judicious use of lotions which incorporate safe amounts of baneful herbs that traditionally gave sorceresses the ability to fly to the sabbats.

HERMEKATE DRUM CHANT

My hand is on your skin;
Your skin is on the drum.
You with eyes like hourglasses -
Come! Come! Come! (Repeat entire stanza thrice)

My eyes are on the moon
The Moon's between your horns.
The Moon is like a breast
That is pressed between two thorns.
As all milk comes from mothers,

As all the dead are dumb:
You, whose eyes are hourglasses -
Come! Come! Come!
As all milk comes from mothers,
As all the dead are dumb:
You, whose eyes are hourglasses -
Come! Come! Come!

My right foot is a right foot;
My left foot is a hoof.
We were standing on the ground, but now
We're standing on the roof.
O Goat with eyes of fire
Whose skin is on the drum;
Take me, take me higher,
And Come! Come! Come!
O Goat with eyes of fire
Whose skin is on the drum;
Take me, take me higher,
And Come! Come! Come!

My right tit's nicely covered;
My left tit's in your mouth.
The rest of me's in ecstasy
And every North is South.
Your heart is beating faster
Than my hand upon the drum;
Hail, my Lord and Master!
Come! Come! Come!
Your heart is beating faster
Than my hand upon the drum;
Hail, my Lord and Master!
Come! Come! Come!

My hand is on your skin;
Your skin is on the drum.
You, whose eyes are hourglasses -
Come! Come! Come! (Repeat entire stanza thrice)

Ideally the Hierophant should dance until she can dance no longer, at which point she should lay upon the ground, close her eyes, and envision a black goat with flaming eyes descending upon her, nudging her onto his back, and leaping upward toward the moon and beyond. What visions then follow should be shared, recorded, or forgotten, as the Hierophant sees fit.

CONSECRATION OF THE HEAD OF HERMEKATE-HEKAHERMES

When the moon is either exactly half waning or half waxing, set the skull of a ram or goat upon a stone or staff above uprising clouds of frankincense and myrrh, and stand before it ungirt, with your hair unbound, having purified yourself and your space in the usual way. Have lit a black and a white candle, place between them red and white flowers, cups of red and white wine, and two loaves of white and black bread.

Chant both the Hymn to Hekahermes and the Hymn to Hermekate, and then all present should touch their hands to the goat skull and call aloud this final consecration:

CONSECRATION HYMN

—
Within, Without
Above, Below
Right, Left
Quick, Slow
East, West
North, South
First, Last
Flood, Drouth
Young, Old
Weak, Strong
Good, Bad
Right, Wrong
Before, After
True, False
Male, Female
Virtue, Fault
Quickening, Withering
Hungry, Fed
Feral, Tame
Alive, Dead
O Hermekate! O Hekahermes!

O ANDROGYNE in whom all opposites resolve,
 Behold the one who calls you forth
 Reciting your holy and exquisite names,
 Invoking all extremes that you contain.
 Behold! Ungirt, I bare myself to you in this place
 To see the invisible, touch the intangible,
 Hear silence, taste void, know the unknown,
 And claim that which is neither others', nor my own.
 Feel my hands upon your horns, and reap
 The seeds you've sewn. Hear my voice, see my shape
 Smell my scent! Behold, I expose to you
 My right self; my left self; taste me, and take
 Essential essence, holy fire, the sacred stuff of life.
 Pull it from me as a suckling kid, and in return
 Grant me wisdom, cunning, power, strength, and inspiration
 And be my friend hereafter.

When saying "Behold, I expose to you my right self, my left self," the Hierophant should expose her chest to Hekahermes/Hermekate; when she says "taste me," she should touch the skull's mouth to her breast and hold it there, letting the newly-consecrated being draw force from the Hierophant's own body.

Once all present have finished welcoming and feeding the spirit in like manner, the Hierophant should bedeck the skull with flowers and touch its mouth to the two wines and breads. Then it should be set back upon its place of honor while the Hierophant and her companions enjoy their own meal, in the company of the *xoanon* in which their god resides.

THE ORACLE OF HERMEKATE/HEKAHERMES

If, during the course of the gathering, some would ask Hermekate/Hekahermes for insight into the unknown, they should take the skull from its place of honor and hold it aloft. All present should take some part of it in their hands, that it may be held at shoulder-height above the ground, with its weight equally distributed.

Holding it thus, having breathed deeply in silence, and sung the Drum Chant, and repeatedly called the hybrid name of Hekahermes/Hermekate - let the Hierophant ask the question, and say, "If your answer is yes, let the head draw toward the heavens; if no, toward the earth."

Then speak the question aloud, and wait for the skull to gently lift, or sink. Upon feeling it do so, all present should kiss it, saying, "Hail, Hekahermes; Hail Hermekate!"

When the rite has ended, cover the skull with a cloth, and pour wine upon the earth with words of thanks, and blow the candles out.

CULT OF THE GOAT

Two rituals follow: the first is a solo ceremony, and the second a sabbatic rite meant for a group of two or more. Both are intended to deepen the Hierophant's bond with the Underworld and its scion, who is Dionysus-Zagreus-Sabazios. They are also intended to bridge the gap between the archaic Bacchic and medieval sabbatic rites.

GOAT RITE

Find a private, safe place, preferably in your home, and suspend the consecrated goat skull from an upright pole or a hook. Secure a lit electric votive candle within the skull, and then completely undress. Once you are unclothed, turn off all other lights if you are indoors, kneel before the *xoanon*, raising both hands above your head, and say:

BROMIOS! CHTHONIOS! MYSTES!

Hail, Child who died at twilight!
Hail, Babe born at midnight!
Hail, Youth who shuns the daylight!
Hail, God who roams the dark night!

Press your palms against your eyes, and say:

Behold, behold, behold!
I see a god, beautiful, bearded, young
Dressed in the skin of a panther;
I see him lift the fennel-wand
To raise the heels of his dancers.
I see a god crowned with vines
Whose hands are red (but not with wine)
Whose black, radiant eyes shine
With the eternal question's eternal answers.

Open your eyes and say:

Hail BROMIOS! Hail CHTHONIOS! Hail MYSTES!

Take the goat skull and press the point of its mouth against the flesh of your left nipple. Hold it there, pressing rhythmically, while declaring:

Behold, I am a black goat's bride;
Behold, I am a wife!
Behold, I bare a breast to feed

The one whose tongue's a knife.
Take, Lord, from this breast that bleeds,
The sacred stuff of life:
Drink me, Dionysus! Make me
The black goat wife!

As the goat feeds upon you, let your free hand trace the lineaments of your body: its contours, its planes, its absences and excesses - all its holy geography. And know that by merit of the act you engage in, your body's beauty and worthiness is affirmed. After all, it is feeding the Lord of Air, the Black Goat who leaps the moon, bearing on its shaggy back the dreamer. It is feeding the one who crouches beneath the yew's black boughs, surrounded by his night-court. It is feeding the one who rises up from the unseen realms to dance beneath the slowly-rotating canopy stars, and who brings to his revelers joy and forgetfulness, and the unconquerable rage to live.



CULT OF THE GOAT

An Ecstatic Ritual

This is a group rite, but it may be performed with as few as two people. One must play the Darkness; the rest are the Maenads/Bacchae. The rite has three sections: the Revel, the Feast, and the Congress.

THE REVEL

The one who plays the part of the Darkness precedes the Maenads to a sacred, secure place. He is cloaked, and wears a black mask (such as the Mask of Dionysus). He takes with him the consecrated goat skull, which is lit from within by a votive. He also bears a stang. Once he reaches the sacred space, he sets the skull upon a stang, conceals himself nearby and waits.

When he is safely hidden, the Maenads approach. They bear with them a fire-bowl, a drum, and an offering of wine.

As they reach the designated space, the Maenads light a witch-fire in the central clearing, and consecrate the space in the usual way. Then, gathering around the fire-bowl, they begin to dance counterclockwise around the fire, spinning clockwise as they do. As they dance, at least one of them drums out a wild rhythm, while they chant the Hymn to Hermekate.

The Maenads spin around the fire, repeating their chant, and as their fierce joy builds into an ecstatic state, the leader begins to chant the following call, with the rest replying to the leader as indicated by the text in parentheses:

O Black Radiance!
 O Divine! O Everliving! O Roarer! Rager! Render of flesh!
 O Dancer! Disaster! Deathless Death!
 O Masker! Master! Withheld breath
 That finds relief in a shout!
 Come out! (Come out!) Come out! (Come out!)
 Come out! (Come out!)

When the time is right, and the Darkness comes out and seamlessly joins their dance; he and they move together with ecstatic joy.

THE FEAST

Eventually the Darkness ceases dancing, and the Maenads cease as well. They face him, and kneel. The lead Maenad speaks the following hymn. (If there is more than one Maenad, the others repeat the words in parentheses.)

O child (O child!) conceived in a grave;
O twice-born (twice-born!) bull who raves;
O goat (O goat!) whose coat is flayed
To hold the blood of the vine!

IA!

O cat (O cat!) whose maddened scream
Begets (begets!) the waking dream
Of women (women!) who careen
In syncopated time!

IA!

O snake-tailed (snake-tailed!) bull who's bound
To a pillar (pillar!) under ground,
Who's scourged (who's scourged!) until the ground
Runs red with sacred wine!

IA!

At their final cry, the Darkness takes the goat skull down from the stang, approaches the lead Maenad, and holds it out before her. She takes it, and presses its mouth against her bared breast, saying as she does:

Behold, I am a black goat's bride;
Behold, I am a wife!
Behold, I bare a breast to feed

The one whose tongue's a knife.
Take, Lord, from this breast that bleeds,
The sacred stuff of life:
Drink me, Dionysus! Make me
The black goat wife!

And the rest of the Maenads call out:

Khaira, Hekahermes! Khaira, Hermekate!
Khaira, Twice-Born Bull of the Earth!
EUOI SABOI, DIONYSUS!

Then the Darkness touches the middle finger of his left hand to the Maenad's brow and inscribes it with his personal sigil. He takes the skull back, and presents it to the next Maenad, who feeds it as well, and so on, until all who have gathered have fed the Goat.

CONGRESS

At this point, the Darkness becomes the Goat God, channeling Hekahermes/Hermekate itself. He does so by sinking to his knees, and handing the goat skull to the lead Maenad. He then removes his cloak and puts his hands on the ground, so that he is on all fours. The lead Maenad lightly scourges and then climbs on top of him, straddling his bare back, facing away from his head, but toward the other Maenads. Above her, she holds high the *xoanon*.

As the Darkness arches his back upward, the lead Maenad closes her eyes, envisioning herself being carried up to the Moon. If his bare back has been coated with a cream of baneful herbs, they mingle with her bare flesh beneath her skirt, heightening her trance. As she rocks back and forth on the arched back of the Darkness, lifting high the head, she proclaims in her ecstasy EUOI SABOI, and the rest echo the cry.

Once the Darkness lowers her to the ground again, the Maenad kisses the brow of the skull and whispers to it any

blessing or favor that they would call down. Then she climbs off, making room for the next willing Maenad.

Once all Maenads have ridden him, the Darkness rises up again, and holds the skull high above his head. Seeing it, the Maenads raise their hands, saying a final time EUOI SABOI, DIONYSUS! When they look up again, the Darkness is gone, and so is the skull. They then take the fire-bowl, disenchant the space, and leave together in silence.



GOAT SONGS

In the sixth century BCE, the Greek authorities formally authorized theatrical plays to be written and performed before the citizens of Athens in honor of Dionysus. They did so in part to provide a more respectable (and controllable) outlet for the dark god's ecstatic cult, which, with its nocturnal, orgiastic rites, was considered both dangerous and "foreign." Accordingly, all theatre performed today is a distant cousin to the Dionysian *orgia*. And while most of it now bears little resemblance to its cultic origin, if, through theatre, sacred stories are performed before awe-struck eyes with reverence and abandon, then the actor's performance nonetheless retains some of the Maenad's ecstasy. Therefore, since theater is an outgrowth of the funeral games of Dionysus, it is appropriate to honor both Dionysus and Hekate with sacred dramas, just as Apollon is often honored in song.

Three sacred dramas follow. The first is a mystery play which re-imagines Hekate's recovery of Persephone from the Underworld. The second dramatizes a dialogue between Hekate and Porphyron, the titanic son of Gaia who conspired with the monster Typhon to revolt against the gods. The third is a comedy which lightly treats the tale of how Hermes and Hekate mediate a peace between the Greek warrior Odysseus and the sorceress Kirke.

All three plays are meant to be performed as an act of piety toward Hekate, Hermes and Dionysus, with the goal of drawing both actor and audience into deeper relationship with the chthonic trinity by enacting their sacred stories.

GOATSONG I: THE DESCENT

** A mystery drama in five scenes **

This drama provides a simple re-enactment of Hekate's recovery of Persephone from the land of the dead. It needs neither props nor set. The lines can be memorized or read directly from the script. Ideally, three women should play the role of Hekate, and speak all of her lines simultaneously.

Scene I - Hekate & Demeter

HEKATE Mother of life, what tears are these?

DEMETER A rain
To drown this worthless earth, and turn it
To one grave.

HEKATE Why so?

DEMETER Because Persephone is gone,
Is gone, is gone! And without my daughter,
Every field and shore is but a shell, a shade
Of what it was. Where can she be? See here!
The imprint of her foot: for here she stooped
To pry the swollen stem of red narcissus
From the wet black soil. Then: thunder cracked
In a clear sky; a dimming of the sun,
And when all cleared, the girl was gone. Gone!
O Hekate, far-worker, can you tell me why,
And where she can be found?

HEKATE No. But I know
One who will. Dry your tears, for I
Will find and bring back your Persephone.

Scene II - Hekate & Helios

HELIOS Who enters without knocking? Who comes without a key?

HEKATE Never-Knocker is my name, and I myself am Key.

HELIOS What is your nature?

HEKATE I am three.

HELIOS Three gods,
Or ghosts, or girls? Your voice is young.

HEKATE I am
The three-trunked tree from which the god was hung.
I am the triple wave that drags the sailor down.
I am three moans made by the maiden who lies
In bed alone.

HELIOS Are you owned, or owning? To whom
Do you belong?

HEKATE I am my own.

HELIOS A queen?

HEKATE Crownless am I.

HELIOS A servant, then?

HEKATE Of crows, for I feed them;
Of hounds, for I lead them; of corpses, for I raise them
From their graves.

HELIOS Where is your home?

HEKATE The street:
I am the fork where three roads meet.

HELIOS I am the Sun;
Why then can I not see you?

HEKATE I am the one sunless thing.
Subtle, my substance.

HELIOS What are you made of?

HEKATE Guess:
What is the one dark thing at noon?

HELIOS A shadow.

HEKATE Who is the mother of all gloom?

HELIOS The Night.

HEKATE And what's the blood of both? Know this, and you know
My substance.

HELIOS I cannot say. Tell me?

HEKATE Darkness.

HELIOS Again?

HEKATE Darkness.

HELIOS Once more?

HEKATE Darkness, everlasting Darkness.

HELIOS Then know this, O Three-In-One-Uncrowned-Darkness,
I am Helios, the red-gold disc that rises
From Night's grave. I blaze above the Earth,
Hourly aging, 'til in the Western Sea I drown
To be born again in the morning. Take warning:
I will not be trifled with. What do you want
Of me?

HEKATE The name of Kore's taker.

HELIOS No good
Will come of that.

HEKATE His name.

HELIOS He will not give her back.

HEKATE His name.

HELIOS And she cannot return.

HEKATE His name.

HELIOS His name is He-Who-Reins-In-Black; Gold-Hoarder,
Soul-Sorter, Border-Builder, bound in by high black
Granite walls.

HEKATE Hades?

HELIOS Him. And so you see,
There is no hope of her return. Leave her
Where five rivers burn, Hekate.
(pause)
Hekate? She's gone.

Scene III - Hekate & Hades

HADES I thought I knew each mortal man, and yet
Your name escapes me. Who led you here?
Are you Herakles returned? Or Orpheos
Reborn?

HEKATE Look: I have no club, no lyre. My name
Is Formless Fire.

HADES No games. Down here, I rule:
My word is law. Mortal man, tell me your name.

HEKATE Hermekate.

HADES There's no such one.

HEKATE Hekahermes.

HADES Again, a lie. By Styx, I'll know your name!

HEKATE Then know them all: my name is I-Have-No-Name.
My name is Flame-of-Life. My name is Edge-of-the-Knife.
I come like lightning, then am gone. I am
Can-Do-No-Wrong. My name is Goat-Song. I belong
To the living and the dead. I live on the scent
Of bread and the rumor of rain. Pain to me
Is unknown.

HADES You have three voices.

HEKATE Yet I am alone
As the crowd is alone: crowded with itself.
My self is several selves, and yet I'm one.
My name is 12 x 12. My name is 2 + 1. Undo me,
And I am not undone. See: I am the three-veined stone
That lies prone until you lift it. I am gifted
With triple jurisdiction. My name is Affliction,
And its Cure. I am pure as Filth is pure:
It is itself. My selves are bright as the lure
Of the anglerfish which navigates the deep.
I am the gate of Death, and key to Sleep.

HADES I've heard enough.
I now know you to be Hekate, although
You masquerade as male.

HEKATE Not so: I am everywhere always
Myself. I am never not what I am.

HADES

No more.
I know why you've come, and I will not
Give her up. Nor need I: she cannot return,
For she has eaten of the food of the dead.

HEKATE

And yet, she leaves with me.

HADES

She sees now
With earth-eyes; the upper sun would blind her.

HEKATE

And yet
She leaves with me.

HADES

The fire of five rivers
Courses through her veins. Her voice would deafen
Mortal ears.

HEKATE

And yet she leaves with me.

HADES

You cannot command me in my own realm.
Be gone, Torchbearer! Be gone, Key-keeper! Be gone!

HEKATE

I will go. But if I do, know this: I take
With me the key that keeps the titans bound
In Erebos' blackest pit. Without that key,
The abyss yawns like an open grave, freeing
Perses, my father, who is Destruction itself,
My grandsires Koeos and Krios, Wrath and Madness,
And their fathers, all the unfettered forces
Of creation that will spill forth roiling chaos.
And don't forget dread Typhon, who lies
In that pit's deepest hole. If he should rise,
You, your godly brothers, and every single servant
Shall have to face his fury.

HADES

For this errand,
You'd upset the very order of the world?

HEKATE

I have done so before, and will again.
(pause)

HADES

I have grown used to her. I have no wife.

HEKATE

Fear not: she will not be gone for long. Now show me
Where she waits.

Scene IV - Hekate & Persephone

PERSEPHONE

Welcome, Hekate, to my kingdom. My mother
Sent you here, I think.

HEKATE

I do come on her behalf.

PERSEPHONE

You come too late. As you can see, I've eaten
Of the pomegranate, and now my blood runs black.
My eyes cannot bear the glare of sunlight,
And the echo of my new voice, if heard
Upon the surface, would drive all mortals mad.
My place is here.

HEKATE

It is, in part: here will you rule
In unquestioned power, each winter;
But in spring, veiled and voiceless, you will come
Above. Your mother wills it.

PERSEPHONE

Let her: it will not
Come to pass.

HEKATE

It will. For if she sees you not again,
Her tears will drown the earth, and every creature in it.
So you must come with me. Give me your hand.

PERSEPHONE

Charon will not ferry me over Styx's fires.

HEKATE

See:
These golden sandals that I wear will let us cross
Its smoking waves.

PERSEPHONE The judges of the dead
Will not consent.

HEKATE Great is Minos, Great is Aeacus,
Great is Rhadamanthus: and yet they have
No jurisdiction over me. My herald's wand
Ensures this.

PERSEPHONE Kerberos, the three-head hound
Will, snarling, bar the way.

HEKATE I myself
Am three-faced, am a dog in female form.
He will relent when he scents me, and sees
The victory-wreath of snakes and oak that sits
Above my saffron veil; For I am Hekate,
And cannot fail. Put your trust in me.

PERSEPHONE I will.

Scene V - Hekate, Demeter & Persephone

HEKATE Mother, behold your daughter. My promise
Is fulfilled.

DEMETER O Persephone! O light
Of dawn and warmth of spring! Come to the one
Who loves you most! Come to me! Come!
Why does she hesitate, with eyes downcast?
Why does she not speak?

HEKATE She is changed.
Her eyes have grown accustomed to the gloom
Of under-earth. And having tasted Hades' kiss,
Her voice, if heard upon the surface-world,
Would drive most mortals mad. If you'd embrace
Your daughter, Demeter, do so carefully:
She is transformed.

DEMETER She is the same, and she is mine.

HEKATE She is her own. And now she has but half
Of what she had before: for half her heart
Lies sacrificed upon the granite throne,
To him who waits - but not forever.

DEMETER Foul Hades waits? For what?

HEKATE For her.

DEMETER Let him wait. She will not return.

HEKATE She will.
Tell your mother what you've done.

PERSEPHONE Must I?

HEKATE You must.

PERSEPHONE Mother, I have eaten of the food of the dead.

DEMETER It is not so.

PERSEPHONE Mother, I have eaten of the food of the dead.

DEMETER It is not so.

PERSEPHONE Mother, I have eaten of the food of the dead.

DEMETER Why did you? Why taste the fruit of dust?

PERSEPHONE Because I hungered, and needs must.

DEMETER Then go back! Return! You are half dead,
And cannot be embraced by Life.

HEKATE She can and will.
Take her: she is yours.

DEMETER Half mine.

HEKATE Yes. And so
For part of the year she will reside with you,
And for the other part, with him. Thus
The sacred cycle starts, which will shape
All mortal lives.

DEMETER What comfort is there
For me, in that?

HEKATE Only this:
Mankind will suffer with you through your sorrow
And your joy. They'll call your passions 'seasons';
And from them learn the reasons that birth
Leads to decay - and decay to birth. So until
This age's ending, they, like you, will burn
To feel the relief of Persephone's return.

DEMETER Then let it be so. Hail Hekate, far-worker,
From whom nothing was taken.
Pro tou, oloi oi theoi tremoun.

DEMETER & PERSEPHONE Hail, Hail - Great Hekate - Hail!

GOATSONG II: GIGANTOMACHIA

** A Tragedy of the Sons of Earth **

The Gigantomachia (War of Giants) was a revolt against gods led by the great beast Typhon. Spawned from the brow of Hera (just as Athena had sprung from the brow of Zeus), Typhon led the earth-born Giants in a desperate bid to overthrow the Olympians. At the start of the play, the gods are routed and in disarray after Typhon's initial attack. As they regroup, Hekate and Artemis make a stand in a vale at the foothills of Olympos, to slow the giants' advance. As the action begins, Artemis shoots arrows at advancing giants, and Hekate holds them at bay with a spear. Each counts their killing blows as the curtain rises.

ARTEMIS Five!

HEKATE Six!

ARTEMIS Seven!

HEKATE Eight!

ARTEMIS Nine!

Nine giants, Cousin Hekate, we have slain,
Between your spear and my bright bow: and yet
Still they come. I see a hundred - no!
A thousand more, and each one coming fiercer
Than the last, and all with two twin coiling snakes
In lieu of legs. Although my golden arrows
Never miss, yet would I need a thousand bows
To dream of victory. We should retreat, and soon.

HEKATE Turn if you must, Artemis; here I will remain.

ARTEMIS To what end? These dirt-born bastards spring

From the earth as endlessly as blood
 Pours from a mortal wound. See! Even now
 They encircle us, cutting off
 The only route that leads from out this vale
 In the foothills of Olympos. Come,
 And we shall carve a red path through them yet!

HEKATE

Cousin, do you trust me?

ARTEMIS

More than you can guess.

HEKATE

Then abide with me. The gods are routed
 By these rebels, and must regroup. Until they do
 We must delay this hosts' advance.

ARTEMIS

But at what cost?

HEKATE

Cousin, do you doubt me?

ARTEMIS

Never.

HEKATE

Then by the blood we share, stand with me.

ARTEMIS

I must. For see: our chance has passed! About us
 Rise on every side a wall of giants
 Whose hissing limbs and jagged jaws may wreak
 An end upon this world, and return us
 To that primal state from whence we came
 And to which we all return. Take my hand,
 Hekate, for the way, I hear, is dark,
 And I would not go alone.

HEKATE

Keep your hand
 Upon your bow, Cousin, for behold!
 The giants part.

ARTEMIS

And so they do: making way
 For one who looms above the rest. See
 The rough-scaled coils that surge him forward,

And the tall black flames that crown his brow.
 I have heard of such a one - the giant's king
 Who first led their rebellion, urging them
 To burst their shackles and to claw their way
 Into the upper air, when the Earth,
 Their mother, urged them to revolt. His name
 Escapes me.

HEKATE

I know it well. Greetings,

Porphyryon.

PORPHYR

Hekate: I'll not waste words.

You and your cousin have delayed us
 Long enough. We outcast children of the Earth
 Have risen to re-take our realm. And see!
 The gods now flee the coming of our master
 Typhon, whose distant roar can now be heard.
 We, in the vanguard, have scattered his godly foes;
 One more charge, and victory shall be ours.
 So step aside. I smell the titan blood
 Within you and your cousin, and would not spill it,
 Unless I must.

HEKATE

I will move, if you

Provide a reason.

PORPHYR

What better reason

Can there be than our superiority?
 As Gaia's brood, we children of the Earth
 Are larger, fiercer, more fell, more fair;
 Our flesh is the earth's flesh;
 And being of the earth, we are more fit
 To rule it. This you know well, for you
 Yourself are titan; a great-granddaughter
 Of Earth. So know your worth! Would you,
 Great Hekate allow a lowly spirit
 To divorce you from your realm, enchain you
 In Tartaros? If not, why should we
 Endure the same? Listen! The hills shake
 And valleys roar. It is Gaia, our mother
 Bull-bellowing for her children to arise!
 Make way, Hekate, and join our ranks.

For now's the hour that we re-take our freedom!

HEKATE

But I am free already, Porphyry;
I always have been, and ever will be.
You offer me what I already have.
I will not move, and no force on earth
Can make me.

PORPHYR

You would deny your kin?

HEKATE

I stand beside my kin: my cousin Artemis,
Whose bow is fitted with a golden shaft,
About whose heels throng a snarling pack,
Mixing freely with my own. And she
Is titan, as you say, as am I: and yet
Your leader, abominable Typhon,
Has declared that on the very eve
Of his victory, each holy goddess
Shall be chained to a giant's bed,
There to conform to his unyielding will.

PORPHYR

He has, and rightly too. But he may make
Exception for those ones who aid our coup.

HEKATE

Little comfort, that.

PORPHYR

If you will not yield to bonds of blood,
Then submit to self-interest. If Typhon
And the sons of Earth prevail, the Age
Of Titans shall extend forever; the gods
Shall fade into a feeble race of ghosts.
Mankind will be buried in the wrath
Of storm and squall and hurricane, earthquake
And tidal wave. Then will Earth's unchained children
(And you are one) reign forever more
In an uncontaminated world,
Untouched by god or man. But if not?
Great Typhon has revealed that as the gods
Once deposed the titans, so one God

Will in time depose all gods; but then
He himself shall be deposed by mankind
Which shall, in the end, overthrow itself,
Impiously forgetting every thing
That was holy, needful and divine!
All of us - including you - shall be
Forgotten, unless we giants now prevail.
Believe my words, for they are true!

HEKATE

And so they are.

I know this already, for I am the fork in the road
At which all things that must change, do.

PORPHYR

If you

Speak truly, could you not have staved off
The coming of the gods?

HEKATE

I could.

PORPHYR

Then why

Did you not?

HEKATE

Their time had come. Their time
Is now. Their time will come again. Between
This day and that, the sun of their glory
Shall at its zenith be eclipsed by a cult
Of One, which over millennia shall dilute
And divide, until (as you say) Nothing reigns,
And the Temple of Nothing will be thronged
By the worshippers of Nothing, who will
Sacrifice Nothing to Nothing, and will receive
Nothing in return; on Nothing shall they feast
And drink, until Nothing they become.

PORPHYR

If you see this, then help us haste their doom
And restore a stable age. Why be midwife
To man's abortive hour upon the stage?
Why shield a flame that will in time burn all?

HEKATE Because, from the ash of all, the gods
 Shall rise again in splendor, phoenix-like
 And re-ascend Olympos, there to reign
 In glory anew. Eventually they too
 Shall yield to titans: once more Kronos
 Shall devour his children, and then Gaia,
 Your dam, shall rule again.

PORPHYR And when shall we giants
 Have our day?

HEKATE Never.

PORPHYR Our day must come.

HEKATE Never.

PORPHYR We shall be free and reign as kings!

HEKATE Never.

PORPHYR Hold your tongue, Witchqueen, for we'll undo
 The very fabric woven by the Fates!

HEKATE That cloth
 Is unrendable; and today it is a shroud
 That shall wind you to your doom.

PORPHYR The time for talk has ended. Make your choice:
 Hekate, now break your spear and yield,
 Or forfeit your too-long life.

HEKATE How?
 I do not "live," child of Earth, for life
 Must have a beginning, and at no time
 Was I not.

PORPHYR Were you not begotten
 By Perses and Asteria? Were they not sired
 By Krios, Eurybia, Kocos, and Phoebe?
 And were they not born of Earth, Sea, Sky?

HEKATE I was, and they were. But to mistake
 This form you see before you for myself
 Is to mistake the cup for the wine within.
 And the wine within this cup is everliving,
 Is nonending, is everlasting, is uncreated;
 Unborn, it cannot be killed; yet even if
 You were to overwhelm this form, the essence
 Of Hekate will yet remain, ever and always:
 An unkillable constant; for I cannot *not* be,
 So long as my function remains.

PORPHYR Which is?

HEKATE To initiate, translate, mediate, and terminate.

PORPHYR Then terminate your interminable delay.
 Not one more moment shall we waste debating
 Things that matter not. Feel the earth move?
 Our master Typhon nears, furious that we
 Have not pressed our advantage. The time
 For talk is ended. Prepare, Endless One,
 For the end.

HEKATE And so I shall.

PORPHYR See, my brothers! Hekate has snapped her spear
 In half! The unconquerable one is conquered!

CLYTIUS See! Her eyes glow like two hungry moons!

PORPHYR See! The two halves of her broken spear ignite
 With blinding flame!

CLYTIUS See! She holds two torches now, and rises up

To her true titanic height! Hekate, forgive our haste,
And listen to Porphyryon's reasons -

HEKATE Your king has spoken reason only once,
Today, Clytius.

CLYTIUS And when was that?

HEKATE When he said the time for talk is over.

PORPHYR See! She incinerates Clytius! Where there
Was a giant is only ash. Fall upon them,
Brothers, and we shall see victory yet!

ARTEMIS You'll see nothing, Porphyryon, after this:
I'll now loose two arrows which will lodge
In both your eyes. (She does)

PORPHYR Blind as I am,
I have yet a tongue to curse, and so I shall.
Neither god nor traitor-titan shall survive
This day. For behold, I hear the air itself
Roar at Typhon's approach, and he'll avenge
Our insults thousandfold!

ARTEMIS You mistake,
Porphyryon. Had you eyes, you would see
That Typhon still lags, leagues away.
The roaring that you hear is none other
Than the sound of the gods' return.
Behold! Plague-bearing, arrow-sewing Apollon
Tramples Ephialtes; gray-eyed Athena spears
Enkelados; Dionysus binds Eurytos
With grapevines, even as Zeus himself
Blasts him with a bolt of fire. And do you feel
Your arms clenched hard from either side?
Hera has one, Herakles the other,
And between them, you are split in half!

HEKATE All giants fall! Now Typhon is beset;
He staggers at the heart-seeking strike
Of Zeus' bolt!

ARTEMIS The gods are victorious! All hail the gods!

ALL Hail!

ARTEMIS All hail HEKATE!

ALL HEKATE, all hail!

ARTEMIS All hail HEKATE!

ALL HEKATE, all hail!

ARTEMIS All hail HEKATE!

ALL HEKATE, all hail!

GOATSONG III: HIEROS GAMOS

* *A sacred comedy* *

The action is set on the island of Aeaea. Before the play begins, the Greek hero Odysseus and the crew of the Argo have been blown onto the island of Aeaea while returning home from the Trojan War. There, Odysseus' rowdy crewmembers have met the island's ruler, Kirke, a sorceress, and she has transformed them all into swine. The scene begins as Odysseus, searching for his crew, first encounters Kirke. Odysseus is wily, short, and lame in one leg. Kirke is lovely and imperious; a daughter of Helios and aunt to the Kolchian sorceress Medea. Odysseus is accompanied by divine Hermes, who advises him, and whom only Odysseus can see. Kirke is accompanied by Hekate, whom only Kirke can see. The audience of course, can see both gods and mortals. This piece should be played lightly, to bring out the humor. Hermes and Hekate regard the mortals' fractious encounter with good-natured forbearance.

Odysseus and Kirke enter from opposite sides of the stage, attended by their respective gods. Odysseus is looking for his missing crew. Kirke is looking for Odysseus in order to transform him to a pig. They see each other at the same time, and stop short in trepidation.

ODYSSEUS Hermes, Attend!

KIRKE Hekate, be present!

ODYSSEUS (To Hermes) Guileful guardian, I now engage a sorceress
Notorious for her spells.

KIRKE (To Hekate) Gracious goddess,
A soldier comes: unless you aid me well,
He'll ravage me and all that's mine,
And before the hour is late



- He'll send us piecemeal down to Styx,
And straight to Hades' gate.
- HEKATE (To Kirke) Stand bravely; no wavering; and look
him in the eyes.
- KIRKE I will! And yet it's hard, for they glitter like new ice.
- ODYSSEUS Ah! Her gaze is full of fire; Lord Hermes, guide
my speech!
- HERMES Be bold, my son.
- ODYSSEUS Greetings, woman!
- KIRKE Greetings, cripple-on-my-beach.
- ODYSSEUS (Angrily, to Hermes) I'll have her head!
- HERMES Easy, now.
- KIRKE (Angrily, to Hekate) "Woman"?
- HEKATE Yes, I heard.
- ODYSSEUS (To Hermes) I'll draw my sword.
- HERMES I wouldn't.
- ODYSSEUS No?
- HERMES Try to win with words.
- ODYSSEUS (To Kirke) "Cripple"? I'm a warrior who sacked
almighty Troy.
- KIRKE "Woman"? I'm a queen,
And see through your desperate ploy.

- ODYSSEUS By twice-great Hermes, my tale's true!
- KIRKE By thrice-great Hekate, I don't care.
This isle is mine, and so I find your manners hard to bear.
- ODYSSEUS If, as you say, you are its queen, then take me to its king.
- KIRKE Gladly... if there *was* one; but sadly, no such thing.
Kingless am I, and always have been, and kingless shall I be;
You've no recourse but show remorse, and state your
case to me.
- ODYSSEUS Kingless "shall" you be, indeed? The future's hard to tell.
- KIRKE No: I see your future, Short One: and it is short as well.
- ODYSSEUS (Angrily, to Hermes) Must I suffer such abuse?
- HERMES It's true: you are not big.
- KIRKE (To Hekate) Such insults from a stranger!
- HEKATE He'd make a lovely pig.
- KIRKE Hail, then, luckless limper, who straggled on my shore.
- ODYSSEUS Hail, then, unknown mistress, of an isle obscure and poor.
May I explain my errand? It's to find my missing crew.
- KIRKE As you can see, there's no men here; the only beasts in view
Are the dozen swine that root and rut about my
sandaled feet.
- ODYSSEUS Not surprising that this empty isle is plagued with
brutish beasts.
- KIRKE Yet Swine, I find, are preferable to men
Between the two there's little distance;
Indeed, in time, their traits combine

'Til I can hardly tell the difference.
 HERMES Well said, that!
 ODYSSEUS (To Hermes) Whose side are you on?
 HERMES Don't ask.
 KIRKE (To Hekate) Shall I offer him the cup?
 HEKATE You can try.
 KIRKE (To Odysseus) Toppler of the towers of Troy,
 You seem weary and depressed. But take one taste
 Of this cool cup, and you'll soon be quite refreshed.
 ODYSSEUS (To Hermes) She bids me drink.
 HERMES I heard.
 ODYSSEUS Poison?
 HERMES Without a doubt.
 ODYSSEUS (To Kirke) I'll take a pass.
 HERMES No, don't.
 ODYSSEUS (To Hermes) I'll die!
 HERMES Have you forgot about
 The flower that I gave you?
 ODYSSEUS The white one you called Moly?
 HERMES Exactly. It's a sacred herb, whose effect is strong and holy.
 For it opposes poisons, and protects from every harm.
 Drop it in your drink, and it quite undoes the charm.

ODYSSEUS Then in it goes. I'll take the cup. Queen Kirke: to
 your health!
 KIRKE Now drink it to the dregs, for it bestows both
 wit and wealth.
 ODYSSEUS The brew is sweet, the taste is strange; my legs are
 growing weak.
 KIRKE Soon enough you'll trade both hands for a pair of
 cloven feet!
 For this drink is concocted from a black and baleful stew
 Whose purpose is to change all men to pigs
 (just like your crew).
 ODYSSEUS When does it take effect? I feel well; not weak or wan.
 KIRKE Hekate? Hekate, goddess? (Looks around) The one I
 serve has gone.
 ODYSSEUS And Hermes has departed - leaving us alone.
 (Drawing his sword)
 Perhaps he takes no joy in watching flesh cut from bone.
 KIRKE Why do you draw your sword?
 ODYSSEUS Because I ply a soldier's trade.
 And like the butcher's, it requires a sharp and sturdy blade.
 KIRKE Do not lay hands upon me, man: I'm daughter to the Sun.
 Depart, and I'll restore your crew- every single one!
 ODYSSEUS Why would I leave, when my right hand
 Holds a sword that's out? (He grabs her)
 Why would I leave, when my left hand
 Holds you by the throat?
 KIRKE O Spare my life!

ODYSSEUS Too late: yet you will release my crew.
And when you're done, your blood will mix
With Acheron's black brew.

(Before Odysseus can strike down Kirke, a divine being enters. It is HERMEKATE/HEKAHERMES: a conflation of Hekate and Hermes. Both actors play this creature; they wear one robe, and share a goat-mask.)

HERMEKATE Behold!

ODYSSEUS What's this?

HERMEKATE Behold!

KIRKE Who comes?

HERMEKATE Behold! Behold! Behold!

ODYSSEUS What flames are these that radiate in silver and in gold?

HERMEKATE My name is Hekahermes, and I am two entwined.
My name is Hermekate, and I am a beast divine.

KIRKE Were you birthed by Echidna? Or littered by the Sow?

HERMEKATE Neither. Never before has the Bull That Pulls The Plow
Seen our like. There now exists what never was before.
For I'm both path and gate. I am both key and door.
I am he who walks behind, and she who walks before.

ODYSSEUS Whatever meld you are of infernal and divine:
Let me strike down this witch, who turned my crew
to swine!
After that, I'll depart from this isle in little time!

KIRKE Whatever mix you are of god and long-horned goat:
Incinerate this soldier who grips me by the throat!
Do that, and I'll release his crew, and send them to
their boat.

HERMEKATE (To Odysseus) *You* will release great Helios' daughter.
(To Kirke) And *you* will restore his crew.
But Odysseus shall not yet depart,
For there is more to do.
For twelve months now you'll share this isle,
Until our blessing's said.
For twelve months shall you share one crown,
One scepter, and one bed.

ODYSSEUS Share a bed with a traitorous witch?

KIRKE With a killer share my crown?

HERMEKATE Indeed. And so each, from the other, shall new virtues own.

ODYSSEUS Make peace with she who cursed my crew?
Forgive this witch's bane?

HERMEKATE Indeed. And so each, from the other, shall their opposite
obtain.

ODYSSEUS But why?

KIRKE What reason?

ODYSSEUS There is none.

KIRKE No, none, that I can see.

ODYSSEUS Bottling two scorpions is a great mistake.

KIRKE On that we can agree.

HERMEKATE The answer lies within the form that stands here in
your sight.
The answer lies within the form that blazes mingled light.

HERMES Behold this hoof.

HEKATE This hand.

HERMES This haunch.

HEKATE This tooth.

HERMES This horn.

HEKATE This thigh.

HERMEKATE

And know that I am, co-mingled, both beast and deity.
My horns embrace the crescent moon; my ears are
autumn leaves;
My fur's the earth's rough, rugged turf; my breasts,
its foaming waves;
My hooves, the stones that are its bones; my shade,
its deepest vaults;
My sex, its springs; my voice, the winds that rake its
ragged scalp.
In me all opposites combine. Eternal, I revolve;
In me all opposites obtain, co-mingle, and resolve.
And so shall the two of you engage, join and combine;
And so shall the two of you now mingle and align.
Hear me! For what I say will surely come to pass.
Hear me! For the words I speak establish first and last.
My name is Hekahermes, and I am two entwined.
My name is Hermekate, and I am a beast divine.

KIRKE What then? What follows?

ODYSSEUS How join with one who's neither spouse, nor blood, nor...?

HERMEKATE You - drop your blade. And you - your wand. Look upon each other.
Closer than kin shall the two of you be, though unrelated strangers.
And in twelve months, when you part ways, and long-spent are your angers,
Both shall retain their opposite, and carry it within

And so enemies shall reflect each other, and strangers become kin.

ODYSSEUS (To Kirke) I hold out my hand.

KIRKE (To Odysseus) And here is mine.

ODYSSEUS Let us obey the voice.

KIRKE And let us, together, discover these unsuspected joys.

ODYSSEUS Great is Hermekate!

KIRKE Great is Hekahermes!

KIRKE/
ODYSSEUS Embrace we now, and take a vow. And so begin
our journey.

HERMEKATE Embrace you now, and take your vow. And so begins
your journey.

DEDICATION

The Hierophant now concludes this most crucial part of her journey by calling upon Hekate to abide with her and within her at all times, thereby committing herself utterly to the Forked Path, and to that peerless, endless, night-shining Queen who is herself both Pathfinder and Path; Torchbearer and Torch; Keykeeper and Key; Houndmaster and Hound; Crossroads-Ruler and Crossroads itself.

At the very beginning of her journey, when the Hierophant was just a curious Reader, she engaged in nine nights of study and preparation which led up to the *Invocatio*, in which she called upon Hekate, pledged devotion, and committed to attempt the various rites, rituals and workings of the Forked Path as set forth in this book. She has come a long way since that day, and deserves recognition for doing so.

This Dedicatory Rite literally bookends *The Hekateion*. By speaking these words, the Hierophant completes the Call that was begun long ago, and confirms her pledge to serve and celebrate the Queen of the Crossroads for the rest of her life. By doing so, she welcomes the Queen to come within her; she offers to be an epiphany of Hekate, so that through her workings, thoughts, acts and decisions, Hekate may experience the impermanent beauty of the world through mortal eyes, and affect that world through mortal agency. As a result, the Hierophant will gain the strength, wisdom, and power that attach to any conduit of the Greatest Titan.

To complete the circle of art that was begun at the beginning of this book, purify yourself and consecrate a sacred space in the usual manner. Let down your hair and undress; walk backward into the space, and lie upon the floor with the Hounds of Kerberos guarding the circle that you have traced with the Infernal Knife. As the candles burn in the dogs' eyes, lie upon your back, letting your breathing slow, and intoning the Vowel Pyramid found in the Lyre of Apollon. Once you have opened the gate between what is within and what is without, take a deep breath, and call out the following words with great conviction:

DEDICATORY HYMN

Hail O Hail O Hail
Our Lady of Darkness,
Bearer of the brands that blaze!
O Brilliant, eternal, infernal foe of those
Who oppose the ends of orders when
The orders' ends are near. O Queen of Fear
And its opposite; of fire
And its absence; of the open hand,
And the fist that fiercely grips
Whip, torch and key:

ENTER ME.

You who are without, come in:

ENTER ME.

You who are without, come in:

ENTER ME.

You who are without - come in!

Repeat the phrase above for as long as necessary to fall into a light trance.

Hekate within me
Hekate without me
Hekate above, below and about me;

AKROUROBORE * AKTIOPHIS * AGATHEOS
NYKTOPHANEIA * NYCHIA * NEKUIA
DAMNOMENIA * DAMASANDRA *
DAMNODAMIA

O Motherless Mother
Lover-less Other
Outsider within
Devourer of sin
And sinlessness;
Opener of Avenues
Unconquerable Self

O Formless Fire
 O Eater of Filth;
 Unbecomer
 Disturber of Slumber
 Towerer
 Howler
 Negative Number
 Sower of Fire
 Gatherer of Chaff
 Owl's Cry
 Jackal's Laugh
 Breaker of Graves
 Emptier of Vaults
 Swallower of Prayers
 Purger of Faults
 Blazing Null
 Bleached Skull
 Triple One
 Void Sun
 Uninitiated Initiator
 Liminal Eliminator
 Ineluctable Crux
 Unchanging Flux.
 O Inviolable Violator!
 O Hound of Three Mouths Showing!
 O Sea of Infinite Darkness!
 O Star of Undoing!

UNDO ME * UNDO ME * UNDO ME

And then
 Refashion what you've rent
 Into a shape that is less bent;
 And bear my broken form
 Between the gates of bone and horn
 And lay me gently down
 Upon the altar
 Of your worship.

Hekate within me
 Hekate without me
 Hekate above, below and about me

BAUBO BAUBO BAUBO
 PHORBA PHORBA PHORBA
 THAN THANA THANATHA
 OREO OREOBA OREOBAZAGRA
 NEBOUTOSAOULETH, IA!

Hear me, Queen, for so you are.
 Hear your Hierophant, for so I am.
 Hear these words, and listen:
 I shall no longer seek the taste of salt for you are She;
 I shall no longer crave a mother's touch for you are She;
 I shall no longer seek a lover's kiss for you are She;
 I shall no longer fear impending death for you are She;
 I shall no longer court oblivion for you are She;
 Emptiness is no longer empty, for there waits She;
 And isolation is just our time alone with Thee.
 O She of shadows, of desolation, of darkness and
 despair
 In a placeless place; indescribable, inescapable; a place
 Where there is no *there*:
 There
 Is She.
 O Queen of flame, of consolation, of illumination and
 repair
 In every calculable Where; in every imaginable When:
 You are there, and you are then.
 This I know, and this I know,
 And this, above all else, I know.

Hekate within me
 Hekate without me
 Hekate above, below and about me

KLEIDOUCHOS * PROPOLOS * PROPYLAIA
 TRIKARANOS * TRIKTYPOS * TRIPHTHOGGOS

DAMNOMENIA * DAMASANDRA *
DAMNODAMIA

Hekate, I have a key within me.
This key do I give to you.
Take it, and take me, too.
Be with me in my time of transition
And lead me to where I am bound.
Let me be, in this life and the next,
Your faithful hound.

IO HEKATE!

Once you have completed the call, reside in silence, breathing deeply, sending out your consciousness in every direction to detect the spirit of the Far-Worker. Repeat the phrase "You who are without - Come in," again and again if need be. Eventually, you will sense her spirit approach, until you feel it press upon your flesh. When you feel her come upon you, arch your back and inhale sharply, opening yourself up to her, allowing the Outsider to come within. When you are sure of her coming, welcome her warmly, and rejoice.

She has come to stay.

ACTIVATION

Whereby the final rite is performed, and THE HEKATÆON is awakened.

The journey down the Forked Path is long, and there are many hazards along the way. But those who travel it will encounter all manner of strangeness and dark beauty which the vast herd can never imagine. To get this far, the Hierophant has crossed many an icy river and climbed many a rocky path. In doing so, she has transformed herself: she is not that which she was. She is new-forged into a shining instrument that glints in Hekate's hand: perhaps she is a key, a blade, a torch, a whip... only she and her Dark Mistress know for sure. But one thing is certain: to learn what she has learned, and do the feats that she has done, the Hierophant has proven beyond a doubt that she is worthy of being a Hound of Hekate. In doing so has earned the loyalty of a dozen spirit allies, and the protection and patronage of numerous chthonic gods, goddesses, and legendary witch-queens. All that is left is to activate *The Hekataeon* itself.

Speak the words below to bring the book to life. Upon speaking the final word, put a drop of your blood on the following page. By so doing, you activate the spirit of the book. Upon hearing this final charm and tasting your gift, *The Hekataeon* awakens, feeds, and lives thereafter as a faithful servant and companion to aid you in your workings, drawing you ever closer to Hekate.

As you proclaim the following words, riffle the book's pages, inhale deeply, and exhale onto them. As you call out the fiery epithets that begin and end the short hymn, the book should be passed over three consecrated flames. Once the final phrase is spoken and the drop of blood given, the book is fully awake. You may speak to it then; introduce yourself, confirm that you are its master, and that it exists now to serve you, empower your charms, and give you insight and inspiration, true dreams, and sacred visions. It will be fed every time you use it; it will be rewarded when you leave



another drop of blood, until Argus-like it will become a many-eyed protector of you and your craft. Put it under your pillow when you sleep; take it with you when you travel. It will be your companion for the journey.

Here follows the final spell of activation. After doing the usual preparations, call out these words with the book in your hands at a liminal hour, before three consecrated flames and burning myrrh. The first leg of your lifelong journey is complete. Celebrate that fact, and declare your new-forged relationship with the Most Manifest One, with the following cry:

HYMN OF ACTIVATION

—
IO PYRIPNOOS * IO PYRIPHOITOS *
IO PYRIBOULOS!
IO PYRIPNOOS * IO PYRIPHOITOS *
IO PYRIBOULOS!
IO PYRIPNOOS * IO PYRIPHOITOS *
IO PYRIBOULOS!

HEKATE - HEKATE - HEKATE!

CALLEO SEH! CLOUTHI MEU! KLEIDZO SEH!

Crownless Queen,
Bless this book; Be this book; Come yourself into this book!
Bless this book; Be this book; Come yourself into this book!
Bless this book; Be this book; Come yourself into this book!

Inhale the myrrh fumes, then breathe them out upon the open book; then say:

Book, you are no book,
But the pulse of Brimo's heart.
Breathe, breathe, breathe,
And as a spirit start.
Book, become alive

As I conclude my part.
O Fire-Breather, breathe your fire
Into this Work of Art!

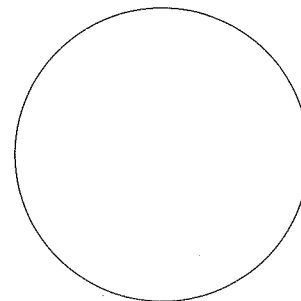
Again inhale the myrrh fumes, and breathe them upon the open book; then cry out:

IO PYRIPNOOS * IO PYRIPHOITOS *
IO PYRIBOULOS!
IO PYRIPNOOS * IO PYRIPHOITOS *
IO PYRIBOULOS!
IO PYRIPNOOS * IO PYRIPHOITOS *
IO PYRIBOULOS!

KHAIRA, KHAIRA, KHAIRA!

HEKATE!

Feed it the drop of blood.



Slap the book shut.

Press it to your heart.

It is awake to its purpose, now - and so are you.