



MAGICKAL SEX

WITH

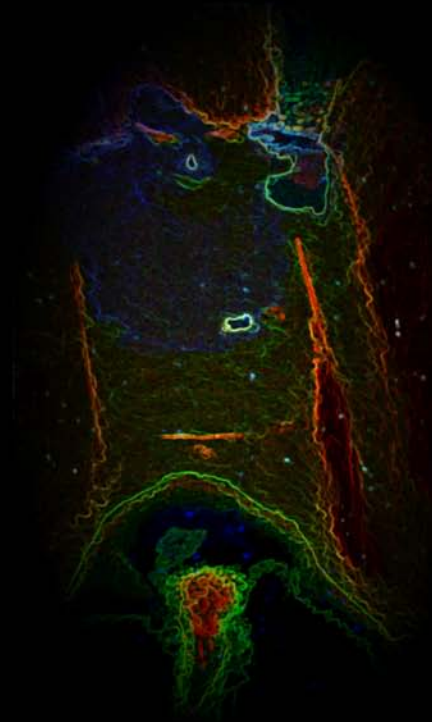
ISIS

OSIRIS

&

HORUS

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WITH
ISIS OSIRIS & HORUS

An Introduction

By Charlie D'Cort

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With Isis, Osiris and Horus

An Introduction

Contrary to the opinion of most brands of mystical dogma, the human race has experienced only two distinct 'Ages'. The first, labelled the *Aeon of Isis*, was matriarchal and initiated by the onset of self-awareness. During this epoch, only the female mysteries of reproduction are comprehensible, resulting in a veneration of the iconic 'fertile female' image.

Having become conscious of its own existence and traumatised by unfamiliar sensations relating to the recent separation from a countless millennia long state of unity with its environment, the natural curiosity of our species emerges – Maybe in search of knowledge capable of reuniting us with our former state of innate bliss. Tragically, in attempting to explore and understand its brave new world, our distant ancestors inadvertently committed the second largest mistake along Mankind's long evolutionary path.

The needle is, undisputedly, one of our species' greatest inventions. An ability to fashion protective clothing enabled early ancestors to depart their native

Africa and colonise cold, northern climes. However, the wearing of shoes effectively insulates us from intimate contact with 'Earth energies' once taken for granted.

The faculty of self-consciousness signalled the onset of the *Aeon of Isis* and symbolic 'birth' of Mankind from within the sacred womb of our collective 'Earth Mother'. Subsequent and habitual placement of a thin strip of leather beneath our feet effectively severed the infant's umbilical cord. Now isolated from Earth's natural pulse, our instinctive awareness of its rhythms and cycles quickly atrophy. One visible manifestation of this diminishment is the appearance of elaborate stone monuments pinpointing the location of electromagnetic and gravitational hotspots held sacred for countless generations. Prior to shoes, humans have no need to mark locations of especial import – Everyone can feel, and perhaps even see them! Undoubtedly, these sacred sites also serve important astrological and ritual functions. Nevertheless, their primary role is one of reminding increasingly 'blind' natives where the gods live.

The torment of Isis' vain quest for self-reunification finally ends with an elementary observation. On a remote hillside somewhere in the Middle East a bored, or perhaps randy shepherd paying suspiciously close attention to his flock's mating habits noticed a curious fact - *'If sheep with lots of paired dangly bits are kept separate from those with just three, the former do not give birth.'* After some considerable debate and

experimentation, the hitherto unsuspected importance of the phallus is realised and the boys get a bit of a blood-rush - All head out on a seven millennia long stag party commonly known as *The Aeon of Osiris*. Dethroned, Isis remains at home, washing dirty dishes and coping with her diminished job titles of 'inert receptacle of the sacred sperm' and 'Great Deceiver'.

The *Age of Osiris* began with 'some bloke' waving his cock gleefully around. Its demise was, ironically, instigated by another male taking a ruler to his own member. This symbolic act of measurement ultimately proved a fatal blow to Osiris, though it is debatable whether the root of humanity's third greatest blunder derived from an altruistic desire to herd everyone closer to god, or a covert means of retaining control over an increasingly faltering populous. It is certain that those responsible for instigating and promulgating the bold new schema had absolutely no idea of the power inherent within their newfangled device. Nor could they suspect its mere presence would, over time, precipitate the Industrial Revolution and eventually overwrite the basic operating code of an entire species.

The humble clock was initially popularised by the church as a means of emphasising the importance of religious regularity. Prior to mass production of mechanical timepieces, nature's slow cycle and a predictable ebb and flow of tides regulated the pace of life. This Old Aeon system allowed a good deal of latitude. Heatwave summers and severe winters were

but ripples in a seamless whole and each heart beat naturally at a slightly different tempo. However, the chiming of a church bell slowly imprinted a new order on an entire population. Indeed, during the long indoctrination process, legislation prohibits construction of a church tower within earshot of the bells of any other. 'Time' was not yet a synchronised concept. As such, authorities certainly didn't want the immense power of their mantra diluted or otherwise confused by conflicting rhythms. Whoever you are and whatever your circumstances, by the mid-14th century the clock is an ever-present reminder of your station in life. Each incremental tick is a subconscious jolt prompting us all to maintain the pace and keep up with the rest. Within the repetitive tick, tick, ticking, life becomes mechanised, standardised and comparable. The relentless click of each second grinds imperceptibly into our souls. The beat is both hypnotic and alluring. It is also quickening.

The sweaty world of popular music provides a useful indicator as to the rate at which the pace of life has changed within the span of a single generation. Throughout the star-spangled 1970s we all boogied on down in trendy discotheques at a tempo of around 120 beats per minute – Approximately twice the rate of a sedentary pulse. However, in the space of three short decades, pop music got quicker, much quicker. Today's Ecstasy fuelled clubbers dance to samples and loops approaching a frantic 160 beats per minutes. A further and very recent example of this

unseen acceleration process sits on the desk of most, in the form of a device that, in just two decades, has become indispensable. In 1994, I purchased one of the first computers to incorporate a built-in modem. This ran at a theoretical maximum of 56 kilobits per second. Fifteen years later, I browse the Internet using a 4 megabit broadband connection. That's akin to upgrading from a car capable of 90 miles an hour, to one with a top speed of 40,000 miles per hour.

Unfortunately, especially for the prevalent Osirian 'Lad' culture, the party is over and everyone will shortly wake to the mother of all hangovers. Humanity is currently experiencing the dawn of a third great Aeon, that of Horus. Like its two predecessors, Isis and Osiris, the incoming *Aeon of Horus* will also herald a profound alteration in the path of human evolution. The direction of an entire species will radically change in consequence of a subtle shift in the fundamental instruction encoded into the deepest foundation of each individual and a lunch-pin that, for countless millennia, held together the very fabric of civilisation.

The advent of the *Aeon of Horus* does not merely herald an alteration in the way we do things. It also marks the moment when our very perceptions of the way we do things changed. The birth pangs of this brave new *Aeon of Horus* that today blight society, if unchecked, may ultimately bring about the downfall of our species. The future is still in our hands, but we

are rapidly approaching a terrifying abyss from which there is no return.

In addition to initiating radical upheavals in society, each successive Aeon also precipitates the unveiling of a formerly unknown aspect of a deeper mystery. The long reign of Isis was characterised by an awareness of the female mysteries of reproduction. Similarly, the signature of Osiris was a phallus. The dominion of Horus will also reveal a sexual motif. Whilst this proposed third component of reproduction has thus far escaped the detection of science, mystics and occultists have long touted its existence and experimented with its alleged energies - In the form of Sex Magick. According to some, of all the diverse techniques of occultism, Sex Magick reigns supreme.

The average person comprises little more than air, water, chalk and coal, with a smattering of salts and minerals completing the recipe. However, not even Jamie Oliver can blend and bake these base ingredients into a human, or any other creature. It is patently obvious to even the most unscientific of us that a living being amounts to more than the sum of its constituent parts. This mysterious 'animating principle' has perplexed the greatest minds for thousands of years. Perhaps the most familiar label attached to the vital 'essence of life' is a hypothetical concept called 'the soul'. Whatever mysterious alchemy is responsible for transforming an inert pile of chemicals into a conscious entity, there can be no doubting its existence. An individual, any individual,

is vastly different to a slab of concrete and even the most gifted mineralogist is unable to teach a block of steel to play chess.

The dogma of Sex Magickians insists its specific brand is superior to all others primarily for one reason - During sexual congress, mere mortals emulate the gods. We create new life. Orgasm is therefore the highest human sacrament. We are never closer to our god(s) than during that briefest moment of climax. For a timeless instant, the chains of consciousness, form and even time fall from us. We soar, at one with the totality of existence.

During the normal course of nature, a male and female get together, have sex and produce a baby. The symbolic language of occultism suggests that a fusion of sexual energies, in combination with those associated with orgasm, trigger the release of a third component – The animating principal or soul, which takes up residence in a gestating foetus. Opinions differ widely as to the origin of this elusive third element, which may merely be a subtle aspect of physical laws governing life that is currently beyond our detection and comprehension. Conversely, it may indeed be ‘a gift from the gods’, or aliens!

Anyone familiar with the practicalities of conception will realise the female orgasm is not an essential factor in the reproductive equation. An infinite number of solitary masturbatory climaxes will not fertilise an ovum. In short, a woman’s potential for

gestation is not dependent upon orgasm. Of course, the formula of impregnation has multiple solutions. Any number of participants can play the mating game, but a successful outcome is dependent on participation of at least one male and one female. Speaking personally, I do not believe this observation suggests the male orgasm is of greater ‘magickal’ potency than its female equivalent. The mightiest male orgasm ever ejaculated is worthless without a suitable female receptacle. However, I do have reason to believe that, for whatever reasons, only the male orgasm activates the third principle. Transmission of which, to the female, occurs via seminal fluid.

A discussion of the complex ideology and methodology of Sex Magick is beyond the scope of this work. Suffice it to suggest that Sex Magickians tend to view their rituals from a curiously mechanical perspective. Put bluntly, the bloke inserts his coin in a slot and out pops the goodies – It’s all a bit reminiscent of a vending machine type scenario! Using occult terminology, climax triggers the release of a third component of reproduction. Sex Magick techniques – allegedly – divert this ‘energy’ away from its intended target (a foetus) and into an artificial receptacle of the Magickian’s own creation.

The third principle of reproduction, for want of a better word ‘the soul’, remains until death. At this point, it – supposedly – vacates a now-useless physical vessel. Understandably, theories relating to its

intended destination are equally abundant as those regarding its origins.

Necromancers and Black Magickians have long utilised this reverse process as a means of empowering rituals by enslaving the departing 'energy' of sacrificial victims. Vampires too, like all efficient parasites, adapted their own nutritional requirements to match available food sources. They developed an effective method of siphoning off part, or all of a victim's vital essence. Unbeknown to most, accounts narrated in our oldest myths and legends suggest vampires are not sucking blood! However, and for patently obvious reasons, not even House of Horror could slip that challenging image under the censor's radar. Consequentially, its classic movies discretely substitute one vital fluid for another whilst retaining overt hints of original sexual overtones - A marketing ploy still titillating and confusing audience members, in equal measure. I will also note that occult literature plays a significant part in clouding the waters of a subject it outwardly purports to clarify. In his hugely influential tome *Magick in Theory and Practice*, Victorian Magus Aleister Crowley wrote, "*For the highest spiritual working one must accordingly choose that victim which contains the greatest and purest force. A male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence is the most satisfactory and suitable victim.*" To this day, many still labour under the misapprehension that Crowley was speaking literally.

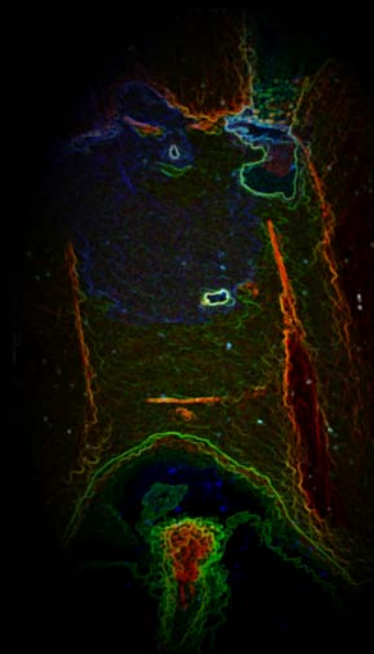
As a whole, the literature of Sex Magick poses a rather worrying question. “*If every male orgasm evokes a potent ‘energy form’ (regardless whether or not the event occurs during an occult rite): What happens to energy unable to find a convenient foetus or magickal talisman in which to reside? Where does that energy go?*”

A contemporary of seventeenth century cloth merchant Anton van Leeuwenhoek may hold the answer. When Mr van Leeuwenhoek first peered down his microscope lens (into a drop of pond water), the gates of entirely new world opened before his astonished eyes. Strange, alien monsters almost beyond imagination slithered and crawled across every surface. Not in ones, twos or even dozens, but in countless billions and they were everywhere! The discovery of bacteria and other minute organisms ultimately led to great scientific breakthroughs, benefiting our lives in countless ways. ‘Energy’ created at orgasm can assume physical form and the incoming *Aeon of Horus* will be characterised by the development of an instrument capable of detecting such – A sexual microscope! Just like our ancestors, one day in the not-too-distant-future we too will gape, open-mouthed, at images of life thriving unseen, just beneath our threshold of awareness.

The *Aeon of Isis* saw an unveiling of the female mysteries of reproduction. The following *Aeon of Osiris* revealed the corresponding male mysteries. The *Aeon of Horus* will unfold a third, hitherto

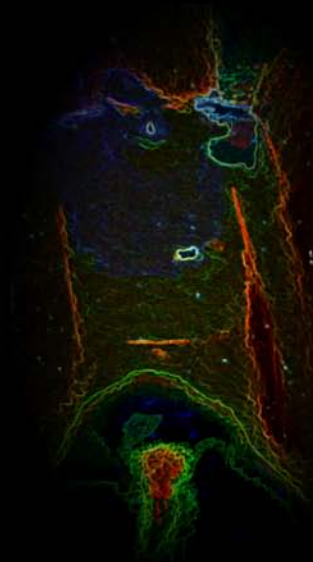
unsuspected by science, and possibly extraterrestrial element to this fundamental engine driving human evolution.

There are ample words to describe most of life's experiences, but an orgasm! I would not even know where to start describing one of those. On a related theme: I often wondered why many couples (often with no religious affiliations) utter religious profanities during sex, but not any more...



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