

Cthulhuoid Copulations

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As a child, I was plagued by nightmares – fueled in part by my vivid imagination, my fascination with "monsters", and being exposed to personal violence at school (as well as vicarious violence via tv news & neighborhood gossip). At about age 8, my mother's uncle Henry taught me how to *wake-up* within dreamtime and how to use my dreams as a tool for examining and adjusting my personal relationship with the multiverse at large. I learned to assert my Will within my personal microcosm. By facing my fears personified by the various bogeys of my dreams, I began to dance creatively within maya rather than simply reacting to what others had created as though I were a consumer of fate or a victim of destiny. As my new perspective became more ingrained, monsters became my friends or guides rather than predators or tormentors. Strange inter-penetrations of my body with alien geometries became pleasant, rather than invasive or ego-threatening.

About 2 decades ago, I began to work consciously with the energies/entities of Lovecraft's mythos. At first I felt like a fieldmouse in a world populated by owls, hawks & rattlesnakes. But the farther I got in my explorations, the more I came to realize that my personal relationship with any energy or entity is one which is uniquely determined by me & the energy/entity in question – regardless of racial or ecological stereotypes.

This turn-around became fully actualized for me during a dreamtime initiatory sequence which took place (if memory serves me correctly) about 10 years ago (as time is measured on the plane in which I write this note).

I was part of an exploratory crew aboard the Miskatonic University research submarine *Grendal* off the sunken shoreline of R'Lyeh. I was naked, save for scuba tanks & utility belts. As I & the rest of my team filed past the bosun, she handed each of us a shoulder bag filled with condoms. At that point I knew (without knowing how) that Cthulhu was waiting for us just beyond the airlock. I knew that in order to prevent impregnation by Cthulhu, I would need to put a condom over each & every tentacle tip, cilium fiber, & every other protuberance which Great Cthulhu might extend my way in communicatory caress or tentative exploration.

To be honest, I was terrified. I was also expectant. I had been preparing for this moment for nearly a decade. But when the airlock finished cycling, & I was ejected into the warm, moonlit sea, I was totally unprepared for the ensuing ecstatic initiation.

For one thing, I could *smell*. Smell is the sense I rely on most to check-out energy flow between myself and others during waking consciousness (which explains, at least in part, my strong aversion to smokers). Heretofore, in dreamtime, I had been bereft of my sense of smell. But now I was inundated with odors drifting at me from all sides. All erotic. All ecstatic. All

inviting. I wanted *more!*

The geometry of this undersea grotto gave me severe vertigo – but it was not entirely unpleasant. (Raw power seldom is!) I felt as though any imbalance might well precipitate my demise – or worse. It was like being in free-fall while trying to navigate thru a rotating/undulating/breathing house of mirrors. Time folded & unfolded all around me. Every gesture, every choice I made opened up new timelines/closed off entire universes. My every stray thought became reified instantly. Conscious will manifested even more quickly. [Or was it just that my time sense had been so speeded-up that aeons seemed to me to be instants?]

I cast off my scuba tanks & discarded my bag of condoms. I would settle for nothin' short of total union! Visions of parasitic impregnations & infestations flashed before my mind's eye. I blanked my mind momentarily to banish an image of tentacled embryos gnawing at my entrails. While in a no-mind state, I opened myself up. The smell was delicious. So was the feel. I relaxed my no-mind state in order to reason with myself. If I was unwilling to trust the input of my own highly developed senses, who or what could I ever trust in the future? Throwing caution to the wind I swam toward my alien lover.

Cthulhu caressed me & penetrated me in every conceivable orifice – from my ass to my eyes, from my ears to the pores on the soles of my feet. Each penetration ecstatic/orgasmic/informational. I drew prana directly from the erogenously charged seawater. I had no need of air to breathe. I became filled with the essence & substance of Cthulhu. In turn, I ejaculated into Cthulhu in a continuous stream for hours. Within us grew embryonic intelligences from hybrid dimensions. From Bill Seibert's perspective, he/I/we felt them come to maturity within his brain & inside his spinal column. I [that is to say, the Bill's ego] became conscious of the totality of consciousness within me/us. I/we became the child of my/our union with Cthulhu – Oruborous sucking eggs out of my own tail. Auranos as both honeybee & pollen.

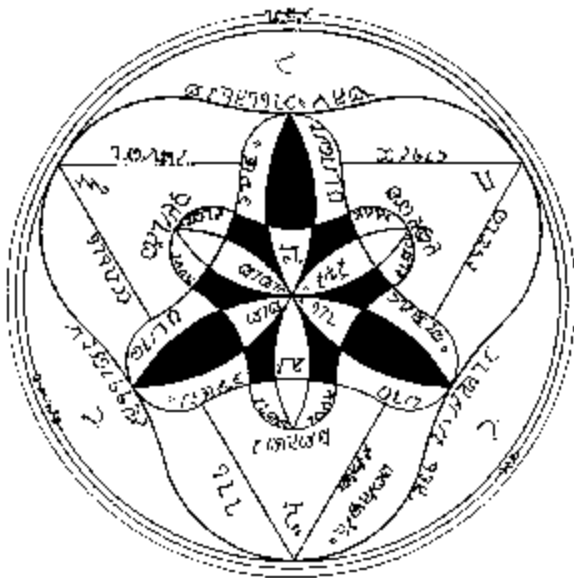
From what I am able to perceive, time flows differently on that plane in which Cthulhu is awake and orgasmically active than it does in the here-&-now. By morning [when I awoke back into my human body] I was centuries more mature than the night before. Yet, also more youthful. On the physical plane, I am no longer quite human. My physician once jokingly told me that I had the EKG of a corpse. Or a zombie. He re-did my EKG & I tested out normal. My stray thoughts can mess up EKG and EEG readings. My blood sugar levels, hormone levels etc. are more an outgrowth of my conscious thought patterns than my diet or any other external environmental factors. Organisms which are parasitic to other humans live benignly in my bloodstream & under my skin, except when I am indulging in a dark night of the soul.

If I go forth with the idea that I am asserting my Will in the universe, I will most assuredly meet energies/entities who will [assertively!] work with me to hone my will. If I seek to control or dominate then I will meet those who seek to dominate me. Personally, I prefer to interact symbiotically with each & every entity/energy I meet. For me, playful synergy seems far more efficacious than hierarchical old aeon power struggles borrowed from our ancestor's ignorance & their underdeveloped comprehension of their own nervous systems.

In trafficking with the Great Old Ones, Elder Gods, & other such energies/entities, I neither

invoke, nor am I summoned. Rather, I open myself up to a conscious experience of she/he/they/that which I seek. Sometimes I am *visited-by*, while at other times I *flow-to*. For the most part, such distinctions are rather nonsensical, for there are aspects of me which identify strongly with the human Bill Seibert & other aspects of me which identify with those alien eroto-intelligences which commune with the human Bill Seibert. In a very real sense, my communion/communication with these entities/energies is continuous. Ritual invocations work to accentuate my awareness of what is already in progress. My relationship with entities/energies in this realm is primarily sexual – that is to say *interpenetrating*. I/we/they exchange non-physical analogs of genetic material. Such exchanges cannot [in my experience] occur without full trust, cooperation, & ecstatic openness. In this realm, force [rape, duplicity, etc.] & other power games are not only non-productive, they seem not to be possible, [for me, at any rate].

The primary tool which I use for to open myself up to energies from the Lovecraftian dimensions is the trilateral circular vève shown below. I fashioned the original from memory after a whirlwind tour of its macrocosmic analog upon the back of Ithaqa, the Wind-Walker some 15 years ago. I then added appropriate labels [god names] through ordinary scholastic means, after translation into Enochian.



Over the years, I have come to appreciate that my human brain is but a miniscule appendage of my human mind. My human brain is [indeed] incapable of containing the raw energies of the cosmos. However, my human mind *is* capable of active egalitarian interaction with the most awesome entities/energies I have thus far met. Not to contain them. Not to control them. But to merge with them & share [artistically/sexually/mathematically] with them.

Humanity can indeed be quite frail. Yet, I choose not to hide my humanity. From my perspective frailty is one of humanity's more delicate survival traits! Openness & curiosity coupled with frailty seems to engender tenderness & patience from those who have been nurturing instincts/consciously cultivated predilections. When I am in open exploratory mode, I greet and interact with the unknown with my tender exuberance. [When I feel unable to be open

or exuberant, I am a hermit who shuns all conscious contact with the unknown.] I have no interest in playing power-over games with behemoths – I'd rather we fucked ourselves silly instead! If I were to hide my frailties, I feel I might be [inadvertently] crushed or consumed during raucous loveplay.