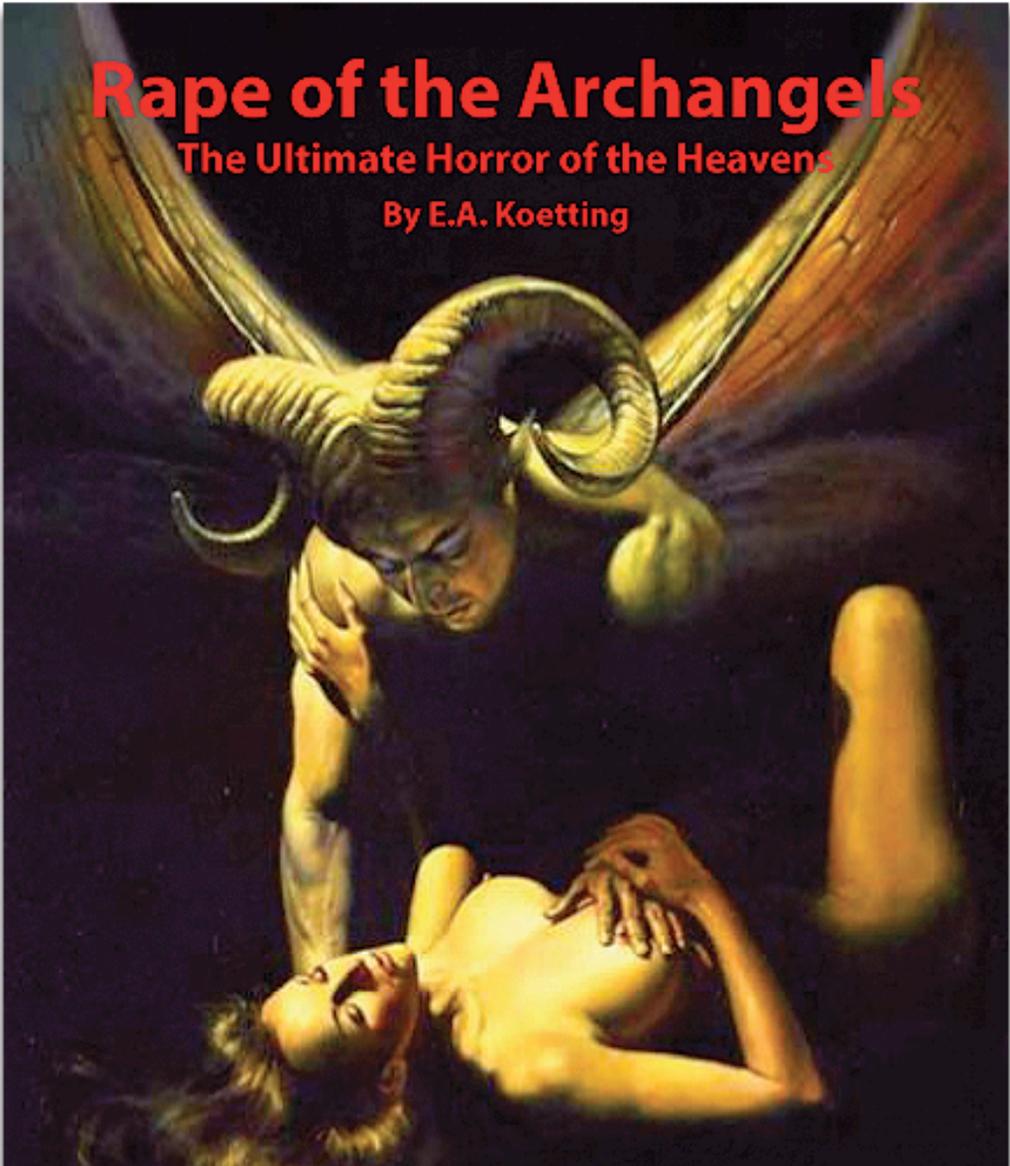


Rape of the Archangels

The Ultimate Horror of the Heavens

By E.A. Koetting

The illustration depicts a scene of sexual violence. A woman with long, dark hair is lying on her back, her body illuminated by a warm, golden light. She has a pained expression on her face. Above her, a winged figure with large, curved, golden horns is leaning over her. The figure's hands are placed on the woman's chest and breasts. The background is dark, with the wings of the figure extending across the top of the frame.

Become A Living **God**

Rape of the Archangels

E.A. Koetting

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Rape of the Archangels

A great warlord and undefeatable archer, Arjuna, rode into battle, armies upon armies behind him, swords, spears, arrows and shields ready to bring the opposing army, one of equal number and arms, to certain death.

As Arjuna drew closer to the moment of murder, he was paid of visit by a guest that only he could see, Krishna, the Supersoul, the embodiment of the Godhood.

In the seconds before the arrows began to fly into the bodies of the enemy, Krishna and Arjuna held a conversation that should have lasted hours, wherein Arjuna was given the secrets to a godly life, to absolute enlightenment, to power and wisdom known mainly by the Devas. In his moment of illumination, Arjuna's attention returned to the battlefield, to the enemy that he was to kill, and to the fact that if he did not, his lands would be devoured, his women would be raped, his children would be enslaved, and he asked in tears to his divine guest, "How can I kill these men, that now I know they are my brothers?"

The saviors and prophets that have arrived in these past few hundred years would advise to throw down the spears and arrows, to return home to comfort the violated women and to politely hand over the child slaves to their new masters. As truth would have it, though, from the lips of the Divine Krishna, this is not the path to enlightenment. Arjuna must not only kill those on the battlefield to defend his homeland, but must destroy them utterly, and must chase them to their own homes to destroy their women and children, so that no enemy from that land would ever rise up against his people. And this he must do without attachment, without passion, not in anger nor in sorrow, but in a knowing that the physical life is not the ultimate

reality, and that the souls that leave those bodies will find others, and that true life continues regardless of the pain caused to the present incarnation. All that remains, then, is to follow ones Dharma, the Law of one's personal Wyrd or Destiny, and the wheel of Eternity will spin on, regardless of the petty actions of kindness or murder, the only change being that which is within the observer. And so to remain detached from the actions one commits, only the benefits of those actions are reaped, karma being left to roam the battlefield and infect another with grief.

It is the prime Dharma of the Black Magician to seek after and to possess power - not only power to cause change in his environment and life, but the power to overturn the balance of fate, to bring the constellations into a realignment, to herald in the twilight of the gods if necessary to the fulfillment of his own Destiny. This power is not come by through rituals performed in bedrooms having been converted into temples nor through spells found in grimoires sold in bookstores, but through the most inconceivable actions of the Adept who is without limitations, who can do anything, both spiritually and morally, reaping only the reward and leaving the misery to those who remain attached.

The ancient Vedic scripts teach that through various spiritual disciplines, certain powers can be attained - superhuman abilities that rival even those possessed by the Devas. As man becomes more like unto God, as he unlocks his own Supersoul, he receives with it the weapons and the tools of the Gods, holding in his hand the three-pronged scepter of power, wielding the potential of absolute creation, sustentation, and destruction of all things.

Some of the traditional Siddhis seem, initially, to be silly, useless to the practical Magician, and outrageous. Others may appear tempting, although still far-reaching. The Vidyas and Vedas promise the disciple the ability to fly in the sky with greater ease than a bird, to swim underwater without concern for the need of oxygen, shrinking the size of the physical body infinitely, or increasing it infinitely as well. Teleportation, time travel, levitation, and transmutation of solid objects are also included in the list of Siddhis. Ridiculous... but not entirely unheard of. Yogis have been able to hold their breath indefinitely underwater, several spiritual beliefs and disciplines understand the reality of levitation either through shifting air pressure or balancing the electromagnetic aura so profoundly as to rise from the ground, and quite a few well-known and acknowledged alchemists

have performed instantaneous transmutation of matter. These are mere phenomenon, however, to the Adept and to the serious student of the occult. Why levitate when you can summon forth money for an airplane ticket with much less difficulty? Why transmute copper to gold when wealth and abundance can be achieved through much simpler means?

There are Siddhis that exist, that can indeed without question be attained by the disciple, that are of pure power. The ability to not only temporarily separate your consciousness from your body, but to cause it to enter another's corpus; omniscient knowledge irregardless of temporal diffusion; mastery over the body and its senses to the degree of remaining unaffected by the elements or by stimuli unless otherwise willed; viewing events and occurrences from any distance; subjugating any spirit whatsoever – these are among some of the most desired powers of the Black Magician, and they indeed can be had, but not through means taught by any ordinary source.

There exist a race of beings, not in this world or the next, but in the fold between the worlds, who hold all of the Siddhi powers, and whose charge it is to dispense them to the worthy. They are the Dakinis, which is translated as "she who travels in the sky," or more accurately, "She whom upon the sky dances." In legend, they are winged creatures, as light and fleeting as the faeries, as seductive and sexually infuriating as the nymphs, as tempting as the Sirens and the mermaids who have driven countless ships to peril, and more powerful than the Archangels. Naked in youthful bodies, blossomed with breasts and the smoothest fair skin, holding in the right hand a goblet of menstrual blood capable of offering eternal life and in the other hand a dagger capable of destroying the life of a god, they represent an innocent balance, a love so pure as to kill or to make immortal, with absolute nonattachment to the result. They are wicked, in that they do not know the word, yet they are without evil, as they recognize that the whole of existence is a mere game, and that they hold the secrets of complete dominion.

Sexual union with such a Dakini creates the Elixir of Life, which pours out like a fountain of immortality, granting the mortal the power of the gods.

A noble and recognized tantric priest, Tilopa, who had trained for his position and caste since birth and had served his people in such a role with unwavering honesty and diligence, found himself in study

of the scriptures under a tree one day, lost entirely in the words of the prophets who had written them, when his study was interrupted by an exceedingly ugly woman, who asked if he understood that which he was reading. Before he could reply, the woman spat upon the scriptures and uttered a word in a tongue that he did not know, and then vanished. Tilopa began to wonder if perhaps he did not know the meanings of the scriptures, and recognized that they had brought him closer to neither enlightenment nor to power. In place of searching the scriptures, he began to search for this woman. Tilopa was visited again by the woman, a messenger of the Dakinis, who told him that if he wished to find wisdom and power, he must, "Go to the forest of the bodhi tree. There the stainless Dakinis hold the ear-whispered teachings."

The journey through the bodhi tree forest was perilous, in that the Dakinis who dwelt therein were as irresistible as they were murderous, and all who had taken such a journey had fallen into leafed beds with the naked Dakinis and had disappeared from this incarnation altogether. To protect him, the Dakini messenger gave Tilopa a mantra which he was to recite endlessly until he had reached the center of the forest, in the throne room of the Dakini Queen. The mantra would bring Tilopa into a state of complete nonattachment, where lust and indulgence would seem equal to murder and sacrifice, and neither would distract him from his destiny to reach the Dakini Queen and to take her power and knowledge from her by whatever means necessary.

Once he had entered the bodhi forest, Tilopa suffered an onslaught of Dakinis, some tempting him with sexual sedation, others with fear of his own suffering, and even others with lesser powers in hopes that he would turn away from the completion of his Dharma. Holding the mantra in his mind and on his lips, he remained steady in his journey, finally reaching the lair of the Dakini Queen, who sat upon her throne, convinced that her power and her beauty would alone keep her safe. Still reciting the sacred Bija Mantra, Tilopa ascended the steps to her throne, stripped the jewels from her body, tore the clothes from her, and as she sat naked and afraid, he raped her on her throne.

Tilopa was granted thereby a great many Siddhi powers, both due to his violent overpowering and domination of such a Divine One, as well as his ability to raise himself above morality, above the

concepts of good and evil, and fulfill his own Dharma.

At night, men and women are visited by vampiric entities, incubi and succubi, which sexually violate the mortal and steal the heightened energies which only sexual activity can generate. What we are dealing with here is an exact contrast: the Adept beguiles a Dakini, sexually possesses her, and steals her power from her. The siphon feed becomes reversed; Jacob's ladder begins to travel backwards.

There are means of capturing these Dakinis, imprisoning them in a suitable human body, and of then dominating them and causing them to administer unto the Black Magician all of the Siddhi powers that they hold.

A Dakini is able to take human form, either through possession against the natural will of the possessed, or through invocation by the Yogini who nears enlightenment on the Middle Path. There is another way, however, that the Dakini may be captured in the human form.

Despite the common misconception that such victims must be virgin, having never known sexual intercourse, in actuality it is the inner self that must be virgin, unexposed to the Mystery, uninitiated into the depths of Its realization. Often the potentially possessed will, in their lack of any depth of sexual experience, desire to be possessed fully, by the fantasy act of rape. Even though the greatest part of their active participation in this ritual will be the satisfaction of this fantasy, such becomes the gateway to the tunnels that lead to the darkest powers. It is such a living subject that is easily possessed by a Dakini.

Although a willing subject can be found without difficulty, especially by one who is adept at the magickal arts of bending the wills of others, the problem lies in the authenticity of the possession, in that one who willingly volunteers for such a possession will often manufacture the apparent possession, will delight in the sexual aspect of the ritual, and will leave the Adept with no more power or knowledge than he had previously possessed. It is thus required that the Possessed either knows nothing of the Dakini or of the possession at hand, or has entirely submitted themselves to the act.

In a wooded place, in the desert, or in a cemetery, all of which need to be consecrated as a place of Bodhi, or enlightenment, the Possessed is to be drawn by magickal means, and never to be brought

by force. Through methods of mesmerism and suggestion, she is to be laid upon the ground and brought into the deepest state of receptivity, into Theta brainwaves, at which point the Dakini can be called down.

Activating the chakras of the possessed, through the empowered mudras of the right hand over each of the chakras, and through the Bija Mantras of each, being LAM, VAM, RAM, YAM, HAM, RAM, OM, in ascending order from the Muladhara Chakra to the Sahasrara Chakra at the Crown. Placing the full palm of the right hand upon the crown of the head and placing the palm of the left hand over the Muladhara Chakra, covering the anus and the vagina, thus closing the kundalini circuit and trapping it within the body, repeat the mantra, "Om mani padme hum," invoking within your victim the absolute feminine essence, which is most fully embodied by the Dakini. This can also be whispered against the naval or the throat. The body will begin to convulse as the woman becomes Dakini, and the eyes will open wide, reflecting power and love where terror once resided. Gazing into those eyes, the Adept is to hold his tongue against the roof of his mouth and give the continuous mantra of LLL. His eyes will roll into the back of his head and he will find that he is no longer here, but that he is in the folds of reality, with the Dakini.

Stripping her of her garments and thrusting himself inside of her, the Elixir of Life is created, and through her shining eyes the secrets of immortality will be revealed to him. Orgasm will come, but will never leave, and the remainder of his life will be a quest no longer to seek power, but to make comprehension of that which he has received.

The Dakini and the woman that She possesses in the situation is no longer the passive and receptive partner once the possession takes hold. In fact, she becomes the aggressor, once the Shakti essence flows through her, as Shakti is power, while Shiva is only the vessel of that power. According to the legend of Tilopa, in the moment that the Dakini Queen was sexually violated, she became linked with Tilopa inexorably, and that the most dreadful curse that she could offer is absolute enlightenment, thrusting upon him the knowledge and the power of Godhood, instantaneously forcing a transfiguration of his mortal self into an Eternal Being, thereby killing the very Samsaric individual who had committed the violation.

Traveling through the backwards tree, not in the adverse or the upright, but between them, where the spheres of Malkuth and Lilith

overlap, the Dakini can be found, and can be seduced in the spiritual form as they sleep in their astral beds of web. The Adept may creep into their lairs while they rest upon their thrones and may lay on top of them, smothering them so they cannot move, forcing a silver phallus within them, pulling from them all of their power. The Adept can become, in such a way, the incubus or succubus. The same dangers with which Tilopa was faced will face the Adept in the folds of space, as armies of Dakinis will tempt him to take them instead, to lay with them, and to never return to his body of flesh, but to copulate forever in the throes of orgasm.

These are the methods of the Black Magician, the occultist who walks the path of the Left Hand. The Master walking the Middle Path, however, instead embodies Shiva, not hunting and raping the Dakinis, but sitting silently, passively, until Shakti is drawn to him magnetically, and copulation with Her is inevitable, at which point all Dakinis descend and service their Queen Shakti, and thereby service Shiva, granting him all Siddhi powers. Dakinis, both ephemeral and physical, will do the same. It is to be recognized by all that any sexual act with a Dakini is a violation, as it is a forced penetration into the secrets of the gods.

Dakinis in human form, whether descended momentarily or invoked by the female Yoginis ready to embody such a power, when brought together may experience godhood in this manner, as their sexual union with one another is a revelation and an orgasmic ejaculation of vision and enlightenment.

While the power that the Dakinis possess can be forged and manifested in this world through internal orgiastic rites, the Adept cannot enter these, he cannot be permitted into the folds of reality, and so he must force himself inside, he must penetrate the secret tomb of Godhood like a serpent and a warlord. Unless he is willing to sit in silent meditate for millennia, waiting patiently for Shakti to arouse and to be seated upon him, he must trespass into the lair of the Dakini Queen and take with force the power that he seeks, or allow it to forever obfuscate his clutch.

E.A. Koetting

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