**90. TRUE Goetic Alchemy with #2 Duke Agares, and a brief introduction.**

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Agares will often presents himself as a weathered, and malnourished old man who might be very tall if his spine where not bent by advanced age. Agares is naked except for a tattered, dingy loin cloth that looks like it may fall down around his ankles any moment. His long straggly hair, and unkempt bread, are wind tangled into a make shift bird's nest where a goshawk is usually nesting.   
  
Agares's body appears as that of an ancient emaciated man. His pale, paper thin skin hangs off his shaky skeletal limbs in loose flaps, and is covered with liver spots. Agare’s crazed eyes are wide, and never seem to blink. This particular feature serves to further accentuate his wide, toothless smile; save one very long, very crooked yellowing tooth in the upper left side of his mouth.   
  
As Agares explains it, “I am long in the tooth, and so is my reign!”   
  
Agares claims he was once worshiped as an ancient creator deity for a prehistoric nomadic river following peoples. When it came time to move their settlements, they would weave together an effigy of Agares using river grasses, and set him afloat him down the river. After waiting prescribed period of days, they would begin their search to find him.   
  
Where ever this effigy came to rest along the river bank is where these nomadic peoples would re-settle.   
  
Once found, Agare’s effigy would be read for oracular proposes, and predictions where forecast.   
  
The circumstances surrounding the finding of Agares's effigy where interpreted.  
  
Did the effigy washed up on shore, or was it was caught on something in the river, and if so what was it caught on? What was the direction of the effigy's head? What was the condition of the effigy's body, intact or badly damaged? Lastly, what if any animals, or insects where found nesting in, or around him?   
  
The answers to these questions all held divinatory meanings concerning the tribe's new home, and what could be in store them while they settled there.   
  
Agares alone is already a sight; however the elephantine oily green crocodile which he rides on, is usually who gets noticed first. This primordial crocodile is a true monster; second in size (and potential for violence) only to aquatic behemoths such as the Leviathan, and Jorgumand.   
  
Most likely due to its sheer energetic density, the crocodile feels as if it creates its own field of gravitational force.   
  
Agares likens his crocodile to a collapsing star. He says one day the compacting pressures will become so astronomical, the crocodile will turn inside out, and a new expanding universe will be born.   
  
He claims that the birth of our present universe happened in much the same way (maybe a former crocodile… many creation stories have the crocodile in a creator role), and that he had an active hand in it.   
  
In questioning other Goetic spirits concerning this, they say that Agares is older than this universe, and that his claims possibly have merit.   
  
Agares wickedly cackles at the erroneous idea of his enormous crocodile being clumsy, or slow. He delights in reminiscing on the looks of abject horror, and recounting the terror which washed over those poor misguided individuals foolish enough to believe they could run from his crocodile.   
  
Agares says (correctly) that, “the astral world is nothing more than a never ending river of consciousness, and in the river, the crocodile is king!” It is no joke that Agares’s crocodile propels its self through the astral river at break neck speeds.  
  
Within my tradition of Goetic alchemy, Agares is said to live inside the human brain. Particularly, he is seen as the limbic brain (old mammalian), which is set a top the reptilian brain (an old man riding a crocodile), and having prominence over the hippocampus (a portion of the brain which is called the sea-horse, or sea-monster… which again looks like a crocodile).   
  
\*\*\*I would like to make this VERY clear. I have watched the internet for many years. If there was another order, or tradition, which had a system of Goetic Alchemy, or Magic anywhere similar to this they would have made this known long before this. What I am giving out to you are Goetic-Astral Temple-Astral Body-Physical Body configurations that have been JELOUSLY guarded in my linage. The Arcanum, and Alchemy of the Goetic magic I hold is deep, and wide to say the least. As usual I predict that some Hermetic group or individual will try and co-opt this information. Be warned, some of the Goetic spirit placements might “seem” obvious… others not at all. You run the very real risk of aligning the wrong Goetic spirit with the wrong body function, location, or governance with this type of guess work. In doing so I promise you that calamity of the bleakest sort WILL follow.\*\*\*  
  
Agares placement in the brain with respects to his crocodile (I am not yet mentioning the goshawk) is concerned with  
  
1. Mermory  
2. Observation of time  
3. Spatial memory and navigation.   
  
As such the alchemical and magical work done with Agares shall follow along these same lines.  
  
One particular alchemical process working with Agares and his crocodile, takes advantage of the crocodile’s continuous saturnine themed internal collapsing, and eventual unfolding.   
  
This method was frequently, and in some case is frequently, used to elicit what is in my tradition can be thought of as the “inner-verse”, a type of backdoor internal reality that is like a “side-B” to the astral realm. In here the sorcerer or Bokkor (as my tradition of Goetic alchemy, and magic came through Haiti) experiences the astral world with him, or her, as the primary focus, rather than the astral world of which they are just one of a infinite number of projectors of.   
  
It is here also that the bokkor will likely encounter the entities which are of the lowest frequency, and have the most direct influence on, or over them, These WILL include possible Reptilian (yes… we are getting back to that, Greys, and Insectiod beings that are not dead, but rather working through energetic means).   
  
The sorcerer will also likely encounter “hitch-hikers”, an entity not dissimilar to a fucked-up looking silver-fish (Lepisma saccharina). They are belligerent, and whisper bizarre, obscene threats. The sorcerer will often pick them up in areas that, or from people who, have a lot of depression, and chronic illness.   
  
Here the bokkor will also come face-to-face with their half-baked, undeveloped, and unrealized thoughts. These will appear as partially erected or constructed landscapes, and “people” who contain “likenesses” to actual people, but whom are not fully formed. This will probably be fleeting interactions, the locations shifting, and at first a dirty, shady atmosphere.   
  
The purpose of working in this inner-verse is to bring finality, and completion to much of these unresolved conflicts, and desires, all while learning to navigate your own psyche which open, and clears up potent avenues of power, health, clarity, and focus.   
  
For this you will need a blind fold, and cotton or ear plugs at bare minimum. Traditionally you would also use a large burlap sack.  
  
You will place the cotton or earplugs in your ears, and wrap and time the blind fold over your eyes. I have learned it is better not to use a square knot, but a simple over, and under with the blind fold as resting your head back onto a square knot just sucks. If you are using the burlap sack now is the time to situate yourself inside the bag like you where swallowed head first by the crocodile. Now, lay down on your back, and relax.  
  
You will feel eventually a type of claustrophobic response. Your major senses of sight, and sound restricted, and with the burlap sack, the scratchy fibers over stimulate your sense of touch into a whitewash as to eliminate the sense of physical touch altogether, and the light weight of the burlap will gradually become a frightful crushing sensation.   
  
You, the bokkor, must endure, and surrender more, and more to the feeling of collapse. As the outer world falls in on top of you, your must retreat ever inward, deeper, and deeper until……  
  
Before long you will fall into hypnogogic images (Bael’s domain), and begin having dark, shady, and fuzzy interactions within your inner-verse.   
  
Breathe in a deep, long, slow, soft, and relaxed manner. With every exhale, relax deeper, and allow tension to melt out of your body.  
  
Begin practicing this twice a week, and for 15-30 minutes. Write down your experiences, and stick with it.   
  
In a little bit we will take to practice further, and discuss what to do when you begin encounter true outer world entities.  
  
-Uncle Bearheart.