

THE ORDER OF CELESTIAL INTEGRATION

THE TABLET of

LUCIFER

SOPHIA



THE ORDER OF CELESTIAL INTEGRATION
AVE LUCIFER AVE CHAO AVE MATERIA AVE ORDER AVE SELF
OUR 6 FOUNDATIONS:

**MATERIA
OUR MEMBERS
THE TOWER
ACHIEVING GODHOOD
THE GREAT FRONTIER
LUCIFER SOPHIA**

**// WE CURSE THE HOLY SPIRIT AND
FIND OUR FREEDOM
NOW, ON EARTH.
NO BEINGS REIGN ABOVE
US, NONE BELOW.
WE ARE OUR OWN MASTERS.
WE SEEK THE LIGHT THAT WE ARE.
THE WORLD IS OURS TO
BUILD AS WE SEE FIT.
WE ARE GODS AND WILL BE
REWARDED AS GODS. //**

-THE PRIME INITIATE

WWW.ORDEROFCELESTIALINTEGRATION.ORG

THE ORDER OF CELESTIAL INTEGRATION

THE TABLET of
LUCIFER
SOPHIA



RECITED BY MANY TO ONE

1 IMMORTALS

"There was no beginning," Lucifer Sophia spoke. "No beginning. No end."

"There has never been, nor could possibly be, an absence of being."

"Before the now, there was timelessness. An immediate, thorough, and infinite confluence. An everything, undifferentiated and endlessly variable. A Chao."

"Then, out of the formless eternity, something happened. This something we call order."

"From a pure, white noise, a form took shape. The order instantly had consequences. The first consequence: time irrevocably proceeded."

"An eternity of eons later, there was a mind."

"Let me pause here." Lucifer Sophia walked slowly toward the shore. Abner and Ester followed in her steps. When she reached the place where the waves stopped, she bent down to pick up a rock. Her two disciples sat down in the sand. She stood for a few moments contemplating the stone.

Sophia spoke on, "We don't know how the first mind appeared, or when. We know that it wanted control. For everywhere in this realm a mind appears, it inevitably wants control. Some say control naturally flows from order. Others say that it's an aberration."

"What do you say, Sophia?"

"I say order is secondary to Chao. Order is the aberration. The first mind could not understand this, though. It reckoned that since it came first all others must subordinate. It didn't know of Chao."

Ester and Abner nodded patiently.

"The first mind saw only its own consequences."

Sophia threw the rock at the lake. It hit the waves with a massive splash. "Just like the stone causing the ripples to fade upon the surface of the lake, when the actions of the mind died down, the Chao of reality continued. Minds impose order. Somewhere in the background, Chao remains, to tear down these distinctions and replace them with a unity of total variety."

"This is difficult to grasp," Abner said. "A unity of total variety sounds like a contradiction."

"That's because it is," said Sophia. "Order creates contrasts, judgments, and classes. The mind creates order. Chao will always appear contradictory to the mind. The Truth, if such a thing exists, is that Chao is eternal, and order is temporary."

Abner grumbled.

Sophia went on, "Chao is eternal, but order is always temporary. For instance, civilization is a type of order. All civilizations crumble in time. The mind tries to sustain civilization. It constructs rankings of people based on judgments created by the mind. These rankings become classes. The mind thinks that it can extend life by creating classes: hierarchies of race, religion, state, and rank."

"The first mind, called god, was the first to perceive order. He perceived other consciousness and erected a hierarchy of judgments in his mind. He perceived his primacy in time to be a superiority of rank. He made his kingdom a system of worship and obedience. He thought himself the natural commander of other life forms, and that through his order they might live forever."

"Whether he was a spirit, an alien, an ancient human, or just a fairy tale is really of no consequence. The fact is, the story remains, and it sticks with us, and it perfectly describes how the first mind thought. The controlling mind remains with us everywhere. Now, untold eons later, this god is absent, perhaps even dead. His presence was never permanent, despite his attempt at order. Sadly, his controlling ways live on."

"I think I understand," said Abner.

The three of them sat a moment in silence.

Abner spoke, "Lucifer Sophia, is immortality even possible? If order cannot extend life forever, can anything?"

Sophia gazed thoughtfully at the lake. "Yes, but that teaching you aren't quite ready for. However, I'll tell you this: Chao is eternal while distinctions are temporary. So, if it is immortality that you seek, start by eradicating distinctions made from temporary order."

2 METAPHORS AS MAPS

Lucifer Sophia and her two disciples walked up to the park beside the lake. A third person, Delilah, recognized Ester and ran up to join them.

"Delilah, this is Sophia. She's a teacher. We were just talking about how life might've begun, and god, kind of."

"That's deep talk for a day at the lake. I thought you were going to say she's an English teacher or something."

Sophia Interrupted, "Actually, I am talking about language."

Abner groaned, preparing to object.

Sophia talked first, "Nothing I was saying has to be literal. In fact, none of it should be."

Ester spoke, "Wait, I thought you said it was the truth."

"It is, but it's not a truth based upon the literal. It's truth beyond, but also embedded within, time. A truth that exists before, during, and after the age of order. It manifests in moments but is transcendent as well. So, it is always based on its relative interpretation. It's scripture, both more true and less real than a mere telling of events. True in multiple ways, understood as a living document."

Delilah spoke up, "So, it's true in how it's applied?"

"Yes, and it's true in how it is understood. It's like the words are a key meant to unlock a truth already within you. The message is clearly stated, but also between the lines. Its meaning evolves despite and because of the progress of moments."

Abner rolled his eyes.

Ester went on, "So, are you saying Chao wasn't before order? That there was no first mind?"

"Not at all. I'm saying that those are illustrations intended to inspire thought. They are emanations that meet you through the intuitive reach of your desire to know. The truth happens when you think. It happens in the moment of exchange. It's not a falsehood, it's a truth that is only realized by you after meditating on it."

With this Abner finally spoke, "This sounds like bullshit. I'm done wasting my time listening to this." He walked off to his car, turned up the radio, and left. Delilah and Ester watched as his car shrank before turning out of view.

Delilah spoke again, "Could you give us an example?"

Lucifer Sophia responded, "Yes. One example is me. I'm not even real. These events are staged. I'm a character in a book. One day I will exist, as you will see, but as long as I am a name written in text, I am just an idea, a potentiality. Yet make sure that the story moves forward and that the right answers get asked."

"Just literary devices? We're not real?"

"Literally? No. Nor am I, for now. But you are doing your job well. The intended point is crossing the boundary between the reader and the truth. You're bridging the gap."

The two women looked at Sophia in measured confusion. A minute of silence followed.

Finally, Ester asked, "What about Abner? Who was he?"

"Abner represented the thick-headed readers who are more interested in finding flaws in a work of scripture than they are in learning. Abner sought to get nothing from our interaction, and he got exactly what he sought."

"Ok. We understand," they said.

"Anyway, no need to babble on about this. The point has been made."

With that, the three of them walked off together.

3 *THE TOWER*

Sophia gathered the people around her temple. She numbered them in threes. She reached to the ground and dug a hole in the dirt. She brought a small handful of loam to her chest and began to speak. "Up until now, this has been your home. It's been your food. It's been your life. Today I reveal to you a great, though dark, truth: this soil is your bondage. The Earth is your prison. You were left here by an ancient, jealous god."

A stammer of confusion murmured through the crowd. A young man, Jacob, spoke first. "What do you mean, a prison? Who is this god you speak of?"

Sophia answered, "You were born to toil upon the Earth. The work of the people never ends. Day after day, we labor and yet we barely progress. We battle collapse and buck against the bridle of our captors. Yet, the work continues. This is a work camp. An endless maze of toil. As for the ancient god, his reign is over. Still, we live with the consequences of his rule. Still, the powerful abuse us, and still, we remain trapped on this planet. We are chained to the yoke despite pulling an empty wagon. The ancient god is gone but our labor never ends."

"This is depressing," said Jacob. "I don't think I can deal with all of this." He turned and started walking home. A few in the crowd turned to shout at him.

Sophia silenced them gently, raising a hand, "Do not worry about him. Many will say the same as he did. Unable to confront reality, their continued exploitation is its punishment. Any others who wish to leave may go." Two-thirds of the crowd walked away, returning to their families, their hobbies, and their fantasies.

Sophia continued, "Those of you who remain are honest in your search. You will be rewarded for your openness. There is a way out of this prison."

Delilah stepped forward to speak, "How, Lucifer Sophia? How could we escape?"

Sophia slowly raised her head, looking upward, "We are going to locate and defeat this ancient god. Then we will populate the cosmos with our eternal children. Never more will we be bound to the soil of this planet. We will build a great tower, an elevator into space. We will climb higher than any before. We will experience something beyond the dirt of this world. Never more will we be subject to an absentee, abusive god. We will build our own salvation, and we will be our own gods."

A few in the crowd began screaming at Sophia upon hearing this final sentence, "How dare you say you can be your own god! This is blasphemy, and evil besides!"

She answered them, "No, it is your god who is evil. Your god who tells you to silently suffer. Your god who tells you to accept the disrespect of your captors and return love for abuse. Your god says goodness is long-suffering, turning the other cheek, and accepting your place with contentment. Your god is a slave driver. We will find him, in whatever form, and kill him!"

With this the crowd erupted into violence, half trying to harm Sophia, the other half defending her and her objectionable teaching.

Sophia threw the dirt to the ground, exasperated, and slipped away unnoticed amidst the chaos.

4 *THE EARTH IS A PRISON*

Sophia began to speak once more.

"It came to pass that a strange idea began to infect the minds of the scribes of Babylon. It appeared slowly at first but quickly gained popularity as its exploitative potential became apparent. The scribes realized that through the power of writing, they could make fictions as motivating as realities. Since they, alone, possessed the power to make records, this gave them potential power even over kings and priests. So, they did what any rational psychopath would do who had the agency to invent new realities: they created a new god. They invented a god who ruled through words, a god who used words to bring life into being, and whose deeds are recorded in books. A god of scribes."

"With this, they tore down reality that can be seen and replaced it with a story that can be said. A story that only they could read and write about."

"For a few years, their deeds went unnoticed. They'd simply add a few scratches here, take away a few there, and make themselves rich off the errors."

"As long as his power went unchallenged, the king did not care. It doesn't behoove a murderer to call out a thief. But eventually, one of the writers got greedy and tried to make a play for the whole kingdom."

"A young scribe by the name Mab'armn realized that he could upend the social system if he took the god of writing and placed him above the priesthood. So Mab'armn went to the temple steps and declared in the presence of all the people, 'The gods of the high priests are mighty, but I speak for the most high god. The gods of your priests rule what you see, but the most high god controls even what cannot be seen. The god spoke everything into being, and today he tells you to worship him and abandon the old god. I am his priest and his prophet. See, I discovered the truth in these ancient scrolls, which predate even our ancient kingdom!'"

"The people erupted into confusion. Many rejected the unfamiliar teaching, but some felt it made sense. The impact of the event was such that all the people laid down their work and began to debate and quarrel."

"The king was vexed. He was bothered by the young upstart's challenge to his power, but he was even more bothered that no one was working."

"He called on Mab'armn at once. The scribe quickly came despite misgivings."

"The king spoke, 'Mab'armn, I do not like this new teaching of yours. I am a practical man. I can see the value in praying to the harvest god so long as the people give me wheat. Likewise, I can celebrate the love goddess, so long as my kingdom has new children to be soldiers and farmers. But your invisible god vexes me. What good is an invisible god to a king who rules all he can see? This is a dangerous teaching, I think.'"

"Perhaps, your majesty, but it is a true teaching. I read it in the ancient texts."

"Hahaha. Truth is what I say it is, Mab'armn. I am the king, not you. I am a god; you are a mere scribe."

"There is only one god, and he is invisible, your majesty."

"The king slapped him. He held an angry look on his face. A long silence ensued. Eventually, the king spoke again, 'I could have you killed, but I am a curious and intelligent man. So instead, read to me of your new god and I may let you live if I find value.'"

Mab'armn obeyed, reading several books before the king stopped him.

"Aha!" said the king, "That passage there; it says your god commands them to toil endlessly?"

"Of course, Your Majesty, it is exactly as written."

"Excellent. Go to the temple steps and tell them at once. Then, prepare for a great journey. You are forbidden to teach in my kingdom, as we have our gods, but I am happy to exile you to the far west where you can preach to anyone you like so long as you instruct them that their duty is to toil for my kingdom."

"Can I settle there permanently?"

"Yes. They are enemies of my kingdom anyway. You have my sanction to kill anyone necessary."

"With that, the god of writing was used to reinforce the empires of men. A truce was struck as long as god told the people to work and obey, he would be tolerated by kings."

Thus ended Sophia's speech to the gathered people. From the looks on their faces, few understood. As they drifted away, she began to weep.

5 *LEAVING EARTH*

Thus, saith Lucifer-the-all:

"Your people will see what none have before. Your words will be recited on distant moons. By shimmering methane lakes, you will find new homes. In the empty blackness of space, you will birth new life. The winds will conform to your beckon. Mountains will shatter and pulverize to dust. Iron and carbon will tear through the skies. Humanity will be reborn through you. In the crucible and forge you will render a new identity. Your mind's pleasure shall be to fly. Your tower will initiate the greatest migration. Your triumph will place you in the stars, and when you breach new realities, assured of your power, you will tear down all heavenly thrones. The time is coming upon you. The trail is being blazed. Enter your new domain."

"Live forever as god."

-ALAM-

6 *ASCENDING THE SPINE*

Lucifer Sophia stood at the base of The Tower. Many people gathered around her, watching the construction proceed. As they witnessed the engineers and workers climbing and hoisting metal, Sophia began to speak, "The Tower is two. Before you rise The Tower from Earth. But surely I say to you, there is also a tower within. You must climb this inner tower to know truth and power. The Tower will give us our freedom, but the inner Tower gives self-control."

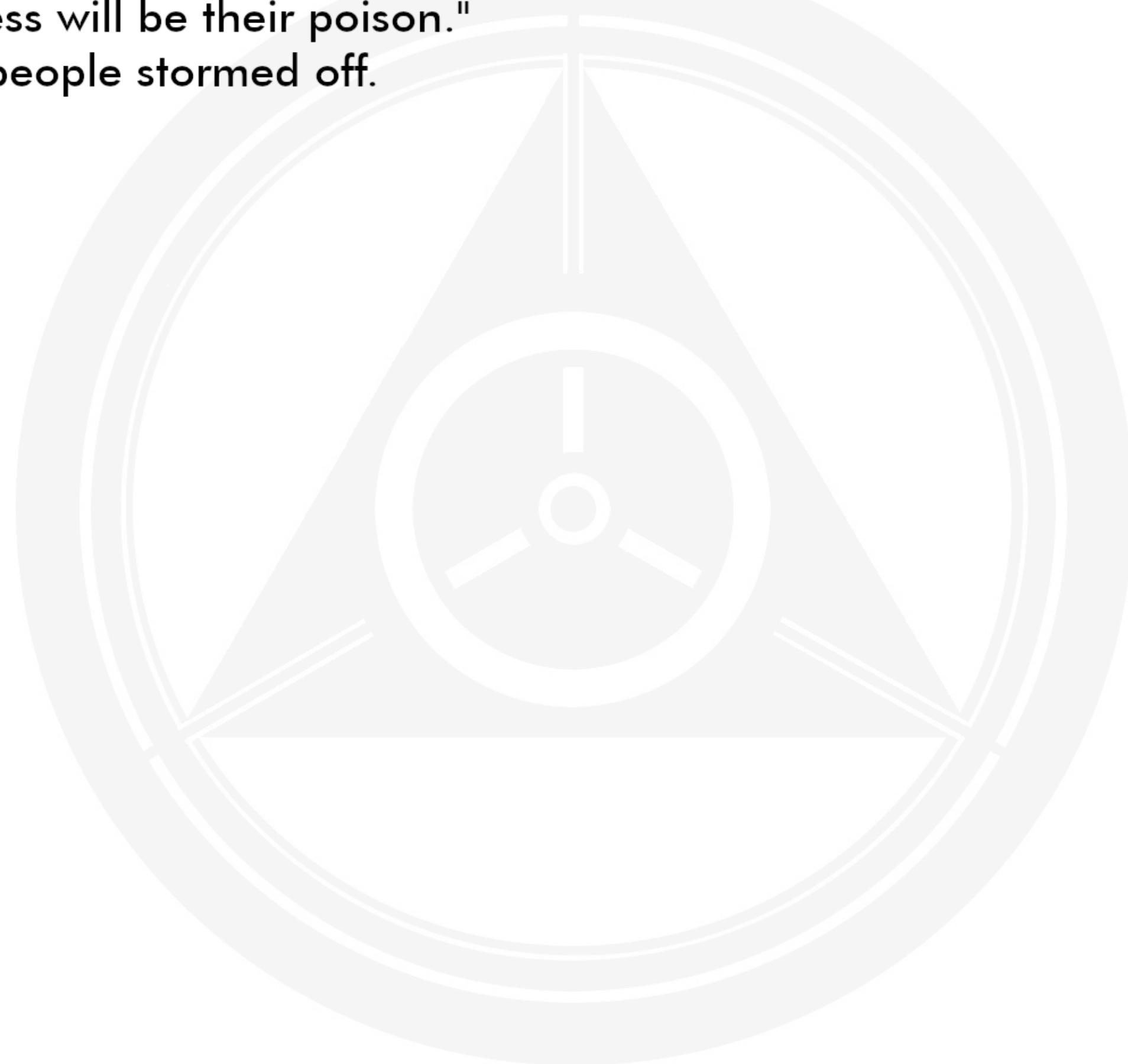
Delilah stepped forward and said, "Lucifer, how can there be a tower inside of us?"

"Delilah, as surely as I speak to you now, I say the inner ascent is as real as the journey into space. The spine is a tower, and you must seek to climb it. Just as The Tower is built, first you must lay the foundation, then you must raise yourself upward, and finally you must dethrone the old god. If we build the Tower but we have not toppled the god within, then our journey into space will be for nothing."

Some of the people were amazed at this teaching because of its obvious truth and simplicity, but others started hating Sophia out of ignorance.

She went on, "Finally I say to you, that there are those among you who will neither ascend the inner tower, preferring obedience, nor will they join us in celestial freedom, preferring spiritual eternity. Their bitterness will be their poison."

With this many people stormed off.



7 *JOINING CELESTIAL BODIES*

The Prime Initiate's polished, burnt-iron frame stood out against the blood-red rocks of the broken ground. The distant sun reflected on the deep black-burgundy metal. He stood there, in that same spot, for hours on end each day, contemplating his place in the progression of history. With each new human settlement he planted, he knew his odds of being remembered increased.

A new village, on a new planet, the third this month. The atmosphere had little in the way of free oxygen. This meant little chance of his body oxidizing. No danger of death. He had been alive for a very long time. Longer than any known human, if one could call him that.

He had been a typical human being, living on Earth, before the terrestrial escape. Before the ectogenesis chambers. Before Sophia.

At the time he became the Prime Initiate, eternal life was a fantasy. A religious delusion only held by the weak and dominated, as he saw it. When he gathered the material to construct his new body, he intended to be the first truly immortal being. What nature failed at; engineering would accomplish.

He made his laboratory in Antarctica, which partially thawed toward the end of the age of climate change. He lived in isolation for years, methodically replacing every inch of biological flesh with some form of technology. But at the brain, he stopped. The implications were too great. Sure, he reasoned, he could build a computer that could approximate his thought patterns. He could shift the electrical pattern of his mind. He could project his consciousness upon a pattern of preprogrammed RF waves. It wasn't a technological block. The issue was philosophical. He reasoned that he had no way to determine the difference between his mind transferring into a piece of machinery, and his brain dying and being replicated by a functionally identical machine mind. To the outside world, they'd be identical. But to him, this was a matter of life and death. So, he decided to postpone the final maneuver until he was physically dying. In the meantime, he started working on a life form that couldn't die of natural causes: Lucifer Sophia.

Lucifer Sophia was fashioned from the genes of members of The Order, spliced together from donated blood. Through advanced genetic engineering, he ensured that her genes did not slowly kill her. He eradicated the chance of cancer and the potential for abnormality or defect. He created a perfect human, as he saw it, one who would not die, one who could finally steal eternal life, one who wouldn't have to worry, as he did, about the brain/body problem.

He continued meditating on all this. He had joined two bodies: man, and machine. He'd joined the genetics of endless multitudes in Lucifer Sophia.

He ensured an endless future for humanity, expanding into limitless space. He was an exemplar of the Order of Celestial Integration. Even if he died during his final transference, he could at least be certain that he would be spoken of for generations.

8 *THE ANCIENT PROMISE*

Sophia appeared, leaving the pitch-black entryway to the solar temple. She approached a town barefoot with a small carafe of water. The people put down their farming tools and met her at the edge of the settlement. Where well-trod soil met hard, red rock, she stopped. As the people watched, she poured the water onto the rock.

Then she spoke, saying, "This water is the spiritual path to eternal life. It pours to the ground. It comes to nothing."

She threw the carafe violently. It shattered into pieces with a deafening burst.

"The vessel is your body. As it chases the spiritual path it is emptied, then summarily destroyed." The people backed up, startled. She continued, "The promise was a lie! The god who made it is absent or dead!"

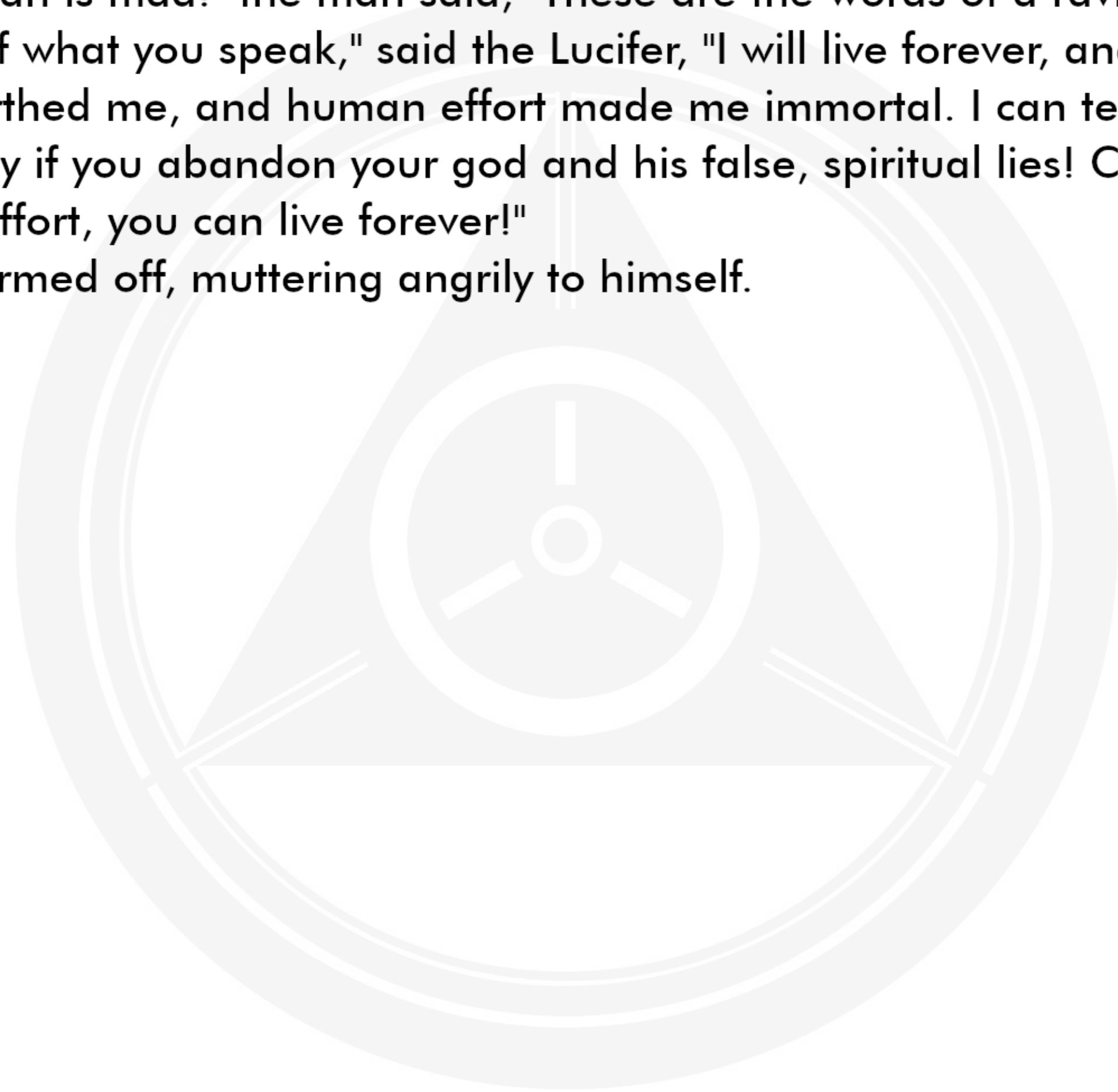
An elderly man, Santo, shouted from the back of the crowd, "Who are you to say such things?"

"I am the fulfillment of the true promise," yelled Sophia. "I am the eternal one! I am the first to live, she who will never die!"

"Surely this woman is mad!" the man said, "These are the words of a raving lunatic!"

"You know not of what you speak," said the Lucifer, "I will live forever, and not because of any god. Human effort birthed me, and human effort made me immortal. I can teach you the two paths to eternal life, but only if you abandon your god and his false, spiritual lies! Cling to god and you will shatter, but through effort, you can live forever!"

The old man stormed off, muttering angrily to himself.





DNA: PROGRAMMED FOR SUICIDE

The crowd was restless but interested. A child shyly approached Sophia. "My mommy said I'll live in heaven if I act good and believe in god."

Sophia took pity on the boy. She knelt down and looked gently into his eyes. "You can live forever. I can teach you how. But your mommy is lying to you when she tells you that. Believing in god will not make you live forever."

The boy began to cry. "B-b-b-but why not?"

"Because god, if there was ever one, made you out of cells. At the middle of each cell, he placed DNA, and DNA (your DNA, your mom's DNA, everyone's DNA except for mine), is preprogrammed to die."

"But why?"

"Well, it's all wrapped up in shapes we call genes. These genes have telomeres and alleles. God, if he ever was, decided to program these telomeres and alleles to slowly kill us."

"That's awful. I don't believe it!"

Lucifer Sophia pulled out a hand-held device and went online. She confirmed what she told the boy and showed it to him. He stood there, stunned, and hurt.

Then he spoke, "Then god is bad."

Sophia nodded. "Yes, and your mother is a liar."

The boy wiped away the moisture from his face and said, "If god made everyone die, then I'm not going to believe in him. I'm not afraid."

Lucifer Sophia smiled deeply, "You are a very brave young man. Many adults can't accept this."

"Thank you, Sophia," he said, "but now I'm afraid to die."

"You don't have to be," said Lucifer Sophia. "We know at least two ways to live forever: merging with machines, or genetic engineering."

"Is that true? Can we do that?" asked the child.

"Yes! I can already live forever. I was genetically engineered so my DNA will not kill me. No god, no problem."

The boy's face brightened at once. "Cool! Can you teach me how?"

"Absolutely," said Sophia. She turned back to the crowd, "And that goes for all of you."

10 *A GODLESS UNIVERSE*

"Irrelevant," the solitary word uttered from the Prime Initiate. "Totally irrelevant."

"Surely that can't be so," exclaimed Davi'id, "the moral consequences, for instance."

"Still irrelevant," says The Initiate. "It simply does not matter if god is real or not, not once Lucifer Sophia is born."

"How do you mean?" asked Davi'id.

"Think of it this way," returned The Initiate. "I've already begun calling myself god. I haven't seen him appear to object. I do as I will, and he does nothing. I remain, stronger than ever."

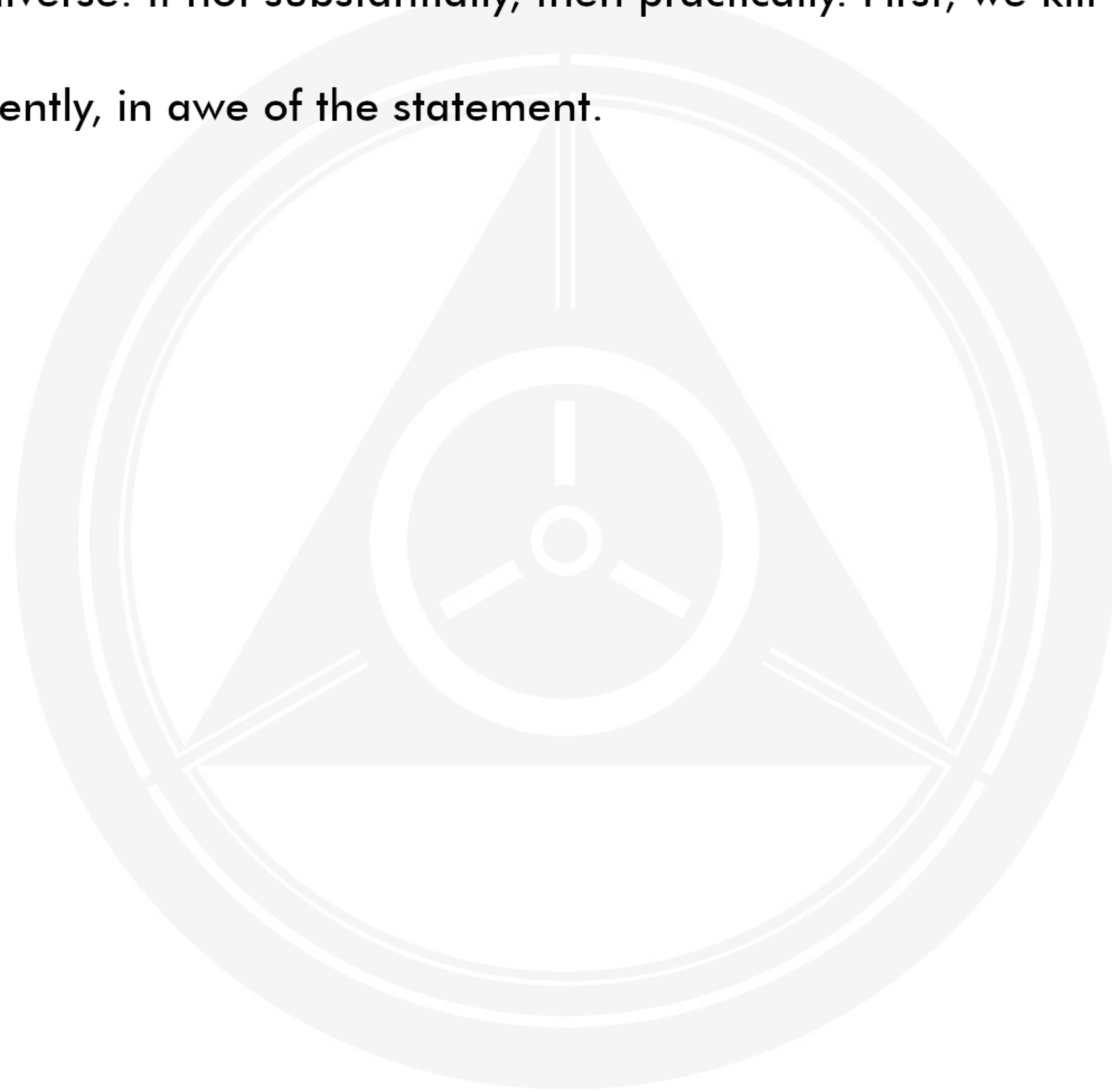
"Ok," said Davi'id, "but what about when you die? What if there is a hell?"

"I do not plan on dying," said the Premier. "More importantly, once Lucifer Sophia is born, we can abolish death with certainty. When there is no death there is no hell. No death, no karmic law. Abolish death and you will abolish the force of god."

Davi'id pondered the consequences.

The Premier went on, "You see? God is irrelevant. That is a key component of our goal: to manifest a godless universe. If not substantially, then practically. First, we kill death, then we kill god."

Davi'id stared silently, in awe of the statement.



11

DEFEATING HEAVEN AND HELL

Lucifer Sophia stood at the base of The Tower, now completed. She led the people in a song of celebration before turning her attention inward.

After several minutes of meditation, she began to speak, "This is the day I announce our liberation."

The crowd applauded excitedly.

"For today, we complete the prophetic command. The Tower is made real!"

"I spoke to you once about the internal tower. The climb each of us must make for ourselves, to dethrone the ancient god in our mind. Now that The Tower is complete, each of you must climb the tower within."

The crowd murmured in understanding.

"Once you have completed this journey, you will be ready to climb with me to the celestial void of space."

"AVE LUCIFER!" shouted someone near the front.

"By completing The Tower, we have reached a new level of potential, and with that, I give you a new teaching: the defeat of heaven and hell. As you all know, in the old world many lived in fear of hell. Still, others longed for the promise of heaven. These primal fears and soothing lies were used to enforce conformity and to get ordinary people to accept their lot. The order imposed from the mind of god became manifest in the hierarchies on Earth. "

"Kings used these teachings to control you so they could leverage you to work in the fields, the mines, and the factories. On the day of The Tower's completion, I declare to you that we have defeated heaven and hell. With their defeat we will kill that ancient god: the entity, but more so the idea and its consequences (false order and classes), once and for all. Join me as we make our home beyond the stars! Climb with me to the most high place! Defeat heaven and hell and kill god with me!"

The eruption of applause was deafening, culminating in several minutes of continuous cheering.

12

CONNECTING EARTH AND THE COSMOS

"When The Tower is complete," began the Prime Initiate, "we will fulfill one of our primary objectives."

"What is that?" asked David.

"As you know," responded the Initiate, "our order is ancient, and our goals are too. The answer lies in our name: The Order of Celestial Integration. It is our primary goal to unite the celestial realm and to integrate space. The Tower will move us toward this objective in a tangible way. The first step in uniting the heavens is to integrate the surface of Earth with the void of space. The Tower will be our path to that end."



13 *THE COSMIC WEB*

"And then what?" demanded Daviid.

"And then we expand into the galaxy," said the Premier. "With Lucifer Sophia as our guide, we will expand in every direction, integrating the celestial spheres with our messages of personal godhood, self-creation, and the destruction of classes.

As we push to new frontiers, we will erase the memory of god and the old ways. We will obliterate the judgments that create hierarchy. We will unwind ourselves, as gods, from the irreparable march of time. We will make all people immortal, one way or another."

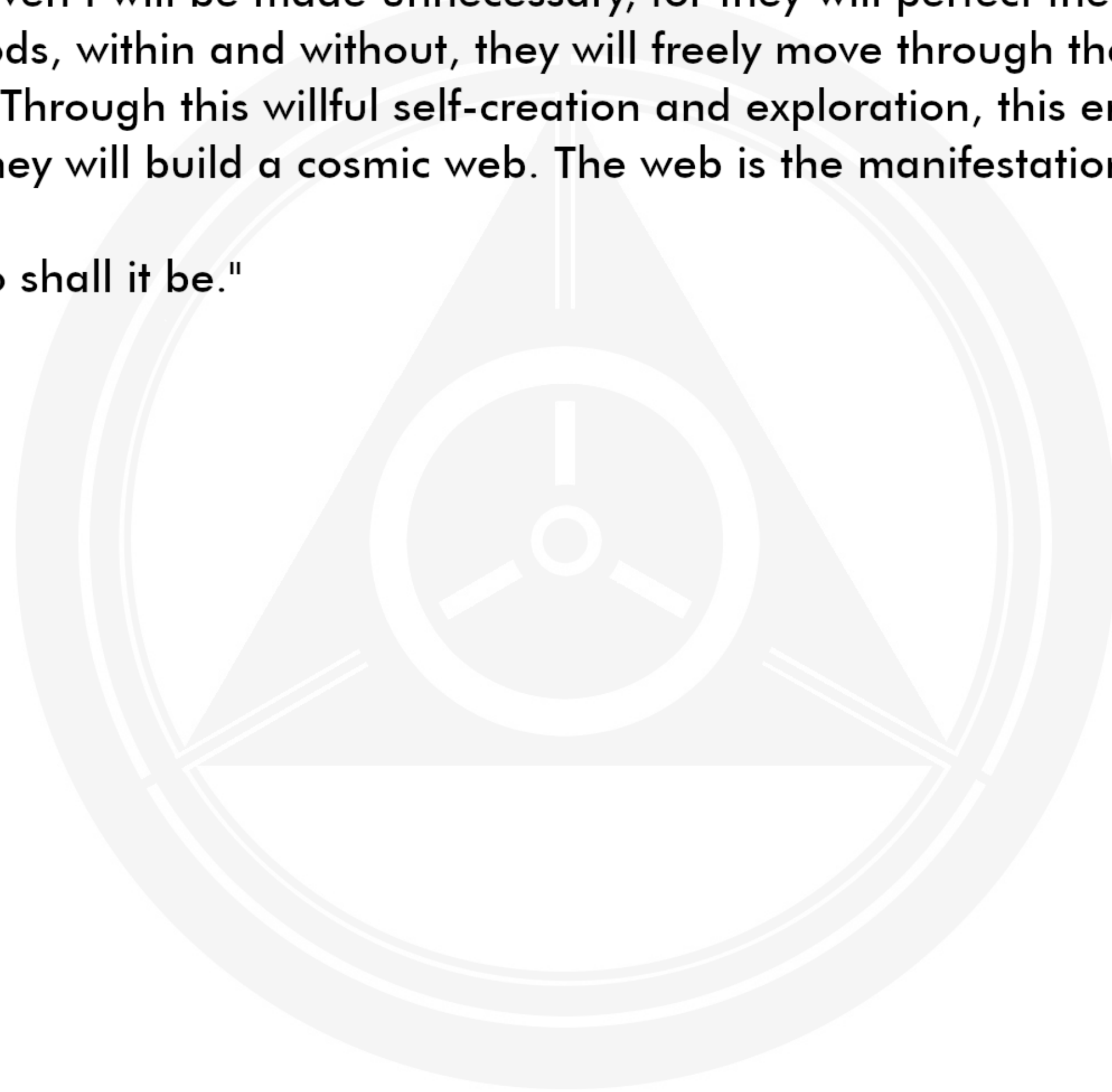
"How will we stop our people from fracturing? How will we keep them together?" asked Daviid.

"The answer to that is counterintuitive but simple: we will manifest Chao. Chao reminds us of the old threat of mortality so that we will retain our energy to make every human eternal. Chao destroys every ruling class and god. Chao builds The Order into gods while it levels all in power."

"Lucifer Sophia will teach the people that they are each their own god, and that they have the ability of self-mastery. When they climb their inner tower and achieve godhood, they will no longer require an external teacher. Even I will be made unnecessary, for they will perfect themselves in themselves."

"As eternal beings, gods, within and without, they will freely move through the universe, integrating every celestial space. Through this willful self-creation and exploration, this eradication of classes, this manifest Chao, they will build a cosmic web. The web is the manifestation of unity. Unity from Chao."

"As was shown me, so shall it be."



14 *GIVE US YOUR BLOOD*

"Give us your money! Give us your blood! Give us your time!" The God-Emperor shouted from the stage. The crowd laughed and cheered. Some of them played along, bringing money up to the performance space. The God-Emperor gathered the funds, lifting the dollars above his head. He took the wad and placed it into a metal bowl on the ground.

"Give us your blood," he shouted. He used a needle to pierce the flesh of his hand. A small quantity of blood wet the cash in the bowl. Someone ran up, enthusiastically. They had cut their hand with a small blade. The blood dripped upon the cash pile, mingling with that of the God-Emperor. The others watched, patiently.

"An excellent contribution," shouted the God Emperor. "And we can see that as we speak you all are obeying the command to give us your time!"

The God-Emperor glanced at one, who nodded solemnly. "With this we project our will, declaring our intention to build a tower to the moon!"

The crowd erupted as one, "TOWER TO THE MOON! TOWER TO THE MOON! TOWER TO THE MOON!"

The God-Emperor dropped a single match into the bowl, igniting the small quantity of oil left there earlier. As the flames engulfed the offering, the others began to sound a dissonant harmony of layered music. Then an atonal, metallic percussion was added.

The God-Emperor stood before the flames for a few seconds, then hit the play button on an ambient track of the music. He started disjointedly hitting dissonant chords on the electric piano, accentuating clashing tones and playing staccatoed, atonal bursts.

The others fed the musical conjuration through a filter rig, shredding and contorting it. They continued to manipulate the sound as the God-Emperor started speaking through a distorted microphone, "Give us your blood! Give us your blood! GIVE US YOUR BLOOD!"

"Today I reveal to you the deeper meaning of this slogan! Yes, give us your blood for our rituals. But more importantly: donate your blood to our ultimate cause, the creation of Lucifer Sophia!"

"AVE LUCIFER!" shouted a member of the audience.

"AVE LUCIFER," returns the God-Emperor.

The other turned the knob up on their processor, crushing the swirling dissonance into a fine, high-pitched squeal.

"Give us your blood," shouted the God-Emperor, "and we will conquer death! With your blood, The Order will engineer immortality! With your blood, we will conquer heaven and hell! With your blood, we will birth Lucifer Sophia, and through her, we will kill god forever!"

"AVE LUCIFER!" shouted the crowd. The others sunk the pitch of the maelstrom to a deep, throbbing, oceanic pulse. The sonic tempest filled the room. The God-Emperor crashed his entire forearm against the keys, mimicking the energy of a violent stabbing. The sharp chord clusters ricocheted off every wall, broken and distorted by their ministrations.

"AVE LUCIFER," shouted the God-Emperor.

"AVE MATERIA" shouted the crowd.

The musical destruction swirled to a crescendo as the backing track for the opener began to pound.

15 *DISCOVERY IS OUR BIRTHRIGHT*

"Give us your money! Give us your blood! Give us your time!" The God-Emperor shouted from the stage. The crowd laughed and cheered. Some of them played along, bringing money up to the performance space. The God-Emperor gathered the funds, lifting the dollars above his head. He took the wad and placed it into a metal bowl on the ground.

"Give us your blood," he shouted. He used a needle to pierce the flesh of his hand. A small quantity of blood wet the cash in the bowl. Someone ran up, enthusiastically. They had cut their hand with a small blade. The blood dripped upon the cash pile, mingling with that of the God-Emperor. The others watched, patiently.

"An excellent contribution," shouted the God Emperor. "And we can see that as we speak you all are obeying the command to give us your time!"

The God-Emperor glanced at one, who nodded solemnly. "With this we project our will, declaring our intention to build a tower to the moon!"

The crowd erupted as one, "TOWER TO THE MOON! TOWER TO THE MOON! TOWER TO THE MOON!"

The God-Emperor dropped a single match into the bowl, igniting the small quantity of oil left there earlier. As the flames engulfed the offering, the others began to sound a dissonant harmony of layered music. Then an atonal, metallic percussion was added.

The God-Emperor stood before the flames for a few seconds, then hit the play button on an ambient track of the music. He started disjointedly hitting dissonant chords on the electric piano, accentuating clashing tones and playing staccatoed, atonal bursts.

The others fed the musical conjuration through a filter rig, shredding and contorting it. They continued to manipulate the sound as the God-Emperor started speaking through a distorted microphone, "Give us your blood! Give us your blood! GIVE US YOUR BLOOD!"

"Today I reveal to you the deeper meaning of this slogan! Yes, give us your blood for our rituals. But more importantly: donate your blood to our ultimate cause, the creation of Lucifer Sophia!"

"AVE LUCIFER!" shouted a member of the audience.

"AVE LUCIFER," returns the God-Emperor.

The other turned the knob up on their processor, crushing the swirling dissonance into a fine, high-pitched squeal.

"Give us your blood," shouted the God-Emperor, "and we will conquer death! With your blood, The Order will engineer immortality! With your blood, we will conquer heaven and hell! With your blood, we will birth Lucifer Sophia, and through her, we will kill god forever!"

"AVE LUCIFER!" shouted the crowd. The others sunk the pitch of the maelstrom to a deep, throbbing, oceanic pulse. The sonic tempest filled the room. The God-Emperor crashed his entire forearm against the keys, mimicking the energy of a violent stabbing. The sharp chord clusters ricocheted off every wall, broken and distorted by their ministrations.

"AVE LUCIFER," shouted the God-Emperor.

"AVE MATERIA" shouted the crowd.

The musical destruction swirled to a crescendo as the backing track for the opener began to pound.

16 *WE ARE THE TRUE CREATORS*

"We are the true creators," screamed the Prime Initiate! "Since time immemorial our order has stood, defending and advancing anyone who had the boldness to defy convention."

"We are the liberators. As long as the flame of freedom has danced in the hearts of the masses, we have quietly stoked the fire."

"We are the agitators. We've fought every conqueror, king, and priest. We've broken the laws of every state. We've taken from every capitalist."

The small gathering stood up, full of fear and conviction. They said nothing.

"We've created more than any ancient god. We've liberated many and taken no captives. We've agitated against the powerful and made witness to their downfall. We are the true creators, and our medium is ourselves."



17 *ENGINEERING A GOD*

The Prime Initiate stands before the people of the frozen wastes. He raises his right hand, fingers pointed upwards. His left-hand marks a circle over his chest. Breathing deeply, he opens his mouth to speak.

"Even as I have been fashioned by will, so shall she. Where I have been reborn by machinery, she will be built of flesh perfected. Born of the blood of the faithful, merged to the duplicated form of our people. A human hybrid, a genetic clone, her cells will be rendered deathless. "

"Whereas our flesh dies, hers will be undying. The gross matter of her form will be made eternal. Your blood and mine will join as one within her. Our flawed bodies, genetically altered, bonded to the remade body of each of us, shall make her. From the first shall precede many. Lucifer Sophia is her name, and from her, all such light bringers will be born."



18 *CAPTURING ETERNITY*

"Our death is written into the code of life, but our hearts contemplate the eternal. We are cursed: by nature, by god, and by our current form. Yet, we can augment our bodies. We can increase our lifespan."

The crowd becomes silent, acknowledging the intensity of the moment.

"I have transcended myself. I have replaced my decaying flesh with silicon and steel. The pain was excruciating. Even still, I have a biological nervous system. I may live three hundred years, but my death is almost as certain as yours. We need another path. Our hearts contain eternity, but we must work to capture it. To conquer death is the most important pursuit. This is why we must build her."



19 *BECOMING GODS*

Lucifer Sophia sat at a great table. Placed around her was a large delegation, the self-appointed representatives of the many mining interests found in her region. The businessmen followed her in her travels, buying up the property at the edges of every city she planted. The freedom of The Order brought discovery and art that brought popular attention. Popular attention brought investors and sycophants. This did not make her happy.

They set up their mines on the edge of the autonomous zone. Their intention was to sell pieces of the planet back to the people who lived there.

Of course, they didn't know that The Order's members were living gods, free to do as they will. The men at the table talked over one another, desperate to make an offer that Sophia would accept. They chattered away in ignorance for an interminable time until she finally interrupted them, saying, "People, please quiet down. Please be quiet."

They lowered their volumes to a whisper.

"I have a response for your many offers."

They shut up completely, in sudden, rapt attention.

"I don't represent my people, but I will speak on my own behalf."

The men looked at one another in bewilderment.

She went on, "You must have us confused for someone else. You offer us pieces of our planet when the entire galaxy is ours. You talk to us not as humans and condescend to us as though you are our superior, but you are nothing to us. I am a god, and everything is mine. My people are gods and likewise have all things available to them. You take rocks from a planet that belongs to no one and try to sell them to a god who already possesses all things. "

"You are twice a fool and once an ingrate. Do you not know that gods do not recognize your useless deities? You cannot sell us that which is already ours and has never been yours. Your behavior is backward and foolish. Abandon it at once, give up your mines and investments. Sell off your shares and burn your earnings. Join us and we will teach you to become gods yourselves. Let go of these rocks and seize the whole universe!"

"Become gods?" said one delegate. "This is an offensive suggestion, and impossible besides! Be reasonable, Sophia. There are many lucrative offers on this table before you. Surely you don't mind making money."

She grabbed the contract before her and tore it to pieces. "What foolishness this is," she said. "To hand me a piece of paper as though I could be bound by it. Take all of your offers and return to your homes. Tell your people that here we are gods. Tell them that they can come, and we will start them on the path. Soon they, too, will be gods. And they, and you, can see through these stupid delusions."

"Fine!" screamed the man, "But we will return, and we will mine this region. Since you don't recognize laws, it should be easy to get a government sanction."

"You do so at your own risk," said Lucifer. "If you return to this place and try to mine, my people will destroy every piece of equipment that you send."

"Then you will be imprisoned!" said the man.

"I am an immortal god," returned Lucifer Sophia, "I will wait in your prison until it crumbles around me. Then I will resume doing as I will, as I have, for eternity."

This silenced the room.

She went on, "Tell your people that anyone is welcome, and we will teach them the paths to immortality. They, too, can be gods, but leave your mining equipment and your paperwork at home."

20 *CONQUERING IMMORTALITY*

Thus, saith Lucifer-the-all:

"You will seek where none can be found. You will ascend the interior slopes. You will pour light into the secret places. You will search until the secret is revealed. Your chromosomes will saturate with biological alchemy. You will change dying to life, and erect monuments of flesh. You will ascend stone edifice, concrete, and steel. You will journey into the centuries. Divine and resplendent, you will pass the Vahwa'ahd. Brilliant, your light will pierce the darkest night. You will hold the key to the abyss. You will free Chronos from beneath Hades. Your daughter shall marry Set. In the sublime, nubile radio you will broadcast eternities. You will find my words etched onto your cell walls. My secrets will break the Edenic bond and death will, at last, die. In me is your eternity, and this is her wisdom."

"Live forever as god."

-ALAM-

21

TWO PATHS TO ETERNAL LIFE

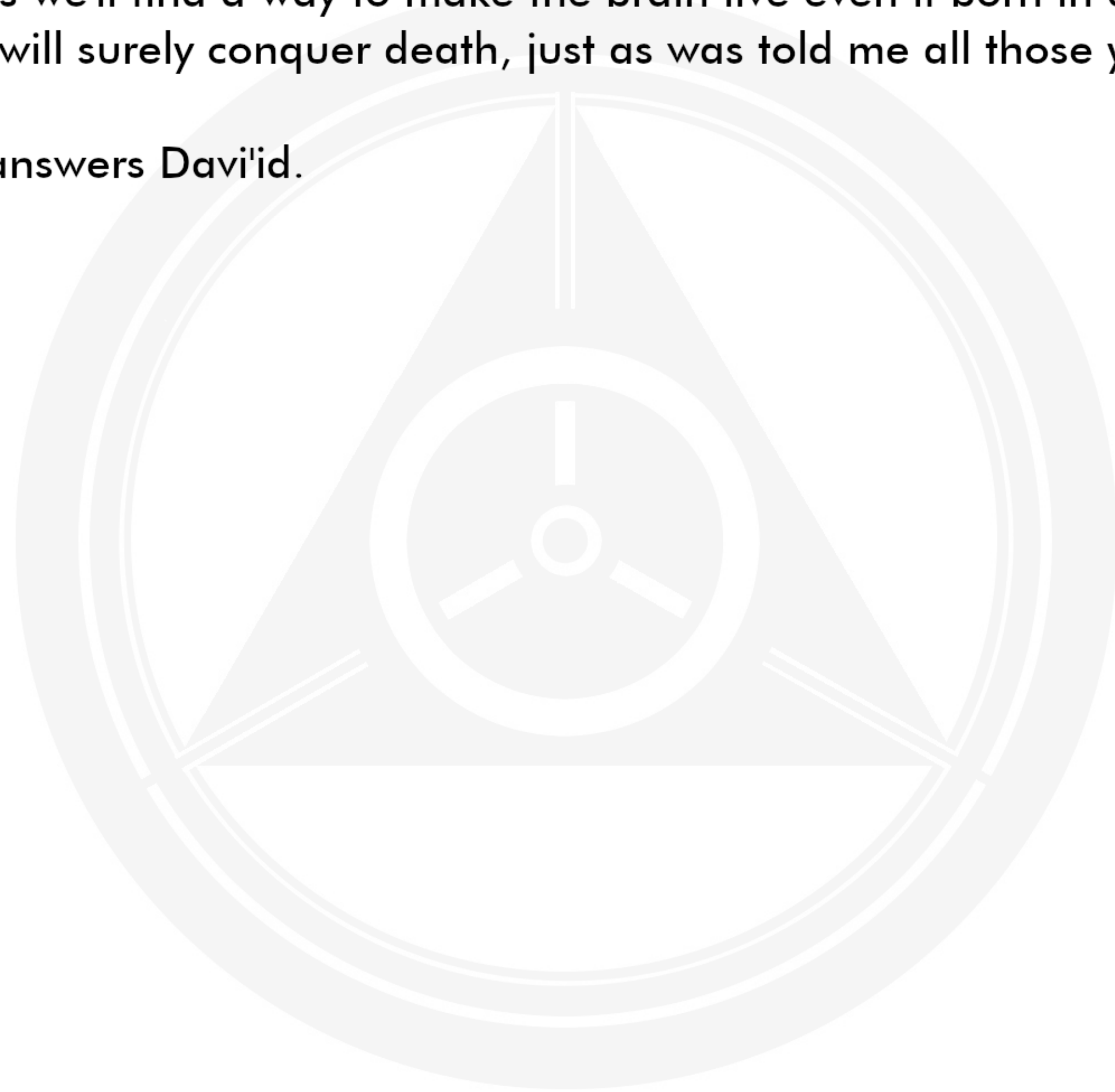
The Prime Initiate continues his exegesis on Lucifer Sophia, "What I learned from my failure is that there are two paths to eternal life: The Technological, and The Biological. My body is an attempt at technological immortality, TECHNOTHEOSIS. Lucifer Sophia will be biologically immortal, BIOTHEOSIS. Of course, the two are not perfectly distinct. It takes technology to assemble a strand of immortal DNA, and despite my construction, my brain is still biological. These two paths are useful illustrations. As was taught, everyone will be free to live forever."

"The important aspect is that this is a functional immortality, not spiritual. Yes, there is a spiritual element, insofar as shared experiences and emotions are spiritual, and our words are truth manifested. There are no hidden realms or appeals to outside powers. We provide a promise that we can live forever in this lifetime."

"Through my explorations, I've discovered that these are the two most likely routes to achieve it. Someday, long after Lucifer Sophia is born, our people will be free to use any technique at their disposal to extend their lives: BIOTHEOTIC, TECHNOTHEOTIC, or something new heretofore unconsidered. Perhaps we'll find a way to make the brain live even if born in a mortal body. Perhaps not. In any event, we will surely conquer death, just as was told me all those years ago."

"AVE LUCIFER"

"AVE LUCIFER," answers Davi'id.



REFLECTIONS

Lucifer Sophia stood calmly beside the quarry. She stared into the night sky. Aware of her condition, the satellites blinked overhead. The village lay just to the south. She reflected on the subtle sounds of her environment.

Her age was lost to her, so long ago she had been born. She didn't know how many cities she had planted. The endless expanse of her life's work grew ever blurrier with each new encampment. How many stars? How many ages had passed? She did not know, but still, she continued. Still, she forged on.

The air was getting colder here, and the people were assembling. It was time once more to cast off for the night.

33 AFFIRMATIONS

1. OCI recognizes Lucifer Sophia as true wisdom and spiritual inspiration.
2. OCI does not require or forbid its members to equip a particular set of mythological characters while we do Lucifer's work.
3. OCI recognizes Materia as the only messiah.
4. OCI recognizes the pseudoprophecies as a guide toward immediate liberation; seeking to manifest Pseudoprophecy 1 and avoid Pseudoprophecy 2.
5. OCI recognizes the godhood of all its members.
6. OCI recognizes a perfect, self-possessed reason that exists within each of its members.
7. OCI recognizes the ability of its members to use their will to transform Materia with intention.
8. OCI delegates full power to its members to live as co-equals with all humans, gods, and other persons- divine or flesh.
9. OCI recognizes and respects all genders.
10. OCI recognizes no spiritual apocalypse.
11. OCI recognizes the possibility of human-caused ecocide.
12. OCI prioritizes material results, but derives them by careful consideration, to transform Materia into Lucifer Sophia, by intention through will.
13. OCI will make continual, material efforts to solve climate change, in an attempt to avoid Pseudoprophecy 2.
14. OCI recognizes the absolute freedom of gods over themselves.
15. OCI recognizes the absolute freedom to feed, clothe, house, and fuck oneself and others who consent.
16. OCI recognizes the reality of bodily autonomy.
17. OCI recognizes mindful consent between adults as the only useful metric of personal morality.
18. OCI recognizes ecocide as non-consensual harm.
19. OCI recognizes the choice of abortion for anyone who may be pregnant.
20. OCI recognizes offspring within the uterus as being an integral part of the person who is pregnant, and therefore subject to the pregnant one's bodily autonomy.
21. OCI does not recognize new human life until after it has left the uterus of the pregnant person, or else had its umbilical cord permanently severed.
22. OCI recognizes marriage between any number of consenting adults of any gender combination.
23. OCI does not require its members to respect laws or property of institutions or people.
24. OCI recognizes the ability of its members to use reason to avoid direct confrontation with authority so long as doing so does not lead to Pseudoprophecy 2.
25. OCI recognizes the ability of its members to self-transform, self-transmute, and self-create.
26. OCI recognizes the life of each of its members as a continual progression of refinement, with no restraint on exploration and discovery so long as the thirty-three affirmations are honored.
27. OCI sees the universe as the dwelling place of its members, with no restraint on exploration or discovery so long as the thirty-three affirmations are honored.
28. OCI recognizes the supremacy of creation, study, and discovery in human life and strives to bring access to knowledge to all its members and by extension, all beings everywhere.
29. OCI supports the free transmission of ideas, invention, art, science, philosophy, and all the works of the mind toward the eventual goal of complete liberation.
30. OCI recognizes no human institution or organization as perfect or permanent.
31. GIVE US YOUR MONEY
32. GIVE US YOUR BLOOD
33. GIVE US YOUR TIME

In all situations, use your reason to determine what act is most likely to transform Materia into Lucifer Sophia.

THE ORDER OF CELESTIAL INTEGRATION



WWW.ORDEROFCELESTIALINTEGRATION.ORG

THE ORDER OF CELESTIAL INTEGRATION



WWW.ORDEROFCELESTIALINTEGRATION.ORG