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The Red Goddess



Synopsis

The Red Goddess takes you through a tale of sex, drugs and violence. This is an ecstatic journey through the unheard history of Babalon. This is an explicit and challenging vision of a very modern goddess coming into power. From Revelation, back through the Ishtar Gate and forward into a living modern magickal current. This is more than a history, it is a passionate account of living magick and the transcendent power of Love. The epic sweep of the text takes us from Babylon to Jerusalem to Rome, and onwards to Apocalypse. It confronts us with the language and symbols of our own culture and the denied demonic feminine. It looks at the Angelic work of renaissance mage John Dee and places it in a European eschatology. It delivers a devastating exegesis on the excesses of Aleister Crowley, and unlocks the secrets of the Waratah Blossoms.™ It explains the immolation of the Californian antichrist-superstar Jack Parsons and his relationship with Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard. There is also a full supporting cast of Solomon, Simon Magus, St John the Divine, Earl Bothwell, the Templars, Mary, the Magdalene and countless others. This is the missing history of the Love goddess in the West. Thirteen essays conclude the book on subjects including: roses, mirror magick, bdsm, aphrodisiac drugs, the information age, love vs lust, and the meaning of apocalypse. The Red Goddess is for anyone with blood in their veins, regardless of tradition, background or experience.

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Customer Reviews

I wanted to like this book. Actually, I'd planned on loving it. I was happy to support this independent publisher of esoteric works, and hoping to support them continually down the road. The final product however is so convoluted, so problematic, superficial and downright juvenile that I feel I have to speak up. There are versions of *The Red Goddess* selling for over a thousand dollars, and I'm hoping that anyone considering such a purchase knows what they are getting. For the first third of the book I kept an open mind, considering that possibly the book was just lacking a proper editor (which it is). The second third of the book left me feeling that the book was also in need of a co-author of any kind, particularly one with an actual scholarly background. The last third of the book assured me that this is the work of a person who was not ready to write a book of any kind. Early on, Grey explains the figure of Babalon and traces her historical roots. Parts of this section were genuinely interesting, but the author's voice was distractingly imbecilic. After a while I got the feeling that he was attempting to mimic someone such as Robert Anton Wilson or Lon Milo DuQuette - incredibly intelligent and well-read authors who have the rare ability to break down huge thoughts very simply. To put it delicately, Grey is not a Wilson or a DuQuette. To be fair, very few are. Grey fails this spectacularly, repeatedly finding new ways to repeat his defensive mantra of "if you don't agree, you should put this book down right now." He finds ways to shoehorn jarring slang into nearly every sentence. I understand that he is writing about a powerful, violent and sexual goddess and it makes sense that he might see fit to approach the subject matter in a fitting manner. Ultimately Grey does not have the literary chops to pull off this trick, and it becomes an overbearing distraction rather than a means of pulling a reader in. Around halfway through the book it becomes obvious that Grey is writing as a male for an entirely male audience (and a male raised in a Christian household, at that). He writes about Babalon as a goddess, and tells you how all "whores" are her priestesses. He writes about the seductive power of women without apparently ever speaking to a woman to ask her perspective. Grey commits the magical offense of taking everything at face value - mistaking the exoteric for the esoteric. He writes about "strippers" and "whores" as though they are the one and same. He attempts to deify those working in the sex industry, ignoring the fact that they are human beings - women doing a job. He fails to realize that their existence does

not end with the title he gives them, and they do not hold this job because they want to see him aroused or receive orgasms from him. I fail to see how Grey has the ability to connect with a harlot goddess if he has not considered the mindset of the women he considers to embody her. Babalon is apparently a superficial goddess, so you should put lipstick and a mirror on your altar to honor her. Is this really as deep as your goddess goes, or are you missing out on something? It is telling when, on page 178 he mentions that Babalon is "utterly other. She is quintessentially foreign to us... It is as if we are seeing Woman for the first time." Grey criticizes Crowley for being "macho" and "chauvinistic," but that is precisely what his writings and beliefs come across as. He ignores women as human beings, asks nothing of their perspective. He places them on a pedestal as a monumental "other" based solely on their sexual appearance and never once considers their thoughts, feelings or goals. For an author intent on telling us repeatedly to force ourselves outside of our own point of view, he has failed miserably. This work is misogynistic in the worst way - the man who thinks he is championing women but instead forces upon them his idea of what they should be. He criticizes feminism yet would do well to actually read some feminist theory if he is to approach this goddess figure - he seems to be under the impression that feminism is anti-sexuality. While praising different types of sexuality, we are told that sodomy and cunnilingus are masochistic acts. He tells us outright that "balls" are power when addressing eunuchs on page 25: "I prefer magick with the balls to push shaft deep in the crimson pedals of the Goddess." Are you kidding? This is a book written entirely without checks and balances, by an author in need of many. Finally the author addresses women directly. His advice to them if they wish to follow the Red Goddess? Be beautiful and wear lipstick. And... well, that's it, really. It's very much like an incredibly dumbed-down version of Anton LaVey's flawed "Satanic Witch." Sex is magic(k), so if you are sexy you will get what you want out of life. Ta-da! Grey attempts to spread his witticisms regarding modern society, with brief chapters on the subjects of the Internet, drugs, bondage and sexuality. Unfortunately he is not at all well read on these subjects, and therefore has dedicated these chapters to some incredibly base statements that are anything but enlightening. Any second year art student has done more research into the subjects of the Internet's affect on society and sexuality, gender, power, transgression and social dynamics. Grey's attempts are embarrassing. There are a few moments when Grey attempts to give practical advice on magical ritual. These are tentative at best, with no actual information given regarding practice or application. Sex is transcendent and magical. Sex is the big secret. Ignore the fact that P.B. Randolph, the Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor, Crowley, Gardner and so many others have already "revealed" this secret millions of times over. Grey contributes nothing new. All sex is holy, so if you have sex, you're working magick. The end. A vapid dead end. If you have had sex,

you have achieved gnosis. And just so you know, the author has sure had a lot of sex. Grey regularly contradicts himself, often on the same page. This is not an intentional, paradigm-shifting contradiction. He praises sex workers, but then repeatedly criticizes the "porn and permissiveness" of modern society. He will tell you to use your superficial Babalonian mirror to cut up aphrodisiacs, tell you the ways to use cocaine for spiritual sex, but then blow people off for being "coked up." This is a book full of juvenile humor, stunted spirituality, insensitivity, accidental sexism and macho sex slang. In an attempt to be shocking, Grey has actually done nothing but maintain the status quo. Since when is this the role of a magician? This is not the absolute worst book I have ever read, but it is definitely the most disappointing book I have ever read. There are small kernels of worthwhile information, but in the end I have to seek out other books to do further research on those. I was so thrilled to support Scarlet Imprint, but this (and a few other experiences) have brought me to the conclusion that their approach, much like this book, is entirely superficial. If you take a terribly written and researched book and package it beautifully, it must be talismanic. Just put some lipstick on it. This is unaware fetishism of the highest order. I can't imagine paying over a thousand dollars for a book with a gorgeous cover, only to find myself reading a chapter about Jack Parsons (basically a poorly edited version of John Carter's _Sex and Rockets_) entitled "Jumping Jack Flash." When L. Ron Hubbard enters the picture, the sub-chapter is entitled "Da Doo Ron Ron Ron." I am not kidding. What if women's thoughts and feelings were as important as their appearance? What if there was more to sex magick than just saying your sex is magickal? What would happen if the time, effort and attention dedicated to the covers of these books was instead dedicated to the interior?

I liked this book, mainly because there were several choice excerpts from it which I have quoted from. There is some good information on goddess mythology, and how the Virgin Mary was a poor attempt to replace the Goddess. He also talks about how not all goddesses are one goddess. Other than that, there's a whole lot of propaganda about "sacred prostitutes" which I think really confuse secular prostitutes with sexual priestesses - come on, people, they weren't and aren't the same thing! There was also a lot of talk about drugs. And just when you thought the allusions to the mundane stoner trips and pubescent seed-sowing, more drugs! And BDSM! Suddenly all these things are holy, just because Peter Grey said so - and in prose, to boot. Though the prose was nice, I would have liked more substance in terms of actual sex magick. Last but not least, the most glaringly obvious in all of this was his constant apparent "love" of women, but I didn't see any women consulted for this book! So it's safe to say that Babalon here is little more than a man's wet

dream and the book in fact is going to most appeal to a male audience.

I think the best way I can sum up my feelings of this book is pointing out a GLARING flaw on the beautiful front cover. Look at it, isn't she lovely? A very stunning Goddess the OBJECT of male fantasy. A flawless porcelain doll. What you do not see however, is what is not there to be seen. A very VITAL piece of Babalon. Her Sword. Yes, I think that sums up mine and others issue with this book. This book showers with praise the Beauty of Babalon, throwing upon her exultation for her appearance and her role as the priest's cum bucket and essentially nothing else. Her power, her meaning has been stripped from her. I will say there is a reference of it here and there but mostly she has been put on a pedestal to be admired for the pleasure she gives to the male member, nothing to say about the potential of her actually cutting it off! Sadly, and as a FEMALE whom has worked with the position of Babalon. I find this book to be just another male fantasy while it demeans real women which is a very common theme in most Tantric work. Crowley was big propagator of this here in modern times but I can forgive Crowley for a couple of reasons...1) He didn't try to hide his prejudice he openly spoke about it 2) Crowley was perhaps not the first to bring it to the West but he was a essential guinea pig for the cosmic forces as they struggled to bring their message forth, that message of course does become corrupt through the individual trying to present the material in a way that fits into his microcosmic viewpoint. Crowley already used and despised many women before his working so his viewpoint should really be taken into consideration in this matter. I think his feelings on the end result speak for itself. 3) Despite his view point and flaws it is undeniable he held high regard for the work and was well hated for the very high and stringent standards he had. Personally If anything I find the process works better and is in far more cosmic harmony with the male being used as the "scarlet" if you will. I will not however go into the details on that. It is in sadness I say I found Peter Grey's book very juvenile, and written for those who have not freed themselves from the chains of secular religion and live in their own world of self-indulgence. He talks of women working in the sex-industry as if they have nothing else they would rather be doing. Feelings, opinions, wants, needs, fear, possible slavery is never considered. Throw the spirit away and keep the carcass for that is Babalon is what he seems to say. For a Goddess who is suppose to 'Terrible as a army with banners' she doesn't seem to really be able to do very much but submit to mans wants and project herself as the culmination of his sexual fantasy and if any woman is to follow in her footsteps she must do the same. He speaks highly of 'Temple Prostitutes' but never acknowledges the chauvinistic conditions of the era. The oppression of women was abhorrent but that just takes the sexual thrill out of it. I do enjoy the bit in the book where All Goddesses are not

one Goddess and some of the historical information is nice, but again in his comparison to Inanna-Ishtar while he gets some of the things he also strips her of her power as well. Focusing only on what is desirable and never the potential of her wrath should you offend her. His descriptions of Lilith is to the simplistic common christian viewpoint lacking any reference to her deeper occult position or meaning. All in All he speaks mostly of Babalon as a Love Goddess superficially, the all-accepting whore for the male but very little (it's hinted at but never gone into) as the Eros to Thanatos the all-accepting Cemetery Goddess whom if one is not dutifully careful will lose himself entirely in the grave of the Abyss. She whom holds the blood of the Saints. I will not get indepth here but heres a few points. It is of no coincidence the Star of Babalon has seven points and 7 is one of the main numbers of the grave. The Beast can also be compared to Samael, Samael is the Angel of Death, Sometimes known as Chronozon, The Great poisoner, The Great Narcotic. Babalon holds the Grail. Where there is Love there is Death for these two are never to be divided. This is exemplified in the Rose, a flower of Love and the Grave. Keep that in mind when searching for her. Now as I end this I just wish to clarify I am not into male-bashing or hating men or some other absurdity, I just get fed-up with the hypocrisy I find often in the spiritual community regarding this subject. Even some of the highest Adepts seem to hold onto this pervasive juvenile attitude and it is so freakin mundane and nonsensical I can't stand it. If you want to try to find Babalon in the West the best direction I would say is look no further than Austin Osman Spare. Study his work! Alphabet of Desire, Book of Pleasure, Ugly Ecstasy, the mysterious Witch Patterson. Babalon is there for those whom have the wisdom to find her!

I sent a thank you note to the seller. The book is holy, what can I say. I'm into Goddess study. This book surpassed my greatest expectations. I'm fortunate to own one of only 777 copies. I look at that as an omen.

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