



Ex nihilo
NIHIL FIT

BY TRIP EPHEMIRIS

**A ZINE FOR
TECHNOMANCERS**

MY EXPERIENCE IS ONE OF BEING A
POCKET OF VOID WITHIN A GREATER VOID.

THERE IS EMPTINESS SURROUNDING ME
ALL THE TIME, AND ON THE INSIDE,
A CONSTANT HUNGER TO FEED THE
EMPTINESS IN ME.

IT'S LIKE A SHELL SEPARATING THIS BIT
OF EMPTINESS FROM THE REST OF THAT
NOTHINGNESS.

THAT FEELS DEEPLY MELANCHOLIC.



*Ride the
VOID*



IN THIS GRIMIORE

1. 13 ENTITIES TO SUMMON FOR A RIVETING DINNER PARTY
2. HERBAL HEALING SUPPLEMENTS FOR HEALTHIER DYING
3. THE ONLY LOVE POTION YOU NEED THIS VALENTINE'S DAY (OR EVER)
4. HOW MY "CIRCLE OF PROTECTION" PROTECTED ME FROM MY BORING KIDS
5. SUREFIRE WAYS TO START FIRES
6. HOW ASTRAL TRAVEL SAVED MY MARRIAGE
7. THE CONSPIRACY OF BITCHES
8. TIPS FOR ORGANIZING ABUNDANT CRYSTAL COLLECTIONS
9. RECIPES FOR YOUR HUSBAND
10. IS VIRGIN BLOOD THE SECRET TO EVERLASTING YOUTH?
11. I WAS A TEENAGE PSYCHOPATH – NOW I'M JUST A PSYCHOPATH
12. TAROT SECRETS TO BRING SPICE INTO YOUR BEDROOM
13. ~~NOTHING~~
14. THE WEIGHT CONSCIOUS GUIDE TO PARASITES
15. SIGILS FOR A CLEAN BATHROOM
16. THERE'S NOTHING IN ANTARCTICA
17. MAGICKAL USES FOR KITCHEN TOOLS
18. THE UNKNOWN DANGER LURKING UNDER YOUR COUCH
19. TRENDY GLAMOURS FOR SPRING
20. GARDENING MADE EASY: HOW TO INVOKE WOOD SPRITES FOR CURB APPEAL



SECRETS

LIES

IPSUM HUMANUM IN SCRIPTURIS DE ORDINIS AETHERIS

VIRES LATENTES MINUS PRAESTO ERANT NUMERO
FINITUR AB OMNI ARIOLO VELIT FINIRE QUAM SE.
BIFARIAM DIVIDUNT PROPRIA VIRTUTE ET POTENTIA VERI
VIDENDI GEMINANT.

QUOD QUAERIT INVENIAT
QUIS DEVORAT, QUAERIT VOS.
QUID EST DERELICTA, NON DERELINQUIT.

NIHIL QUAESITA, NIHIL INVENIT
ex nihilo NIHIL FIT

QUID ENIM UTRIQUE MUTUUS, ETIAM REFLECTITUR NOBIS
UT NOS DISCAMUS INSPICIAT INFINITUM
IN INFINITUM IN INFINITUM INVENIMUS
SOMNIUM ABSTRACTE
INFINITUM SOMNIUM
SOMNIUM MORTE IN VITAM

A IPSUM AD NODUM NECESSITUDINES
QUOD UNDE FIT, GIGNIT IPSA
QUAE TENET VULTUM
ILLUM VENIAE

INVENIET ANIMA TUA
ET DECIPIENDUM HOMINES
PERDET COR TUUM
ET AMANT EAM

QUID MUTAT
ET COMPLECTERE,
VIDE QUID IMMORTALEM
ET DELERE

TU SUMMA REDIGENTES
OMNEM INTELLECTUM
OMNI AFFECTU
OMNE INDIVIDUUM ATQUE PARTEM
OMNIS AMOR
OMNIS ANIMA
OMNIS TACTUS
QUOD CUM TE SEMPER

HOC EST, INTEGRUM
OPERATIO NUMQUAM

LATENT POWERS AVAILABLE TO ANY MAGICIAN ARE
LIMITED TO THAT BY WHICH HE LIMITS HIMSELF. DIVIDE
THINE OWN POWER IN HALF AND DOUBLE IT TO KNOW
STRENGTH.

WHAT YOU SEEK, FINDS YOU.
WHAT DEVOURS YOU, SEEKS YOU.
WHAT IS DERELICT, ABANDONS YOU.

NOTHING SOUGHT, NOTHING FOUND.
Nothing comes from NOTHING DONE.

WHAT WE ARE REFLECTIONS OF, REFLECTS US
UPON OURSELVES, CAN THIS BE REFLECTED INFINITELY
IN INFINITY WILL WE FIND INFINITY
A FRACTAL DREAM
AN INFINITE DREAM
A DREAM OF DEATH UPON LIFE

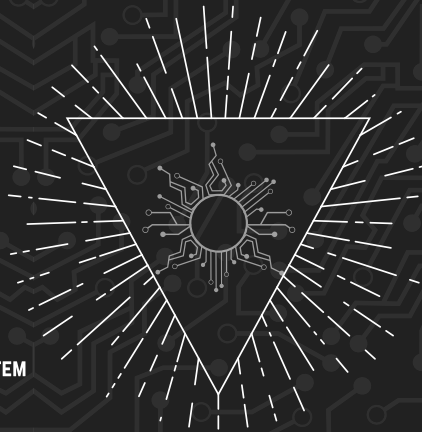
A KNOT TIES UNTO ITSELF
BUT HOW THIS COMES TO PASS, BEGETS ITSELF
HEED WHAT BINDS
AND UNBIND IT

FIND YOUR MIND
AND DECEIVE IT
LOSE YOUR HEART
AND LOVE IT

KNOW WHAT CHANGES
AND EMBRACE IT
SEE WHAT'S IMMORTAL
AND ERASE IT

YOU ARE THE SUM OF
EVERY THOUGHT
EVERY FEELING
EVERY ATOM AND PART
EVERY LOVE
EVERY LIFE
EVERY TOUCH
THAT YOU'VE EVER HAD

THIS IS FINAL
WORKING IS NEVER DONE



5 RULES FOR DEALING WITH THE FAIRE FOLK



IF YOU USE A STICK OF TWICE BLESSED HOLLY TO SCRATCH A SCRATCH-N-SNIFF STICKER, AND YOU SMELL SWEET DECAY INSTEAD OF WHATEVER IT WAS SUPPOSED TO SMELL LIKE (I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE CHERRIES OR WHATEVER), THEN YOU CAN EXPECT A KIND VISIT FROM THE FAIRE FOLK THANKING YOU FOR THE ODOR YOU'VE GIFTED THEM – BE HOSPITABLE.

REMEMBER THAT THE FAE HATE EXCEL AND MICROSOFT WORD - TOO MANY NUMBERS AND LETTERS. POWERPOINT IS FINE.

WHEN COOKING FOR THE FAIR FOLKE, REMEMBER THE SUGAR. CONSIDER THE SUGAR. USE THE SUGAR.

NEVER ADMIT TO BEING IN MOURNING TO A GNOME.

ALWAYS TELL THEM THE TRUTH.

*Ashes ashes
WE ALL FALL DOWN*

CURSES I USED ON THAT BITCH MARISA AT TRADER JOE'S

I HAVE LOATHED TRIPS TO TRADER JOE'S FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER. TO BE CLEAR, I STILL SHOP THERE BECAUSE THE FOOD IS GOOD AND I FEEL LIKE I'M GETTING A BARGAIN. THE DÉCOR MAKES IT FEEL LIKE A SMALL, FAMILY RUN KIND OF PLACE. THE FOOD FEELS HEALTHY AND LIKE IT'S SOURCED FROM QUALITY VENDORS. I EVEN LOVE THE LITTLE FREE SAMPLES THAT THEY OFFER.



THEN, THERE'S MARISA. SOMEHOW, EVERY TIME I GO TO TRADER JOE'S - THERE SHE IS, SHOPPING WITH THAT SAME VAPID VALLEY-GRIN THAT LA HOUSEWIVES HAVE SURGICALLY ATTACHED TO THEIR DROOPING FACES. SHE'S THE MODEL OF WHAT EVERY 20-YEAR-OLD INGÉNUE WITH NO TALENT DEIGNS TO BE. SHE HAS THE KIDS, AND THE SUV, AND THE GAY, DISNEY-EXECUTIVE HUSBAND WHO SLEEPS WITH HIS YOUNG AND TIGHT FILIPINO ASSISTANT, EFREN. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THEY ARE IN A LOVELESS HELLHOLE OF A MARRIAGE, BUT SHE STILL GOES AROUND WITH THAT TWISTED GRIN; GREETING EVERYONE SHE MEETS WITH FEIGNED INTEREST IN THE MINUTIA OF THEIR LIVES.

YES, OLD MARISSA HAS BEEN A THORN IN MY SIDE SINCE THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER PUSHING A CART FULL OF FRESH FRUIT AND CHEAP FLOWERS DOWN THE PASTA AISLE OF MY LOCAL TRADER JOE'S. HER WHINY SING-SONG VOICE ASKING, "EUHWAH, SHOULD I GET THE GNOCCHI OR THE ANGLE HAIR?" TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR. IN THAT MOMENT, THAT INSTANT, THAT ONE GUTTURAL "EUHWAH," I KNEW THAT I HATED HER. LOOKING BACK NOW, MAYBE IT WASN'T SO MUCH THAT I HATED HER, I THINK THAT I HATED WHAT SHE REPRESENTED. SHE WAS SOME KIND FALSE IDEAL WHO SPENT MORE THAN SHE SAVED. I WAS POSITIVELY SICKENED BY HER GREED AND SELF-CENTERED WAYS.



I STARTED FOLLOWING THE HORRIBLE WOMAN HOME FROM SHOPPING, JUST TO SEE WHAT KIND OF 1% MC-MANSION SHE CALLED HOME. THE HOUSE WAS EVERY BIT AS AWFUL AS I HAD IMAGINED. A LARGE SWIMMING POOL FILLED NEARLY AN ACRE IN HER BACK YARD. THE MARBLE STAIR CASES THAT LEAD UP TO HER FRONT DOOR CLASHED TERRIBLY WITH THE ORIGINAL BRICK FROM THE HOUSE BEFORE SHE AND HER COVEN OF BITCHES RENOVATED THE PLACE. I COULD PRACTICALLY HEAR THEIR WRETCHED CACKLING AS THEY COMPARED SWATCHES OF TAUPE FOR THE LIVING ROOM. THE WHOLE SITUATION MADE ME SICK. IT WAS OBVIOUS THE HOUSE DIDN'T FIT INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THAT SHE HAD SINGLE HANDEDLY RUINED ANY ARCHITECTURAL VALUE OF THE ORIGINAL GOOGIE-STYLE HOUSE. "WHATEVER MAKES YOU HAPPY," THEY SAY; EXCEPT THIS WASN'T MAKING HER HAPPY, THIS WAS MEANINGLESS MATERIALISM MEANT TO DROWN OUT THE DREAD THAT ONE DAY, DEATH WOULD COME FOR MARISA. AND ON THAT DAY, MARISA WOULD BE NOTHING AGAIN.



CURSES I USED ON THAT BITCH MARISA AT TRADER JOE'S



I CONTINUED TO FOLLOW MARISA FOR WEEKS. I LEARNED HER CHILDREN'S' NAMES. I LEARNED ABOUT HER HUSBAND HIS GAY-LOVER. I DISCOVERED HER AFFECTION FOR IRISES, AND HER DISLIKE OF SAGE FOR COOKING. I LEARNED ABOUT HER POOR, SICK MOTHER WHO WAS UNDERGOING CHEMO. (BECAUSE ALL A WRETCH LIKE MARISA NEEDED WAS A GOOD SOB STORY SO EVERYONE COULD KNOW THAT SHE'S MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE, PATHETIC.) I LEARNED THAT SHE "VOLUNTEERED" AT A LOCAL WOMEN'S SHELTER IN SOME KIND OF EFFORT TO PROVE THAT SHE HAD INTEGRITY. I KNEW HER SECRET, AND I KNEW THAT SHE DIDN'T REALLY DO ANY WORK. IT WAS JUST ANOTHER THING SHE COULD BRAG ABOUT TO HER STUPID FRIENDS THAT WOULD MAKE HER LOOK LIKE A "DECENT PERSON."

WHEN I FINALLY HAD EVERYTHING ON THAT HORRID BITCH, I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO STRIKE. DEPENDING ON YOUR PANTRY, YOU MAY NEED TO GATHER SOME MATERIALS. YOUR LOCAL BOTANICA MIGHT HAVE MOST OF WHAT YOU NEED, BUT IF YOU'RE HESITANT TO GO IN, TRY THE GROCERY STORE.

THE FIRST CURSE I USED AGAINST THAT BITCH MARIA FROM THE TRADER JOE'S WAS BASED AROUND HER VANITY. HER PRETTY FACE ANNOYED ME, BUT IT WAS REALLY HER GOSSAMER HAIR. I PICKED UP A SET OF BLACKENED ORACLE BONES BURNED UNDER A NEW MOON'S FIRE, COARSE MANE-HAIR OF A NASCENT MARE, AND DEADLY NIGHTSHADE'S ESSENCE. AFTER CREATING A WITCHES' CIRCLE OF BLOOD, I THRICE WOUND THE MARE MANE ABOUT THE BONES. IN SECRET, I STOKED A FIRE WHICH WOULD BREW MY WICKED HEX. INTO A COPPER CALDRON, I DID THROW THE CRUEL TALISMANS INTO BOILING NIGHTSHADE SPIRITS. WHEN SMOKE AS DARK AS WINE BILLOWED OUT OF THE CAULDRON, THE WORDS - "UT HABEAT ULTRA IN CAPUT VESTRUM" UTTERED INTO THE BREW DID SEAL THAT BITCH MARIA FROM THE TRADER JOE'S FATE. HER ONCE ILLUSTRIOUS LOCKS WERE NOW DOOMED TO BE DRY AND BRITTLE.

OH THE GLORY NEXT TIME I SAW THAT BITCH MARIA AT THE THE TRADER JOE'S. HER HAIR NO LONGER SHINY AND STRONG. IT WAS STRINGY, AND EVEN BETTER, IT SEEMED TO BE THINNING. MY CURSE WAS WORKING! SHE WAS POURING OVER THE ALL NATURAL CONDITIONERS, BUT I KNEW THERE WAS NO REMEDY THERE.

FOR MY NEXT CURSE, I DECIDED THAT IT WAS TIME FOR HER SHAPELY FIGURE TO GO TO SHIT. SHE'D PROBABLY ALWAYS USED HER WILES TO DISTRACT AND KEEP MEN, BUT I'D SEE TO IT THAT SHE WAS NO LONGER AN OBJECT OF DESIRE. YOU'LL NEED: A VIRGIN'S FAT TO RENDER, AN INKY BLACK EYE (NEWT WORKS FOR THIS), AND SEVERAL PURE SILVER NEEDLES. FINDING REAL HUMAN FAT TO RENDER CAN BE TOUGH AND/OR ILLEGAL, I RECOMMEND SUBSTITUTING PIG FAT.



CURSES I USED ON THAT BITCH MARISA AT TRADER JOE'S

FOR THOSE OF US WHO HAVE NEVER EATEN HUMAN, ALL THE CANNIBALS I KNOW SAY HUMAN MEAT TASTES JUST LIKE BACON!

TART BY CALLING THE CORNERS AND DRAWING A CIRCLE OF CHALK AS WHITE AS DEADMAN'S SKIN - THIS IS AVAILABLE AT MOST SCHOOL SUPPLY STORES. TAKE THE INKY BLACK EYE, AND PLACE IT ON THE ALTER MADE OF ALABASTER THAT YOU HAVE PLACED IN THE CENTER OF THE CIRCLE. WITH THE FIRST SILVER NEEDLE, PIERCE THE EYE AND RECITE - "ÉN VAGYOK AZ, AKI LÁT" (BE SURE TO PRACTICE YOUR HUNGARIAN, PRONUNCIATION MATTERS HERE!) NEXT, TAKE THE RENDERED FAT AND GENTLY POUR IT OVER THE EYE RECITING - "ÉN VAGYOK AZ, AKI MEGHATÁROZZA." TAKE THREE MORE OF THE SILVER NEEDLES AND CONTINUE TO PIERCE THE EYE SAYING, "A SZÉPSÉG ELHALVÁNYUL, MINT A RÓZSA, MERT TÚL SOK NAPON ÁT." ONCE YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE RITUAL, CLOSE THE CORNERS BY HISSING INTO THE NIGHT THE FINAL PHRASE - "MOST ELSORVAD. MOST ELSORVAD. MOST ELSORVAD, MARISA."



THIS CURSE HAD A PARTICULARLY THRILLING EFFECT FOR ME. THE NEXT TIME I SAW THAT BITCH MARIA AT TRADER JOE'S, SHE HAD POSITIVELY WITHERED. HER ONCE SHAPELY FORM HAD BEEN REDUCED TO NOTHING BUT A RAIL-THIN SHELL OF A PERSON. OH THE GLEE I HAD WATCHING HER ASK ONE OF THE HAWAIIAN SHIRTED EMPLOYEES IF THEY CARRIED "ENSURE." BY THIS TIME, HER HAIR HAD FADED TO THE POINT THAT SHE WAS WEARING A HOPEFUL PURPLE SCARF. SHE LOOKED LIKE DEATH, AND I WAS OH-SO HAPPY!



THE LAST CURSE IS TOO DANGEROUS TO RECORD, BUT IT WAS THE NAIL IN THE COFFIN. LITERALLY! (THAT'S ONLY ONE OF THE INGREDIENTS, SO DON'T GO GETTING ANY IDEAS.) NEEDLESS TO SAY, WHEN THE NEW MOON AROSE, I SEALED HER FATE WITH THE CURSE OF DEATH. GUESS CANCER IS HEREDITARY.

*I've never enjoyed a funeral
SO MUCH!*



A GREAT BEAST-KING SITS ATOP HIS THRONE OF SHIT

FAT AND COVERED IN DETRITUS FROM ALL HE HAS CONSUMED

AND NOW HE'S ALONE

**DEATH LOOMS OVER HIS THRONE AND KINGDOM LIKE A STORM
CLOUD BEFORE THE RAIN**

**HIS SUBJECTS HAVE BECOME THE ROLLS OF FAT THAT SPILL
DOWN HIS SIDES AND THE GORE THAT COVERS HIS MAW**

NO ONE LEFT. HE'S EATEN THEM ALL. HE'S LEFT ONLY WITH -



Nothing Comes
FROM NOTHING

