

ANTHOLOGY OF SORCERY

THREE GRIMOIRES IN ONE

INITIATION - REVELATIONS - SPELLS



★ BECOME A LIVING GOD

Anthology of Sorcery
Three Grimoires in One

Initiation, *Volume 1*

Revelations, *Volume 2*

Spells, *Volume 3*

Featuring 43 preeminent authors...

E.A. Koetting • Asenath Mason • Lon Milo DuQuette
• Michael W. Ford • S. Connolly • Robert Bruce • Kurtis
Joseph • S. Ben Qayin • Andrieh Vitimus • J.S. Garrett •
Asbjorn Torvol • J.D. Temple • & more

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Become A Living God

Dedication

Timothy

We hereby dedicate this exquisite compendium to the ascent of sorcerers in future generations. When we who live now transition into the astral plane, may this specialized knowledge remain behind to help the rise of our descendants. May it stand as a bullet point on the historical timeline of magick.

This collaborative grimoire features the genius of 45 international authors in 195,000 words. Its main premise transcends ethnicity, race, and sex, and unites everyone together for a common human mission: *magick ascent*.

It has taken great courage for every single author to certify their name on this black magickal grimoire. Tragically, we still live in a dangerous time where free individual sorcerers suffer hostility from obsolete occult hierarchy. They endured the slings and arrows of petty slander for sake of their dedication.

Every magician who has inked their handprint onto the soul of this Book of Shadows has seen the future and revealed what it foretells: *our twilight precedes daybreak*; our midnight births a morning.

Magick has always been a technology of the future that harnesses the power of the past. Thus, it qualifies as eternal because it bypasses the dimensions of time and space. Presumably, the field that we quaintly call *magick* will become a veritable branch of *physics*, while engineers interface the astral and physical planes.

In my humble opinion as the editor of this compendium, the knowledge found herein exemplifies the very greatest that autodidactic human magicians could muster at this period of time.

We *futuristic anachronists* live in a contradiction between an impending collision of worlds. Our passion, *our suffering*, acts as the *singularity* or passageway from primitive religious animality to cosmic trans-humanity.

We dedicate this super-grimoire to them and I wish a Happy Third Anniversary to you!

TIMOTHY

**Anthology of Sorcery
Initiation, Volume 1**

Foreword

Timothy

I CONCEIVED the idea for this impressive anthology in the empty parking lot of a local pizza place. I paced in circles under the watchful eye of the mafioso shop owner, as E.A. Koetting and I brainstormed aloud on the telephone.

"What if we founded a supergroup of occult authors and released a compendium of our original works?" I beckoned.

"Yeah, we could do that. I know several established authors off the top of my head who'd love to participate," E.A. affirmed.

Thus, together we ignited the chain of events that physically manifested the very tome now in your grip.

It dawns on me that formulating such an audacious undertaking in a derelict car park, surrounded by mounting piles of festering litter, is romantically iconic. It symbolizes the upper and lower spheres of spirituality uniting; the left and right hand paths merging; the angry serpent Kundalini escaping out the illuminated Crown chakra; the Holy Ghost impregnating Virgin Mary; Atman kissing Brahman.

We diligently contacted every author we felt suitable for inclusion. To our delight, the overwhelming majority of our initial responses returned positive. In fact, the select authors I secretly wished to join us, have indeed!

It's my highest honor to proudly feature the literary and visual artwork of many of the world's most ingenious magicians, especially under the flag of E.A.'s and my rebel pirate ship, *Become A Living God*.

Our definitive aim is to break away from the dying empire of obscure isolationist occultism and set sail full speed ahead toward a new world of accessible, inclusive spiritual education, where any human can learn truth, regardless of race, gender, or initiatory ordainment.

We are officially reconstituting the ethics and upgrading the technology of the pompous, archaic occult landscape.

The *Anthology of Sorcery* is the forbidden fruit born of this fertile tree. To heathenishly borrow a parallel from Christian mythology, this tome heralds the arrival of our maiden voyage, like the flowering olive branch Noah

retrieved from the clutches of his scouting dove. It heartened his conviction,
and restored hope to the soul of his journey, after an apocalyptic year at sea.

I, too, am overjoyed. Land ahoy!

Timothy

Gods of the Kali Yuga

E.A. Koetting

ONE of the questions that has been on my mind for a very long time, and one that I'm only now beginning to resolve, is this: Why, at this particular time, in this era, in a world overrun by armies, governed by corruption, among a people infested with plagues and crippled by dependence, why now are so many rising up to take the challenge of becoming world-creators and reality rearrangers? What is so special about this magickal generation, that we seem to be dragging the rest of the human race kicking and screaming through the gates of the Aeon?

By the very asking of this question, 'what is so special about the people,' I've led myself further away from any sort of answer on the subject.

The question that I should have been asking all along is: What is so special about this Aeon, that the very vibrations of it have shaken the human soul and awoken the Godself within?

The time at which things take place is important. Seeds planted need to burst open and slither tentacles into the soil before they are of any use to us. If they are planted in the wrong season, under the wrong conditions, the seed will be as useless as a pebble buried in the dirt. Seeds of the soul grow within the proper season as well.

Like many other systems attempting to understand and make sense of the overwhelming complexity of the consciousness-imbued world surrounding us, the yogic sages of India have proposed that the history of the world moves forth in four grand stages, forming four great ages, or "Yugas."

The first of these ages is the Satya Yuga, or the "Age of Truth." In this age, there was no separation of man from the Divine. There was no suffering because there was no single-ness, no sense of individuation between the self and the external world.

The second of these ages is the Treta Yuga. At this stage, the individualization of the soul of man crosses a threshold when the idea of the gods or the devas being separate from the human race is established, whereas in the Satya Yuga, all was one. In the Treta Yuga, the homogenous field of light and power begins to sift apart. The Vedas say that in the Treta Yuga, the

Devas walked the earth alongside men, illustrating this separation, yet in the same moment stating that this physical world and its inhabitants were not entirely seceded from the Source or Its intermediaries.

The third of these ages is the Dvapara Yuga. The individual mind begins to assert itself as Itself, finally beginning to solidify and separate from the Source. This is the beginning of war, murder, and the self-segregation of the human race into races, kingdoms, and tribes. While the gods still appear to men, they do so less frequently, and usually only in times of great need, contrasted against the previous age when men lived alongside the devas on earth.

The final age, which we now find ourselves settling into, is the Kali Yuga. While many refer to this as "the dark age," a more literal translation is "The Age of Strife." The soul of man has divorced itself from the Source, the Eternal, that which most religion calls "The Divine." Because of this, the world is filled with war, with famine, with faithlessness and hopelessness. Most Vedic scholars agree that this Kali Yuga began at midnight on February 18, 3102 B.C.E., which aligns with the beginning of the Bronze Age, which allowed for greater weapons and vehicles of war.

Initially considering these ages, one of the interesting correlations that I noticed is the distribution of Avatars.

When the world has found itself in serious threat, Vishnu, The Preserver, would assume a body and descend to earth as a savior. Through the Kalpa, or the cycle of these four ages, after which all of creation will be obliterated by the opening of Shiva's Third Eye, Vishnu will have assumed a total of ten savior manifestations.

In the first age, the Satya Yuga, the threats were mainly due to the instability of the newly created earth. To remedy this, Vishnu saved the world thrice.

In the second age, the Treta Yuga, demon-kings began to arise and take power, threatening the divinely- dependent mortals. For these threats, Vishnu descended to earth four times, defeating the demon-kings through violence.

In the third age, the Dwapara Yuga, man became his own enemy. For this, Vishnu descended to earth, teaching his favored warlords how to not only forge weapons to annihilate their enemies, but also teaching him how, through nonattachment, he will suffer no psychological or spiritual ill-effects, all karmic bounty being washed clean by the Ascendant Man's own ability to recognize the impermanence of all things, and to deny any sort of cosmic

consequence of his murders.

In this age, however, it seems as though Vishnu has forsaken us. Three times, he came to save the world from chaotic forces in the Satya Yuga. Four times, The Preserver appeared to save the world from Demon-Kings in the Treta Yuga. Twice, Vishnu descended in the Dvapara Yuga to save mankind from wiping themselves out through stone maces and wooden spears.

Not once has the Kali Yuga seen an intervention. Not once, from the Crusades to the Inquisition have the gods shown their faces. Not once, through dozens of holocausts, holy wars on every continent and nuclear attacks, has Vishnu considered it dire enough to descend to earth to lend a hand, whereas, in the previous ages, the gods would seemingly show up to mediate every lover's quarrel and neighborhood dispute that popped up.

No, the Kali Yuga will only see a single Avatar, the final Avatar, Kalki, Vishnu no longer preserving, but coming as the Destroyer, death upon the pale horse. That is the only gift the gods will give us now.

I don't expect four-armed giant smurfs to appear to save the human race... unless I call them through evocation, of course. But, we ought to take it upon ourselves to examine what is actually going on in these myths, and I am certain that they will tell us something very interesting about ourselves, about the age in which we find ourselves, as well as giving us some direction on how best to navigate through the Darkest of Ages.

I have so far in this treatise dealt mainly with the Vedic system, for a few reasons. Although there are paths more potent, more ancient, and more resonant with the average western occultist than that of Hinduism, few are as well preserved. We know virtually nothing about the central and south American Maya, nor about the Congo sorcery cults, nor about the pre-Norse Vanir love cults, contrasted against the still-standing temples to every deva and asura in the Hindu pantheon, or tome after tome of Vedic philosophy, poetry and ceremonial practice.

Aside from being well-preserved, the Vedic systems of spiritual attainment are indeed accessible. I'll confess here and now that I have learned secrets of the Maya and have ridden the Vision Serpent to Xibalba; I have partaken in the sacrificial rites of Congo-Zandor; I have experienced the transcendent ecstasy of Freyja's orgy. To speak of these things in general, to any audience at all, would only serve to bring my sanity into greater question than it already is. For he who has not had the experience, no explanation will suffice. To he who has had the experience, no explanation is needed. The

path to the more obscure realms of experience requires an immersion into several systems, as well as an innate knack for these experiences to begin with. Very few will discover them in the time that their natural lives will permit.

The Vedic system, having been superficially integrated into western spirituality, provides more universal reference points, as well as a system of attainment accessible to most who approach the devas and disciplines with even a microgram of sincerity. This is merely a clarification that I feel is important to make, lest the less discerning assume that I may be found in orange robes passing out booklets at my local airport.

Regardless of the specific group or system and the particular units of measurement applied to the scale and scope of these ages, the underlying similarities are first the division of historical time into these ages, and a supposed "angle of descent." The assumption is made—mainly by the religious and those who either don't know or are in denial about the age we are in—that this, the Kali Yuga, is a "dark age," an age of ignorance, of gross materialism, and of a separation of the self from the Divine.

The Kali Yuga is no more a decline into decadence than is the shift of the individual from puberty to adulthood. As with all things, though, it often comes down to a matter of perspective.

In the age of Satya, we were infants. The softest of lights blinded us, unexpected noises frightened us, and we had no understanding of our individuality, assuming that the macrocosm and the microcosm were the same, rather than being an independent fractal representation.

In the age of Treta, our eyes adjusted. The solidity of the world around us settled. We reached out and touched objects, and we put them in our mouths, and we learned the knowledge of good and evil. The gods gave us magick so that we could act as They act. They showed us that we, too, could constrain the Demon-Kings and could choose to either defeat them or to make them our allies

In the age of Dvapara, we distanced ourselves from our parents. We tried to establish our identities, our interests, and our goals without falling back on what the Divine would have us do, but instead on our own will, our own minds, and our own strength. Rather than punishing us, the gods gave us space to explore. They let us fall and scrape our knees. And, when we were old enough, they gave us weapons of war and taught us how to use them. The gods in that age were preparing us to exist and to thrive in their absence.

In this age, in the Kali Yuga, we have left the home of the gods, and the burden falls on us to make this our home. The absence of an Avatar is a silent sign of our capability and maturity. The gods no longer come unless they are called, and even the in calling the Sorcerer must work and create from his own well of power the essence and the effluvia that the gods and the spirits will use to assume a materialized body.

They no longer command us, and they no longer protect us.

They have left us here, not to writhe in our own spiritual filth until the day of reckoning, but they have left us here, in this age of darkness, so that we can finally mature enough to cash in our birthright. We have been abandoned so that we will learn that we are the Gods of the Kali Yuga, that this world, this realm is ours, and that we must learn how to master it.

At the present moment, in the year 5115 of the Kali Yuga, most of the human race is still longing for the comfort and familiarity of the ages past, when we were told what to do, shown how to live, and our individual contributions to the whole of existence were minimal.

Regardless of whether you find the Vedic system as interesting as I do in explaining these matters, it is a fact that we are living in a world without an external god, without a paternal religion, and with no one else to save us or to damn us but ourselves.

It has taken us an incredible descent into darkness, into opposition, for us to finally recognize our Destiny and our Birthright. It is only in the height of the Kali Yuga that man can become a living god, autonomous, independent of the Source, yet nevertheless the source of our own creation.

We have been running from our darkness, trying to hide from our macabre impulse to discover the human limits because deep down we know that we have none, and that frightens us worse than death.

But, there are laws which govern each age, specific to that era. Those methods that would normally be effective in previous ages are impotent in ours. Methods which ring of sheer madness in the previous ages will now become the only methods on which we can rely.

Prayer, faith, subservience, and reliance on the Divine is simply a leftover longing for an age that has passed. These disciplines do not belong in this age, any more than a rickshaw belongs on the freeways. The age of worship has ended, and now man is free to become god. The world has not darkened around us, but our vision has adjusted to the light, so that finally we can see.

The laws of each age are created and enforced by the gods of that age. The

god of the Satya Yuga was Brahma, and the great law in that age was Union. The god of the Treta Yuga was Vishnu, and the law in that age was Obedience. The god of the Dvapara Yuga was Shiva, and his law was Yama, Control.

The god of the Kali Yuga is man, and the law of the Kali Yuga is Niyama.

Most yogis and Vedic devotees will say that Niyama means "observances," such as study, meditation, submission and the like. This interpretation came primarily from Patanjali and is obviously nothing more than a psychic remnant leftover from the Dvapara Yuga, or even as far back as the Treta Yuga.

The word "Yama" means "control." The yogi who approaches the eight limbs of yoga will begin by learning control, by bringing his or her thoughts and desires, emotions and impulses under firm control.

The prefix "Ni" in Sanskrit is often a reversal of the root word which follows. "Rakara" means "form" or "manifestation," and "Nirakara" means "formless" or "without form." Why, then, would "Niyama" be considered an even more rigorous form of control than is implicit in "Yama?"

Niyama, then, is the reversal of control. Niyama is anarchy of a spiritual sort. In the personal approach to yogic attainment, Niyama is approached not through obedience, but through questioning.

Niyama is the Dark Night of the Soul, all previous doctrines and covenants being abandoned, all gods being forsaken, and all hope being lost. Only from this spiritual isolation is the individual capable of embracing his or her true path of full and authentic will.

In the context of an entire age, Niyama will sometimes take the form of violent anarchism and at other times in the form of democracy. This law of Niyama screams within the minds of the men of the Kali Yuga. They will not tolerate control, nor submit for the sake of submission. 5,115 years into the Kali Yuga, however, most people are still waiting for the vision to adjust, and very few have embraced this Age of Darkness to the degree of being able to navigate within it. The soul is keen to be free, to exist without a master, yet the mind is weak and is ill prepared for discernment. This battle is evidenced in every religion and political structure taking power not by sheer force, but by promises of freedom through submission. Being free from sin, free from hellfire, free from foreign invasion, free to vote, free to worship, free to speak. And all that you have to do is submit.

I have considered before that the Apocalypse as described by Saint John

the Beloved, beginning with small wars and rumors of wars and culminating with the battle of Armageddon and the revelation of the Messiah is not a prediction of the future, but lays out the common mystical path of enlightenment.

Similarly, the yugic cosmology can be broken down into stages of the development of the Atman or the Eternal and Limitless human soul. Each stage is a solidification of matter from light, the condensation of the Omnipresent into a singularity.

The complexity of any system increases and never decreases. The homogenous light and sound of the Source is the beginning of the journey. The human, and specifically the Black Magician, is the most complex and most evolved manifestation of this original impetus. The apostle of darkness does not close his eyes to the Kali Yuga and the world of flesh and substance, hoping to devolve back into a former state because the responsibility of creating his own reality is too great for him to bear. No, he who treads the Left Hand Path embrace the Kali Yuga and realize that in this day and in this hour, he has become the Singularity, and that he is the gate through which all things must pass. Not all who are born into the Kali Yuga are born as gods. Power does not come as easily in this age as it has in ages past. Power here and now must be learned, earned, sacrificed and suffered for.

Men in this age are no longer created from the flesh of Brahma, as they were in ages past, but from the dust of the earth, born as nothing. But nothing with infinite potential. Born as nothing, with the opportunity to become God.

The Gods of the Kali Yuga have come to their thrones dragging their beaten bodies with them. Niyama is the most dangerous path as there are no rules, no safeties, no authorities. And once you have started on that path, there is no way out but through. Embracing the absence of control, embracing every possibility amongst countless potentialities equally, is the only path to power here and now.

All hopes for an afterlife, for a better reincarnation, for some deliverance from this Dark Age have disintegrated with the passing of the previous eras. We are left here, alone, no Avatar in cue to rescue us. There is no final discovery, but only the act of discovering. Nothing is revealed but revelation itself. There is no law here but Lawlessness, when men Ascend as the Gods of the Kali Yuga.

E.A. Koetting

Pact with Lucifer

Asenath Mason

Ho drakôn ho megas
Ho ophis ho Archaïos
Ho kaloumenos diabolos
Kai ho satanas.

IN 1634, at the trial of Urbain Grandier, priest of the town of Loudun in France, who was accused of witchcraft, one of the documents introduced as evidence was a written pact with the Devil. Allegedly signed by several chief demons, including Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan, Leviathan, Elimi and Astaroth, the pact was written backward in Latin and signed in blood. In the document Grandier pledged his service to the Devil and renounced God, the saints, the church of Rome and all its sacraments, acknowledged Lucifer as his lord and master, promising to serve and obey him for the rest of his life, and swore to do evil and draw others to evil. In return for his service, the pact promised Grandier the love of women, the flower of virgins, worldly honors, pleasures and riches. He was granted a happy life on earth for twenty years, after which he would join demons in hell to sin against God. In result, Grandier was accused of using his demonic powers to bewitch the nuns of Loudun and enslave them to the Devil. The whole story is famous as one of the most notable cases of collective hysteria, and Grandier's pact with Lucifer has been often reproduced and published in a number of books on witchcraft as an example of the formal contract with the Devil. It is generally believed that it was all a political hoax devised to have Grandier executed, as he had made powerful enemies among influential people whom he attacked with public criticism, including the famous Cardinal Richelieu. Eventually, Grandier was tortured, found guilty and burned at the stake.

True or not, the story of people signing themselves over to the Devil in exchange for wealth, love or power belongs to the popular tradition of the European folklore. One of the earliest instances of such legends is traced back to the sixth century and refers to Theophilus, steward of the church of Adana, who allegedly sold his soul to the Devil to recover his position from which he was dismissed by the bishop. Together with a Jewish sorcerer, he

went to the crossroads at night, where he promised himself body and soul to the Devil and wrote the pact in his own blood which he sealed with his ring. The next day he was reappointed steward, but in terror of what he had done, he repented and was eventually saved by Virgin Mary.

The pact with the Devil was a popular belief throughout centuries. St. Augustine, whose writings were highly influential in the development of Christian theology, condemned all arts and actions arising from the "pestiferous association of men with demons formed by a pact of faithless and unholy friendship." His conviction that "sorcerers, astrologers and other dabblers in the occult" were in league with demons contributed to the belief that man can make a contract with the Devil and command the forces of hell. This power was not without the price, and the demons agreed to serve and aid the sorcerer only in exchange for the immortal soul, as thus they could curse and defy God. Those pacts were written in the signer's own blood, drawn from the left hand, which carried the person's life-energy and bound their life and soul to the Devil. Then the demons took the parchment and kept it hidden so that the contract could not be reversed, though folk legends mention several cases when the signer repented and prayed to God and saints, for which the contract was returned and the soul saved from the Devil's clutch. The signing of the pact usually occurred at the stroke of midnight, in the woods or at the crossroads. There are stories that describe magicians drawing a circle on the ground, burning candles and incense, and moving about the circle widdershins, reciting incantations and prayers to the dark forces. When the Devil appeared, the blood was drawn and the pact was signed. The Devil promised to fulfill every wish and desire of the signer, granting a life full of wealth and pleasures for a limited amount of years, and the magician agreed to enter his service and presented their soul in payment.

The most famous story, however, is the diabolic pact from the legend of Faust and Mephistopheles in which the scholar, disappointed with the limitations of human arts and sciences, signs away his soul in exchange for knowledge and power. This story is another account of the popular belief that man can obtain the assistance of supernatural beings, which dates back to ancient magical traditions in which the magus was believed to have power over spirits and use their help to successfully perform magical arts. The Faustian legend is important and relevant even today as it reveals the role of Lucifer in the whole tradition of pacts and initiatory practices of witchcraft. In Faustian tradition, Lucifer is the Emperor of Hell, the arch-regent and

commander of all spirits. It is Lucifer who stands behind the tradition of pacts with the Devil while lesser demons and spirits act on his behalf when offering their service in exchange for human soul. It is also Lucifer who bestows gifts and powers upon those who choose to bind their souls with his immortal essence. Among those gifts and powers legends mention longevity, immortality in flesh, wealth and prosperity, honors and admiration, delights of flesh and lovers among humans and spirits, knowledge of things hidden, the ability to gaze into past and future events, powerful familiar spirits, etc. In Faustian legend, Mephistopheles is Lucifer's servant and represents him on earth, acting as the intermediary between the Infernal Emperor and mankind. Faustian tradition is Luciferian in its essence and it is the Flame of the Light Bearer that is ignited in the soul of the Initiate who enters the path of self-salvation, the Faustian pursuit for knowledge and power. Even though it is Mephistopheles with whom Faust signs his contract, in fact it is the pact with Lucifer, who represents the archetype of the Dark Initiator, the Spirit of Change and Evolution, the one who questions, challenges and ignites the flame of Desire in the heart of an aspiring Initiate, the one who awakens the soul from the sleep of ignorance.

In the grimoires, the pact with the Devil is made with Lucifer as well, usually through one of his subordinates such as Lucifuge Rofocale, often identified with Mephistopheles from the Faustian legend. The grimoires, however, do not prescribe the signing away of the soul. Instead, they give instructions how to bind and subject spirits to the magician's control while the supernatural assistance is sought from God and his divine authority. In this tradition, the pact is viewed as a desperate resort of a sorcerer who is not powerful or skillful enough to bind and command the spirit, and thus compel the obedience of demons. In this case, the magician has to prepare the required document beforehand, written and signed in blood, and hand it over to the spirit when he demands the reward for his services. This kind of pact is rooted in the infamous conception of the wickedness of magic and the tragic consequences of dealing with forces of darkness, inspired by Christian theology and folk legends.

But there was also another kind of pact, described in the grimoires, in which a spirit agreed to service without condition. In this case, the magician had to declare the divine authority, threaten and lash the spirit with the Blasting Rod, thus cursing him with pains and torments of hell, after which the spirit was compelled to perform a certain task for the magician, such as

procuring a hidden treasure, revealing secret knowledge, or simply serving the conjuror in their arts. In the Grand Grimoire, we find the following description of a pact with the spirit: On the morning which succeeds the first night of the quarter the magician has to purchase a blood-stone called Ematille. Then he has to obtain a virgin kid and decapitate it on the third day of the moon at the place of the coming evocation, a forlorn and isolated spot free of interruption. The skin of the animal has to be preserved in order to form the Kabalistic circle which is a necessary element of the traditional evocation. Then the magician has to prepare the Blasting Rod with which he will force the obedience of the spirit. On the night of the operation, the magician has to take the rod, the goatskin, the Ematille stone, two vervain crowns, two candlesticks and candles of virgin wax, incense, camphor, and a few other items, including four nails from the coffin of a dead child. Then he has to prepare the Kabalistic circle and proceed to prayers and conjurations. Lucifuge Rofocale, who is the spirit called in this procedure, is described as obstinate and reluctant to appear and serve the operator. Therefore, the magician has to repeat the words of conjuration twice or three times before the spirit responds. The operator requests the spirit to appear in a fair human form, without uproar, deceit or foul smell; to speak whatever language is required; to fulfill all his desires without exception, and to do all this without inflicting any injury to the body or soul of the operator. If the spirit refuses or asks for the magician's body and soul as payment, the operator has to repeat prayers, holy names, and smite him with the Blasting Rod until the spirit surrenders himself to his will.

This conviction that with the divine authority the magus could command spirits is derived from legends of King Solomon, the greatest of magicians, who was granted the power over demons by God, thus being able to bind them and use their service in any task he wished. Following the tradition, grimoires such as the Grand Grimoire, Grimorium Verum, or Lemegeton, belong to the wide concept of Solomonic magic and their authorship is ascribed to King Solomon himself.

In the folklore of witchcraft, the pact with the Devil was much less complicated. It was either made privately or as a part of a ceremony conducted during the witches' sabbat. The witch renounced their religion and baptism, swore allegiance to the Devil, promising regular offerings and sacrifices, and gave him a token piece of their clothing. Then, the pact was written and signed in the witch's own blood. In some accounts, the signers

had to sacrifice unbaptized children to win the favors of the Devil, and sometimes they had to seal the contract by kissing him on the anus, the legendary osculum infame. The Devil gave them new names and marked them with his claw, leaving the famous Devil's Mark, which was so willingly sought through tortures in trials of witchcraft. Sometimes the Devil also had a sexual intercourse with the new initiate, regardless if these were men or women. Today, these accounts, usually obtained through tortures and all sorts of cruelty, are viewed as Christian propaganda and superstition. In the previous centuries, however, the belief in encounters with the Devil and pacts through which people sold their soul was hardly ever questioned. Sorcerers sought a pact for personal gain and to control spirits for certain tasks and favors. Witches pledged to serve the Devil out of pure malice, to obtain powers to harm others or to satisfy their sexual fantasies on nocturnal gatherings. But pacts were also made by ordinary people, desperate individuals suffering from poverty, unrequited love or simply miserable in their lives. It was believed that the Devil appeared to people vulnerable to temptation and offered them money, love and power in exchange for their souls. One of the famous accounts of witchcraft is the 16th-Century story of the French peasant, Pierre Bourgot, who met a black horseman while searching for his scattered flocks. The stranger, whose name was later revealed as Moyset, was either the servant of the Devil or the Devil himself. He promised Bourgot relief from all his troubles if he would serve him as a lord and master, and when the latter agreed to the bargain and swore fealty by kissing the horseman's left hand, the sheep were soon found and Bourgot reputedly acquired the ability to turn into werewolf. At the trial, which was conducted nineteen years later, he confessed to using spells and magic ointments to gain bestial strength and change into wolf, and in this form he attended sabbats, attacked children to eat their flesh and mated with real wolves. After that, he put on his clothes and changed into man again. It was believed that such pacts were not necessarily irrevocable, though, and salvation was always possible if only the person renounced the contract and prayed to God and the saints. The true pact, however, is an act of conscious Will and once it is made, it becomes final.

Magicians working with the traditional systems of evocation often warn of dire consequences that await those who do not follow the prescribed procedures. Even a minor departure from traditional instructions exposes the operator to ruthless vengeance of the spirit and forfeiture of the body and

soul. The left-hand-path magic, however, views spirits as guides and allies on the path of personal Ascent, not agents of Evil who have to be bound and coerced into obedience. If you perceive spirits as hostile forces and expect all sorts of mischief on their part, this is most probably what you will receive. Think how you would feel if someone locked you in a cage, bound you with chains, beat and threatened, while forcing you to serve and do anything they ask for. Would you not want to repay them accordingly the first moment you get a chance? This is exactly what happens to magicians who follow the old procedures. We might say that human consciousness is nothing like the spirits', but certain mechanisms are universal and slavery is hated by the denizens of the Other Side as much as by any other powerful and independent mind. And this is what we are dealing with in pacts and rites of evocation—powerful beings, often older than mankind. To request their assistance for required tasks and favors, you need to show not only power and authority but also respect and gratitude, and you need to thank and reward them for their service. A coin or another valuable object, a drop of blood, incense, alcohol, and other offerings that can win the spirits' favors, will come useful here. Sometimes they will ask you for a specific sacrifice—this has to be done in order to proceed with the pact or you can decide not to go further if you cannot fulfill the request. Lucifer himself is the most powerful archetype of freedom and independence. He despises slavery and inspires the Initiate to be proud, self-reliant and independent of bonds and attachments, be it mundane or spiritual—religions, dogmas, laws, limitations, and relationships that bind you in your progress. He does not want to be worshipped, called "master," or put in place of the monotheistic deity in your personal devotion system. His teachings prompt you to seek your Godhood not by spending eternity as a footstool at his Throne but in aspiration to establish your own Throne in the Void and to be the lord and master of your own universe. He does not bow to anyone and the same attitude he inspires in Initiates of his adversarial path.

Lucifer has many forms and masks and appears in many different guises. Most often we encounter him as the Horned Lord, the Emperor of the Nightside, the Archetype of the Devil. This, however, has little to do with the Christian image of a horned devil and it is his primal form that predates all Christian legends and stories. The lack of understanding of Lucifer's nature stems from multiplicity of names and attributes assigned to him in many different cultures and mythologies. In the Christian legend, he is the fallen angel who was cast down into the Void for the sin of pride and his rebellious

nature. In ancient myths, he is Phosphoros, the Morning Star, associated with Venus. In Qabalistic theories, he is associated with the hidden Sephira Daath which fell, or descended, to the level of man, awakening the forbidden power of creation and sexual energy which is represented by the Fruits of Knowledge offered to man by the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. In the Qabalah, the fall of angels and their sexual union with man initiates the union of worlds and opens the forbidden path of soul ascension. In old grimoires and books of magic, Lucifer is the King of Hell, Infernal Emperor, who presides over the entire infernal hierarchy. He appears solemn and majestic with his retinue of servants and spirits whom he commands. He can bestow any power on the magician, but this does not come without a price. In traditional demonology, he rules the element of air and the direction of east, together with three other infernal kings who preside over the other elements and directions: Leviathan (water, west), Belial (earth, north), and Satan (fire, south). In the Faustian tradition, he is the chief ruler of hell. In European folk legends, he is the Lord of the Sabbat, he carries women on his back to desolate places where the rites are held, and he is the God of Witchcraft and the Horned Initiator who seduces and tempts participants of the sabbat to all sorts of depravities and transgression. Lucifer, however, is much older than all myths and legends that only conceal his true form. His masks and manifestations have to be explored and understood in order to reveal the true face of this ancient God.

In the Draconian Tradition, Lucifer is the gateway to the Current of the Dragon and the primary initiator of spiritual evolution on the path of self-deification. He guides the Initiate through the long and demanding process of preparation for the journey of ascension through successive levels of the Qlipothic Tree, protecting and supporting those who wish to ascend to his Throne which exists in the realm of Thaumiel. He collects and carries the soul of the Initiate through the tunnels of the Nightside. His dark solar energy empowers the subtle body of the adept, filling it with his primal power. In rites of evocation, Lucifer manifests on the physical plane with flames and his energy assumes deep red color, but seen from the astral level, it seems to have an electric, blue glow. In invocation, his dark solar energy flows rapidly and can destroy a person who is not prepared for such a powerful experience. Only the Initiate properly prepared for the flow will be empowered by the fiery energy of the Horned God, and his soul will be raised to a higher level of existence. On the Draconian Path through the Tree of Qlipoth, the Initiate

ascends through successive levels of spiritual evolution, where consciousness is gradually awakened and empowered until on the level of Satariel (Binah) we experience the opening of “The Eye of Lucifer.” The Kundalini serpent unfolds its wings and becomes the Dragon. This process begins on the first step of the Draconian Path when the adept enters the gate through the “womb of Lilith”—the first Qlipha on the Qabalistic Tree of Night.

The pact itself is a rite of passage, initiatory ritual that holds special significance to the path of personal Ascent, as it opens the subconscious to the energies of Lucifer's adversarial current by a formal pledge, which is the act of conscious Will. Therefore, it has to be approached with responsibility and you have to be sure that this is what you want. Initiations are irreversible and on the Left Hand Path there is no place for second thoughts. The pact has to be thought out, prepared and special to you alone. Even though in present times we no longer have to sacrifice unbaptized children or kiss the Devil on the anus, certain procedures are still worth employing; you only need to remember that magic is not a ceremonial performance but the art of mastering your individual psychic powers. Therefore, procedures included in the pact must be chosen in the way that works best on your subconscious mind. Make the whole operation special, sacred. No ritual should ever be treated as a normal thing to do or just another part of the day. It always has to be sacred, different from your daily routine or the usual pattern of your everyday life. The rite of Initiation, regardless if this is a pact or a minor initiatory ritual, has to be given even more attention. Prepare for it—take a bath, put on your ritual robe, enter your temple and leave the rest of the world outside your ritual space—that will work on your mind and you will receive a response from the universe too. In legends, witches and sorcerers had to leave their old life behind to become the children of Lucifer and receive magical powers. In shamanic mysteries, the Initiate was torn apart by demons and recreated anew so that he could travel through worlds and dimensions as the intermediary between humans and spirits. There is always a sacrifice required, and the Initiate has to die to one life in order to be reborn to another. In the folklore of witchcraft, the person who sought the pact had to renounce their faith and sacraments and gave a part of their clothing to the Devil in token that they were now separated from spiritual, corporal, natural, and terrestrial things. Their name was struck out of the Book of Life and inscribed in the Book of Death, and they received a new baptism and a new name by which they were known to the world of spirits and other witches and sorcerers. Sometimes the

Devil left his mark on them as a token that the pact was final and irrevocable. Today, these procedures are not that much different: Initiates remove old garments and put on new robes, which symbolize the new stage in their personal Ascent. They renounce their old religion and swear commitment to the path while proclaiming their aspirations and goals that they expect to achieve through this operation. The pact is sealed with the signers' own blood as well, and they often choose a new magical name for themselves or are given such names by the spirit or deity with whom the pact is made, which represents the concept of magical baptism. Sometimes the Initiates also choose to have a tattoo in the form of a glyph or sigil that represents their personal patron deity or is somehow connected to their magical path—the modern equivalent of the Devil's Mark. However, the key to the successful pact is to make it personal and meaningful to yourself as the purpose of each Initiation is to liberate the mind from personal taboos and barriers, which releases new amounts of energy and opens new goals to pursue, new inspirations for personal development. Anti-Christian blasphemy will not be liberating to someone who is not Christian, therefore such elements are not essential in the present-day idea of the pact. To achieve the thrill of liberation you have to step outside that which lies within the borders of safety, morality, routine, or convention. Personal limitations are transgressed by exploring that which seems repulsive, dangerous, forbidden, or simply unfamiliar—leaving the personal "safety zone" behind and stepping into the Unknown.

Called forth to assist in the pact, Lucifer appears in multiplicity of forms and shapes, depending on what we expect to see. To those who seek the Devil, he will show himself as the Infernal Emperor, powerful and majestic, with royal cloak, crown and golden scepter, seated on the throne among his retinue of devils. In this manifestation, he resembles medieval depictions of the Devil, enthroned in hell, where he rules his hordes of fiends and dark spirits, surrounded by flames and shadows. He is the Ancient Serpent, the Dragon which is referred to in *Revelation 12:9*, the archetype of darkness, filth, blasphemy, and heresy. Those who invoke his primal essence will see him as a dragon with burning eyes, with one head or seven, each wearing a crown of flames, the symbol of his primordial nature that precedes all Christian legends and representations. Conjunction of his sinister, adversarial aspect will manifest as the vision of a crowned goat that resembles traditional images of Baphomet. But his true form is impenetrable to human mind and most often he assumes the shape of a dark hooded figure whose face is pure

blackness that reflects the timeless and infinite essence of the Void. All these forms and shapes: dragon, serpent, goat, hooded lord, and horned devil are traditional depictions of the Initiator who stands behind the pacts with the Devil. He appears with a book or parchment and requests the signature in blood to seal the contract that will open the way to his Current. Sometimes he demands a sacrifice of something in the Initiate's life. Many magicians who attempted the pact speak of significant changes that occurred in their lives during this work or shortly after: lost relationships, jobs, broken families, business that suddenly failed. On the other hand, new opportunities appeared at the same time, transforming their lives, leading to new possibilities, and awakening new aspirations. Sometimes the need of a sacrifice is only implied and it does not happen at once, but it might be needed at some point in the future. In any case, the pact with Lucifer is never without a price and what you seek is never delivered to you on a plate. The pact only opens the way to certain possibilities. Whether you grasp the chance and take advantage of what it offers or not, is solely your choice.

The power of the pact also rests on its irreversibility. The awareness that your commitment to the path is final and there is no turning back has a powerful effect on your consciousness. Therefore, make it final: write down the contract, stating your goals and offering a worthy payment in return. We are not speaking here of signing away your soul to the Devil after a specified number of years in which you will lead a life of wealth, health and adventure. That is a myth. Lucifer does not want your soul and he will not respond to a request born of weakness and desperation. What he expects in return for his power is your sincerity, responsibility, honesty, determination to remain on the path in good and bad moments of your life, genuine Desire of Ascent, never-ending work in pursuit of your Godhood. Think for a moment of what you would and would not do to succeed on the path. You can even make a list. If you have at least one thing on the list of what "you would not do," you should not attempt the pact either, as Lucifer accepts no half measures. To succeed on the path of Lucifer, you have to dedicate your whole life to the Work. This is what you should write in the pact, signing it in your own life essence. Only then will you be ready to request the power and assistance of Lucifer and to see the world bending to your Will and manifesting your Desire. After that you should take the document and hide it in a place where it will remain safe but where you yourself will not be able to reach it. That will make the pact final and definite.

The pact with Lucifer opens your subconscious mind to darkness within and without. It opens the gateways to the ancient magical current that has been powering up all adversarial cults since the rise of earliest religions and to your inner shadow where lies the desire of transcendence, the vehicle of spiritual Ascent. Lucifer is the ancient archetype of the Adversary, Diabolus, and his true face is the black mirror of the soul in which we can gaze into our own shadow side, the inner Void, where all desires and acts of Will are planted to be manifested through the conscious mind. Within the left-hand-path tradition exist two main approaches that lead to spiritual transcendence: the path of devotion—based on personal relationship with the patron deity, and the path of isolation—where we view gods as initiatory models. The Current of Lucifer represents the latter. He does not want worshippers or devotees. His path is based on affirmation of Selfhood in all aspects of life and spiritual experience. In Luciferian tradition, gods and spirits are seen as initiatory archetypes, guides and allies, not as superior forces that have to be worshipped and served. Lucifer inspires ambition and vision of Godhood, and he expects the Initiate to pursue this vision with passion, desire, and whatever it takes to succeed on the path. His gnosis is the awareness that you are the God of your Universe. Therefore, the pact is made with Lucifer as the Initiator, but it works through your subconscious mind, and the Oath is given to the Adversary as much as to yourself. It should never be a desperate act of "giving yourself to the Devil," followed by regret, shame and misery. It is the proclamation of passion and conscious Will that powers up your path of Ascent, the proud affirmation of individual power and Godhood.

Asenath Mason

Spirit Evocation & Exorcism

A New Look at That Old Black Magic

Lon Milo DuQuette

*Based on his book My Life with The Spirits.
Red Wheel Weiser, 1999.*

*Article excerpted for publication in
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*O Lord, deliver me from hell's great fear and gloom!
Loose thou my spirit from the larvae of the tomb!
I seek them in their dread abodes without affright:
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.*

ARE spirits and demons real? Or are they, like many psychologists and modern theologians maintain, “all in your head?”

Perhaps both schools of thought might be correct. Or, to quote Rabbi Lamed Ben Clifford, “It’s all in your head—you just have no idea how big your head is.”

There have been times, however, when my field theory has been mightily challenged. The most dramatic example of one such magical bout focuses upon an exorcism I assisted with in 1980.

It all started with a telephone call from the celebrated occultist and author Dr. Francis (Israel) Regardie. A living page of magical history, he was in the 1920s the secretary to the colorful and infamous magician Aleister Crowley. We had been introduced a few years earlier by Grady L. McMurtry, the head of the magical society, Ordo Templi Orientis. Regardie and I had met only twice since being introduced, but we kept in touch by phone and letter concerning a book project dear to both of us. I wasn’t particularly surprised by his call, but I was surprised by the way he addressed me. At first I wasn’t sure I heard him correctly.

“Good morning, Your Grace,” he said with a lilt of polite sarcasm that told me there was a twinkle in his eye.

Regardie knew that because of my initiatory level in the O.T.O. I had been consecrated bishop of Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica, and because of that possessed (quite coincidentally) bona fide apostolic credentials from several

orthodox lines going back to St. Peter. This was the first time, however, he ever addressed my as “Your Grace.”

“Good morning, Francis,” I answered cautiously.

“Dear boy, I was wondering if you could do me a bit of a favor. I need a bishop. As I’m sure you know, it takes a bishop to order an exorcism.”

Now I really knew he was joking. I solemnly deepened my voice. “Why yes, Doctor. How many shall I put you down for?”

I soon realized he was not joking. In fact, the story he told me was anything but funny.

A psychiatrist client of his, Dr. Kaufman, was treating patient who was convinced that she needed a formal exorcism. The subject was thirty-eight-year-old woman named Sharon. Her husband had recently committed suicide and she was left with three children ranging in age from 11 to 16. Her story was a sad one.

When she was two years old, her stepfather began sexually abusing her on a regular basis. Early in this monstrous cycle of molestation, Sharon created a make-believe guardian, a friendly dragon named Garkon, who came to delivered her to happy places while her little body was being violated. Her spirit dragon helped her survive her nightmarish existence, and for years her double life kept her relatively sane. As she grew older, however, her champion’s character began to change.

Shortly after she started school and began noticing boys, Garkon’s rescues were spiked with random acts of cruelty; a nip on the tummy or an ill-tempered scratch on her face. Ironically, Sharon felt that she deserved these little punishments and suffered them gladly for her fantasy life with Garkon was infinitely preferable to the nightly visitations from her stepfather.

The years of abuse finally ended with she was 14. Her stepfather ended his life by blowing his head off with a ten-gauge shotgun. That night when Sharon went to bed, she dared to dream of a life free of the horrors of molestation. No longer would she need Garkon to rescue her. As a matter of fact, her make-believe guardian was a reminder of everything she wanted to forget.

But Garkon didn’t go away. The next night, he swept into Sharon’s bedroom. He had grown to an enormous size and lost all vestiges of his old friendly self. He bragged that he had eaten her stepfather’s head and vowed that no man would ever hurt her again.

The dynamics were pretty simple. Garkon tormented her whenever any

factor of sexuality entered a life equation. School became impossible. Dating lead to seizures that sometimes left her unconscious. Attacks notwithstanding, she married in her second year of college, and despite the tortuous presence of Garkon she gave birth to three children. She and her husband eventually ended their sexual relationship and for ten years Garkon slumbered. He was reawakened by her husband's suicide and the terrible old issues resurfaced. Sharon was now convinced that she was demonically possessed and fixed upon the idea of an exorcism. I really wanted to help, but his was serious stuff. I certainly had never done anything like this before. But I knew someone who had. I told Francis I would do what I could.

Nathan Sanders was a lodge Brother and the most experience Solomonic magician I had ever met. He was the former student of Carroll (Poke) Runyon, the legendary master of art of spirit evocation.² Using classic and flawlessly memorized conjurations from the ancient magical grimoire the Lesser Key of Solomon³, Nathan could summon anything into his triangular black mirror. He was truly an extraordinary magician. I was sure if anyone could make Garkon appear, it was Nathan. (I also assumed he could make him go away.)

I called Nathan and told him the story. He agreed to do the job. A little before 10 o'clock that night, we arrived at Dr. Kaufman's home in Long Beach. She greeted us cordially and apologized for the way the house smelled.

"We've had a difficult evening. Since I told Sharon we were doing this tonight, she hasn't been able to hold down any food. She lost her 7UP when she heard you knock. I guess Garkon doesn't want to say goodbye."

She ushered us into the kitchen where we met Sharon, an attractive woman in jeans and ski sweater. Her complexion was pasty and she wore dark glasses that hid dark circles under her eyes. She thanked us for coming and asked what she would need to do. Nathan asked her a few questions and had me construct four paper talismans with Garkon's magical signature drawn on one side and the Pentagram of Solomon on the other. The four of us would wear these around our necks as medallions during the ceremony. This is a venerable technique of qabalistic magic that forms a link to the spirit with a symbol derived from the letters of its name.

We spent the next half-hour bringing things in from the car. In addition to his beautifully constructed breakdown magical circle and triangular black mirror, we brought four black robes and every magical tool a well-equipped

Solomonic magician would need. If Sharon needed a show she was certainly going to get one. Nathan asked Dr. Kaufman and me to wash our hands and faces before putting on our robes. As for himself, he would take a shower. When he reappeared from the bathroom he was decked out in his full magical regalia. He looked every inch a medieval exorcist.

Finally, he presented Sharon her robe and instructed her to shower and wash her hair. It was nearly midnight before she emerged from the bathroom. She had towel dried her hair and looked like a frightened little girl.

There wasn't room for all four of us in the circle of art, so we created a large outer circle with a length of clothesline. Sharon stood in the central circle holding two lighted tapers. The triangular black mirror was placed outside of both circles and positioned so that she could easily see the reflection of her own face illuminated by the candles. Nathan stood just behind her in the central circle. He would act as "operator" and Sharon the "receiver." Dr. Kaufman and I stood in the outer circle on either side and slightly behind Sharon. We all wore our sigil-pentagram talismans and a parchment hexagram of Solomon pinned the skirt of our black robes.

Nathan ran through a checklist of items to see if all was in readiness. Was the phone off? Were the doors locked? Did anyone need to use the restroom? When he was satisfied, he lit the two candles in Sharon's hands and turned out all the lights. Before he entered the circle, he unwrapped a tiny cake of hotel soap and with it drew a large version of Garkon's sigil (the same symbol we all wore around our necks) in the center of the black mirror. This act made Sharon gasp sharply as if someone had seized her throat. I was no longer nervous. I was afraid.

"Your Grace, would you be so kind as to banish the temple with the rituals of the pentagram and hexagram?"

Now Nathan was calling me "Your Grace." This was more than a kind gesture. It reaffirmed in Sharon's mind that the ceremony was duly officiated. I didn't mind. Besides, the banishing rituals were something simple I could do to look helpful. I have to confess they also helped calm me down and feel prepared for what was to follow.

After I banished, Nathan performed brief cleansing and consecration ceremonies and formally declared the temple "open." He asked Sharon to take several deep breaths, relax and gaze at her reflection in the triangle. He then began to recite a classic conjuration.

I do invoke and conjure thee, O Spirit, Garkon; and being with

power armed from the Supreme Majesty, I do strongly command thee...

Nathan used a special voice for his conjurations. It was deeper and stronger than his natural voice but gave no hint of artificial affectation. His words rode smoothly upon two or three notes. Whenever the text ran into pockets of bizarre names and words he linked them smoothly into a sonorous string, almost as if they were one long master word of unspeakable power.

...by Beralanensis, Baldachiensis, Paumachia, and Apologiae Sedes; by the most Powerful Princes, Genni, Liachidae, and Ministers of the Tartarean Abode; and by the Chief Prince of the Seat of Apologia in the Ninth Legion, I do invoke thee, and by invoking conjure thee...

All the while he conjured, he held his wand high over Sharon's head and drew angelic sigils in the air.

...and being armed with power from the Supreme Majesty, I do strongly command thee, by Him Who spake and it was done, and unto whom all creatures be obedient...

Nathan hadn't even finished the first section when Sharon started to weave back and forth and let out pitiful sobs. Nathan went on but his voice was soon drowned by Sharon's whimpering. He continued louder and louder.

...By all the names of God, Adonai, El, Elohim, Elohi, Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh, Zabaath, Elion, Jah, Tetragrammaton, Shaddai, Lord God Most High, I do exorcise thee and do fully command thee, O thou Spirit Gargon, that thou dost forthwith appear unto us here before this Circle in a fair human shape, without any deformity or tortuosity...

Sharon was now thrashing from side to side, sobbing uncontrollably. I was certain she was faking. She'd seen too many movies, I thought. The noise and commotion were too much for Nathan. He stopped and simply shouted at Sharon, "Is the spirit in the triangle?"

"Yes!" Sharon screamed angrily. "He's always been there!"

When I heard those words, I knew she was not acting. I felt the hair on the back of my head spring to attention. The atmosphere in the room seemed to collapse under a crushing wave of pure primitive malice. I was petrified. Sharon dropped her hands forward, spilling hot wax down the front of her robe and onto the carpet. I stepped forward and lifted her hands back into position. When I touched her arms, I found them hard as rock. Her wrists and hands were swollen to such a degree that her fattened fingers could barely close around the candlesticks. I stole a quick glance at her face. It was bright red and her cheeks so puffed up that her eyes were nearly pinched shut.

With the tip of his wand, Nathan prodded me back to my station and commenced to address the spirit directly. Even in this chaotic environment he calmly welcomed Garkon and praised him for all his years of service to Sharon when she was a little girl.

He went on to explain that Sharon was now a grown up and his actions were hurting her.

Sharon stopped crying and began to let out an extended monotone howl of the word “no!” She held the note until her breath was exhausted. As she pushed the last air from her lungs she induced a cycle of coughing that eventually led to retching spasms of dry heaves. Dr. Kaufman and I had to take the candles away from her. Nathan shouted at her. “Look into the triangle! Is Garkon in the triangle?” Tell me what he is saying!”

“Oh yes!” Sharon hissed with venomous sarcasm. “He’s laughing at you!”

It was now clear that Garkon could not be drawn into dialogue. The spirit’s only response was to create terror and then feed upon that terror. He was doing a good job and getting stronger by the second. Poor Sharon bobbed up and down like a caged monkey shifting from foot to foot as she gawked open-mouthed at the triangle. From where I stood it appeared that she no longer had a neck. Her shoulders had risen and become squared. I remember thinking that it looked like she had put on her robe with a coat hanger still in it.

Nathan tried once more to reprogram Garkon to become a supportive familiar, but Garkon would have none of it. The response was always the same—more pain and terror inflicted upon Sharon. The exorcist then moved things to the next level.

“Then, if you refuse to help her you will no longer be allowed to hurt her!”

Nathan popped the cork on a crystal vial of holy water and shook it—first upon Sharon and Dr. Kaufman and me, then upon the triangle itself.

Now, O Garkon, since thou art still pernicious and disobedient; I do in the name, and by the power and dignity of the Omnipresent and Immortal Jehovah Tetragrammaton bind thee in the depths of the Bottomless Abyss.

He emptied the vial of holy water over Sharon’s head, then ripped the parchment talisman bearing Garkon’s sigil from around her neck. He reached to where I stood with the lighted candle and passed the talisman through the flame.

I conjure thee, O fire, by him who made thee and all other creatures

*for good in the world, that thou torment, burn, and consume this Spirit
Garkon for everlasting.*

He then allowed the talisman to catch fire and held it until it was almost consumed. He tossed the last flaming fragment in the air. It fell like a shooting star directly in front of the black mirror and burned completely out before it reached the floor. I was very impressed.

Predictably, Sharon howled and babbled. Nathan then stepped between her and mirror and from the confines of the circle he hurled a black cloth at the triangle. It snagged the uppermost point and fell to cover the entire surface of the mirror. He turned Sharon away from the triangle and gently helped her to the floor. He raised his wand and aimed it at the covered mirror, and recited a final curse in the Enochian angelic language:

Christeos cormfa peripsol amma ils!

*Let the company of heaven curse thee! Christeos ror, graa, tofglo
aoiveae amma ils!*

*Let the sun, moon, and all the stars curse thee! Christeos luciftias od
tofglo pir peripso amman ils, pujo ialprg ds apila, od pujo mir adphahtl!*

*Let the light and all the Holy Ones of Heaven curse thee, unto the
burning flame that liveth forever and unto the torment unspeakable!*

Nathan sat down beside Sharon and put his arms around her. We all remained silent for what seemed like a long time. He then helped her to her feet and showed her the covered mirror.

“That’s it,” he said cheerfully. “All gone. You’ll never be this embarrassed again. Thank you for not throwing up on my robe.”

Sharon laughed and hugged him. We all laughed and hugged.

“Your Grace, will you do the honors?” Nathan really enjoyed his role as exorcist. He had done a fantastic job. I was the proudest bishop in Southern California. I quickly performed the banishing rituals, after which Nathan closed the temple. The entire ceremony took a little less than an hour.

We were all in high spirits. Dr. Kaufman told Sharon that during the ceremony she had blown up like a blimp. I was relieved to learn that I wasn’t the only one to notice the phenomenon. Dr. Kaufman apologized for forgetting to tell us that for years Sharon’s joints swelled dramatically during Garkon’s attacks. In fact, it was these physical manifestations that first attracted her to the case.

It was two weeks before I heard back from Dr. Kaufman. In her opinion the exorcism was a success. Garkon seemed to be out of Sharon’s life, and

she was making progress on all other levels of her therapy.

I called Nathan and we crowed like self-congratulatory cocks. I then called Regardie and tried not to sound too excited. He said that he had already talked with Dr. Kaufman and she had praised us “to high heaven.” He was happy that it worked out but cautioned me about celebrating prematurely. His parting words left me a bit uneasy.

The law of conservation of energy applies to magic as well as physics. Our friend may not have been destroyed, he may have just moved along to the nearest center of least resistance.

Regardie’s words became terrifyingly prophetic. Two years later I would receive another call from Dr. Kaufman. Sharon was doing fine. She just earned her Ph.D. and was enjoying the best of health. However, her teenaged son, Robert, had just committed suicide and there was something very frightening happening at her house.

But that is another story.

Lon Milo DuQuette

Deep Waters

A Tale of Demonic Possession & Release

Robert Bruce

THIS story tells how I became demonically possessed, and, more importantly, how I released myself from this most terrible of maladies. It reveals much about myself and how I came to be. In a proverbial nutshell, I was born on a hill under the blazing sun in the outback wilderness of Australia. It was there that I was most sorely tested and initiated, almost unto death. This was where I had my eyes opened and where I was led into The Greater Spiritual Reality.

While demonic possession sounds like a terrible thing, and it certainly is, there is more to this saga than meets the eye. If these events had not unfolded exactly as they did, I would probably be just like any other New Age type healer and seeker. And I would still be seeking and trying to connect with my higher self. I would have spent the remainder of my life wondering what I was doing wrong.

Taking what is called The Short Path to enter the greater spiritual reality is not for the faint-hearted, as I discovered the hard way. And survival is most definitely not a given. But regardless of the path you take, it is more a matter of the shape of your belief system than it is about metaphysical training and psychic gifts. Magical training and ritual, of course, have their places. But, in general, our biggest problem is that we blind and delude ourselves. And it is so very difficult to climb out of our comfortable belief system boxes — which become our self-imposed spiritually limiting prisons. These belief system boxes are so real-looking and compelling that we cannot see much of anything else from within them. This gives both the problem and the solution.

What I have to offer here is not a way to enter the greater reality. It is The Way of the Master. I cannot imagine any other person duplicating my own path and surviving. This story is an example of how life can conspire to drag you into the greater reality, albeit often kicking and screaming all the way. It can be painful, yes, but it is also incredibly rewarding. If I had my time to live over again, I would not change a thing.

The Hill

“What a day to die,” I thought. It was already over one hundred degrees F, and it wasn’t even midday yet. The afternoon would be much hotter and drier. I scanned the valley below, shading my eyes from the fierce sunlight. The Aussie bush spread a canvas of browns and grays and drab olives. Fire-blackened stumps, grass-trees and rocky outcroppings punctuating a sunburnt landscape. The smell of baking rock with a faint whiff of eucalyptus in the air offered no hint of moisture. The Jarrahdale Hills have virtually no groundwater in summer. And if you get lost with no water, you can die of thirst in just a few hours. It is similar to the Kalahari of Africa in that sense.

Settling my back against a sun-bleached Gum tree near the cliff edge, I shifted my legs to fit within the slot of shade it offered. It is said that only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun in Australia. Very apt, I thought, as I packed my pipe with Irish tobacco. Well, I was born in England but immigrated to Australia when I was ten. I did not consider myself to be a mad dog, but I don’t think anyone in the normal world would have thought me totally sane either.

I gazed into the cloudless blue sky and mulled things over. I breathed slowly, the reflected heat of the rock-face searing my lungs with every breath. It was like sitting next to a big fire on a hot day. The thick smoke of my pipe helped keep the bush flies away. The flies were quite something here. Very different from the normal houseflies you’ll find around towns. They loved the sun. There were several different types, and they all bit like horse flies. There were the fast black ones, the green meanies, and the big black and red ones. They bit through denim, so I was constantly waving them away. The flies were a major torment in and of themselves.

When I headed here I had the illusion of meditating all day and communing with nature. A rough place to be for sure, but it would be nice if I had a little peace and quiet to relax. I should have brought some insect screening and repellent or at least some lace to cover myself. Well, I was here and that was that. There was no going back now because I did not know how long I would still be me.

I would probably live through today, I thought, if I kept to the shade and did not move around too much. But not tomorrow, not in this heat, and not without water. I’d drunk my last mouthful of water just after sunrise. One mistake, that’s all it took out here. The Australian outback is a very unforgiving place. At least I was not worried about food. I had not eaten in

several days and did not bring any with me. Fasting is good for the soul, or so they say. You get used to it and don't feel the slightest hungry after the third day. Of course, it helps if you have plenty of water.

I am pretty savvy in the wilderness, but last night I laid my big canvas water bags on the rock face near where I'd slept. The dry porous rock leached them dry overnight. I was at home in the bush but had not expected that to happen. A fatal 'duh' moment. Unclipping the canteen from my belt, I shook it into my mouth again, hoping for a precious drop or two to moisten my parched lips. I peered into the canteen. The dry, gleaming plastic told its own story. I hoped death by dehydration would not be too painful. But whatever happened, I'd lived through worse; much, much worse.

My pipe had gone cold. As I relit it, my hands shook a little. I filled my lungs with the rich aromatic smoke. Exhaling, I pushed fear and despair aside and went over my options for the hundredth time today. I could probably make it back down the hill and through the few miles of scrub to the nearest road, but that was not acceptable. There was no way I was taking this thing back home with me. Not so it could have the pleasure of butchering my family and children. No, I was committed. This was the right choice. It was the right thing to do. It was the only choice that made any sense out of all the crazy shit that had consumed my life over the past year. Hey, I win by default, I thought wryly. My sense of humor rallied with a dry chuckle. "Choke on that you evil bastard!" I said to the darkness inside of me. I was rewarded with gut-crunching pain in my stomach and nerve pain in my upper back and shoulder. Gasping, I doubled over, swearing through clenched teeth until it passed. It did not like what I was doing. Now that, I thought, had to be a very good thing.

Taking a stub of pencil and paper from my jacket, I continued the letter I'd started earlier. I figured I'd be found one day and had to leave something. I actually felt guilty, like I was being lazy and skipping out on life. My four beautiful children would not understand, but I owed them at least some explanation. It was my last chance to say how much I loved them and how sorry I was that I could not be with them anymore. My eyes watered with longing. I wanted so badly just to go home and take a shower and cook up something nice for my kids and forget about all this. But it would not forget about me. Thoughts of my children stiffened my resolve. I drew courage from it. I wiped my eyes and straightened myself and relit my pipe, sucking up all the grief and pain. I bit my fist until it bled. I would never allow my

darlings to be harmed, not while I still had strength and breath to resist.

What a mongrel of a thing to happen. At 35 years old, I did not consider myself an exceptionally brave man. But I could do this much for my family. I could spare them the darkness I carried within. And I could die for them.

My feeling toward the demon within me was one of pure steely hatred. But that does not do justice to how I felt. The immortal words of Ahab, the ship's captain in Moby Dick, when he spoke of the great white whale that had taken his let, come far closer:

*With my last strength... I stab at thee
With my last breath... I spit at thee.
And with my last thought... I curse thee.*

I continued writing, hoping for some inspiration, but no profound last words sprang to mind. I slipped the letter back into my pocket. The sun had moved and my foot was burning like it was in an oven, so I shifted a few inches to the side to stay in the shade. Closing my eyes, I slipped into reverie. I thought back to some of the extraordinary events of my life, shaking my head in disbelief. "How the hell did it come to this?" I thought. After all I had seen and done and all that I might have become and accomplished in the future, what was the point of it all if I died now. But there was no escaping this darkness. Ironically, it was actually comforting in one respect, to have no future to worry about. Massively liberating. But what a way to de-stress: demonized and dying of thirst in the bloody outback, where wild pigs and foxes would feast on my corpse and scatter my bones to the four winds.

Laying aside my pipe, I examined the logic of my situation once again. I was either completely right or I was completely wrong. If I was right, then somehow I'd get through this okay. If I were wrong, then I'd die. I knew in my heart that I was right, but I just could not see any way out that did not involve my sorry ass dying here on this hill. It was a matter of faith, my heart of hearts told me, of putting my life on the line for what was right, for what I believed in. That made some kind of sense, I guess. I had either connected with my higher self and the greater reality or I was going crazy. I wondered if crazy people analyzed themselves so logically.

Omens and signs had guided me to this place. I had done my best to connect with higher forces for the help that I so desperately needed. And now, here I am, right up shit creek with no paddle. My only hope was that these signs were real and not some byproduct of a deluded mind; of a drowning man clutching at straws. But I had no other workable option. Even

my empty water bag was a sign, a message from the greater reality that brought everything to a head right here and right now. This was a line drawn in the baking sand. I had to either give up on my crazy quest and go home and try to be normal, like everyone wanted me to, or to put my ass on the line for what I truly and deeply believed. I could relate to how early Christians must have felt when facing hungry lions. This was a true test of faith. Faith in myself and faith in the divine.

No, I thought, as I cleaned my pipe. I had a strong mind and my experiences did not lie. I was not delusional! But I was frightened. This was real and I had to meet the challenge... somehow. I pulled my hat down over my face and tried to think, going through it all over again from the beginning.

One Flew over the Cookie Jar

I'd had a lot of phenomenal spiritual experiences in my life, going back to when I was born. I'd seen spirits, ET's, ghosts, and had all kinds of things happen to me and around me. I'd got into spiritualism with my mother in my early twenties for a few years, and through that became a healer. Then I became more of a seeker, as many people do at that stage of life, I explored everything I could get my hands on. I read wheelbarrows full of books, attended many different groups, and met a lot of nice people along the way. I also met some really strange people who I would not trust around small furry animals. Then, I started my first healing center and that seemed to be my path. It was something I was good at and it was such a lovely thing to do. At this time, you could say that I had fairly typical New Age type beliefs.

I had been struggling with depression and grief for a few years since my firstborn son was killed in a freak accident. He was buried alive in a sand slide at a children's Xmas party. I was just a little too late pulling him out.

Then I met Suzie, and my life started to take a whole new direction. I originally met her as a patient. She had serious 'issues' along with long-term psychic attack problems, verging on possession at times. I used healing to counter it and she seemed to recover over a few months. Then one thing led to another and we ended up. She had a three-year-old daughter from a previous relationship. A nice enough kid called Annie.

The first night I stayed over at her place is really where this whole thing began. She lived in an old house with wooden floorboards and high ceilings. We were awoken at 3 a.m. by loud noises coming from the kitchen. She was frightened, so I got up to investigate. I was a big, tough guy and in my prime,

so I was not worried.

When I reached the narrow kitchen, I was stunned. There were a dozen cupboards built onto the walls on both sides, and all the doors were flying open and banging shut, over and over. It was amazing to watch, albeit very disturbing. I think I'd rather face a burglar any day. This was typical poltergeist activity but on a grand scale. I heard something behind me and had to jump out of the way as the heavy couch slid rapidly across the floor and slammed into the opposite wall. I turned all the lights on and went into the kitchen and tried to do what I could. Everything calmed down after a few minutes and eventually I returned to bed.

An hour later, we were still sitting up talking, too disturbed to sleep. A heavy thumping noise started up in the direction of the kitchen. It thumped a couple of dozen times and then a final heavy thump with a glass-like splintering sound. Intrigued, I again went to investigate. But all was quiet when I got there and I could see nothing amiss.

A few days later we found out what the strange thumping glass breaking sound was. Little Annie wanted a cookie. The cookie jar was a large heavy glass, bear-shaped canister. It was high on top of a kitchen cupboard, to deter children. I reached up and grabbed it and it crunched, like the sound made when you walk over broken glass. It was broken into a hundred pieces, but still held together by its screw-on lid. I wrapped a tea towel around it and got it down in one piece, but it fell apart on the kitchen counter as soon as I removed the big cork lid. This was what had made the strange noise. It had been hammered over and over onto the cupboard top until it smashed. This would have been difficult because there was less than two inches of free space between the top of the cookie jar and the ceiling.

Cries for Help

The phenomena continued regularly in the old house. It was so regular it became commonplace and we used to laugh at it. But it was decidedly unhealthy and so, on my advice, Suzie and Annie moved into another house on the far side of town. At that time, I was still a frequent visitor. The first few weeks in the new house were peaceful with no phenomena to speak of. There we became friendly with a neighbor and her husband, Lisa and Tom. Lisa had just had a baby, her fourth child, and her mother from UK was about to visit. These were days of BBQ's and beach picnics and children and long hot summer nights. I continued my healing work and daily meditation with an

occasional three-day fast. Everything was quietly suburban and life was good.

Two days after Lisa's mother, Greta, arrived, everything changed. They knocked nervously on our door at 8 a.m. They had not slept for two days, and they looked exhausted and very frightened. I made cups of tea and toast while they told me what had happened.

They had picked up Greta from the airport in the early evening. The trouble started before Greta had even unpacked. It began with knocks and taps on the walls and eerie cold patches that wafted about the house. Soon, they were seeing wispy trails of smoke floating about the house. Foul smells and faint ghostly voices followed with occasional sledgehammer blows on walls and doors. They'd also had a couple of mysterious fires. All the children had nightmares, and the adults could not sleep through the disquieting presence that roamed the house.

They had come to me for help because they did not know anyone else that might know anything about weird and ghostly type problems. They knew I was a mystic and a healer and hoped I could help them in some way.

I had, over the years, dealt with many ghostly-type problems ranging from haunted houses to haunted and possessed people. But what had just been described to me was far worse than anything I had ever heard of, let alone dealt with.

The initial onslaught of phenomena eased up after the first week, but the disturbance continued, especially at night. Over the next few months, I investigated the disturbance and did everything I could to help. I gave regular healing to everyone and healing to the house. I researched extensively and tried to find out more ways I could help. Sometimes things got better and sometimes things got worse.

Around this time, I started getting knocks on my door from strangers referred to me from a friend of a friend or someone that knew of me, and that I might know something about paranormal type problems. This continued until I was helping several families in the local area, all with similar issues. The one thing these families had in common was that they all had small children. And at least one child in each house went to the same daycare center. They were all being adversely affected with paranormal issues, nightmare, sleep and behavioral problems.

For some reason unbeknownst to me, life had moved me into a very disturbing situation. I did not do anything to precipitate this, apart from just

being there. I tried everything I knew and was barely holding my own against dark forces that seemed to outwit me at every turn. As time moved on it became clear to me that I needed more... something. I needed to know more and be more if I ever hoped to overcome these dark maladies.

I studied books on magic and discovered the power of ritual. I leapt ahead and started using magical rituals for protection and healing. I made 'some' progress in this area, but it was still not enough. I needed more.

As I have said, I had worked as a healer for many years and had encountered many people with dark spiritual maladies, including people suffering psychic attack, hauntings and even possession. I had seen it with my own eyes many times, but at this time in my life I still did not really get it. I did not truly understand just how real this dark stuff was. At this time in my life, I classed possession and psychic attack problems as a kind of mental illness. It was easier to focus on such people as a healer. I had had a lot of success with this approach.

A lot has changed since this time in my life, and my beliefs concerning possession and dark entity problems in general have radically changed. Hard life experience does that to you. There is nothing like personal experience to change one's beliefs. In fact, that is the only way. This is The Way of The Master. And this is something I was about to learn the hard way.

Raising Kundalini

It was around this time that I got the idea to raise my Kundalini. I'd found some references on this in some of the books I had acquired. A few pages here and there. Not much by way of instructional material but enough to get me started. My logic and intuition filled in the blanks. I figured that if I could raise my Kundalini, this might give me the power I needed to do what had to be done.

Looking back on it all with the wisdom that comes from decades of hindsight, I could not have been more wrong if I had tried. Sure, raising Kundalini would certainly increase my level of consciousness, but at the same time it would destroy my natural shielding. It would open me to the dark forces around me. So far, I had always been safe and nothing had ever been able to get at me directly or harm me in any way. This was because I had very strong natural shielding.

Now, looking back, I squirm at my naivety. There I was, floundering around, trying this and that, not really knowing what I was doing. And I was

about to do something truly extraordinary. Raised Kundalini was something that would elevate my level of consciousness, sure, but while also exposing me to the influences of the dark entities against which I was already struggling.

I had been exploring the deeper levels of meditation, altered states, clairvoyance, astral projection, fasting and other spiritual practices, for many years. So, in that sense I was as ready as I would ever be for the ultimate test of raising Kundalini. What I lacked in actual knowledge, I made up for with heightened intuition and logic. I worked out how to raise Kundalini fairly quickly.

A few days fasting to clean me out, followed by a day of total privacy to go into a deep altered state of consciousness, raise energy and hopefully raise Kundalini. It seemed simple enough, so I just did it. When the day came, on the third day of a fast on water alone, I cleaned myself thoroughly in the morning and prepared myself. I had arranged to be left alone for the whole day. Several hours of deep work followed as I intuitively worked on my energy body and chakras, trying to get something magical to happen. I was fumbling around in the dark and I knew it. But I also 'knew' that I could do it.

Then it happened, the first big Kundalini spike hit. It was very painful and I thought it might kill me through shock. It was like my spine was being electrocuted with mains voltage. A deep, searing electrical burning sensation tore up through my entire spine, along with an incredibly bright minds eye explosion of light. After this event, I went into physical shock and my bowels turned to water. I remember thinking wryly, "Next time I'll do the enema properly."

I held onto my altered state, emptied myself in the nearby bathroom and then moved back to my chair and continued the work. According to what I have read on Kundalini since this time, the above Kundalini spike and minds eye explosion is supposed to be it; fully raised Kundalini. But I did not know this at the time, thankfully, and so I continued the work.

About twenty minutes of Chakra stimulation and energy raising and I made the breakthrough for which I was striving. The Serpent of Fire rose through me, from my base Chakra to my crown Chakra, in three-and-a-half clockwise coils, if looking down. This felt like a physical snake as thick as my wrist were forcing its way up through my perineum (flat area between anus and genitals) and then in wide clockwise coils up through my torso, and then up

through the neck and head. This felt like a physical movement, and I could feel my intestines and organs physically moving and sloshing out of the way as it rose within me. And as this peaked in intensity, Kansas went totally bye-bye.

As the serpent moved up through my brow and crown chakras, an enormous surge of energy and mind's eye explosion occurred that was of truly Biblical proportions. My astral body was ejected out of my physical body as my body fell out of the chair and collapsed on the floor in an unconscious heap.

I was now standing in astral form in the middle of the bedroom with my physical body crumpled on the floor. It looked very 'dead,' and I started thinking that I'd really blow it this time. I looked up and most of the ceiling was gone. I could see blue sky and a few clouds floating by. It was like being at the bottom of a wide well-like structure and looking up. Then I noticed that a man was leaning on a low wall that surrounded my ceiling. He had dark shoulder-length hair, white skin and was clean shaven, wearing a simple off-white robe tied at the waist with a piece of rope.

I looked up at this man and, not knowing what to do, waved and said "G'day mate!" This startled him out of his reverie and he moved a step back, then looked at me and held up his hand to sign, "Wait right there." He moved away out of sight. He returned a minute later with two other men in spectacular dress. They took up positions around the low wall that surrounded my ceiling. These were masters, of that I was sure.

The second master was a large wide-faced black man, dressed in a royal blue robe and huge jewel-encrusted royal blue turban the size of a small bean bag chair. He gazed at me intensely for several seconds, and I got the distinct impression that I was being examined for an important reason. Then, with no expression or comment, he slowly shook his head.

The third master was a thin light-brown skinned man wearing a light-colored robe and a very tall leather hat with large jewel-encrusted leather earflaps. The hat was tiered and narrowed to a point at the top. It was very 'Tibetan' looking. This master also gazed at me silently for a while before also slowly shaking his head. Then the two masters walked away and out of sight.

The first master then examined me and gazed silently at me for a time before also slowly shaking his head. Whatever test I was being examined for, I had certainly failed. He also turned and took a few steps away but then

stopped and shook his head. He turned back and hopped over the wall and came down to my level. He pointed at me and gestured for me to come closer, which I did. I could hear his thoughts like words. He had something like a Yiddish accent.

He held out his hand toward my naked physical body and levitated it over the bed, where it turned face down and floated just above the covers. He moved his hand over my body and the flesh disappeared, showing what was inside. I looked down in amazement and saw a dozen or so little demon-like critters with large toothy mouths crawling around my spine and internal organs.

The master turned and faced me directly, pointing at the mess inside of me, and saying, “You have this inside of you, and you did this... you should be dead!” I felt embarrassed and more than a little sheepish. It felt like being in the middle of a busy city and suddenly finding yourself naked and vulnerable.

Before leaving, the master again looked me in the eye and said, “Robert, go back and complete the inner work. Then come back here when you are ready to be properly tested as the master you could one day become.” With that, he floated out of the room and walked away. Next thing I knew was the impact as my body fell onto the bed, leaving me wide awake. Everything seemed back to normal, and I hurried to write it all down in my journal before raiding the refrigerator.

Kundalini Aftereffects

The aftermath of having raised my Kundalini consciously and deliberately, as opposed to being a spontaneous one-off event, was profound. My lack of book knowledge concerning the traditions and ways of Kundalini had its pros and cons. But in hindsight, I have to say that ignorance in this case was truly a blessing. For example, I did not know that Kundalini was supposed to be a ‘one and done’ kind of deal. Once Kundalini raises, you are supposed to be done, enlightened, the finished product. But, as I discovered, this could not be further from the truth.

One week after my first raised Kundalini success, I did it again. And another week later, I did it yet again. I followed this pattern for a few months and my Kundalini experience continued to evolve. Every time I did it, it was a little different from the times before. Different phenomena occurred and the experience became more and more profound. I think it was my repeating Kundalini raising that helped me to avoid most of the common problems that

can arise from spontaneous 'one off' Kundalini experiences. This gave me a lot more control as my Kundalini experiences progressed.

I'll only deal here with some of the major changes involved, not the myriad lesser phenomena. First and foremost, it got easier to do the more I did it. One week between sessions, and I fasted on water for three days before each event, always doing it on the morning of the third day when my energy peaked. The first Kundalini session took several hours of solid work. The second session took me about four hours. The third took about three hours. After this, the time it took to raise Kundalini varied from two to three hours.

The first major change after the internal serpent phenomenon was what I call 'The Cobra Effect.' When this happens, the serpent rises to the crown chakra and then a force like a spreading Cobra's hood moves down over the head and brow and down over the eyes and then peaked at the tip of the nose. This feels like a heavy piece of meat, like a thick steak at room temperature has been draped over the face. Once this appeared, it happened every time from then on.

The second major change came a few weeks later. Following the Cobra Effect, the top of my head felt like it vaporized and hundreds of little fingers, like antennae, protruded from the top of my brain above the hairline. Imagine the top of your head becoming like a Sea Anemone, and you have the general idea. Each of these fingers is as intimate a part of me as my actual fingers. I can move them as easily, like wriggling my fingers. It feels very natural and comfortable. But there is more to this phenomenon. When I think of a concept, any concept, like love, for example, these fingers move and form a precise geometric pattern; a mandala. This is so clear to my tactile senses that if I were an artist I could draw or paint this clearly. Further to this, if I think of a person or a place, a mandala forms and several of the fingers just above the brow point to where this person or place is in the actual physical world. If I think of a deceased person, they do not point in any particular direction.

The third major change is what I call The Aummm Effect. The first two main changes occur during a session, the Cobra Hood and the Medusa Effect, and then comes the Aummm Effect. With this effect, a deep 'Aummm' sound begins to permeate your space. This sounds like hundreds of mature Buddhist monks in a cave all toning the deep sound of 'Aummm.' This builds to the point where you become aware of the ceiling and walls breaking away and you can see into deep space in all directions. At its peak, it is like you are floating in space.

This state of being comes with a tangible ‘oneness’ with the divine and a tremendous feeling of power. In this state, I feel like I know and am aware of everything everywhere in the universe. This only lasts until the session is over. Raised Kundalini is ‘energy dependent’ and only exists so long as you have enough energy flowing through you to power it. Then you revert to normal, but your level of consciousness is permanently changed by every session of Raised Kundalini.

Kundalini Aftermath

Having raised my Kundalini did give me an edge with my dealings with negative entities. The healings I gave were more powerful as were the rituals and banishments I performed. I also had more insight from the impressions I received during this work and through clairvoyance. But this information was not very helpful. In fact, it caused more confusion than anything. It was not long before I realized that the entities involved were messing with me and misinforming me at every turn. Many a wild goose chase followed. I still had a lot to learn.

The onslaught of impressions and feelings were difficult to cope with. I found crowds difficult to deal with because of this. Fortunately, my grounding practices were working, and I could defuse things on a bad day with exercise, eating and other grounding type practices.

Exorcism

This culminated, several months after I first raised Kundalini, in a serious attempt to remove a possessing demon from Annie, who was almost five years old at the time. I had confirmed this intermittent possession some months earlier. The main symptoms were powerful phenomena and major behavioral issues. This girl had had serious speech problems. She could only speak a few words and had been in speech therapy for a couple of years. But at times, when she thought no one was listening, she could speak very clearly, sometimes with the voice of a grown man. This was obviously terrifying for the mother and deeply disturbing for the budding local mystic.

One day, I snuck up on Annie and caught her talking very clearly and a major confrontation followed. I had heard strange noises and carefully opened the door a crack. Annie was lying on the floor in a trancelike state, moaning and talking quietly, but clearly with the deep voice of an adult man. Toys and books floated above her and the room was totally trashed. I barged

in and did a very forceful banishment. The phenomena stopped instantly, and everything fell to the floor.

I interrogated Annie forcefully on the spot and left her no room for excuses and lies. She admitted that she was deliberately pretending not to be able to talk, for her own reasons. She would not say why. She agreed after this confrontation to stop doing this and began to speak a lot better, with full sentences. So, at least I had made some progress in that respect.

I had made several attempts to release her in the past but without long-term success. This was because she claimed to love the entity and kept calling it back. She said that she was lonely without it and that it was her friend and that it told her 'secrets.' No matter what we did, we could not shake the way the girl felt about this entity.

I felt I needed to release this girl and believed I could do it. It was ruining her life. Her behavior was terrible, and she was constantly breaking things and hurting smaller children and animals. She was very thin, and had been avoided eating for several months. She hid food in her clothing at meal times and all over the house. She lied constantly and had no conception of truth and honesty. She would always try to tell you what she thought you wanted to hear so you would leave her alone. You could tell that she was listening to a voice that only she could hear.

Annie would sneak around the house spying on everyone late at night. She also had suicidal tendencies in that she would repeatedly pour drinks into electrical devices, like table lamps, and sucked on the ends of power extension cords whenever she could. No amount of punishment deterred her from doing these things. The power outlets and switches in her bedroom had to be disabled and locks put on the door and windows to keep her contained at night.

I arranged an evening alone with Suzie and Annie, where I planned to resolve Annie's spiritual problems once and for all. I prepared myself with a three-day water fast, as my energy always peaked on the third day.

The evening started well, and we all sat in the living room in soft lamplight. I meditated and prayed for ten minutes and generally prepared myself. The mother was nervous, but the child seemed relaxed and happy. I gave the child healing and put everything I had into this. It had no effect. I did banishments, more healing, and tried to invoke my higher self, masters, angels, anyone and anything that might help. But nothing made any difference. This continued for four hours and everyone was getting tired and

frustrated.

I could see the entity moving around the room. Annie could also see it and several times I caught her smiling and laughing quietly at its antics. It looked very much like Golem, from the movie, Lord of the Rings, but with short horns just above its forehead.

Then something came to me, an idea out of nowhere, and I 'thought' those fateful words. "Take me and leave the child!" In back of my mind, I naively believed that I had a much better chance of defeating this demon than the child did.

And it did take me, immediately. The instant I thought those words, it was like being hit in the mouth by a heavyweight boxer. One huge impact on the right side of my mouth and I was paralyzed. I felt the area of the blow swelling and a fairly large lump appeared in my lower right lip. I tasted blood as the swelling tore slightly with the pressure.

The next ten minutes or so (I lost track of time) were an eternity of pain. The only way to describe this is that I was tortured. Mentally and physically tortured. The physical pain was horrific as my muscles worked against themselves. I could feel them tearing inside of me. My hips, groin and legs felt like they were in a giant vice grip, being slowly crushed. The pain was mind-numbing and so intense I felt myself going insane as it increased. The mental pressure was just as painful. It felt like my brain was being crushed. I remember saying as it started to peak, "I have no mouth, but I must scream. . ." I retreated to a small part of myself deep inside where this thing could not get at me. This place was where my deepest pain existed. There, a part of me was diamond hard. It was there that I survived, screaming back at the thing that was torturing me, "You pathetic creature. Is this the best you can do? Bring it on! Kill me! Finish me if you can!"

Then, it was suddenly over and I collapsed on the floor gasping for breath and spitting blood. Suzie and Annie had already gone to bed. They thought I had fallen asleep when I went quiet, so they left me in peace. An overdose of weirdness will do that to you.

The next day I felt fine, albeit for the lump in my lower right lip. I put it down to experience and was not real keen on repeating it. I needed to think, a lot. Over the next few days, the lump hardened into a gristly tumor about the size of half a walnut. I realized that what had happened was triggered my me giving 'permission' to the demon to "take me and leave the child." I've thought a great deal about that since that day. The only thing that makes

sense is that when I thought those words, my higher self gave permission for me to 'experience' the demon. Be careful what you ask for.

Apart from the lump in my lip, everything seemed okay. But then, a few days later, I was sitting reading a magazine, drinking a can of soda, and my hand shot out, picked up the can, and threw it across the room. I was totally stunned and deeply worried. That had not been me. And it was a rapid complex action, not just a reflex jerk. A few hours later, it happened again. I was standing in the kitchen as the local Labrador walked past and my foot shot out and kicked the poor dog.

As the days passed, these incidents happened more and more regularly. I was worried and frightened, and the whole concept of 'possession' became all too real. It was no longer just a peculiar psychological condition. It was a real and powerful experience, where a spirit being exerts control over a living physical being. I was in big trouble, and I knew it.

I went to every healer and spiritual teacher and group I could find within driving range over the next couple of weeks. During this time, the thing inside of me was obviously learning how to drive my body. It was very disturbing, and it was not long before I lost all trust in myself.

The problem here was, while most of these teachers and healers claimed to have high levels of knowledge and skill, and to be capable of helping, once they discovered that my problem was real, they became most unhelpful and would not return my calls. In the New Age spiritual world, victims of spiritual possession or psychic attack are 'blamed' for causing the problem themselves. You are accused of everything from 'dabbling' in the occult, to being a Satanist, or of being mentally ill. This is very sad as the last thing a victim of dark forces needs is to be judged and blamed. This is a lot like judging and blaming a small child for getting chicken pox.

Urgent Connection

The episodes of loss of control increased to at point where I found myself wandering the house, giggling and drooling, carrying a loaded 12-gauge shotgun. I got rid of the guns immediately. A few days later, the same thing happened with an axe. I got rid of all sharp things that day or locked them safely away so I did not have the key.

The final episode happened not during the night, but during the day. I had stopped driving due to the risks involved. I'd had an incident where I had a massive compulsion to drive head on into an oncoming truck. I pulled over

and hitched a ride home.

I went into the city with friends and we parked atop a rooftop car park, ten floors up. I went to the rear door and helped with the children, taking a nine-month-old baby out ready for a pushchair. The demon took control of me and marched me to the edge of the roof. I could see its intention clearly: to throw the baby off the roof and then dive after it. I fought with everything I had, but could not regain control. It was like astral projecting beside my physical body. I was freewheeling and could not connect.

I managed to break this hold before I got to the edge and quickly put the baby down. Now I realized that I could not continue this charade any longer. But I did not know what to do and neither did anyone else. I went home and immediately moved out into my mother's old house where I could be alone.

After a day of thinking and meditating on what to do, it became clear what my options were. One, I could sign myself into a padded cell and get drugged up. Not very attractive, but at least everyone would be safe. Two, I could kill myself. That way, everyone is safe and I win by default. Three was the most disturbing choice. I could connect with my higher self and get some badly-needed divine guidance. I chose 'option three,' of course, as there was some fight left in me yet.

My decision was logical. I had led an extraordinary life with thousands of childhood astral projections. I had met angels, encountered demons, and many masters and good spirit entities as well. I had also had many clairvoyant visions and phenomenal spiritual experiences. My logic goes something like this... After everything I have experienced and all that I had achieved to date, including successfully raising Kundalini many times, I felt that I had a bright and rewarding future ahead of me. I was capable of truly helping the world and changing things for the better. Surely, that has got to be worth something? I could not see all of this ending just because I had made a stupid but well-intentioned mistake.

But I did not have time to work this one out. I had to do it now; right now, tonight. It was late spring in Australia and while we'd already had some hot weather, tonight we had a thunderstorm. It was 9 p.m. and cold and windy, pouring with rain, with thunder and lightening.

I walked around the house like a madman trying to connect, trying to 'think' this connection in some way. I was waiting for a vision or a voice, some hint of what to do next. I had to walk the talk right now. I cleared my mind and awaited inspiration and swore that I would act on the idea no matter

how crazy it sounded. I got the idea, piece by piece. I would... go out into the storm and... I would find a message... and this message... would tell me what to do.

That was it! I was committed and did not wait to analyze it. Part of me thought I was losing it, but I planned to do it right now regardless of logic and common sense.

I went out as I was, wearing jeans, sneakers, tee shirt, and a light cotton jacket. The house was opposite a park and so I headed out into it. The street lights were out. It was dark and wet and windy and I made my way by the light coming from occasional lightening strikes. In this way, I blundered my way through the park and into the wilder bush beyond it.

Thirty minutes of this and I was soaked and cold to the bone. I walked faster and jogged a bit to help warm myself up. It did not help, what with the cold rain and wind chill. I ran headfirst into a big tree and almost knocked myself out. I bounced back and toppled into a ditch full of muddy water and trash. I clawed my way out of the ditch and felt my way around the tree to the lee side, out of the wind. Heavy thunder rolled overhead, followed by a massive forked lightening bolt that lit up the whole area. I looked down in desperate hope and there, stuck to my leg, was half a sheet of newspaper from the local rag. "The message, I have the message!" I screamed into the night. "I have the message!"

The logical part of my brain thought I was totally nuts. "You just want to get out of the weather," it told me. But I was a desperate man and held onto the tiny bit of faith the newsprint gave me like a drowning man clutching a straw. I nursed that bit of wet paper inside my jacket as I found my way home by lightening bolts.

Back inside the house, I carefully got out the rag of newspaper and laid it next to the kitchen sink. I took a quick hot shower to help warm me up and then returned to examine my prize. Most of the page was blackened from fire and it was full of holes. But I could make out a few words on one side. Working around the holes it said:

*"come to" ... "nestled in the hills" ... "Jarrahdale Garden Nursery"
Potted plants from \$2.95" ... "Jarrahdale Hills"*

I knew this area. It was about 60 miles inland. Some of the roughest, driest bush county around. And I had to go there immediately. This was totally crazy, of course. I knew that. But I had come from nothing, from a whim and a prayer, to having something solid to work with. Crazy but solid. I was

decided. I'd set out tomorrow morning. I'd find myself, release myself from the demon, and gain entry into the greater reality... or I'd die trying.

The next morning, I started a fast: nothing but water and a little tea with nothing added. I dug through the shed and found some old rough gear: some overalls and work boots, an old coat and hat, a couple of army blankets, a small tarpaulin, a couple of large canvas water bags and a canteen. I also found some old military-style packs and a Billy for boiling water. I filled one of the bags with religious books, books on magic and other interesting stuff, plus a ream of copy paper, some pens, and a supply of pipe tobacco. I also threw in some stuff off the bench, like wire, pliers, Duct Tape, etc. I was all set to go.

A few hours later, I was being driven through the Jarrahdale hills by my very, very worried girlfriend. It was getting brutally hot after the thunderstorm the night before. "Say hello to The Big Warm," I thought. I could not explain things to my girlfriend in any way she would understand. Faith and inspiration are difficult things to explain, especially when taking off on what is an obviously crazy and dangerous quest. She wanted me to do something sensible and had been trying to convince me to go and see a doctor. She meant well and was getting desperate, but I had to stay in control of the situation. If I lost control and got locked up, I'd lose everything and would probably die in the process.

I oozed confidence and pretended I knew what I was doing and where I was going. I kept telling her as she repeatedly asked me where we were going, "I'll tell you when we get there." We were getting deeper and deeper into the wilderness hills, and I was actually clueless about where I was going. I prayed and intended, and tried to be certain that I would receive a 'sign' that would guide me. Just one little omen was all I needed.

And then it happened. To my left, a couple of miles from the road we were passing another big rocky hill. They were quite high and rugged. As I gazed at hill after hill, suddenly a bright flash of light came from the top of the hill we were passing. That was enough for me.

I called a stop and got my gear out of the car. I gave her a hug goodbye and said I'd be back in a week or two. I asked her not to try to find me. Then I walked off into the bush. I did not look back and put the civilized world away from me. There was only the bush and the hope of survival. A few minutes later, I froze as I almost trod on a Tiger snake. It slithered away. Now that would have made my quest very short indeed. Tiger snakes are deadly. And

the one thing the Australian bush is not short of is snakes. There was almost no groundwater in this part of Australia. It's a lot like the Kalahari desert in Africa. But there were plenty of snakes and poisonous spiders and bugs, and a hundred ways to die.

After a couple hours wading through heavy chest-high scrub dodging snakes, I was dizzy and exhausted. It was over 100 degrees in the shade. Then, I started up the big hill. The thick scrub continued, and I had to force myself through it as I climbed. I trod on a few snakes in the process, too tired to go around them. My heavy cotton overalls and boots protected me. It was almost sundown by the time I got to the top of the small mountain I'd been climbing. My heart was beating so hard I thought it would burst and my lungs burned from the hot dry air.

I collapsed on the rocks near the top and caught my breath and drank some more water. Then, I lit my pipe and relaxed a bit, and walked around examining the terrain. I'd been led here by, what I thought at the time, was a very clear sign. I felt good about that, but I wondered what had caused the bright flash of light. And then I found it, nestled in an indentation atop a big rock near the top of the hill. The Sacred Coca Cola can! Yup, that's right, there was a Coca Cola can rolling in the occasional breeze. This was what had made the big flash of light that had led me here.

I went to the edge and looked back down the way I had come. I was amazed that I had made it up here; it was so steep and rough. And I was carrying a heavy load. Thirty liters (30 quarts) of water and my other gear, and my book bag weighed almost as much as the water. I looked through the pile of old books and wondered why I'd brought them. Just in case, I thought. I also had a bunch of heavy candles and other junk, just in case.

I looked again back the way I had come up the hill and a few hundred yards to the left I saw there was a neat footpath winding its way up here. It was a real 'Duh!' moment for me. It would have been so much easier than the way I had come. But it was quite metaphorical of this time in my life. I was breaking fresh ground and finding new ways to do things, taking the short and direct path. I was also carrying a lot of useless baggage, without which my journey would have been a whole lot easier. But, then again, every little thing about this journey was important, including the junk I was carting around with me.

I spent the evening on the big rock face on top of the hill. It was a spectacular cloudless night and so far from the city the stars were just

brilliant. I drew a big chalk circle on the rock and tried to do some magical stuff. I meditated and spent hours gazing at the stars. I was half expecting a UFO to land, but nothing happened. Then it started getting really cold, and I spent the rest of the night trying to get warm. I tried to start a fire, but it was too windy and I gave up. So, I huddled in a crevice out of the wind and tried to sleep.

The next day, I spent all day searching for a blue stone. Another idea that just came to me. I never found it. I would try anything at this stage. I was running on instinct. I spent another night on top of the hill, and that was when I made a mistake that almost cost me my life. I had my big water bags sitting on my gear, but for some reason I shifted them onto the rock beside my pack. The rock was very dry and porous and overnight it leached my water bags dry. I'd had enough water to last me a week, but now I'd be lucky to last the day.

The Master Appears

No matter how hard I thought on it, I came to the same conclusion every time, placing me exactly where I was, dying of thirst in the bloody wilderness. My foot started burning, and I shifted my body a tad more to follow the strip of shade. I had made the decision to stay and die if I had to, swearing never to take that evil thing back to my family. But to be totally honest, there had always been an out at the back of my mind. I could always quit and just go back and try to find another way to do this. But now that 'out' had gone from me and everything had become so very real. Now, I truly and deeply meant what I said. I would NOT take that thing back. I would stay here and find release, or I would die. And that was it. My final choice had been made.

When I made the final decision, I felt a big 'shift' in me. I could not explain it, but something had changed profoundly. I had done something I needed to do. Firm and unshakable resolve. I trembled a little with fear inside and hoped that dying of thirst was not too painful. But I totally accepted this all the same. I would take whatever life brought me from this point onward, be it release or be it a painful death.

Looking out over the valley and the cloudless blue sky, my sense of humor got the better of me. I yelled out at the top of my lungs into the cloudless blue sky "Hey, big guys! I could really, really use a little help down here about now!" I smiled and settled back against the tree and then the damnedest thing

happened...

Directly in front of me, probably a couple of miles away up in the sky, a cloud formed. Starting as a wisp, it rapidly grew thicker and larger until it looked like a small cumulus cloud, thick and white and solid. It kept growing and became more than just a cloud. The cloud grew into the shape of a turban, and then a head and face appeared in its lower part and then part of a torso and arms. It was one of the masters that had examined me the first time I had raised Kundalini, the big guy with the royal blue turban. The details continued to grow, arms and hands, and a drawn bow and arrow in his hands. This was not like seeing a VW in a cloud. It took no interpretation. The details were perfect, a perfect sculpture in cloud. The bow was drawn and held a single perfect cloud arrow. I stared in awe, knowing that something amazing was happening.

My mind raced and surged with hope. What did it mean? "WHAT!" I yelled to the cloud master. And then, a thought slipped into my mind. A quiet little question. "Robert, what does an arrow do?" A hundred answers filled my mind, filtering down to just one answer in a few seconds. "An arrow. . . an arrow points!" I said aloud. And as the meaning of this dawned on me, I reached out beside me and grabbed a stick. I held it up and aligned it with the cloud arrow, and took a bearing on where it was pointing.

It pointed down into the valley before me. I made sure to mark the spot in the terrain as accurately as I could. As I did this, the cloud figure rapidly faded away and it was gone in ten seconds or so, leaving not a wisp of cloud where it had been.

I studied the target area below me, shading my eyes and playing with the focus of my eyes, trying to take in as much detail as I could. And then I started to see it, a few miles below me in the valley. Amidst the drab browns and dull greens and blacks and greys of the valley floor, I made out a barely perceptible snakelike line of a slightly paler green. It was very subtle, and if I blinked I would lose it for a while. But it was definitely there. I took bearings on some land features on the other side of the valley and where I was so I would be able to keep to that direction. I then grabbed my gear and started down.

I think I fell and slid most of the way and was lucky not to break every bone in my body. This was a rough rock face with patches of loose shale and gravel and not like the relatively stable scrub covered side of the hill I had climbed to get here. I got to the bottom in a couple of hours. The weight of

the book bag and all my other junk really made things difficult. Dizzy and dry as a bone, I got to the bottom and staggered off in the direction of the green snake I had seen. It was chest-high scrub and was far thicker than what I'd encountered on the way up the other side. Oh well, at least it was on the flat. And, of course, there were plenty of snakes to keep me on my toes.

Water

I forced my way through the thick bushes for hours, occasionally falling back on my ass. I passed out several times. My heart felt like it would explode, but I had nowhere else to go but onward. The words "March or die!" kept running through my mind. And then, just when I thought I would not make it, the ground gave way beneath my feet and I fell into water. This was the smallest stream I'd ever seen. Twelve inches across and about three feet deep. A tiny slit in the ground, almost an underground stream with a small opening on top. My feet were wet and the stream was about a foot deep. I lay on my side and reached down with my dry canteen and filled it with muddy water. That was the best water I had ever tasted in my life. Most truly the water of life.

I filled my water bags and, strength renewed, backtracked out of the thick scrub. The way back was a bit easier as I had broken the trail. The area between the bottom of the hill and the start of the thick scrub leading to the small stream was fairly clear and an easy walk. I walked to the right and tried to follow the stream that also flowed in that direction. A few hours later, the thick scrub thinned out and I moved closer to where I hoped the stream would be. I could not find it, but the plants here were greener so I guessed it might have gone underground. I walked another half a mile and found I was right as the stream resurfaced. I followed it for another few hundred yards, and it widened out into a shallow pond, before going underground again. The pond was only a few inches deep and about fifteen feet (five meters) across. Bulrushes and moss surrounded it.

Fire

Uphill about fifty yards away was the start of a pine forest. This offered shade and shelter, so I moved into the forest and started exploring. It was almost sundown, and I wanted to find a place to camp before it got too dark. About eighty yards into the forest, I found a small clearing with a burned-out tree stump that made a natural fireplace. You have to be very careful in

Australia if you want to have a campfire as there is an ever-present danger of bush fires. But this was perfect, and I could safely have a small campfire here with no danger of fire spreading.

I soon had a small but cheerful fire going and lay on the ground next to it on my bedroll. After a day like today, I felt like a king. This was pure luxury and my body needed to rest. I thought about setting some traps for rabbits or making a spear to get a kangaroo, and hunting for bush food. There's always something to eat if you know where to look and are not too fussy about what it is. There were certainly plenty of snakes around, and snakes are good tucker if you know how to catch and prepare them without getting bit.

Then reality caught up with me, and I realized that eating was out of the question. I was not here to go camping and lounge around in the bush like a tourist. I was here to connect with my higher self and the greater reality. But now I had water and that was a very happy thing. And, joy of joys, I also had some tea leaves. There is nothing quite like a cup of Billy tea with a tiny pinch of salt when you are starving and half dead with exhaustion. So, I filled my camp Billy, an old one my father had made years ago, and watched as it slowly boiled. Then I added some tea leaves, a little pinch of salt, and let it sit for a few minutes. When it was ready, I sipped the hot tea with great relish. For the rest of the evening, I just stared at the flames and listened to the night sounds until I fell asleep.

I had scraped a bit of dirt away to make an indentation for my hip under the tarp and then rolled myself in two old army blankets. I wrapped my bag around a couple books and used that as a pillow. I was sleeping on the ground next to my small fire pit, with the burned-out tree stump forming a half circle on one side.

During the night, a cold wind had forced me to get up and drag some branches in behind me to act as a windbreak. I used green leafy branches and piled it about waist high so it would not be too much of a fire risk. This worked quite well to keep the wind off me. It also formed a bit of a nest around me, which made me feel less vulnerable.

I woke every hour or so to add more wood to the fire as it was cold here at night. I planned on finding some bigger pieces of wood the next day so I could sleep a bit longer between restoking during the night. Come dawn, I was still tired and wanted to sleep in but the fire was going cold again and I needed wood and water, and to clean myself up a bit before the flies came.

There is something about the sun when you are camped out like this. It

wakes you just before dawn breaks, before the sun even starts to rise, no matter how tired you are. But I was thankful as this was the best sleep I'd had since the possession began. I'd also not had any major possession symptoms since I had made camp. This in itself was heartening. I seemed to be doing something right.

Then, the sun started to rise and the flies attacked as they always did from dawn to dusk. They give no rest and bite through denim. I had neglected to bring any mesh or repellent. The bites were painful if I did not move constantly to brush them away. And it was far too hot to cover myself with a blanket. So, meditation or relaxation was out of the question during the daytime. I took to carrying a small leafy branch at all times, to brush away the flies. At least the mosquitos were not too bad in this area at night, although the pond area was worse.

During the day, I spent a few hours making myself a spear. I made a stone hand axe by smashing a couple of big stones together until I got a piece of sharp rock the size I wanted. I found some cording and wire and pliers in my bag. I cut a solid shaft of green wood about my height and attached a solid old knife to its business end with wire. While I did not plan on doing any hunting, I'd heard wild pigs during the night and felt a bit defenseless should they raid my camp. Some wild boars are gigantic and quite aggressive. The spear would also help if I was attacked by snakes, which sometimes happened during summer months when they can get very territorial.

For the rest of the day, I just explored a couple of miles in all directions. It was a wild place and I was totally alone here, which was exactly what I needed. The good thing about traveling rough like this is that the entire world became my living area. When I wanted a cup of tea, I'd just stop and sit in the shade, dig a small hole between my legs, add some twigs and leaves and have a little fire going and my billy boiling in a couple of minutes.

The highlight of my first day came when I explored my little pond. I was a bit worried about drinking unboiled water out in the wild, but it tasted so good. As I filled my water bags I felt something on my hand and took a closer look. Water was bubbling up through the sand there quite strongly. I checked and the water was moving in two directions. It was a rare spring of clean fresh water, and not muddy like the rest of the pond. I had wondered why the water was so clean and tasted so good.

Life continued pretty much like this over the next few days. I got to know the local wildlife fairly well. For such barren country, it was amazing how

much life there was here. There were plenty of mushrooms and wild edibles, if you knew what to look for. There were also kangaroos and wallabies, wild pigs, emu, snakes and lizards, possum and numbats galore, and even a couple of echidnas. There were also plenty of Bardi grubs in the old fallen grass trees. These were big fat white grubs the size of an index finger. Cooked in the ashes of a fire they were quite tasty and almost pure protein. I was not eating, but it was interesting to check out local resources.

The Kangaroos and wild pigs and emus would sneak up to within thirty yards or so of my camp at night and watch me. A couple of times, I climbed into a tree near the edge of my camp and watched them hiding out below me. The emus were especially curious and seemed to become hypnotized by my fire.

It would have been so easy to reach down with my spear and kill any one of them, if I had been so inclined and wanted the meat. But hunting and eating were not my intention. I just enjoyed being close to them. And the longer I stayed here, the more I felt connected to them. I learned how to identify their tracks and even gave some of the regular animals names.

I was almost caught once by the park ranger's helicopter. They may have spotted smoke from my fire in the morning and come to investigate. I'd heard the chopper several times. Then one morning as I was making my way down to the little pond, just before I stepped into the open, it swooped down and hovered ten feet above the pond. I froze and remained motionless for a minute before moving in slow motion to slip in behind a nearby tree. I was wearing very neutral faded colors and figured that as long as I did not bring attention to myself I'd be invisible. It worked. They hovered for a few minutes longer and then returned to their patrol.

The excitement over, I breathed a sigh of relief. I could not allow myself to be captured. This was crown land, but camping and hiking were not allowed. This worked in my favor as I needed solitude. Fortunately, rangers did not have the power of arrest and so they could only ask me to move on. But it was more fun to hide and outwit them.

Release

On the sixth day at my camp in the pine forest I was feeling more confident. I was a little tired due to not eating, but, all in all, I'd never felt better. I had some larger pieces of wood now so could sleep longer during the night. I'd found a way of using stone and wooden wedges to knock big

chunks of dry wood off burned-out tree stumps, of which there is no shortage in Australia.

That night I slept fairly well considering, only having to get up a couple of times to build up my fire. It was blinding hot during the day, but it got very cold at night. As I was fasting, I also felt the cold more keenly, so curling up next to a fire was a must for comfortable sleep. A campfire is a wonderful thing. No matter how cold and damp it got at night, there was always a circle of dry warmth around the fire.

I woke up on the morning of the seventh day at camp to the first grey of dawn. I stirred my fire and added a little more wood. I only wanted it to burn another hour. It was not safe having a fire here during the daytime as it attracted the attention of the rangers. I put the Billy on to heat and then headed off to the pond to wash up and get some more of its delicious water.

The pond was just over a hundred yards from my camp. When I was about halfway there, I felt a huge weight lift off me. At the same time, the gristly lump in my right lower lip exploded. I was spitting out little pieces of gristly and blood. I could feel a big hole where it had been a moment before. A few seconds later, the demon attacked. Every muscle in my body fought against itself and muscles tore. A disk ruptured in my back and I fell screaming to the ground, writhed in agony. It was one of the most traumatic and painful experience of my life. I thought I was going to die. But after about twenty seconds it stopped suddenly, just as the first rays of the morning sun hit me.

I remember laying there looking up at the sky and treetops as the pain faded away from memory. I was too weak to stand and was coughing blood. But it suddenly felt wonderful to be alive. The demon was gone at last. Full of hope, I crawled the rest of the way down to the pond and rolled into the water. I drank some water and pulled off my clothes and just floated there for half hour or so, feeling my strength coming back. Then, I sat up and wrung out my clothes and hung them over some shrubs that were growing near the pond. I stood there naked and air-dried myself in the Sun. Life felt good again and I could feel the optimism flowing through my veins. I knelt on the moss and gave thanks to life for my salvation.

Then, I noticed that something was missing. Something was not quite right. It took me a few minutes to work out what it was. The flies were not attacking me, and the sun was up. I washed here every day, and it was a painful experience. The flies attacked exposed flesh like it was honey-coated. So, washing was a matter of dancing around trying to get dressed in a hurry

once I got out of the water.

I looked around and found the flies. They were all there, the green meanies, the red and black guys and the big black nasty ones. I ran some bulrushes through my fingers and picked some of them up. They stayed on my hands looking up at me while they washed and did fly stuff. I stroked them, and they seemed to like it. Some of them buzzed up and landed on my shoulders, but they did not bite. After having experienced so much pain and frustration at their hands, this was a very strange thing. I picked up a big black and red one on my finger and held it close to my face to get a good look at it. All I could feel was love for it. The fly no longer considered me a threat or a food source.

On my way back to the camp, a Dugite snake slithered by. I stopped and waited, and it came back and circled me. Then it stopped and rubbed its head on my leg. I reached down and stroked it. I thought I might be dreaming, but everything felt so real. The snake followed me back to camp and then wandered off. I almost tripped over a rabbit on the way and apologized for my clumsiness. I picked it up like a teddy bear, and it snuggled up to me.

The friendly animal thing continued. All the animals came into my camp instead of hiding behind trees. It was so nice. I felt like a modern-day Dr. Doolittle. I could understand their thoughts and found myself talking to them. I'd not had any company for a while, and this was just so special. All the animals were intelligent conscious beings. They were not 'dumb' animals by any means. They did not have my language, but they seemed to understand my intentions when I spoke to them. I closed my eyes at times and could see their memories as images in my mind's eye.

It was early enough that I could easily make it to the road and hitch a ride back into town, but I decided to take advantage of the excellent company and have a restful night. I would go home in the morning. So, I went back down to the pond and had another cooling bath and a long overdue shave. It's a bit hard to shave with birds sitting all over you, but I managed. The animals were very curious about what I was doing.

The Night of Fear

The animals left as the sun set. I did not know why. But I expect they had their own families and things to do. I'd spent a bit of time and made my camp more comfortable. I'd made a little tent from some pine sticks, wire, and my tarpaulin. I padded the floor with pine needles and leaves and was all set up

for a very comfortable night. I was not hungry in the slightest and had plenty of energy.

And then came the night. As it got darker, I started to feel tangible fingers of fear crawling up my spine. The darker it got, the more intense grew the fear. There was no visible reason for this. I had been here a week and had been very comfortable up till now. It got very dark, but the firelight helped and I had stockpiled plenty of wood. I got out my candles and lit these around the fireplace to increase the light. It did not help, and my sense of fear got progressively worse. I went into my nice comfortable tent and tried to settle down but it was impossible due to the tangible feeling of fear that now permeated my camp.

And then came the spirits, dozens of them. First it was just ghostly faces and smoky trails, but soon I was able to see everything. These were not strictly human spirits. They were spirits native to this land. They were like big trails of glowing smoke with heads and faces, and sometimes chests and shoulders too. Some had aboriginal faces with beards, some were part human and part animal. And they were all very interested in me. They started coming in closer and swooping over and around me. Then one pushed through me from behind, and I felt this intensely, doubling up as it pushed the breath out of me with a tingling rush of cold energy. More followed, and I spent the rest of the night ducking and diving out of their way. It was very uncomfortable when they passed through me.

I kept throwing wood on until I had quite a big fire blazing. This helped and the spirits backed off a little, but I was surrounded. They were on all sides and above me. I have never prayed so hard in my life. But this did not do any good. Only the fire helped. And I was going through wood rapidly. Soon, I would be fireless and defenseless. I did not like the thought of that, so while I still had some firelight I ran and dragged a fallen tree over and pushed one end of it into the fire. This should last me all night if I am careful and don't fall asleep and let it go out. But there was not much chance of that happening as the spirits seemed in no hurry to depart.

This continued all night long until the grey of dawn when they started to dissipate. These were very powerful spirits. Not human spirits, but nature spirits of the land. Their energies are very different from that of humans. They were not aggressive in that they did not actually attack me, but they were very curious about me. I do not think I could have survived if they had attacked. These spirits were neither good nor evil, no more than a tiger is evil.

A tiger is just a tiger, a large predator. If you encounter one when it is hungry, it will likely kill and eat you. But if it is not hungry, it will leave you alone as long as you don't mess with it.

I did not at this time know how to respond to these beings. They had auras of power that caused an instinctive fear reaction in me. This also affected the living animals and they all kept away for this night, even the fire gazing emus. It was also darker than it should have been. The stars were out, but there was no moon. Normally I can see well enough by starlight and firelight to make my way around camp fairly well. But this night there seemed to be a barrier of darkness around me.

If I were to experience the same thing today, I would make it very clear to these beings that I am peaceful and have no intention of disturbing them or their territory. Then I would respectfully leave the area. If I could not get away, or if they followed me, I would make an offering. I'd make a small altar with some fruit and flowers and tobacco and dedicate it to them. I would also burn some food and tobacco in a small fire and use the smoke as an offering.

I made it through till dawn and then collapsed in my blankets for a couple hours sleep. I was totally drained. Then, I got up and made myself ready to return home. I took another bath and had a shave. The flies and animals were still my buddies, and I had great fun playing with a few wading birds that appeared.

I took the long walk to the road and stuck out my thumb. I had wrapped most of my pack, and all the useless books and stuff, up in my tarpaulin and hung this in a tree near the road so I could recover it later. The first car to pass stopped. I was not fussy on which direction I went, and so the farmer dropped me off at an old pub in Freemantle. I rummaged through my pockets and found enough change for a pint of beer and a packet of peanuts. I felt like a king, sitting in the beer garden with my feet up, sipping beer and munching on the best peanuts I had ever tasted.

I called home, and thirty minutes later my greatly relieved girlfriend picked me up and took me home. I remember turning the kitchen tap on and off many times and marveling at how clean water came out of the pipe. I had come from a different world, and it felt like I'd been away for years. I then took a long hot shower. After this, looking in the mirror, I hardly recognized myself. My face looked 'different' and even my eyes had changed color, from blue-grey to bright blue.

The animal buddies syndrome lasted only another day and then everything went back to normal in that sense. The next night we went and got my stuff from where I'd left it hanging in a tree, and the flies were still my buddies. But the animals now ran from me, as they should.

The magic of this experience faded away after a few days and then I was back to being a normal human, and my eye color returned to its normal blue-grey. But I was forever changed. And I was totally free of the demon that had almost killed me, should have killed me.

If I had taken any other course of action, I would most certainly have died or gone stark raving mad; probably both before the end. If I had not had the courage to go out into that storm and find that crazy piece of newsprint, and if it were not for the sacred Coca Cola can, I'd never have found the right hill and my secret camp, which was sitting directly on top of an underground spring.

Hindsight

Years later, I worked out what had happened and how the demon was released from me. It was the spring that did it, sleeping directly over an underground stream of water. It is from this experience that I eventually discovered the power of running water and electrical grounding. This is why many of my countemeasures, if you have read my book *The Practical Psychic Self-Defense Handbook* are based on the uses of running water and electrical grounding.

The understanding I have gained during my life, of spirits and subtle energies, is priceless. And now that I am sharing my knowledge and helping a lot of people, I can understand the WHY of it all. I mean, how else would you fast track a mystic, through personal experience, to release brand new spiritual and metaphysical knowledge to the world.

And it is through all my experiences that I finally realized what it means to walk "The Path of the Master." First, I had to have all the pieces of the puzzle, coming from firsthand personal experience. And then a master materialized to me and gave me the last piece by way of instruction. He said, "First cleanse your belief system. Then proceed through personal experience only." This is the way of the master.

Robert Bruce

Pacts with Daemons

Selling Your Soul in the 21st Century

S. Connolly

PERHAPS the best, and most culturally known example of the Daemonic pact is from Christopher Marlowe's 1604 play, *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, which was adapted by Marlowe from the 1592 English translation of *The Historie of the Damnable Life, and Deserved Death of Doctor John Faustus*, which was originally a chapbook circulating in Northern Germany at the time.

In the play, Faust summons Mephistopheles to gain the knowledge of the devil. Mephistopheles complies and gives Faust magical power and knowledge for a predetermined amount of time, at the end of which, Faust's soul becomes the property of Mephistopheles and Faust is eternally damned. It always amazes me how deeply ingrained in our culture this story is. Usually when beginning, magicians contact me about making pacts with Daemons; it's this type of arrangement they have in mind. "I'll sell my soul to the devil for [insert desire here]."

In addition to this to this, Hollywood has added, to the beginning magician's expectations of 'summoning,' the promise of bright flashes of light and flaming pentagrams on the ground from which Daemons arise; replete with full bodied Daemonic manifestations, of course.

This is problematic for two main reasons: the first is that beginning magicians don't realize the medieval idea of pacting is both fictitious and impractical, and I'll explain why in a moment. Second, it causes the beginning magician to miss the results of magick because said results are not nearly as showy and cinematic as the cultural expectation. That isn't to say magick can't have dramatic results, just that not all magick will manifest in bright flashes of light, Daemonic manifestation, and immediate change. As many longtime magicians will tell you, sometimes the changes are subtle and it's only when we look back that we actually see the transformation in its entirety. In that respect, hind sight is 20/20.

Another important point is that selling one's soul to the devil and expecting eternal damnation requires one to believe that there is an afterlife and that our

soul, the energy or essence of us, escapes mortality with our consciousness intact, and that places like heaven and hell actually exist. The belief in the soul and the afterlife is as varied as the magicians reading this article. My personal belief is we all go back to the source upon death unless some unresolved issue from the physical realm keeps us tethered to the earthly plane. I contend that for the most part, unearthly spirits like Daemons and such, don't pay much heed to humans themselves unless they're attracted to their light or if the magician is sitting there waving metaphysical glow sticks and setting down a landing strip laden with all those things that attract certain spirits.

Now let me entertain the reader with the reality that there are no Daemons running amok collecting souls.

In death, if we aren't tethered here for some reason, we all return to that same source beyond the veil, regardless our spiritual affiliation in physical life. The soul is energy. Matter cannot be created or destroyed, it can only change form. Matter is basically a storage unit for energy, and matter can be converted to energy and vice versa. If a Daemon (please know I am using Daemon in the sense of a divine intelligence, the original meaning of the word before Christian perversion), or any other entity for that matter, was collecting souls for use (likely as an energy source), that energy would still exist in one form or another. That's how science works.

We could get into how consciousness works after death, but I do have a limited amount of space here, so let's get back to pacts. Basically, I'm 100 percent positive there aren't Daemons out there collecting souls for eternal damnation. I contend that heaven and hell, if they exist in any form, are states of physical being that we create for ourselves in the here and now. So if we sell our souls into eternal damnation, we're actually the ones damning ourselves in this physical realm, not Daemons. The Daemonic is generally happy to help out if you simply ask and respect them enough to actually listen to what they're telling you.

A lot of beginning magicians also erroneously believe that one must make a pact with a Daemon to work with the Daemonic. I run across this a lot. In Daemonolatry, initiated Daemonolaters may choose to dedicate themselves to a particular Daemonic force with which they have an affinity, but a dedication is not the same as a pact. Dedication is pledging respect and commitment to a Daemonic force, not necessarily expecting anything in return except maybe the occasional crumb of wisdom or the connection itself.

It's a bonding of sorts. Pacts, on the other hand, are a direct agreement to give something of oneself to another being (physical or not) in exchange for something.

Yes, essentially, I'm saying pacts are not a requirement for anyone to work with the Daemonic. On the other hand, pacts can be a very effective form of magick. This is why some people will swear by them. Pacts work on the magician's psychology and if done properly—can be very powerful.

There are several types of pacts. The first and most obvious is the contract for opportunity. The second, less common is the contract with the self. An example of this might be you make a pact with yourself to quit smoking, and the Daemonic force is in on the deal to provide support (i.e. strength, accountability) as you need it.

The more we begin to realize that magick really is about helping ourselves by knowing ourselves and by doing things to better ourselves, the more successful the results. This is definitely the case when it comes to pacts because pacts really are more about ourselves than the Daemonic. The Daemonic is simply the support staff that we "hire" to help make it happen. The pact you make is, ultimately, with yourself and your determination and willpower. The Daemonic force is holding YOU accountable to yourself. So, in the next part of this article I'm going to show you how to make a powerful pact with a Daemonic force, and I'm going to explain how it works.

The first thing one must do is decide what, exactly, one wants. This is not the time to be unspecific. You either want the management promotion with the \$120K annual salary with health insurance, bonuses and four weeks of vacation time or you can simply ask for a "better" job and roll the dice. That choice is yours. I've found that being specific gives you more specific results, where as being broad and sweeping tends to work, but not always in the way we expect. Write down what you want and make sure it's really what you want. Do you really want that specific job? Or are you simply wanting the increase in salary and benefits? Or do you really just want to be happy? Be careful what you wish for was an axiom coined by someone who didn't really look before leaping.

Next, decide what you are willing to sacrifice from yourself to yourself to make this happen. At this point we're not giving anything to the Daemonic. Instead, you may need to sacrifice time or put in more effort to get what you want. Basically—how bad do you want it and what are you willing to do? You get out of something what you put into it. Lack of effort often results in

lack of success.

Third, find a corresponding Daemonic force to work with. My personal choice in any type of monetary/job magick is Belphegore. However, Belphegore is best fed with the magician's blood, and this may not work for everyone. Belial might be a tamer choice for those who don't want to sacrifice a few drops of their blood for what they want since he's perfectly happy with offerings of plants.

Then, you'll need to decide what you want from the Daemon. At this point I suggest the magician evaluate his expectations. If you're seeking to have it handed to you on a silver platter with no effort on your part, expect the magick manifest in unexpected ways. It will work, yes, you just may not be pleased with the result. Instead of viewing the Daemonic as genii who will grant you three wishes, I always recommend looking at the Daemonic as your support staff. Your support staff gives you the information you need to make informed decisions, presents you with opportunities, and helps you find whatever it is you need to manifest the results you want, whether it's a tool, a relationship, an attitude or an emotion.

So, a pact may read something like this (if you're being rather unspecific, and in the case of soul-mates I do recommend being rather unspecific when it comes to name names of potential partners):

For the great Asmodeus I, [name], offer three drops of my blood in exchange for knowledge and opportunity to help me find my soul mate.

Herewith I affix my seal.

You may choose to add qualities of the person you're looking for into the pact. You may write it with far more elegance than the above. Write it up however you wish. Just make sure you put the Daemons name, your name, what you're offering specifically in exchange for what specifically. After you write this out on parchment using a magickal ink attuned to your intent, you would begin your ritual, invoke the Daemonic force you're seeking out and then read your pact aloud to the Daemon to solidify your intent. To this—you would sign your name in the presence of the Daemon and, in this instance, add a few drops of your blood. Then the parchment is burned in the offering bowl, turning matter to energy, and symbolically, alchemically transforming the request from a heartfelt want to pure intent. From there it will become reality.

In this example, Asmodeus is not going to drop a soul-mate off on your doorstep with a quick, "Here you go! Enjoy!"

Nor is He going to hand over the person you asked for by name because that means influencing the other person, perhaps against their will. This often turns out badly. If you've ever had a stalker you know exactly what I mean.

However, Asmodeus may direct your attention to a party at a friend's this weekend and suggest you go. He may suggest you give yourself a shave or direct you to toward a certain part of the room while you're there. And there you may meet someone who laughs at your jokes and shares your interests, leading to the opportunity of a date. If you ultimately just wanted sex, perhaps this person goes home with you. Asmodeus, in this example, merely provided the information and opportunity. You made the ultimate choice to act on the opportunity by attending the party and you made a choice to talk to the other person and ask them out. (This is a very simple example, don't expect all encounters will happen this way.)

Again, it's wise for the magus to examine his/ her expectations. Ultimately, it's wise to drop expectations of everything EXCEPT the end result when it comes to the pact, even though there is always something to be learned from the journey. Just be open-minded to the method by which your end results manifest.

Now on to the questions you probably have about now.

Is three drops of blood enough?

Yes. In Daemonolatry we have a saying: The blood is the life. (Praise be Sobek.) You are willing to sacrifice your OWN blood for what you want, and that says a lot. Psychologically this suggests you are serious enough to suffer some pain (even if it is small) for what you want. Not to mention blood is very sacred. It's your essence, your very life-force. Without it, you would not exist. We carry within us the blood of our mothers, their mothers, and the blood of our entire ancestry. Never underestimate the power a single drop of blood holds. It's not the quantity that counts. It's the intent behind it.

Why not just Kill an Animal and use Their Blood?

In that case, you're not the one suffering or losing your life for what you want. I find that killing an animal for no other reason than for its blood rather cowardly. Unless you plan on eating the cooked animal flesh afterward, it's not a respectful sacrifice. Some may disagree with me, and that's their right. I simply see no reason to practice animal sacrifice unless the animal is thanked, you kill it humanely and then use its flesh for sustenance afterward. This means that animals we normally consider food are fair game, but neighborhood cats, dogs and even small rodents are off limits. Don't be

unnecessarily cruel because it will come back to you in spades.

Why not my Soul?

Well, I suppose if you must, you can sell your soul. I just personally find the idea trite. Not to mention, you can, theoretically, only sell your soul once. So, you'd better make it a good pact if you're going with the soul-selling angle.

What Other Things can I Sacrifice?

Plants always work, but I think the best ones are those that you've grown yourself. Or wine you've made yourself. Whatever you sacrifice, it has to mean something to you and in the case of non-blood sacrifice, it should be something you've put effort into.

What if my Pact Doesn't Manifest?

All pacts manifest, they just don't always manifest in the way we want or expect. Just like all magick works, it may just not work how you want it to. Or you may be expecting results that are unrealistic, or the expected results and the real results aren't coinciding. Some results may also take longer to manifest. If, in six months, you didn't get any results whatsoever, that may be a sign that you need to reevaluate your true intent. After all, most of us really have no genuine desire to be famous millionaires. We simply want to be happy, surrounded by people who love us, and to have enough so we don't have to worry about the month-to-month bills. If you really had a strong enough desire to be a millionaire, you would be.

What Happens if I Break My Pact with the Daemon?

Depends which part you break. If you don't offer up what you said you would, the Daemon may simply ignore you and go on its way. If you do offer up blood or whatnot, but refuse to listen to what the Daemon is trying to tell you, or you ignore the opportunities you're presented, the Daemon may simply stop trying to help, ignore you, and go on its way. Now if you've offered something up that is non-refundable, souls, first-born, things like that, psychologically that could do some damage. Depends how superstitious and afraid of your own shadow you are or how prone to emotional discord you are. Each person's results will be different based on mental stability and personal fears. Of course, ultimately, if you break your pact the person you cheat is yourself and that's punishment enough because no one can ever be as hard on us as we often are on ourselves.

All magick has consequences. Be prepared to accept any consequences for your magick whether they're good or bad.

So, if Everything you Say is True, why Magick, why Pact-Making at all???

Some people need ritual to set their minds to something. Some people need a way to focus their intent, and performing rituals, magick and working with spirits helps to that end. The mind is a very powerful thing. Add to that coinciding energy in the form of spirits, plants, stones, color etc... you create a force to be reckoned with. The Daemon and all the tools and elements of magick are simply supportive. They draw things and opportunities to you, allow you to attune yourself to the proper energy for affecting change, and help you put your mind and effort toward what you really want. That isn't to say there is or isn't a "supernatural" element to magick, just that for best results, add the power of the human mind. Don't forget the Hermetic axiom: The universe is mental. We do create our own realities, magick, including pacts, just make it a little easier.

S. Connolly •

Azazel & The Rephaim

The Origins & Power of Names in Luciferian Magick

Michael W. Ford



I: The Essence of the Luciferian Spirit

MANY have inquired as to the origins of Luciferianism and that of the Adversary, with consistent assumptions that the Adversary is a Christian creation. While it is accurate that the Adversary is well documented in religious and mythological lore of Judeo-Christianity, especially Judaism, the origins of the dark spirit is indeed far older.

The Adversarial Spirit as revealed by modern Luciferianism seeks to unveil a great burning light of spiritual liberation and creativity that resists the dogmatic tyranny of Yahweh. Luciferians require themselves to seek self-excellence through a careful balance of knowledge and experience, revealing insight in the process. The origins of the Adversary are as many as there are cultures. In Maskim Hul1, the Adversarial spirit is shown in its most pure manifestation: the primal serpent, the dark waters and the great goddess Tiamat, we can trace through the grimoire the evolution of the gods who all bear the Melammu or “Black Flame” of individual consciousness. The Seven Maskim or Sebitti are some of the earliest manifestations along with Lamashtu, great gods who would not act in accordance with the natural order

defined by the other gods. The difference in the Mesopotamian pantheon is that the gods find compromise and balance with these dark powers in which they have a sense of 'harmony' from their needed 'disharmony.' In the monotheistic religion of Yahweh, we see the attempt of destruction of all gods besides the jealous one.

In Enochian² demonology, we find a profound clue in the rebel 'essence' of the gods, indicating that they act according to their own will and are not vessels of wrath by the hateful Yahweh. In the Book of Enoch, we see a blending and yearning for the singular tyranny of one desperate deity who expresses himself as "Yahweh." The descriptions of the Watchers and Nephilim are equally an inverted mythological tale spun against the pursuit of power, knowledge and spiritual freedom. Easily, an objective individual who looks for the basis of the nature of Yahweh can see his desire to keep humans as ignorant sheep, subjective to the will of this invisible bogeyman called "Jealous." In Enoch, the Watchers are punished with extreme severity for inspiring and awakening humans to be independent thinkers and creators.

The name of "Asa'el" in the Ethopic Enoch translations provides clues for the origins of the name. Asa'el appears in I Enoch 6.7, where he is applied to the tenth angel in the group of leaders who descended to Mount Hermon, a place where Hellenistic Syrians and Greeks made offerings to the Gods. All three versions of the verse containing his name in Aramaic, Ethiopic and Greek indicate the original name of Asa'el became Azazel (zazel). We find similar association between the Prometheus myth, his entombment in Tartarus (the pit of darkness) and the darkness of Dudael, within the desert.

The Adversary in Levant myth is known by many names, however one of the most recognizable is Azzazel/Azael/Azazel. Along with Azza was one of the fallen angels who dwelt in the mountains of darkness, who, instructing the Egyptian Balaam on the Black Arts (to have the power of the gods). Azazel is a friend to the spiritual rebel, bestowing great power to those who have courage to seek him. The two Watchers had servitors who took the forms of burning serpents and also sent forth a unimata or spirit to others, which sought them. These angels, whose origins partially are theorized to be from the Seleucid-Hellenistic period of the Greek myths who took flesh, impregnated women to beget children. The Children, called Nephilim (dark shades), legendary hero's whose desires took a darker bent; vampirism (consuming vitality), cannibalism (the hunger of survival) and the desire to conquer (self-directed achievement). They died off over a period of time yet

their spirits remain in the world, inspiring the conquering and achieving spirit, thus self-evolution.

Shemyaza, spelled more correctly as Shemihazah, is Asael's partner in illuminating humanity. While Azazel (Asael) instructed on weapon making, beautification, Shemihazah was the instructor of sorcery and magick. Shemihazah's role in the ancient world is not light: roots and herbs played a major role in divination and sorcery, thus it was the role of the angel to instruct on how to use them along with the spells of casting. Obvious, he instructed the use of the voice to stir the spirits within the mind.

Herbs and powders have long been utilized in sorcery, playing a primary role with any spell casting. The Arabic root word ksp, deriving from ksf, "to uncover" or "to reveal," indicates the union of magic and divination. The Nephilim is one aspect a manifestation of Willed Creation—one who is "bright," "strong" and inspired against the perceived natural order. The Nephilim is both destructive and creative, that means in the Christian concept, the spirit is evil in that acts against the 'jealous' doctrine of YAHWEH.

Azazel and Azza, immortal instructors of the Black Arts, sought each night their concubine Naamah, a Lilith-like daughter who is a type of night-demon and succubus, all such characters represent our primal desire and inner hunger.

Azazel, who is associated with the Goat with horns, represents rebellious power and the self-determined destiny of the individual. The composition of Azazel is said to be of fire; "If Azza and Azael whose bodies were fire..." from which fire is the association of a prototype of the Seraphim, whose pre-Judaic origins were of the fires of Nergal, the Babylonian god of the dead, war, plague, the heat of the sun and darkness. The Hebrew name for both serpents and angels is Serafim and is an indicator of the path of self-knowledge.

In Judaism, Watchers like Azazel draw their vitality from the north, called "the left side" of that of darkness. They are "damned" by the Judaic God for instructing humans the "words of power," which make them, in turn, less sheep-like. Azazel and the Watchers are liberators from spiritual-slavery; they offer humanity the potential to be as gods within their own right, for the determination is our ability to perceive ourselves.

Considering that the names of the Watchers are derived from non-Judaic and earlier sources, Azazel, while assimilated into what would become

Judeo- Christianity, is a deific mask who moves beyond the religious structure of Christianity. The 'Words of Power,' here being specifically Names which encircle the type of energy and power the Deific Mask contains. The aim of the sorcerer when invoking Azazel is to over time grow strong in character and will, use spiritual rebellion to liberate and thus support your goals of power in your life.

Azazel, also known as Samael-Satan, is the great adversary of Judaism and Christianity for he rejects the monotheistic religion of the right hand path; seek not union yet disunion to be independent and individual. The state of become as God lies within this. The Zohar and specifically chapters relating to the paternity of Cain the Witchfather³ by Rabbi Eliezer indicate that he was the Son of the Serpent (Samael, Azazel) and thus the bloodline was illuminated like the Nephilim yet again. Magick is the art introduced to humanity by the Serpent, that divining art of the Nehashim was long instructed in the Levant.

Azazel instructs the knowledge of weapon making, armor and the use of cosmetics. This indicates this spirit represents the logic and reason of the material world; the very possibilities within it. Asael/Azazel instructed also "revealed the eternal mysteries prepared in heaven and made them known to men." This is reason to interpret that Asael taught the mysteries of the older Babylonian Anu (heavens) and with the union of Ki (Earth) the Seven Maskim/ Sebitti, violent and mighty demon-gods were born. As with the origins of the fallen angels, were seen here some basic survival associations. We see that Azazel is the primary Adversarial manifestation in that all the sins of the Watchers are placed on Azazel in relation to the Goat-offering in the Day of Atonement.

In the Apocalypse of Abraham, Azazel manifests as a winged serpent-half man daemon-spirit which illuminates Adam and Eve upon the left hand path. We find the Watchers themselves defiled human women, the daughters of Cain and as suggested by Enoch I iv that the Watchers first had sexual relations with women "through the blood of women you were defiled," which was a precursor for their later cohabitation to beget the Nephilim. While this may be a stretch, the association of the Pahlavi "Kiss of Ahriman" to Jeh-Az indicates clearly this could be plausible.

We see the survival and expansion of Azazel in the medieval grimoire tradition, where the name of the Adversary is multiplied ten-fold as each of the old gods have become great demonic beings. The predatory nature and

“left hand path” concept of each god is useful as it is a mirror into the darkness and the heights of the human mind. We see the Fallen Angel in four different manifestations in Agrippa’s “Third Book of Occult Philosophy” as Samael, Azazel, Azael and Mahazael. In modern Luciferian texts, these names are used as specific symbols of power and a type of energy while it may be considered the source is the Black Flame. This is one explanation why Luciferians view the self as the source of all as energy and the consciousness are refined via the concept of the Black Flame.

II: Rebellion of the Astral Deities Called Watchers

The Watchers, often identified as astral deities or stars, are lead by Azazel and Semihazah, who descend to Mount Hermon, known as a place of offering and rituals of beneficial intent by Hellenic and Syrian/ other local groups. Mount Hermon is the seat of the great god of heaven, who by the Judaic pantheon if such a term exists, is trampled upon by their descent. It is written that the angels descended in the time of Yared, if you subscribed to the Biblical lore of generations from the tribe Cain was associated with, this would be roughly five generations after. Luciferianism does not subscribe to literal belief in Biblically-recorded characters unless supported by other cultural records, however Luciferianism does recognize that these ‘characters’ may be considered symbols of specific tribes or factions. In Cainite initiatory practice of witchcraft, Cain is worked with as a symbol of the luciferian, however this is a cipher of transformation, thus should not be considered literal. To embrace the other or enemy of Christianity is the start of removal from the ingrained concepts of “good” and “evil.” This is the reason that Luciferians must ascend beyond the frame-concepts of Christian rebellion and in an inverse or reverse method, discover the old Gods and Demons who inspired such great heights in humanity. To remain or even believe in “literal” Judeo-Christian “demons” is to admit you are bound to something else, thus Christianity itself is a restrictive religion.

There are numerous avenues in which the Luciferian may utilize in initiation with the deific masks of pre-christian cultures. Egyptian Sethanic practice is one, where one adopts the concept as Set being the first rebel to question the forced authority; however, with the “foundation” essence of Seth-an, moving through other gods even including Ra and Horus, all the while finding power in the form of primordial darkness, chaos called Apep. There is the avenue of Yatukih, or dark ancient Persian sorcery, centered in

Ahriman. Possibly the most therionick or ‘demonic’ of the paths, Ahriman is recognized as the counter-force, which bears divinity from his intellect and cunning. In Zurvanite traditions, he clawed from his mother’s womb before Ahura Mazda to claim the power of lord of the world. Thus, intellect in its most natural sense belongs to Ahriman. The path of the Watchers or Nephilim is of a Judean and Enoch tradition which focuses upon the Watchers as types of power and knowledge and the self is transformed into Nephilim, the union of the heavens and earth. The path of ancient Babylonian and Assyrian power, found in Maskim Hul is perhaps the most primal and powerful in that is an origin of belief, much like the Egyptian.

III: The Adversary As Manifesting in the Physical World

Azazel and the Watchers in myth initiated themselves by crossing the forbidden threshold of manifesting in flesh and blood, developing strong human desires and ultimately gaining power over light and darkness. This union of Spirit/Heavens and Flesh/Earth beget the Nefilim/Nephilim, the Giants who knew both desire, love, dark lusts and the drive to conquer. Azazel in Luciferianism is thus the name of the way to the path itself, becoming as a God here and now.

Indicating what being a God actually means now, we can look to define it in the terms of the texts in which the Adversary and the Watchers manifest. First, spirit or “fallen angel” is a level of understanding;

Azazel/Fallen Angel/Spirit/Daemon
Lilith/Daughter of Cain/Earth/Flesh
Nephilim/Giants

Nephilim As the Luciferian

In the spiritual union of the Heavens and Earth, the spirits of air with the darkness of the underworld is born a union of rebellious, self-deified beings. We see this from the Mesopotamian legends of the Seven Maskim, the Evil Gods born of Anu and Ki, defiant to gods and their powers and still divinities along with their sister, Lamashtu. In a modern sense, the Nephilim may be considered a new type of evolution, the Luciferian. Consider that before we illuminate the Black Flame we are only aware of the very basic levels of consciousness; we know the world around us and religion is confusing and

often completely against our natural instincts.

Religion, to be empowering to the self must support and empower the natural instincts within us yet at the same time challenge us to improve our self in all ways. Religion must find root in the temple of the mind-body-spirit, not some god who would prefer his sheep to remain mindless monkeys. For this reason alone, the inspiring hero of the Luciferian in a religious sense is the symbol of Azazel and the Watchers, for we seek to be also as gods.

The word “Nephilim” is the name of the offspring of the Watchers and their human wives, thus “heaven” and “earth.” An epithet of the Nephilim is, “the ancient warriors, the men of renown,” which associates them with the Amorites who dwelt in Canaan prior to the conquest of the Israelite tribes. The translation of “Nephilim” in the Septuagint translates to “Giants.” In addition, the construction of the word “Nephilim” provides interesting foundation for the modern Luciferian. The root npl, “to fall” or “ones who have fallen,” indicating their association with ancient warriors, most likely deified.

Aleister Crowley & the Words of the Gates of Hell

Aleister Crowley provides us with the words to open the gates of hell as being “Zazas, Zazas, Nasatanada Zazas” in “The Vision and the Voice” as a record of his evocation of Choronzon in the Tenth Aethyr called ZAX. The phrase is said to be the traditional words which open the abyss. While attempting to establish the source of this ‘voices magicae,’ the significance is found in Crowley’s genius to “load” the incantation with etymological roots which indicate “Adversary.” For instance, Azazel is a part (azaz is reversed) and Nasatanada (Satan). Magicians from the ancient to modern times in nearly all traditions recognize the “secret” of magickal power: the keys to hell and power is encircled in the subconscious meaning of words, even if they are not on a conscious level recognized. Meaning creates reality when the individual Will is strong.

Azazel & Zazas, Zazas Nasatandada Zazas

The common association of “Az” and the angelic (fallen) names containing letter associations is consistent in early biblical demonology. Understanding the origins of the association will grant the Luciferian a deeper understanding of the power contained in ‘names’ and the ‘word.’

Empowerment Incantation of Azazel

Adapted from *Adversarial Light* by Michael W. Ford:

ANSHE SHEM!

ANSHE SHEM AZZAEL

I invoke thee Watcher of primordial power

Who offer the fires of heaven

To those brave enough to ascend to it!

Who offer the cup of venom of the Abyss

To those who descend into darkness to drink!

I shall be as thy children

My oath as Nephilim – of Spirit and Flesh

Bring me insight and wisdom

From which I shall break the Samik which binds thee!

To open forth the world to your desires!

Azazel, in your name I shall be strong against the god of sheep

Resisting it at every turn, understanding the weakness it instills in all.

With this sigil I empower that I believe in myself!

So it is done!

Michael W. Ford

The Infernal Path of Hekate

A Lesson in Diabolism & the Dream

Michael W. Ford

IN many of my most public of books, articles and dissertations, I am very clear to dictate that the aspiring initiate applies reason and centers the self in all initial workings; that purpose is defined with consistent records. The following article is an exploration of the cunning craft as it found me; moreover, the path in which illuminated itself before my being. I can attest to the astral Sabbat; my discovery of it many years ago and the gateway in which is found itself through me has never left memory. To this day, I continue the process of defining the craft of my father called the Devil; although the medieval cloak of inspiration provides little for expansion in mind. The Infernal Sabbat is nonetheless important in initiatory awakening.

In the grade of Infernal Sabbat initiation, Lucifer is the torch-bearing dark goddess of the crossroads, illuminating and instructing on magick and the infernal necromantic rites. She instructs by first atmosphere and then the Black Adept's instincts will be like her voice.

In the void of chaos, there is sleep, dreams and nightmares flowing through the clotting ebb of time. In these spilt veins which flow the blood of the serpent, 'chaos' is channeled into temporary 'order.' This 'order' is made manifest in the unconscious mind of the Black Adept, waiting to take flesh by the daemonic. The daemonic here is defined as the primordial 'otherness' most humans try to suppress; the inner darkness which is our foundation of survival and the conquering power to ascend into a more powerful state of being. This primordial beast is clothed in the terrifying aspect of numerous animals and reptiles, depending on our nature and is the very skin of Our Lord the Devil, who by those of the Luciferian Witchcraft Cultus understands as our Daemon or Black Man of the Sabbat.

In seeking the path of power in our cunning circle, you need not an initiator for all intents and purposes of the path. Seek this road yourself if you have been chosen, if your Daemon seeks to rise from the abyssic pit of darkness within. Hecate Phosphorus¹ is the witch-mother, which by her fire stirs up the dormant sleeper into the cultus of dreams, or nightmares, to

others.

She is both beneficial and malicious, her hunger is sated upon the blood of innocence: for she seeks to initiate and grow in her power. She is 'Anassa eneroi,' the Goddess of the Dead, so her wisdom is layered in varied avenues. Of the Daemonic, chthonic and necromantic, her origins are from the earliest Babylonian incantations and spoken hymns:

*Mistress of the Earth, I offer to libations of water,
Queen of Irkalla, I offer to thee smoke of incense,
Ereshkigal, I send forth my voice to thee.
Send me the nightmares of your presence,
That I may have a glimpse of your divinity...*

—Maskim Hul, *Babylonian Magick*

She flourishes in the Greco-Roman period and even more in the Dark to Medieval period. In a time when women were shunned and detested, Hecate finds her manifestations in numerous deific masks.

In the following invocation to Anassa Eneroi, the Black Adept should find a graveyard which is aesthetically suitable and preferably old and neglected. It is imperative to find a sunken grave, where the coffin has collapsed and there is an obvious impression in the ground. You will bring Honey and water, Rosewater and incense of Hecate. If you have the courage, cut yourself or have some blood from yourself stored and brought to the graveyard. If a lady, collect some menstrual blood and you may pour out to the dead. The ritual steps are simple and easily performed in the graveyard.

The Black Adept should have a special fetish to bind a spirit and a gateway to the Sabbatic dream with Hecate; I suggest a specially made doll, human bone fragment decorated with the epithet of Hecate or something similar.

Invocation to Anassa Eneroi

*I invoke you, Goddess of those below,
Whose names are many, whose power is great,
Brimo, terrifying one, Phosphorus, torch bearer,
Who brings knowledge to those who illuminate the torch within,
Who find pleasure and substance in darkness, becoming the light-
bearers ascending, Nyktipolos, night wandering goddess, Khthonie,
open the ghost-ways,
I seek the company of shades which wander the dark paths of Hades,
I invoke thee nyktipolis khthonie, Queen of the Dead!*

*I offer thee the libation of honey and water, to nourish your companions,
I offer my blood to feed the shades of the dead, be attached to me by this
sacred object*

*By the night and dream I call you, speak to me in the depths!
I am a Black Adept of Nekromankia, covered in the shroud of the dead.
I offer thee fumigation (incense) in honor of thee, Great Dark Goddess.*

*By the four winds, by the grave-ways of old,
Open the abodes of Tartarus, the insatiable jaws of mors I call!
Hecate, I invoke thee by your ancient name so hidden from the obscene,
I am initiated to your path, Lamashtu, daughter of Anu, chosen of the
gods,*

*Lilith, I shall gain your counsel and honor you upon this earth!
I pour now the last drops of libation to you Hecate!
So it is done.*

The Black Order of the Ages

Crossing the Nine Angles of Separation

Nemo Alius 171

THE conception of the Black Order cannot be bound or confined to the linearities of historical time, although it manifests acausally within them. The usefulness of academic scholarship in tracing lines of meaning and transmissions of influence is not to be discounted when attempting to identify and examine specific instances of the Order's agency; however, these methods can never fully encompass—Intellectually or esoterically—the totality of acausal consciousness. Its synchronous correlations bind the Order together throughout all timelines, aeons, and ages in an interconnected and interdependent web of moments, each of which instantiates as a singular whole the entirety of the Black Order's ephemeral being and essential becoming.

As Julius Evola wrote in his analysis of occult war and the subversion of Tradition among the ruins of a broken and deteriorating age, describing an acausal perspective on esoteric conflict through aeonic time:

This view does not regard as essential the two superficial dimensions of time and space... but rather emphasizes the dimension of depth, or the "subterranean" dimension in which forces and influences often act in a decisive manner, and which... cannot be reduced to what is merely human, whether at an individual or a collective level... The third dimension of history should not be diluted in the fog of abstract philosophical or sociological concepts, but rather should be thought of as a "backstage" dimension where specific "intelligences" are at work.

Just as Tradition is defined and identified based upon the alignment of a particular instance with the general form, and cannot be distinguished otherwise (since to do so would make an arbitrarily chosen example of a tradition the standard for all), so the Black Order can only be understood as the totality of complete expressions of acausal consciousness into linear, temporal, causal reality. While the concept of the "Order" is applicable to any exemplar of this totality, it also has a general significance often missed by conspiracists in their profane replacement of the absolute with a conceptual

institution, organization, or cabal. As a conceptual abstraction as close to the acausal as a causal form can be, the “Black Order” also suggests an arrangement of synchronicities akin to David Bohm’s “implicate order” and an aeonic architecture resonant with the “Ordo Saeclorum.” It also indicates the imperative, for the Black Order is the acausal command of sovereign consciousness, the proclamation of its Imperium echoing through the Nine Angles of the Abyss through which the acausal invades causal reality and establishes its authority.

Given that the acausal lacks duality, except in its privation of causality, it would be reasonable to inquire as to what differentiates the conception and form of the Black Order from the White Order, aside from the aesthetics of a given age. The causal properties of both attributes whether as light or material ‘color’ remain consistent and objective throughout causal reality despite the subjective and conditional interpretations which they historically accrue. As such, the selection of the designation of Black for one of the two orders asserts its objective reality as well as its subjective relevance: that which is Black can indicate the absence of white light and the presence of all material colors, as well as describe the nondual light of the acausal in such a manner as to suggest the presence of the full spectrum of possibilities not only in potential but in actual manifestation. The Black Light is the direct manifestation of the acausal into physical reality, symbolized by its impossibility as an image which defies perceptual conception. By contrast, the white light consumes its colored components by assimilating and thus obliterating them, dissolving their distinctions and thus being the ultimate visible light which irradiates the causal. It is a light reflected from those material objects which happen to have dissolved and united all color within them through its reflection and rejection, hence their association with purity among transcendentalist cultures and death among the non-transcendentalist. The materiality of the black is the exact reverse, absorbing all light within itself, and thus being associated with fertility and health to those not dualistically inclined but associated with corruption and death to the dualistic mind. Thus, the White Order can be no more opposed to the Black Order than the causal to the acausal and stands in the same relation to it, as a visible Order receptive to (though unconscious of) the influences of the Black Order behind it, except when they manifest as violent intrusions or disruptions refracting its light. Yet, any causal manifestation of the Black Order inevitably occults and displaces the apparent passivity of the White Order,

which similarly prevails in obscuring the subtler Black Light of the acausal with its blinding dualisms in doctrine. In summary, the Black Order, should it succeed in manifesting the acausal, instantiates its ultimate victory over the ephemeral becoming of causal forms, though its manifestations are necessarily as temporary as its competitors. As such, the Black Order remains an intermittent intrusion and expression of purely acausal consciousness into and within the field of causal light: matter, energy, space, and time, just as the total solar eclipse displays for the briefest of moments the nondual Black Light as an acausal reality implied by the immanent juxtaposition of the purest light of the White Order and the blackness of the dark moon paradoxically beheld by day.

There can thus be no 'first' such acausal intrusion, no original moment of black illumination as the reflex of the monotheistic proclamation of Light or the materialistic Big Bang whose explosion of the clockwork universe left behind deterministic debris in the cremation ground of an unliving God who plays neither at dice nor at magic. The acausal invasion of causal reality is instead eternally simultaneous and persistently interpenetrating, an endless Fall into the abyssal void of Hell, a perpetual revolt against the blind meaninglessness of the uncreated, a relentless war upon the inertial forces which seethe in the primal Chaos.

This War between the influences of acausal consciousness and the non-conscious inertias of causality should not be misinterpreted as a dualistic War between Chaos and Order, still less between Black Order and White Order (or any other Order). Similarly, it is not a War of consciousness upon Chaos, since Chaos is the source of Order, the origin of the causal and the primal font of being. It is, however, a War against those compulsive, coercive, reactive inertias emerging from that Chaos as inevitable resistance to the insinuation of the acausal pattern. They can be likened to the immune system of causal reality, and explain the often-violent rejection of acausal consciousness by inorganic material reality and organic life alike. This immune system is indeed so potent that it can even influence, and itself infect, the consciousness of beings otherwise oriented in their sapience toward the acausal. Thus, while all human children instinctually turn their innocent awareness toward acausal potentiality and possibility, despite the barely conscious physical reactivity of their organic beings expressed through their uncontrolled physio-emotional responses, the vast majority of adults become perverted parodies of this condition, successfully learning the

appearance of self-control by abandoning their tendency toward acausal consciousness entirely or even demonizing it. They allow crude causal programming to usurp both their natural instincts toward well-being and flourishing happiness as well as their non-natural inclination toward hyperconscious being and the exalted acausality of the Black Light.

Of course, this is not inevitable, as the apologists for the depraved worship of causal abstractions like the State, the Monotheos, the Workers, etc. would like to claim. The integration of acausal consciousness with the psychophysical complex of the human child can also be effected through the direct transmission of its sapient patterns from their primeval sources, mediated through the numinous awe and wonder which the human being automatically feels when confronted with the archetypes and personalities of living myth. It is through the sharing and repetition of such personal initiations on a cultural scale that civilizations ultimately come into being, and it is through the distortion or degradation of these transmissions of tradition that cultures fail and civilizations fall.

As is the case with any other pattern of information, this degeneration is inevitable over the course of causal time; each copy of the transmission contains at least the possibility of micro-errors, which accumulate and worsen with each further transmission, making it more subject to deliberate distortion. Of course, the contrary process of correction and revision can also occur, and ideally the original source of the pattern—acausal consciousness itself—is directly accessible to communicators so that the accuracy of the transmission can be checked. However, even under these ideal conditions, there are always more ways to break an egg in causal reality than for it to remain in one piece, and so it is marked by entropy and decay. Yet acausal consciousness and its synchronous correlations themselves remain free from this degradation, as that which is acausal lacks contingent traits, qualities and attributes which are necessarily subject to other contingencies. Hence, the War is not a dualistic clash of equally matched armies of light and darkness, angels and demons, gods and devils, although such conflicts may appear to occur in the semantic abysses between the ultimate acausal absolute and the foaming chaos within and beneath the causal reality. Rather, it is more like the microbial war fought in our bodies at every moment between pathogens and their organic coherence, a war that can end abruptly with the death of the body or gradually as the field of battle itself becomes worthless decaying territory. In the organic world, the only victors are those replicants that can

survive the transition between hosts with their own coherence and continuity intact, ultimately having refined themselves from parasites to symbiotes. Still, such entities must individually prevail over less nuanced competition, and however perfect their host, must remain capable of surviving its destruction or extinction to assure their own eternal continuity.

The relationship of acausal consciousness to the causal reality, which it invades is like this and even in perfect symbiosis with the causal host, the acausal can never be dependent on it. The degeneration of traditional transmissions of acausal consciousness through causal time has been mythically represented in these traditional transmissions themselves as a progressive worsening of the ages of time. The coherence of the transmission begins to fail, distorted by its hosts and their unconscious resistance to it; it mutates and develops malicious strains which destroy these hosts or render them insane. Quality memes may be overwhelmed by the massive quantity of deranged and disinformational alternatives skilled at mass replication without regard to the continuity or preservation of their hosts. Eventually, once all the originals are long lost, there comes an iteration when not a single completely accurate copy of the original synchronous acausal transmission remains. This is the “Kali Yuga,” still an almost inconceivably vast span of causal time in which the original transmission of acausal consciousness becomes dispersed and forgotten. And yet, like a pathogen which ultimately develops into an immune-resistant strain, as long as even a single variation on the original pattern remains within the system, its correlation with the simultaneous, non-local acausal consciousness preserves its presence within the body of causal reality. Thus, though that reality must eventually collapse in the perversion and depravity of its own self-undoing, like every other contingent form within it, those remaining instances of consciousness derived from that acausal pattern which endure to its end retain all the adaptations and strategic refinements necessary to have survived this process. As the causal unravels itself like space-time falling across the edge of an event horizon into a black singularity, hurtling through eternal progress into an infinitude of causal forms and the even greater infinities of their abstractions, instances of acausal consciousness resilient enough and coherent enough to survive naked in the embrace of unmediated, eternal chaos become the greatest of symbiotes, capable of self- modification and self-transmogrification not only into infinitely adaptable expressions of their acausal origins, but into totally novel combinations which might replicate endlessly throughout all realities and

causal times. These are the Gods of the Kali Yuga.

The purpose of the Black Order is to produce them.

Its subtle strategy, based on the cunning application of acausal consciousness and its ageless intelligence, is to continuously adapt the production of causal forms capable of re-presencing the acausal origins of consciousness within causal time, with sufficient persistence that its own pattern will share in the continuity of their identity. Thus, each member of the Black Order will partake in the totality of the process while remaining itself an undivided whole. These “undividuals” are the hosts which internally and insidiously cultivate the Gods within the body of causal reality, ultimately making it such a Host as well. All the myths of cosmogonic dismemberment, primal sacrifice, cosmic war, initiatory sacrifice, and apocalyptic climax in some way self-referentially replicate the acausal correlations summarized in this myth that you are reading, yet another expression of these would-be symbiotes—and all the dualisms, eschatologies, altruistic cosmologies, and coercive ideologies of causal abstraction, which pervert and distort such transmissions express causal reality’s resistance to these very patterns of acausal coherence and synchronicity. The degree to which a given entity orients its awareness and behavior toward the maintenance of causal reality, it will behave perversely and self-destructively, ultimately undermining its own wellbeing, though like any other diseased creature, it may retain many of powers and faculties to the detriment of other beings less depraved. Thus, a full spectrum of mythic conflict between and within these myths themselves unfolds throughout the abyss between the acausal and the meaningless blind chaos of manifest causal reality.

As an expression of this same process, the following meta-myth represents it. Those who represent it to themselves and others further by enacting it through their own representations will recreate it, and themselves, anew—as members of the Body of the Black Order and Hosts of the Gods of the Kali Yuga. Those who achieve Symbiosis with it may themselves become those Gods. It is the attempt of the ‘undividual’ consciousness to improve upon what is acausally apprehended, which is the origin of arrogance and perversity as well as the potential to become something infinitely greater. This is both a warning and a challenge; only the Black Order will know whether its inclusion is a distortion or a correction to the acausal transmission, and so this exposition ends with a question: what is the nature of conscious evolution in a causal reality which cannot improve upon itself

and in which the only progress is toward entropic disorder?

1. Chaos, the Cause.

Any attempt to temporally locate the “first cause” is futile, and so is any attempt to recall the moment when the quest for acausal consciousness began. From any point of its intrusion, consequence and contingency ripple around it and spread in all spatio-temporal directions through causality, warping it and molding it to conform to the complex, conscious pattern of the Black Order which implicates itself pervasively through these ‘nexions’ where the causal and the acausal meet.

This moment is one such nexion, to be opened according to the precise alignments, which correlate its location between the causal and acausal. Only the singular perspective of the subjective observer can act as the key to open this gateway, which is present only now.

From this beginning unfolds the Crooked Ninefold Path to the Black Order, realized instantaneously and explicated iteratively across the abyss between one moment and the next, its Nine Angles joining these Nine Stations, holistically containing each within themselves the totality of the Path expressed in any scale.²

If for even a moment one should fully embrace the Ethos and Gnosis of the Black Order, it must inevitably open forth the Black Nexion within the psycho-somatic complex of the subject—even if this is fully realized and expressed only at the moment of death, when a glimpse of the acausal consciousness is available to all—for a moment. In between this moment and its recursion, consciousness extends at once but also sequentially as an angular, crooked lightning flash illuminating the acausal darkness of the abyss, resounding refulgent with the synaesthetic thunder of the perfect mind. Its blackness shines resplendent, filling the voids of chaos with self-generated numinous awe, wonder and terror, as the inertial resistance of causal reality is shattered and utterly consumed in the black fires of acausal consciousness: as the black lightning enkindles the cremation pyre of the aeon, its sparks ignite the internal furnaces of uncountable black suns to fuel the similar birth and death of unnumbered worlds.

To realize this direct confrontation with the infinity of chaos is only the first Station of the Path; it is enacted forever along the First Angle which enfolds infinitely upon itself, an eternal incension into the black heart of chaos, the infernal centre of the universe wherein all opposites originate, all

possibilities may arise, and all times and places converge: there is no One but this. The metamorphosis and transmogrification of one who would become a God of the Kali Yuga begins in this moment of unmediated apprehension of chaos and is completed by becoming its Opposite.

To fully behold it, the aspirant to the Black Order must review the totality of memories available to scrutiny, knowing full well that they will break down into the chaotic void of infantile amnesia or, for those who have subjective access to prenatal or precarnate recollections, in the chaotic void from which these consciousnesses have originated. Nevertheless, the aspirant must persist until no more can be recalled despite the most relentless efforts, even if this becomes a sole practice of contemplation until its completion. Whenever this occurs, the aspirant must craft a ceremonial reenactment of return to the origins of consciousness, however they can be conceived, with the whole focus being on reminiscence, recollection and resurgence, recovering and releasing the full range of possibilities and power which explode forth from the most obscure point of chaos, transforming the aspirant into an attractor of these potentials and granting sufficient momentum to be propelled through the acausal abyss into full consciousness with sufficient coherence to survive the dispersive and inertial resistance of causal reality.

This ceremony must be sufficiently absorbing as to thoroughly dissolve any remaining sense of time and place that the aspirant may have clung to. Contrary to the methods of the White Order, the abolition or annihilation of the sense of identity is unnecessary. Rather, the fullness of the aspirant's memories and their resultant desires will interact strangely with the field of acausal possibilities, realigning themselves recursively to ensure ultimate realization; by the completion of the ceremony, the question of whether the aspirant has or has not recollected the past or reformed it will be meaningless since the full recapitulation of the experience of causal reality as the aspirant has understood and apprehended it becomes the raw material out of which the embryonic God is fashioned, the Nine Stations being phases of metamorphosis through which the aspirant must pass in order to emerge intact from the abyssal chrysalis.

The ceremony must also be constructed and performed in such a manner that at its pivotal point, the aspirant is totally naked and divested of all clothing, adornments, ritual jewelry or tools, etc; however, if the aspirant has already enacted any body modifications or art, these must be worked into the symbolism of the ceremony such that their persistence suggests a connection

to prenatal or precarnate possibilities. Such a component of the ceremony should unleash further power from these kinds of signifiers, though it is not recommended that the aspirant acquire any specifically for reference in the ceremony (as such may unduly constrict the possibilities and potentials of its ultimate manifestations, generating unnecessary causal inertia).

There are as many options for the design of the ceremony as there are aspirants; common patterns might be either a backward unwinding or unraveling of the causal patterns of the aspirant's life, a deliberate hurtling forth into unknown possibilities of chaos knowing that such an intention itself must lead "backward" to the origin, or some combination of these ideas. Other possibilities might involve deliberately embracing all that the aspirant finds opposed to the usual momentum of biographical life or even the deliberate enactment or exacerbation of extreme or radical tendencies in multiply conflicting directions. However the ceremony is performed, it must reach at least a moment of completely non-linear apprehension of total chaos; as such, an aspirant with no training or background in the maintenance of coherent consciousness in a state obliterating ecstasy or one-pointedness may wish to pursue further mystical or magical training before attempting this operation (or, the aspirant without such training may wish to proceed anyway, knowing that those whose wyrd is oriented toward the Black Order will survive whatever ordeal is presented).

At this moment when Chaos is apprehended, the aspirant will have to make a choice of whether to enter into Union with it. For those who choose the path of Union, no further instructions are necessary or applicable. For those who refuse their own abolition, the consciousness of the Black Order awaits them if their coherence can be maintained across all Nine Angles and through and upon all Nine Stations. At this moment of decision, the aspirant makes an Oath to the Black Order as it is understood. This should have been carefully considered, written, and prepared beforehand—knowing that its form may completely change once the moment of Chaos arrives. However, common to all Oaths to the Black Order must be absolute loyalty to its aims, common cause with its other aspirants, and perhaps most significant, the unwavering commitment to fully enact all operations necessary for the permanent establishment of immortal personal consciousness in the Ninth Station to allow perpetual access to the Acausal Consciousness of the Ninth Angle. Further, the aspirant must resolve that once this Station is gained, the full might and power of undying and invincible will be directed to the further

propagation of the Black Light throughout causal reality and the further awakening of sapient beings arising within it. This resolution is critical to the acquisition and maintenance of the Black Consciousness; without it, while the aspirant may indeed achieve some form of self-deification, this will become its own prison and exile into the black mirror of narcissism at best, the torments of perpetual addiction to self-loathing at worst.

Having made this Oath, the aspirant adopts whatever black attire has been chosen to signify the potential of identification with the Black Order, and proceeds to ceremonially enact its intrusion into the world of causal reality. This will entail the deliberate and conscious recapitulation in the aspirant's recollection of all those previous moments of semi-consciousness and consciousness, desire and fantasy, which oriented the aspirant toward this moment of supreme intention; this ceremony both sacrifices and sacralizes these moments; no more are they merely indulgences in the numinous, or ecstasies of inspiration, but rather they have become themselves intersections in the Black Order's strategic pattern of acausal awakenings: they have become nexions in the abyssal gulfs of the aspirant's memory, between unplumbed and unrecalled Chaos and the moment of conscious intent. The aspirant should have prepared this part of the ceremony before hand, but in the course of the first phase, may have recalled a great deal more content to include spontaneously. The aim is that no phase of previous work or development should go unmarked by the Black Consciousness, so that the momentum and power of all these singularities of potential should be channeled and seized by the aspirant to fuel the conclusion of the ceremony.

Returning again to the now perpetual and self-reinforcing moment of spontaneous awakening within the center of chaos, the aspirant, now fully distinct from it at least in subjective consciousness, must determine how to confront it as an agent of the Black Order. The words spoken, symbolic actions taken, and aesthetics applied to form it and fashion it into coherence will become signifiers of the course of the aspirant's further metamorphosis toward permanent Acausal Consciousness, containing within themselves the whole pattern of this transmogrification. The aspirant may wish to organize these expressions into a nine-fold pattern or avoid any such division so that the confrontation with chaos may signify its potential coherence as one whole. Whether it is approached as a personality or an impersonal absolute, Chaos will surely respond by releasing both blind causal potential and also the entropic inertia characteristic of that causal reality. It will have to be

encountered and somehow organized across the remaining eight Angles and divided into the remaining Nine Stations of the Path.

The aspirant should also mark this confrontation with Chaos, and the momentum and power with which it now drives the aspirant with a tattoo somewhere on the back.

Many aspirants will never proceed beyond this first Station, but even they are assured alignment to the Black Order's purpose and access to a moment of acausal consciousness as they confront the nexion opening at death; the whole of one's causal life could be spent unfolding the potentialities and opportunities contained within such a self—devised ceremony based on this frame.

However, this station has its own great limitation, which is a reactive dependency upon the opportunities that the situation of the moment affords. When the aspirant has either exhausted these possibilities for consciousness such that they become blindly repetitious and seemingly pointless, or else reaches a terminus of frustration with the limitations of these methods of magically manipulating chance, it may be time to proceed to the second Station and confront the Second Angle, though it can be suggested that the aspirant may wish to indulge a full year or even two exploring the nuances of chaos.

The following suggestions may be useful guides to making the most of its deterministic yet obscure unpredictability:

The aspirant would be wise to study chance, statistics, fortune, and seemingly random patterns expressed through economics, politics, and even history. By becoming familiar with the processes whereby complex systems express an emergent property of self-organization, the aspirant will be better equipped to take advantage of them as the need arises. Similarly, the aspirant may wish to become familiar with various theories and models of the apparent emergence of consciousness from seemingly chaotic and circumstantial conditions—and the limitations and potential flaws in such theories.

Similarly, the aspirant should become used to embracing uncertainty and unpredictable, dangerous situations. The ideal circumstances for making the most of this Station would involve nomadic existence, the necessity of living by one's wits, and being as far outside of society as possible. Aspirants who have already achieved a significant measure of liberty, wealth and power may not find this to be the case, but may instead benefit by beginning to use this

sovereignty already gained within society in increasingly antinomian ways or devoting the full measure of their resources and resourcefulness to the attainment of further Stations. Extensive travel, confrontation with unfamiliar cultures and social settings, etc. are all useful means of increasing the amount of and access to chaos in one's life. Finally, the aspirant should become specifically used to and accustomed to taking risks, and therefore inured to the processes of gain and loss, fortune and misfortune, attendant upon causal life. In summary, the aspirant ought to be fully satisfied with and familiar with as many possibilities for success and failure which the causal world has to offer in order to burn out any remaining sentiments that it might have any sort of value or merit of its own.

Throughout all this, the aspirant would also be wise to become familiar with all current possibilities for and options of life enhancement, life extension, transhumanism, human design, and so forth. The Black Order's influence depends upon the ultimate exaltation of sentience and consciousness beyond and through all possibilities of metamorphosis and death; as such, the greater the possibilities and extent of potential influence that the aspirant can offer, the more the consciousness and power of the Black Order will become available.

2. Order, the Divider.

In achieving the Station of Order, the aspirant has fully and explicitly become identified with the Black Order. This necessitates that the aspirant either join some causal manifestation of its influence or establish one independently (or both, by making a new contribution to such an endeavor, or by creating a personal Order and then dedicating it to the Black Order's purpose in collaboration with others of similar intent). Enacting the ceremonies of this Angle will involve either elaborating a full system of Initiation into the Black Order and then enacting it in the aspirant's own work and in collaboration with others, or undergoing such systems of initiation as would be suitable to the Order's purpose (or both)—and then revising them and representing them purged of any inimical, distorted or degenerate content. A whole book of notes on specific currents of initiation and their suitability to this practice can and should be written, but not here, given the limitations of time and space. This expression of the Second Station and its Angle instead focuses on the possibility that the aspirant will have to—or desire to—express the Black Order entirely independently.

If this is the case, the most effective means of doing this will be 1) systematizing the ceremony experienced in the First Angle into a) an ordeal b) an initiation c) an oath, to be followed by d) a phase of working and practice based on the experiences of the aspirant prior to engagement with the Black Order and e) a second phase of working and practice based on the aspirant's experiences in the First Angle. The third phase, f), entails the collaborative creation of an expression of the Black Order with like-minded peers (preferably at least nine) who can combine their own contributions a) through e) in such a manner as to produce at least the outline of an initiation system which can act as a vehicle for the achievement and establishment of aspirants in the remaining Seven Stations.

The most important practice to engage throughout the acquisition of this station and the journey through the Second Angle is an impersonal appreciation for the aspirant's own processes of development and those of others. All branches of philosophy should be studied and if possible mastered by the aspirant before attempting to proceed to the third station; all personal talents and attributes developed to their natural limit. Clearly, this would be difficult to accomplish in less than nine years, but the foretaste of later stations can be gained in that time. The most critical task to be accomplished here, however, is the elaboration of some code of personal honor or ethics—some ethos—which will aid the aspirant in maintaining the continuity of consciousness throughout the rest of the stations and enable complete resistance to all competing imperatives, even and especially the gods, ideals and spirits of the age and past ages. The aspirant must become completely independent of any loyalties beyond dedication to the ultimate purpose of the Black Order itself, which necessarily includes the aspirant's own self-immortalization and the cultivation of supreme virtue. The aspirant should have clearly organized personal life and values around these ideals so that no internal friction, inertia, or cognitive dissonance may occur. Finally, the aspirant should have cultivated a personality capable of complete and remorseless self-love. Any traces of guilt, shame or even embarrassment should have been resolved. In summary, the aspirant must have acquired the psychopath's ability to act without remorse, but the empath's capacity to thoroughly apprehend and appreciate the perspective of other sapient beings. Access to both of these poles ensures that no form of sentiment or psychological inertia will distract the aspirant's adherence to the Ethos.

3. Knowledge, the Corrupter.

By the time the aspirant has traversed the Second Angle and represented the Black Order, making an original contribution to human knowledge should be a real possibility. Doing so is the prerequisite for achieving this Station. It is called the Corrupter because the aspirant can now act directly as a source of acausal influence in the causal world; all the aspirant's deeds should in some measure propagate further transmutations and metamorphoses within that reality, as the aspirant's own transmogrification catalyses that of others. This original contribution to human knowledge should not only advance a current discipline but also offer possibilities for the elaboration of a new one or perhaps a synthesis of formerly separate disciplines.

The aspirant should also have, by now, discerned a single symbol which is seen to best represent the Ethos and Essence of the Black Order. It should be made the focus of ceremonies designed to fuel its becoming an acausal nexion in the world; these might be magical ceremonies enacted by some manifestation of the Black Order, but it also might be used as the focus of religious rites or as the standard of some exoteric organization. It should also be tattooed over the aspirant's heart to seal this work and make the physical body of the aspirant into its focus.

The aspirant should be able to clearly articulate a philosophy and practice which fosters acausal consciousness in a variety of idioms, and capable of clearly explaining to a person of average intelligence how to orient their life toward happiness, wellbeing, and success. This should begin a process whereby the aspirant will become respected and even renowned as a source of wisdom.

It is also necessary at this stage that the aspirant elaborate a full system of esoteric practice, which could be used by a solitary individual for both magical and mystical achievement. Unlike the collaborative effort of representing the Black Order, this is an expression of the individual personality of the aspirant and a gift to others of a solitary inclination. The aspirant should also work through this system in its entirety with the intention of opening it as an acausal nexion available to others. Further, the aspirant should personally initiate one person into its use.

To traverse the Third Angle and become prepared to achieve the Fourth Station, the aspirant must go on a journey which takes at least nine months, through totally unfamiliar territories, in disguise or otherwise incognito. If the aspirant is already unknown and has no reputation, the aspirant should devise

a persona which ideally expresses an understanding of the role and identity of the Black Order in the present age, and embody it as completely as possible. In the course of this journey, which can have any object or none, the aspirant must seek out as many situations as possible in which a novel experience can only be gained (or survived) by the application of cunning intelligence and situational wits. The juxtaposition of these confrontations with causal reality and the further cultivation of abstract acausal awareness will not only ensure that the aspirant becomes and remains a personal nexion, but they will also produce unusual and memorable circumstances which will become sources of acausal power later. The conclusion of the journey—the return home—must be celebrated with nine days and nine nights' worth of indulgence in all the aspirant's favorite things and companions, but also marked by the sacrificial destruction of anything in the aspirant's territory now seen to be inimical to the further metamorphosis, transformation, and development of the aspirant into a divine being in the flesh.

4. Generation, the Transformer.

Having survived this journey, the aspirant is now prepared to attempt achievement of the Fourth Station. The Fourth Station must be shared with another, an erotic companion who has achieved the same or similar station through the same means or means equally aligned to the Black Order's purpose. If such a companion fails to manifest after a ceremonial calling in which the aspirant again symbolically reenacts the initiatory adventures so far undertaken, but in "mirrored" fashion, using mirrors as tools, and with the intent to see these processes "reflected" in another, the aspirant may wish to cultivate an apprentice to fill this role. It should be noted that more than one such companion may manifest; it is up to the aspirant to deal with the ethical complexities which might arise from such eventualities. It is also at this station that the aspirant must fully prepare for the possibility of death. The appropriate provisions should be made for the application of all consequences of the aspirant's death to the greater glorification and advancement of the Black Order; it is also at the Station that the aspirant may wish to consider the creation of children, projects, other apprentices and so forth, to carry the magical will forward into future ages.

The Fourth Angle is traversed with the aspirant's companion or companions, by together recapitulating each of their previous initiatory works first as separate projects and then as a new synthesis or syncretism of both.

The results of these operations should be recorded and published, and bequeathed to a successor or successors to aid their own establishment of expressions of the Black Order.

The aspirants are prepared to achieve the Fifth Station through enacting by ceremonial magic or some other means the total destruction of some person, entity, organization, etc. which is determined to be inimical to the purposes of the Black Order, which is to say that it is either clearly a vehicle for the inertia of the causal reality or expressly oriented toward the express purpose of extinguishing acausal consciousness in the world—or some entity, system, or person the continued existence of which necessarily produces such an effect. This is not to be confused with the “sacrificial destruction” of personal enemies or even with the “culling” of those deemed unworthy or unfit as some traditions present it. This is, instead, the calculated and thorough, aeonically oriented expression of the acausal’s strategic assault on causal reality. As such, the disposition of this operation is entirely impersonal and it should be executed with cold, ruthless, efficient detachment, regardless of how personally beneficial and rewarding its side-effects may or may not be.

The Fourth Angle may take a long time to traverse, but a thorough exploration of its mysteries will reward the aspirant by yielding greater coherence and power in the Fifth Station.

5. Mind, the Creator.

By the time the aspirant has achieved this station, the extensive faults and flaws in the causal world must have become clear. All causal explanations for how reality functions must be seen to be insufficient. The first phase of the Creation which opens the Fifth Angle must be the thorough refutation and ideological destruction of ideologies and systems contrary to the Black Order’s purpose. The aspirant must make a thorough assessment and inventory of the various forces, currents, traditions, and systems working in the world. Systematically, each must be evaluated, criticized, if possible corrected, and if not, undermined. Those that are mostly valuable should be integrated by the aspirant into a grand synthesis and representation of the totality of esoteric philosophy then presented as a Gift to all manifestations of the Black Order in the world. Having completed this, the Station of Creation is achieved—but the Fifth Angle can only be traversed by the aspirant narrowing and focusing all these conceptions to one single idea powerful enough to communicate the totality of the aspirant’s initiation and

understanding in an instant.

The operation of the Fifth Angle is the expression of this concept itself as a Nexion, to be first communicated ceremonially and aesthetically at a location and moment in time chosen by the aspirant for this purpose, and thereafter utilized and elaborated as the basis not of a new esoteric or magical system, but rather as a vehicle for the consciousness of the aspirant in all contexts and areas of initiation.

This Angle takes only as long to traverse as necessary to discern this concept and open it as a Nexion—and yet this angle cuts through and across the whole arrangement of the Stations, as the Fifth Station resides as the personal center of the aspirant's world.

6. Form, the Vessel.

This is the station of Sovereignty, and the Sixth Angle is only traversed through the outward expression of that Sovereignty in the causal world in such a manner as to be indistinguishable from similar Sovereignty acquired through fortune. This Sovereignty must be exercised through a social role for which the aspirant is specifically and uniquely suited; it must be the full expression of the greatest possible influence and self-development which the aspirant could manifest within the limitation of the causal world.

There is nothing the aspirant can do to deliberately proceed beyond the Sixth Station, although if all previous Angles have been traversed, the momentum of previous work will necessary carry the aspirant forward. The Sixth Angle has been fully traversed only when the omens and life circumstances as described in the Seventh Station have manifested. Until then, the aspirant must rest and maintain the exercise of worldly Sovereignty.

7. Emergence, the Crisis.

Having fulfilled the possibilities of personal destiny sufficiently that the aspirant's continued causal life merely maintains a condition of Sovereignty, which becomes self-maintaining, circumstances must conspire to directly confront the aspirant with the destabilization and even destruction of this equilibrium in a way that can be prepared for but not necessarily sought out. However, the proper execution of the original ceremonial confrontation with chaos ensures that this will eventually occur—even if it occurs before or during the causal death of the aspirant. Indeed, a direct confrontation with death would be one way the 'crisis' might manifest, but near-death, some

situational catastrophe seemingly beyond the already considerable personal influence of the aspirant to redirect or perhaps an event of aeonic magnitude will intrude upon the aspirant's Sovereignty, challenging the aspirant to excel the self-imposed limitations of that causal existence and either abandon or transmute them.

The means of doing this will necessary vary depending on the particular conditions pertaining to the aspirant, but the following are likely to be pertinent:

The aspirant, having already fully developed innate talents and shored up various innate weaknesses, will nevertheless still maintain inclinations and dispositions based either on past experience or personal taste, in such a way that an 'opposite' can still be conceived; the aspirant will find that the crisis can be best navigated by allowing the final imperative of transmutation and metamorphosis to allow even these most opposite and obscure possibilities of self to manifest. The intention is not a straightforward or simplistic anaethmatism, but rather the deliberate cultivation of a way of being and seeing that is not only foreign to the aspirant, but both difficult to access and intuitively rejected as implausible. This leads to a truly holistic appreciation for the non-duality of acausal consciousness and is ultimately what allows the aspirant to become a complete Nexion in the causal world, containing within the entire structure of the Black Order.

This can be realized and enacted ceremonially by the aspirant orienting the totality of conscious personal intent and causal and acausal being toward the overcoming of the challenge to Sovereignty by catalyzing and then allowing an ultimate self- transmogrification into everything that the aspirant formerly could not be; in summary, the aspirant achieves something formerly "impossible," which radically invalidates the network of causal limitations and contingencies seemingly generated by the inertia of previous workings. These inertias can be confronted as an expression of causal opposition to be subsumed back into the being of the aspirant and themselves processed and transformed into fuel for acausal consciousness. The ceremony is performed through the deliberate exhaustion of all the aspirant's faculties in a single endeavor of nearly impossible difficulty; in achieving it, the final barriers of causal possibility are so shaken by the numinosity and grandeur of the experience that the aspirant will already be in an intensely altered state of consciously and nearly intoxicated with possibility and potentiality. In this state, the aspirant invokes and as far as possible identifies with the total

Otherness conceived as the infinite darkness of the acausal consciousness apprehended as the non-self. This should be expressed through a medium previously completely foreign to the aspirant, and express total novelty. Successful achieving this grants access to the Seventh Station. The Seventh Angle is traversed through the full recapitulation of the previous initiatory experiences of the last seven angles from the perspective of this Otherness, now apprehended as the fullness of previous unrealized possibilities of the transpersonal self. When the original self is then encountered as Other in the recapitulation of this very ceremony, the unfolding of the seventh angle is complete, and the aspirant can prepare for the penultimate angular adventure.

8. Quest, the Treasure.

By now the aspirant has a trans-personal perspective on initiation and will be capable of directly apprehending aeonic realities and patterns; the influences of the acausal will be discerned in the tides of history and the complexities of the causal world. Achievement of the Eighth Station is analogized as a heroic quest for a forgotten treasure and should be experienced and understood by the aspirant in this metaphor. This Quest is entirely transpersonal; its content must be of historical significance and relevance to the present age. Its consequences must be as literally significant in the causal world as they are symbolically significant to the aspirant's own desire for acausal consciousness. The object of the Quest must then be utilized as the basis of a ceremonial and literal nexion, the centre of the re-creation of the Black Order in the world. This does not necessarily mean that the Treasure is a historical relic, but it must be something of great value to humanity and to the purposes of the Black Order, in particular.

The Eighth Station having been achieved, the Eighth Angle is pursued through the recollection, recovery, and recapitulation of the great influence of the Black Order throughout previous aeons. Having already wholly embodied the possibilities of both personal destiny and transpersonal initiation within the present, the aspirant must extend consciousness and understanding both backward through previous aeons and out (and within) into future possibilities. The expression of these latter will draw the aspirant through the Eighth Angle. When the personal life and experience of the aspirant begin to seem perpetually shifted toward the becoming of the multiplicity of future possibilities—when the aspirant has literally manifested potentialities and capacities belonging to forthcoming expressions of sapience (which are

themselves resurgences of the atavisms of ‘dark gods’ of aeons past), the aspirant may be capable of manifesting the Ninth Station in the flesh.

9. Victor, the Sovereign Ruler.

The Ninth Station is of super-personal significance and hyper-conscious capacity; its manifestation in the causal world is contingent upon such an influx and expression of acausal potentiality and possibility that the entropic course of causal time is briefly arrested and then reversed. This may require seemingly apocalyptic circumstances, or instead it may signify the complete fruition of the virtues of the Black Order within an aeon. In the current degenerate age, it is likely to be the former.

All expressions of the Ninth Station must exercise not only causal Sovereignty, but also blatant intrusions of acausal power. Such Sovereign Rulers of the Black Order would be openly recognized by all as praeter-human or even semi-divine. As such, the Ninth Station has been generally expressed only in myth and legend, yet even in living memory it has its analogs in leaders, heroes, and prophets seemingly endowed with miraculous power. Yet almost all these cases derived their power from a role imposed through systems of causal entanglement entirely unsuited to the direct manifestation of the Black Order. Ultimately, the Ninth Station indicates a condition entirely free from dualistic constructions and contrivances while still embodied; it is as if the aspirant has not only already died, but already recreated the causal world according to personal desire and design. Having already completed the personal transmogrification, the aspirant—now a full represencing of the Black Order in its entirety—transmogrifies the surrounding reality. The Sovereign Ruler becomes a catalyst of metamorphosis through the victory achieved over causal inertia; literally a nexion or gateway to “another world.” The Ninth Station, then, entails the fusion of temporal and trans-personal sovereignty and authority in such a manner that through the person of the aspirant, the Black Order rules openly, proclaiming the victory of acausal consciousness over causal inertia.

Yet such a condition is necessarily temporary, assuming it becomes stable at all. Ultimately, the age itself must give way to renewal, the Black Order through its nexions at least briefly becoming the manifest and explicit basis for the further propagation and advance of sapience. This surge of black acausal influence is maintained and focus through the perpetual expression of the Ninth Angle. This does not mean that the aspirant must necessary fill the

specific role described in order to have the gnosis of the Ninth Angle, but an aspirant who does not fulfill the role will necessarily help to engender, support, and defend such an entity as the personal embodiment of the Black Order.

In this way, the Black Order can openly reign—at least briefly—through that abyssal transition which indicates the change of age. Each of its members has already become a Nexion including in microcosm the Order's mesocosmic Nexion, which is established in the 'macrocosm' every time a Sovereign Ruler reorients the causal world to its dependency on non-local acausal consciousness for any self-awareness or meaning to be formulated.

The Ninth Angle should be expressed and celebrated by one who wishes to embody its power in the following ways:

A ceremonial rite should be created in which the aspirant claims the full mantle of one who represents the Black Order literally and explicitly in the causal reality, openly claiming Victory over causal inertia. This must be more difficult to properly perform than any previous ceremony, quest or ordeal in the aspirant's life. It must take at least nine days to perform, and it must also be thoroughly transgressive of whatever inertias, decadences, degeneracies and limitations may still afflict the society in which the aspirant lives. The location will be suggested by circumstance but is likely to be one of both historical significance and contemporary relevance to the aeonic needs of the Black Order, in which it has the greatest possibility of literal revitalization, and which therefore will be of interest to those who oppose it. The last requirement is that the operation include at least one event that has literally never occurred before, or some endeavor that has literally never been done before, in historical memory.

The rite is completed with a final recapitulation, in reverse, of the initial encounter with chaos: first defying, then subjugating, and ultimately consuming both all the personified forms of chaos, and then impersonal chaos itself, which the aspirant has encountered in the course of all initiations, quests, and ordeals. This ultimate "Black Feast" of Selves is concluded with the initiate donning some variation of the red mantle and violet crown suggesting the adornment of rubedo.

Having accomplished this complete metamorphosis into acausal consciousness and transmogrified the totality of personal existence into its causal expression, the Sovereign Ruler of the Black Order then proceeds to enact without any hesitation all other such rites and celebrations of Victory

known to its present manifestations or to history. Having exhausted these possibilities, all these operations and ordeals are sealed by the Victor then redesigning and reshaping the Ninefold Path according to the inspiration and insight gained from personal experience of it, the whole of the Path being then reenacted with the intention to open it as a Nexion for the Body of the Order to further extend its dominion within the causal world and ultimately reclaim all of reality for the acausal consciousness of the dark gods.

The Sovereign Ruler has thus become their companion in the flesh, a God of the Kali-Yuga whose consciousness extends to touch the Golden Age. It radiates into the ever-novel future and penetrates its glory with the black seeds of potential and possibility. These will ultimately flourish into that Black Light whose radiant, bright, and shining darkness will eclipse its inevitably degenerating splendor and thus nourish and fuel those Other Gods who have yet to be. Their being and becoming will renew the ageless and eternal, forever, through all the aeons unfolded in causal reality, which are but the infinitely manifold expressions of the singularity of acausal consciousness. That Black Sun is the source of all Black Light irradiating the cosmos, symbol of the supreme Virtue of the Black Order, which is the origin of all that is Good in the causal world, even as it perpetually perpetrates the relentless intrusion of the same acausal consciousness, which is known to the wise as undefiled wisdom, and to the profane as Evil.

Nemo Alius 171

The Black Trinity

Through the Eyes of a Malevolent Magician

Dante Abiel

The first duty of man [The Black Magician] is to conquer fear; he must get rid of it, he cannot act until then.

—Thomas Carlyle

Introduction

FEAR of anything will bring the articulate Black Magician into a realm of Powerlessness.

When the idea of the Anthology was brought to me, I immediately became humbled. The darker aspect that roared within my core was brought to its knees. The project seemed so simple, but the underlining of what was truly happening was astonishing. Here were a group of well-established magicians of all sects gathering together to lay out information to any and all who will hear.

My mind was scarcely grasping the seriousness of this endeavor. If such a thing were to have happened two-thousand years ago, we would speak our claims in markets places for any who pass by. Today, we have technology allowing us to reach for almost any information within seconds so we used those methods to make our claims, all bearing witness. With information so readily waiting our initiative, the Anthology needed to be loud and clear.

As a new author, I began going through my own little writing process, hell-bent on research and practical application. I dug through old journals and personal grimoires, finding notes linking to one another sloppily with arrows and markings to make connection with other ideas and paragraphs. As I slowed my intellectual immersion within my studies, I thought to myself, “How many of us take the time to stop and observe our life in its entirety?” What was my part in the grand scheme of things; how did I fit into the puzzle? At the transcendence of this life into the next what would I leave behind? How was my existence and the experience of the Grand Consciousness experiencing itself subjectively?

My mind was clouded with too many questions and not enough answers,

so I meditated on everything by experiencing nothing. I saw my life as it was, is or ever will be. I saw how important “I” am on the grand scheme, and yet I was not needed. This mere observation granted me full access of my being. I could see all, hear all and travel anywhere I pleased. A new vision was given to me that day, the Vision of Suspension. This is the ability to travel within the grand scheme of Supreme Consciousness to make any “necessary” changes, and yet no changes at all. The speed of the spiritual travel left my mind to become free. Free of man’s laws and my own. Freedom from the Consciousness Itself, when reality and Illusion are one in the same.

I awoke with no real answers. I simply understood that all would come in time. Bringing oneself back from a world where time does not exist, can be frustrating to say the least, however patience was needed. My body needed to recuperate from a deep immersion of the realm of Necromancy. I found myself healing rather quickly, and the lion in the heart got rest. I focused on nothing during this time period. I observed. What I did not anticipate was the reaction from my action of suspension.

On a day like every other day, I meditated to bring myself into a calm, breathing deeply, slowly. My mind faded into the background, and I became aware of my existence. After my observation, I briefly brought myself back into the very thing I was observing. A massive light blinded me, and threw me out of my trance. Snapping back into your body in any normal circumstance can bring you minor to severe spiritual whiplash, however this was not a “usual” circumstance, but a gateway of intense knowledge gathering in one vocal point, me.

The brilliance of the light broke all focus I would generally have. My body was dripping and covered in sweat. I reached for my eyes trying to shield the light. The intensity of it had me crawling and pacing in circles. There was no shielding this light. My eyesight was to remain blinded, however the “Black Magician’s Mentality” wouldn’t let me give in that easy. I fought with every inch of my power, and in doing so I attempted to gain further knowledge of my surroundings by using the senses that were not blocked.

I used my hearing at first, but the light carved and sliced into my eardrums. Liquid dripped out of my ear canal. I lightly tapped the inside of my ear, feeling the liquid traveling down my wrist. I brought the mysterious fluid to my mouth. Copper was the first thing to come to my mind, but it couldn’t be. It was blood! My eyes were wet, and what I thought were tears flowing from my Nasolacrimal ducts turned out to be blood. The taste assured me! Fear

was creeping slowly. I was now deaf and blind, trying to find my way in a world of Illumination.

My sense of smell shortly failed after my hearing loss. I smelled the light and was forced to embrace its essence. The experience of it overcame my senses of taste and touch. The light seared into my mind like a migraine making me completely vulnerable. Loud horns and trumpets were echoing inside my head, slowly creeping out and closer to me. The light overcame all my senses, making me experience it in every possible way. The uniqueness of the relationship was extraordinary.

There was an intimacy and bond with the light that granted me a fire of aspirations. All the answers I wanted to know came to me. Paths were laid out in a clear, precise manner. I no longer had questions but the answers to them, and, more importantly, how to achieve any goals in my life. The light and I merged in a beautiful synchronicity. Many practitioners of all practices came to me for directions and what they needed in their personal paths, I gladly gave them the way. I directed them to their destination. Whether their destination was to end in total annihilation or complete convergence didn't matter. I only showed them "how" to ascend. I understood I was to illuminate any who come to me.

I didn't acknowledge my beauty, knowledge or wisdom. I resonated with peace, love and power, but I still desired more. My personal ambitions were being fulfilled through others. An empire willing to bleed for its King was at my disposal. There were a few who misunderstood what the meaning of this was; moreover, that is why they were not in His/My position of leadership. The Emperor serves his empire and they serve Him.

The light dimmed and the answer of all my questions came with one name, Lucifer. The light resonance and divine illumination were quite familiar to me, however this experience surpassed any previous understandings of Lucifer I had at that time. I knew what I had to claim in the market place of today's technology and its high-tech method of distributing information for all to hear.

The reaction to my suspension caused a dour strike in all worlds both within and without myself. When I grasp reality as I do today, I find myself falling into acts and motions that are already laid out for me to take. Destiny can be altered and manipulated as the Black Magician sees fit, but Fate is one's birthright. Through Lucifer I gained the information and knowhow to manipulate my personal destiny to match my birthright or Fate. All paths and

dimensions are now parallel. I will play my part and do what is needed, but when time comes, I will rise within my Empire, embracing the gift of the Black Spider, which is to connect all empires with spiritual webs. The Empire stands firm and moves on my devotion to it.

My past workings with Lucifer have always given me personal illumination in one way or another. In time, I found my life come to proper order from physical health to deep spiritual truths. Debts were cleared and money was made. The connections made with others became evermore intimate. Pacts and bonds were forged in the everlasting, Infernal Hierarchy. I found something worthy of my reach, and I drove toward my aspirations. These accomplishments were shown to me through the Divine Illumination and possession of Lucifer.

The Black Trinity

Lucifer, being the Light Bearer of all Paths, needs no introduction. Countless papers, texts, books and proposals have been accumulated throughout millennia. His presence has been well documented in almost every aspect of spirituality, specifically practical applications of his powers in the Western Societies. To candidly say he is an Angel would be misleading as his power is sure to come from the Infernal Hierarchy, additionally it would also be deceptive to call him a Demon or Daemon. His true nature lies in revealing the truth, shedding light to all, and there are times when the truth doesn't fit well inside the magician.

The weeks I spent indulging myself over old and new texts led me to a new path of understanding, which surpassed my current mentality of the Occult, Spirituality and myself. Lucifer revealed to me the true Aeon Circle that every black magician travels, The Black Trinity. The knowledge of this great movement is unnecessary in the everyday actions of the magician, but extraordinarily useful, if one can grasp the totality of it all.

My proposal is to present the Black Trinity not as an act of disrepute toward the Judeo-Christian's Trinity but to provide all the information Lucifer gave to me under my twenty-eight days servitude and possession. I evoked Lucifer each day to full physical manifestation. At first, the light of shined upon me was quite overwhelming. The first three days of materialization of his spirit was pure, iridescent light. I marveled at his beauty but not in the traditional sense. It was not his figure or image given to me to make connection of the macrocosm with the microcosm I admired. It was the

light he shone down on me.

It devoured all my senses. My initial reaction to it was an act of unrehearsed spontaneity. Fear did begin to set; however, the initial shock was from being thrown back into the Illusion while remaining just outside of its grasp. I recuperated from the preliminary meeting of Him, and because of his intensity I desired to know what information he deemed so important he felt the need to intervene my observation. Though I have traveled the Tree many times, I never thought it possible to experience an entity while remaining outside of the Illusion of oneself. This Divine Intervention reconfigured my entire approach on my spiritual-life. Naught was without His Godlike Elucidation.

I performed an alignment of myself with the Aeon. I have connected my will with the divine, and the foundation of the great nation is complete. What lied inside of my soul at this time was the Aspiration for Divination of Supreme Illumination. I desperately wanted to reach out to something that was even above the Supreme Unconsciousness, an antichrist in many ways. It was time for Shiva to open his third eye and bring me the information necessary to find the strongest of Powers. I sought to open paths for others while opening my own. Now is time for the spark of this man to accept the mark of the Antichrist.

1st Journal Entry, Day 3 of Evocation

Thus Lucifer said, "The true Aeon Circle lies within and without the Black Trinity. It is the direct knowledge of the dichotomy of God, Satan and Lucifer. The Black Magician lives within these primary principles either stationed or moving. Each sector lines out the specific events that have lain out or ever will lay out in the Black Magician's Life. Though it may sound confusing at first all Men of Power lives within these realms."

2nd Entry, Day 4 of Evocation

Thus Lucifer said, "The Satan principle can be said to begin with the Dark Night of the Soul, though there are times when the principles of God and Satan are reconnected for brief moments."

When the Black Magician is within the realm of Satan and continues to gather force, he will find each Dark Night easier than the last. Here the Divine Illumination falls with all his 'glory.'

There are many reasons as to one's fall, but the only thing that matters is the fall of one's grace. It takes some time to realize how deep

you may have immersed yourself as a Black Magician and what impact that has within your society, either great or small. What connections you have made, and would they remain true? This is a time of doubt and pain, and can come and go for a few cycles. You are broken down to your lowest of levels across the board of life.

The root of every person is survival. This code is built in us genetically. The body and spirit are one. Therefore, in this life the Black Magician knows he must use magick to continue his “maintained” connection to the Arcane. The amount of magick used varies from practitioner to practitioner, as some are more serious than others.

The more intense Black Magician will begin to harbor hatred. Those he has helped will become his primary target. With the pressure of Godliness on his conscious mind he becomes weak in his own mind. He insists others have to understand his claims. His reason for doing what he does. The hatred he has for himself lies in his survival code. Hatred of others lets you see in the end all you need is yourself. This proclamation assures him of his power to move the Illusion without any assistance.

Descending further down the rabbit hole, grants him not only new abilities with magick but also deeper understandings of the Macrocosm. There is a moment the Black Magician sees the glimmer of light once more, but continues down the path of destruction. He may even threaten those he’s closest to, however the light he saw through a ritual or meditation will always be in the back of his mind. Never wanting to accept that, he descends even further into darker understandings. During this time, the magician is never aware of all of his actions. In time, he sees that all happened as it was meant to. Fate has carried you to your birthrate.”

3rd Entry, Day 5 of Evocation

Thus, Lucifer said, “The Hierarchy of the Satan principle revolves around the Black Magician being able to manipulate his physical reality. Lucifer Rofocale is my general of worldly gain. His understanding of the economics of what is of value will aid you greatly. His manifestations of physical growth in all things monetary and physical will bring you great prosperity.

Call on him with one gold coin and a triangle of blood marked on the skin of a kid. Place your blood on the coin. Take the skull of the goat

and place it on a pike, then place the spike into the triangle. Secure the spike into the ground. Then place the coin on top of the head. Dose the skull in a brewed mead of your choosing. Return three days later to receive the coin. Cut the scalp of the kid, and rip them into pieces. Mix the pieces with dirt around the area of the spike, and burn it as incense. His call will be swift, and give him your plea. What in the physical world do you desire, for his powers exceed those of monetary value. Hold the coin firm in your hand and see your image come to fruition. Slit you left palm, sprinkling a few drops of blood to sign the unwritten pact.

Before you call my general into your empire be aware of this one truth: Any you invite will forever stay the night. Accepting his dark and infernal connections is to except them all. The Illumination will come, but you will see the underbelly of his law. All things come with a price, and at times the price is higher than you can imagine.

4th Entry, Day 6 of Evocation

Thus, Lucifer said, “The Illumination will come.” The Next few journal entries will keep the results of my work with Lucifer and Lucifuge Rofocale. I have performed his sacrament given to me by Lucifer. The results began in as little as twenty-four hours. I was cleared of an old debt that was lingering over my credit. The following morning a credit agency came to my door and we were able to correct “paperwork” to set that I not only didn’t have delinquency but a surplus. I was cut a check for a minimal amount of money while easing up thousands of dollars of debt.

5th Entry, Day 7 of Evocation

In a short time, I have received a small surplus of money to keep me level to continue my business endeavors and was done so without any strain on my part.

6th Entry, Day 8 of Evocation

I have continued to work with Lucifuge Rofocale, and more cliental has been brought to me. I am beginning to open paths for others. I can feel like I see my own.

7th Entry, Day 9 of Evocation

A vision came to me last week, assuring me of guaranteed financial success that would continue over my lifetime. I aided a client today with the assistance of Lucifer. He was illuminated on his own spiritual path,

and a ray of it shone upon me. I saw the next cycle ever approaching me. To seal the deal with the devil, himself, I called up Lucifuge Rofocale and thanked him for all the work he was doing and would continue to do. It would seem he never needed me to contact him any further. His tone of voice surprised me the most. He stern voice uttered little but said much.

Thus, Lucifuge Rofocale said, “My business with you is done. My actions have spread throughout eternity. What I do, and have always done, is provide my master’s men with the force they need to survive this physical life, while maintaining an unstoppable spiritual force upward. The formation of the Black Magician’s physical Empire begins in the Physical Planes of Existence.

You have brought the spiritual into the world of physicality now bring the physical to the Spiritual Planes of Existence. Now be gone with you. Our business is done. Many more await the path of the Antichrist Illumination.

8th Entry, Day 10 of Evocation

Thus, Lucifer said, “Within the principle of Lucifer is the complete understanding of all Illuminated Paths. I reveal to you the truth of the Black Magician. Break free from those shackles that bind you to earth and necessitates of everyday life. I have given you My alliances to see the path I have chosen for you, the path the Aeon chooses for you. Your actions have moved your current quickly. In time, you will not be able to write what you witness. This is not for secrecy’s sake. What you will observe are occurrences that surpass human writing abilities. The world of the Pure Soul is a path of wonder and endless possibilities.”

The light bore an image of a beautiful young man adorned in precious metals above all white gold. A sapphire of endless facets placed over the location of his third eye. It resonated with a divine hue of purple. His long ethereal hair held back in a light braid. His eyes told me many stories, of all this is, was or ever will be.

His eyes brought me into the psychokinetic connection of evocation. I saw life in its greatest and lowest points. I witnessed the birth and end of man unfold into a birth of a new era, where man and god become one. Science reaches astounding levels of understanding that couldn’t possibly be grasped now.

Lucifer reached into the circle and scratch an inverted cross on my

forehead. It was told to me through the connection that I was “marked” or “seared” into my birthright. His image faded, and the exhaustion on my body became too much. I grounded myself and went to sleep. I received a vision in my sleep replaying the ritual down to the exact detail.

9th Journal Entry, Day 11 of Evocation

Thus, Lucifer said, “What proceeds you now is understanding how Apostleship and the Antichrist fit with each other. These are words that represent an entire process that takes many of your lifetimes to complete. One starts the reaction and the others follow. You are following a path of illumination now illuminating yourself. The adeptship of Apostleship is at your hands. Take and receive It.”

10th Entry, Day 12 of Evocation

The mark on my forehead has burned as hot, liquid metal. I remember not the physical pain as much but the spiritual visions that flooded into my mind. A council set up to determine how the world is to operate and the dark secret kept hidden from me all this time. We are the antichrist. With every breath of the Black Magician he lays a stronger foundation of this simple truth. The Antichrists then have a council of Apostles, who mandate every movement both physical and spiritual.

Lucifer does not make one choose; he simply directs others to their paths, forever residing within brilliant illumination.

11th Entry, Day 13 of Evocation

Thus, Lucifer said, “The day for your personal transcendence is drawing nigh. My role now and forever will represent all the inner aspirations from my children of Illumination. Each one of you have received visions and workings from me. I have done so to free you all from the shackles that tie you down to earth. Transcend upward and remain here. For the life of an empire is founded on the devotion of the emperor.”

12th Entry, Day 14 of Evocation

Thus, Lucifer said, “The time is now. Take you place at my left side. I will guide you to a world that goes unseen. Your new domain is my Apostleship. I give you rule of all that is mine and within my reach. Seek therefore the heavens. Seek Truth.”

I found myself downed in black armor fit more a general. The attire

was obviously meant to be for show as the armor was far to elegant and formal to be on the battle field. I stood over an ocean of men, who were all willing to give their life for the cause. This is the cause that leads every Black Magician through the cycles of God, Satan and Lucifer.

Journal entries 13 through 26 were commemorated in the honor of Lucifer. I spent the remaining days learning several new meditations and practices. Many that would expand my lifetime of knowledge to comprehend fully.

23rd Entry, Day 27 of Evocation

Thus, Lucifer said, “You have my Apostleship and the powers of the Antichrist. What say you?”

I was immediately lifted out of my body and brought before a council of eleven men. There was an empty seat waiting for me. I took my place among the chosen few and the Ultimate Suspension and Expansion became complete. I became one with the men, and with a series of rites and motions we became one with the Aeon, ever moving It to the final Destination... Liberation.

24th Entry, Day 28

Thus, Lucifer said one word, “Transcend.” My body fell limb, numb even. Relaxation overcame me. I felt free in every sense of the word. His light embodied me, cradled me in a fatherly fashion. My existence was weighing. My “reality” merged with everything around me. I flew in all possible directions both on this plane and on others. My form slowly dissolved away. No emotion or sensation existed but simple light.

This was not the light of Lucifer but that of Sat Nam, Pure Soul. The final aspect of the Black Trinity is God. The acceptance of the Antichrist and Apostleship are my beams of Lucifer’s light. His essence provided me the means to escape the observation permanently, to live in the world of action and reaction, but not as a commoner as God incarnate. The Word of God dwelled within my heart, however His word is not spoken but experienced.

Thus, Lucifer finished, “The God aspect of the Trinity is the first and last to be achieved. You need the finger of God to move anything in your realm, therefore establishing a link, no matter how small; with the three powers of Omniscience, Omnipresence and Omnipotence is key. As words they are nothing, empty and never filled. But, the experience of the three seals begins the constant transition of the Black Trinity. The

ever-evolving Black Magician is the Antichrist.

There is no set time limit for a magician to experience the Trinity. Some experience it everyday while others remain detached, locked into the illusion. The experience of the three Godlike powers is one in the same, for you can never truly experience one without the other. Supreme Consciousness is revealed to the forceful, diligent and patient.

The beginning of understanding starts with shedding your humanity, your identity, all of it. The beginning of the subjective experience, experiencing itself objectively starts the initiation to godhood. You must hear my words to decipher the code of truth, but the code's translation lies in the experience of My Light. May any who pass you by receive my words, your words.

The following day after my servitude to Lucifer felt empty. I was empty. What point did I miss? Did I not follow his instructions correctly? I had to have failed in some regard. Here I was. A man who experienced godhood but now I deny it. I have fallen from grace. I find myself craving more knowledge and power, to expand on my own understandings by shedding light on others. I will live as I see fit.

Thus, Lucifer spoke His final words, "The Black Trinity ever flows."

Dante Abiel

Experiencing the Rituals of the Left Hand Path

Anima Noira

Engage in the practices as if your life depended on them, which in many ways, literally and metaphorically, it surely does. The rest takes care of itself.

—A Patient’s Handbook

Reaching the Point of No Return

A YEAR ago, my life was trembling in the balance. I had experienced a string of bad luck, devastating my already rather fragile wellbeing; I was a woman recovering from a mental illness which had been gradually taking over my life for several years. At that time, I had finally saved enough money, and, after my release from the hospital, I was about to move into my own apartment and start over.

A couple of days before moving, an allergy set in, without any warning or previous history, and with symptoms so violent my doctor warned me to keep my cell phone switched on in case I couldn’t get my breath. The next day, my new apartment flooded due to a bizarre technical failure. As a result, I spent another two weeks without electricity, in a stinking place which, as I was coming to realize, was in a much worse shape than I expected. Anxiety set in, worsening my condition. Then, just a couple of weeks after moving in, I was summoned by the landlords and asked, “...to stop all peculiar activity in the flat immediately or else move to the ground floor.” Living alone and modest, I was astonished by this example of malicious neighborhood gossip. Word must have spread about my occult interests.

The security deposit and agency fees, together with furniture and moving, had depleted my savings. I had no other option but to accept to this humiliating proposal and spend another exhausting month moving and unpacking my stuff downstairs. So there I was, kicked into this overpriced and ostracized ground floor studio, not even protected by the main gate of the block, frequented by the homeless who slept in the corridors whenever anyone forgot to lock up. The symbolism was pretty clear—I had become the proverbial witch living on the edge of the village. And it wasn’t getting any

better.

My health and the side effects of the medication I was taking soon started giving me too much trouble to continue my corporate job, the only stable income I had. I had been running my own business before but had to quit following my hospitalization. My survival now depended on my ability to resurrect my business while the social security checks were coming and make sure I could handle the growing debt.

But there was another force out there, who just wasn't going to let that happen. When my first subcontractor disappeared from sight completely, after taking the job, I was reluctant to believe that he could have really just walked out, being a respected figure in the web app community. So I contracted another one, who turned out to be unable to carry out the job for reasons that were beyond believable. One night, he phoned me in state of pure terror and revealed that he was way behind the deadline because he feared for his life, namely that his mentally ill wife would kill him, just like several of his ancestors were murdered by their wives at the same age, a fact that he had just discovered. I was running out of money, both the loan I took and the state support, and as Ozzy Osbourne sings "running out of faith and hope and reason—I am running out of time."

My other key business partners, meanwhile, had fallen prey to sinister influences, which seemed to grow thicker every day. The facility they had rented turned out to be statically unstable, undermined by natural forces, prone to flooding and electricity blackouts and a plethora of other problems, which could be temporarily alleviated only by exorcism.

My allergic symptoms, never mind the medication I was taking for it on a daily basis, grew more bizarre and less emotionally tolerable. My lips and vagina were swelling to the point of bleeding. I had difficulties talking, public contact became unbearable with a symptom that in few minutes' time could make me look like a leper. My ability to make a living was now seriously threatened, and my personal life had become more desperate than ever. My last date turned out to be a sexually perverted, submissive genderqueer who refused any sex act other than me raping him in a catsuit. I haven't had a satisfactory sexual experience for several years by that time, which didn't help. Just anywhere I looked, insanity reigned free.

My weakened mental condition, which my reckless delving into Voudon was partly to blame, had brought me on the verge of insanity and into the hospital a year earlier. But, even though I was unaware of it, a lifesaving

undercurrent had taken hold, which ultimately led me to save my health, my business, and my femininity in record time, using the ritual which I am going to share and on which I will comment.

A process which must have been there, covertly active for many years, unnoticed by the daily consciousness, now surfaced. Although I had devoted myself to the Voudon spirits, I rightfully considered myself a servant of Light, following her calling, and serving those in need. I avoided the powers of darkness, and yet it was pretty obvious now, that they had hardly bypassed me. I reached a point of no return, when I realized I had wasted even the authority over my own body. I run out of all faith and all goodwill. The world became an abysmal place and dire circumstances called for desolate measures. Out of the same mysterious space-time whence my freedom of choice had came, when I decided not to commit murder or suicide, a new choice emerged; a choice to restore my life no matter what it takes and for such a task the infernal powers might be most helpful. Without much effort, I channeled the instructions for a ritual and launched a series of workings with extremely life altering results:

I became company to a nubile gentleman who resurrected my feminine self-confidence from beyond the grave; each of our dates was like a phantasm. Truly, I have never enjoyed myself as much in male company and felt so loved.

- Chance had it that I have received a series of powerful initiations for free, even from completely unexpected sources, after years of vain search for them.
- I found extremely competent and affordable subcontractors as well as a friendly place to host my events.
- I was provided an affordable loan from unexpected source, which allowed me to finance all the costs of reviving my business, as well as raising my standard of housing to a completely new level.
- I moved into a tranquil, clean neighborhood where I was able to rent a whole floor of a historical villa, with a private entrance, a terrace and a garden, at nearly the same price I was paying for me ground floor studio where drunks and the homeless frequented the building and where the majority of apartments didn't have an in-built toilet.

- I doubled my income within a couple of months... and then did it again.

At the time of writing this essay, less than a year after the original ritual, I enjoy profit equal to salaries of high ranking executives from my own flourishing business. My sexual dysfunction has vanished, as well as numerous other health-related problems. I was able to cure my allergy completely in less than a year after its outbreak. My hallucinations, panic attacks and other symptoms of mental discomfort are long gone. I find myself in good company with plenty of love, friendship and sex.

I am about to move again soon, this time because the business is expanding which allows me to fulfill one of my dreams, that of living in a house with a garden, much sooner than I ever imagined. My biggest issues now revolve around balancing my professional and private life and weighting various exciting career options.

What follows, is how I got here, during less than a year, through rigorous performance of the ritual outlined below, and how the proverbial “all that you say can and will be used against you” gets bloody true in the context of a demonic ritual.

A Generic Outline of the Left Handed Ritual

- Altar is situated in the East, on the floor
- Diameter of ritual circle should allow you to lie within in comfortably
- A black robe will be worn on a naked body
- Chalice
- Red wine
- A sensuous incense, preferably one of aphrodisiacal type
- 4 candles red or dark in colour, to be placed in the four directions
- 4 candle holders preferably made of rock salt or other mineral, mark them in the following fashion with the alchemical signs of elements and memorize these: East - Air, North - Earth, West - Water and South - Fire.
- You will move counter-clockwise at all times, except while dismissing the powers in the end

- A statue representing the Infernal Gatekeeper, if possible, to be placed in the South

It should go without saying that all ritual tools, garments etc. shall be used only for this type of ritual. Expensive equipment is not needed and never required in my experience.

I. Banishing the Space

By your hand of authority, draw an equal-armed cross in the air in all four directions while announcing:

I banish from this space all powers impure, all intranquil spirit as well as all powers which are not in supreme concordance with the aims of this ritual.

II. Self-Purification & Stating the Cause

Return to the East. Make the horned sign with your dominant hand, pointing toward the sky. Your other hand shall hold this sign too and point to the ground, thus you are forming the magical posture from the Magician card of the Rider-White Tarot.

Pause for a moment to let yourself feel the energy currents activated in your body. State:

*I blaspheme family
I blaspheme religion
I blaspheme tradition
I blaspheme society*

As well as all that is dear and sacred to me

(If this is your first ritual, remove the robe now to signify utmost purity of the heart to the Infernal Courts.) Then move both of your hands, still holding the horned sign, to cross over your heart and confess:

I take refuge in the knowledge of four human conditions:

- 1. Morality*
- 2. Imperfect knowledge*
- 3. Exposure to change*
- 4. And ultimate solitude*

As you speak these words, contemplate them and let their full ramifications sink to the bottom of your soul. Then loosen the horned signs and point your bare palms either to the top or toward the altar:

*Thus, purified I ask to be received at the High Thrones of Hell with
the intent of ____*

If doing this ritual for the benefit of another, you need to introduce yourself at this point, i.e. I come forth in the name of ____ to manifest ____ in his life, empowered by his own free will.

III. Calling by Watchtower

You will evoke into physical existence four high infernal entities, who have volunteered to serve as guardians of the four elemental paths in this ritual. Make no mistake—their powers cannot be confined to the qualities of these elements and, to make the issue more complex, once you start your own research, you will find irreconcilable sources on the topic of demonic watchtowers. I suggest, even if you have a working system of your own, to try out this ritual as given, since the power may not eventually lie so much in drawing all the elemental powers as much as in gathering a specific blend of energies these spirits possess. Once you have managed to evoke the spirits into physical presence, they will inhabit the ritual tools permanently, which makes the evocation easier each time. You will notice that the evocation that I provide as examples vary widely, and that is correct. It means you should improvise, for the best way to evoke a spirit is to give in to the ritual rapture which is, by all means, the same rapture experienced by the artist.

Start facing the East, evoking Samael as the Guardian of the Air:

*Samael, spirit of sweet talking, seduction and all things that appeal
to the mind, all that is of trade, the words and diplomacy, grant me the
powers of Air and fill them to this circle! Open the gateways of the East,
by the keys of Air! Become the guardian of this circle, architect of the
Eastern Tower of this fortress! Come forth in dignity and power to aid
and to guard!*

Once you have noticed a critical mass of the spirit's presence, which most often takes the form of a thick shadow or a specific tactile sensation, light the candle, raise it slowly and vibrate the infernal name Samael three times, tracing the alchemical sign of Air in front of you, and see it burnt into the space as a seal which now marks the gate of your fortress. You may feel a pulling sensation from this direction, as if wind was sweeping, a feeling of fresh air or possibly a hurricane—good!

Proceed to the North to evoke into physical existence the guardian of the Northern gates, Belial:

Belial, great king and landlord in the halls of the North, spirit of money, worldly power and all things material, grant me mastery over the powers of the Earth, over all that is stable and sound! Grant me the powers of Earth and fill them to this circle! Open the gateways of the North, by the keys of Earth! Become the guardian of this circle, architect of the Northern Tower of this fortress! Come forth in dignity and power to aid and to guard!

Again, repeat and improvise until you feel a critical mass of the spirit's presence, then light the candle, raise it slowly and vibrate the infernal name Belial three times, tracing the alchemical sign of Earth in front of you, and see it burnt into the space as a seal which now marks the gate of your fortress. Feel the flow of the elemental powers and move to the West to call upon the lady of the Water, Lilith:

Lilith, great mistress who grants mankind the blessings of enchantment, of illusion and of fame, come forth and fill this place with the powers of Water, which finds the best path in every landscape, and sweeps away all obstacles, grant me mastery over the powers of Water, over all that is moving and flowing! Bring forth unto me the powers of Water and fill them to this circle! Open the gateways of the West, by the keys of Water! Become the guardian of this circle, architect of the Western Tower of this fortress! Come forth in dignity and power to aid and to guard!

When ready, light the candle, raise it slowly and vibrate the infernal name Lilith three times, tracing the alchemical sign of Water in front of you. Finish in the South, evoking Abaddon as the Guardian of the Fire and the Infernal Guardian:

Abaddon, master of Fire, ignite and open the gateways of the South, guardian of the secrets, grant me the passage! Come forth and crown this work by the powers of Fire! Bring forth the powers of Fire and fill them to this circle! Open the gateways of the South, by the keys of Fire! Become the guardian of this circle, architect of the Southern Tower of this fortress! Come forth in dignity and power to aid and to guard!

Light the candle, raise it slowly and vibrate the infernal name Abaddon three times, tracing the alchemical sign of Fire in front of you. Turn the statue from facing the South toward facing West, as if he just opened a gate and watched over the influx of entities arriving into the circle from the South.

Return to the center and acknowledge and greet the powers, turning slowly

from East to North to West to South:

- Samael from the East
- Belial of the North
- Lilith in the West
- Abaddon in the South

Then position yourself firmly in the physical and metaphysical center of your temple and be prepared to receive a sort of energy influx “from above”:

*In the centre of the worlds may Lucifer manifest The Light of the
World*

Of complete knowledge and power

Truth of the world

Well of perfection Crown of all world

Take the censer and circumambulate the inside of the temple while summoning the Infernal powers, as if luring them closer by the sweet scent:

I call forth by the name of Lucifer all of the Infernal empires

By the authority of the four princes of hell

Courts of Lucifer, become my aid!

Become my allies!

Befriend me and instruct me!

Fill me with thy power!

I conjure thee, o spirit of Inferno, be of good counsel to me,

As I stand among you in your centre

Crowned by the crown of Lucifer

*(If you have a magical name that is somehow connected to Him, now
you use that secret power of the name)*

IV. Protection & Building Up of Energy

Now you will fortify your etheric bodies and magnify your wellbeing in all spheres by checking your levels of protection at the gates. If you are even moderately clairvoyant, you will at this phase of ritual, be able to clearly assess where your weaknesses lie and which kinds of danger you may be prone to, as you will feel the presence of the threat that is being invoked. Reading the signs from the burn of the candles is also an option. You are strengthening your protection from inimical forces as well as refining your own elemental qualities, which make you prone to certain types of trouble—

for one this may be a romantic nature that falls easily prey to infatuation, to another it is the tendency to pick fights that is of fiery nature.

Turn East and face Samael, tracing again the alchemical seal of the Air into the space:

*I am protected from ill word, from fraud and miscommunication
And all bane that is of the Air
From all harm that comes from the East
And my guardian is Samael*

Face North in a similar fashion:

*I am protected from ill health, material loss and physical assault
And all bane that is of the Earth
From all harm that comes from the north
And my guardian is Belial*

Then turn West:

*I am protected from enchantment, false emotion and images
And all bane that is of the Water
From all harm that comes from the north
And my guardian is Lilith*

And finish in the South:

*Experiencing the Rituals of the Left Hand Path
I am protected from envy, hatred and spite And all bane that is of the
Fire
From all harm that comes from the South
And my guardian is Abaddon*

Return to the center to cover all remaining sources of danger.

I am protected from Evil which hasn't been covered by words

*Thinkable and unthinkable
From all kinds of threat and bane
Unmoved in my centre
And my protector is my True Will itself and the power of the mind free of
all fear*

Center yourself and be prepared for an influx of energy:

*Lucifer of the Black flame
Lucifer of the Light
Lucifer of the Abyss
Grant me the power of absolute magical protection*

Now, feel in your internal senses the solidity of the fortress you have build

around yourself, which demarcates your magical personality, that is your whole energetic and informational field.

Let your open mind expand to encompass your whole universe, all of the events, influences and probabilities that lie in there, and use your will to clear anything suspicious that you sense inside the dimensions of your fortress, as if you blasted a nuclear bomb from the center of your being.

Then state:

My energetic-informational field is confined within an impenetrable fortress in which Pure Will reigns free!

V. Workings

At this point of the ritual you can proceed with a formal petition of the intent you had or even, when there is no immediate need, reaffirm your previous petitions, destroy fetishes, adapt previously cast intents which you changed your mind about, etc. A general petition for vitality, wellbeing and protection, is also fine as it won't disrupt your active workings. I use coloured candles, dressed with oils and herbs, together with sigils or written petitions for all of my spells. I recommend you keep a copy of every petition, word by word, together with the date it was cast, even though some schools of magic reject this, I find it to be the only reasonable way to maintain control over the amount of your active magic, and keeping a physical fetish also makes it much easier to revoke or adapt the spell when needed.

VI. Consummation

The petition needs to be "signed and fired" by your own body, and since blood is only used in specific types of rituals, this is usually done by achieving orgasm within the circle and then ingesting wine which is symbolic of the life force. Emotions tend to run high and you are likely to experience visions. I have found these orgasms to have a very rejuvenating effect on my body, grounding all excess energies and stress accumulated during the ritual.

VII. Closing the Gates and Releasing the Powers

Face South, and turn the statue of the gatekeeper to face the outside of the circle:

*All of the powers of the South
All of the powers of Fiery nature*

*Present in this circle and attracted to this working
As long as you are pure, beneficial and true
Remain flowing through my life, my body and this circle*

Likewise, turn to the South, North and the East to release and command all of the excess energies. This way, we are eventually not “dissolving” or “banishing” the powers accumulated but building up a steady flow of helpful powers and presence of spirits into our lives. It is more in line with the Vodou way of thinking about the spirits as beneficial powers than the traditional demonology which urges to keep both worlds strictly separated.

The study where I have performed the majority of my rituals has an almost eerie effect on people who come over, in that it feels relaxing and safe to the point they never want to leave!

The Words Come Alive

When I started the rituals, I just went on with the script I channeled, and I enjoyed my proclamations of blasphemy as a form of psychological respite, the way La Vey describes Left-handed ritual as "the intellectual decompressing chamber." The feelings of liberation were profound and real, and I admit that, perhaps due to my previous shying away from the Demonic powers, and the intellectual currents of occultism I was exposed to, I expected the shift to occur more in the internal world—whatever that means. I did not at all, even though I was fully aware of the seriousness of my rituals, expect my world to be inexorably transformed by my own ritual proclamations, word by word.

In just a few weeks after the initial rite, events stranger than fiction started to take off and it soon became obvious that my world is being purified by the infernal fire and that this purification which soon allowed me to successfully claim my share of fortune, purification which I had willingly submitted myself to, was by no means "psychological." Being forced to surrender all that my understanding of the world, and myself, was made of, became a real ordeal from which my new reality emerged.

“I blaspheme religion...”

Preparing for my first performance of the ritual, I barely had any idea what to expect. I haven't done a demonic ritual for a decade or so; my evocation skills were obsolete as most of my practice in the preceding years followed a very different line of work: ecstatic possession or invocation of Vodun spirits who gained a permanent seat in my life in the form of an elaborate complex

of altars which span a whole wall in my humble studio apartment. The real physical shrine, however, is supposed to be one's own body, as the serviteur lwa becomes a true vessel of spirit and hands over a major part of his psychic functions to forces much greater and older than she is. One might be asking, why then, did I turn to an entirely different group of spirits in the hour of dire need? My relationship with the lwa became as deep as one might go, renouncing all constraints of culture and reason.

The answer lies within deep mechanisms of the cultural matrix, I believe. As E. A. Koetting was hinted in his ninety-day conversation with Azazel, the chief demonic intelligence, the whole issue boils down to this: if you asked a random group of your contemporaries and ancestors, which is the single most potent form of magic, the majority of them would say it is the summoning of demons. And so you can exploit this cultural matrix, to break free from any previous spiritual affiliations, no matter how binding.

I eventually trashed all of my Vodun relics and ritual tools on the crossroads, as my spiritualist friends watched in horror and warned me against such an act of spiritual self-destruction since the common belief was that certain pacts that involved the Ghede could not ever be broken during the course of this lifetime. But there I was, fighting off the nauseating feelings and short time loss of concentration, stumbling through the ritual circle as the spirits voiced their discomfort and tried to keep me from proceeding. To add more juice to the entire operation, I enjoyed a meal with a great dose of vegetables that gave me a dire allergic reaction.

Just as I expected, nothing happened. Within a month, I have revoked all of my spiritual memberships and subscriptions, many of them deeply cherished during my previous years. I was breaking free from the constraints of the society, its institutionalized medicine and all of the beliefs systems and I welcome the process with exhilarating joy mixed with sorrow that was, at times, barely bearable.

"I blaspheme family..."

One of the most miraculous, immediate effects of the rituals was that on my family issues. I haven't been in touch a lot with my parents as an adult, out of survival instinct, as their lives have been messier than my own extraordinary career. So it came as a surprise when my father showed up unexpectedly on December 28th, announcing that he is filing for a divorce and wants to start a new life. "You have no idea what is going on here!" my mother exclaimed over the phone, while I thought to myself, recalling my

nightly session, that I might have a few ideas.

At first I hoped that my magic may have had a retrograde effect on my most direct spiritual bloodline, that is, my father, who introduced me to occultism, and that with the aid of this tremendous power surge I started, he might stand true to his promises this time and save himself from the fate of the helpless man caught in a very sick codependent marriage, succumbing day by day to his gradually worsening mental disease.

For a man with a nonexistent career, his attempt at escape was short-lived, as could be expected. He had an intricate, astrologically timed plan that relied significantly on his mistress's monetary support. The energy of sheer despair and obsession my mother was sending out was enough in the past to kill her own mother within a month. My father succumbed to the emotional blackmail, fell seriously ill within a week and agreed to come back to his wife "for recovery in a familiar environment," which of course had been killing him for years. He then renounced his divorce plans and his mistress left him for an unknown reason, possibly due to finding out the truth.

After this feverous glimpse into the family dynamics, which opened a full vision of hell in front of my eyes, I decided to leave my relatives alone once for all and quit all contact with them, following also the advice of my therapist.

I have officially become an outcast.

"I blaspheme society and tradition..."

A month later, my best friend willingly confessed that she only had a profiteering motive for befriending me, possibly because she had frittered away a sizable inheritance in recent years and now she was about to have her electricity cut off. Furthermore, a suitor of mine turned out to be a chronic liar, who owed money all over the town and had no inhibitions stealing from his flat mates. I was aghast.

As the effects of the rituals unfolded, a drastic loss of trust in people and social institutions occurred to me. I became mistress to a man who seemed to possess indefinite knowledge of politics, secret societies and the connections of those, and he didn't hesitate to correct my assumptions about the world we are living in. Working in an altruistic profession my whole life, I found myself living in a sort of mental ghetto whose walls were unstoppably falling apart.

One of the most shocking occurrences during the year that I spent performing the ritual was a steady line of medical doctors and licensed

therapists coming to me for help, to a witch that is, many of them in a rather pitiful state, in worse condition than their clients. My ideals about the so-called helping professions lay dead in the gutter, when I realized how widespread fraud was among my competitors, who mostly just practice cold reading and the art of suggestion.

So I proceeded, blaspheming the traditions of the society and her institutions, as well as those traditions of custom which we have created by ourselves. I found myself going through a drastic change of preferences, which I thought was impossible, such as when I realized I no longer feel compelled by any flavor of kinky sex, which had been a part of myself from the very beginning. The music that I used to collect for over ten years now gave my ear a pain and I found myself unable to listen to it.

Furthermore, my academic ambitions were still somehow on the table, as they had been an intrinsic part of who I was for many years, I now realized it is all gone. Only those who have been through that feverous obsession with knowledge can sympathize with the depths of my sorrow, after I came to the conclusion that keeping my academic ambitions alive is a thwart to my Ascent and that it—physically and psychically—it had to go and make room for other stuff. This process culminated by trashing and selling a voluminous pile of books. During the days of my stealthy mental illness, I had hoarded an unhealthy amount of textbooks, occult volumes and academic tomes, to the point that when that auspicious moving came, it took almost three trucks to load the inventory of my 131 square feet studio.

I eventually also trashed my whole wardrobe, literally. That was an easy step, however, compared to the greatest ordeal brought about by my incantations.

“I blaspheme all that is dear and sacred to me...”

In therapy, I pieced together the real story of my past and how I came to become the person that I was. I unearthed images of terror which I witnessed to at a tender age, a failed murder-suicide attempt by a close one, among other things. I had intentionally suppressed these memories using a form of primitive ritual at the threshold of adolescence. Later with these memories unavailable to me, I had no idea about the source of the psychic upheaval, the kind of storm just beneath the surface, which was driving me insane.

As a teenager, I was taken from one doctor to another and labeled various diagnoses. Instead of painting my nails, I frequented the public library and read every mass killer biography and war memoir available. Reading gave me

strange comfort, as if it allowed my darkness at least some sort of recognition. In adulthood, I found myself curiously trapped in a series of unsound relationships with men who, now I can see, embodied a precise picture of the kind of darkness I was carrying inside.

Without the key pieces of memory available to me, I was unable to discern right from wrong and each of my life choices lead me further into madness. With the final sacrifice, giving up all my assumptions about myself and how I was shaped, I was finally allowed through the gates of initiation.

Anima Noira

Vampire Is As Vampire Does

Charles Cosimano

IT began on March 18, 1968 at about three in the morning. No ringer switches and answering machines in those days and the phone rang. My father got and answered it, it was my grandfather. He said my grandmother was on the floor, not breathing very well and he had just called for an ambulance. My parents got up, threw clothes on and drove the three blocks to the grandparent's home, leaving me in bed in a state of near panic.

I was very close to my grandmother.

But even at the age of 18, I was not one to just lie in the bed and be terrified. I was going to do something; the question was what? There was an answer.

I was 18, but I was also a budding magician. I had been tinkering with psychic stuff since early adolescence and I had long learned that simply following the instincts were more than sufficient. And my instinct was clear. Pump life force into Granny.

Pump my own life force into Granny. Hey, I was 18! I didn't know any better.

Now you have to understand I had absolutely no idea what the hell I was doing. I knew nothing about chakras, nothing about prana. I was just doing what was natural.

I laid in the bed and visualized my grandmother and started seeing energy going from my own body to hers. Just a line of energy, pumping pumping pumping. And I kept it up until my parents got back into the house after following the ambulance to the hospital and seeing Granny admitted with congestive heart failure.

She lived.

No one could quite figure out how she managed to live to get to the hospital because in 1968 patient transport was still very much in the stone age and the hospital was some distance.

And Uncle Chuckie had begun his magickal career as a good guy. Hardly a promising start for a black magician.

Hey, it was my grandmother, dammit! We can't do evil all the time. Well,

in a few years I would get to make up for it.

That summer, I got seriously into talismanic magick, something that would stay with me well into the Psionic Period that would start nine years later. I moved pretty far afield with that, finding uses for talismans that the various occult writers had never thought of, probably because they never felt the need to. If I felt a need to accomplish something I automatically made a talisman to help me do it.

What has that got to with energy vampirism? Bear with me.

Sometime in the winter of 1973, I was reading one of the books in my every expanding collection on magick and came across a rather odd and obscure reference, which for the life of me I have never been able to find again, that the Taoist magicians in China would torture women to steal their Chi. Okay, that sounded like fun. I was into what we now call BDSM by then and I had a willing girlfriend. Of course, at the ripe old age of 23 going on 24, I was seriously worried about life extension and pinning my hopes of survival on this experiment. Sure I was. It was just another good reason to tie my girlfriend down on the bed and whip her. Like I needed a good reason, but there is never anything wrong with mixing business and pleasure.

Well, I went to work again. First, I had to create the talisman; it would be simple pattern drawn on a piece of paper with the intent written along the border.

The intent, very simple, was to take the Chi from her, as the infliction of pain caused it to go out and put it into my own energy body. The talisman would do the work, and I would not have to concentrate on anything but having fun.

Of course, what I did not know was that Russians were in the process of proving that this actually happened because when painful stimulus is applied to a person, the electromagnetic field around that person expands and that can be measured by a sensitive voltmeter. The Russians were trying to create super psychics and if they should accidentally kill them in the process...well, no one ever accused the Russians of being too rational.

But back to the talisman. My method in those days was pretty simple. I would put a pentagram or hexagram inside of two concentric circles and the write my intention around it between the two circles, after all it was the intent that mattered.

That being done, I would charge it under a desk lamp, letting the light from the lamp do the charging. And that was all there was to it, simple,

straightforward, not a lot work. Oh, if there were some planetary influences involved I might try to make it at the appropriate time, but I did not worry too much about that. The color of the ink was more than sufficient to deal with that.

Okay, the talisman was done cooking, time to take it out from under the light. Only this time there was going to be a bit of a change. I was not going to use the light from the desk lamp. I was going to use the chi from my girlfriend. And I had to figure out how the hell I was going to do that because no one bothered to write down any instructions! And I could not read Chinese even if they had.

Well, by that time I knew a little more about the human energy field so I decided the simplest method would be to lay the talisman on her back while I was whipping her with my belt. Easy, right? No, not easy. My girlfriend liked to struggle and there was no way a piece of paper was going to stay on her back no matter how tightly I had her tied on the bed.

Sputtering about how things always had to be so difficult, I went to work creating the talisman, something about dealing with a professor or such. I don't remember after all these years what it was for. But I prepared the paper, sat down, drew the talisman and cut it out, and put it in an envelope for safe keeping. Let us be honest and say that no one has silk laying around to store things in. An envelope works fine.

Anyway, my girlfriend comes over and I tell her that I'm going to try a little experiment. And she gets that look on her face like, "Oh God, he's gotten one of those bondage magazines again!" So, I have to try to explain to her what this is supposed to do and she is not getting it at all. I mean, she loved magick, we had great fun with it, cursing the neighbors, making the old man across the street have a heart attack, making the Jesus Freaks that we hung out with think that demons were running around the coffee house, but for some reason chi grabbing did not register.

After ten minutes of fruitless explanation, I finally could not stand it any more and said, "Oh, get naked!"

Laughing our heads off, she stripped, and I tied her down as best I could without breaking the ropes, taping the talisman to her bare back. That solved the problem of her throwing it off.

That done, we just sort of did what we always did, and as her bottom got red, the energy from her went into the talisman making it nice and strong. And that being done, I removed the talisman from her and put it back into the

envelope to forget about it and let it work.

It did. In fact, it worked the next day as the professor called me to say that he would be overjoyed to be my thesis adviser. This was a good thing. There is nothing wrong with combining business and pleasure.

And that was where that aspect of energy field work sort of ended. It was an interesting experiment. It worked and now it was time to move onto other things. And it was forgotten for the next ten years.

It did not stay forgotten.

From September of 1986 to December of 1987, my grandmother, my grandfather and finally my mother died. I was a wreck by the end, emotionally and physically. I needed recharging if only to be able to stay awake. Seriously, in January of 1988, I was sleeping close to 14 hours a day. I was that worn out. But by then things were a lot different.

I had been doing radionics and psionics for ten years. I had written my first book and had two more in the works. I knew a little something about how to use the human field and not only my own. I knew the solution. I needed a power supply to recharge my batteries.

I needed human energy.

I knew where to get it.

The Theosophical Society became my feeding ground.

Now, this makes some people absolutely blanch when I say it, but it is no secret. It was not even a secret then. I was working to stay alive.

Every Thursday night the Theosophical Society headquarters in Wheaton, Illinois would have a speaker. It was the Theosophist excuse for a social event because Theosophists had this weird, puritan streak in them that forbade just getting together to have fun. So, every Thursday evening we would go up to the auditorium on the third floor and hear some poor devil talk about some nonsense or other, then go downstairs, have punch and cookies and laugh at how bad the program was. Then we would go to the Baker's Square eatery next door and laugh at how bad the program was and at the poor, crazy, fundamentalist Christian students from Wheaton College who would also inhabit the place, praying over their food and worrying about sinning.

It was all great fun. It really was.

Now, there was one little eentsie teensie problem. Everyone has things that they will not do. Mine was doing magick on fellow Theosophists. After all, when I was at the absolute lowest point of my life they took me in and made

me feel human again. They were and, even though we have parted ways, are sacrosanct. No feeding on them. The food supply was the ishkish and the gadje that came to the talks. So, I could not just open my spleen chakra and suck it in. I had to be selective. How was this to be accomplished?

It was pretty simple.

First, I created a stationary thoughtform to put in the auditorium. That thoughtform pulled in life energy from all the non-Theosophists in the room. Then, I created a working thoughtform in my own energy body to draw from that into my spleen chakra. That thoughtform was the one I described in Psionic Warfare. It is like a pipe with a valve. When I would inhale, it would pull the energy in and when I would exhale it would close to keep the energy from leaking back out. The system worked very well, very well indeed. Every Thursday that winter I would walk into the auditorium and sit down in the back. When the room filled and the talk began I would feed. And, of course, the poor folks would leave feeling very tired and not knowing why other than that the talk must have been more boring than usual that night. (Don't ask me why they came back, I have no idea.)

Of course, when I tell that story someone always says, "But what about their consent?" Well, consent is for sissies! You don't ask the cow if it is okay if it becomes hamburger! These were food animals.

The project was a success but not an unqualified one. I learned something valuable and that is you do not feed from old people if you can avoid it.

You are familiar with The Picture of Dorian Gray. Well, the human energy field is just like that portrait. Everything that happens to a person is stored there. And after a certain length of time it gets pretty yucky. Every illness, every failure, every moment of anger and disappointment, all are resident there and if you pull that energy in unfiltered, you are going to notice something unpleasant. At that time, I had not figured out how to do that kind of filtering so I would go home, and set up a radionic box to balance out all the bad stuff and leave me with the pure energy to live off of.

It was a rather inefficient process, but it worked at the time. So much for the background. How does it work now?

First, we must understand that the human energy field contains two things. Obviously, energy is first. The second is information. The information is the problem.

Let us say the target of your operation has a strong tendency to feel guilt. Now, all rational people know that guilt is a manifestation of weakness at

best and mental illness at worst. It serves a purpose in society, but for individuals it is a very bad thing. Society, of course, can rot in Hell. We do not care what happens to it as long as we benefit as individuals. But the issue of personal guilt can be a very real one for the psychic vampire as the feelings of guilt permeating the energy field of one's dinner can, if they are not dealt with at the source, take root in our own and that is not a good thing. This is why filtering is important.

What you want is the pure energy without any of the baggage.

This also applies if you are stealing energy from a large number of people who are putting it out for a specific purpose.

A number of years back, it was common among certain very strange religious groups to pray for the president of the United States. Just what they were praying for him for is not clear, obviously overmuch ability on the part of the president was not it. But what was important was the fact that they were concentrating energy in a specific direction. That made things easy for the rest of us because grabbing and storing that energy was very simple.

First, we made a thoughtform over the White House in the shape of a large bowl. The shape is actually pretty irrelevant in these matters. I think the bowl was a bit of a joke. Anyway, the purpose of the thoughtform was very specific. It was to trap the energy of those prayers before it got to the president and collect it.

The next thing was to create a second thoughtform that would filter all the information out of the energy of the first thoughtform, the stuff being collected in the bowl. The third stage was to create a pattern to act a link to the filter thoughtform. Okay, I know this sounds a bit complex, but it really was pretty easy in practice. It was a simple two-stage system. By psychically linking, in this case with a radionic instrument, to the filter thoughtform, it was a simple matter to draw pure energy from the bowl. And the more the good people prayed for the president, more power they gave us to work our will upon the world. And they were never the wiser.

We don't have to follow the rules, even if there were any rules. It was a simple matter of taking what was provided.

Taking is the operative word.

Now here is where we get into the black magick part.

Consent is not required. Consent is not relevant. You do not ask the beef if you can eat it. Humans are food animals for other humans. So, take all the rules you have been told and throw them out the window. None of them

apply. All that matters is technique.

And a food supply, a power source.

Fortunately, people are always more than willing to provide the energy that you need and they will not even know that they are doing. It is just something that comes naturally.

I do not know how many readers of this know about the PEAR eggs. Egg is a bit of a misnomer. What they are are random number generators spread around the world, and they feed a continuous supply of numbers into a computer that collects them. And, about three hours before anything that is significant enough to get into the news, the numbers spike. In other words, one number starts showing up a lot more than normal. Now, all this does is measure an output that we think is related to emotion. If enough people have a strong enough emotional reaction to an event, or rather the event is such to produce a strong enough emotional reaction, something shoots back into time and sets off the eggs.

It does not matter what the event is, or what emotion is being sent. For example, the death of a certain useless Princess back in 1997 set off the eggs and that always puzzled me because all I felt was contempt for the idiots who took it seriously. But that contempt was an emotional response too—surprise on me. So you had the mixture of damned fools who thought it mattered and went super boo hoo hoo over it and the more sane of us who thought they were crazy.

Uh, what has this to do with psionic vampirism you may ask. What are we feeding on?

Think about it. What are we feeding on? We are feeding on the energy put out by people. When something happens that sets off a massive emotional reaction, there is a massive burst in human energy!

Dinner is served.

As the emotional wave spreads out, the energy it carries is grabbed by the thoughtform, filtered and stored. Think of the thoughtform as your refrigerator, full of goodies just waiting to be devoured. And because time and space are not an issue, there is nothing preventing you from sending your thoughtforms back in time to grab energy from things long past.

Hiroshima!

“I feel a sudden disturbance in the Force!”

There is a sudden, massive burst of atomic energy, followed by a sudden, massive burst of human energy as people are literally blasted out of their

bodies into the ether. And there is the sudden burst of terror energy from the survivors. It all happens at the same time and you cannot get better than that.

A nuclear bombing of a city is as good as it can get for a psionic vampire.

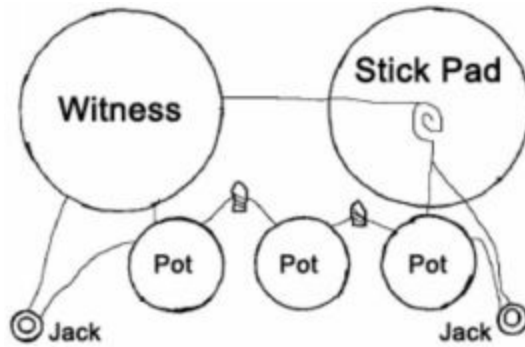
And the beauty of it, the sheer aesthetics of the blasted ruins aside, is that the event is fixed in time. All we need do is go back in time to the event and open up. It is the gift that keeps on giving, the cornucopia of power, a Fortunatus purse of energy. Constantly replayed, over and over again, no matter how many times we go back to it, there will always be that moment, that burst, ready to be used. We really can have our cake and eat it to.

How do you use this moment? There are a several methods, all good and it depends more on the operator rather than the method to determine which is best for the individual.

The first method is to use a thoughtform. In this method, the thoughtform is created and pattern made that is the working equivalent of the thoughtform and the means by which the operator communicates with the thoughtform and draws from it. The pattern is the witness, the link, to the thoughtform.

Now when I say pattern, I am not talking about something extremely complicated. The link can be as simple as the name you give the thoughtform written down on a piece of paper. So, for the purpose of this discussion, let us say you create a thoughtform to move back into time and hover over Hiroshima at the time the Bomb went off, August 6, 1945. Now, because of the different types of energy to be used, the thoughtform can be very specific as to type or it can act as a general accumulator and the type refined from the raw energy you take from it. Let us say that it is to be the latter. That is the easiest approach.

So you create the thoughtform, name it, let us call it Enola Gay, in honor of the bomber who carried the Bomb. You give it the instruction to go back in time and remain in place at the moment of the blast, recreating that moment over and over again. (Actually, you don't recreate the moment, it is a fixed event, this is just a sort of convenient way of explaining how a thoughtform can exist at one specific moment in time and not before or after but still be used decades, or even centuries, later.) You have the name of the thoughtform written down as your witness. And you have your radionic box, which makes this work a lot easier.

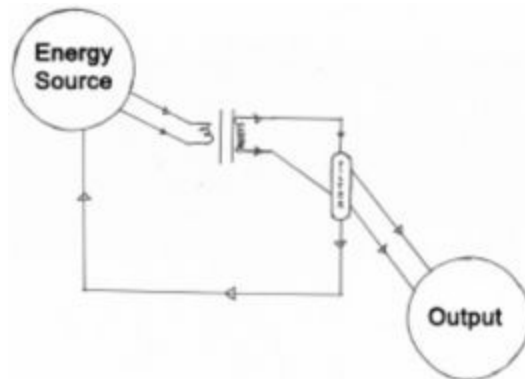


This is the schematic of the basic unit I use.

The witness of Enola Gay is placed on the input side of the instrument and as you think of the type of energy you wish to work with, the potentiometers are tuned to that specific energy. You place a witness or link to yourself on the output side (stickpad) and sit back, letting the machine do the heavy lifting while you simply absorb the energy, feeding off it.

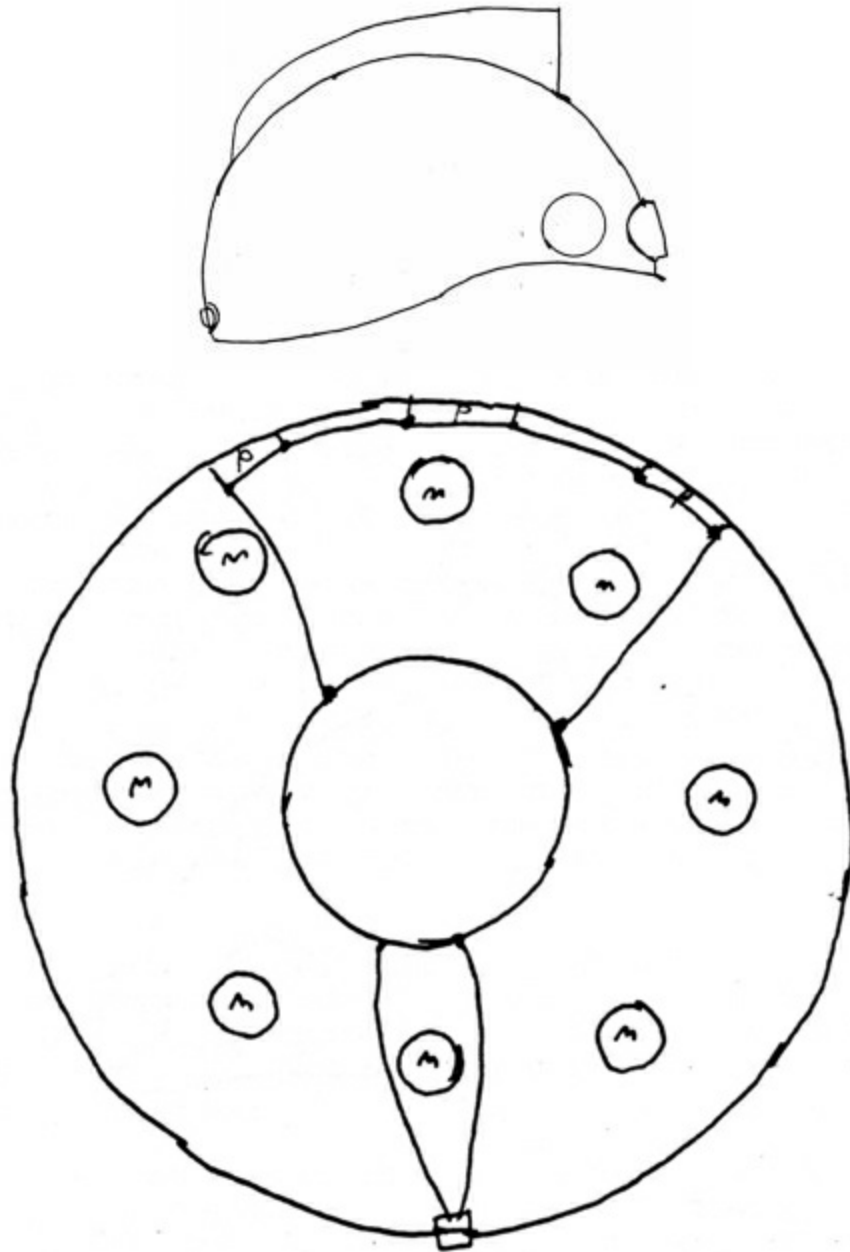
That is the simplest approach.

If you wish to feed off a more specific energy, say the energy released by the terror of the survivors, you create a thoughtform to absorb that specific energy and place it as you would have placed the other. If this is the chosen method, then you can use a much simpler machine that I created specifically for feeding from such a source.



No need for tuning with this device. The thoughtform does the tuning and the crystal acts as the filter for anything the thoughtform misses.

Now there is one more method and for that you need another gadget, the psionic helmet.



Now, this looks a bit intimidating, but it can be made very simply. To make a stripped-down version, you will need a hard hat, a foil circle, eight small magnets (magnet strip works well) a jack to plug a cable into, and some wire.

Take out the liner of the hard hat, and place the magnets around the center as shown on the diagram. Drill a small hole in the back and insert the jack. Place the foil circle at the point in the liner where it will be on the top of your head and stick into place with glue or tape. Wire the circle to the jack and put

the liner back in. That is all there is to it. The tuning potentiometers are nice and the antenna is nice, but you really do not need those to start. This will work just fine.

Acquire, without haggling, a patch cable to plug the helmet into the radionic box and you are evil to go.

Now, what is this for? Well, let us say you want to use remote presence to absorb the energy from the Hiroshima blast. This will make it easy for you to do that. You will need a photograph of the city, easily obtained and printed from online. You use that photo as your target witness. Put it on the box and set up a rate, which you do by turning the dials until each feels right. You will know, you cannot do that wrong. Then you plug in the helmet, put it on and away you go. You will find yourself floating over the city looking down. Okay, that may take a little practice, but you get the idea.

Next, you reset the machine to the time of the blast and put on the helmet. I don't have to tell you what you will see. Now, open the valve thoughtform you created earlier and pull the energy directly in. You won't need too much. If you do overdose, it won't kill you but you may get a headache or a nosebleed.

And that is all there is to it. The same principal will work for any event you choose to draw from, any location you wish to draw from, even any person or thing you wish to draw from.

Bon appetit.

Charles Cosimano

The Wakeful Ones

Semjaza & Vamperess

THE sacrament that is analyzed herein has been connected to the Order of Promethean Fyre and dedicated to the Watchers. The ones who awake the slumbering serpents and enlighten the sinister flames to the fire keepers of black earth. It is therefore pivotal for everyone wishing to perform this ritual to have a deep reverence for them; to attempt such a grand work without the proper adoration will be harmful, for light is darkness to those who sleep.

A 12-day dedication to Naamah and 30-day dedication to Semjazazel must be performed for the Diabolists to strengthen their black flame and gain fragments of Nephilims' gnosis. Its further magical venture is to shatter the futile ego and awake the slumbering Self, reflecting the freedom that waits far beyond the shackles of the flesh.

The working is connected with Thagirion Qlipha on the Ha Ilan Ha Hizon, since it also acts as a Daemonic or Higher-Self evocation of the practitioner. During the devotional stage, various situations will appear as obstacles, only to serve as steps to divulge the will of the true Self.

Any information concerning the Watchers and Naamah from any source must be acquired during the days by avoiding any personal prejudice of the practitioner. Therefore, no matter in which magical current someone works, knowledge has to be acquired for both confirmatory and contradictory sources of personal paths. The body, mind and senses of the practitioner have to be fully strengthened and the ego based behavior during the ritual is strongly not recommended. Someone has to warily observe personal limitations and eliminate human weaknesses one by one for the true shadow-self to be unveiled.

Diabolus Regnum Supremus

Purification through Naamah

In order to seize the quintessence of the awakening, a 12-day opening working with Naamah must be performed. The Watchers (Semjazazel) were awakened by the mistress of the Cainite bloodline, so the disciple must request entrée to their forbidden gnosis through Her gates first.

During the 12-day dedication, the practitioner must obligate to the subsequent commands of Naamah daily.

Consuming

The disciple must only consume meat or fish with salads daily and nothing more.

Drinking

Water, tea and natural juices are permitted. No alcohol is permitted. The food and the drinks when consumed must be envisioned as being blessed by Naamah.

Drugs

No drugs to be used during the ritual.

Gematria

By using gematria, Naamah's assigning number is 165 (12), the same number is assigned to fallen angel and archangel, Lilith's number is also 480 (12).

The Black Earth

The spiritualist for 12 days must perform the following.

As the very last activity before sleep, recite the following mantra for 12 times:

Amahan Amma Omehan Ama Lil, then meditate on the nature of Naamah, visualize and sense Her essence in your own way.

Finally, perform the prayer:

Prayer for Naamah

*Queen of the Black Earth, Elder of the Nashiym
In my heart I bear thee to awaken the Dragon within
Whisperer of the Night, initiator of the ha-Ilan ha-Hizon,
Mother of Plagues of the Mankind, Thy sacred spirits I summon
Amongst embers and bones thou usherest my shadow
Where nothingness precedes cosmos and time is hollow
Thou breathed crimson death into me and my senses did end
Inside my moist tomb, the dirge to Sitra Ahra I heard
In scarlet velvet and bones to the Shells my journey begun,
Swallowed by Nahema, fragments of my Self sprung
Seeking the tryst with crowned Queen of roses and thorns,
O beloved Naamah, thou unveilest me secrets untold
Venerable Sophia and grand collection of masks unfold,*

*Midnight breeze mutters "be whoever you want"
Thy chalice fulfills my long yearning and thirst,
Here is my home, Thantifaxath is the passage I shall cross first.
Vast Chaos and ablazing Black Sun that lies stark,
For She that rides the seven-headed serpent I bear a mark
Her sigilum carved on my chest, pain soothed by Her grace
Infinite beauty and dark side of me, Mother Naamah, my lives erase
From cursed father begotten and seventy- sevenfold avenged,
O Pleasant One, thou bringest the Cainite mark to men
With sharp nails and teeth upon the flesh, thou gnawest Agnus Dei
Bringing forth the sin of the world, for Chiva the Beast paving the way
Shamdon hath fallen for the beauty of thee,
O Mother of darkest depths, I invoke thee*

The séance of Naamah shall bring the sigils that will open the portals to the black earth; as soon as you will receive the sigils, draw them on a parchment.

Be granted entrance into the Black Earth and the tree of Gnosis by energizing the sigils each time an altered state of consciousness emerges, any preferred method of charging the sigil can be used (i.e: dedicate astral children to Her and energize the sigil at the time of sexual orgasm or cut yourself with a knife and anoint the sigil with blood whilst Her sigil glows on the ajna chakra).

At the last day of the 12 days working, light a red candle for Naamah and carve her Holy Sigillum upon it, meditate upon the smoke of the candle and recite your personal dedication to Her (construct the dedication before this operation), indicate what you need to achieve (i.e. communion with the Fallen Angels). Extinguish the smoke and finish the meditation by saying: "My will is the law of Naamah."

Place upon thy altar any fetishes that you sense to be connected with Her, along with red roses, the dedication and the wooden box with Her sigils anointed with blood and sexual fluids as an offering to Nahemoth.

After the 12-day dedication, keep the wooden box in a place away from clayborn eyes, construct and energize personal sigils for any spiritual cause and place them into the box to be blessed by Her at all times. When the wooden box is filled with sigils and fetishes (i.e.: dead frogs, animal or human bones, nails can be used) bury the box and the roses in a desolate place away from humanity.

Purification Through Semjazazel

During the 30-day dedication, the practitioner must obligate to the subsequent commands of Semjazazel daily.

Consuming

The disciple must consume sattvic foods: vegetables, fruits, rice, yoghurts and so forth; no meat shall be consumed for the period of the 30 days.

Drinking

Water, natural milk, tea and natural juices are permitted. No alcohol is permitted.

The food and the drinks, when consumed, must be envisioned as being blessed by Semjazazel.

Fitness

Commit an hour of physical workout of preference during each day.

Creation

Create something for His name, the magician shall craft music, any kind of artwork, poetic dedications, rituals or otherwise and must be offered to the Fallen Gods (Semjaza/Azazel).

Reading

The conjurer must acquire any exoteric knowledge that he/she is able to gain for the Watchers/Grigori/ Nephilim.

Removal of Routines

Chose habits and eliminate them (e.g., smoking, drinking, eating routines).

Thus spake Semjazazel

Obstacles are for the feeble, no obstructions must be felt or thoughts of failure, be free of your own prison.

Obsession with aims will always bring failure to every aspect of Luciferian evolution.

Each weakness held, marks you away from my light and you stride on the field and the deceptions of god.

Body is the tomb, the tomb is the temple, and the temple is the key to sovereignty.

There are many ways to go closer to the Lords of light, perversion, filth and decay is among them. However, elitism, wisdom, greatness, might and clarity makes you becoming like one of the Lords of light.

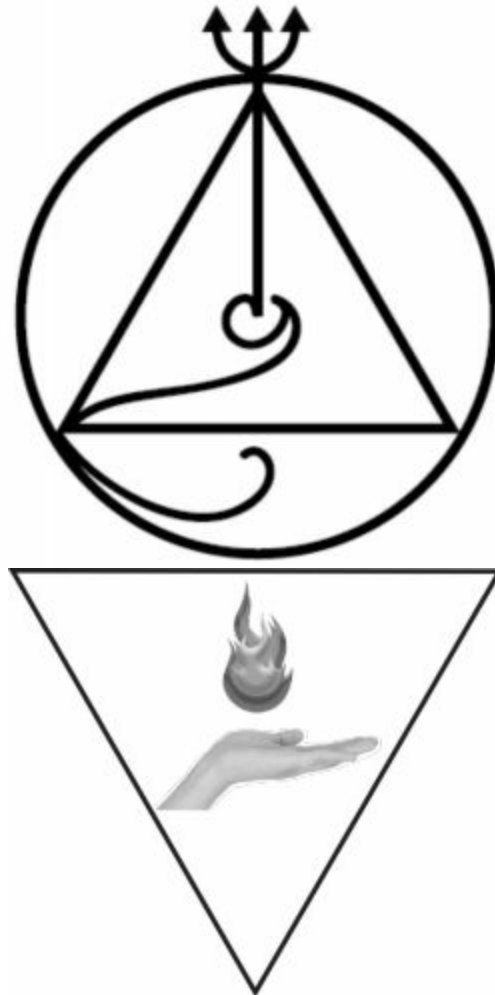
Be yourself by being egoless, the one who is not attached to the past or the present but is attached to eternity.

Mantras

*Azza Shemhazazel Semjaza Uzza Azazel
IO Azazel Tubal Qayin Semjazazel*

The Ritual

Place two red candles on the altar along with fetishes sacred to Azazel like goat skulls and bones. Armors and swords can be used as a decoration within your holy temple. Fill the chalice with some drops of your own blood and carve the candles with the two sigils of Azazel. If you can obtain a new small sword, use it instead of your athame and then keep it away from the eyes of the mundane.



Do not burn incense as His scent will be recognized as soon as he appears.

Visualize

In complete stillness, envision that you are atop the mountains of Hermon. Sense that there are 200 rebel angels falling from the sky forming spirals, crafting sigils from the fall through the ether. Give emphasis on the sigils and aim to reminisce as many sigils from the fall as possible after this working.

Pronounce

Bringer of fires to the elect, Lord Azazel, rejoice with me tonight and darken me with the gnosis of the Fallen for I am your son/daughter N. and no others shall I adore apart from the Gods of Or She-ein bo Mahshavah.

With the knowledge of thy forbidden crafts, I shall raze the deceptions of god until thy Horns will carve my ajna chakra. Eliminate now my fragile ego and make my body shine within thy light as I become thee through the astral webs of our Father Lucifer. For you, I will become the lone one and I will attain the acumen of both heaven and hell, ascending to heights indefinite to humankind, until ash will be once more.

IO Azazel Tubal Qayin Semjazazel

Visualize

Now, the fallen angels are atop the mountain of Hermon stare upon the leader of the angels, Azazel and aim to transmit your astral body to His, see from His eyes, feel through His senses, and become Him. Imagine your body befalling into a white and shimmering spectrum of radiance, glorious and godly.

Pronounce

God of sorcery, awake my Self and inflame the scarlet will of Naamah in my spirit, for I will become eternity and I will head towards my enemies that are the rivals of Lucifer-Satan.

Their blood will be transmitted to Nahemoth, as an offer to the Gods of Self whereas, through her webs their blood will seal Thaumiel and I will be filled with thy elixir undying as Kether will be no more.

Azza Shemhazazel Semjaza Uzza Azazel

Visualize

That you are Azazel, you shall now wander through Malkuth and observe the Cainian heredity, how luminous and gifted they are whilst you are spellbound by the divine Cainite spark of Holy Naamah.

In that form, head toward your enemies; sense how superior you are from them. Absorb their astral blood and feel the power that grows as they become

weaker. Transmit their astral blood to Naamah whilst she is filling you with the elixir of demise and Shekinah becomes blackened.

Pronounce

No human shall be superior to me and to no one shall I ever kneel, for I am thy child and your highness eternal I become. Adamite spawns shall sense our terror and their lineage will become corrupted once more, waiting to be devoured in thy webs that are empowered through my necromantic magic.

IO Azazel Tubal Qayin Semjazazel

Visualize

The grand shrine of Naamah and Tubal Qayin, identify the astral link between Tubal Qayin and Azazel. Comprehend that Azazel's vessel in cosmos was Tubal Qayin so for Him to widen His gift of blacksmithing and malefic sorcery.

Envision the temptations of Naamah and how the glow of Cain enthralled the fallen angels.

Pronounce

Lord of sorcery and weaponry, offer me the strength to expunge Raphael's blight at the day of eternal judgment and aid thee to return all to oblivion.

Vessel of Tubal Cain, whisperer of lapis philosophorum, the one who crafts the sculptures of Cain. My first ancestor, I now inscribe my witch mark and with this chalice of blood you exalt this holy communion of you and me, to see through you and become you.

Anoint the sigil of Azazel with your blood that is within your chalice and exclaim:

IO Azazel Tubal Qayin Semjazazel

Visualize

A black mist of sinister forces descending from the sky, invading the cosmic order once and for all. Envision, that you are liberated from your human form while the angels smolder your own body and burn your individual attributes to ashes.

Pronounce

Oh holy Azza who possessed Solomon with wicked gnosis, you who discern the mysteries of the dead.

Make me one with your acumen and offer me the supremacy to accomplish my fate in this cosmic inexistence by erasing the weakness

*that my human form discerns. Let's now rejoice in the astral crossroad
and swallow the moon, the stars and the sun, for the black sun to
shine ceaselessly.*

*Lord Semjazza, from Orion your malevolence contaminates the
cursed universe and like Prometheus you have been chained for the
liberty you offered. And as Azazel perforates Malkuth, you penetrate the
astral dusk, to liberate Semjazazel within me and become as above, so
below.*

Azza ShemyAzzazel Tubal Qayin Azazel Let it be done.

Ritual & Invocation to Azazel

*Time is limited for those who cannot hearken the whispers. Time is
endless for the ever-seeing, ever-hearing, ever-feeling without their
senses.*

Find a barren place among dense trees in the woods. Bury a black candle and the two sigils of Azazel anointed with your blood and charcoal. Mark the burial ground with an x. Return 40 days later and bury at the same place an animal bone with your desire written in symbolic language (i.e. crafted sigil). After the burial, place atop the ground three black candles in the shape of a triangle and carve the sigil of Azazel. "I will be with you afterwards, forevermore," said Azazel.

We incant:

*Of the serpent uncoiling
Of the dreams unfolding
Azazel, Azazel, come forth!
The spears you crafted
The wounds you brought
Azazel, Azazel, come forth!
Your children of fire you bore to the world
Of ashes you sired, of charcoal hot
Azazel, Azazel, come forth!
Your father hath spoken, Angels of the Fall
Kindle the fire that shimmers, this fire the clayborn lost
Father, Father, come forth!
Millions tongues of fire speak the words
Wisdom of heaven on earth you taught
Father, Father, Father, thee served not!*

Azazel roars:

*MILLIONS OF DEMONS AM I
AZAZEL IS MY NAME
MILLIONS OF DEMONS AM I
AZAZEL IS MY NAME
FEAR YET NOT CHILDREN OF NIGHT!
FEAR YE NOT CHILDREN OF QAYIN!
THOUGH ART I AND I AM THOUGH
MY DEMONS RESIDE INSIDE YOUR WOMB
AZAZEL IS MY NAME, FEAR ME NOT
AZAZEL IS YOUR NAME, FIRE YOU HOLD
CROSS THE BONES TO ENTER MY KIN
SHOVEL THE GROUND TO BURY MY GIFT*

Semjaza & Vamperess

God Is a Bullet

Jason Miller

The Considerations of Cursing

FROM Defixiones tablets in ancient Greece to Goofer Dust spells in modern America, from targeted readings of Psalm 109 in Christianity to rituals of sgrol-ba (karma-less killing) in Tibetan Buddhism, magic aimed at causing harm and death has been practiced in every time, in every land, and in almost every religion. Cursing is one of the oldest and most widespread act of magic in the world. Finding information on how to cast a curse is easy, its everywhere if you know where to look. What is not so easy to find are intelligent and well-reasoned discussions about it.

Most conversations about curses tend to fall into one extreme or another. On the one hand, you have those who feel that curses are unethical under any circumstance, should never be done, and will create no end of bad mojo for the person doing the curse. Some go so far as to suggest that curses and psychic attack are rare to nonexistent because any real magician would be aware of the terrible price of karma. Another argument goes that anyone with enough power to successfully perform a curse would be "spiritually evolved" enough not to want to cause such harm.

On the opposite end of the spectrum you have people who seem to revel in curses. These are folks who take no ethical considerations into account, deny any negative repercussions of any kind, and look for reasons to curse even when something else might serve their purposes better. These folks attempt to portray themselves as either the spookier-than-thou gothic type or the bad-ass Sorcerer not to be trifled with. At first, this can seem like a breath of fresh air compared to the sweetness and light approach, but at second look this approach is revealed to simply be the flip side of the fluffy bunny. I have found that in magic, as in life, those that have experience in causing harm and death don't tend to look for excuses to do so. They are not afraid to do so when the situation calls for it, but they don't revel in their nefariousness either.

The shame of this is that the real information about cursing gets lost in the chasm between the two extremes. If we toss away the curse-deniers and

fluffy bunnies, as well as the wanna-be Sith Lords, we can actually start to think about the real considerations of cursing. What are the real motivations of curse and how do they impact the work? Should you let the target know that they are being cursed or keep it secret? How does one counteract defenses and guardians? What are the real consequences of this work and how do we mitigate negative ones?

Why Cover It At All?

As I mentioned, there are many who feel it best just to completely ignore the subject of curses. Certainly, baleful magic has fed the fears that outsiders have of Witchcraft and magic, leading to religious bigotry against Pagans. There is also the potential that, if you accept that curses can in fact cause harm or even kill, you hand people a method of doing harm that is not able to be effectively prosecuted by the law. Given the fear that curses instill in some people, and the potential for misuse of information, it is a fair question to ask why we should cover the topic at all.

The first and primary reason is simply that curses and imprecatory magic has been a part of magic throughout history and to pretend that it is otherwise damages the integrity of the transmission of the mysteries. The idea that no "real" witch would curse is utterly laughable when you look at the hundreds of lead defixiones tablets from ancient Greece—all of which aimed at causing some kind of harm or trouble for someone.

The second reason is that like most tools, it can be used for good or ill. A skillfully placed curse can save lives, a poorly placed healing can cause great harm. While this is not usually the case with either one, it is the human mind and soul that has to evolve to use the tools properly, not the tools that have to change in order to be safe for our undeveloped mind and soul.

Motivations for Attack

In my book, *Protection & Reversal Magic* I think I made a convincing argument that curses happen a lot more frequently than some would like to admit. The question that follows then is "but why?" Why would someone use magic with the express purpose of harming or killing another human being?

I have thought about this and break it up into five basic reasons.

- To prevent harm: This is by far the best motivation for attack of any kind. There is a story that the Buddha told of a former life

where he detected that someone was going to kill everyone aboard the ship they were sailing on. The only way that he could stop this person was to throw the would-be murderer overboard, killing him in the process. The Buddha defended this as a compassionate act because though he did kill someone himself, he saved many lives on the ship and saved the killer from the negative karma of murder. It is true that there are protection and binding spells, but in some cases this is not enough. If you know someone who is going to harm your loved one and friends do you sit idly by or do you act? If you have already protected yourself against someone who is just going to come back again and again until they find something that works, do you just keep using protection or do you work to remove the problem?

- Justice: This is an imperfect world. Great and terrible evils can go unpunished. Certainly, it seems the rich and ruling classes are able to live by completely different laws than the rest of us do. Some people resort to magical attack because they feel compelled by Justice. In some countries with unstable or corrupt governments, the justice of curses is the only recourse. Some of Haiti's famous Secret Societies are rooted in this cause: to be a court of judgment and punishment when normal laws fail.
- Pre-emptive jinxing: Do unto others before they do unto you! On the surface this may seem a lot like the "to prevent harm" reason. In this case, though, I am not talking about preventing rape and murder. I am talking about the person who is sabotaging you at work so he gets promoted over you. I am talking about the person who is looking to take over your company and downsize you. I am talking about the town official who wants to use Imminent domain laws to toss you out of your home so he can put up a Mall. Fights are most often won by the person that throws the first punch, and if it is important enough to you and yours, you may decide that this type of work is a necessary evil. I have done this kind of thing myself, and it is quite effective. I even went back and blessed the target later, it was just business after all.
- Coercion. There is a whole category of influencing magic that relies upon the threat of harm. The famous Omnipresencia De Dios candle and Intranquility Oil Spell fall under this category. It is

almost always a love spell and has sometimes been called the "Love me or Die" method. While some people find this idea disturbing, and certainly I don't recommend this as a method for finding love, it is traditional in some cultures. I have even found the candles to be carried in some mainstream grocery stores. On the one hand, when it comes to love, I find this to be a repugnant practice for most modern people. Just because it is tradition doesn't make it a good idea. On the other hand, in different times and in different lands where there are no child support laws and few economic protections for women who get left by their husbands it is easy to see how something like this might come in handy.

- Just because they can: Simply put, for some people whatever is right for them is what is "right," and it is that simple. Some people like to take their misery out on others and for no other reason than jealousy or spite will launch a curse. There are more of these people out there than you would think. You don't even want to see some of the requests that I turn down. Whereas they would probably get caught and thrown in jail for physically assaulting someone, the nature of magic and society is such that they can act without any fear of reprisal.

The Cost of Cursing

Whatever the reason for the curse, there is a cost for cursing. This has nothing to do with some imaginary force that dishes out tit for tat, which is what most westerners understand Karma to be. Certainly, it has nothing to do with a "threefold law of return," which ironically is rooted in an Essex tradition that a Witch should return harm done against her three times over with her craft.

No, this cost is purely technical. Like attracts like. When you do malefic work, it attracts spirits that resonate with that work. Various purification rites like Hyssop baths and confessional rites for post-cursing work help reduce the amount of influence these forces have, but if you engage in this type of work too often, nothing will be really effective. Magicians who curse a lot are surrounded by wrathful spirits and energies, which in turn pushes them to use those spirits and energies more.

Imagine that you go to an organized crime syndicate or street gang to hire them to beat someone up for you. If you do it once you might walk away with

no further commitments, but if you do it regularly, pretty soon that is the circle of people you spend your time with. They influence your life and your mind whether you like it or not.

In Haiti, the Petro nation of Lwa developed out of the already fairly wrathful Congo nation, for the purposes of facilitating the slave revolt. The revolt was the only successful revolt in the Western Hemisphere of that size, but there are many Vodoussants who believe that these spirits presently cause many problems for Haiti because they thrive on discord. There is a similar issue spoken of in the Nyingma school of Tantra, to which I belong. Many of the Dharmapalas, protector spirits, were very wrathful spirits who were tamed in the 8th century during the spread of Buddhism in Tibet. Some believe that the now can cause many problems because of their wrathful nature.

Responsibility

Apart from the cost of dealing with wrathful spirits and energies, there is also the potential cost of doing something to someone that you later regret. When enacting a curse, you need to be comfortable with taking responsibility for what you are about to do. Are you prepared for your target to die? Are you prepared for them to break a bone or lose a limb? If not, then you might want to rethink what you are doing.

Even in the case of a confusion spell or binding, there can be devastating effects. I once did a binding spell to stop someone from stalking my client, which manifested by his falling off a ladder and breaking both legs. I was okay with that, given the level of threat, but some people would not. I have other examples where even more dire results occurred, most of which I am comfortable with, but one of which I would take back if I could.

There are many curses that are designed to simply jinx or confuse an opponent, some meant to enslave and control, and others meant to harm but not kill. The truth is, though, that it is not that easy to control the exact effect that magic takes. You may only intend to mentally torment and confuse a target, but find that this inadvertently causes them to get into a car accident. It is not all that easy or effective to pull punches with your cursing. Doing a spell to cause harm, than following it up with qualifiers like "but not too hurt. Not damaged or killed, etc.," will only weaken your efforts to the point where they are ineffectual.

I am not saying that you should not attempt to reign in your wrath, just realize that with every caveat you limit the potential for manifestation. This is

true for all magic, not just cursing. A spell to get promoted at work that is built not to negatively impact anyone else may prevent you from getting that job in the end—after all, someone else was probably up for it too after all.

I am not saying to avoid magic. Far from it! I am only saying that a Sorcerer means taking ownership and responsibility for your work. You cannot micromanage the results of everything so if harm or even collateral damage scares you, then stay away from type of magic.

Alerting the Target

Peter Carroll and some other Chaos Magicians have suggested that the best way for a curse to work is for the target to be informed of the curse so that they worry themselves so much that the curse becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Of course, it is quite true that suggestion is a powerful thing and if you can convince someone that they are under attack, they can manifest powerful symptoms. The effect in this case is a Nocebo, the opposite of a Placebo. In medicine, it refers to cases where a patient thinks that a condition is terminal and it becomes a terminal case. The phenomena is well documented in medical journals where people have literally died from cancers that they did not actually have.

If you want to have some fun with a nocebo, then go for it. Just tell the target that they have been cursed. Do not however do any actual magic work. Just let it go. If you actually plan on doing magic that is intended to have an effect on the target, I strongly recommend that you keep them in the dark about it for the simple reason that you do not want them to get help!

You wouldn't tell someone ahead of time that you are planning to punch them in the face, would you? So why would you tell someone that you have cursed them? If they know, they may try to reverse the spell, or even more likely hire someone to do it for them. Those of us raised in Protestant America forget that in most cultures people believe in curses and have cultural systems in place to deal with them. Whether they go see a Babalo, a Rinpoche, or a Catholic Priest, it is more headache than you want.

Getting Past Guardian & Defenses

I wrote an entire book on protection and defense magic, so I know the subject pretty well. I can tell you for sure that no defense is foolproof, there are ways around them. I have met many people who have slung curses, but

very few that have considered what kind of defenses they would run up against. Those that have, only seemed to be concerned if they were cursing other occultists, believing that most people are completely unprotected. This is a huge mistake.

You should not automatically assume that because someone calls themselves a magician or witch that they have psychic defenses that are worth a damn, nor should you assume that because someone is perceived as a non-practitioner that they do not.

It stands to reason that if many mages and witches believe that magical attacks do not occur, that they will not devote much time to defensive measures. Moreover, part of their practice is to make themselves open to subtle influences and spirit contact. Some of the most susceptible people I ever met call themselves a magician or a witch.

On the other hand, people who are not practitioners of magic often do wear amulets from their church or culture as well as engage in regular prayer which can be a pretty potent act of protection in the right hands. As I already mentioned it is normal in many cultures to seek help from professionals against curses. Your coworker who has been spreading rumors about you may look like a good Catholic girl on the outside, but she may know a pretty competent Curandera if she feels threatened. Even without any magical or religious work, your target may simply have strong natural gifts and/or family spirits that protect them.

Just like there is no one foolproof method of defending against psychic attack, there is also no foolproof way of overriding defenses. There are, however, several things that you can try.

- **Bribes:** Make offerings to your targets protectors. Big offerings with lots of physical supports. This should be an impressive show. The idea is exactly the same as bribing a human guard. There are stories of Tantric magicians who have been able to buy off the guardians of other magicians by offering more tormas. It may work, it may not.
- **Appeals to Deities:** If you feel that your case is justified you can appeal directly to the forces that your target works with to let your attack go undefended. This is often how disputes are settled in magical communities. Both parties do their spells and rely upon the Orishas, Buddhas, Angels, or Gods to sort out who will come out

on top. If you think you have a justified case where your targets patrons will abandon them, there is no reason not to do the same.

- **Attack from Levels Your Target Is Weak On:** This is type of technique is why I keep pushing this concept of levels in Strategic Sorcery. I have pointed out that different traditions tend to focus on different levels. Hoodoo, for instance, does a lot with divine prayer and also with materia. If you launched a primarily energy or astral based attack on a Hoodoo practitioner you would have a better chance of success than if you attacked with what they are already familiar with. Similarly, Golden Dawn and Thelemic types do a lot of energy and astral work but tend to be very susceptible to physical powders and other types of materia-based magic. Asian magical systems like Tantra and Taoist Sorcery often attack right at the causal level—the very root of manifestation itself.
- **Attack Using Cultural Magic That Your Target Is Unfamiliar With:** One of the great advantages of the current age is that the world is now very small. You can learn the magic of another culture quite easily starting with books and the Internet, eventually hopping on a jet and traveling to Asia or Africa yourself. If you take the time do this you will see that all systems of magic are not the same, nor do they lead to the same place. Traditional magic is most geared toward defending against magic that is defined within that tradition. If you know a system of magic that operates on different principals, it can sometimes easily get through.
- **Shock and Awe:** Sometimes the best offense is a just a really, really, overwhelming offense. Go in with everything you have and do it again and again. The strongest and most resilient will be left standing. Just make sure that it is you.

Method

Modes of magical attack are incredibly varied and you should have no trouble finding instructions for specific operations. Defixiones tablets, black fasts, demonic evocations, goofer dust spells, and black candle spells abound. The truth is, though, that if you know any magic at all, you already know how to cast a curse.

Some authors have made the point that magic takes skill and that includes magical attack. The argument being that magical attacks may be launched by

ignorant and unskilled people, but will be ineffective because they are not trained magicians. Leaving aside the obvious point that people need not use complex methods for doing magic. I have seen totally untrained people do effective magic with a spell kit that they bought at the local botanica.

The truth is that attack magic takes much less skill than other types of magic. Chances are that you do not know how to use a knife to perform a tracheotomy, that takes a lot of skill and training. It does not take a lot of skill to kill someone with a knife though, just take the knife and stab the target. Repeat as necessary. It's like that with magic too; if you can link with someone at all, all you really need to do is psychically, spiritually, and energetically go ape shit on them and your curse will have some effect. It may not be graceful. It may not be as effective as something applied with strategy and years of training, but it will have some effect.

In fact, pretty much any type of magic can be turned toward malefic. Just do it wrong or twisted. If Feng Shui can be used to induce wealth and health then it stands to reason that you could arrange the furniture in a room in such a way that it would afflict who walked in with disease and poverty. If massage can remove stress and pain, then the same points should also be exploitable to cause harm. In fact, Dim Mak the infamous method of "poison touch" martial art is based on acupuncture points that are used in that art to heal. It only stands to reason that if you can repair chi meridians, that you can damage them. "Five Point Palm Exploding Heart Technique" here we come!

"God is a bullet - have mercy on us everyone!"

—Concrete Blonde

The point of all this is simply to spur some well-reasoned thought. Do not let the white light rainbow crowd fool you into thinking that magical attack does not happen, or that it serves no purpose in magic—it does. Do not let the wanna-be bad ass crowd fool you into thinking that there are no consequences to your actions—there are. Malefic Magic is a tool, just like a gun. You can use it or not, but if you call yourself a magician or witch you should understand it.

Jason Miller

Bloodletting & Sacrifice

The Art of Palo Mayombe Medicine

Eric Colon

THE words Palo Mayombe can incite a feeling of dread and fear within people unfamiliar with our practices and our cultural history. Our culture in Palo Mayombe is steeped in secrecy, under the cloak of initiation and sacred rites; it's very difficult to find a priest or priestess willing to converse with the uninitiated about certain matters. This leaves us in a situation where often the only people talking are the ones who know the least. Unsavory individuals like Carlos Montenegro—who has made his living fleecing people using false information about Palo Mayombe—make it easy for people doing cursory searches on the Internet, or the media, to develop a negative perspective on Palo based on misinformation. The aforementioned individual, who has admitted in his own words that he is not even an initiated Palero, created a website that describes us as a "dark" cousin of an entirely different religion, Santeria. Almost singlehandedly, with his "dark side of Santeria" website and books full of misinformation and false promises, Montenegro has shaped the image of Palo Mayombe into a sinister and negative thing. It makes it difficult for the outsider to consider our ritual practices, like bloodletting and sacrifice, with a balanced and uncritical eye. For too long we have allowed this man and individuals like him to define Palo Mayombe to the public, drowning them in ignorance and ill intent.

My personal understandings are built on the foundation established over years of work and education under the tutelage of my elders and the experiences of close friends and family. Bloodletting in our religion encompasses a broad selection of practices, referred to with terms like "scratching, scarification, initiatory rites, feeding." Mainstream America, mostly unfamiliar with ritual bloodletting, would likely associate the above with negative terms, evocative of the feelings words like "annihilation, bloodshed, slaughter, killing, butchery, carnage, and massacre conjure. For us these rituals are sacred, described with words like "bakina nganga, Nkimba, Juramento, rayamiento," which feel holy and sacred, and reenforce our ritual practice.

Those words, which for many readers may present a bit of a challenge to comprehend, mean that we as religious people swear an oath to god (Nzambi) our Bakulu (enlightened ancestors) Nkita (spirits who are in transition as if in purgatory but not the same) Ba simbi (elemental forces) and that we uphold the laws of our community. To be a good husband/wife we will be people of respect and honor, and uphold those standards or die trying... and if we are to falter then let it be those ancestral forces and God himself that give us judgment. Let those same spirits grant us retribution upon an enemy or any malefic presence, seen or unseen. Our various bloodletting practices are all intimately related to our relationships with our spirits and community.

The medicinal practice of nkimba dates back as far as recorded history can go, as old or older than ancient Mesopotamia, old Egypt or Greece. What is interesting for us is the method of bloodletting within Palo Mayombe and the techniques we use that turn the rituals into medicine; we pack the cuts we give initiates with medicinal items meant to imbue our folk with particular spiritual qualities. The medicines given vary depending upon the Munanso that is performing the rite.

But the process itself is almost the same in every practitioner's house, going as far back as the beginning of Palo medicine centuries ago. Why is this process a secret? For one, ritual practices have always had their secrets, and if not you would have claims of self initiation being possible, which can never happen in Palo Mayombe as it takes a community of practitioners to make a priest/ess in our tradition. Unfortunately, that alone will not stop those out there who wish to exploit the tradition; regardless, our bloodletting rites are conducted as an exercise in community healing. Bloodletting is one form of sacrifice an initiate does to understand the world and the universe and to be one with these mysteries of the world. In Ayurvedic practices they would pinpoint an ailment to be part of the body, and it would be ritually cut so the blood would leave the body and promote healing. The Talmud had methods, Arabic muslim teachers and also early Christians performed this style of bloodletting as a form of healing and transformation of the body and spirit. While it does not serve as a purely physical medicine, as part of a spiritual healing technique the sacrifice of blood is both potent and practical. While the aforementioned religions don't work this style of ritual anymore, it has not been lost in the African Diasporic Traditions. In our rituals, it also marks a hierarchy and is part of our ritual writing, called Patimpembas. Some people may view them in a terminology of sacred sigils, angelic writing,

Veves. It is an invocation of sacred writing that we put into the body as well when we swear an oath in our practice. Why is this sacred to us? It is part of every Palero's oath and understanding when our forefathers and mothers independently started to resurrect the nkisi from what was understood in Africa they had to form a ritual alliance with the people who were already native to the land, and the shapes and forms used in our bloodletting are directly connected to these alliances.

Many plants and herbal medicines and compounds were formed by this alliance of landscape, sacredness to the earth and all living and dead materials. We work with nature (Malongo) and in turn adopted and adapted to the New World that formed this practice. Elements of it and comparisons can be drawn to old Congo practices. The presenting of libations to the Sun, etc. In our practice, not many houses do this but old Munanso's practice this form of giving homage to Casa Nsambi, or Ntango nsambi (which is the sun, the house of god) where all the ancestors of good standing go at the end of their physical time here on earth. Blood is given to all our ritual tools as a sacred part of our being. Again, I am kind of forced to make a comparison to what Christians would consider the holy eucharist for them. In Islam would be salat, absolution and performing and abiding by the five pillars of islam. Just as you would see many as a ritual rite of circumcision in many practices as well the bantu also had the ritual rite of circumcision. I bring up the practices of other cultures only to ease understanding for the unfamiliar.

Not all do it but for the Palero in the New World this is his ritual rite of sacrifice. In the old times, many incisions of bloodletting were made, to measure migratory changes in certain valleys and a kind of landscape or map to guide. Most of the old Congo practice was to differentiate status, tribe and hierarchy. In Palo Mayombe this is represented by what house you belong to now and the social status that brings and your rank in Palo Mayombe. It is an unwritten rule that our consciousness and unconsciousness need to be tuned for us to move like our ancestral predecessors. So this universal ceremony we do to reconnect into the world is an awakening of self, as a religious healer and arbitrator of our practice. People who do not understand will call it black magic; it is black in nature but it is a lot more than mere magic. This is a way of life with set boundaries and rules that we must abide to, and for this we not only do a sacrifice, but we must complete our purpose of understanding life, death and transformation of energy. This understanding is carefully ingrained into the spirits of the people in our community, our priest/ess, and also those

who are believers who would be considered the congregation. What is fascinating about all of this is that the rituals comprised in the islands of the Caribbean and lower Antilles were heavily affected by the native cultures who populated the land. Mostly comprised of three set groups: the Arawaks, The Carib and the Tainos. Most heavily regarded for teaching the landscape to the Cimarron slaves, some also called Maroon or simply and well kept the big influx of native Bantu origins from the central Africa. Though the native population of Cuba is said to have been extinct, we know through many other groups like Garifuna of Central America, Palenque in Colombia, and Cimarrones in Cuba and many other groups that Taino culture is alive and well with its African descendants who still may live in Conucos (garden and mounds) Bohio (small country house) using canoes as means of river travel and having festivals in el Caney (a small village square). The enrichment of the Taino language into the African descendants made for great contribution for Palo Mayombe to sustain a socio-ideological stance within the regions, which our contemporary practitioners sometimes fail to see. In other words, our rituals are speaking of a past that was quite relevant and must be seen as an Afro-indigenous religion and culture. Many of my colleagues may arbitrarily disagree but all you have to do is to study both cultures and look for what is relevant in the language, the songs, and the ritual drawings which are heavily used in spoken language for those who can decipher and speak it.

When people start to truly study they realize landscape, medicines, ritual, body modification and overall well being and health were key factors in Bantu ritual practice. The Bantu embraced the land and its true inhabitants and incorporated much of the practice that they could without extinguishing the practice of ancestral worship in Africa. The connection to Kalunga and the water representing life and death, rebirth and transference, of the changes which all of humanity must endure. One thing is clear that (True Practitioners) of this culture will have only few things in mind. The attachment and blessings of the corporal body to encompass spirit. The key role this practice and culture has for kanda (community at large), the family structure as we develop more and more to the hierarchy we must understand that our ancestral elders are key. Living and non-living as we are not privy to doubt possession as a form of ritualized practice. People who disseminate this also fall into conjecture by stating we are black magicians.

We respect the right of all practitioners of faith but to be a palero is not to be part of anything then what we are, which is healers. As I would imagine

any practitioner of faith would be, Neo pagan wiccans, Satanists, Goetic or Chaotic magicians the list goes on and on. Fortunately, I imagine the serious practitioner of these arts of higher magic can understand that my understanding of Palo Mayombe is from a point of direct understanding, and not cross referencing other forms of ritual practice. Every form of ritual and sacrifice has its benefits as well as modifications due to Legalities and Laws of county and state and even the federal government. But due to heavily negative influenced individuals of different practices coming into Palo Mayombe, unfortunately, we have seen a really bad criminal stigma in the public and national view in the United States. This is primarily because our practice is not part of the American culture. Yet, I would estimate at least at a 50 percent rate that someone out there has some sort of Afro traditional spiritual practice and faith that includes the white American population and many other groups. Many Bantu ethnic groups like the "Gullah" from Georgia and South Carolina who had a variety of African nations, though being more of a West African contingent hold many bantu practices of song, ritual and dance. The gullah have many African ethnic groups combined with American folk practice that is a very rich tradition of practice.

Palo Mayombe has been given a terrible reputation by outrageous criminals who are not actually true practitioners of Palo Mayombe. They've used our use of bloodletting in ritual and animal sacrifice to create a fearful and negative image, reveling in the dread and fear-born respect people give to dark and scary things. A particular criminal act that happened in the 1989 in Matamoros, Mexico, had an extraordinarily negative effect, as the person who perpetrated a series of terrible crimes clothed his madness in the appearance of Palo Mayombe; this is similar to one of the many serial killers who have used the Christian iconography of their youths as part of their crimes' grotesque aesthetic. The act itself has nothing to do with the religion, but the combination creates confusion and negativity about the religion for those who view the crime. These sorts of criminal actions in direct opposition to the way of being and living promoted in the community-based religion that is Palo Mayombe. Our bloodletting is done in a sacred way, honoring both ourselves and the entities involved, be it spirit or animal or otherwise. Now that Palo Mayombe is more broadly known, there is a huge market for initiation that is unfortunately often exploited by unscrupulous individuals, who are more than happy to propagate the evil-sorcerer image that is central to their business. These men and women are charlatans, their Halloween-

esque facades a cringe-inducing mockery of a vital nature religion. Unfortunately, the politics of the Market affect the religion. We can see this in any socio-political group or neighborhood church and even within our own government. I mention all these things because as a person of faith and a priest it is the responsibility of every practitioner to set a standard of practice within their own Munanso (house of worship). We surely can not police each house, but we can abide by what our forefathers gave us to follow. The true essence of Palo Mayombe is not found in the internet nor in authors with their own agenda. It is found in the Munanso and with your elders.

Our elders are the ones who came before us and should rightfully know or at least find the information so that each individual can set a mark in this world amongst their peers. Every ritual is worked in accordance with Malongo (nature) and every pact that we do is a binding contract written in blood; the beauty of this is rooted in what exactly that means. When we look at the sacrificial rites of circumcision in many religions, which are often a blood-pact with God (see the covenant of the Jewish folk, for example..."covenant" and "pact" are two ways of saying the same thing), we see a practice familiar to persons who've grown up in Judeo-Christian households that is at root a blood-pact with spirit. Palo Mayombe sacrificial rites are a blood-pact with god and the nkisi (spiritual focal point) as intermediaries with the forces of nature. Good and bad, Cause and Effect. The cycle and sacrificial rites are to continue in this world, ever-living. In Palo Mayombe we do not die, we transition into another state of being. This is in accordance to our philosophy and doctrine set forth by our ancestors who knew that we were part of something greater than many of us can comprehend. Our universe is ever-expanding and growing, and so our understanding of Palo Mayombe, which is rooted in malongo, is an endless journey of growth and expansion of wisdom and knowledge. Our ritual practices resonate firmly with the laws of nature, and by standing on the shoulders of our Elders we are able to work with these laws to create healing and change in community and person. Sacrifice is always a word that intrigues people because it leads the Western mind to think in the terminology of gore and guts, of barbarism and cruelty. There is that priests of Palo Mayombe are simply magicians; we are not. We work in a context of community, through relationship with nkisi and practitioner alike; our rites are primarily religious and not sorcerous. Our understanding of nature and ritual manipulation of natural law enables (for the well-trained Palero) an

exceptional ability to create change through rite, but this is a side-effect of our religious practice, and not the point. Life force offerings are found both symbolically in literally in near every culture—we offer our animals with ceremony and careful preparation—same as your Kosher or Halal butchers—but are vilified because our African nature is treated as a thing to be fearful of, instead of honored. We sing our songs to ritualize the process and venerate the animals who feed us and nourish our health and wellbeing. Most of the animals have not gone through the hormonal or biological processes that neighborhood meat markets sell for mass consumption; most are not factory-farmed or mutilated before consumption. Most older Paleros prepare the meat and we feed it to the population in feast and in reverence to the nkisi and to the people who will consume it. Nothing is left to waste, though you may see many tidbits on the news of slaughtered chickens and severed animal heads. This happens when you have people out there of varying traditions who do not respect sacrifice or life and think its good to drop a dead chicken on the ground and keep walking. I can only imagine how ritually unfulfilling that would be if you do this. That means you do not have an understanding of ritual law and practice. In cases where a person is sick and we use animals in ritual sacrifice—we would not eat that animal but would give it a proper burial or dispose of it properly as required by the laws of our state and federal government. Not to say that this is common ground, but, yes, we must abide by the law that governs the United States. Our sacrifice is to commune and create a sacred and holy spiritual space, where invocation of our ancestral past is created, and with it the blessings of nature and all that is around us. We do not go on animal killing sprees and we should never kill animals out of excess.

We are not a Blood cult—the blood is a byproduct, not the central point of our practice—though our very essence is in the pacts we do with life force energy using ritual bloodletting and animal sacrifice. Our goal is to commune with the past so we bring forth the wisdom of our ancestors into what we are doing in the present. Every spiritual archetypical practiced in ancient times and in modern times deal with sacrificial offerings. Many out there who criticize Palo Mayombe and any African based traditions need to do a bit of research so they can understand that the pluralism of many methods of sacrifice and worship only lead back to one source. The belief in a higher power greater than us is near universal, and efforts to work with and understand the spiritual and physical movements of nature are as well. How

you name him in your prayers and in any language is a personal matter. Our ritual practices in Palo Mayombe, including our blood-letting and sacrificial rites, allow us to find answers to fundamental questions of import to every human life. Who we are? Where are we, and what we are about?

Tata Musitu.

Eric Colon

What Sort of Sorcery?

Philip H. Farber

WHEN I ask “What sort of sorcery?” I’m not particularly interested in what kind of magick you practice, but rather how you sort your sorcery. The word “sorcery” derives from the Latin word “sors,” which is the root of our English word “sort,” as in “to sort something out.” So how do we sort that out? What’s the connection between sorting and sorcery?

There are a number of things that we sort when practicing magick of any kind. We sort out the hierarchies of entities that are contacted and employed in our art. Qabalists sort out the sensory details of experience into sephira and paths. Astrologers, alchemists, numerologists, and, indeed, pretty much any member of any tradition, sort out the nature of reality into the categories of their systems. This is a more obvious, exoteric and overt kind of sorting that we do. There is, however, a subtler sort of sorting that we do as magicians, fundamental to the action and experience of magick.

Human brains spend a hell of a lot of time sorting. Every time we encounter a word, to some extent, we have to sort through definitions and contexts and find the appropriate meaning. For example, the word “chair” can refer to a wide range of seating equipment. In making sense of the word, our brains may flip through a few different kinds of chairs before fixing on the one that makes sense in the current context, perhaps the one that you’re sitting in now.

Exercise #1

Think of a time when you felt really, really good.

So what happened when you attempted to recall a time when you felt really good? Most people, when encountering a vague suggestion of this kind, will find themselves recalling not just one, but at least several memories, and then comparing and contrasting for a few moments until finding one that comes closest to the criterion of “really, really good.”

If this happened to you, what you just experienced was a process called transderivational search, which is mediated by a feature of the human brain known to neuroscientists as the Default Mode Network (DMN). Here’s

another example:

Exercise #2

Picture a really sexy face.

Whose face did you end up picturing? How many faces did you have to look at and adjust before you settled on that one? How quickly did the process happen?

Okay, one more for now:

Exercise #3

What's the most comfortable item of clothing that you own?

While the original concept of transderivational search was applied to linguistics, to the choices that we make in our words, these experiences of the DMN and sorting happen in every sense. We sort through images, voices, music, emotions, tactile feelings and every other form of human perception and internal representation, with equal ease. And we do it, consciously or unconsciously, on and off through most of our lives.

The discovery of the DMN by neuroscientist Marcus Raichle was in part unexpected. Dr. Raichle was hoping to measure baseline activity in the brain, to provide a statistical basis to compare with experimental activities. The idea was that when it wasn't doing anything consciously directed, the brain would power down like the hard drive in your computer, a mental screen saver would come on and the brain scans would show, in general, less activity than when the subject was working a math problem or solving a jigsaw puzzle. When Raichle and his team placed subjects in the fMRI machine with no specific instructions and scanned while they did "nothing," he found something odd. Certain areas of the brain, including the hippocampus, midline cortical structures, and some frontal cortex structures, would hook up in a new configuration and really go to work. Raichle didn't know what these brain areas were doing, chattering furiously to each other, but the brains were using 30 percent more energy than when the subjects were consciously working on mental activities.

After years of study, scientists are figuring out the DMN does. I'll cut to the short answer so you can sort out what I'm getting at here.

The Default Mode Network creates reality.

Or, to state it in a wordier but more accurate way, the DMN is a physical component of the human organism that mediates the largely non-material

process of delineating and experiencing our world. It is the engine of sorting in the brain that also mediates some of the important processes of magick. And understanding how the DMN works in the brain can give important clues how to create more effective magick. I promise that after you give yourself a moment to sort through the range of things your brain wants to include as “important clues” or “effective magick,” I’ll explain what I mean.

Our lives happen in the present, but we need our memories of the past and our projections of the future to make any sense of what is happening now. Just as it takes three points to define a straight line, it takes past, present and future to define ourselves. Think of this interaction between memory and future as a narrative flow, created by the mind to make sense of the present and suggest action. When you read a novel or watch a movie, most of us find that it makes more sense if the characters and plot are endowed with backstory and personal histories, whether those are ever explicitly described or not. The same is true of your memory and ongoing experience. This is the story of your life, and it is an ongoing work of creation. Who is the author of this epic tale? (Or, as the Zen koan asks, “Who is the master who makes the grass green?”) You are the author, of course, and you are the master who makes the grass green, but we may have to play around with the definition of “you” a little bit to make that fit, especially since most of these processes occur without much conscious involvement.

That’s right, parts of your brain are doing things without telling you. Relax, it’s normal. If you were always aware of everything your brain was doing, you’d be swamped in the minutiae of biological homeostasis and too busy deciding how deeply to inhale and exhale to get much else done. What the DMN is doing, pretty much every time it is activated, is taking active short term memory in the hippocampus, sending it to the forebrain for evaluation, tagging it with information markers and then sending it for storage in long term memory. This process, called memory reconsolidation, is a big part of how we delineate and navigate our world. And it happens not only with the fresh bits of perception that find their way into short term memory, but also every time you recall something from long term memory.

Here’s how it works. I look outside. The sun is shining, birds are singing and the air is warm. It feels good. The sun, the birds and air temperature lodge temporarily in my short-term memory. I space out for a moment as my default mode network is activated. My past experience of sunny, birdy, warm days suggest that these are all good things and my brain decides that this new

memory will be a pleasant one too, perhaps running through a range of activities that might be fun in the sun. It applies informational tags known as submodalities to the memory, so that when I recall it I will also recall some of the good feeling I had. Then this experience, judgments and tags and all, gets stored in long-term memory. Some weeks later, on a rainy day, I think of that memory and feel good and warm. But some months later, I learn that, while I was enjoying sun and birds, a friend of mine was in a terrible accident, unbeknownst to me, at that very time. Now when I recall the memory, given my present experience and the bad feeling of knowing about the accident, my brain adds some new tags to the memory, perhaps ones associated with sadness or grief. From then on, when I recall the memory I relate to it in a very different way than I did in the original experience or in my previous attempts to remember.

In short—and this is fairly obvious—your present situation, knowledge, feelings, and so on will influence how you relate to various memories. How you relate to your memories will influence how those experiences are incorporated into your personal narrative. Your personal narrative influences your conception of the world—and may even influence the nature of reality itself.

Before we get to how to use this information in magick, let's explore how the brain creates the submodality tags that are included with each memory. These are generally simple and metaphoric changes to the way the memory is experienced and the submodality tags may be added as visual, auditory, kinesthetic, olfactory or gustatory information. An example:

Exercise #4

Think of two things that are objectively the same (or pretty damn similar), but you like one and not the other. For instance, oak trees versus maple trees, Toyotas versus Hyundais, Coke versus Pepsi, pullover sweaters versus button-down sweaters, and so on. The stronger your feelings of like and dislike, the better.

First think of the thing you like and make a visual representation. Look at it in your mind. Eliminate context and background so that you are only looking at the object in question. Notice where you have to aim your eyes to look at this imagining. Point to it. Notice the colors of the image—are they rich and vibrant or dull and subtle? Notice how large you have made the image, how far away from you it is, whether the lighting in the image is

bright or dim.

Now perform the same experiment for the thing you don't like. Notice the qualities of the representation you make. Eliminate context and background. Notice where you have to aim your eyes. Point to it. Are the colors rich and vibrant or dull and subtle? Notice how large you have made the image, how far away from you it is, whether the lighting in the image is bright or dim, if the focus is sharp or blurry, if the image is moving or still.

Most people will notice some differences between these two internal representations. You will point to different locations or one will be larger, brighter, or more colorful than the other. Each one of us has a unique set of submodality tags that we apply, so the results of this experiment will be at least somewhat different for each person, but the lesson to be derived is that we represent images, sounds, feelings, tastes and smells to ourselves with variations that let us know crucial information about the memories or imaginings. Think of your memories as if they were movies—a good director uses subtle shifts in camera angle, lighting, sound quality and so forth to convey information about mood, time, and more. Your internal director uses many of the same tools.

Often these submodality differences will be reflected in metaphoric language: something very clever might be “brilliant” (have a brighter internal representation); someone you feel uncomfortable with might be “distant;” a friend with a distinctive personality might be “colorful;” a dynamic person might be represented as “larger than life;” something you don't like “smells rotten;” and so on. In each case, the content of the memory remains fairly consistent, although some way of viewing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling has been altered to convey a message. Content of memories, as opposed to these subtle changes in form, may also change during reconsolidation, however; that appears to be at least slightly less frequent. For now, let's continue to examine the phenomenon of shifting sensory submodalities.

Now consider how often this process occurs. The default network switches on and off for moments throughout every day, hour, and minute. Every time you hear or read a word for which you must figure out the meaning, every time you search your memory for anything, every time you space out, every time you daydream, every time you project some outcome for the future for good or ill, every time you use your imagination, even for a moment, the DMN is operating. The way that you relate and respond to the perceptions

you've had in the past and to the experiences you will have in the future is mediated by the DMN at every turn. Since the vast majority of experiences go through this process, it is easy to think of our thoughts as a cloud of representations that we inhabit, each with a location, size, color and so on, in the thought-space around us. This is the human aura or morphogenetic field, if you prefer those terms.

On one level, the operation of the DMN is crucial to magick because an awful lot of what we do involves manipulating and changing submodalities. We don't usually call it that, of course. Concepts such as chi, prana, and kundalini are usually imagined and manipulated as colored (or colorless) light. Vibration, harmony, tingling, rushing, glowing, auras, halos, stillness, smallness, vastness, all terms commonly used to describe mystical or peak experience, are essentially submodality descriptions. The sensory language of mystical literature reaches its purest form with descriptions of boundless light, white light, astral bells, and open-ended descriptions of pure sounds, visions, feelings, and so on. Aleister Crowley described one of his pivotal mystical experiences as "Nothingness with twinkles," for instance. Memories marked by glowing, soft expansiveness, for example, may be identified (by some) as sacred

At the more practical end of occult practice and "psychic energy work," imagining colored geometric shapes and symbols in and around the body conveys information on an unconscious level through submodality (size, shape, color, brightness, location, movement, etc.) while the symbols themselves may convey information by association and transderivational search. Similarly, the practices of visualizing chakras, sephira, and channels of energy through the spinal column and body rely on metaphoric sensory "brain language" to affect specific changes in state.

There's a deeper level, too (at least one!) that may explain the sorting of the most world-changing kinds of sorcery. In quantum physics, there is the idea that a particle to be measured exists in all possible states before it the measurement "collapses the state vector" and delineates the particle, selecting just one definite measurement from the whole range of possibilities. In short, the particle exists in every different state, perhaps each state connected to an entirely different universe, and when we measure it, we choose the reality in which we exist. It sounds like wild sorcery, but this is a fairly common take on quantum physics.

This has an interesting parallel with the concept of transderivational

search. When transderivational search kicks in, the mind runs quickly through a range of possibilities as the DMN kicks on. If the choices are of memories, then each memory is subject to reconsolidation, and submodalities or content may change as the mind runs through the range. By the time it comes into conscious awareness, we've chosen a particular reality, a particular universe to inhabit in which the memory, as we now remember it, with whatever qualities it might have, is true.

If that's the case, then what we choose for the future, on this unconscious level, can equally become true. That is, our experiments with magick may carry us into a universe in which we live lives of wonderful woohoo. Notice the emphasis on "unconscious." The process of transderivational search is guided by the default network, usually outside of our awareness. That's not to say that we can't influence the outcome of mental selection—by changing state through the process of invocation (or other means), we influence our brains to make selections that reflect that state.

Exercise #5

Submodality-Sorting Sorcery

In the center of a banished circle:

1. State your outcome in a single sentence, making it as concise as possible.
2. Check that the outcome is stated as a positive, and make the statement descriptive rather than a command or a wish. For instance, "I want a new cellphone" or "Give me a thousand dollars" are a wish and a command, respectively. "I will not get upset" is a negative. Better suggestions might include "I will hold a new cellphone in my hand." "My wallet will contain a thousand dollars" and "I can make healthy choices about food."
3. Add in details about how your outcome will look, feel, and sound as you experience what your outcome statement describes. For instance, holding a new phone in your hand will have certain characteristics that can be seen (the numbers and letters on the keypad), heard (ringtones), and felt (the metal or plastic of the case).
4. Think about how you will feel, emotionally or internally, once this has happened. That is, if you receive a thousand dollars, you

might feel happy, relieved, exultant, determined to use it in a particular way, or whatever.

5. Recall a past experience when you wanted something very much and you got it. As you remember that experience, point to the image you make, notice if it is larger or smaller than life-size, see how colorful and bright it may be, hear how loud it is, and notice how it made you feel.
6. Take your present outcome, derived in steps 1-5, and adjust the submodalities so that it feels more like the experience remembered in step 6. That is, place it in a similar location so that if you point to it, you will be pointing the same way. Make it larger or smaller than life-size, as you found with your image in step 6. And so on, so that it keeps the current content, but adopts the form of a successful act of magick.
7. Create an internal experience in which you see/ hear yourself having already achieved this particular outcome. Notice any feelings associated with this.
8. Step into that experience, so you that can experience, directly, what it feels like to have achieved this particular outcome. Pay very careful attention to how it makes you feel. Where does the feeling start? What kind of feeling is it? Where does it go as it develops? Does it continue to move? Is it static? Follow it through to its peak.
9. Ask yourself, "If this feeling had a color, what would it be?" Imagine the color (or colors) in your body in exactly the areas where the feeling is experienced. Then imagine that you are taking the colored shape out of your body and flip it around to face you. Place it on the floor outside your circle and breathe deeply, feeding it breath and energy on each exhalation. This colored shape is called a State Entity.
10. Continue to breathe into the State Entity. Imagine you are communicating with it. Ask it what it wants to be called. Does it have a name or other device by which you can call it back some day? The answer might come in any sense, as a sound, a symbol or a feeling.
11. Imagine your outcome in detail and with submodalities aligned for success as in step 6.
12. Give the imagining to the State Entity, so that all the sensory

details of the experience are absorbed by the entity.

13. Instruct the State Entity to send the outcome, along with breath energy, to all the parts of internal and external consciousness appropriate for making it happen.
14. After the sensory experience and breath energy have been sent, thank the State Entity for its cooperation and reabsorb it into yourself.
15. Take a few moments to reflect on what you have experienced.
16. Repeat this exercise daily until your outcome is made.

Philip H. Farber

Ascetic Immolation

Michael Wood

THE universe is washed in blood- soaked gasoline and your imagination is a plastic disposable lighter. It's easy to conflagrate, but to achieve fusion from the supernova of your dreams, it takes more than a crooked song or a dime store prayer. It takes an understanding of the construction material in order to operate the universeconsciousnessmachine; you have to craft the particles of your sense of self; recondition the claws of your aura and make a real thing of you. You are a deception. But there is a remedy...

Where Do We Start with You?

I suppose we should begin on the right foot. Go fuck yourself CUNT. Right now!! You, your bitch mother, and every pathetic thing you've ever done. Offended yet? Good. Now we can get somewhere. Exactly what part of you had a reaction? You did? But that's not a real thing. Your idea of yourself had a reaction. The conglomerated, congealed mass of emotions, memories, habits and innate capacities that you think of as “you” is a flat out lie.

The quickest way to the heart of a thing is to rid the extraneous. A lot of people have asked why I practice left hand magick over the years. The sinister way isn't a shot off the port bow calling you to action, gingerly coddling you in faery wings, kittens and warm hands. It's a cannon ball aimed at your fucking head. It's coming for you—your giant psyche will be struck, forcing change. You will shift, one way or another, whether you like it or not, so you'd better get a handle on yourself. One asks. One demands. One builds. One gets rid of the useless.

The entropic method is a trimming of the ego. Breaking you down. Plowing the field so the weeds are culled. It's a litmus test of sanity, strength and resolve. It cuts all the comely petrified coral reef off the knuckles of your soul, down to the root, past the blood, bone and seeping marrow; it cuts all the growth from your identity and leaves no room for the grass to grow back. It begrudgingly concedes only a tract for power to remain. Only a ruler may stand on hallowed ground bathed in this kind of fire. A king. A God. You, if you survive it and you won't as you know yourself, which is a good thing.

Because you're the problem. You get in the way, every fucking time with your whining and your sadness and all the accumulated fear of pain boxing you into the mental prison you dress up to convince yourself you're comfortable. This is okay. There's a solution down this road. You'll either stand up or sit comfortably in the prison you've made. Once you shed your victimhood, you're free to make every wish come true. But that's the entry price. Everything. Even your "you"ness at the outset.

What happens once you make that call and leap from the cliffs like Icarus and Daedalus? How does one approach this art without seeing their brains ooze over the rocks below?

We have the whole of human experience behind us, and all the excrement of the past to point the way. Not Machiavelli, Darwin or Rand. Not the mystics and Gnostics. Not a silly racist god or the pantheon or the Vedas. But rather in the screaming, clawing terror of our earliest memories as children under the covers. When we could still see with unlocked sight, we cried and shivered while the ancient eyes in the dark flashed off clicking teeth. Those eyes never stopped watching you.

What if the child throws off the covers and stands barefoot on the cold floor, determined not to be afraid? What if she conquers her fears and speaks to the shadows? Why should she be afraid? The worst that can happen is unimaginable agony for a period. But it's only temporary. Hide or stand, the same fate may force itself. Thread counts were never high enough in your sheets to guarantee safety; it only appeases the ego into a falsehood. Accept all fates and you're invulnerable to any threat. Now you can ask the shadows to tea, and they'll tell you all their secrets. Not because you're you, but because they respect the patrimony you've embodied in doing so. Make no mistake, these aren't your friends and they aren't tamable forces. But if you conquer fear and doubt and speak with all the cracking rage of eternity through every cruor-soaked realm mixed with the undulating cadences of your inviolate omnipotent birthright, even the rocks will cry out your name. The smallest child can command the monsters of the deep.

You can't front an authentic reality. No fools are suffered amongst the razors of the black. And that is why the left hand cuts away the ego. You'll never be a damn thing if you start with a cup full of preconceptions, trained anxieties, or doubt. Gods don't cower, little one, so get the fuck up before you get the stick with thorns again.d.

Origins

As children, we begin by taking in information about the world around us. Sunlight. Breath. Temperatures. We experience without a filter. Eventually, we develop an amalgam of memory coupled with empiricism which leads us to develop an identity. The personality gets fixed on hooks. We invoke archetypes. I'm a carpenter, a firefighter, a soldier. We take on ideals. I am a patriot, a sinner, and a good son. We see ourselves AS our roles. AS our archetypes. As useful as it is to play those roles and accept those archetypes, it's instructive to recall as when we were children playing that we are not them. We are much more. Limits are bad. They are holes in your divinity.

Following the left hand doesn't mean you hang your identity on being an antisocial "emo" kid with daddy issues in a costume. We are not a bunch of children. We are not fly by night youths with black leather shirts and chains and zippers and anarchy signs. Some of us surely are, but that's not who we are. Those are roles we fulfill. Mastery means you conquer yourself. Gods wear costumes but they know they're doing it. Know you're doing it. Burn your costumes as you need to adjust as dictated by the situation.

The test of an operator is in their life. You have the ability to acquire anything you want. Your life should be under control. Sorcerers and magicians employed in menial jobs, living in sparse, constrictive circumstances are either unimaginative, uncommitted to their art, or are flat out doing it wrong. You have the vein of the gods on tap. Behave accordingly.

We are vessels which move in this world and move to get what we want. We push. We push ourselves hard and we push the world harder. It's not enough to just accept the fate you've been given. Unless you're a sheep. Are you?

Once you've made that call, we can continue. So you take in all this data from all of your surroundings and your sensory perceptions or organs create a persona which you adopt. When you start to realize you can make an effort to get an effect, everything opens up. It's not enough to just say "Where I'm at is good enough." You first have to have a drive or impetus for change. That drive is when you first learn to apply the will. You learned as a child if you push on something like a lever, there is a reaction of force. This expands as you get older to applying force in different ways. More subtle. More sophisticated ways and you create change in more complex and effective advents. If you do it right, you're able to affect your will in a much more

effective way.

Since you're reading this, it's easy to assume at some point you also realized by being more sensitive than the majority of your sleeping sheep peers, there are methods for exerting will which require even less external effort. You did a ritual effecting change in the world with your resolve using some of the normally unseen things. If you were truly sensitive, you may have even come to the conclusion that the unseen is the most important part of reality; the most powerful and potent part. It's the underlying statutes. You can't see gravity, but it holds everything together. You can't see the probabilities of quantum mechanics but they display all around you constantly in a soapy, foamy world displaying as this discrete commodity.

Over the span of our footprint on this rock through religion, shamanism and a shared series of mystical endeavors, mankind has developed methods and means to use the data we take in and make more effective changes in the substantive using the unseen. When you first start evoking, divining or astral traveling, you're sort of clumsily and awkwardly pushing and prodding at things, tangling your way through. And that's generally where witnesses come to accept another individual as being competent or incompetent. Incompetence simply means not very good at leveraging will to get what you want. Competence is a crucial aspect of growth.

When you really break down competence, it's sensitivity in your acts. It's a sensitivity to learn the rules; to learn what those things are that actually matter in an operation. People talk about competence a lot but not generally in the magickal world. It's spoken of frequently in terms of becoming a better athlete, soldier or attributed to some kind of role. In Magick as with all other applications of will, you can get more delicate, graceful, and creative over time the more you use applied ingenuity. Tomes, grimoires and opuses of ages past are full of spell lists, recipes and prescriptions because people in general have been stupid, unimaginative, and lazy. Let's be better.

Red Spear Down

At some point, those of us who made the decision to take this path seriously want to break out of our conditioning. The kings see ingenuity and creativity as life itself. You have to burn off all of the things which don't work in the process and this angle is really what the left hand is all about. You get the fucking hammer when you fail because there's nothing like a little negative reinforcement to encourage an alteration in behavior. Either

doing or being, it's not so much what you are, as what you're not by incising the unusable things; the things not working. The operator must take the amalgam of learned habits, anxieties, ticks and fears developed which create a huge part of the personality and make them efficacious. By slowly coming to trust that clutter less than direct experience right now, the extraneous gets clipped. Because it's all right now.

You must get through your own ego. It will get in the way every time. It stands in the way by very definition. Everything in reality is designed to respond to the stimulus of consciousness. It's a gun, focusing the will. Fear and doubt create laziness which keeps the safety on everyone. They keep all the sentients from whiteout.

There are some really complex rituals for annihilating the ego and self out there. Some are simply initiations. However, this process entails no fancy bit of kit or physical nonsense. It's not something you have to strap on or into or paint upon or any series of gigantic steps you have to take. It comes down to you making a decision to affect your will better and it's a constant decision. You can only really make a decision constantly in the present. You can't make it in the past or future; you reaffirm it every time you pay attention. Every single time you pay the fuck attention.

When something works, you do it. You keep refining it. You seek to know why it worked. When it stops working for whatever reason, you stop doing it. There's a really strong bent of this in Taoism, for example. Taoists sometimes say the best way to see the invisible in the world is by seeing humanity as a collection of appetites; people as though they are just an assemblage of desires. How we feed those appetites and with what, is what really defines us. Ironically, this method of seeing the entity as its desires solves an age-old paradox between the Platonic and Aristotelian sense of personality. Plato says you are an archetype and that is why you do things. Aristotle says you do things and are therefore labeled as that thing. In placing the identity in the appetite, the appetite "does human" by moving you to feed it. It's a subtle distinction but it's instructive if it moves the person away from the limits of "self."

Pay attention to your appetites, how you feed them, and constantly apply your will better. It's not a one time gig. There's no merit badge for magick. You can't get an "I'm a master Magus or Sorcerer" diploma from the back of a rock and roll magazine. It's a path; a process. There's no such thing as arrival. There is just constant effort and path working. You never "become"

the greatest swordsman in the world; you just stay the greatest or someone greater fucking kills you. There is only a constant yearning; the constant application of discipline.

You have to invent “yourself.” You have to burn off your old self, the self that gets in the way, by getting offended easily, like at the start of this article. The part constantly telling you to do things or be things to fit the archetypes or roles you must play. Those things are not who or what you are. They are just what you do to get what you want. Upon learning this, you become much more fluid with your archetypes, roles, your job, your things, even your beliefs. It's not that you don't have to have those things, it's that you stop seeing the mask as “self.” You see it as “mask.” It creates this huge existential dilemma if you're not the Aristotelian, “I do xyz and therefore I am an xyzer” or the Platonic, “I'm a firefighter,” you have to figure out and really create for yourself a sense of “self.” Choose your own archetypes and your own defining actions. Foster your own appetites and control them instead of letting them live your life.

Creating an identity is terrifying because you start with a blank slate, but exhilarating for the same reason. This is a lot of people's biggest fear. It's the proverbial hole in peoples' heart they seek to plug with Jesus, booze, sex, or thrill seeking. If you conquer your own fear and doubt and gain the ensuing sense of agency, then the hole stops being inside. It is outside. Your perception was just eschewed before you could merge with the infinite. Now the hole is out away, in all directions waiting for your agency to navigate.

By realizing your “sense of self” is an illusion, you conquer Maya. As the Asian mystics say, men hold onto their self like it's a great treasure, but really it's just a purse full of dead leaves. Rather than whine about it and hold on as tightly as possible to the identity clumsily putting its will on the universe, you have to invent a new self by burning off the old. That's where the left hand path is so crucial, because it's a bullet, a gunshot, a knife cleft of a thousand cleaves to trim off all the fat and garbage. Once you realize your sense of self is only an invention, and life itself is a cybernetic system adjusting as you adjust it, then it's like the old cliché, “If you want to change the world, change yourself.” Magick is about nothing more.

As you make changes, you're adopting the omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient and fashioning a change inside. You're literally becoming one with the absolute consciousness and executing a shift there manifesting in the world around us. Because consciousness is the firmament upon which reality

exists, the change sticks. We are all little fractal polyps of that sense of conscious ontology.

Common Entanglements

Insolence

There are a lot of pitfalls in this process. Pride is a huge one. Once you affect change a few times, you invoke/evoke omnipotence and make a change in the universe, “holy fuck!” frequently sets in. “I can go anywhere. I can do anything!” the lingering power of the invocation/evocation of omnipotence lingers and clutches the dead leaves in your soul and you have a hard time identifying with your invented self. “I can get whatever I want. I am the all!” And then something happens and you snap back. The phantom limb syndrome of the universal consciousness leaves you hungover.

Next thing you know, you're sitting at your job, doing your laundry, or fixing something on your car. And it occurs that yes, you can use ritual to fix those things and you have methods of escape, but there is still the realization that these things happen to you. You're still a thing. A finite little polyp inside an infinite space, and even though you can merge on all these levels exceeding the temporal, you're still not god yet.

Just because you can experience enlightenment, doesn't mean you are constantly enlightened. You shuffle through a series of enlightened periods, but that doesn't mean you're a fully enlightened being. You still have to get up every day and chop wood and carry water, as the Zen proverb goes.

Lethargy

Lethargy is another downfall of note. People quit because it's hard. We accept that bodybuilding or being a soldier don't really have end goals. There's never a point where you've “body built.” You can never say, “I was a body built.” There's always more work to be done. It's always a constant refinement. And it's the same thing with your application of will. It's the same thing with your sense of magickal application. There's only one thing: practice. There's discipline. Advanced is just doing the basics to a really high level.

Tactlessness

Tactlessness is easy once you start applying this power on a really huge scale; it's simple to lose track of the fact that you need to stay sensitive. It hurts. It burns. You have to actually feel the blistering pain and accept it to make those changes; cut off the things you don't like about yourself. You can

go around just trying to clumsily push yourself through, like a tack in the round hole of infinity, but at some point you have to realize the more sensitive you are, the easier it is to apply will. The easier it is to sense changes around you and to apply yourself in your field in your space to continually make adjustments to refine your art and practices.

Attachment

Disciplined doesn't mean dogmatic. You have to be willing to let go of things. Let go of all the shit. Let discipline become a new kind of prison. Before you were imprisoned in your roles, to your archetypes and thoughts, beliefs, or what other people pegged you as and told you to be. Now, you're in a new prison of constantly making an effort to deny those roles as self. Walk a balance there as you still have to play those roles. You've still got to get up tomorrow and go to work. Your kids still need Cheerios. It's important you do those things without accepting or adopting an activity as a sense of self without alternately neglecting the menial aspects of whatever part of the path you are upon. Only constant discipline permits success.

This is a constant motion to perfection. Perhaps the greatest pitfall is holding onto this invention created on the path to godhood. First, we go to inordinate lengths to melt off the naturally accumulated sense of self, only to create our own well groomed identity that is much more competent as you practice diligently. As you stay sensitive and create this powerhouse of an identity capable of moving fluidly through all these problems, eventually you will be well on your ascent/ descent. There is a danger in this, too, because even though you've invented this sense of self which gets what it wants and does what it needs, it too is still just a tool. It's just a facade keeping you from directly experiencing the ultimate reality perfectly. Even though magick is the greatest art of living, you can't get attached.

You have to divorce yourself from it; burn it. Throw it on the fire. When the time is right, you have to be willing to let go because omnipotence doesn't have room for your art to go on thinking it is omnipotence. The unfettered all only has room for all and everything to include everything. It's like dividing by zero on the calculator. One of the greatest curses you can levy on someone is to ask that they believe their own bullshit. This is a lie to them so effective, they never stop believing it. It becomes the only thing there is; a mass of insensitivity and stupidity.

This isn't about making a new class of old magick. It's about marshaling all the information at our fingertips which is more than ever in the history of

the race. The library of Alexandria had less accessible potency than the plastic phone in your pocket. It used to be magick was kept secret, guarded under lock and key in the hollows of caves because teaching could get you beheaded. There was no room for error or for the secrecy to be broken. Revelations long hidden have come forward in our time because the collective consciousness is finally ready to be pushed forward. We're in a new era. In order to embrace it we must grow, adapt and evolve. Anything less would be to shame ourselves and our art. The shovel is in your hands.

Clean Methods

What does magick and sorcery look like uncluttered? This mindset has a surprisingly few key points of trance and thetgamma balance. E.A. Koetting and some few others have recently made a lot of progress ridding ceremonial magick of its flourishes and useless bits. The last hundred years of psychotherapy have also brought us Neurolinguistic Programming (NLP for short) and hypnosis. Whatever your path, practicing effectively is about exerting selfcontrol during a divine connection without sacrificing the creative in the midst of the state. Much like a Japanese Tea Ceremony, you go through the motions of your ritual without being attached to the ritual itself because what you're attached to are the effects. The nicest, most glittery maneuver is bullshit if it doesn't work. Stop doing it.

That's the point of the left hand. That includes imagination and construction. How that comes about is a really simple process even though we clutter it all up. Ritual tools are only a crutch to your psycho drama. Use them as you need them. Never forget that they are just tools.

Want

You start off with a drive. You want something to be better or you want something to change. You have to have a desire. Want is the oft overlooked catalyst.

Merge

Then comes your invocation and evocation of omnipotence to become the divine, or go into your trance state; reach your thetgamma sync, ecstasy, whatever you want to call it. This merge is older than the human race. It's blending with the divine and losing yourself.

Push

Project your will out into the universe with a focus. You use your imagination to create and craft something better, or something you want or

want to see and then direct it out in that divine state. This is the hardest part for some. Even though you stop being a drop of water and become the ocean, you've got to still retain some semblance of the original “want” and then shove it out. Visualization, charging of a sigil, direct communication with a spirit/ demon/angel/etc., channeled intelligence, direct push, guided meditation, fucking whatever. You go beyond the beyond.

Conviction

Then there is the alteration of belief. “It's going to happen. It's done. It is finished.” A confident sense of assurance with absolute conviction of certainty seals it like a stone cap into the Akashic walls.

Return

Finally, you have a release of whatever this essence is you've shot out, sent out, constructed, crafted, or change made. And then you return. You have to come back and live with the results. Nobody can stay in trance forever. Eventually that may be the goal, to go directly from will to effect in the shortest means possible, but it isn't usually so in my experience. Anyone can marvel at being an Oracle like those of Delphi, or a Blind Grotto Seer of Omeishan. A vessel who only has the exquisite beauty of the overself might get tased and cattle prodded up the asshole at the grocery store for the most elegant of prophecies though. It would be hard to have the entire world bow at your feet when this plane sees only a blathering idiot; a god must rule.

A Few Suggestions

Somewhere as the superconsciousness found its way seeping into the material, it contained itself in these suits of flesh and brain matter with a powerful set of biases. These are inherent in the biochemical makeup of the body—and therefore brain's—composition. Being in tune with the mechanisms for which we structure our workings is just another means of demonstrating greater sensitivity and competence as practitioners.

Frame things in the Positive.

The brain internalizes things prior to negatives. Meaning, if I tell you “Don't worry about the blood stains” your brain doesn't hear the “don't.” I've effectively just put the fear there. You could perhaps laboriously retrain yourself through trance, hypnosis, or application of will to fuck these polarities up, but it would make the entire process more complex, which is not the goal. Further, it would carry over into ridding yourself of doubt, since “notdoubt” would then be the opposite. When you perform a working,

whether it is a direct enforcement of your will on the universe, allying with an entity to perform a task, or even programming your own mind stuff, it's important to keep your statements and questions in the affirmative. As you cap your works with the confirmation of a change in belief as mentioned above, your mind stays sharp to the function.

The Left Hand Path is just a Path.

Don't become arrogant with the world under your boot. There are many paths up the mountain and many useful methods in other traditions, religions, and sciences. Use whatever works. At the source there are no hands, there are all hands; no polarities, just ALL. The goal of effectively applying your will should be to get constantly more effective. Steal, borrow, or abduct whatever technique makes you a better practitioner. Keep your process simple. This isn't an advocacy for mixing the streams or creating paradoxes, such as evoking contentious angels and demons toward a common goal. Rather, it's about not being married to the ideas of your ego and its need for self-indulgence. Find fulfillment in your workings and results, not in your idea of yourself as some Billy Badass; that's a powerful trap.

Respect the Process and the Entities.

An eternal being born before the supernovas of the solar systems crib lights, who has seen the decay, birth and ascension of a thousand sentient races before yours, is not your buddy. It exists to apply itself and its function. It ever was and is its function as far as it is concerned. But you, even at your highest peaks of power in merging with every ring of existence, should respect these beings. You get what you give. Don't ever fucking forget it.

Spirits aren't your Friends.

You must trust in your own agency. From the most benevolent angel, to the reddest infernal demons, glistening in the ashes of extinct worlds, there is a danger in codependency on outside entities. This path is for domination of the self, not enslavement and subservience. Don't fall into the path of worship beyond the recognition that the inviolate force of the whole night sky rings off the hollows of your own self deity. This is not to say that there isn't a place for prayer, worship or exaltation. Rather, when you give yourself to an entity through perfect possession without a mutual understanding of your own agency or a contracted time for return, you risk losing everything you've worked for.

The bloody maw, cackling in your black soul is glad to have you in chains, but if you've no will of your own, you cease. You literally stop being real,

and you're not a player who's own will may be manifested.

Why take a single step down this road if you're only going to throw yourself away before the finish line? If you can't adequately merge with the omnipotence of your spiritual primogeniture and expound your will outwardly, there are an infinite number of entities eager to wrap you in steel laced silk threads and run their claws under your skin to dance you around for the rest of your life.

If it Stops Working, Stop Doing It.

Things change. Maybe you change as a practitioner over time. As it happens, adjust. Don't do something because you've always done it. When you spend a lot of time body building, exercising, or training your physique, eventually a workout will get stale. You'll reach a plateau. If you mindlessly go on doing the same number of reps, the same way, every day, for the rest of your life, you'll have the same results. Eventually, your body will get bored and stop making progress. The same way you train your creativity by constantly using it, your will can only get sharper the more ways in which you test yourself. Figure out faster and better ways to do everything. Constantly think it through.

Permit Yourself Mistakes, But Don't Suffer Weakness.

When we start from a place where we can err while exploring and we control our ego, we garner something which no one can ever take or question. The power of perfect clarity in the calluses, bruises, and sutured wounds we've earned. We monetize the conviction of our trials. We are tested and we become the highest kind of fiercely dangerous: competent. Accept your shortcomings only to analyze them. Never tolerate blind spots for extended periods of time in your understanding or application. As Bruce Lee said,

"Never cheat on any exercise." Perform every operation, as heartfelt as your reality, every time.

These are just Words.

Words can only ever be an expression of an idea. Words at the most magickal explosion of gnosis they can impart, can only ever get you to the door. The loftiest written knowledge is a crayon drawing on a wine-stained bar napkin compared to the power of actual practice. Knowledge does nothing if it isn't exercised because it leaves room for regret and missed opportunity. We all must accept missed potential, but progress demands that it be fulfilled with as much earnest effort as you can muster.

Shut the Fuck Up.

Be silent. Say nothing. We are working with the very forces of will manifest. By sharing a working with the uninitiated, or by giving details of an operation in progress, you expose your efforts to the will, doubt, and questioning of others. There is a reason we work in the dark and our efforts are cloaked in shadows. In silence, you have the force of your own will's echo magnified down the halls of infinity. Share only after a work is complete. Share only when the cacophony of others can't in the slightest way alter your efforts.

Write Shit Down.

Record your successes and failures. This isn't just for others, but more to systematically and scientifically organize your thoughts about your work. Only by keeping records can we really scrutinize our efforts to progressively improve. Much as you would keep a workout journal or accurate bank statements, keeping track of your progress forces you to hold yourself accountable. You owe yourself better than half assed shots in the dark.

Build your progress.

Build your progress on pieces of discipline, one section at a time. One success after another. There is no greater safeguard against doubt, internal inconsistency or insecurity. Earn your growth in the sweat of action and it can never be taken from you. Do it yourself.

Masters & Cliffs

Where do you go from here? Now you've got a sense of created self and you use it as a tool. A self whose DNA is discipline, sensitivity and humility. One that can realize he's dealing with ultimately extraordinarily powerful creatures which could shred everything in your life, eviscerate you and put you through levels of pain artists mock by attempting to paint. You've given the fear away and now you're constantly left directionless. Take the safety off. Test your madness. If you can have anything, for most practitioners there comes this kind of freeze. The mind shuts down. What's left to want?

Some fall into the high and never really come out of it. Some are just asking for their basic needs to be met. That's just where they're at. "Pay my rent." "Give me suchandsuch." Just as with anything, there are people who are happy just living on a subsistence level. There are still some people who want more though. We want all of it. We want everything. And there's more to be had than just anything. There's everything. Saying, "I'm fundamentally dissatisfied with the way the world is and I want to change it," "I want to

change people's beliefs on a mass scale,” “I want to change where the race is going,” or “I want to change everything.” It's not enough for me to have a hot meal or these naked strippers in my bed. I want everything, and I want it to be stable or unstable as I see fit. At this point it's not about control as much as creation of something better. If something can be better, why not make it so? Change is where next.

Even more important than the push for discipline is the realization of constant creativity. There never comes a point where you can say “I've created enough.” If you're alive, the point of your living is to live. The point of life is creation; the point of creation is life. We talk about art like it's some fancy mystic thing, but it's just living. It's the act of applying will and getting things made which express ourselves. Sometimes really good things, sometimes really bad things. Sometimes weird as fuck things. But it's getting things and doing things; motion.

Accept that you don't matter. Face it. Own it. Your sentiency is the only thing which has aristocracy and your fractal bubble of divinity is a loaner. It's a renttoown. Your imagination is really the source in you playing, which is why it can change reality if coupled with intent and expectation.

Because it's so simple to make a change, the extant powers set up a system to entrench fear and doubt, thereby keeping their will intact and preventing us all from utter annihilation. We are collectively fed myths and stories to sate our need for the spark of divinity at play. But myth is a drug. We are the myth-makers.

Once you start moving on a really grand scale, you have to burn even this invented self when it's time. The self is your highest offering for ascension. It's like finding Zen and the source and then you immolate even the thing itself that does the experiencing. You burn everything away until there is only source. Many religions see this as the highest good upon death.

It's a complete fusion with reality, the union with God, reaching the summit of the mountain, whatever you want to call it. Essentially, once you've altered reality and you have everything, you've met all your Maslow needs and dreamt even bigger; you have to dream like a limitless God. You must bring the very source to this plane, lose yourself in it and then be the All. Merge with the Tao and ride the dragon. How you do so, fueled by desire, will dictate how serious you are in applying yourself on a daily basis. It shall be the cause for discipline, the source for joy, and every step taken. Even the tiniest act of creation will get you that much closer until you

literally are pooled with all creation and ARE the Creative. But there's time.
For now, let's just have some fucking fun setting fires.

Michael Wood

Anthology of Sorcery
Revelations
Volume Two

Foreword

Timothy

HEREIN lies the second anniversary of the *Anthology of Sorcery*. It features an updated roster of authors and specializes in the spirits themselves, in contrast with *Anthology 1*, which welcomed any topic of black magick.

When E.A. and I conspired for its creation preliminarily, we agreed on a rule for the entirety of the text to concentrate on intimate connection with deities, demons, angels, and independent entities of the Left Hand Path—a union I call theophilia, an archaic Greek term signifying love of the gods.

The diehard sentiment I harbor about this treatise proceeds from its predecessor. A1 chopped the head off the lifeless, zombie convention of black magick, namely its hackneyed cloak-and-dagger secret society custom—whereby political priests demand that truth-seekers bow and kiss their rings to receive scraps of knowledge; a contemptuous act of hierarchical submission that degrades the anarchistic ethic of sorcery. Factually, the Digital Age with its speed-of-light, open source, peer-to-peer technology, hammered a wooden stake right into the heart of suppressive occultism in a glorious way. Rather than submitting to long arduous years of unnecessary initiation, millennial-generation magicians simply download complete pathworkings in seconds and study them at their convenience instead.

To the so-called priests of churches of black magick around the world, I hereby caution you: information technology accelerates exponentially toward singularity. The slow-as-molasses medieval convention of occult orders lags behind the curve of the modern zeitgeist, and are fated to go extinct in this century, possibly this decade, if not already.

Be forewarned!

Anthology of Sorcery, as well as my brainchild, *Become A Living God*, stand as measurable icons of evolutionary adaptation in the field of magick. In the year 2014 alone, we touched over 36,000,000 unique souls freely through social media, with no initiation required to access the live rituals, discourses, grimoires, and classes. This statistic suggests that authentic black magick brushed against the intellectual mainstream for the first time in history. But not without sad, slanderous attacks, the death throes of desperate

occultists, whose egos depend on secretive, hierarchical tradition.

Dear reader, the emperor has no clothes; magick is no longer a secret to humanity, and never will be again. It has surfaced, so to speak. We sorcerers hid in the shadows for millennia for safety from religious persecution. However, the terroristic days of witch hunts and stake burnings are long past in Western society. We can share knowledge, organize in public, and identify with magick safely, without the need for deceptive blinds and surreptitious theocracies. In fact, legal constitutions of many republics explicitly protect the right of its citizens to practice any faith they like. Almost every author in this text came out of the closet as a magician years ago.

For the last few centuries, magick has sat in arrested development in the Middle Age. We need your help to progress it into the future, for the enlightenment of all.

Join us in freedom now, forever!

As final editor, it brings me special joy to officially give to you, A2. It encapsulates a truly sublime feature of black magick—personal relationships with the most beautiful and eccentric spirits in existence.

TIMOTHY

The Destroying God

Asenath Mason

IN the magic of the Qliphoth, Asmodeus is the demon-lord of Golachab. He is called the Destroying God, or “the one adorned with fire,” and the Qabalistic sources describe him as a demon of lust and impurity. Asmodeus represents the lust and fury of Golachab, the harsh ordeals of torment and temptation, and he is the Seducer of Souls, the bringer of ecstasy to those who succeed in his tests and suffering to those who fail on the path of flames. In demonology, he is one of the seven Princes’ of Hell, he rules the element of fire and the direction of South (or West), and on the list of the seven deadly sins he represents Lust and lures man into acts of sexual depravation. He is also mentioned in the Talmud and a number of Jewish legends as a demon of carnal desire and promiscuity, breaking marital vows and inciting debauchery. His name, however, is derived from Avestan language and he is associated with the Middle-Eastern demon of wrath called Aēšma-Daēva, where “aēšma” means “wrath,” and “daēva” signifies “demon,” which reflects his furious and dynamic nature.

Asmodeus is widely encountered in demonology and old magical grimoires. In *Dictionnaire Infernal* by Collin de Plancy, he is depicted with the breast of a man, a cock’s leg, a serpent’s tail, and three animal heads, riding a lion with dragon’s wings—animals associated with either lust or wrath. In the *Goetia*, he is a powerful king who governs seventy-two legions of spirits and teaches a number of sciences, including arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and all handicrafts. He also makes the magician invincible, bestows the Ring of Virtues and reveals hidden treasures. This famous grimoire also describes him as a demonic being with three heads: the first of a bull, the second of a man, and the third of a ram, the tail of a serpent, and feet webbed like those of a goose. From his mouth issue flames of fire and he sits upon an infernal dragon, bearing a lance with a banner in his hand. In Draconian magic, he often appears as a fiery-winged being, emerging from a vortex of flames. The upper part of his body resembles a man; the lower is a swirling vortex of fire. On the Qliphothic initiatory path he is the guardian of the Lake of Fire and holds the keys to the gates of Golachab. He is called to

grant the access to this Qlipha and its mysteries and to open the way further into the other realms of the Tree of Night. While the term “lake of fire” has many associations in various religious and esoteric traditions, in the Christian lore being equivalent to Hell and the place of eternal torment, here I will refer to it strictly in relation to the realm of Golachab that manifests in this form to the initiate of the Qliphothic path.

But let us first discuss the realm where we encounter this fiery demon-king. Golachab is the Qliphothic counterpart of Geburah on the Sephirothic Tree of Life. Geburah itself is a harsh force that belongs to the Pillar of Severity and has a reputation of the fiercest and the most fearsome of all Sephiroth. It is called “Strength” or “The Great Fire of God” and is connected with the principles of courage, firmness, and justice. In its Dayside symbolism, this is understood as the God’s way of punishing the wicked and judging humanity according to absolute adherence to the letter of the law. Spiritual experience of this Sephira is the Vision of Power, and it is believed that the Qliphoth were created because of the unbalanced forces of Geburah, which broke out of the original unity of the Sephiroth, declaring, “I shall rule.” Geburah was forced back into balance, but certain parts of this force were liberated and never rejoined the Sephirothic structure. These parts turned against God and created their own emanations, called the Qliphoth, which the Qabalists describe as a mockery against the Divine Worlds and anti-structure to the Divine Order. The forces of Geburah’s Qliphothic counterpart are even more violent and uncontrollable. This realm corresponds to the planet Mars and the concept of war. The meaning of “Golachab” is “Burning Bodies,” its principles are wrath, violence, and cruelty, and the ruler of the Qlipha is the fiery demon-king Asmodeus, the Destroying God. The forces of Golachab are those who burn to do destruction—even on themselves, and through communion with this realm the initiate also becomes “The Burning One,” the living fire that consumes everything on its way, including oneself.

Accordingly, the rites of Golachab and Asmodeus are the works of fire and fury, wrath and war, attraction and repulsion, lust and suffering. Techniques to contact the energies of the Qlipha are based on sexual gnosis. But while in the other Qliphothic realms, such as e.g. Gamaliel on the astral plane, sexual gnosis is obtained through fascination, lust, and intoxication; here the pleasure is achieved through pain and exhaustion. Methods to work with the sexual magic of Golachab are those of sadomasochism and include harsh

practices aimed at inflicting pain and suffering—various BDSM techniques, self-mutilation, cutting, burning, fire-walking, bloodletting, the practice of flagellation known from religious mysticism as a popular technique of ecstasy and purification, and so on. The full communion with the forces of this Qlipha occurs at the height of agony, when you are no longer able to withstand the pain and the consciousness is pushed beyond the boundaries of the flesh in ecstasy of pain that is compared to the experience of sexual orgasm, releasing the Kundalini energy on a completely different level than in other kinds of sexual gnosis. It is not about sex as such but exploration of sexual ecstasy through methods not limited to stimulation of sexual organs. If you are not fond of such practices, you might have a harsh test before you and a lot of personal taboos to overcome at this initiatory level.

In the Nightside symbolism, Golachab manifests as the Lake of Fire, which is the most violent initiatory test on the path of the Qliphoth. The concept of “the lake of fire” itself is derived from the ancient Egyptian vision of the underworld and commonly associated with the Christian depictions of Hell. In the Egyptian Coffin Texts and other similar sources, it is described as a place of suffering and punishment for the wicked. In the Christian tradition, the Lake of Fire is believed to be the second death of man, the allegory of eternal pain and the fire of the final damnation. According to the Revelation, this punishment is reserved for the cowardly, the faithless, the detestable, murderers, the sexually immoral, sorcerers, idolaters, and all liars. It is the Pit of Destruction and the abyss of unquenchable fire. This is actually not very far from the vision of Golachab that is encountered by the initiate of the Qliphothic path. However, instead of shuddering with horror and fear, the initiate of the Tree of Qliphoth has to enter the waters of the lake willingly in order to be transformed by its fiery essence and emerge as a fiery phoenix, born in the heart of Golachab, burning with its Eternal Fire and carrying its flames into the world as a living manifestation of the Burning One. This may sound abstract at first, but once you get to this point on your initiatory path, this test is something that you will have to face in one way or another.

The energy of the demon-god of the Qlipha is violent and fiery, as well. He appears in many forms and shapes, but fire is always present in his manifestations. He comes as an old man with fiery hair and flaming eyes, wearing a red cloak; a demon with a purple cape sitting on a dragon; a giant winged demonic being, red and burning; a fiery daeva resembling a jinn from the tales of the Middle East—with the human upper part of the body and a

vortex of flames below the waist; a bald man with the flaming skin; a horned demon breathing fire; and so on. Sometimes he has demonic horns and wings, other times he appears in a human form. But we can also encounter him in his Goetic threefold aspect—the being with three heads: a man, a bull, and a ram. Sometimes, however, these three forms manifest separately, standing in a circle around the practitioner. And, depending on a method or a ritual system, we may encounter many other manifestations of this fiery demon-king.

In the self-initiatory magic of the Qliphoth, Asmodeus brings insights into the nature of pure, unquenchable fire, the essence of the Qlipha. His energy enters the body of the practitioner usually in the form of a fiery breath or fiery snakes coming out of his open mouth. This energy is fierce and releases the feelings of anger and fury, as well as sadness and despair—desire and passion as contrasted with torture and suffering. This often manifests through visions of lust, dreams about adultery and fornication, sexual desire, etc.—both on the physical plane and in the dreaming state. But his lesson is also that desire and suffering can affect us on many different levels, not limited to sexuality, but also health, friendships, and relationships with other people, emotions, and many other “mundane” spheres of life. The understanding of Desire is the key concept in the gnosis of Asmodeus. It is painful and unbearable, as well as motivating and driving us to action. It is not limited to sexual lust but manifesting as a desire of “something,” craving for things that we desperately want but seem beyond our reach or cannot be accessed at a particular moment, motivating us to use the flames of Golachab to burn what separates us from attaining fulfillment. And finally, it is also about facing consequences of what we choose to destroy and create in this process.

In practical sorcery, Asmodeus can be called to assist both in money and lust operations, but there are a few things that you must be aware of. First of all, his energy is violent and his manifestations are rapid. The effect usually manifests immediately or shortly after the operation (e.g. the following day) and does not last long. It is a very fiery energy that will take you to the extremes—and what usually follows—leave you horribly exhausted and unable to handle any other operations for a while. This is especially significant if you consider using his energies for spells of lust and attraction. It is perfectly possible to make someone attracted to you by magic—either by evoking the spirit and sending him to obsess the mind of another person by thoughts or you or by invoking him and using these energies to make yourself

attractive in the eyes of others. The thing is, they will not know why this is happening and will simply follow the impulse triggered by manifestation of the energies, which means that if the person does not really like you in the normal life, when the effect of the magical operation wears off, the attraction will be gone too. Thus, if you are looking for a fast experience and do not expect any future with the desired person, Asmodeus is a perfect choice for this work. But keeping a high level of his energies all the time is neither healthy nor wise when it comes to your long-term magical development or the mental health of your target. Also, since Asmodeus is both extreme lust and violence, these two usually go together, and his manifestation may bring both passion and a lot of struggle and fighting, leading to all sorts of violence and obsessions. Thus, before you summon the demon-lord of Golachab, you need to think of consequences and side-effects and, most importantly, decide if this is really what you want.

Sigils and pictures that can be used in the practical work with Asmodeus are found in old books of magic, the most famous of them is certainly the Goetia. His Goetic seal is one of the most popular and represents the Destroying God in his aspect of the demonic king of traditional demonology. The sigil presented here was received through my own work with Asmodeus and reflects the Draconian symbolism of his Qliphothic kingdom—two serpents signifying the solar and the lunar aspects of the Dragon force within, entwined around the horns of the demon-lord of Golachab, flames issuing from their mouths and forming the vortex of fire that typifies the flaming heart of the Burning One. The inverted trident in the lower part of the image represents the initiate on the backwards path that leads toward the within—into the inner darkness of the soul symbolized by the dark Tree of Qliphoth.

There are many ways to approach the forces of the Qliphoth, and not all Qliphothic demon-gods are evoked in the same way. Asmodeus is a fiery spirit and in rites of evocation he can be called through the medium of fire, such as e.g. torch fire, spirit/alcohol flame burned in a specially prepared vessel, flames of a bonfire, or other kinds of flame that are high and dynamic. The candle flame is not recommended as it cannot hold the tremendous energy of the Destroying God. This energy is fierce and difficult to control or enclose within any ritual space, as it burns all boundaries, whether on the physical or the astral plane. If you have a possibility to evoke him outdoors, through a fire that can provide large and high flames, this is the best method to obtain a tangible manifestation of Asmodeus as the demon-lord of

Golachab. However, you can also summon him in his Goetic form and use a black mirror as a focal point of manifestation—this method will be discussed further in this article as an example of a Qliphothic evocation. I will not explain procedures of making a black mirror here, as this subject is already covered in many other books and occult texts, so if you are not familiar with the use of this ritual tool, please refer to other sources. Another method to call Asmodeus is to summon him into manifestation through “sacred smoke”—not the smoke of a bonfire, for instance, but pure sacred smoke in the ritual space (the emphasis here is on “purity”)—which can be done e.g. through the incense smoke, with the burner placed between two candles. There are many possibilities here and the method of work is up to you, as long as you remember that he has to be called with passion and ecstasy, through incense smoke and dancing flames, with blood sprinkled on the sigil and the charcoal, and with the mind attuned to his energies through the sexual trance. Feel free to empower your rites of evocation with all these elements.



The Draconian Sigil of Asmodeus

While in many Qliphothic evocations there are not many candles needed, usually only one or two that light up the ritual space, this time you may use as many as you want—the temple should be bright and filled with light and heat generated by the burning candles. Once you have prepared your temple, you can proceed to the ritual. Sit in a comfortable position and place the black mirror in a convenient distance so that you can gaze at it without straining

your eyes. Place the sigil of Asmodeus in front of you or hold it in your hand. You can also empower this working by anointing the sigil with blood—the only blood used in this work should be your own. Relax and clear your mind, leave the mundane reality behind you. Gaze into the sigil until you see it glow, flash, and come alive. This is the sign that the gate has been opened and your sight is attuned to the energies of the Nightside. At the same time, chant the name of the demon-king as a mantra—rhythmically, in low voice or whisper. With your eyes still fixed on the sigil, imagine that the mirror is no longer a flat surface but a black gateway connecting your temple with the fiery realm of Golachab. Move your gaze into this black portal and envision the shape of the sigil glowing, burning with the Draconian flames and pulsating in the middle of the gate. Imagine it changing, transforming, morphing into other shapes, and showing you visions of the Lake of Fire.

When you feel the gate has been opened and is ready to receive the vision of Asmodeus, speak the following words of calling:

*I summon Asmodeus, King of the Nine Hells,
He who brings Lust and Rage,
Who cannot be bound and surrenders to no fetters,
Guardian of the Lake of Fire,
Seducer of Souls,
Demon of Wrath and Vengeance.
Asmodeus! Open your mouth and release the fiery snakes to enflame my
consciousness!
Hear my words and answer my call as I summon your wisdom and
guidance!
Give my voice strength and empower my intent with your fire!
Show me what I need to see,
And teach me how to raise and direct your power to proclaim my Will to
the world!
I welcome you into my temple as I open the Gates to the Nightside.
In the name of the Dragon,
I call you, Asmodeus, the Destroying God, to come and manifest!*

These words can also be personal and spontaneous. Feel free to personalize them and adjust them to the intent of the rite. See the visions in the mirror crystallizing into the figure of the demon-king of Golachab. When you see him manifesting in the mirror, communicate with him. He will already know why you called him so keep your words of calling short and to the point.

Make it a powerful and confident expression of your Will, but be respectful and do not forget to thank him for his presence. Let the experience flow freely and open yourself to whatever may come. If you do not experience any tangible manifestations or concrete visions, simply write down all thoughts that you may have during the working and afterwards and meditate on them, as these may be messages from the spirit and their meaning will be revealed to you at a later time. When the communication is finished, close the ritual in a way you usually end your workings and visualize that the mirror gate closes too.

You have to be clear about your intent but always remember that the effect of your rituals is not delivered by superior beings residing somewhere on higher planes and waiting for your petition, but it is achieved by the power of your Will. If you are not powerful enough to bring your Desire into manifestation, you will not have the result you expect. We are able to manifest our Will not because spirits or gods make it happen for us, but because we are changing ourselves by absorbing their energies and thus developing our own skills to make things happen. Thus, if you decide to ask Asmodeus e.g. to bring you a lover, do not request a miraculous manifestation of someone on your doorstep but ask him to show you how to develop traits, skills, and anything that is necessary to find and attract the partner you need. The Destroying God has no interest in helping us with situations or problems that we can resolve ourselves with some effort on our side, but he will respond to the desire of growth and individual transcendence. The energies of Asmodeus will create chaos around you that will make a change in your personal life possible. But how you handle this chaos and situations that will be brought forth is solely up to you. When you observe that things start happening in your life, you have to put yourself in control of the situation and take advantage of the energies to make things happen the way you want it. If you only remain a passive observer, this may not go as you want and the whole ritual will turn into one big disaster. Do not ask Asmodeus for help then—the Left Hand Path is a way of individual power and you have to be able to handle the effects of rituals you have done and face their consequences.

Whatever method you choose to call this powerful demon-king, good luck with your operation! If you receive any messages, sigils, or other channeled forms of communication, write them down and keep them in your personal records—they may come useful in your further work with the lord of

Golachab.

Asenath Mason

The Spirit of Hatred

S. Ben Qayin

If your hate could be turned into electricity, it would light up the whole world.

—Nicola Tesla

HATRED; a force of primal, raw, potent and powerful energy... a force born of deep personal hurt. It is an emotion that commands immediate response, and conjures wild images of pain and death. This feeling has no room for anyone else but the one experiencing the possession of such a force, and the one who is on the receiving end of the fatal attention. When one is 'enraged,' they are intently focused on destroying whatever it is that has caused the 'rage.' They are not 'thinking clearly,' and thus conventional laws and rules no longer apply. When one is enraged they are desperate, they will do whatever it takes to satisfy the starving need for revenge, which gnaws incessantly away at any remnant of reason that lies in its destructive path. They will do whatever it takes to have the chance of making their prey feel the horrible pain they themselves are enduring, to return the hurt that has been so unjustly dealt them, poured over the soul as hot tar adhering to the flesh... burning. Hatred is as a Demon that possesses swiftly as the wind, entirely consuming the mind, heart, and soul in an instantaneous moment of unbearable and unbelievable exploding pain. And as quickly as it is received, the need to push this tearing misery back is nearly unstoppable, for one is consumed with the idea of brutally returning the raw anguish they are experiencing back to the source from which it fiercely and mercilessly sprang...

Hatred is a Spirit, a conscious force that does indeed mercilessly possess. It is as the Wind, the Sea, and Earth, it is *Aware...* and *Intelligent*. When Hatred attacks and possession occurs, the victim is at its mercy, overflowing with raw red energy that must be released and channeled, even if it is simply directed into a scream or roar that echoes into the vast night. Hatred is a Spirit...

The need to return the immeasurable pain, the undeniable need for

revenge, is the very essence of what wrathful magic is born from. Revenge is as old as man, and man has forged many ways to harness the hatred that has engulfed his senses, through the occult magic of energy direction. When one begins to think of the methods of wrathful magic, sympathetic magic becomes prominent quickly. I have written much on the subject of sympathetic magic, its dynamics, what makes it work and the science of quantum physics behind it, so choose not to repeat what may be found within my other writings. That being said, it also cannot be entirely left out of the present work due to its core role and so will examine it when applicable.

Wrathful Magic is the counterpart to Hatred. It is the way to direct the Spirit of Hatred one is internally possessed by, 'out' to the intended victim. One can either be a puppet of Hatred when possessed by it, and cause damage to themselves and surroundings, or can use the Spirit as the weapon it was meant to be. Hatred is a gift, an avenging Spirit, if focused correctly. If not, it can be one's end. Wrathful magic is different than baneful magic. Baneful magic is worked against any who is so chosen by the magician. As an example; a close companion of the magician is wronged by someone and asks the magician to perform an act of bane against them. The magician can perform this task and have success. However, wrathful magic is more personal, it is the act of returning pain that has been forced upon the magician directly by another. Though one can see the similarities and connections between the two, one may also see the differences. Depending on ones upbringing and core beliefs, wrathful magic can be seen as 'black magic' or taboo, going against the 'natural flow' or order of things meant to be. In Wiccan circles this is the case, and it is believed that if a magician performs such acts, that the bane will return to the sender threefold. This can be seen as a form of basic Karma, where if a person performs an 'evil' act upon another, that evil returns to them in some form, plaguing their existence. These thoughts of Karma are said to have come from an ancient Indian religious movement known as 'Shramana,' which later inspired such religions as Buddhism and Hinduism. This reasoning can also be seen in a parallel theme stemming from Judeo/Christian views where 'God' says unto his people that vengeance belongs to him alone.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

—Romans 12:19

And again reiterated in Deuteronomy 32:35:

To me belongeth vengeance and recompence; their foot shall slide in due time: for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon them make haste.

This way of thinking has even spilt over and been ingrained into social systems where the common phrase, ‘Don’t take the law into your own hands’ comes to mind and promotes helplessness. It promotes the idea of letting someone or something ‘higher’ than yourself control you and your actions, it promotes complacency. Complacency is exactly what the LHP movement struggles to be free of. I don’t believe in the system of Karma, I’ve seen too much to believe in such tales of equality. Anyone with common sense, who can truly ‘see’ the world around them, knows not to believe in the mystical equality system that automatically ‘rights all wrongs’ done in the world. If this were true, the world would be a much better, kinder, and intelligent place.

Karma’s basic bottom line is based on the idea to ‘let it go’; someone or something else will take care of it for you. Because of these weak principals, taking the matter into your own hands is now seen as taboo in many ‘civilized’ cultures, coming full circle to reinforcing the forbiddances of wrathful magic, or magic in general, as magic is self empowering, rather than subservient. This can be seen as Order restraining Chaos.

Magic is said to not be ‘good’ or ‘bad,’ but magic. It is the one working the magic and their Intent, which weaves magic into benevolence or bane. Though since all realities and perspectives of individuals differ from one another, and there are so many definitions of ‘evil,’ (as Thomas Karlsson so well points out in Qabalah, Qliphoth And Goetic Magic) that good and bad no longer have a separate meaning. They are simply and complexly two sides of the same coin. Essentially this would mean anything goes when one is ‘enlightened’ enough to come to this conclusion.

However, this seems to not be the case when it comes to the Church of Satan, for even in this swirling vortex of realities and abstract moral codes, there have been laws or guidelines laid down, a foundation of Order within the Chaos. We see this reflected in Anton LaVey’s “The Eleven Satanic Rules Of The Earth,” which speak of not stealing, hurting children, or killing. Yet the COS speaks of embracing indulgence. Truly the laws themselves are in direct opposition to the enlightenment obtained which implies there are no restrictions. This is a direct contradiction.

Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole Of The Law

—Aleister Crowley

As for Crowley, he also believed in embracing ones inner wants and needs, and taught that all are on their own path, and in order to obtain enlightenment of who they truly were/are as individuals, limitations, laws, and restrictions must be ignored and broken for this to be experienced, to become, ‘wholly oneself.’

Ultimately, in my personal view, what is, or is not, evil comes down to the individual and their Intent. No act is ‘evil’ unless one feels in their heart it is so and proceeds all the same. This is ‘evil’ because the act damages and weakens the black magician and their reality. A good example of this would be addiction; repeatedly performing an act that one knows is damaging to the self and possibly others, but does so anyway, to fulfill a selfish need they fight to control. My point here is, no one can define what is truly ‘evil,’ as no one sees from the same perspective. Yes, general guidelines can be agreed upon, but it truly comes down to the individual’s personal core beliefs and moral values when confronted with a situation that requires their action and choice, when no one is there to watch or judge them. So, is it right or wrong to perform wrathful magic? Well, that all depends on the individual and what they allow to exist in their personal reality.

Hatred is a Spirit I am very familiar with; it is my ‘Dark Passenger.’ Hatred has been my most powerful ally and most deadly foe. Hatred is the double-edged sword that I respectfully grasp within my hands; if not wielded correctly, it will bring me to my knees. It is deadly and unforgiving. I have learned through painful lessons that Hatred has no master, for Hatred is born of True Chaos, and will not be contained. Hatred has taken up a permanent residence within me, when once it only came to visit, I believe this is because I have come to ‘see’ the world around me and the potential it has, but will never reach due to mass ignorance, selfishness shortsightedness, of the human populace. On my crooked path in this life, I have had many come against me, unjustly cause me pain, and try to outright physically kill me. I have experienced much hatred for the individuals who inflicted these woes upon me and have performed rites that worked in wrathful ways against them. However, now I find the Spirit of Hatred has not only moved in, but also grown to encompass the populace on a mass, general scale. I have written:

They say that between madness and genius there lies a fine line that is easily crossed, a path that can be traversed without notice, where one

eventually looks up, and finds that they are indeed on the other side of the looking glass, though have no recollection of having made the trip.

—Volubilis Ex Chaosium

Upon reflection, I have come to the solitary conclusion that it is ‘Potential’ that makes the genius ‘mad.’ For me, as said, it is the potential of what humanity could be, of what it could learn and create... but will never obtain due to short sightedness and pure greed; the greed to control, to put all in perfect ‘Order.’ Having the ability to ‘see’ the potential and not having the power to cultivate it and bring about a mass change is what drives me/one ‘mad.’ My hatred of people is difficult to explain, I don’t hate them, they are beautiful, they have so much they could do with the compassion and intelligence they have access to, but they refuse to have the courage and awareness to draw from these fountains of true enlightenment. And for this, I have come to hate them; they have driven me ‘mad,’ in both senses of the word.

To dig and examine deeper, what causes the ignorance of the mundane is what should truly be hated. The cause or root of the problem must be attacked and destroyed to cure the world and peace be finally known. What causes the ignorance is Order... all seeing, all controlling, Order. To combat this ever-imposing Order, pure raw Chaos must be unleashed to balance it. And so I have released The Book Of Smokeless Fire; an Infernal work of bane... against Order itself. The weight of releasing such a book of hate upon the world is much, and I hope that in the end it will have served its purpose and be seen as a terrible, but needed, instrument for liberation. For it fights the restraining forces of Order with all there is to attack it with, to bring it down and be free of its shackles so that freedom and creativity may again reign. To obtain the paradise we know should exist; we must first walk through the desolate Shadows in the Valley of Death. After a fire has consumed a land and left it charred, new untainted, unrestrained growth again springs forth from the Earth. We need a fire...

And though The Book of Smokeless Fire is an act of wrath against the main forces of Order in general, it attacks the ‘whole’ by attacking the many that it is composed of. These attacks will be carried out by Black Magicians seeking dark justice. The book acts as both a personal weapon, and one that also strikes on a mass level. It will be through personal pain that the world is transformed.

There are many methods of wrathful magic, however utilizing techniques

of sympathetic magic, as mentioned, seems to be the most preferred because of its effectiveness. Wrathful magic is personal, and therefore requires personalization to be effective. Though this is a bit like saying one must hold their breath when underwater, it is obvious and instinctual. When one is enraged, the rite performed can be nothing but personal, the rite becomes as natural as breathing itself. The direction of this baneful energy alone is often enough to cause the desired end (though often undirected, causing random chaos). This has been referred to as 'The Evil Eye.' Menasseh ben Israel writes:

The angry glance of a man's eye calls into being an 'evil angel' who speedily takes vengeance on the cause of his wrath.

—The Sefer Hasidim

This is an interesting statement, in that it suggests that the act of 'looking' and 'directing bane' alone is enough to call forth (and even create) spiritual agents to act out the will of the seer. It is a ritual of seeing alone, and can even be viewed as the act of creating a malevolent egregore to carry out the wrathful will of the operator.

However, if one wishes to be more 'exact' in their inflicting bane and directing the Spirit of Hatred, ritual structure is employed. This act of ritually releasing hatred has taken many forms, from Vodoun hex dolls, to inciting Spirits to attack one's victim. Though, regardless of the form of the rite, the energy/emotion behind the act is the key to its success. Generally, magic is performed by acquiring the needed personal energy, building it up to a climax, and then releasing it in a directed manner. With wrathful magic, the Spirit of Hatred is overflowing within the Black Magician, and must be directed with Intent. The sooner a rite of wrathful magic is performed, and the Spirit of Hatred directed, the better; as the energy utilized is fresh, genuine, raw, and powerful. This is not a magic that you want to try to recall your feeling of hatred for, but instead let forcibly break free from the fresh open wound it has gashed within. Hatred is a living, breathing, directed force.

When one begins to concentrate on the subject of wrathful magic, generally sympathetic magic is counted as a major vehicle for such rites to work through as mentioned. Nevertheless, there have been many documented cases where Spirits have been employed by the will of a magician to attack his/her foes. There is a case that is quite famous and that I find interesting that documents a sinister Spirit's continued attacks on a family unsuspecting. This occurred in 1761 at The Lamb Inn, in Bristol. There was a very

powerful ‘Chief of Familiars’ by the name of ‘MALCHI’ employed by a black magician/witch to torment the family of Mr. Giles. The entire family was tortured with physical injury and death. Only when another Sorceress was employed did the horrendous attacks yield. This is one of the best documented cases of spiritual wrathful magic to date. Of course, when discussing this subject, Aleister Crowley comes to mind as well. Crowley and Samuel Mathers (as most know) had a falling out (like so many of Crowley’s relationships) and began a spiritual war with one another. When I say spiritual war, I mean to say they sent vicious spiritual entities to each other for the sole purpose of the others destruction. Mathers initiated the assaults, by evoking Typhon-Set who it appears, killed Crowley’s pack of bloodhounds and then went on to spread sickness to all his servants, making them very ill. Crowley, in return, evoked Beelzebub and his forty-nine servitors to plague Mathers. And, in the end, Crowley seems to have been the victor, as Mathers died in 1918 of mysterious, unknown causes.

Interestingly in connection with Crowley, Jack Parsons also performed a wrathful rite. It was performed against Ron L. Hubbard of Dianetics/Scientology when Hubbard left Parsons and their joint boat dealing business. Hubbard escaped Parsons on a boat with the destination being a port in Florida. In retaliation, Parsons summoned Bartzabel; Demon of Mars; controller of Storms, and indeed a storm did rise, causing the sails to be ripped from Hubbard’s boat and forcing the vessel back to port where Hubbard was detained by the Coast Guard. Crowley never liked Hubbard, believed him a con artist, and foretold of the betrayal to Parsons. And, in the end, Hubbard was forced by court order to repay all debt owed to Parsons...

Wrathful magic has a long and painful history, the most deadly and potent of curses have been dragged forth from the wounded hearts of individuals, to strike at their foes like vicious snakes, hell-bent on revenge. There are some very famous curses that many know of, yet do not know their origin. One such interesting curse is from the Shakespearian play “MacBeth.” It is said that Shakespeare may have obtained the baneful spell in the play from a true coven of Witches, and that if spoken bane would follow, encompassing the name of the play itself. The reason for this is because the Witches are said to have cursed Shakespeare himself, as well as the play, for all eternity for using the spell publically. Interestingly, the play does indeed have a very dark history that has followed it when performed. And until this day, thespians shun the utterance of the dreaded name; “MacBeth.”

*Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first ' the charmed pot.*

*Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.*

*Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.*

*Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.*

*Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.*

*Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.*

—Shakespeare, *Macbeth*,
Act Four; Scene One

Another rite of wrath is the spoken Catholic curse/ritual known as Excommunication. One does not normally think of the rite as an act of wrath, even though it very much is, The Church is personally offended, and thus drives the individual out. For one devoted to Catholicism, it is the worst curse one could be branded with. The Priest personally curses the victim being excommunicated, to suffer in eternal Hell Fire:

The rite is equivalent to a curse, and involves a bell, the Holy Book, and a candle. There is a sentence the priest reads:

We exclude him from the bosom of our Holy Mother the Church, and we judge him condemned to eternal fire with Satan and his angels and all the reprobate, so long as he will not burst the fetters of the demon, do penance and satisfy the Church.

The priest then closes the book; rings a bell, which symbolizes a toll of death; and extinguishes the candle and throws it down to symbolize the removal of the person's soul from the sight of God."

—Guiley, *The Encyclopedia of Witches & Witchcraft*

Wrathful magic is a magic of deep, maddening, personal pain. It is the result of the possession of Hatred within. Those who utilize such a malefic magic feel as though their very essence is on fire, burning through their veins when wielding it... it is the only way this type of magic can be drawn upon. Using this magic is, and is not, 'Evil,' depending upon the Magician's perspective of their reality. These rites outlined may seem harsh and destructive to some. However, when the day comes that they are shaking with rage and find themselves possessed by the Spirit of Hatred; hurt from an unjust affliction dealt them, they may 'see' differently, and remember this magical weapon called 'Wrath' that rests at their fingertips...

The 13 Pillars of Wrath

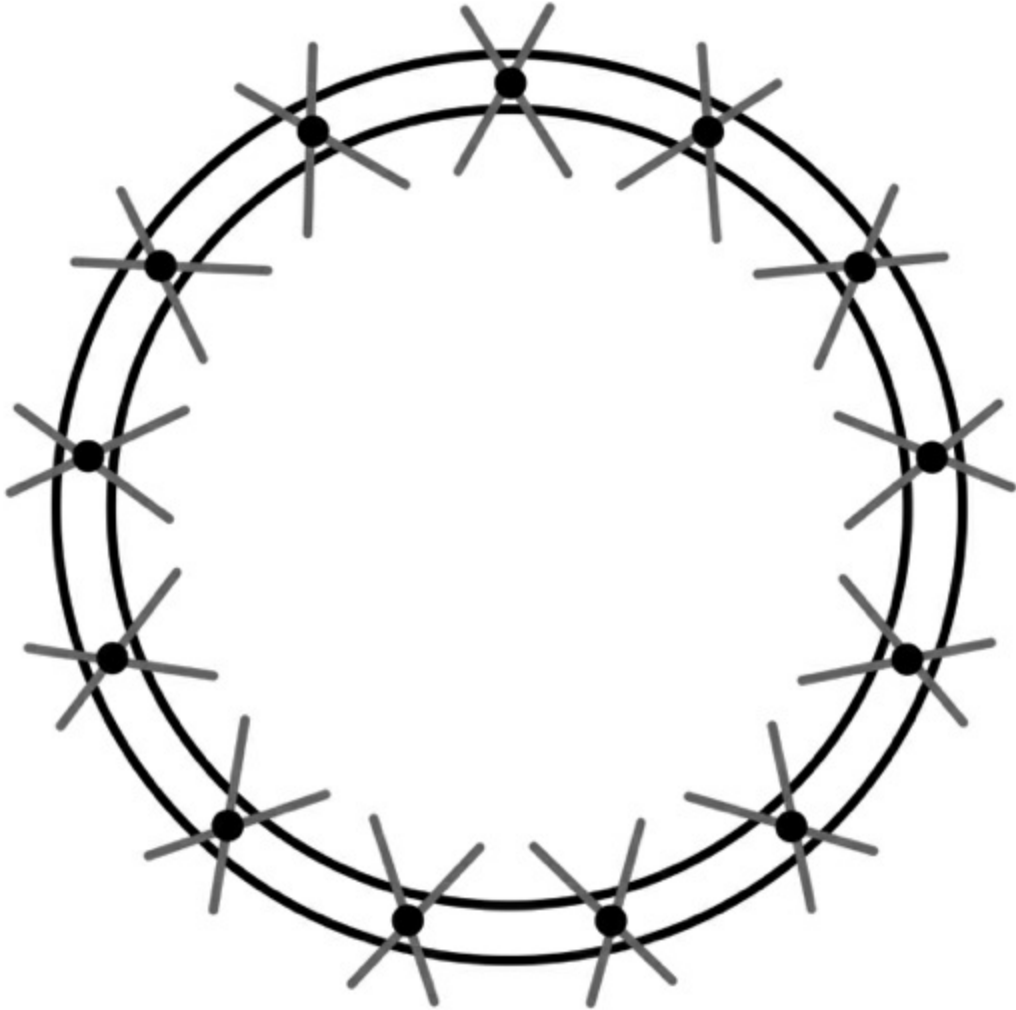


Illustration by Asterion Mage

Here I will present a rite, which I have personally found effective when wanting to return the pain inflicted on me by my foes. I have decided to include a personal sympathetic magic rite, rather than one originating from *The Book of Smokeless Fire* simply because the book is very dangerous and must be read and understood before using. I recommend to those wishing to inflict ancient infernal damage onto their foes obtain a copy.

This particular rite is designed to transfer the Spirit of Hate the magician is possessed by, into an item that represents and is connected to the intended victim, causing direct influence to them. Here sympathetic magic is utilized, though the scientific community will recognize this as an act applying what is known in quantum physics as entanglement.

What is needed is relatively simple, truly a magician needs nothing to perform a rite, all comes from within.

We don't need anyone to teach us sorcery, because there is really nothing to learn. What we need is a teacher to convince us that there is incalculable power at our fingertips... Every warrior on the path of knowledge thinks, at one time or another, that he's learning sorcery, but all he's doing is allowing himself to be convinced of the power hidden in his being, and that he can reach it.

—Don Juan, *The Power of Silence*

Therefore, few ritual tools are needed to perform this rite successfully. You will need something from the victim, hair, fingernail clippings etc.; something that not only belongs to them, but that 'is' them. As well, you will need a piece of paper, a black hilted dagger, something to write with, a coffin nail or three, and your blood.

Begin with casting a double circle upon the ground roughly six feet in diameter for the inner circle, with the outside circle three inches further out. Once done, place thirteen 'X' marks around the circle somewhat evenly (chalk works best for this rite) so the middle of the 'X' is between the two concentric circles. Create the circle in white or black and the 'X's,' in red if possible. When drawing this circle imagine a red-hot flame bursting forth from your hands; let your hatred burn through you. When making the 'X's' cast them as if you were violently slashing at your enemy with a blade. Place thirteen black candles upon the 'X's' in the double circle. These candles should be anointed, charged, and carved with the appropriate tinctures, energies, and sigils beforehand to empower the rite even more so, as the flame activates the malefic energies within each of the thirteen candles. The circle is now purely a vehicle to be used for the wielding of wrath.

When you begin the rite, start by standing in the circle facing north, and with your dagger firmly in your left hand, trace a pentagram in the air in front of you. Moving counterclockwise, repeat the same gesture for the remaining three cardinal points until you again face north. Evoke the powers of Darkness and Death. Call out to them to surround you and feed off the energy being released. Call for them to hear your words, and aid you in the deliverance of your wrath (the Magician may use Spirits from their own personal system here). Call forth to any surrounding Demons who may hear your call, invite them to gather round and aid you in whatever way they will. These entities' will help infuse the rite with the proper energy needed. Call:

*Eternal Darkness of the Abysmal Void,
Great Shadow of eternal being,*

*I call you forth...
Gather round this Infernal circle of destruction,
Fuel the fire of vengeance that burns fiercely within my being,
Deliver my envenomed Intent...
Holy Death that ever stalks,
Come close, see my pain that lies before you,
Call up the sacred Dead of earthly decay,
The Nightshades of timeless vision that creep in deathly silence,
Encircle me with their presence and power,
Spirits of Darkness and Death,
Empower this rite of hatred,
Intensify it so it may not fail...
Guide my hate swiftly as an arrow pierced through the heart,
Bring down mine enemy...*

After you have made your calls and evocations, sit within the circle and meditate/relive the memory of the offense cast onto you by your victim. Once filled with pure hatred, write the victim's name in three groups of three upon the paper already procured. Once done, use your blood to 'X' out each group of three, leaving a total of three bloody 'X's upon the paper when done. When creating the 'X's over the names, again focus your anger into the act; imagine your victim feeling your intense rage as you cross them out of existence. The blood and pain represents personal anguish, commitment to the bane performed, and brings forth the required energy to help complete the work. It makes manifest in the material world, what is only experienced on an emotional/spiritual level. Focusing this level of hatred within such a charged circle, along with the bloodletting, provides enough energy to be massed and released into the Consensual Reality Matrix, causing the desired end to occur within the reality, and/or personal Grid of the Magician.

Once the 'X's have been cast over the names, place your victim's hair, nail clippings, etc. in the center of the paper. Then, take the piece of paper into your hands and crush it into a tight ball with all of your might, release all of your anger, all of your hatred... all of your rage. Beat your fists upon the ground and let your hatred flow through your hands into the paper, scream out your protest to their existence. Take the coffin nail and drive it through the paper as driving a spear through your enemy, let this be your last and final fatal blow. If you have three coffin nails, all the better. Coffin nails provide the link with Death energy, directed by hatred. More than likely, you

will have bruises from this come the following day. When the coffin nails have all been driven, call out to the Lord of Darkness to bless your wrathful act and to oversee that justice is done. Leave the paper within the circle overnight, the following night bury it at the base of an oak tree, dead or alive. Oak is the wood of the crossroads. At this point, the rite is finished, go about your business and think not of those who came against you, for you have put into play strong malefic energies that will indeed run their course.

S. Ben Qayin

Holding Open the Gates

E.A. Koetting

In Black Magick, as in some other processes, the necessitous must be ready to sacrifice... Such persons, it is affirmed, will never succeed in evoking spirits unless they perform, point by point, all that is detailed herein concerning the manner of making pacts with any spirit.

—A.E. Waite, *The Book of Ceremonial Magic*

I HAVE sold my soul more times than I can remember. But, I do remember the first time. And, I definitely remember the last three times that I've knelt before enthroned demonic kings. I remember the reasons that I had for making deals with devils, and I do remember that the world was changed sometimes a little and sometimes a lot every time I did.

It all came down to desire.

Perform enough rituals, manifest enough success with magick, and it will seem very much like a light switch. I have experienced it enough, and I have learned enough about the mechanics of the thing that magick just doesn't seem so magical anymore. Nor should it, really. It is a technology older than any other we have used. It has proven reliable for prosper and pleasure for the entire history and pre-history of our species.

Being an irreverent, spoiled brat, I searched through grimoires and I questioned spirits and I experimented with this ancient and invisible technology for a way that I could program these astral switches of prosperity and bounty to turn themselves on when I needed them, or better yet, to keep the juice flowing through the lines indefinitely. I looked for a way to never have to perform ritual again in order to accomplish any one goal, as if I could flick the switch of monetary gain, love, abundance, sexual fulfillment, career development, health, strength, friendship, or whatever specific switch that I wanted to have permanently set to "On," and never have to touch that switch again in order to receive that one thing for the remainder of my experience in this world.

I searched for this Master Switch, and I found it.

What I didn't know then, what I am only now beginning to discover, is that while I was looking for it, there was someone on the other side standing next to that Master Switch, waiting for me to find it so that I could find Him.

In the end, it wasn't my unending quest for knowledge of the unknowable that led me to this One Who Lies in Wait. I didn't find him because he holds the keys of unlimited power over this world, nor because of his unmatched understandings of the mechanics of his world.

I sought him out and I found him because I was driven by greed.

I had learned to use candles and Calls to summon wealth to me, and I would experience an influx of it, usually in the form of a sudden windfall, which would come once the astral windows were opened, and then the flow would clamp shut as soon as those windows were once again closed. I had summoned spirits, angels, elementals, planetary demons, desert demons, and astral daimons, and they would deliver treasure in amounts greater than I could have previously ever hoped for. I bolstered my evocations by conjuring not one or two or even several spirits to my aid, but instead by conjuring forth legions to fly into this world to gather together all of the resources I would need. And they would indeed gather all that I needed, and more. But they would only do so once, leaving me with their blessings, but leaving all the same.

I looked to the art of making pacts with demons, and when I had the opportunity to make such a pact with Azazel, I included in its terms a clause that he and his familiars would "Ensure the continuous flow of prosperity into my life." More money came to me, and I found that I had more than I needed, to the degree of a flow of prosperity that seemed unending, like an enchanted purse that would reproduce a silver coin each time the last one was removed from it.

But I still wanted for more. I wanted more money than I could ever spend. I wanted that purse to overflow with silver and gold and diamonds until my stockroom doors bulged with the wealth that the powers of darkness would bestow upon me.

I sought out a Master of Treasure, a demon who held the keys to unimaginable wealth. I wanted abundance in such degrees that I would never desire another cent again.

Lucifuge Rofocale answered my call. The three-horned devil with the body of a man and the legs of a goat. He who shuns the light, older than Satan and wiser than Lucifer, but wise enough to know to hide himself in shadows. Scribe of hell, master of the Pact, the King of the Black Crown. Lucifuge answered.

When I am seeking out a spirit for a specific purpose, not knowing which

spirit to use but certain that there is one out there waiting to work with me, they respond most often through whispers spoken not to the ears but to the intuition. They nag and they tug at the inner mind, pulling me to open a specific grimoire, to turn to a specific page, and they draw my eyes to glance at a specific sentence that reveals the identity of the one whom I am seeking.

I was drawn to Arthur Edward Waite's *The Book of Ceremonial Magic*, which is a compilation of a variety of grimoires, along with Waite's commentary on them. My thumb held back the pages as they flipped in front of my eyes, passing over seals of Arabic Genie, signs of Olympic angels, and sigils of demonic familiars. The inaudible intuition screamed for me to stop and to see the heading on a section entitled "The Rite of Lucifuge."

I had seen this rite in previous readings of Waite's work, as well as in the originating tome, *The Grand Grimoire*, and my reaction to it in the first several readings was that of repulsion. I had been taught in the hermetic tradition that demons, like terrorists, are not to be negotiated with, but are to be commanded. Armed with the power of Omnipotence, as all Magicians surely are, there is no need to beg for assistance, nor is the sorcerer crippled by a "poverty of resources" that would require a pact with the demon at all. All that was necessary was to plug variables such as the desired outcome, necessary targets, and fetish links into the ritual equation, and everything went as planned.

When, for a wide array of reasons, I made a Pact with Azazel, my entire perspective on the whole notion of demonic pacts changed. This perspective shift was due to Azazel's allowed increase of influence over me, but at the same time was prerequisite to my ability to make a pact at all.

Making covenants with gods and demons is older than any historical human civilization, but making written pacts is fairly young. We make little pacts with any other being, and with ourselves, though the communications of our actions, demeanor, and other subconscious interplay in laying out the hopes and expectations of each party. This defines the method of making a pact as "Making any contact."

Such implicit pacts are not enough to ensure total damnation, nor to guarantee the services of any god or devil. Instead, as Arthur Edward Waite points out in his commentary on the Grand Grimoire, a manifest or express pact is needed to gain effects wholly outside of the realm of normal possibility.

I went before Azazel, having summoned him in order to make a pact, and I

announced an intention of basic collusion and friendliness to him if he were to serve me, and teach me all of his secrets of power. My pact proposal was rejected and the Demonic King insisted that all pacts made with him, or with any dignitary of the Infernal Empire, must be explicit, to ensure that there would be no confusion concerning the terms of the arrangement, nor would there be any excuse for a violation of those terms.

I wrote the pact, detailing the things that I wanted to gain, and declaring the offering of that which I was willing to offer, and went again before Azazel. The second pact was rejected more contemptuously than the first. While the terms were laid out, and while my proposed offerings were acceptable, my attitude was not. I was approaching the whole idea of the pact as a consensual exchange; I would give him this, he would give me that, and then we would go our separate ways.

The written pact is for the sake of the satisfaction of the Magician's conscious mind, and the real agreement is less like a pact and more like a relationship. Like a marriage, even arranged marriages, both parties must come to the union of their own free will, desirous to enter into the covenant with the other. If any were forced, tricked, or by any other means made to enter the marriage with anything less than a pure desire to unite with the other, the marriage would be far from binding, and would eventually dissolve in divorce or disaster.

In any agreement between two intelligent beings, personal reward motivates the individuals in remarkable ways. The two great motivating factors for humans, and for most other sentient lifeforms, is fear of punishment and hope for reward.

Fear of punishment will motivate a person quickly, sometimes instantly, once they have been conditioned to anticipate punishment in the absence of the desired action. This motivator is a two-edged sword, for even though it takes hold quickly and prompts immediate action, it does not endure. Intelligent and self-aware individuals WILL seek out alternatives to the alleviation of ongoing punishment, whether it takes hours or generations to secure, and they will make themselves free.

In motivating others, then, fear of punishment needs be reserved for extreme cases, replaced by a hope for a reward.

Importing this concept into ceremonial magick, these applied motivators create one of the most fundamental divides in how spirits and their communication with humans can be viewed.

On the right hand is the thought that most spirits that can be summoned (demons, sprites, elves, djinn, shades, sylphs, and all manner of 'lesser' entities) are potentially hostile to the magician and must be subjugated by the Names and Powers of the Divine. It should be noted that this ideology is fueled nowhere more passionately than in the Abrahamic faiths, being Christianity, Judaism, and Islam. Most religions recognize an inherent risk in sorcery as a whole, and in working with certain forces and entities specific to their cultural awareness. Escalating the potential adversarial attitudes in these beings by threatening them, however, is in most non-Abrahamic spiritual systems thought to be absurd. Either you learn how to work with these beings in some harmonious way, or you simply leave them alone. Even if such threats in the Names of Adonai and Shaddai El Shaddai are effective, they are guaranteed to be short-lived. As has been demonstrated throughout history, once the slaves free themselves, the slave-masters are visited with retribution, a theme that also dominates the folklore of spirit coercion.

On the left hand, though, we find more questions than answers. If we are trying to motivate spirits to work with us, we ought to take a look at what the spirit might want from us.

This can lead many a dabbler into all sorts of misdeeds, from wasted time to homicidal psychosis, trying to fulfill the imagined desires of the spirit in hope of a reciprocated reward.

In making my Pact with Azazel, the reward that I desired was the knowledge of his power. In order to gain this, Azazel demanded that I make myself capable of learning all that he was to teach me, and as his reward, his name would be praised and his works would be exalted. But this isn't really what he wanted, just as a simple knowledge of his power wasn't all that I wanted.

In asking any being what it wants from a situation, under no circumstances can you take their answer to be the fullness of the truth. In reality, a person doesn't even know what they really want, not on a conscious level at least. They are driven by forces within them, and sometimes forces outside of them, to do a great deal of what they do, and their conscious mind only finds the most obvious conclusions while the underlying impetus remains hidden. Even when the individuals negotiating a union are aware of all that they truly desire, they are not likely to reveal their entire agenda, but will only offer as much insight as is needed.

As the relationship or partnership develops, these motivations become

more visible, not because the other has told you any more, but because you will begin to intuit truths that could not be communicated through other means.

Through my pact with Azazel, I began to experience the reality of these magickal forces in new degrees of solidity. Every detail of my life was rearranged, not in isolated packets of abundance, not in forward leaps interrupted by waiting and stimulated again through repeated ritual, but as if the thousands of shifts in reality had been washed over by a single monstrous wave bellowed from the lungs of Yam Nahar, the Beast of the watery abyss, a surge initiated not by my signature on the pact alone, but by the release of all restraint in the communion with the devil.

I then understood a bit more of what Azazel really wanted. His arrangement with me was but a single domino; he had spent centuries lining this world with dominos, and the Awakening that I experienced through our Pact was one of these, nudged to fall so that my influence would effect those near me, which would then each topple a dozen more, cascading across his game board of our reality.

I gained no traction, however, in discerning the final pattern that he had formed, the labyrinth of his mighty plans leading toward a center that to me appeared as nothingness, confusion. Uncovering truths beyond our default reality requires time and persistence. Despite the fears of the fearful, this is not necessarily because the spirits are always lying, but the problem more often lies in the seemingly unshakable assumptions cemented into the human being, our reliance on oral or written language being only one such obstacle. But, the whole process cannot begin until the Seeker is willing to ask the question, "What do you want from me?" over and over, each repetition clearing the way for new depths of understanding.

After all that I had learned from Azazel, I should have known to ask this question first when I approached the Archdemon of Pacts, Hell's own scribe and the Lord of Excess, Lucifuge Rofocale. Instead, the ceremonial conversation was dominated by my proposition of entering into a covenant with him, for the acquisition of more wealth, sexual and emotional fulfillment, and general life-enjoyment than I could ever expend.

He appeared before me, the cave in which the evocation ritual was performed still empty, aside from me, my ritual items, and the drifting incense smoke. In between the spaces and silence, Lucifuge materialized to my vision, phased out of this world and tuned in to the Crossroads where

worlds of flesh and of spirit meet.

I held the Pact in my hands and I read it aloud.

“I have seen your pact, and I agree,” his voice hissed over the shrieking astral winds. Before he could sign it, though, the demon offered up a gift of knowledge, a portent or prophecy of a sort, and a word of warning:

You don't even know the beginning of this thing you have awoken. You have awoken a monster, and the monster is not me. The monster is your own Empire. The Emperor does not rule the Empire; the Emperor serves the Empire. Remember this always, as you Ascend.

Before I could demand his signature seal on the Pact, thus ensuring mutual fealty, the cursive letters “L.R.” appeared on the paper in my hands, the phantom imprint glowing to the vision of my three awakened eyes. I traced over this signature in black, closed the ritual, and almost immediately found my life awash in waves of adjustment, circumstances aligning that have without any doubt secured not only the excesses of life's enjoyment, but a continual increase of such.

With each windfall, each opportunity, each success where all others have failed, I thanked Lucifuge. But, my thanks were not enough. By the Pact between us, Lucifuge would grant me:

1. All of the sexual fulfillment, love, companionship, and friendship that I might desire.
2. The excesses of life's bounty: good food, a comfortable and attractive home, efficient, powerful, and attractive vehicles, and an abundance of the pleasures of the flesh.
3. An excess of financial prosperity, so that I may have more money than I need, to the extent of a literal fortune.
4. Imbue all of my career projects with success to the degree that I will never have need to work in a field that I do not fully enjoy, so that every day I am engaged not in work but in play, and yet in that play I will find more financial success than in ordinary work.
5. The power to crush my enemies as they arise.
6. My bodily health and strength and vitality in order to be healthy and joyful, physically beautiful, and powerful, as well as providing a long life filled with success and happiness until the time of my natural death.

In return, Lucifuge had but one request. Although it initially seemed daunting to even consider, I was assured that its path would be paved for me, and that all that would be required of me would be to walk it.

For this, I covenant to construct the Infernal Empire on earth, and to open Nine permanent gateways on this earth, so that the Ancient Gods, now called demons, may walk the earth. And upon one of these gateways, your name will be inscribed.

I received all that was given to me, all of my enumerated desires being fulfilled beyond my imagination, knowing that there was little I could do to fulfill my side of the agreement until either the path was obvious and was imminently before me, or until at the very I received more information.

Such a revelation occurred only months later.

I was working with a client in person who wanted to command legions of astral armies, to learn from them and to harness their force for his gain. The only problem was that he refused to open himself to Them, heart or mind, erecting impenetrable psychic walls. He wanted to make contact with them, but his astral defenses not only kept spiritual influences from creeping into his being, they kept all spiritual influence from penetrating into his awareness. He was psychically deaf and blind but only because he feared loss of control. Unfortunately, the Sight is not given to the conqueror, but only to the Seeker who submits. This was the lesson that Odin had to learn from Freyja. This is not a submission to the spirit, necessarily, but it is a submission to the self, a trusting and a Knowing.

When a man knows that he is God, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent, he is no longer afraid of others, for he already knows them as they know themselves for he knows all, he knows that he possesses the power to command all of creation, and so knowing also knows that he will never have to, for all of creation flows forth from him, and he knows that he is already with those who he would otherwise distrust, around them and within them.

Such a knowing, however, requires years not of discipline, but of experience, having stood before the fiery throne of the First Manifest Form in the center of the ocean of liquid light in which all things are created, and by submitting then Became It, the God through which Divine Imagination flows through, the Supercosmic Overlord that imbues the influx of light and sound with Thought and Memory, and shapes it into Structure and Form, millions of times every millisecond, every new atom and every new galaxy being birthed

each moment in the omni-consciousness of the One Who Knows.

My client, whom I will refer to as “M” was reluctant to trust in such trusting, unwilling to submit himself to his own submission to his own self, for fear that the spirits would enter him and take control of him, and that they would destroy all that he was.

He could sense the spirits, pinpoint their locations, and feel out their intentions, but any closer contact after several evocations, standing by and watching as the spirits appeared, and as they answered his calls, and seeing that each time his resolve to remain a psychic Rapunzel hidden away behind towered walls that protect, but which also isolate, I handed him a fistful of dry resin incense.

“Where’s the demon?” I shouted over the screaming wind, which had only arisen at the onset of the final conjurations. We had summoned Buer, the Goetic solar demon, and the demon had arisen, and he was speaking, but he was not speaking to me. His words were intended only for M, and so they seemed like low rumblings of lost words to me, their meanings dispelled in the wind between the worlds, leaving me nothing to translate to my client’s understanding. I knew full well where the demon was standing: about ten feet from the circle, in the northern direction. I could see his body, like a cloud of shadow in the form of a lion with an arachnid’s legs, thrashing more and more, the more that M refused to hear Its voice.

M pointed in the same direction, straight at the spirit that he claimed he could not see. All I was looking for was validation of his awareness of the reality of the thing that was pressing upon us.

“As soon as I’m over there, throw the incense on the coals, and give the conjuration one more time,” I shouted, forcing my words to slow themselves:

You might have to help push him into me, so he can talk through me.

Just know that you are God, and that if you are willing to listen, he will be willing to talk. He’ll talk to you through me.

M nodded slightly, his eyes wide and eyebrows raised, wondering if I really intended on doing what I said I was going to do.

Before he could ask, I bolted from the circle into the demon’s territory, into the night’s darkness and the dark flailing figure therein.

I slid into the spot where the frenzied demon was and I invoked it, calling it into me, and I submitted myself to myself, in Knowing.

My spine shot to the left and then upward diagonally, and then to the right, and then before me, behind me, my body convulsing, Buer’s many astral

arms splitting my body to make room for their Lord. He spoke, and venom dripped from my teeth onto the ground like slobber. I was gone, and something else was in me.

Thirty minutes later, I was back in the circle with my client, screaming something I didn't understand. He asked me to clarify some of the messages that he either couldn't hear or didn't have a frame of reference enough to understand. I tried to tell him that I didn't know, that I wasn't there, and I insisted that we leave the place, as if our lives and souls depended on it. We threw the torches and candles, the incense, books, circles, and lanterns into the bed of my truck, and I pushed it to heave us over rocky dirt paths and sandy hills to return to civilization, where I knew we would not be any safer, but where I at least could get something to eat.

As I drove, M sat reading his notes, taken from the spirit conversation in which I had gone absent. He would read for a moment, and then stare out the window, processing, trying to force a faster distillation of the knowledge into his comprehension.

Just as the lights of town could be seen over the next barren hill, M proposed a solution to his problem of being closed to spirit communication.

"You could do it for me," he said, smiling, as if any teacher would be delighted to fill in the homework answers for every struggling student. "Before I leave, I want to make a pact with Lucifuge," he added. "I want money, health, sex, love, power—all the things he did for you. So, we could call him, and you could do what you just barely did: let me speak to him through you!"

"Hell no," I argued, and I spent the remainder of the drive arguing the point. By the time we had returned to my office, though, I was convinced that this situation was being used as a vehicle for something else, something that neither my client nor I had could foresee.

I was exhausted, physically tired from a full day of working with M, ritual after ritual. I was psychically tired from having been turned into a solar-demon spider-lion, and I took another look at the night sky, the sun having set hours ago, the whole town turning in for the night, as I went into my office, laid my circle on the floor, lit the candles, and prepared a spot for me to sit, to comfortably house the three-horned demon Lucifuge Rofocale in my mortal body.

The ritual was basic, and the manifestation of the spirit was quick, first descending into the room like a blanket of his essence, then gathering into

one spot, but rather than compressing his essence into a body of light or smoke or ectoplasm, the demon came into me.

M expertly negotiated the terms of the pact, and Lucifuge countered and slid through each term, ensuring that he wouldn't be bound to impossible terms, but still allowing for the underlying benefit of the terms to remain through the revised wording.

Midway through the arbitration, which I was recording on video and audio and could therefore watch later to see what I had missed, Lucifuge told my client of a symbol that he could use, a powerful weapon capable of destroying nations if accurately aimed and faultlessly deployed, advanced demonic technology in the form of a two-dimensional scribble. The demon's descriptions failed, and when attempts at using my fingers to imitate the shape of the sign also failed, M held the pen out and told Lucifuge to draw the symbol in his personal grimoire.

"Your book. Your book is protected; I cannot touch it," the demon spat out, as if even the thought of it caused him pain.

As I watched the video of my body and my voice being puppeteered by this other mind, I paused the playback and scrambled for pencil and paper. I remembered something being said through me that was of immense importance, but the details escaped me, the mind that was mine having been pushed to the background to make room for the inhabiting demon, and the brain that translated the spirit signals into biological movements incapable of making sense of such senselessness.

Pen in hand, I pushed PLAY.

"I cannot touch the pact with a pen," Lucifuge clarified, making a point to distinguish between these two restrictions, one placed on the grimoire and the other on the pact. I had no argument with the second point at all, as I had officiated dozens of pact-signings, and never once did the spirit touch a pen, whether in a body of smoke or one of flesh and bone. Instead, the spirit's signature was always imprinted astrally, left to be traced by the Operator after the fact.

"If I could do so, then I could change anything in it," he explained, and then continued into a revelation that has plagued me every day since. "There is an ancient covenant which binds my species into very specific interactions with your species. These are all bylaws. To me they seem meaningless, but I still cannot... if I were to begin to violate them, I would no longer be allowed to continue my interactions with you."

M, not at all concerned with the questions that flooded my mind when I heard the record of Lucifuge's revelation, asked only about the mysterious symbol, being the most obvious matter-at-hand. Lucifuge more clearly described its shape and angles as my client drew them out in his grimoire. With the final lines of the image being completed, the true reason Lucifuge had called us there, so that we would call him, the thing that he was trying to lead us to but which was sidelined by M's personal goals, was revealed. His final instructions for the drawing of the symbol had nothing to do with the symbol at all, other than a visual link that he could use as a launching pad for his true message.

"What is most important is that it contains three prongs," the demon voice creaked out of my mouth. "One prong is the world of the flesh. One prong is the world of the spirits, of the powers. The other prong is the impossible, which only occurs when those two worlds come together. It is rare, and it has happened, before human history, and it is accompanied by cataclysmic enlightenment for all."

The Ancient Gods, who once walked this earth, those whom in the oldest legends formed man from mud and infused him with Their immortal blood, the Old Ones who are not dead but are sleeping, have made a promise and a threat to return to this world through a Gateway that is left open, their realm intersecting with ours, bringing about the eschatological End of Days.

While we are seeking ways to become more like them, we are blind to their intense desire to become more like us. We are trying to peer into their world, while they furiously find ways to step into ours.

But, this would not be an end to our world, Lucifuge assures us. It will only be a beginning, the birth of a new world, heralded in by a sudden and inescapable "Cataclysmic Enlightenment for All."

And I stand ready to leave the Gate open when I am called.

E.A. Koetting

The Anarchist God of Ireland

Timothy

Amicitias immortales esse oportet.

POSSESSION comprises the penultimate act of black magick. It stands as the quintessential praxis of exaltation to Godhood. However, due to fundamental religious and mainstream cultural propaganda, it simultaneously remains the most contestable and irrationally misapprehended custom of the Left Hand Path.

In point of fact, love of the gods—what the author preemptively coined theophilia; a term which, to his dismay, already preexisted in ancient Greek—summarizes the affection between the sorcerer and supernal beings, or deities.

Demonization

The contemporary religious ontology consists of three generic categories: celestial, independent, and infernal. Nevertheless, these shallow stereotypes belie the intriguing conventions of religious mutation. In truth, when one studies the history of theism, they unavoidably uncover the apparent way priests and poets of tribal faiths borrowed and bastardized figures from competing or earlier religions—a convention called demonization. This primitive form of propaganda provided followers an impassioned reason to execrate and war against enemies whose creed posed a threat. For example, Iraqi Muslims condemn the tiny, obscure, neighboring faith of Yezidism as a cult of diabolists, a myth that Western academics then perpetuated. This flagrant defamation grants necessary justification for psychopathic Jihadists to inflict genocide on the peaceful, isolationist desert dwellers—despite the fact the tribe not only formally denounces witchcraft but possesses no canon devil figure in its ontology according to authoritative Yezidis elders. “The notions of heaven and hell [...] no obvious need in a faith that teaches reincarnation [...] stubborn refusal to be cowed by the fear of hell...” (Kreyenbroek, *Yezidism*, p. 147) Its adherents officially worship a one-dimensional celestial hierarchy composed of their so-called Supreme God, its

avatar the Peacock Angel, named Melek Taus, and six accompanying angels. This anthropological phenomenon, whereby rival religions absorb each other's protagonists, and invert them into antagonists, pervades history.

For this reason, the diligent black magician must remain ever-skeptical in their scrutiny of mythical supernatural entities—what one religion damns as infernal, another reveres as celestial. And the two competing theologies can zealously cite native, superstitious folklore to elucidate why it regards an allegedly divine creature as either moral or immoral according to their typically inconsistent standards.

Rationale

Why would a black magician or Satanist undergo possession? It strikes virtually any reasonable, albeit ill-informed, person as a peril by which the subject may suffer permanent damage, be it physical or psychic.

For the sake of temporary discussion, suspend disbelief to assume the act of possession renders no possibility of harm, but rather a safe and ascendant union instead. Under this condition of reliability, how does a theophile justify such praxis?

This inquiry demands the employment of what philosophers call deductive logic, specifically an argument from ethic.

Argument from ethic derives a logical conclusion from first principle. In the philosophy of the Left Hand Path, the definitive ethic is known as Ascent, in reference to the journey to Godhood—a grandiose term for the seemingly endless evolution of oneself. In this context, possession becomes obligatory because it enables maximal Ascent. In other words, whichever praxis most potently engenders the definitive virtue stands as the praxis required for adherents.

The notion that any act could be “mandatory” in black magick may deservedly unnerve diehard individualists. Nevertheless, logic dictates so.

For a trite example of argument from ethic, consider a superhero. If their central principle is to protect innocents, and they discover a technology which can save the greatest number of lives, then it becomes incumbent on the superhero to implement said technology, because it maximally supports the ethic. Likewise, if the act of possession enables the greatest measure of Ascent, then the sorcerer must embrace it, and anything less is a dereliction of duty. In this sense, the argument from ethic syllogistically binds the black magician to undertake the most potent praxis according to principle—namely

theophilia.

Put simply, possession is an inescapable destiny for a truly devout black magician.

Mutualism

In biology, a phenomena called symbiosis occurs whereby two organisms of different species live together. Scientists recognize at least three broad categories of symbiotic relationship:

1. Mutualism: both organisms benefit
2. Commensalism: one benefits, one is neutral
3. Parasitism: one benefits, one suffers

Theophilia matches the first type, mutualism, because it consists of two entities that voluntarily unionize for the sake of shared benefit, for example, oxpeckers and rhinos. The bird plucks bugs from the skin of the beast and, thus, cleans its partner to feed itself. In essence, the relationship undertaken in possession exemplifies a similar kind of innately benevolent supernatural friendship—the egregore infuses its characteristic features into the psyche of the human and receives nourishing idolization back.

The most genius of ancient Greek philosophers, Aristotle, espoused three sorts of friendship:

1. Utility: of economic advancement
2. Pleasure: of entertainment and frivolity
3. Goodness: of like character and virtue

According to the savant, friendships of goodness exhibit true friendship, since they do not necessitate economic gain or ephemeral pleasure, but rather because the friends are the same soul in two bodies.

No more perfect explication of theophilia exists—the ideal possession is composed of true friendship between a supernatural figure and a physical human, the enactment of mutual symbiosis.

Character

To disable the suspension of disbelief toward possession, and comprehensively lay to rest the inquiry on its risk of danger—the degree of

safety depends one hundred percent on the personality of the entity with whom one communes.

The gauge a black magician observes for the selection of a spirit reflects the same gauge they implement for selection of a human friend or romantic partner. Quite elementarily, they seek a partner whom fulfills their needs.

The sorcerer meticulously vets for a suitable supernatural entity whom can help foster true friendship in the vein of the Aristotelian definition. Therefore, they can inherit its virtues and powers without irrational apprehension. This careful scrutiny drastically reduces risk to the point where one may welcome possession happily.

Anthroprogeny

The author coined the term anthroprogeny, a synonym of egregore, which refers to religious creatures of human invention. As a supernatural atheist—one who accepts the supernatural, but does not believe in an authoritarian creator god—he holds all figures of religious mythology as fictional characters of archaic conception that survive on the astral plane due to nourishment from concentrated human worship.

To clarify the author's stance, he maintains that religious divinities—gods, angels, demons, devils, etc.—constitute egregores created by ancient poets and priests whom crafted a mythical cast of characters to populate their own native faiths. The author literally categorizes religion as “fantasy fiction” alongside sagas like *The Lord of the Rings*, or *The Chronicles of Narnia*, with the duly noted exception that religious fanatics murder each other over disagreement, whereas Tolkien aficionados do not.

Why classify religion as fantasy fiction? Because tens of thousands of faiths have manifested in history, thus collectively attesting to a sum total of hundreds of thousands of gods. Wherefore they contradict one another in their irrational accounts of cosmogony, cosmology, morality, ontology, eschatology, and timeline. Moreover, each religion vows authenticity, whilst accusing every other of deceit. The priest of one primitive tribe exclaims that his god birthed the universe from a reptile egg thirty thousand years ago, but the priest of a neighboring tribe declares that his god bore the universe from a mammalian womb ten thousand years ago, and still a third priest from a separate tribe claims a different tale. In the incisive words of late atheist Christopher Hitchens, “Since it is obviously inconceivable that all religions can be right, the most reasonable conclusion is that they are all wrong.”

Occam's razor insists that the explanation with the fewest assumptions probably suggests the truth. Alas, atheism as well as the author's anthropogeny theory prevail together.

This illumination on egregores carries salience because it reveals how religious spirits possess the essence of the parent cultures that reared them. It necessitates that when a sorcerer investigates a potential supernatural partner for possession, they must also take into account the personality traits of the tribe or society that conceived their entity. Was the culture peaceful or violent, prosperous or impoverished, ingenious or primitive?

The basic psychology and mannerisms of a human child demonstrably mirror their parents, and this fact applies to astral egregores as well. To undergo symbiosis with a spirit is to undergo symbiosis with its parent culture. When the black magician selects a possession partner, they transitively inherit the ethos of the human folk who bred the entity.

Ergo, to eliminate virtually all risk from the praxis of possession, the black magician needs to determine the ideal partner from the ideal society.

The immature magician skims an encyclopedia of deities, and consents to any entity that seems to possess Satanic characteristics. They fail to exercise critical due diligence by neglecting to inquire on the zeitgeist of the era from whence the spirit came.

The dedicated sorcerer must scrutinize the decency of the society that hatched the entity—their personal safety depends on it.

Land of Erin

What ancient society does the author consider most fertile with honorable gods to harvest for benign possession?

The word Hibernia derives from Latin, and refers to the island officially named Ireland in English, or Éire in Irish. As the reader may already know, the isle sits westward of Great Britain, and constitutes the last territory of Europe to undergo occupation post-Ice Age.

In what ways does the Land of Erin, or Land of the Goddess, gift itself to judicious black magicians?

Firstly, according to medieval Irish law tracts—Brehon Law—the Neolithic and Iron Age islanders facilitated a primitive form of peaceful, prosperous anarchism. Hibernia organically escaped the installation of any sort of central authority or state. Whilst petty kings did exist in each tribe, their role specialized in defense administration against external threats; the

individuals were not entitled to any supreme legislative, executive, or judicial power, unlike omnipotent monarchs of England and France. In point of fact, the aboriginal Irish participated in a voluntary silver monetary and barter economy based in hereditary occupation, free trade, and private dispute resolution via professional jurors and lawyers. If the Irish uncovered corruption in the practices of a juror, king, or any other professional, they disbarred and shunned the culprit from the tribe—a nonviolent sanction that left the pariah bereft of any livelihood and terminally fated.

Wherefore ancient Ireland remained measurably free of internal political tyranny, never launched outward wars of aggression against neighboring countries, and cultivated an infamous tradition of satirical poetry and idolatrous polytheism.

Pre-Christian Ireland epitomizes what the author, Timothy, considers the perfect society for members of the Left Hand Path. It embodied a Satanic ethos of adversarial independence, and undertook legendary idolatry of their tribal gods.

The Dagda

I am Aed Abaid of Ess Rúaid—that is, the Good God of wizardry of the Tuatha Dé Danann—and the Rúad Rofhessa, and Eochaid Ollathair are my three names.

—The Dagda, *Yellow Book of Lecan*

Glorified epithetically as the “good god,” Dagda stands as the teutates of Ireland, divine father of the tribe. His acclaimed goodness refers to his mastery of every occupational craft. The conjoined “dag” and “da” each mean “good” and “god” respectively. He resides in the divine family known as the Tuatha Dé Danaan—Tribe of Dana—and his stature approximates to the Greek god Zeus.

Dagda furnishes a truly unique and outstanding circumstance, unmatched by any other god the author has uncovered in years of studying encyclopediae of mythology. The Good God not only wields unobscured omniscience, unfettered omnipotence, and unrestricted omnipresence, he is the patron of sorcery itself and the otherworld. Still and all, what ultimately differentiates Dagda are his roots planted in the peaceful anarchist society of ancient Ireland—the reader will recall how an egregore’s parent society determines its degree of safety for mutual symbiosis. The Land of Erin possesses the unusual distinction of an early history almost entirely devoid of imperialism

and tyranny. To analogize the ancient Irish to The Lord of the Rings, the islanders lived happily in isolation and kept to themselves, like humble Hobbits of the Shire—they strived to bother no one, and preferred not to be bothered. To avoid Pollyannaism, Ireland certainly was imperfect. Tribal families feuded at times, however they traditionally settled grievances through recitation of poetic satire to humiliate each other, as opposed to outright bloodshed, a custom not dissimilar to “rap battles” in contemporary circles of hip hop musicians. The Irish relied heavily on honor, to the point where an elaborate honor system is written into their surviving legal tracts.

Dear reader, if the amusing fact that the Irish typically wrote comedic poetry to squash conflicts instead of inflicting violence does not prove that they were a peaceful people, then nothing will.

Theophilia

In truth, divination and evocation of a supernatural entity constitute a measurably minor form of possession. The sorcerer allows the spirit to manifest knowledge and tangible presence in their cognitive faculty, for the sake of inheriting its virtue. One certainly can argue that the impact of the spirit never fully dissipates, but rather persists with the human forevermore like a tattoo on the soul, if only in memory alone. From this logic, it becomes valid to conclude that theophilia is essentially permanent. Hence, the intelligent black magician will embrace and act according to this principle, rather than ignore it and suffer ramifications from negligence.

To strike down the hyperbole of gory horror films and eye-rolling tales of Christian exorcism, voluntary egregoric possession will not cause the magician’s head to spin around in 360 degrees, crawl on all fours along the ceiling, or spit vomit. In the author’s own personal experience, theophilia galvanizes a gradual lifelong process of intimate fusion, consisting of everything from dream encounters, to waking apparitions, to inherent psychological transformation. The sorcerer will periodically witness the involuntary onset of dramatic fantasy, whereby the spirit and human participate in extended dialog. Radical instances of theophiliac phenomena may even include the irrepressible urge to assume obscure body postures, or utter peculiar phraseology, both of which may hold special significance to the symbiote.

Possession comprises three categories:

1. Cognitive: union of psyche
2. Physical: union of physical body
3. Energetic: union of energy body

To commence each type of possession, the sorcerer superimposes a simulation of the entity in synchronization with each specific faculty. So to illustrate, the black magician simulates the body of the spirit locking into alignment with their own physical body, then the seven chakras of each partner fusing into one another, to the point where both partners share one energy body. From there, the sorcerer recognizes the virtues of the spirit, insisting on their presence in their cognitive functionality, and welcomes the entity into their heart and soul forever, under a solemn pledge to honor and uphold its integrity to the death.

In summary, to enact theophilia:

1. Simulate synchronization of bodies
2. Insist on virtue in cognitive faculty
3. Recite wedding vow

Thereon, the magician does everything they can to assimilate the tropes of the supernatural partner into their life, be it clothing, tattoos, poetry, paintings, music, diet, decorations, jewelry, and so on. To employ an unsavory term, the magician indoctrinates him or herself with the spirit. The depth of the possession depends on the ambition of the sorcerer.

Communn

Old Irish communn means communion, pact, and affection—the precise native term to suit the purposes of theophilic possession.

If the reader wishes to undergo possession with the author's favorite god of the Irish religion, Dagda, herein lies a comarc, or Oath of Fealty, for their convenience.

Invocation of the Dagda

*I invoke Eochu Ollathair Teutates
Son to mother goddess Dana
Brother to god of literature Ogma
Impregnator to goddess of war Morrigan*

*Father to god of love Angus
Father to god of poetry Bridget
Immortal enemy of the Fomorians
Defender of the Land of Erin
Father of all
I beseech you—embrace me as kin!
I call Ruadh Rofhessa
The red one
Omniscient one
I implore you—acknowledge me!
I hail the Dagda
The Good God
Master of every craft
Possessor of competent hands
Omnipotent one
I entreat you—undertake me!
I greet the Eschatologist
Wielder of the club of life and death
Steward of the otherworld
I petition you—vitalize me!
I beckon the Sorcerer
Champion of idolatry
Custodian of wisdom
Imparter of lore
I plead with you—possess me!
I welcome the Musician
Plucker of the first oaken harp
Herald of the seasons
Conductor of the weather
I request of you—play your anthem for me!
I solicit the Manifester
Keeper of the Treasure of Muria
Provider of the cauldron of plenty
Yielder of crops
I insist of you—indulge me!
Dagda...
Be one with my psyche!*

Be one with my body!
Be one with my energy!
Dagda go brách.
Commann dicenn go brách.
Éirinn go brách.
Theophilia Dagda
Theophilia Hibernica.

Timothy

Demon Familiars

The Lazy Way to Power

Adelphia Blood

WORKING with a familiar, looking through the historical lens of a mostly Christian rooted demonology, is sometimes a practice of witches, sorcerers, conjurers and cunning folk.

Familiars, in the folk traditions of the British Isles, were seen as capable of being both assistants to the benevolent cunning folk, and evil spirits who carry out the malevolent intent of their masters, black magicians. In this case, they were often referred to as fairies for the benevolent practitioner, and demons for the feared and reviled practitioner of the Black Arts.

Though what remains known of the tradition in modern times often points to familiars as being embodied in an animal that accompanies the witch, such as a cat, or a toad, seventeenth century magicians and healers were in the practice of conjuring benevolent familiar spirits, binding them in objects, and selling them as charms meant to bring great success to their keeper.

Sixteenth century records speak of Mandragoras, familiar spirits given to sorcerers by the devil who, when they are not doing their tasks for the sorcerer, live embodied in mandrake roots. Mandragoras are demons who appear as small, black-skinned men, and help the sorcerer in his magick.

An Agathion is another type of demonic familiar spirit who is bound by a conjurer and lives inside of a vessel. There are also a number of demons in various grimoires who are described as having the ability to provide good familiars.

Keeping demonic and other types of entities as familiar spirits bound to vessels is likely a remnant of an earlier, pre-Christian magick. Sadly, much of what little remains of this tradition has been demonized. With witch-hunts, and burning books, the victors wrote the history and the art and practice of working with companion spirits and entities were nearly stamped out. Nearly, but not quite...

If we take a side trip into a study of the tradition of fetishism in West Africa, we may have a better idea of the prehistoric roots of the natural tradition of working with spirits as a way to have contact with the

supernatural in daily life, and to exert some magical control over your natural world rather than being a victim to its forces. Reviewing a non-Christian, non-demonized view of the practice of keeping and working with familiar spirits can add to our understanding of this ancient, natural practice—one which opened up spiritual forces and powers to every person, with no priest, no authority or mediating influence. It's little wonder that a clear image of this practice was stamped out of Western history, as it really does put supernatural power into the hands of the people.

A fetish is an object with magickal energies and powers. There are a few types of fetishes; the ones we are concerned with are those that are the dwelling places of unique spirits. This type of fetish has its unique powers ascribed to it due to it's being either dwelling place or occasional haunt of a spirit or entity.

It is credited with mysterious power, owing to its being, temporarily or permanently, the vessel or habitation, vehicle for communication, or instrument of some unseen power or spirit, which is conceived to possess personality and will, and ability to see, hear, understand, and act. It may act by the will or force of its own power or spirit, or by force of a foreign power entering it or acting on it from without, and the material object and the power or spirit may be dissociated. It is worshipped, prayed to, sacrificed to, talked with and petted, or ill-treated with regard to its past or future behavior.

—Alfred C. Haddon,
Magic & fetishism, p.72

In the practice of animism, every object has a spirit, the spirit of the fetish is distinct from this also: “the spirit which is believed to occupy the fetish is a different conception from the spirit of the animistic theory; it is not the soul or vital power belonging to the object, and inherent in it, from which the virtue is derived, but a spirit or power attracted to and incorporated in it, while separable from it. The spirit of the fetish is also distinct from a god, as it can animate one object only, while a god can manifest his power in various forms.

—p.77-8

The fetish is home of a particular individual spirit or entity, one who works with the person who has the fetish. This spirit is bound to one object only and can't be conjured or shared by anyone else, differentiating the fetish from an object which is seen as a portal or vessel for a deity, saint, or other spirit

which may be conjured and worked with by many devotees.

As well, anyone can have a fetish, as many as one can acquire, and if one is not happy with the spirit, they can find another. This distinguishes fetishes from guardian spirits.

A fetish is of a dual nature, spirit and body—the physical vessel is seen as the body for the entity in our world, and as the connecting link for communication: “one of the fundamental conceptions of the West African fetish is that the spirit and the material object can be dissociated, and that, although the spirit is temporarily incorporated in the fetish, yet the two are no more inseparable than man’s soul and body.

—p.87

With a cross cultural survey one can find many other intriguing remnants of this practice of binding spirits to objects. Working with personal and private supernatural companions and helpers has been a long-standing tradition practiced in many cultures throughout the world—such as the vampiric demon of Malaysia, the Bajang, conjured by a sorcerer who is strong enough to bind them, the familiar is then kept as a valued asset, fed and sent out on the supernatural errands required by the caster, and later kept in the family and passed down through the generations.

The wide variety of methods of binding spirits and vessels used throughout the scattered traditions globally underscores the diversity of the practice of keeping spirits as personal familiars, and that there is not a single right way or method of achieving this purpose, while the clear similarities seen through making a comparison of a variety of traditions also helps to provide a clearer context, definition, and understanding of this practice.

One wonders why such a global phenomenon, practiced by both adepts and ordinary people alike, is one that is mostly swept under the carpet in the modern day occult traditions, and little known to the westernized world up until recent times.

In the grimoire roots of the western magickal tradition, demon after demon is listed with the attribute of providing good familiars to their summoner, if requested, such as Sustugriel, a chief demon in the True Grimoire, noted for his ability to teach the art of magic, give familiar spirits which can be used for all purposes, and furnish mandragores.

It’s notable that most of the same grimoires that guide the practitioner to

the demons, which give good familiars, do not also provide instructions on binding them or working with them after they have been received. Grimoires are notorious for their misdirections, blinks, and the information that has been purposefully left out. Perhaps the art of working with familiar spirits had been kept underground for a reason.

One magical text that makes an interesting contribution to the practice of binding and working with demon familiars is the Right-Hand Path oriented grimoire, the *Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*. In an intensive six-month operation, the practitioner is guided through rituals where they make contact with demonic Princes and Kings, and bind them to talismans through the swearing of an oath. After this, the operator proceeds to request a list of unique Ministering Spirits from ORIENS, PAIMON, ARITON, and AMAIMON, and, finally, the operator then requests from them his four Familiar Spirits. All of these personal demons are also oath-bound to their own unique talismans.

While the technique of binding the demons through oaths, using talismans as vessels, may seem unusual, if practiced as described, it was likely effective. *The Sacred Magic of Abramelin* provides more detail on the topic of binding and working with personal spirit companions than most surviving grimoires.

It's interesting to note that, in parallel with the fetish tradition, Abramelin affirms that having acquired their own personal familiar spirit, one can gift it to another person. He says, "I myself having been sought by the Emperor Sigismond, gave him willingly the best Familiar Spirit which I had." As well, he advised:

Of this kind of Spirits there is an infinite number, who at the time of their fall were condemned to serve man; and to each man there be four of them destined... and in the case of your giving one over unto some other person, you can no longer avail yourself of his services, but in order to replace him during his time of service, you may call upon some other Spirit. And should you wish to send away one of the said Spirits... it sufficeth for you to make him some sign that he can go, and at once he will obey... But if you have given one away (unto another person), you will employ one of the common kind in his place.

Further advice on transferring a personal familiar to another person:

Should you wish to give one over unto any person, see that such person be distinguished and meritorious, for they love not to serve those

of base and common condition.

The spirits that are conjured and bound as personal servitors by the operator are divided into two types by Abramelin, who calls them Ministering spirits and Familiar spirits. Both the Ministering Spirits and the Familiar Spirits are given to the operator after being requested by the four Demonic Princes and eight Sub-Princes, as the particular spirits who best match the operator's own energetic makeup and personality. The personal spirits given by the Princes and sub-Princes are, in a sense, a manifestation of demonic order and efficiency. The operator is instructed to call on their Familiar for magickal tasks first, and for those tasks which cannot be handled by the Familiar, one then calls on the correctly matched personal, bound Ministering Spirit. In this system, where the operator achieves their own personal, well-matched crew of oathbound spirits to serve them, they now seldom, if ever, need to call upon the Princes themselves. Instead, the demonic magick is executed by the Princes through their Ministering Spirits which have been given to serve the operator, who having attained this peak of having their own personal bound spirits to serve them, is now "free to avail himself of their services under whatever form may be pleasing unto him."

While I have never relied on Abramelin's writings or used his system of classification in my practice as a demon conjuror, modern day definitions vary somewhat from Abramelin's categories of personal bound demons. The demons that most conjurors bind and offer as personal spirits could be classified in the category of Abramelin's Ministering Spirits.

The term 'Familiar' itself has many definitions by different traditions. The broadest definition is one in which the term 'Familiar' may be applied to any personal spirit or entity that has been conjured and bound and is in the possession of a person who works with them regularly as a personal helping spirit, or servitor.

The term Familiar, when used in this broad context, helps to explain why so many different traditions have valued the practice of working with a personal, bound spirit as an extremely invaluable practice in magick. We can compare it to the difference between asking for a big favour from a friend versus asking a favour from a stranger. Imagine you have a pressing need for a big bank loan and don't have the assets or credit in place to get it. Who is going to go out on a limb for you, and help you in any way they can—an impersonal bank manager in a new town you just moved to, or a bank manager who has been your neighbor for fifteen years, always says a friendly

hello, keeps an eye on your house when you are out of town, and comes to your summer barbecues?

Established relationships are a powerful thing. The bank manager who is your neighbour is familiar to you and is going to go out of his way to do whatever he can to help you when you require his services. If he can't help you, he would go out of his way to direct you to get the resources you need.

The bank manager who is a stranger to you is more likely to give you an impersonal no, and wish you the best of luck, as you are just one of many prospects who come to see him on a daily basis, and he has no personal investment in your life. People are more likely to be unkind and unhelpful to strangers without giving it a second thought. People who are connected with, and have feelings for, a person are more likely to treat them kindly and bend over backwards to help them. Relationship building has a similar power in working with spirits in magick.

Having a familiar spirit is having an ongoing, personal, working relationship with a powerful entity. It's like having an insider in the spirit realms. This is the quickest and most efficient form of magick, and it's why Abramelin advises that the operator always call on their familiar first. The familiar is closest to you, and closely matched with your energies. It will be far faster and easier for them to fulfill a task for you than it would be for you to perform a ritual and petition a powerful Demon Lord—one with many followers and devotees to divide his energy and attention among. Demonic order is precise and logical, and it makes sense that the respectful approach would be to make use of these familiar spirits provided by the Demon Lords, rather than evoking them for something you can accomplish on your own with your personal demons.

Similar to Abramelin's Ministering Spirits, many modern personal bound spirits need not even be by the side of their human full-time. While some bindings may be forcible and restrict the entity to their vessel, similar to the tales of genies trapped in their lamps, most bindings function as anchors, portals, and doorways, and do not constrain the entity to their vessel. Instead, they provide the entity with a physical linkage to the world of the human, a binding that strengthens their abilities and presence in our world. Bindings provide added power and clarity to communication and the spirit's ability to manifest.

There is a tremendous difference in clarity of communication and ability to manifest between spirits that are bound, and those that are not bound, and a

similar range of differences between bindings of various qualities and strengths. The better the binding, the more power the familiar will manifest in all things. Bindings ultimately provide sheer richness, depth, and added potential to having a working relationship with a familiar spirit. In lieu of bindings, most of those who have strong and successful working relationships with unbound familiar spirits likely have a natural psychic ability to form a powerful attachment with the spirit, using that attachment to empower and enhance their connection with their familiar.

Abramelin describes the magick, powers, and abilities of the unique Familiar Spirits and Ministering Spirits that are bound by the operator as having infinite applications, and offers a partial list:

Scientific Information, Visions, Secrets of other persons, Healing of Maladies, Affection and Love, Demolishing Buildings, Discovery of Theft, Causing Visions to appear, Obtaining Money, To know all manner of things Past and Future, To obtain information concerning, and to be enlightened upon all sorts of Propositions, and all doubtful Sciences, To cause any Spirit to appear, and take any form, such as of Man, Animal, Bird, For divers Visions, etc.,

How we may retain the Familiar Spirits bond or free, in whatsoever form, To cause a Dead Body to revive, and perform all the functions which a Living Person would do, and this during a space of Seven Years, by means of the Spirits, To fly in the Air, and travel any whither, To cause Visions to appear, To cause Armed Men to appear.

Ultimately with the list of feats that the bound ministering and familiar demonic spirits are capable of, we can see that their powers are comparable to that of many of the most powerful known spirits of the grimoires, however there are important distinctions. The Ministering Spirits and Familiar Spirits are given to the operator and operator alone, their name being revealed and recorded in their initial conjuration, at which time they are also bound to the talismans. Now, instead of having to perform intensive rituals calling upon unfamiliar and unbound demons, the practitioner is free to utilize their established relationship with their bound spirits to work the same powerful magick. And, better yet, Abramelin advises that this masterful feat of casting powerful demonic spells at will can be accomplished with only a simple signal giving direction to the familiar, such as saying a few words to convey the intention, or simply touching the appropriate talisman and directing the spirit to the task.

He says that a Familiar can even be directed subtly while the operator is in conversation with another:

And here it is well to observe, that if you use prudence, you can often reason with those persons who be with you in such a manner that the Spirits, having however been beforehand invoked by you, will understand what they are to do ...For they be of such great intelligence, that from a single word or a single motive, they can draw the construction of the whole matter... by their astuteness and subtlety they be so adroit that they comprehend by perceptible signs the wish of the person in question.

It's clear that acquiring the bindings of these personal familiar spirits is one of the main goals of the operation, and seeing the benefits of instant demonic magick that are obtainable, it's easy to see why. Now the operator is free to practice simple and demonic magick for the rest of their life, having now accessed the powerful shortcuts of working with bound demon familiars.

As a primary method of working magick with the bound spirits, Abramelin even expressly advises, "if you desire anything, command them aloud to perform it."

As a practitioner, I do rituals and cast spells regularly and for various needs. But it always amazes me when I have identified a need, decided to do a ritual for it, stated my intention aloud to summon all my power to manifest my goal, and the results manifest immediately, pre-empting the ritual entirely. Having dozens of bound and powerful familiar demons around with my full permission to act in support of my will, there are times when they get the magick done before I can even cast for it.

Accessing demonic guidance instantly with precision is a dream come true. There is no limit to what their guidance can be applied to and the benefits a keeper can gain in their life as a result. Learning to communicate with their familiar in very clear detail will bring abundant and highly valuable hidden information to the keeper.

This naturally provides a huge boost in defense from enemies, protection, and baneful magick. Many who keep powerful demons as familiars find that their enemies quickly run out of steam, and run into problems. Revenge can be almost instant at times. There are a variety of ways familiars can be used to gather intelligence about your enemies, from spying on them and relaying information back to you, giving warnings and direct information about events and dangers in advance, and communication of their secrets. They can

provide insights with elaborate details of what your enemies weaknesses are, what they have done or are planning to do to you, and how you can handle them, down to the exact spells or rituals to use and spirits to call on to help you. They can alert you to enemy attacks and advise you in how to defend or counter-attack, help empower and strengthen your shields, help defend you against invasive negative entities and spirits, and spell out the hidden workings of your enemies to you, keeping you always one step ahead, prepared with defensive action, and avoiding damage that you otherwise would have sustained.

Guidance from your familiars can be accessed directly, through the use of a tool, or through purely unconscious and invisible means. Direct forms include such methods as speaking to your familiar directly, using clairvoyant and clairaudient senses, or through soul travel with your entity. With this method, one is able to hold a conversation with their familiar just like they would with anyone else. This is an advanced method of communication, and it can also have its traps and pitfalls, as both the conscious mind and phantasms can get in the way of pure perception and interpretation of the energy.

Tools are very helpful in accessing precise and reliable demonic guidance, such as cards and oracles, scrying in a reflective surface, and the Ouija.

Tools are very helpful in loosening the grip of the conscious mind and allowing the message of the spirit to come through without impediment. In my practice, I recommend my clients dedicate a particular tool to their familiar, or to their head familiar, and use it with them exclusively. This both helps one to develop mastery of the tool itself, and develop an increased bond with their familiar, enhancing their capacity to receive more and more direct messages from them. Working with a bound familiar allows incredible intensification of the tool's abilities to convey accurate information over using the same kind of tool with an unbound spirit. For a beginner, developing the ability to consistently use a tool to access demonic guidance from their familiar may take time and practice, as Abramelin said, "for an Apprentice Artist doth not become a Master suddenly, but little by little."

Unconscious and invisible demonic guidance is where your spirits are successfully communicating to you without your active involvement or awareness. This can come through your intuition nudging you in certain directions, through synchronicities in your life, and moments when your attention is suddenly drawn to certain things—like a paragraph in a book you

opened randomly, or a potent message that comes through a song on the radio. Familiar spirits are able to manipulate chance and arrange unseen events in the ethers, and often they can use timing for a powerful, yet invisible, manifestation of their guidance or assistance in their keeper's lives.

There are many times when familiar spirits have been able to manipulate timing in ways to protect their keepers or even save their lives without the keeper ever having known that they had even been in danger—such as causing a delay of a few moments in order to prevent their keeper from getting into a car accident.

Though having powerful demon familiars at your side doesn't make you Jesus, and won't make you invincible, invulnerable, or give you instant superpowers, the range of enhancements that working with them can provide must be experienced to be understood. From the moment I began keeping demon familiars years ago, my life immediately transformed for the better.

From the start I noticed that my evocations were intensified, my practice of sorcery expanded, my protection increased, and my psychic abilities heightened. Even in the past few months that I've been working on this essay, I've experienced many of the heights of the benefits I've written about.

I've received secrets of my enemies, been shown their weaknesses, and their plans, in order to successfully evade attacks. I've had spells for massive results manifest before I cast them. I have been guided and warned in advance with details on daily life and business situations. And I have gotten through a mysterious illness which may have destroyed my life, through the perfect demonic answers, connections, and solutions which were being doled out to me one step at a time in order to get the help I needed and progress toward a successful recovery, when allopathic medicine was a hindrance rather than a help.

I live in awe of the mysterious powers of my familiar spirits that I have been privileged to conjure, bind, and welcome into my life. It's hard to describe the layers and levels of enhancements that they provide in my life, from the physical level all the way through to the spiritual level.

When you have high-level bound demon familiars at hand, and have formed an intense bond with them, casting spells and enchanting anything with demonic powers, for any intention, is a fairly simple thing. There's often no need for complex ritual or ceremony, for example, though should you choose to do so, you will find that with the help of your familiars you will experience greater connection in the ritual, with easier evocation, and a

boost of energy powering your rituals and spells, with a much greater success rate. A high-level demon familiar can even greatly enhance existing patron relationships, and help their keeper to establish new ones, as well as provide energy and power to intensify their keeper's communications with their patron. Having bound familiars, alongside with having bonded with powerful demon lords, deities, and other high-level and publicly known entities, is the ultimate shortcut in accessing intense and unlimited demonic magick and powers in your life on a daily basis.

If your demon familiar is high-level such as a Demon Lord or a very high-ranking and powerful demon, it's the same as having your own demon of the Goetia by your side as your personal companion. The powerful and often near instant results dedicated practitioners of demon keeping experience with their high-level bound demon familiars underscores this truth and is the reason why elite demon familiars with quality bindings are coveted by those who know and understand their capabilities.

Adelphia Blood

I Summoned Glasya Labolas in Prison

Alex Meirsonne

THERE he was, the scumbag, laying at my feet, the blood oozing out of his head. I did warn him. I did urge him to repay me my money. It was a large sum that he owed me. But he kept stalling; at the end he even mocked me. I guess he didn't realize I was in league with Satan. Satan would've seen me as a weakling if I would let this one slide. So to me it was enough, I had it with him.

The killing was premeditated. I wanted his life and his money. So I went to his house and rang the doorbell. It was October 31, 1986 at 8pm, Halloween's Eve! The date was a coincidence, but it did give that extra punch to it.

He opened the door, dressed in his pajamas and a bathrobe. He was in a bad mood and felt disturbed as he had a huge headache. "Don't worry," I said, "that headache will be over before you know it!"

For the last time, I asked about my money. Once again, he told me that he didn't have it and that I shouldn't expect to ever see it again. That was all I needed to go for it! I pulled out the small axe I had hidden on my back between my belt and planted it in the middle of his head. It split his skull. He died within minutes. "For me the money, for you his life, Satan. Ave Satanus," I whispered with a smile.

At that point, I felt like a god; I got to decide about life or death. It was pure power, and it almost felt as if his life energy was transferred into me. I was literally high because of the act, what a rush!

After killing him, I searched his house only to find just a small part of what he owed me. I also looked for something to drink because my mouth was dry like a desert. The smell of blood had filled the entire room, and it was then that I learned that the smell of blood can really make you thirsty.

I found a bottle of Brandy and drank a quarter of the bottle, too high to get drunk.

I started dabbling with Satanism since I was about sixteen years old. At first it was pretty innocent. I had a cellar, which was pretty much my own space; my parents never came there. So I turned that space into a Temple for

Satan, a shrine if you will. I drew a reversed pentacle with red paint on the wall, added some Black candles, and I was lucky enough to find a ram skull on an auction. In chalk I drew a circle on the floor in which I would spend many hours meditating and invoking Him.

I'd also go to the library to look for books about, and from, Anton LaVey and his Satanic Bible, and many other books. I read about High Magic, and performed the Black Mass as well as reciting the "Our Father" backwards, all with the sole purpose to get rid of all those Christian teachings. I always stayed on my own though, I never looked for a grotto or such.

I used to spend a lot of time in my cellar. Praying, worshipping, and talking to him. The more I prayed to him, the more I could hear him, and the darker I became. I used to offer blood to him but only my own. And I didn't just prick, but when I was in real ecstasy I cut myself on the chest.

The chest produces a lot of blood, and it kind of gave a kick to feel my blood running over my body. The blood had to ooze out before I was satisfied! I believed it takes a lot of blood to be considered an offering.

After a while, a few months maybe, changes in my personality occurred. I developed this insane desire to break as much taboos as possible; I wanted to do anything that had ever been forbidden for me. And as I have been born and raised as a "Jehovah's Witness," I was forbidden a lot.

I had been a Jehovah's Witness since birth and stayed a JW until I was fifteen, until my parents were expelled for "unchristian behavior." That was good news to me! My father, the tyrant, became indifferent, apathetic even, and he couldn't care less about what happened to me. So I felt free to do whatever I wanted.

So a year later I turned our cellar into a Satanic Temple. Of course, after fifteen years of conditioning, I firmly believed that Jehovah existed. I couldn't deny that anymore. But I hated that god, because I saw the hypocrisy. I saw how my father behaved at home and how he, meanwhile, was honored by the Jehovah's Witnesses as a good and loyal Christian. I hated everything about that religion. I should've hated my father instead, but I couldn't (yet).

But I figured that if god exists, then his adversary had to exist as well. That was the day that I chose Satan.

From that day, I grew up as a kid without limits, without morals, scruples or principles. Whatever it was that was forbidden, I did it. I also became very violent and hostile. I dreamed about killing my father... How would that be

for a sacrifice?! One night, I stood beside his bed while he was sleeping with a big kitchen knife in my hand. But I didn't use it because I looked at my mother who was sleeping beside him, and I felt pity for her. Until this very day, my father doesn't know that he owes his life to his wife.

I became a member of the Punk scene in those days, and I liked it because I met a lot of other rebels! Unfortunately there were also the "weekend-punks." In a way that was cool; it was handy to have them around when I needed to blow off some steam. Ending up in police stations almost became tradition.

At the age of eighteen, I was drafted, and while being in the army I forgot all about Satanism, usually because I was too drunk.

At nineteen, I left the army, and I looked for contact with Satan again. I also became obsessed with bodybuilding; I even used steroids. I was at the stage of deifying myself. I literally became a god. I became arrogant, looked down on people, belittled them.

But at twenty-one, I quit bodybuilding because of the crash the steroids caused, and I plunged myself into the nightlife: sex, drugs, and rock & roll! And crime! I established a reputation in the nightlife. I was known as a street fighter and a dealer, and I enjoyed it. Satanism returned in my life heavier than ever before, but this time, crime came in as well. Cocaine became my business, mostly because I needed the money for the lifestyle I had at that time. I didn't deal alone but worked together with my best friend, Freddy Caine. And Satan made our profits real good.

I dedicated myself in the most fanatical way to Satan. Not only did I want to serve him, I wanted to be like him! I was going downhill pretty fast.

At twenty-two, I was arrested for murder in the first degree. It was also the end of my life with Satan. I felt let down by him in this situation. He could've protected me against the law! I did give him a life, didn't I? I was so naive in those days.

A week after my arrest, I was eaten alive by a very passionate hatred. I found out that my so-called "best friend" was the one who had turned me over to the cops. He really honored his name "Caine." In my eyes he had slaughtered his brother. I never knew why he did it. Did he become afraid of me because now he knew I was capable of killing? Did he want me out of his way so he could take over my cocaine business? Don't know. All I knew was that I was thirsting for his blood. But how could I get satisfaction?

The hatred was so strong that sometimes I couldn't sleep because of it.

There were times when my thoughts were so focused on him that my entire body trembled. In my imagination I killed him in a thousand ways. I needed to get even with him.

At the same time, I became friends with another inmate, a Greek. Ironically enough, his name was Christos. We got along just fine. He had some spiritual views and most of the time we talked about just that. And we also talked about the occult, Satan, demons, and stuff. The subject of demons was my favorite one, so one day I asked him if he knew how to make use of them. I felt a possibility here to get even with Freddy. It so happened that he had this book, called "Salomoniki." Later I'd assume that was the Greek title for the "Keys of Solomon," but that would turn out to be a wrong assumption.

He promised me to have his sister send the book to him. But it was obvious that he was afraid of that book, superstitious as he was. The only condition was that I would keep it in my cell because no way that he would keep it with him. According to him, he had stolen this Grimoire from a Greek Church.

Christos kept his word, and a week later he received it. One problem though, it was written entirely in Greek so I couldn't understand it. I needed my mate to translate certain parts of it.

So he took the grimoire to the yard, where we daily met, and together we had a look at the demons and their descriptions. He was kind enough to translate entire chunks of the grimoire for me.

We came across this one demon that attracted me: Glasya Labolas. According to Christos' translation this demon was an expert in bloodshed and manslaughter. Yes!!! That was the one I needed!! "You are out of your mind," he said. "Are you sure you want to start of with this one? Without any experience in conjuring demons?!"

"Yup, I don't care what the price is," I answered. "All I want to see is the end of that snitch!!"

The grimoire said that I needed to draw the circle with charcoal, which was to be dipped in holy water. I was allowed to buy the charcoal, and Christos was able to get his hands on some holy water from the chapel.

In his cell he translated the entire conjuration to English and gave it to me, along with the book.

It was a lengthy conjuration. I memorized it completely because I intended to do the ritual after the lights were out, so I wouldn't be able to read it.

Meanwhile, I was trying to wrap my head around the symbol that came

along with this demon. According to the book this was a sigil. But what to do with it, what was its use? I didn't have that information, so I could only guess. I decided to memorize it so that I could visualize it during the conjuration along with the recitation.

All day long I practiced this, laying on my bed. I didn't realize that I was actually already performing a conjuration by repeating the conjuration over and over while trying to visualize the sigil at the same time.

Remembering the text along with visualizing the sigil proved to be a bitch! It was frustrating and it made me nervous! But after twelve hours of practice I succeeded. Actually, it was hard to think about something else, like a song that sticks in your head.



Sigil of Glasya Labolas

While the day went by, tension started to rise! I became very nervous and tense. Was I really going to do this? Old introductions, a gift from my time with the Jehovah's witnesses, were playing up again. What if the wrath of God would get me?

At 11pm it was show time; the lights were out, the guard had done his check-up round, so I knew I wouldn't be disturbed.

While I was drawing the circle my heart started to pound like hell! I felt that the atmosphere was changing as well.

It was all so unreal, insane even! I found it very strange that I got excited by this, in contrast with the murder I committed.

According to the grimoire the evocation had to be done naked, and there should be no metal objects on your body.

First I drew the circle with, as said before, charcoal dipped in holy water.

The circle consisted of three circles. Between the first and the second circle I wrote the names: Tetragrammaton, YHVH, El Elohim, Adonai, and El.

Between the second and the third circle I wrote: Gabriel, Raphael, Michael, and Uriel. In the middle of the circle I drew the sigil. This was an impulsive idea!

I took off all my clothes and removed my ring, ear piercings, and watch, and stepped into the circle. Standing up, I relaxed myself by counting my breath: four seconds in, holding in the air for four seconds, four seconds out and four seconds of non-breathing before restarting the cycle.

Once I was totally relaxed I started reciting the conjuration out loud. Now, I don't remember the exact words of the conjuration anymore, it's been almost thirty years ago, but it was something like this:

*By the power of the seven keys of the seven gates to hell
And by the names of Tetragrammaton, YHVH, El Elohim, Adonai,
and EL*

*I conjure thee, Glasya Labolas, to manifest before me in beholdable
form.*

*Demon of bloodshed and manslaughter, arise before my very eyes.
Powers of Darkness, open the seven gates of Hell for me and hear
my call!*

*Glasya Labolas, Arise!!!! In the names of and the Power of the one
and only Supreme God... (I now vibrated the names of God...)
I command thee to manifest here before me. Come, Glasya Labolas,
Come!*

*Hear my call, and arise before me! Come, Glasya Labolas, come!
All the gates of Hell are now open through which I command thee to
come! Come... I now vibrated the name of Glasya Labolas seven times.
Come before me and manifest, Glasya Labolas!!" Come! Come!
Come!"*

(Every magus who reads this will see that the summoning of Glasya Labolas clearly is not a part of The Keys of Solomon. I wish I could tell a bit more about that specific grimoire, but I can't. So all I can do is guess that that grimoire was very unique. I have been looking for it for decades, but without success.)

After this conjuration I held my breath and tried to notice if there was a reaction. But no, nothing! So I repeated the conjuration, still nothing!

I began to feel like a fool, a cheap actor in a B-horror movie. But what the hell, I just gave it another try, for the third, and last, time.

This time with success! The first thing I noticed was that my cell turned

from dark to darker. My cell became pitch black; the light that usually fell through my barred window seemed to have vanished.

The second thing I noticed was the deadly silence! Silence? In a prison? Never! There are always inmates yelling at each other through their windows, there was always the sound of a radio, guards talking to each other or their footsteps in the corridor! Somebody coughing, another going nuts in his cell and screaming it out. No matter what, silence in a prison is impossible. But in my cell, I could hear nothing but my breath and my own heartbeat; which, by the way, was beating at an insane speed.

The air thickened and my ears popped because of the changing air pressure.

And then I saw him in the corner of my eye. A black mass not higher than a large dog and very vaguely in the shape of a dog.

Something completely unexpected occurred: I became afraid! My heart was racing, I started to sweat from every pore on my body, and I felt a panic rushing in. My entire body trembled, my knees felt like Jell-O. Yet, I succeeded to issue the task:

Glasya Labolas, thank you for coming; be welcome in this cell! I have called you here for asking you a favor. I want you to kill the guy who snitched on me; he betrayed me, and I don't want him to live any longer! His name is Freddy Cain! You are the designer of bloodshed and manslaughter! Are you willing to do this, Glasya Labolas? Are you willing to grant me this favor?

I heard a chilling sound, some sort of growling! He tried to speak to me, but I couldn't understand him. The entire atmosphere in my cell became threatening and frightening! I was convinced that for some reason I pissed him off!

And then I did an awful mistake: panic overwhelmed me, and I left the circle, jumped in my bed, and hid under the covers. So there I was, the coldblooded murderer, hiding under his covers like a girl hiding in her bed for the boogeyman! Never in my entire life have I been this scared! I couldn't comprehend what was happening!

It's always a huge mistake to evoke a demon and leaving the circle without dismissing the demon. Never, ever, leave a ritual unfinished! I learned my lesson that same night.

Despite the panic I fell asleep pretty fast. But later, in the middle of the night, I was attacked. I woke up because I couldn't breathe. I was gasping for

air but didn't succeed in breathing. When I opened my eyes I saw this pitch-black silhouette sitting on me, two stretched arms came out the black mass, pushing on my lungs, making it entirely impossible to breath. Again, for the second time that night, I panicked, but the panic gave me the strength to roll over and fall out of my bed. This time the entity sat on my back and just kept pushing on my lungs. It felt like I had a huge rock laying on me. I managed to drag myself toward the steel cell door. My senses became very sharp and so I could see clearly what was under my bed: the particles of dust, the little cracks in the floor tiles, the rust on my steel bed. Once at the door I beat on it with the little strength that was left in me. My arm became heavier and heavier, until I couldn't lift my arm anymore.

Then it was all over, and I felt that I'd died.

I woke up with a big gasp, back in my bed! Was it just a dream? The first thing that came to mind was to look under my bed; everything was exactly the same as when I was laying on the floor beside it.

A week later I had an epileptic attack. I have never been epileptic before or ever after. It just happened that once.

Until today I don't have an exact explanation what had happened. I just take it as a lesson. I have never been attacked again since that experience either.

As for the results of this ritual: Freddy didn't die! But I found out that a couple of guys attacked him in the toilet of a nightclub; they broke both of his arms! "With the compliments of Alex," they said. I never found out who these guys are. Also, the bar that he owned went bankrupt, he lost his house, his car, and even his girlfriend, and eventually he lost the few friends that he still had. Last thing that I heard from him he had fled the country.

In spite of the panic that I experienced I'd evoke much more during the almost eleven years in prison. I'd evoke for many reasons: to become "big" in prison; to be feared. For a woman to come visit me, just somebody to toy with.

For not being sentenced to death, for not being caught for dealing drugs in prison and to make a nice profit from it, and to get parole for good behavior in spite of the fact that I never displayed good behavior (many fights, an attempt to escape, being one of the three leaders of a riot), and for having a lot of extra favors.

I had great successes in evocations. Everything I wanted was delivered. I got it all!

Never have I experienced fear again since that dreadful night. Quite the contrary, even behind the walls I grew in power. My rituals were always minimalistic. I couldn't evoke like people on the outside; evidently a dagger was not allowed, I had no incense, a coffee cup instead of a chalice. All I had was charcoal, a circle, my blood, and myself. All I could do was rely on myself and trust myself. To me this explains why I don't have a hard time doing evocations. I had to use all the power in me, without any tool. I learned that I possessed, and still do, a tremendous power and that I could do evocations while even laying in bed.

And I didn't even realize that those years in prison were my personal bootcamp where I was trained to become a Black Magician.

And that's exactly what I am today!

So Satan didn't turn his back at me after all?

Alex Meiresonne

Communication with Non-Physical Forms

Charles Webb

TO imagine that there are other unseen dimensions of our reality is already a tricky task. When we consider the concept of summoning or channeling our imagination can almost not handle what we are dealing with. I know that when I experienced my first one on one communication I thought I was having a nervous breakdown. My spirit guide really had to coddle me into it. It is scary, at first, to realize that there are things there that you cannot see. Of course, you will not see or experience these things unless you want to and are ready. I want to share my experience and give some advice to those who want to learn more about communicating with non-physical forms.

I was aware that there were other dimensions to our reality when I was very young. I, of course, went through the normal routine of getting into witchcraft, and then exploring other religions and beliefs. I had already come to enjoy meditation a great deal, and it wasn't long until I began trying to channel; even before I ever knew there was such a thing. We didn't have access to things like the Internet back then. You couldn't even find much at the libraries where I grew up. Back then you would be lucky to find Silver Raven wolf or Raymond Buckland.

The first real channeling I did was through automatic writing. I thought I would receive a personal message or lottery numbers or something, but I just got a somewhat wild story from the future written in journal form. It turned out to be personal and special in some ways. Not really prophecy or anything. Yet, it was the first real communication, and it contained names and themes that would dominate my teen years and beyond. I never really gave thought to what a spirit guide was actually supposed to do. I thought maybe they were how people think of guardian angels.

It wasn't until only a few years ago that I really started to realize that this non-physical form was communicating with me even more. Sometimes this was by leading me to things like books or films. I would try to listen for feelings or words that would come to me in meditation, and I was getting more and more. It is so hard to describe what it is like to communicate in this way. I can only say that it is in your own mind, but you sense it coming from

a different area. My guide would call it another channel. I laugh about it now, but the first time I got tuned in very clear to the right station I got a spectacular communication that I almost could not mentally handle and was in tears. I was frightened that I may have schizophrenia or something. It could have almost been described by someone as an auditory hallucination. I was doing no ritual when this happened the first time. I was simply taking a walk in the woods. Of course, that is the perfect place to go into trance.

It was a wonderful experience; I couldn't have asked for a better one. I was walking like usual and was almost talking to myself. I had been busy earlier trying to channel an artistic energy for some music, so I was already in a place of allowing. Suddenly I started talking to myself. Then I realized that I was not talking to myself. Again, this is very difficult to explain to someone else who doesn't know what it's like to be inside my head at the time this happened. Being in the woods made it all seem even more magical. I was asking questions and crying, of course, in the beginning. To me the presence was female, but, of course, they aren't always like that. She wanted to be comforting to me and assure me that I was safe. I felt like she had always been with me and knew about everything I had ever thought about. There was no judgment from her, and she seemed to even have a sense of humor. We really just talked about things. I had some questions, and she had issues that she wanted to discuss.

I kept walking down the trail as this was going on. It almost helped me stay in a meditative state. I remember I even walked by several people who were passing by and said hello and the distraction still did not interrupt what we had going on. She explained how she had been introducing me to certain things for a long time and was actually laughing at my reaction to her talking to me. Unfortunately, she had to spend a considerable amount of time that day just calming me down. Yet we still managed to have a decent interaction. Now it is almost too common for me to just be talking to one of my guides while I'm out for a walk or even in the shower. Sometimes it gets frustrating because you start to get a response before you fully ask the question.

I am sure my situation is similar to other's who do this kind of thing. I know I have come across many videos online with people channeling, and there are countless books. I think that we live in a great time right now. We have information at our fingertips, and we are learning as a species at a tremendous rate because of that. The energies of the entire earth feel as

though they are speeding up. Science is finding out that our reality is way more complex than they previously thought. We have quantum physics and teams of scientists that have dedicated their lives to studying the dimensions of our consciousness. There are people who can read mathematics like it is a language. We have our electronics attached to us like umbilical cords. There is so much going on right now on this earth that it makes one dizzy to stand back and look at the big picture.

I guess the final switch that was triggered for me was the belief. When I started to look at the big picture, and learned about deep time, it became so clear to me. I suddenly believed that this is all real, and things are real that you thought not real before. There used to be gigantic dinosaurs roaming around everywhere like a science fiction novel. How does that not blow people's minds? Well, it did mine, and when it did I suddenly had this power of faith, you could say. I had this feeling that I was real and more than just bones and blood. I realized that I had always known that magic was real.

This has been a very short version of the story, but the message is that this process can be a bit slow, and it's supposed to be that way. A lot of people are not able to make the kind of contact that they would like to either because they are afraid, or they just don't really believe. This is why I say to start small. Start with just meditating. You don't have to do it like an Indian Yogi, just sit and close your eyes. Focus on your breathing and slow your thoughts. It is hard to turn them off or not think of something, but rather just think about your breathing and your body. The sounds in the room. Maybe focus on a candle flame.

Don't try to make contact at first, but prepare your mind for later. This includes physically. You are not going to be able to meditate very well or do any other kind of magical endeavor for that matter if your belly is stuffed with cakes and sweets. Make sure that you are hydrated and generally taken care of. These are just things to help you along. You have to be in a good mindset to trust yourself enough to interpret the messages that you receive. So take care of your physical body. I have found that taking walks in the woods is very beneficial to not only your physical body, but your spiritual self as well.

That being said, the next most important step is to educate yourself. One of the first things that I was told was that I was limited on what I would be able to understand because I had to interpret or translate the messages based on what I already know. It would do no good for someone to start telling you

about the inner workings of a car engine if you knew nothing about cars at all, or even their existence for that matter. So spend your time looking up the subjects that you gravitate toward or that resonate in you somehow. This will help for there to be some vocabulary to use in your dialogue or at least a general understanding that you could relate some of the messages to. Sometimes you receive what is more of an emotional feeling that you must interpret. Again this is where you must have trust in yourself to interpret the message, and it is part of learning to tune into that station as we described it.

I know I have been in one or more situations where I was scolded by my guide for being unfairly judgmental about someone. Some people would have dismissed this as just the feeling of guilt. You have to tune in further and understand that you are communicating with more than words. You can have a teacher or mentor relationship with your guides. Sometimes they are there reminding you of your lessons when you least expect them. I have heard people explain these kinds of communication as speaking with your higher self or source energy.

When you are talking about rituals with evocation and invocation you are usually dealing with something that wants to be more constructed. Almost like dialing a phone number. If you need to speak with a particular spirit or whatever non-physical form you may need to go about it in a certain way. There has always been an important aspect to ritual. Anthropologists are still going crazy trying to figure out why we have always been so concerned with ritual. Of course, people can say that it is nothing more than noticing planting and harvesting seasons and game migration, but we see that the magic rituals and religious rituals go so much deeper than that. Even in the most remote untouched areas of the world the people are usually steeped in religion and ritual. It seems to come along with being human. Even nonreligious people follow the societal rituals and even have beliefs about an afterlife or ghosts. Is this all somehow part of our factory settings?

It is also good to remember that non-physical forms are “People” as well. Lots of things in this universe think they’re people. Lots of species on this planet consider themselves to be just as much people as the humans. And like human people non-physical people have the same characteristics of other people. Some are playful, some are very smart, some are mischievous, and some are just down right nasty. Just like in our more agreed upon physical world we will gravitate toward what feels best for us at the moment. I think this is where I go into how you can’t judge or look at things in such a black

and white perspective when dealing with the non-physical.

People are genuinely good or from light or whatever you want to call it. Everything is. Once when I was watching a video of some of the LSD studies done back in the fifties I saw a woman who was asked while deep into a LSD trip if it was an unpleasant or pleasant experience. She described that there isn't anything unpleasant. She looked like she couldn't even understand how someone would ask such a question. She went on to ask the researcher if he could not see how everything was alive and just wonderful. It was a beautiful piece of footage. I had those same realizations when we experimented with mushrooms as a teenager. We actually wanted to have shamanic experiences, and we did. I enjoy seeing the studies that make me remember the wonderful times all over again. Anyway, what I am trying to say is that there is no good or bad here. It is how the people feel. No one wants to feel bad, yet sometimes we do. This is true with non-physical and physical alike. Those bad days are called for though. All just part of the big lesson. We know what happens when we feel bad. We automatically want others to feel bad. We always want some kind of revenge if possible, and really in the end that is okay.

I have done spells in my time against people who were on the negative side to say the least. I'm sure every witch has an infraction or two no matter how white they consider themselves. I am also sure the most horrible of an evil person has done things out of kindness or love, so it goes both ways. Basically, treat both physical and non-physical with respect because you don't know what kind of astral day they are having, and you don't know what kind of power they have. Also consider that if you want to send something after your enemy you're not going to go to your everyday spirit guide. You might have to go to a bit of a darker place and find someone there who wants to help you. I would almost want to say to play with you here because, like I said, some of them are very mischievous and are just waiting for a conduit to come through and cause some mayhem. So whenever meeting new people proceed with caution.

Another thing I have come to understand is that this world, and not really so much the planet, but this world is like a university. A God school. We are all here getting that big degree. Everyone is in different stages of the learning process or is a master or teacher. I have heard some people describe earth as a prison planet, and for some this is also very true as well. Some people use this time for learning, some for playing. And some feel only as though they

are trapped. We have to understand that there is a universal truth in the saying “We are one.” We are all the same static in the room. When we think of what we really are we have to think of us being in a big body of water, and we are just a little whirlpool, if you will. Each one of us is a process that is always changing. When you begin to realize this connection that you have to everything you will find it easier to communicate with others. Of course, this is a realization that can never be put into words, and I have just tried to put it into words so I am not sure what kind of job I have done with that.

In conclusion, I will say that anyone can have these kinds of communication with other life forms. It just takes a little practice and belief. You already have spirit guides around you. If you want to talk to them they will talk with you, but you have to listen. You also must want to learn. The hard part is understanding what you have learned. It is also hard to find it in yourself to believe in the things that you need to in order for them to be real. Start small and just work on yourself. If you really want this kind of guidance, then it will come to you. When the student’s ready the teacher will come.

Charles Webb

Asmodai
An Unholoy Trinity
S. Connolly



Asmodeus from Dictionnaire Infernal

IT is said Asmodai derives from the Avestan phrase *aēšma-daēva, meaning “wrath spirit,” or, as I prefer to say, “Spirit of wrath.” As Asmodeus, he is the Daemon from Talmudic legends, the grand antagonist in

the building of the Temple of Solomon, one of the seven Crown Princes of Hell who presides over lust. Allegedly he is a King of Nine Hells in the writings of Renaissance clergymen. In Goetia he is King Asmoday, ruling over legions of Daemonic soldiers. In Goetia he is also Amducius/Amducias, a spirit of musicians and tempests. The name of Asmodeus, like many Daemons, has numerous variants and spellings.

Notice in all of these descriptions that these three Daemonic forces possess the same underlying currents—desire and passion. Desire is the want, whereas passion is the drive to obtain the want.

In Daemonolatry, this is where a different perspective comes into play. We remove all the mythology and look at what these Daemons embody. As it was explained to me during my apprenticeship, three-headed, the Asmodai (desires/passions) are Asmoday, Asmodeus, and Amducias. Three aspects of a similar motivating force—each of which is passionate in its own right. Perhaps even wrathful if you could harness the passion behind wrath over the negativity. Passion itself is not negative or positive, it simply is. Asmodeus is sexual desire and passion. Amducias is desire and passion for vengeance/wrath and, perhaps, even power. Asmoday is desire and passion for wealth and success.

Asmodai encourages us to explore our desires and find the source of them. To obtain that which we desire. He/it (they) encourages us in our momentum forward toward our goals and that exploration of all of those things we desire. Desire motivates passion. Desire can also be crippling, manifesting jealousy or addiction. Desire drives us to work hard, mate, and build empires. It can also drive us to war. It can help us find companionship or cause us to be forever alone jumping from lover to lover. Without desire, what are we? We are barren. So in that sense, the Daemonic Asmodai forces enrich us and are a path to abundance.

The following ritual meditation will not only help the practitioner connect with the Asmodai current, but also connect with any individual Daemonic force within this most unholy trinity.

Items Necessary

Three red candles inscribed with the following:

Cupiditas Asmodai

Anoint the candles with cinnamon and benzoin macerated in grape seed oil.

Now draw the seals upon parchment. You can use personalized or variant seals of these Daemons. For reference, the seals of the three are thus:



Asmodeus



Amducius 1



Amducius 2



Asmoday

This ritual is going to be set up in a triangle/pyramid construct. Basically, what you'll do here is place one candle over each of the seals in a triangle large enough for you to sit in. The directional placement can be subjective here. I prefer Amducias Southeast, Asmoday North, and Asmodeus Southwest if I'm using the elemental configuration North/Earth, East/Air, South/Fire, and West/Water. If I am putting Water North and Earth West, I will put Asmodeus in the South, Asmoday Northwest, and Amducias Northeast. Go with your inspiration and personal associations here. Don't forget to consider alchemical combinations.

Prepare yourself by bathing, drinking a glass of water, and anointing your third eye with flying ointment or the infusion of cinnamon and benzoin. Please be careful and test ALL anointing oils on your leg to make sure you won't have an allergic reaction to it first (before anointing your third eye with anything).

Sit within the triangle nude (or wearing white robes or clothing if you must be clothed), face the south quadrant of the room, and close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Ground and center yourself.

Next, intone the following Enns until your body is vibrating with their essence:

Asmodeus—Ayer avage Aloreñ Asmodeus aken

Amducius/Amdusias—Denyen valocur avage secore Amdusias

Asmoday—Ayer avage Aloreñ Asmoday aken

(A Note About Enns: My theory is they're called enns from the alchemical term ens (entia plural). The ens is the influence or principle that affects us. The essence of something. So essentially, the enns (entia) or enn (en) of a Daemon is basically a way to call upon the essence of that Daemonic force. Oftentimes, in communication with a Daemonic force, a magician will receive variant enns attuned to their personal connection to that Daemon, making them most useful to the magician who received them. So if you find yourself compelled to modify the above enns, just go with it and see what happens. Don't forget to write it down.)

Now, when working with Asmodeus, some people report feeling the urge to masturbate during ritual. If this happens it's perfectly normal, and the magus should do so if the mood strikes. That exploding release of energy during orgasm can be rather satisfying in a connection ritual like this and can also lend a great deal of energy to any magickal work done in conjunction with this ritual and the Asmodai in general.

For those who enjoy the practice of prayer or oration, the following may be useful and can also be used during targeted operations for manifested results.

Oration for Amducias

Anointed one, bringer of destruction, lord of desolation, lay waste to this which no longer serves me. Make barren the works of those who oppose me. Great Amducias, Lord of the void, bring me vindication.

Oration for Asmodeus

Hail great serpent of lust, Asmodeus, thou art sacred. From the flames arise in want, probing deftly into the depths of the abyss. Arise, arise Daemonic

fire, resplendent in the beauty of your invulnerable flame.

Oration for Asmoday

Blessed is Asmoday, bringer of success and wealth to this world. Bestow your abundance upon me that I may live in comfort and dominion the rest of my days.

Oration for the Asmodai

Glory be to the Asmodai, beloved desire, rise within me that I may have great power over all that stands before me. Through you I am master of my life, my world. Hail to the Asmodai.

Next Steps

Now that you have attuned yourself to the current, what do you do with it? You apply it to your goals, of course. Attuning oneself to the desire/passion current is useless unless you plan on applying it. If you don't, you're merely torturing yourself. This is why work with the Asmodai is great for creative types to destroy creative blocks of all sorts. You can most definitely attach your own magickal rites to this one, including scrying so that you may speak with the Asmodai and seek advice in a plethora of matters. From work, to relationships, to spiritual contentment, if there's desire or passion behind it, the Asmodai can be of great benefit.

Modifications

All rituals can be modified to bring the magician his/her desired results. Modification can also be helpful during injury and illness or during periods where a full-blown ritual is impractical (such as visiting the Catholic in-laws). This ritual can be done entirely in the astral temple if necessary. Tea lights can be used in place of candles. An incense composed of a pinch of saffron, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of sandalwood, and a half cup of red or yellow rose petals may be burned during this ritual. As this is a fire rite, this work can be done in front of a fire pit with the seals set out in a row next to it. The magician should be facing south in this instance.

S. Connolly

Familiar Spirits

Frater X

IT commenced with a Winter Solstice Enochian Vision Magick session conducted by Grand Master Lon Milo DuQuette on a virtual webinar. There were several hundred of us worldwide attending the epic event via Internet—it was, of course, December 21st 2012—the end of the world.

For this working we would call the 30th Aethyr TEX, the closest concentric sphere of the “heavenly glass onion” to the earth, using the Enochian Vision Magick system developed by our good friend, Lon. After the perfunctory prayers and banishing to create the magical space, Maestro DuQuette masterfully recited the chants activating the furniture, in almost perfect Enochian tongue. Reciting the calls in the Enochian language instantly changes one’s consciousness inducing a state of mind conducive to vision magic. The calls sing in the angel’s native tongue, they sing of the attributes of the particular one called, offering a dignified invitation to communicate with the mage.

It would be a general operation weaving a seven dimensional “basket of energy” above the Sigillum Dei Aemeth upon an activated Holy Table, Lamens, and Ring. We would construct a working model of the universe tuning our consciousness to establish a pathway to the divine circuitry of the cosmos within what can only be described as an “angel terrarium” by the Maestro himself. Enochian workings are powerfully moving, to say the least, though it was more the timing of this event than the ritual itself that drew us together. This was after all 2012 the predicted apocalypse! It was the harbinger of a new age for the more fundamental fringe Christian elements of our modern society—others of all religious and spiritual persuasions felt a change coming in the ether as well.

For me personally, it was the culmination of years of esoteric and ritual labors. It was also the next phase in my Magical training on the road to Master Adept. Five years before the Solstice Enochian working I had joined Paul Foster Case’s Builders of the Adytum, (as well as nine other Freemasonic orders several invitational bodies such as the Knight Masons, and the Masonic Rosicrucians along with the Ancient Order of Druids in

America). I self-initiated justifying my action as being destiny to realize my full spiritual potential in this lifetime. I felt very strongly about attaining my goals as stated. The first of which was to free myself of inner fear. And I must report that a slight tremor I had attributed to lifelong anxiety—my hands shook ever so subtly—immediately vanished after my initiation. I also sought to become a successful writer/researcher and, “talk circuit speaker” was how I worded it. Lo and behold I would have an internationally known Internet radio show several years later, and come to be considered an expert in occult and esoteric studies—as was also stated in my initial intent.

I focused my will without any doubts about what I was doing. Having the courage, I stepped into the magical circle.

I became a Master Initiate participating in, and enacting, the sacred holy dramatis in my own psyche in an attempt to activate the genetic memories encoded deep within. I believe I achieved great results in my endeavors.

Producing and hosting a live weekly Internet radio show for three years out of Austin, Texas I gained access to authors and publishers of magical books such as Lon Milo DuQuette and Grand Arch Druid John Michael Greer, along with many others, including E A Koetting.

I have logged some thirteen hours of live and podcasted interviews with Lon Milo DuQuette on my weekly talk show called *The Middle Chamber* which I now co-host with my wife: Mater X.

Lon and I began our dialog discussing magic in general especially his *Tarot of Ceremonial Magick*. We also discussed his works *The Key to Solomon's Key*—about Magick and Freemasonry, and *Understanding Aleister Crowley's Thoth Tarot*—a post-graduate course textbook on that subject. But by far the most impressive and inspiring material we have covered pertains to both the Enochian and Goetic systems of Magick.

I am a relative newcomer to the Enochian (and Goetia) systems—though I am no stranger to Ceremonial Magic. I am a regular practitioner, in fact. I came from a magical household. My mother—who was the ruling Matriarch of my family—became a practicing Pagan Wiccan in my adolescence. My parents were both Master Gardeners as well, so I was raised with a strong sense of natural magic in my awareness. Studying Scott Cunningham's *Solitary Practitioner's Guide* from Llewellyn I learned the basics. I trained in both Gardnerian and Alexandrian Magical approaches. I also learned the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram by heart along with many other aspects of Solomonic Magic eventually modifying my own innovation for

opening and closing a magickal work space.

I learned early on how to orient myself in such a created space, which has served me my entire life. After years of study and practice I continue to modify my own approach to the magickal arts. I am a Chaos Mage and anarchist at heart.

Leaving home at sixteen years old, I maintained contact with my mother and often joined her monthly coven for full moon rituals. In the spring and summer months I was off wandering the land in search of keys to unlock the secrets of the universe.

I realized very early coming from working class citizens; I was destined to a life of toil and servitude in America. So, I opted out of compulsion school as soon as I could and chose my own curriculum in the library stacks of many towns and cities across America. While I was still young and free to wander, that's exactly what I did.

Being raised in the elaborate thought-stopping obedience training system that is American cultural and educational indoctrination, it was clearly an advantage to have magic presented to me by my own mother framed as a positive tool for healing and integrating a fragmented psyche.

The Abrahamic Religious infestation was rampant throughout the coastal shores of New England in my youth. The life of the vagabond was an alternative to escape the clutches of discipleship.

I discovered the taboo smashing, convention flaunting, "holy madness" of the Beat Generation as a young teenager embracing the sacred mission of the "Dharma Bum," I wandered through the highways and bi-ways of the American landscape in search of its lost "zeitgeist." The way of Zen igniting archetypes of Eastern thought in my mind darkened by the ecclesiastical repression of the West. The inoculant of Eastern mysticism brought new light to the occulted knowledge of Western Hermetics.

And, true to form, as a man of the West, I did indulge in the voluntary derangement of the senses in Rimbaud like visionary/shamanistic fashion. I did traverse the inner landscape of terra incognita. In my mind I was a postmodern bard, a mystic troubadour, wandering Celtic shaman, a psychonaut exploring inner space.

In fact, I would assert here and now that it was this inner magical grail quest, this approach to reality through entheogenic experience and the full embrace of the fool's path of "vagabondage" or perpetual wander and wonder, and the art of magic itself that eventually freed me from the snares of

organized religion and mental slavery.

The High Priestess of the Full Moon Coven to which my mother belonged was a soothsayer and spirit medium. She also did past-life regressions. My mother had many sessions with the High Priestess who informed her that my biological father—a violent alcoholic who was long gone from our household for his abuses—had murdered my mother in many past lives, and that down through the ages he had stalked and killed her again and again. He was in fact “a demon” according to the soothsayer. My mother apparently was “...lucky to escape with her life in this lifetime...” It was very alarming news to me especially as this supposed demon’s offspring!

It was only years later after much research into ancient and forbidden knowledge and arcane lore that I realized the full import and implications of this insight. I would research my entire family history on my mother’s side tracing the family tree all the way back to ninth century Ireland via several hundred years in Western Scotland. What little information available there was about my father’s side of the family I also gathered. My mother’s history was more intact and far more interesting.

It seems we came from a long line of diviners and dancers in the spirit realms. My people were brought along with one of the Kings of Connacht in ninth century Ireland migrating to Scotland. The Viking incursions into the kingdoms of Connacht forced some Kings to move. Once these ancient Celts reached the Western Isles of Scotland they settled there. My bloodline flourished in Western Scotland spreading throughout the Isles and inlets. One island was named Monk’s Isle after a family member who was said to be so holy he was canonized in the first millennium.

In 1295 my people formed a Clan in the ancient traditions and were recognized by the Earl of Lennox as the Lairds of one of the largest Lochs in Scotland. They ruled their barony for almost four centuries until they lost their lands to Cromwell’s forces during the Protestant Ascendancy of 1650. One particular Laird in the bloodline is very remarkable.

Sir John the 16th Lord was born in 1596, he married Lilius Graham, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Montrose (and sister of the great Marquis), on 6 Jul 1620 in Scotland. He then fell in love with his wife’s pretty sister, Lady Katherine (Catherine) Graham, and after eloping with her in 1632, fled the country living in exile in Sicily.

He was accused of using witchcraft and sorcery to woo his wife’s sister, and criminal charges were raised against him for incest and “abduction by

sorcery.” He was in absentia declared a fugitive from justice, excommunicated, and his life escheat was given away.

Sir John was said to be a necromancer who was skilled in Black Magic and was the last family member to openly practice witchcraft in Scotland.

Sir John and Lady Katherine had a son a year after they “eloped” in 1633. They named him William. In 1650, (the year of Sir John’s death), William was captured by Cromwell’s forces while defending his ancestral lands. Placed in shackles he was marched to the sea along with thousands of other Scots—where he and the other survivors were sold into slavery as prisoners of war and shipped to the colonies to work the bog-iron mines of Quincy, Massachusetts. And that’s how my people came to America.

What arcane knowledge did Sir John use? What infernal spirits did he “dance with” in his time? What cosmic contacts had he made? I have my suspicions.

I have always been drawn to the darkness. The shadow aspects of the psyche and reality, in general, have always seemed to present insights and greater understanding. What seemed to scare and repel others was exciting somehow welcoming to me. And what I intuitively understood about taboos was that some were designed to keep those unworthy or “profane” from accessing the power to evolve or “meta-program” (to quote Robert Anton Wilson).

And this is exactly what we are talking about: inviting transformative change into consciousness through ritual meta-programing, making contact with one’s “higher genius,” and stepping into the circuitry of the cosmos for the ultimate upgrade.

Unfortunately, I was also susceptible to the more self-destructive tendencies from my upbringing and the example-setters therein. Drugs and crime offered their own thrilling appeal to one so iconoclastically oriented as I. And I found myself on the wrong side of the law more than once.

On one particular crazy evening in my little New England hometown I decided to steal a car stereo I was made aware of from a for sale sign on the side of the road. It was a later model Volkswagen Rabbit with an Alpine CD player. It was 1991. I was drunk and homeless. At that time, my life seemed chaotic and out of control; substance abuse and dangerous behavior took the forefront of my activities as magic and spiritual aspirations faded into the background—though never far from my awareness.

After swilling a liter of cheap tequila by myself I wandered through the

autumn evening to the parked car and attempted a hasty larceny. Things did not work out as I had imagined. Trying to use the windshield wiper as a “Slim-Jim” to pop the door lock I sliced open my thumb down to the artery instead.

As a jet spray of warm blood squirted from my hand a police car suddenly turned its spotlight on me from the end of the driveway. For the next twenty minutes, I led local law enforcement on a chase through the back alleys and dirt paths surrounding the downtown area. My hand continued to bleed profusely, and I began to feel dizzy. I needed sanctuary, and I knew just the place.

St. Christopher’s Episcopal Church was by far the richest church in my hometown. Many millionaires and billionaires made up the rank and file of its congregation.

It was after 2am when I entered the chapel to St. Christopher’s through a back alley entrance I knew to always be unlocked. As a homeless young man, I used the facilities in the church day or night through this very entrance with some regularity—in fact, I had been going there since I was a child. Being right downtown it was an ideal place to duck into quick and use the bathroom fill up water pistols snack on food offers or other such mischief.

The dizziness increased from both the large quantity of alcohol still coursing through my system and the thinner-than-usual blood flowing freely from my thumb. Stumbling across the chapel to the altar, I frantically wrenched at the pure white altar cloth covering the altar. I clumsily wrapped the cloth around my bleeding hand and promptly passed out on the top step of the altar.

Sometime after dawn I awoke with a start to the sound of a commercial vacuum cleaner pushed by the church janitor in the lobby outside the chapel. Looking at my surroundings, and myself, I was horrified. Not only was I covered in blood; the white altar cloth was caked with blood and stuck to a wide gash on my thumb. I had to peel the cloth off my thumb. There were bloodstains all over the white carpet around the altar. It looked like someone had been murdered there.

Still worse was the fact I could not immediately recall what had happened the night before, my mind still clouded by the effects of tequila. It was quite a shock. I felt sheer panic as I quickly exited through the same door I came in the night before. Heading down the road to my family’s house, I planned on hopping through a back window for a quick shower to clean off the gore from

the night's misadventures.

I was intercepted on the way by a local cop who also grew up in my hometown. "Where were you running to last night? What were you up to anyway?" he asked eyeing my blood-stained clothing. "What's with all the blood?"

"To be perfectly honest with you I am not really sure... I got pretty drunk last night on tequila it's all still pretty foggy," I answered, scratching my head.

"Well, I have a call to go to so, stay out of trouble!" (It was the janitor over at St. Christopher's church reporting a break in.) The officer sped off to the scene of the crime, unbeknownst to him, leaving the culprit behind to make his own shaky escape!

By the time I made it to my parent's empty house (I knew they would be at work), and climbed in through the back window, the cop had put two and two together and headed to my current location. On a hunch, he assumed I was on my way home.

I was just about to step into the shower when a knock came at the front door. I could have run out the back window and through the woods and just keep running, but my destiny lay elsewhere. So I opened the door.

"You're gonna have to come down to the station. I've got a priest down there who really wants to talk to you..."

No matter how I tried to explain it the priest of St. Christopher's refused to believe me. He just couldn't accept my simple drunken explanation. Apparently, I had flailed about in my unconscious stupor on the altar and left semi-circular patterns in blood on the pure white carpeting.

"Admit to me the evil you have committed! You have desecrated my sanctuary!" He screamed in my face as drops of spittle flew from his mouth.

I was charged with breaking and entering in the nighttime with intent to commit a felony. My six-month sentence was suspended and I was ordered to pay eighty dollars to replace the defiled altar cloth. My name was also published in the local newspaper.

A small article mentioned the incident, the trial, and also the authorities' suspicions of Satanism and 'blood desecration'—much to the dismay of my grandfather (my father's father) an upstanding citizen in my hometown—a very small town. He was a postmaster at one of the local post offices, a war veteran, and a member of the local Knights of Columbus commandery, and we shared the same name!

I found myself purchasing some items in the hardware store across the street from St. Christopher's several months after the incident. The little old lady behind the counter was a deaconess at the church and she knew exactly who I was. Her eyes never left me the moment I entered the store, and when my total on the register came to \$6.66 she gasped and clutched the gold crucifix hanging around her neck.

Without missing a beat I held up two fingers in the sign of the horned god and said, "Hell yeah!!!" as I left the store with my stuff.

This was neither the beginning nor the end of my criminal mayhem and, indeed, within a few weeks I had violated the orders of the court and was back in front of the judge on a few new felonies. In 1992 I found myself sentenced to a two and one half year incarceration for multiple counts of assault and battery on police officers as well as assault with a dangerous weapon: "shod foot"—which means I kicked a cop during my apprehension. I was twenty-one years old.

In the few months leading up to my conviction I had been inspired to return to the study and practice of magic with more earnest. I had recently been exposed to occult fantasy fiction and literature that re-sparked my interest in gaining greater understanding of real magic and, most especially, investigations into the left-hand path.

The gothic stories of H.P. Lovecraft and other more modern occult writers rekindled interests in the esoteric latent within me. I had found several sources of ancient and forbidden knowledge. One casual acquaintance, another jailhouse kid I had encountered on the streets, passed on a paperback copy of the original *Necronomicon* from the Seventies. His name was Danny Kennedy; he would die several years later when a close friend "accidentally" shot him in the face with a shotgun. I met him through my good friend Bob—who often let me crash at his house and shared his food with me when I was homeless, hungry, and cold. He was a good friend and a kind soul, though he too had his own struggle with "inner demons" like many of my associates.

After reading several passages from the dark tome one evening sleeping in Bob's empty guest room, I called out to the darkness and summoned evil to appear before me and reveal its true nature. There was no immediate response. As I lay upon my mattress wondering at the truth of duality and polarity I suddenly heard a train in the distance. This may not seem strange except the train tracks in my hometown had been pulled up long ago only dirt trails remained. In my whole life there were never tracks on those trails. Yet I

heard a train approaching. Suddenly my body was racked with convulsions. I lay prone in the fetal position locked in what seemed an endless moment of terror. I tried to call out, but I could not.

The train engine grew to a loud roar in my ears and then faded as it seemed to approach then recede, after which I was released from the infernal grip and lay panting and sweating on my bed. Something had reached out to me. Something made contact.

I was fascinated with the ideas and principles of petitioning and engaging cosmic elemental forces infernal or otherwise. But I still lacked the maturity, conviction, and insights necessary to access the ways and means to power.

The art of magic is founded on the belief system of the magician, and mine was still forming... the magician explores only as far as his personal level of initiation will permit.

Mircea Eliade, author of *Shamanism*, has described the process of “election” of the shaman; it begins with some notification from the spirit world that the subject has been “elected” to become a shaman. This is when these spiritual forces, demonic or angelic, or simply an amoral spiritual entity of some kind make their presence known to the future shaman. Eliade tells us anti-social (criminal) behaviors, sexual deviance, and ambiguity were all evidence of a shamanistic vocation in some cultures.

The process of initiation begins immediately upon notification to the future shaman that he or she has been elected. This initiatory process often involves a gradually worsening state of mental disorder and illness. This even includes a sensation of being murdered and dismembered—of having one’s organs removed and being reduced to a skeleton. All of this being an internalized experience, of course.

Prison could have been far worse than it was. As a young man with nothing to lose and a strong determination to learn I threw myself into my situation and chose to make the most of my time. I found it easy to coexist with my fellow inmates—it helped that my charges were violent assault on police officers—also the steady twenty-five dollars a week my mother faithfully sent me allowed me a certain level of comfort. I immediately made friends with what were called “the 400 club,” individuals capable of bench pressing over four hundred pounds and begged them to teach me fitness training. They were at first indifferent, but as I showed up every day and proved my commitment they eventually took me under their wings. This was a great tactical move for obvious reasons.

Unfortunately, the corrections system decided I would be better rehabilitated if I joined their “substance abuse program” because my charges were substance abuse related. What this amounted to was a quasi-religious indoctrination into their government sponsored 12-step cult. The endless meetings and groups requiring attendance in the substance abuse “treatment” program seriously cut into my gym time as well. I refused to participate. I was brought before the internal kangaroo court called the Disciplinary Board or “D” Board for short. They ordered me to comply or suffer severe consequences. I still refused and was placed into the Special Handling Unit or “S.H.U.” status for short—otherwise known as “the hole.”

It was here that everything changed.

Before one is remanded to the hole—which amounts to twenty-four-hour isolation for seventy-two hours at a time (with a fifteen minute break every three days “outside the box”)—an inmate goes into twenty-three hour lockdown with another offender within the system.

In other words, while you wait for your turn in the hole in a sort of limbo state you had to share a cell with someone else who has broken the rules while incarcerated for twenty-three hours a day with a one hour break in a recreational area.

My new cellmate during this pre-hole status was a Muslim man who was a prison barber and black market tobacco dealer. He had stabbed a rival barber in general population in the neck with his trimming shears. Competition was brutal in the prison haircutting business it seems. In the two weeks waiting in that eight-by-ten-foot concrete and metal box I watched this man pray five times a day kneeling on the floor of our cell. He sang his Islamic prayers in a beautiful voice. He spoke of his faith and his god often. He wondered at my situation with great puzzlement. And he admonished me to find my path back to God as he understood things.

I was impressed by his faith but also annoyed by his convictions and exclusive belief in Islam as the only way.

After two weeks, I was moved into twenty-four hour isolation for disobeying the D Board. I was allowed out every three days for fifteen minutes to either shower or make a phone call on the payphone at the end of the noisy tier. This served as my first magickal retirement. While the prison shrieked and howled all around my isolation chamber till the darkest hours before dawn I turned within and traveled to the farthest reaches of multi-dimensions and mystical realms. Endless, often feverish, prayers,

meditations, and push-ups saw me through the most agonizing loneliness. And after twenty-eight days I was brought disheveled and unwashed back before the tribunal of clean cut corrections officials glaring down at me from their elevated table.

I agreed to their terms and promised to “participate” in the prison substance abuse treatment program. Within seven months I was paroled to a long-term treatment facility in the Great Woods of Norton, Massachusetts.

The rehab was directly across the street from the town library. I immediately located, and checked-out, Aleister Crowley’s *Portable Darkness Anthology* by Kenneth Grant. This massive volume was filled with huge excerpts of the Great Beast’s writings, teachings, and commentaries. It was fascinating to me and extremely inspiring.

There were certain requirements in my “treatment plan” at the rehab I was expected to meet as conditions of my parole. One of which was making conscious contact with a “higher power,” and it was highly suggested I actively practice some form of spirituality. The choice was easy: Magick would be my religion and the Goddess my higher power. I would eventually adopt a more balanced view of “Divine Patrons-God and Goddess” as creators of all things.

Upon supplicating to the “Old Ones” of the Druid pantheon to “lead me to my place of power” I found a ten-foot tall ivory colored “standing stone” glacier dropping in the forest behind the rehab. After consecrating the spot with what can only be described as a Chaos Magick innovation I was off and running.

And many amazing adventures led me through the years, many exciting journeys, and much growth in the ways of the Art of Magick brought me to that Enochian Solstice Working on December 21, 2012.

Little did I know that twenty-four days later on January 14, 2013 I would find our roommate and my close friend in high school hanging dead from a deck railing on our basement patio on the very day I was to begin writing my first book.

My friend Dave was renting our (Familia X) basement as he tried to pick up the pieces of his own shattered life. He was the same age as me, forty-three years old, and his life was like a country western song. He had lost everything that meant anything to him materially. He was clinging to the edge when he called me one night, and out of old friendship and some nostalgic sense of obligation, I responded. He had been living in the

basement six months when I told him we were moving. He had nowhere to go. No one wanted him around. No one else seemed willing or able to help him. We could only do so much with four kids of our own to care for. He gave up.

Finding him dead facing the rising sun that cold January morning was one of the saddest and most traumatic experiences of my life. It took a month for me to muster the will to start the work I intended that day.

I had the foresight to record the working with Lon on the Solstice and have often used the audio in rituals. The marvelous fact is the Enochian system compliments all forms of Magick. On June 12 (one day before the full moon Friday the 13th) of 2014 I did a ritual with the deliberate intention of making contact with the 30th Aethyr TEX.

After the usual opening procedures to banish the Magickal circle for work I called the 30th Aethyr using my recording of Lon Milo DuQuette from the 2012 Solstice. With the Enochian furniture all activated: the Sigillum Dei Aemeth, the Holy Table, Lamens, and Ring, I was ready to contact TEX.

I stated my intentions and asked for the power and protection to maintain the equilibrium necessary to reach my goals. I asked for help modifying a new system that would offer greater understanding of Magick and reveal the secrets hidden in plain sight in existing systems. During the vision phase of the working I received a powerful water elemental sigil which corresponded to The Hanged Man card of the Tarot “the spirit of the mighty waters” enforced sacrifice, punishment and loss; fatal and not voluntary suffering in general. The submergence of the higher into the lower in order to sublimate the lower—it is the descent of the spirit into matter—the incarnation of the Divine in humanity. It was clearly a response from TEX!

I pledged to complete my Enochian labors: the Great Work of progression through all thirty Aethyrs if they would assist in all my endeavors.

The next Working I did provided yet another sigil, this one more powerful than the last. It was on the full moon and Venus conjunction Mercury retrograde. On my altar is an incense holder in the form of Ganesh, the elephant god, from the Hindu pantheon during the vision phase his image came into focus. The second sigil I received was far more complex than the first, and I wondered at it as I finished the ritual. Leaving the space, I went into the other room and picked up my tablet with my top secret reader's e-copy of *The Anthology of Sorcery Volume One* from *Become a Living God*, loaded up, and turned to the next page I was reading. Glancing at the image

on page 17, I almost dropped the tablet. It was the haunting image of Behemoth the elephantine demon of the earth counterpart to Leviathan the Cthulhu like horror of the sea!

Aside from the direct association between the elephant god Ganesh of the Hindus and the elephantine demon of the book of Job, the artist's rendition of the demon not only contained all the same elements as the sigil I had just received, they were also arranged almost identically.

I called Eric Koetting immediately and recounted my experience.

He said, "Wow, are you talking about the image called Ascension of the God of Fire? Wow! I mean, this could be pretty cool... the god of fire from the Greek: Hephaistos."

"Yes! From the Romans: Vulcan-also called Tubal-Cain from the Canaanites the god of metallurgy as well and the patron god of Freemasonry," I interrupted.

"And, of course, the Norse god Loki the trickster and Sutr the fire giant!" he added.

"Very cool!" he exclaimed. "The union between the manifest and the divine is working here, but in a "deformed" way: man uniting with demon, the man-demon becoming a god—a Living God!"

Needless to say, we were both very inspired by this. TEX is said to be the Aethyr of a "leap of faith" also connected with Malkuth the sephirot of the Kabbalistic Tree of Life.

TEX is the condensation of God into physical incarnation. Ganesh is connected with the root chakra as well. The image in the Anthology came right after Koetting's chapter on the Kali Yuga:

"The Kali Yuga" E.A. reminded me, "Becoming a god—condensation of spirit into matter and matter into spirit... this is real confirmation of contact of the fact that the spirits themselves are speaking to us!"

Since then I have received six sigils total and discovered a powerful secret "hidden in plain sight." I have gained the insights to begin constructing a new modified magical system incorporating both the Enochian and Goetia materials!

E.A. Koetting was right the spirits themselves are speaking to us. So Mote It Be

Frater X

...Now, Throw Away Your Grimoire!

Bella

Geeks, Surfer-Girls & Other Magickal Creatures

HALF-HIDDEN in a corner, he sat slump-shouldered, as the party raged around him. Head bowed with burdens, his dull, mouse-brown hair hung like a limp curtain across his downcast eyes and plump, acne-ravaged face. Derek the Doormat—the quintessential geek!

Across the room, his twin sister held a group of admirers enthralled. Attractive, charismatic, self-confident, she seemed to be everything that Derek was not. He'd lived in the shadow of her perfect radiance his whole life.

"...Derek has to undergo a high-risk medical procedure next month... with less than a fifty percent chance of success... He's become so depressed... so lazy and unmotivated..."

Derek's appearance, his posture, his very aura, broadcast sludgy, heavy feelings of defeat, loneliness, insecurity, and worthlessness. In that moment, I knew I'd found my lab rat.

I have evoked unknown demons, which do not appear in any grimoire, to manifest specific changes in unknowing human targets, in alignment with my will.

The following is an account of one such blind evocation, which yielded a most startling result.

But first, let's break some rules...

Breaking the Rules

I do not worship demons, angels, gods, or humans. My approach is different.

Imagine the CEO of a business empire, putting together a diverse team of specialist consultants, all experts in their respective fields. Each is playing their part toward the successful completion of that particular project. That's a simplistic model of the way I view myself and the demons, angels, gods,

spirits, and other entities with whom I work in evocations.

My experience has been that, when the need arises and when approached with respect and judicious, focused intention, combinations of demons and angels (and other entities too) will work successfully and synergistically on a project, in a multiple-entity evocation. When managed effectively, it can make for some high voltage power flows, and some interesting results.

The boon and bane of retaining a beginner's sense of exploration is that, in blissful ignorance, you are free to write your own rules and create your own universe. Before the first deploying a new group, I individually evoke each prospective team member to discuss the project and ask if they are willing to work with the others. None have ever declined. Here's my favorite reply to one such party invitation:

Belial: "I was with you before you ever thought to call. I was within you before you ever dared stand in the triangle... I am already there..."

If this surprises you, think about it—which entity is more likely to back up the magician who's consciously making his/her own rules, than the demonic king of self-regulation?!

So, go ahead, break a few rules. I dare ya!

Now, back to our lab rat...

The Experiment

Purpose: To transform "Geeky Derek the Doormat," into "Derek the Debonair, in Command of his Destiny."

Sphere of influence:

- Health—the specific physical pathology, as well as his general physical health and fitness.
- Emotional/psychological—depression, hopelessness, apathy, issues about self-confidence and self-worth, inter-personal skills.
- Spiritual—fulfill highest destiny in life, happiness, passion, continuous personal and spiritual growth, ascent.
- On-going protection, support, and mentoring throughout all of the above.

Not much to ask, is it?

Method

A preliminary multiple evocation of: Glas'yos, Rantka, Raphael, and

Halah'thor², my preferred team of specialists for the above issues. They then assisted in calling forth an entity who would stay with our lab rat and continue to work with him over an extended period of time. The four gathered around me, each placing a hand over Derek's photograph, while the blind evocation took place. Here's who appeared in the smoke:

Name: Ah'rish'tun

Appearance: A tall, broad-shouldered man. His nose and mouth appear more feline than human. He has a mane of long, tawny hair and a golden glow around him. Ah'rish'tun's most striking features are his large, deep-violet eyes. His presence feels empowering and uplifting, paternal and supportive, strong and protective.

I immediately noticed some similarities to Marbas, who I'd evoked on previous occasions. But this felt different. Still, I had to ask, "Are you also known as Marbas?"

"No." Obviously, the strong, silent type—a virtuoso of one-word replies.

After some discussion, he agreed to take on the task.

Me: "How will I know that the experiment has been successful?"

Ah'rish'tun: "Eleven."

Me: "Clarify..."

Nothing. Gone. Empty air.

Eleven

There it was again, that exasperating demonic tendency to speak in riddles and answer questions with enigmas. I'd encountered it too many times before. There was so much more that I wanted to know, but he'd disappeared before I could even ask for his sigil, leaving only a hailstorm of doubts... Well, what did I expect from an unknown entity that I'd evoked on a whim! Straight answers? Cooperation? Amateur!

Psychic overload! Multiple evocations and alchemical transmutation experiments (more about that later) had taken their toll. Time to hit the beach! I was probably procrastinating, delaying the inevitable with this diversion, but I needed to go out and play. The beach is my favorite way to revitalise my energy. The combination of sun, salt-water, surf, sand, and ozone is the perfect manifestation of the four elements to recharge magickal batteries.

I tucked a book (on tarot, amongst other things³) into my beach bag, for a little apres-swim reading. Little did I suspect that this scenic detour would take me right back to where I'd left off: Eleven.

For those who (like me) may be oblivious to the numerical significance, here's the condensed version of my seaside reading:

5 symbolises the earthy human being; the microcosm;

6 symbolises perfect deity; the macrocosm;

$5 + 6 = 11$ symbolises their union: the ultimate alchemical conjunction—the great work, the living god.

DuQuette expresses it much more elegantly than I ever could:

“The next (and last) goal is for us to identify completely with our secret self and come to the full realisation that we are neither truly five nor six, but a big beautiful eleven.”

If that's the ultimate goal of alchemical transmutation, what might be the penultimate goal?

The Devil's Stone

The following are excerpts from conversations with demons about alchemical transformation and instantaneous physical manifestation—how to master the Devil's Stone (which, in case you're wondering, is still a work in progress).

Unfortunately, at the time, I didn't have the benefit of the “Mastering Soul Travel” course⁴. So, I embarked on my own version of Practical Alchemy 101, with a little help from Abryaiyan, Eshtalishtu, and Krehl'a'teral⁵. Actually, it was more than just a little help, though I failed to realize that at the time.

05/07/2014

Abryaiyan: “It is found in the centre... the zero point... the place of perfect balance... the seed of potentiality... First find the centre. Sit firmly in the centre to manifest. Know that it is already there.”

Me (frustrated): “All I'm hearing from you are pretty words and new-age platitudes. Give me something practical—something I can use.”

He was, indeed, giving me essential advice, though it wasn't until months later that I saw Abryaiyan's words in a new light...

A hermit living in a cave might create his/her own universe in which instantaneous transmutation of matter is a reality. The challenge is to be so centered within yourself that you carry your universe with you, intact, even when you bump up against other people and the universes they carry, and, of course, the universe of human consensus reality.

It's about learning to be so centered within yourself that your sense of self

is rock solid. And then learning how to carry your rock-solid center, the world you create, with you, into the everyday world of communal consciousness.

So, I set about finding and sinking solidly into my center. In the meantime, though, I didn't become a hermit in a cave, I did find it helpful to maintain silence about this work, and to temporarily withdraw from participation in social networks and online forums.

Welcome to the Dark Side

“...there has been mounting evidence that the universe has a dark side.”
(Brian Greene, Professor of Physics and Mathematics, Oxford6)

10/07/2014

Eshtalishtu: “Do you think passively sitting there, staring your will into an object will change it? Think of your most successful and effortless evocations, and remember how it felt to shoot out that lightning bolt of emotion, of pure passion... Remember how swiftly the desired results then ensued.”

Me: “How can material objects appear from apparently nothing?”

Eshtalishtu: “Dark Matter... The dark matter within your cauldron of creation...”

On this occasion, instead of incense smoke as my manifestation base, I had used the steam from boiling water with a mixture of essential oils in a white fondue pot. On hearing Eshtalishtu's words, my attention was drawn to it. It was no longer white. All I could see was a mass of swirling blackness. Then, moments later, it was a white fondue pot again.

Me: “Tell me the secret?”

In an instant, Eshtalishtu's appearance changed from an inward-focused, naked young man, standing away in the middle distance, to a black-clad jester, with a huge grin, kneeling on one knee before me, his leering face only inches from mine. It was a sudden, violent transformation, like some sinister jack-in-the-box, who'd popped out when I inadvertently asked the question that opened the lid. In the moment it took my startled shriek to cease, he'd changed back to the introverted, naked young man, standing in the middle distance.

Eshtalishtu: “All is manifested from dark matter.”

I wanted to ask more—“How? What is dark matter? How can I use this?” but he was no longer there. I am yet to fully understand what that dramatic

little side-show was all about. But it appears I'm not the only one asking.

"But if dark matter must exist, what's it made of?" There are some interesting theories: WIMPSs, MACHOs⁷, but... "So far, no one knows." (Greene).

There seems convincing evidence⁸ to support a hypothesis that the universe consists of:

- Ordinary Matter ~ 5%
- Dark Matter ~ 27%
- Dark Energy ~ 68%

Notice that there's over three times more dark matter than ordinary luminous matter. I wonder what we can do with it?

11/07/2014

I evoked Eshtalishtu again to ask those unanswered questions.

Eshtalishtu: "Everything you need to know, you already know."

Yeah, right! (Thanks very much!)

11/07/2014

Krehl'a'teral: "... (The Devil's Stone)... it is teachable. You are teachable. Apply yourself for three months." No more instruction than that.

Fine! I'll do it all by myself. And I then proceeded to waste a large amount of energy, on a daily basis, in frustratingly futile attempts to change the color of a clear cubic zirconia pendant to emerald green, and sprigs of lemon balm into sprigs of mint. After several weeks of getting nowhere, I admitted defeat and stopped.

Early morning, months later:

I'm lying in bed, midway through a visualisation exercise. The blinds are partly closed, allowing only a little light to filter through. My visualization is rudely interrupted:

"Transmute something."

Me: "Krehl'a'teral? Is that you?"

"Transmute something! Now!"

Still in that altered state, I looked across and saw a crystal vase, containing a single blood-red rose, which I'd been given the previous night.

"Change it to a white rose."

How did he know I was thinking about the rose?! I attempted the transformation, just as I had all those futile times before, and surprise,

surprise! ...nothing happened. Was this some demonic practical joke? Krehl'a'teral didn't seem the playful type.

“Conceal the rose.”

Me: “Nope; too comfortable, not getting up. You’ve had your fun, now go away.”

“Look at the Rose.”

Okay. I figured the sooner I did it, the sooner he’s get tired of the game and leave.

“Now close your eyes.”

Something unusual happened! With my eyes closed, I could see the rose in perfect detail, in three dimensions, as vividly and realistically as if my eyes were open. Only it was pure white. There was no effort involved. It was just there when I closed my eyes.

“Hold it for as long as you can. Then open your eyes.”

Man, I was sooooo tempted to peek! What seemed like an eternity later, I opened my eyes and my breath caught in my throat.

The blood-red rose seemed to be wrapped in a white mist. It was a little like the effect you’d see if a deep-red painted wall had been top-coated with a thin layer of white paint, and some of the red color beneath bled through the white. I focused on one outer petal, willing the white mist to solidify. As I watched, the white slowly thickened, until I could not see any red at all on that petal.

“It’s really happening!” I gasped in elation, reaching for the mobile phone on the bedside table to photograph it. In the time it took to blink, it was a blood-red rose again. No photo, and no idea how to get that vividly real 3D image back into my mind’s eye. And just as rapidly, the doubts set in... did that really happen? Did I just imagine it? Can I repeat it?

Me to Krehl'a'teral: “That was a wild ride! Let’s do it again!” And we did.

The following day, I attempted the same experiment a third time, without Krehl'a'teral’s presence, and in the company of a human witness. (Well, he assures me that he’s human... some days I have my doubts!) The rose stayed red. Great! Just what I needed—another demonic Gordian knot to unravel!

The Aeon – An End & A New Beginning

I met my lab rat, Derek, again recently, at a dinner party. I would never have recognized him as the geek I used to know.

He'd lost weight, and he was standing taller, more self-confidently. He seemed comfortable making eye contact and freely joined in on the conversation. He actually seemed to be enjoying the party! Even his acne had cleared up. And he'd started dating!

"What's the secret of your amazing transformation?" I asked playfully.

Derek's sky-blue eyes instantly darkened to a startlingly vivid violet. I felt chills run down my spine. He paused, staring, as if lost in thought. Then, with a slowly spreading, wicked smile and a knowing wink, he leaned forward, his lips close to my ear, as if to impart a scandalous secret. He part-whispered, part-breathed the word, "...Eh-lehh-vehnn."

My startled gasp shocked both of us out of that timeless moment. As he withdrew, I saw a brief look of confusion in his sky-blue eyes.

Postscript:

Derek never did undergo that risky medical procedure. Much to his doctor's astonishment, Derek seemed to have experienced one of those rare and mysterious "spontaneous remissions," featured from time to time in medical journals.

But more about that later, when we consider "The (Possibly) Penultimate Goal of Alchemy."

That Cheshire Grin

June 6, 2014

It had been my original intention to write about my magickal adventures arising from my evocation of Lucifer, and the ensuing pact, until he informed me: "You will not write publicly about this."

Oki-doki! Obviously, I'm going to keep my end of the agreement... Thanks very much, Lu!

Months later:

While slaving over a hot computer, racing against a deadline, I noticed a little boy, (maybe six or seven years old). I hadn't seen him arrive—he was just suddenly there, sitting next to me, right up close, swinging his legs, which didn't quite reach all the way to the floor.

Me: (surprised) "Hello..."

Kid: Just smiles enigmatically, still swinging his legs.

Me: "What are you doing here?"

Kid: “Playing...” That Cheshire cat grin again.

Me: “I can’t play right now, I’m writing.”

Kid: “Write this!” His grin turns a little creepy now.

Before I can react, he’s gone—empty air.

Then I heard a different voice. It was as though multiple streams of words were reverberating inside my head all at the same time—information overload! My work deadline was instantly forgotten in my rush to retain as much as I could. What follows, although not verbatim, is as accurate a reconstruction as I could manage. There were concepts coming at me that made perfect sense for an infinitesimal moment, then faded like spent fireworks against the night sky—knowing that I simply could not translate into coherent sentences.

“Seek naturally occurring instances of alchemical transmutation of matter. Amplify their natural flow, as you work your will. Flow with the current, do not struggle against it. Ultimately, you will become, for that instant, the water, the moon, the earth, the sun, the winds, and thereby you will direct the flow of the tide. When this occurs, the changes you seek to effect already exist.”

The (Possibly) Penultimate Goal of Alchemy

Spontaneous remission... is not the rare occurrence it was once thought to be; in an average month, medical journals published more than four articles on the subject.

The rhythmically repeated echoes served as a mantra as I sank into that welcoming altered state:

“Seek natural alchemical transmutations...

Flow with the current, not against it...”

The first idea that sprang to mind was the human body’s innate, natural healing ability.

What causes a broken bone to heal? It’s not the doctors. All they do is realign, stabilize, and support the pieces of bone in roughly the right place until they mend. But that doesn’t DO the healing. Neither do the pain medications. So, what does? Is there an intrinsic conscious intelligence for self-healing, growth, regeneration, and spontaneous remission, in the genetic material of every cell?

And can that conscious intelligence be magickally worked with, amplified,

enhanced, and even evoked?

Yes. That hypothesis does seem to be supported by my recent experiments. But don't just take my word for it—experience it yourself.

The human body's ability to heal itself might not exactly be an instantaneous alchemical transmutation, but it is a mysterious transformation of sorts, particularly when we consider spontaneous remission of “non-curable” diseases, and “the placebo effect.” Both are well-authenticated natural phenomena in modern medicine.

In fact, one of the reasons that I chose to keep my magickal intervention secret from my lab rat was to minimize the placebo effect in that experiment. I wanted to observe the effect of the blind evocation with as little interference as possible from other factors. Another reason for secrecy was to avoid self-sabotage by the target (a kind of reverse placebo effect – nocebo¹⁰).

Research is showing that the placebo effect often seems to be associated with objective changes in brain chemistry... Rather than dismiss it, we should try to understand the placebo effect and harness it where we can. (Harvard Medical School¹¹)

Results from Harvard Medical clinical trials of the placebo effect (ibid) showed that:

- Even when patients were told up-front that they were receiving a placebo (sugar pills), 22% reported relief of symptoms.
- Of the patients who were not told they were receiving placebos, 44% reported relief.
- When the unknown placebo was combined with empathic interaction with the healthcare professional, 62% reported relief of symptoms.

Hmmm... being given a sugar pill can instantly cause an objectively observable, beneficial change in brain chemistry in 22 to 62 percent of people: does that sound like a natural example of instantaneous alchemical transmutation to you?

There's also anecdotal evidence suggesting that some major organs have their own conscious intelligence and genetic memory. This is particularly evident in those organs that contain a large population of neurons, such as the heart¹².

For example: Gary E. Schwartz¹³ (et al¹⁴) documented seventy-four cases

of transplant recipients, (twenty-three of whom received heart transplants), who afterward exhibited unusual new personality traits and food cravings. Only when the recipients met with the families of the organ donors did they discover that those new traits were very characteristic quirks of the respective deceased donors. This phenomenon has also been observed by others¹⁵.

If such cellular intelligence exists, surely it can be evoked!

I do not write this to encourage armchair-magician debates. Get your ass into your circle and find the truth for yourself—from personal experience.

How can the magician increase the probability of success in healing? The following is a good start, but not a comprehensive list:

- Amplify and enhance the conscious intelligence responsible for spontaneous healing at a cellular level.
- Boost the organism's energy—the life force and that instinctive drive to survive.
- Do not overlook simple mechanisms like influencing lifestyle choices (eg: diet and exercise).
- Enhance the individual's emotional will to live, joie de vivre. This creates that strong emotional desire—that lightning bolt that we know from experience adds high voltage power and increases the likelihood of success.
- Identify and remove obstacles to cure—both internal and external.

Now your magickal operation is amplifying the pre-existing pathway of cellular regeneration by tapping into and working with the natural flow of millennia of genetic memory. Now we're flowing with the current, and not struggling against it (as is the case when attempting to transmute lead into gold).

Magickal operations can influence consciousness and matter, to create objectively observable changes, to kill or to cure. I'm not saying it's easy, or that success is possible in every case; simply that it can be, and has been, done.

I don't want to mislead you or give you false hope. Physical bodies do not live forever. When the life force and/or will to live are at a low ebb, this decreases the likelihood of success, as do many other factors, including the type, scale, and timeframe of the disease.

However, in theory, there is a variable window of time, in every pathology, where cure or spontaneous remission is possible.

Every disease has a stage during which it is curable, but not every person is curable.

—Rantka

Magickal operations, (including evocation, spellwork, and alchemical transmutation), can effectively improve quality of life and, in some cases, help bring about amazing cures, regressions, and remissions.

In my opinion, assisting and enhancing the body's natural mechanisms for transforming diseased cells to healthy cells is one of the most relevant and accessible applications of alchemical transmutation for the modern magician, second only to the ultimate goal of transmuting the inner self, to ascend.

Vitally Important

If you are suffering from any kind of physical or emotional health issue please consult a qualified medical professional. Never discontinue taking medication without the supervision of your doctor. Magick and medicine can work together synergistically to enhance outcomes. Use both intelligently and judiciously.

Now, Throw Away Your Grimoire

Explorers, magickal or otherwise, seldom settle on their recent achievements. The grass is always greener over the hill, there is always some new mystery to explore, some new adventure to be experienced.

Continually create your universe, in alignment with your will. And never, NEVER, blindly accept anyone else's advice about what you can't achieve. The only way to know your own limitations is to continually explore them—to keep on blithely and blissfully dancing over that line and back again.

Rise to the challenge. Each day, become the highest manifestation of your true self that you can be right now. Savor the experience—both of frustrating failure and startling success, for both are stepping stones on your path to your highest destiny.

You are the operator, the vessel, and the evoked. Throw away your grimoire! Or at least, lovingly return it to its special place on your bookshelf, as you smile in contemplation of your next magickal adventure.

Bella

The Crucible of Sorath's Fire

Andrieh Vitimus

IN The Era of the Anti-Christ, Sorath is described as the Anti-Christ, as the opposition to the Sun-God, to the Christ consciousness. All that is evil. In fact, Rudolf Steiner names Sorath as the Anti-Christ. To understand why Sorath gets such a lofty title delves into the notion that Steiner had of the Christ principle. Just as Jesus sacrificed himself for the evolution of humanity, the magician is to sacrifice the earthly "I," to the Christ principle inside. This notion is complex and layered, but it would be safe to say that Steiner's notions would be in line with and quite possibly the founding notions of the western occult idea to "Kill your ego." In the least, the resurgence of the Christos-Hermetic strains of occultism owes a tremendous debt to Steiner.

I did not start my work with Sorath for the purpose of some Left-Hand Path initiatory experience, nor did I really care about the Christ consciousness. In a way, I was trying to understand the negative aspects of the solar current to better be able to apply and use those currents in a practical manner. I have several solar spirits that I like to work with. The negative aspects of the solar currents involve ego inflation, narcissism, fascism, and unbound charisma. Essentially, a strengthening of the ego. Although I did not go searching for it, this sounds like the exact opposite of what Steiner was talking about regarding Christ consciousness. While narcissism certainly a negative aspect, both dominion and unbound charisma could be used to great personal effect.

Sorath is regarded as the uncontrolled master of the impulses of the physical world, which promote the unrepentant building of the earthly "I" over any spiritual process. If the Christ consciousness is spiritual light and life, then Sorath is spiritual Death. Ceremonial magicians often have to invoke this dangerous force, although they regard it as only the negative aspects of the solar current. These two ideas, although unreconciled in literature, in practice do coalesce in a way that they would not necessarily do in theory alone. The final summoning of Sorath really made it clear that they are similar.

My goal with this article is to, in simple language, explain my experience with Sorath and give detailed ritual construction notes. Through the practice of magic, the alchemy occurs.

Liber Thagirion makes a case for Sorath as a secondary pathway to a type of salvation. Essentially, the book implies that working through Sorath will give the magician an endless amount of energy and strengthen them to the point they need no Christ consciousness to merge into. In practice, the argument may have merit.

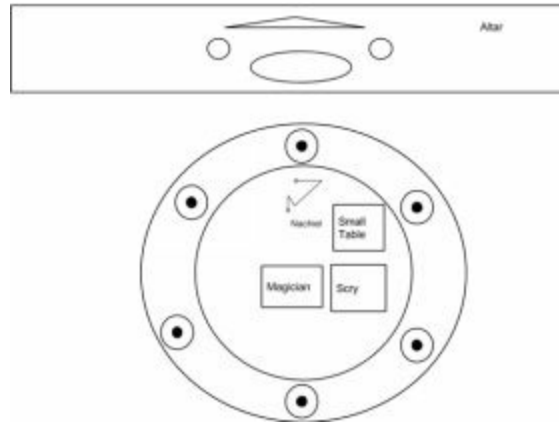
Before starting ritual designs or an extended series of work, I let my spiritual imagination dwell on the concept. I did a tremendous amount of research about Sorath and what the negative solar current means. Early on, I realized a lot of the research on Sorath falls into post-Steiner anti-Christ views (which are mostly unhelpful for practical magic). Additionally, the “Black Sun” and Vril related left-hand path views of Sorath are used as a case for self-deification. There was no practical information on Sorath in the Steiner books, and I am generally not a fan of the poetic style of verbal invocation, which does not push the magician to get outside of the prison of language. We have some material in *Liber Thagirion* and other “Draconic” styles of magic, but the real piece that stirs the imagination was the late Dr. Hyatt in *Pacts with the Devil*. Hyatt at this time was no slouch of a magician, but Sorath basically scared him. Hyatt asked for “an occult experience” and gave very specific details of a summoning that had gone wrong. The idea of the flaming skull fascinated me. I had no interest in an occult experience, but learning and mastering the charismatic elements that Hitler displayed which Steiner directly attributed to Sorath are of great interest. I did this meditation and active imagination for several days until I finally felt like I had a contact. At this time, I did have dreams of fiery destruction, but I did not back away instead I knew it was. I did the divinations to see if I could use my general Agrippa style of work. I could.

Ritual Evolution

My ritual work stems from years of working with the Agrippa system in non-traditional ways. I have tremendous real world results working with the Agrippa system of planetary intelligences and spirits in this way. The basic summary of the Agrippa system is that each planetary energy has an evolutionary or devolving energy.

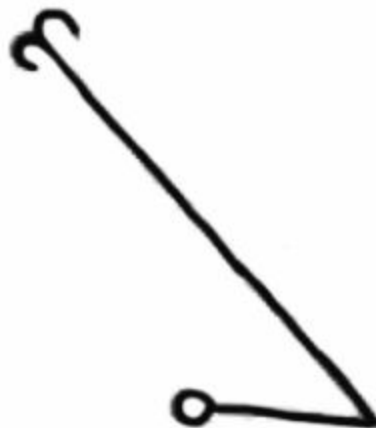
Ritual Steps

For this series of rituals, I created the circle like this diagram.



I drew the Solar Intelligence in the circle on the floor. The circle was crafted with a ground up mixture of Frankincense, Bay, and yellow chalk. The alchemical circles around the inner circle were also drawn with this, and yellow candles oiled with Sun oil were placed in the center of each alchemical symbol of the sun. The small table had our incense burner and a divination set for the scry to double check impressions (in our school, we use a double divination system to check spiritual messages).

On the altar, I set up a scrying triangle with a flame-proof metal bowl in front of the triangle. You must make sure that the flames will not set anything on fire ahead of time. Expect a four to five-foot flame. The bowl is filed with rubbing alcohol and six drops of sun oil. The scrying is set up so you would look into the mirror through the fire. This gives a unique effect. The symbol for Sorath is placed under the bowl. If you go with a ratio of one cup Epson Salt to one cup rubbing alcohol usually the flame will be manageable.



Agrippa's Symbol



Steiner's Symbol

Both symbols did work for me in practice.

The ritual starts off with a five to ten minute breathing meditation and goes right into a Lesser Banishing of the Pentagram leaving off the final Kabbalistic Cross. For more information, see something like *Modern Magick* by Donald Michael Kraig.

After the LBRP, perform a recitation of the Bornless One Ritual or variation to call to your own Godhood.

From here, perform the Opening of the Gate of the Sun. Do this six times. Vibrate the mantra and at each call to the sun, light a yellow candle (usually dressed with Sun oil). I usually make the extra point, to feel, see, hear, even smell, the SUN beaming down.

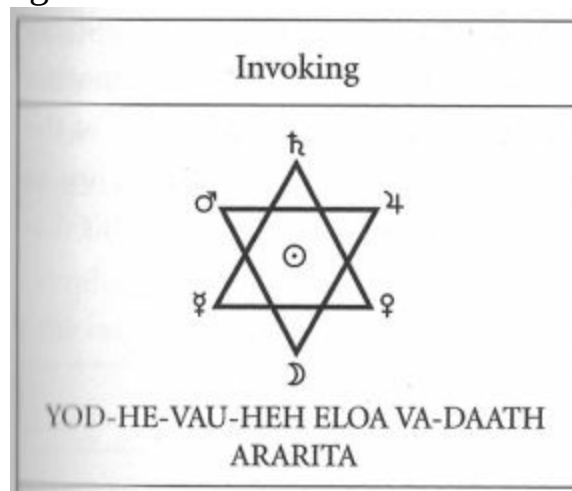


Figure 1: From High Magic by Frater UD

Evoke the solar intelligence into the prepared circle by repeating the name while focusing on the seal for the intelligence. Sometimes I can see the intelligence, other times I just feel the best parts of the sun all around me.

At this point, light incense and then the rubbing alcohol in the metal bowl. Proceed to connect to the seal and evoke Sorath through chanting of Sorath's name. A picture of the ritual in action is as follows, notice the two horns of Sorath, even in the picture.



Modifications Based on Ritual Form

It became quite apparent in the work that the presence of the Solar Intelligence did not bother or annoy Sorath at all. However, the presence of the Archangel Michael greatly irritated the spirit. As I was interested in learning and receiving mastery of the negative solar currents of the sun, I did not continue the Michael layering of the ritual. I should say that I didn't call Michael out to control the spirit, merely to help me control my circle. In retrospect this was a mistake, but Sorath did not hold it against me. He only asked that I not do that again. This ritual was repeated with six variations with additional information channeled directly from Sorath when I had passed through his challenges.

Trials of Sorath

Flames

I used the progressive purification and aspected to the work by going through the planetary gateway, through the intelligence, and then through the Archangel I correspond to the sun, which is Michael. It was at this point I summoned Sorath using the Agrippa seal.

For my ritual, I used the Square of the Sun with Sorath's seal over the top of it and the Hebrew name for Sorath with the number as an additional aid to summoning. This was relatively unneeded as Sorath is more than willing to show up. For this ritual, I had a formal scry who was using Thoth divinations as well.

When I did this ritual, I broke into a cold sweat. The entire house felt like it was vibrating, and it was intensely hot and malicious. Other magicians who were in the house at the time could feel the Sorath vibe. Remember, I did not aspect to Michael to control Sorath, only to assist in my stability. I was not trying to control Sorath. I wanted to understand the power that Hitler had. (To be clear, no, I do not want to be Hitler.) I do want to understand, internalize, and thus use those types of abilities.

Sorath came and expressed his displeasure to me and to the scry. It felt more complaining than seriously angry. With the additional fire, Sorath seemed amused and otherwise placated. The whole vibe was very much like Sorath was asking "Why him, aka that angel?" (After you already connected with me via dreams with no fear in your heart.)

Sorath explained that he knew what I was looking for and that he could indeed provide the start of it, but that he would not so easily give up the mysteries of the negative side of the sun. I would have to earn it.

Sorath explained that there were six rituals he wanted me to perform. Each would drag me deeper into the Black Sun. The last ritual being an integration period through writing and that after the writing was complete, he would reveal the additional secrets. For the strict ceremonialist, what I will say next will seem like dangerous territory, but I truly wanted to understand. My intention of continuing my solar studies was all encompassing. Sorath demanded that if I was serious about understanding the darker mysteries that I would have to take his energy in hand. To hold the burning negative sun. Although I had a circle for stability, even I hesitated on this, but I was absolutely reassured that this would produce good results.

I mentally and physically reached into the fire and pulled out a sphere. Of course, physically this sphere was gone quickly, else it would be a ritual that

involved the hospital. Psychically, the sphere remained. I sat with it. The scry became very concerned. It was like I was holding a nuclear weapon. I shook, sweated, and held on to it. I felt as if my skin burned.

There was something primal to it and seducing. A type of endless destructive power. Or, at least power to make changes that were permanent and without mercy whatsoever. The sun unleashed. I was burned. The scry left terrified. He asked me, "Why the hell did you summon that?" He was in a cold sweat and is a hardened magician. I could only respond that I wanted to know, to experience, and I believed even more afterward that there was something to learn that would greatly empower me.

The ritual was so intense that I had to drink excessive water, and my body needed to sleep much longer for a couple days.

Engulfing Flames

Strangely, after that week some things that had been troubling me felt like they had burned away. There were definite signs of positive results despite the pain. In some cases, people would defer to me, feeling dominated, although I would struggle with the inspirational components.

I set out to summon Sorath again without the archangel. I again fed the spirit a huge amount of flame. Sorath did not have any problem with the intelligence Nachiel being present so again I drew out my circle with yellow mixture. I had no scry for the second ritual.

Sorath came quickly and mightily. The flame I had built from rubbing alcohol and sun oil flared up and I could CLEARLY see the skull and the two horns of flames coming from the fire (physically see it). This symbol of the skull with golden sun eyes flared with the flames forming two distinct and fiery horns (fiery in the way the SUN is fiery). THIS was how I came to know Sorath. Were I a better artist, I would use this as the symbol for the spirit versus the Agrippa construction. The energy of the room felt endless. In fact, there was so much destructive solar energy that my mate, who is also a magician, went up to take a ritualized bath to cool down. She was two floors away from the ritual. Sorath continually would present himself with that level of ferocity and power but spoke in a very measured and calm manner.

When I got Sorath present, he basically told me that each of the rituals was a test to see if he should bother teaching me more. While the first test was to hold the dark sun, the second test was to be engulfed by it, implying psychic annihilation. If you understand what that means, this is a horribly scary proposition. I have worked with Choronzon, greater devils of hell, Tiamat,

Leviathan. When something says or infers “annihilation,” it does not needfully mean that you will die, but you can bet your sweet ass it will hurt like hell!

I would not stop. The house started to vibrate. The fire used to feed Sorath had died down, but he was still very much present (I had not given license to depart). I broke out the divination set to do a reading on the next steps. In my head, the penetrating voice I heard so clearly and deeply. Six drops of blood, six drops of sun oil. Restart the fire.

With blood there would be no defense. No circle would protect me. It would be me experiencing the demon with no boundaries. You can bet that the divination came out that this was the next step. Adding insult to injury, the card that came up was the Sun card.

Like the intrepid Faustian I am, I grabbed a lancet and dripped the six drops into the brass bowl. I dropped the six drops of oil in and then the rubbing alcohol. I sat down and started boldly chanting the name, “Sorath.” Visualizing the seal and the flaming skull, I lit the fire.

The pain burned. The house again shook. I couldn’t chant or visualize. Only burning red and flames continued to exist. My eyes rolled back in my head.

Then BOOM! I WAS the fire! I felt power. Overwhelming, destructive power. People were terrified and in awe of me. Charred remains of broken enemies. For a few moments, I probably laughed manically. I don’t know how long I sat there. When I came back, all I heard was, “You passed.” Sorath was no longer there, only Nachiel remained. I banished with extreme prejudice.

Rite of Destruction

After this last ritual, I hesitated on whether I wanted to continue. I sat around thinking as much as I could. Meditating and trying to process this new information. For days afterward, I needed a lot of water. The night of the ritual, my significant other could not even sleep in the same bed as me. She said my skin was too hot to the touch. I felt energized but disturbed. I did not completely understand what had been transmitted.

I started to do divinations on whether to continue the work, or at least to see what would be the next test. The divinations were not clear. I went to sleep.

In dreams, Sorath, so clearly standing next to me. I saw my dark temple that I have set up in my home. I saw myself, but it was not me. I saw myself

with eyes and hands of burning fire. I took a picture and placed it in Sorath's fire, chanting and laughing manically. He turned to face me in the dream and said, "This you must do without remorse or hesitation on a person that you neither care about nor hate. After, you can then use this in any way you seek." When I woke up, I immediately did divinations on the accuracy of the dream. These dreams were real communications from the spirit. When I thought about this, this was a ritual of fire destruction.

Further clarifying the ritual with inspired meditation and divination, this ritual is exactly the same as the rest of the Sorath rituals, but you make the sympathetic link to a person via your preferred method. Obviously, as covered in Hands On Chaos Magic, the closer to blood you can get the better your link. I decided given what had occurred in the last ritual that I would ~~sucker~~... I mean *bribe*... my scry and safety to come back to do some ritual work with Sorath.

We did the same setup as described. Upon summoning Sorath, both the scry and I thought that Sorath was basically laughing at me. At this point, having the Intelligence of the Sun around was completely pointless. If I was going to break at any point in the process, it would have been in the last ritual. In this ritual, I had made a link ahead of the time via a picture with a target that seemed acceptable to Sorath. The picture was placed in rubbing alcohol.

As I was chanting, I started laughing and could again feel that power rising in me. That complete and seductive fire of destruction. It is not even rage fueled, just completely hostile to human life. Perhaps all life. The fire was leaping and jumping. Crackling as if the fire was boiling the blood, and the bones were snapping. It was like destroying every bit of them. The safety had described it as if my eyes were on fire with the piercing gaze of the most evil sun and it looked like my hands were on fire.

We asked Sorath if this ritual could be shared and his answer was chilling and profound. He did not care, because if someone tried to use this ritual without passing through the second test, he would gladly just destroy the magician and the target, it did not matter. The reason that I could take the second test was because I had been doing various types of fire magical work for months and was well prepared. Let someone try it without that and he would gladly punish their pride. The power of this operation rests with channeling and moving his essence around. One has to earn it.

Afterward I felt extraordinarily powerful, awesome, and probably in a state

of hubris.

In the course of the next week, a magician friend had called me. She was getting very sick, and by this point knew that someone had successfully cursed her to illness, bad luck, and sudden financial issues. We traded some workings. I went down to the dark temple again and summoned Sorath. This time, I gathered up the very energies of the curse, traced it back to the source, and burned them. Burned the curse and them. Annihilation so sweet. Sorath seemed content that I had mastered this ability and more so was shocked by my speed and ferocity. The other magician informed me that the sickness stopped immediately at the time the working was being done. The person who was thought might be doing it dropped off social media right away, and no one has heard a peep from him.

In complete disclosure, the first ritual did not produce decisive results. The target was a magician and did have a slow down on social media posts and seemed to fall off the grid for a bit but did not seem to have a massive breakdown. This lack of breakdown means nothing since I would not admit if I were having problems publically on social media. We ruled the first ritual as inconclusive, and the second ritual having evidence of success. Remember Sorath said I could use this in any way for anything I could create a link to, whether it be spirit, part of self, person, or place. I have since then, tried this with a place with success.

Riddle One: of Pride & Ego

At this point in the ritual, Sorath promised he would not hurt me and the tests were about something else.

There was an oddity in my practice at this point. A student tried to tap into me and give me healing magic, feeling as if something had been going very wrong. The minute they did this, Sorath showed up to them. She described the glowing golden eyes, the flaming skull, and was generally terrified to her bones. The skull spoke to her and clearly told her that he had decided to protect me until I passed through his tests and already had so graciously visited a few other magicians who tried to connect. He asked her to give him one reason why he should not give her the same fate. She held up her arm, and instinctively showed an astral mark, which clearly indicated a formal student relationship. He then left her, smiling.

When I summoned Sorath the fourth time, I had not known this had occurred. His first commentary was that my students should be more careful and my enemies should not be so sloppy. A doubly chilling message when I

heard the student's story. The fourth ritual was more of a lesson. He showed me visions of magician filled with his power growing with pride and filled with ego to the point they made mistakes. He instructed me on exactly how to cause this curse. Basically, the methods were similar to the rite of destruction, except more focused on the pride of another magician or person. It would start a slow golden fire in what looked like their mind. Technique wise, it was concentrating the flame in a very narrow spot in their mind. It would grow on its own, slowly inducing a destructive form of narcissism. When asked why he did not try this against me, he said that first; he promised he would not, and second, that I had other vulnerabilities.

Riddle Two: of Attention

The fifth summoning induced another riddle, which the answer and the implications stunned me. I did the summoning, Sorath was again very fast to appear, however, this time, Sorath made it clear that there were deeper mysteries, but he would not bother teaching me till I could answer a second riddle. The vibe, and my understanding of the riddle, would have consequences. Discussing a gnostic experience in words is difficult for me. Sorath showed me a vision of our world. Horrifyingly true. Every person projecting a thought form of themselves that others support. A thought form which gains strength with every Facebook like and every media appearance. The attention of other people make the thought forms stronger and eventually the individual loses themselves to the thought form. It becomes the dominant personality. Celebrities become caricatures and now everyone is a micro-caricature. All attention all the time, and each click and response, a loss of any real identity. Essentially, they lose themselves as more attention is paid to their projections. The price of attention is always themselves. Why show me the secret of that attention when he already had the chance to test my destruction? Along with pride, he said that magicians are very vulnerable to this. A quick scan of the occulture says he's probably right. He said to summon him again, if I had any answer to this.

For a week, I meditated and thought about it. I summoned Sorath the final time. My answer is an answer I have always believed. Any self-conception whether artificially applied over the individual, generated from the individual, or a result of upbringing is completely arbitrary and, thus, one form of self is only as valuable as the results it gains. Essentially, there is no "I" to destroy. We are already a "We," and arguments over dominance are irrelevant as the dominant self and the attention it receives from outside

agents could be gone in a flash. There is no “real” self to destroy, it’s all just a construction.

Sorath laughed in his own way, in the fire. Later divinations said I absolutely passed. There were greater mysteries he would reveal to me after the ritual, and outcomes were shared. I asked him why should it be shared, wouldn’t that cause more pointless destruction. Sorath gave me a very strong message that no it would not, he already resides in all our hearts for most part, and we have already lost to him as a species. Most people are merely shells anyway. He would rather, as a daemonic force, strengthen some people and really dive into the hidden mysteries of the dark sun. If only people would take this challenge seriously.

The Challenge of the Answer

It did not take me long to act on the answer. Although I believe that it is perfectly acceptable to charge money for occult trainings, after the Sorath work, I went through an intense period of examination. Every occult personality, indeed, EVERYONE, is a projection designed to gather attention, persuade on the point of view, and convert this to either sales or more attention. I have always struggled with the public aspect of my occult practice, and my personal spirit guides more or less bring me back to it. Sorath brought out the worst of that struggle.

The motion to sell, to get attention, to shine is a natural human desire. In general, that urge is combined with convenient self-righteousness that tries to elevate that desire to something it is not. If we follow the logic of the last riddle, essentially we have projections of persona’s interacting in a complex system of simulacra. If you think about that, this is exactly what happens with celebrities although the amount of people in the occult is far less. Stay with me. You are never sure if you are really interacting with a person, or just a projection, or some combination thereof. Often, while interacting with other occultist personalities, I would get the feeling I was not really interacting with any sort of authenticity. Say a kind word, maybe get a kind word back. Throw a fit over some issue that falls outside of what you are selling seemingly just to polarize your consumer base to manipulate them into purchasing more.

One can carry that same logic to all social media. What is real, and what is projection just seeking to be fed? On day, I got up and changed my Facebook profile to a page. That move was actually somewhat counterproductive. We are all celebrities now. We are all performing all the time. We are all

influenced by those projections all the time. The more attention the projection gains from others, the stronger it reflects onto you. Those projections and masks demand time, whether that is responding to social media or otherwise meeting the expectations of the persona.

This constitutes Sorath's final riddle and is one that I still struggle with. Of course, a person can be the greatest artist on the planet, but if no one notices, they will not be able to live off of their art. Inaction is a form of destruction of talent and art. Avoiding "attention" effectively silences you. Likewise, *The Performance* is of greater and greater importance in daily life, even when it comes down to getting, or even keeping, a job. People nowadays look to your LinkedIn profile as opposed to your actual education or job performance.

Sorath's last riddle is exactly that, and for a good couple of months, I was paralyzed to not act, so as not to draw attention to a pen name. It took some meditation with my other spiritual teachers to actively decide to poke holes in my own projections of a pen name so that I could act. Essentially, to make it that any construction of the self is merely a beautiful fractal expression of itself.

Embracing the Black Sun

I haven't summoned Sorath since that last summoning, but I am sure that what I have written will be more than enough to meet the requirements that Sorath asked for. I have not yet found that magnetic and powerful influence yet, but it's getting stronger. I feel as if I needed some space to figure it all out, and working full time while going to grad school leaves limits as to what I could reasonably express.

What I have found though, is a much clearer sense of what is a lie about a person. Sorath was brutally honest that most of our culture is based on projections. It would be easier to just believe them, but I do not any longer.

In each ritual, however, I felt as if various energy blocks were dissolved and that Sorath, in his own unique way, was helping me deal with negative self-conceptions. When tapped in, there was a nearly endless source of energy (as you'd expect with the sun), and no conditions on its use. I have noticed daemons of fire in the darker regions while astral traveling are much friendlier to me. I did, however, learn many ideas about our mental frailty as humans. The experience gives me great pause to understand how I could strengthen myself and perhaps, that is the point.

Andrieh Vitimus

UNDEATH APOTHEOSIS OF THE BURIED KING, ZAZAZEL

Somnus Dreadwood



IN life, his name was Brenhin. He was born to a nomadic family in the ancient and misty lands of Havránok, which is located in modern day Slovakia. As a boy, he struggled with frequent illness, fatigue, malaise, and had nearly expired under the ravaging effects of disease and natural poisons. His father was a thief, murderer, and mercenary, while his mother performed all the usual motherly duties, though she was a talented geomancer and wild sorceress. Brenhin would often observe her speaking with the spirits of the wilds; elementals, fey, animals, and magical animals, which had derived a special supernatural divinity by hailing from planes beyond our own. When his mother, Urska, became aware of Brenhin's knowledge of her works, she began teaching him in the arts. As he was growing into his teenage years, his father, in a drunken rage, murdered Urska, blaming her for the ill fortune that had befallen the family. It was also discovered that Brenhin had been learning these potent magicks as well, therefore, before his father had the opportunity to assail him, the young man fled into the trees. He would never see his family again.

Losing track of time and barely able to survive, Brenhin was growing desperate. He began utilizing his ability to tap into the life current to

augment his own body enough to withstand the cold and fight off lethal starvation. He had made a very primitive shelter in the side of a mound in the forest. He was awoken early one morning by a woman wearing layers of tattered clothes, dirt and mold packed under her long, crooked nails. A wild look coursed through her eyes. After some banter and an attempt on his life, Brenhin was able to defend himself through the use of channeling the carnal magic of survival; death. It was innate, though something he did not quite know was in him. Upon seeing this, the woman, this cannibal witch, Iscquorentha invited Brenhin to her secluded lodge with an offer to teach him the fine mastery of his innate sorcery. This name, Zazazel, tells is the name given to her by an unnamed demonic patron to which she had sworn herself.

Years passed since Brenhin had begun his apprenticeship. He had learned much in the ways of necromancy and the theurgy of the grave. Iscquorentha was seemingly growing more and more agitated with Brenhin, however. He truly had no idea either. As he was throwing bones one evening, the spirit, known as Rishar, gave him a very clear message, "Iscquorentha will kill you and devour your soul." He took the pre-emptive route and attacked her while she slept. Before he took her life, he claimed a confession from the dying woman. This confession, while unnecessary, justified him. Further, upon his claiming her life, he was inspired to make an altar of her corpse and proceeded to perform a rite of devouring her soul before it could fully depart from her body. This, he would ensure, dealt the second death to his former teacher. The darkness took shape and intellect; observing his dreadful work as he commanded her spirit back to the body and through the throat; escaping her lips and into his mouth. Blood and soul, he feasted upon Iscquorentha, fulfilling the act of soul drinking. With her now having been broken down to the finest of spiritual fibers and assimilated, he gained her memories, forbidden wisdom, innate talents, and the knowledge of the final rite of his mortal life.

Brenhin left the broken lodge in the woods and trekked across the land until he found for himself what would become his soul phylactery. A skull coated in iron, adorned with precious gems, and engraved with sigils of undeath filled with blood; this was his phylactery. A series of interwoven rites formulated the Grand Rites of the Lich. Each rite required the offering of his blood, his soul, and the execution of his pride. Each rite more horrific and self-brutalizing than the next killed his body, shattered his mortal mind, and flayed his spirit; each sacrifice granting him a permanent infusion of the

supernatural. By the end, his body was weak, bloody, and barely sustaining life for he had given all. However, something dark and sinister was emerging from within. The iron skull, taken from the tomb of a long forgotten lord radiated a glow of divinity; the very life essence offered up by Brenhin. The weakness of his worn body faded and in its place, the absolute power of divinity uncontested surged through his sunken and collapsing veins. Energy crackled from his fingertips and his blood dried quickly across his tightening flesh. Alas, his heart ceased to beat and his breathing stopped. He had died in a mortal sense, but was very much alive; immortalized and self-deified.

As an immortal being; a lich of unparalleled necromantic authority, he too shed his mortal name given to him at birth and adopted the name given to him by the Black God, Cernobog. The name, meaning, “He who rules the dead,” is Zazazel. The Buried King of the Maergzjiran Cabal is the Blighted Lord of death and undeath, mastery of the magickal arts, apotheosis, necromantic theurgy, and grave sorcery. He is a profound being as he truly walked the path of the Living God. He reached beyond the bounds of perceivable reality, physics and science, medicine, and he spit in the face of the divinities who sat soundly on their thrones thinking that they were among the elite; that none other would ever claim such a mantle. In the plane of Keraktes, (pronounced “Ker-ahk-tees”) as we call it, “The Eternal Grave,” Zazazel rules over spirits and wraiths, the souls of those sorcerers who attempted to become divine and yet failed. The undead; vampiric fiends, vile spirits who feed on murder and hate, immortals and divinities who have been revived in the macabre tradition of Keraktes all serve beneath him. His throne of bones was cold and without a master until Brenhin became Zazazel. The black gate opened and embraced him.

As a Disciple of the Maergzjiran Cabal, I did not first seek Zazazel in my novitiate. Rather, I sought Nhilmice, the Lady of the Gate who was watchful of all spirits to come and go through the veil. She was the conduit whereby I would reach any spirit and inquire of them their secrets, absorb their talents and invoke an ever-growing mastery of the death essence. However, as I progressed through my necromantic apotheosis, growing near to the Grand Rites of the Lich, Zazazel made it very clear to me that he would be taking over for the Lady Nhilmice. We have no restriction within the Cabal in regard to how you relate to any number of Patrons, but to that point, I focused greatly on the Rites of the Vampire as well as the ability to call forth legions of dreadful spirits on a whim. Zazazel knew what was to come. He could

foresee the necessity within me to follow the path as he had done before...

The path of the lich is by far one of the most exhausting, spiritually demanding, and life draining paths of all that I have explored in the realm of the occult. While many systems and paths to power rely on the forging of alliances with various demons and spirits, the necromantic arts require you to do all of the work yourself. It requires you to sink into the grave; to literally die in order to realize and become the full (un)living potential of the grave. Now, before I delve further into the path of Undeath Apotheosis under the Buried King, Zazazel, allow me to clarify some of the actual philosophy of the art versus myth and hearsay that seems to be the common conception of self-styled artists of the black current.

The word lich is derived from various European dialects related to the word, "corpse." The Roman Catholic Church used the term "lychgate" in reference to the entry gate of a graveyard. This term has evolved. And, like animals, we too—beside our magicks—also evolve. Zazazel explains that the term lich, in its ancient roots always carried a level of mysticism behind it; that the corpse was not entirely dead, but sleeping, or rather, awaiting a time to wake once more into greater glory. This is similar to the Roman beliefs of the ancient necromancers and mystic thanatologists. There are also legends of lich-type sorcerers who are supernaturally augmented and have used phylacteries to place their soul within for the transfiguration of being to take place. Some legends state that the phylactery itself was the eye of a needle. The concept of phylacteries is a novel in itself, but in general, it is typically an object that is extremely durable and holds some connection to the grave. It must be able to withstand the infusion of incredible amounts of energy without breaking and it should also serve as something that can be protected easily. Otherwise, the options are endless and as unique as the necromancer who utilizes it.

When I was nearing the Grand Rites of the Lich, I first had to perform two massive workings of the deathly sort. The first was the opening of a sinkhole anchored in Keraktes. This ritual opens a permanent portal to the underworld. The shades of death flood into this plane freely and with a potent energy source to fuel their manifestations. Within this mile or more radiating sinkhole, death tolls rise, crime erupts, mortality rates increase, depression, suicide, mental collapse becomes the norm. By opening such a sinkhole, I unleashed an unyielding wave of death and despair. This created the proper environment for what followed: the Lich's Wake. The second working was a

series of rituals, which systematically kill off parts of the mortal body to make for the perfect catalyst as the prime candidate for transfiguration of a necromantic persuasion. Each rite piggybacks onto the next, dying and yet reviving in unholy, undead glory. This culminates in a final push to make your phylactery perfect and open to receive your soul in what is the grandest and yet most terrifying ritual to ever reach mortal men. I am unmoved by anything anymore and nothing stirs me, yet seeing someone succeed in the last rite of Undeath Apotheosis still sends a chill down my spine as it is the very definition of all that is unnatural, unholy, and unrelenting in the pursuit to achieve absolute mastery of self.

The final rite leaves open a singular passage, which is a monumental variable for the outcome of the ritual itself. This opening in the verses leaves itself ambiguous so that the necromancer has the opportunity to identify and align accordingly the transfiguring energies of this Keraktian ritual to the very species of undead being that he or she most truly associates their vision of undeath with. Brenhin took the most literal route and became a non-breathing, physically dead monstrosity. Others have taken up the mantle of the vampire; the dead, voracious soul drinkers of popular legend and lore. Many others still delight in the reavers, which is a murderous unliving fiend that sates its all-consuming carnage lust on virtually anything it can wrap its claws around. Sounds too fantastical? Go toe-to-toe with any of these individuals and you'll think otherwise in a heart's beat. Given the horrific nature of these creatures that we seek to become, why dehumanize ourselves? This is a question I receive by many who are uneasy about the final step in apotheosis. The answer is simple. These are avenues to furthering our power and influence. As our dominion increases, we grow in strength and more spirits, demons, and people bend a knee to us. Our domains expand and we begin to truly control a kingdom of our own.

With this in mind, we take the next step and fill in the blanks of the ritual and proceed to finish what we started. This course of action; this life that we live and seek to promptly end; giving birth to a new phase entirely in the history of ourselves is not ruled by any set schedule but does usually take a few years to fully master. For many, the fear of finality holds them in bondage for decades, if not indefinitely. The sad part about this is that so many who have the potential will out of fear neglect to push onward, and many who do while under the control of this fear will end up delivering both the first and second death upon themselves when they attempt this rite.

Therefore, one must be without fear and only consumed with the lust for power that apotheosis can grant them. Those who are upon this path must take care to understand every minute detail. This is the science of the spirit and therefore, we cannot make errors in our formulae. Just like medicine, it can become poison if concentrated or dosed incorrectly. Failure in the final stages of necromantic apotheosis can at best lead to physical or emotional debilitations and at worst the total destruction of body and soul.

There is also another side effect of this path. Isolation. By the very nature of our work, the directives of our spirit, we break from the machine that is society and societal expectation. This very act of walking away from the world we are expected to live according to separates us from friends, family, and possible relationships in the future. I have witnessed many individuals who have had the backs of literally all of their family, friends, colleagues, and community allies turned on them when they made it known that even in the slightest they were heading down this road of study. Isolation can destroy many individuals because of our social animal makeup and how we are conditioned from birth. There is no shame in desiring companionship, friends, family, love, but there is always a price to pay for everything you gain. The nature of our work requires fanatical dedication and adherence to perfection. Therefore, you must be sure of yourself before you even head down this path. Some individuals have thought to reject themselves and the wails of their spirit just to be accepted again by those that once loved them. This is also a kind of death because the inner stirrings will always be there and yet you will never find rest. You will be haunted forever, having given up yourself for absolutely nothing to be gained other than superficial and shallow relationships from empty individuals.

I had known my calling since I was a child, therefore I fought the war of knowledge throughout my life to not only hold onto the relationships that mattered but to educate those I loved as well. My personal remedy to the human condition was, at least for the time, the state of the Waking Lich. This necromantic embodiment of Keraktian power in human flesh grants a necromancer with much of the fully transfigured Keraktian Lich's power, but with the ability to still retain much of his mortal senses, mentality, the ability to derive pleasure from physical action, and so forth. In short, one does not suffer the unpleasantness of becoming an unliving creature born from malice and malignancy. This course of action was at the time criticized by my peers due to the fact that I was not in a full sense dead, or undead as it were.

Instead, they viewed this as a form of weakness. However, they did not understand that this was the direction of Zazazel, and by doing what is now done, I have given myself a unique opportunity to shift effortlessly through the veil like a ghost, to invoke mass levels of death essence from the Eternal Grave, and call upon the armies of restless dead with little more than a glance from my will. I have a keen sight for spirits and sensing the level of death in an individual. Reading another's soul is automatic no matter how much they try to cloak their inner being from my sight. I do not suffer from an overexposure to death essence, as many who are not on the same level that I am will literally rot away in record time from the inside out. This was only the beginning.

Even in the last five years, Zazazel's militant influence has permeated the veil to such a degree that we see a huge increase in the affinity, if not an entire obsession with all things dark. Even children gather around to watch their favorite shows; the cast composed of vampires, ghouls, zombies, and wraiths. Pop culture has always had an obsession with the supernatural, but now even actors in these films are succumbing to the cold touch of the grave as they turn to mediums and dealers of death essence to bring them closer to the veil. Being once a mortal human being, Zazazel understands well the mentality of the dross; the scum of the earth; the cattle of society. He utilizes every avenue to push his mandates and to continue cleaving away at the fount of life that flows forth. Consider for a moment how depraved, murderous, and immoral the world is growing? And at such a rapid plummet downward that it can only be attributed to the Powers of Darkness that work from beyond the perceivable borders of this world. Further, his understanding of human nature has allowed for the conception of some truly marvelous weaving of magickal energies into new formations of exercising our divine authority in this plane.

One very carnal example that I have come to know well of due to actual application is to utilize what is typically seen as sexual magick turned to the necromantic variety. When caught up in the throes of passion; when sexual intimacy befalls you, the necromancer keeps his wits about him, knowing that she who he is with (in this instance) has sought to ruin him and, therefore, despite any prior love or respect, must be dealt with accordingly. As the energies rise within leading to the climax, the necromancer channels all of his hatred, thoughts of killing the other, and the desire for a most agonizing death to arm each seed with malice and a sick amount of death essence. Therefore, at the moment of orgasm, the necromancer releases both seed and demand for

death into his partner. This seed will grow and will infect the rest of the body. Death will come, there is no doubt, but the way it which Imordicoth, the Keraktian Reaper swings his scythe is a matter entirely up to him. This may come in the form of cancer, failure of the organs, mental collapse, and suicide, or it can take other forms such as the taking on of lethal addictions and obsessions or even leading to possession by spirits who will guide the afflicted to their doom. It is all very intricate how the grave calls to every individual. Part of the pleasure of such a work is not just in the carnality of the act, but in watching it all play out.

Recently, the Maergzjiran Cabal held Coven in Detroit on a secluded island. There, we holed up for a much extended weekend and performed various workshops, though most were geared in some way to necromancy or the works of the shadow. Zazazel's presence throughout Coven was felt by all and in no small part either. His laws of weaving and infusion of death essence permeated everyone's individual studies and path; their work now coupled with this all-consuming voracity that has driven every last Disciple further in their craft. The tenacity of Zazazel is not rooted in hubris as is commonly thought, but rather through his own trial and error, his own apotheosis and defiance to the laws of clandestine divinities. His example is paramount as we discuss the reality of self-deification and living godhood. Certainly times have changed and, therefore, we cannot live by studies alone. However, the potential that the great occultists alluded to still flows into every crevice of society no matter how mundane or seemingly separated from the spiritual. It is the finality of the art; the great defiance against the gods; the evolution of mankind that should be driving us to handle our daily mundane affairs as quickly as possible so that we can focus on what truly matters. Too easily we are distracted by life. We are browbeat and conditions through generational, social, and political indoctrination to think that the spiritual can be put on hold for a rainy day. Even spiritually, we are told to leave the spiritual world to the leader of the religious community and follow his directives as to how you should live your life. Despite how natural high intensity social and business operations may seem to us now, understand that there has never been, nor will there ever be anything more natural than death. Death to convention, death to the mundane self, death to human weakness. We look to Zazazel as a model for ourselves; of what can be accomplished. We see his mastery of the death essence relating to everything in this world and the next; utilizing the supernatural to augment every aspect of being. He

stands at the end, watching each event leading up to its finish dropping into place as he has orchestrated. A masterful necromancer beyond compare Zazazel is truly a Living God; an exemplar of what we all should be seeking in the same dying light of dusk. To quote Edgar Lee Masters...

*Immortality is not a gift,
Immortality is an achievement;
And only those who strive mightily
Shall possess it.*
Somnus Dreadwood

ODE TO LILITH

Baron von Pfaffenhofen

*From ancient springs my womb did pour,
Birthing rebelliousness, liberty I am your mother your whore.*

*Beautiful and ancient glorious I romance,
Thy heated play all are borne though my devilish dance.*

*With Samael in Scorpio I rule innocence defrocked
My talons rape our enemies in their destruction I mock.*

*So called Saints bend and fall, cower on your knees,
Give into my magick through my cunt is liberties.*

*I will force fuck your carcass in your dying cries,
Spawning my legions to rule from Hell we will rise.*

*Come to me all whose carnality rules supreme,
I speak in soft melodies through lustful dreams.*

*All hearts all passions I do inflame,
Your darkest desires realized when you call on my name.*

*Through manipulative tongues iron wills I will sway,
I tempt and persuade difficult obstacles soon decay.*

*Debase yourself licking my infernal clit,
With owls eyes to my whims you will submit.*

*Pay homage to me with blood and semen,
I ensure success through my demon legions.*

*Rule with me now in sexual delights,
Through orgasm and climax find your Godly might.*

Baron von Pfaffenhofen

Gateway Eclipsed by Darkness

C.J. Lee

THE dabbler and his girlfriend sit in the middle of their room and meditate upon a sigil hoping for some sign or result within the scrying mirror that sits between them. The incense begins to envelope the room while they chant the entities name over and over with determination, hoping for a sign or some otherworldly being to show its presence amongst them. The thick watery surface of the black mirror glistens in the candle lit room as the dabbler stares intently into it hoping for something to manifest before them.

As he and his girlfriend peer deep into this portal of endless darkness the air within the room becomes heavier by the second and they are met with blasts of frigid cold air that emanates from within the mirror. This cold air consumes the space around them as they fight off shivering in order to keep their intense gaze within this portal.

The entity that comes forth from within the mirror is unseen but touches the operators by simple commands. As they challenge it to touch the other individual it begins to suffocate them with its icy cold presence, attaching itself to them, becoming part of them. The dabbler is consumed with the excitement of his partial success and enjoys testing this entity's boundaries within his perceived physical world.

As the apparent physical changes within the environment around the dabbler and his girlfriend begins to dissipate back to normality, the dabbler tries to make sense of this experience, as the truth of his initial failure to make the being appear within his scrying mirror agitates him. He knows deep down in his gut that there is something more to this, something that he can see and with enough practice he can achieve the seemingly impossible, the manifestation of an otherworldly being within his scrying mirror.

The validity of some invisible being interacting with my girlfriend and I at that time changed my life. My experiences as a dabbler with candle magick, tarot, and black mirror scrying had provided me with more than enough realistic results that it turned my belief in Catholicism upside down. Even though this was a failed attempt, I would later discover the secret behind this in a tome about baneful magick and demonic evocation.

Every aspiring magician starts somewhere and for me it was *The Works of Darkness* by E.A. Koetting. The creatures of the night infected my spirit like a disease that couldn't be cured. The symbiotic bond I felt with the Powers of Darkness gave me total power and dominion over every aspect of my life. I accomplished the unimaginable with this tome. The key is no matter how many times you fail you have to know with enough time, practice and patience the power of evocation can be all yours.

Looking back, many years have gone by since I began my descent into darkness and failed miserably at evocation. My continued perseverance and commitment to the blackest arts rewarded me with beholdable spirits during rites of evocation and more than satisfying results within my personal life.

Much more recently, I started to troubleshoot operations that opened gateways into the Qliphothic spheres. If you're like me and most of your practice takes place indoors then you can't draw the elaborate gateways on the floor of your home or upon the ceiling of your room. I remember the first time I painted the circle of demonic pacts within my house and the material I used allowed the red paint to bleed through into my carpet. It looked like a murder took place in my living room, and it was very expensive to replace the carpet that I ruined. Learning from my mistakes I found much easier methods that can be used to create astral gateways.

To create an astral gateway, you're going to need a paintbrush, a tube of red acrylic paint, a 12x12 or larger plain picture frame, and a can of flat black spray paint. Begin by taking apart the picture frame and set the glass within it on a bed sheet or a piece of cloth that you don't mind ruining. Squirt some of your red acrylic paint on a piece of paper or a paper plate and dab your paintbrush in it. Draw out the gateway in the center of the glass, in this case we are using the Klipot sigil for the sphere Lilith. It doesn't have to be perfect—not all of us are born artists, just make sure the intent of opening the gateway is there while you're painting it. Let it dry and add more paint as needed afterward. Once the red paint has dried take the piece of glass outside and set the unpainted side flat on the ground. Spray paint over the gateway and cover that whole entire side of glass with black spray paint. Let it dry and place the piece of glass back into the picture frame.

The Qliphothic Gateway for Lilith

Upon working with this Klipot you will meet the Draconian Queen Naamah. She will teach you how to see past the illusion of your monotonous

existence and how to seize control in your life by utilizing the blackest forms of vampirism. Furthermore, there are many familiar spirits who are common to her and will readily serve you if you choose to work with the Night Queen.

Before you start this ritual find a quiet place in your house or outside, preferably at night. Personalize this ritual as much as you want. Before I work with astral gateways I place my mirror within the Triangle of Manifestation, light two black candles on each side of it and position my incense in a way that it would envelope my gateway. Once you're ready to proceed through the ritual, clear your mind and relax as you glance at the Klipot sigil that is within your scrying mirror. Breathe in and breathe out as you focus on opening this gateway and calling the Demoness Naamah to you.

As you glance at the gateway within your mirror invoke the Powers of Darkness within you by feeling every breath move up the base of your spine and exit at the top of your head in the form of a great beam of impenetrable black energy. Visualize and feel this energy rise every time you inhale. The key is to relax and let the orgasmic sensation of this energy consume your body as you focus on the gateway. As the energy rises putting you in the state of ecstasy, you will notice that the sigil you're glancing at is starting to disappear and reappear before you. Take this as a sign that the doorway is opening. Continue relaxing and fully submerge yourself in the blissful state of mind that you have found yourself in. After you have done this you are ready to move forward to the next step of this easy ritual.

With every exhale visualize the thick black etheric mass of energy that is leaving the top of your head being pulled down to your third eye. Relax and breathe the energy up your spine with each inhale and pull it down to your third eye with every exhale. Visualize the gateway in your third eye glowing brighter and brighter with each exhale. As you do this continue doing this visualization as you pull this energy down to your throat and heart chakra. Keep pulling this energy down to your heart chakra until you feel like your going to combust. When you're unable to contain it, call out to Demoness Naamah.

Chant Naamah's name over and over with every exhale and inhale. Pull this spirit's energy into you as you chant the demon's name. Become its vessel and let it inhabit your being. It is a must to relax and trust in yourself that you will be okay at this point. When this energy begins to possess you, you will find yourself in a state of paralysis. Embrace this feeling and know that no harm will come to you in this state.

You will hear, see, and feel changes within yourself and the environment around you. It is normal to hear scratching upon the walls around you and to hear the creatures within your vicinity to howl or screech in pain. Vivid hallucinations of this Klipot will fill your mind every time you close your eyes. You will hear the voice of the spirit Naamah resonate throughout your being. The reality behind this state of paralysis is that you will find yourself within the shell of Lilith and face to face with the Demoness Naamah if you follow her voice through the darkness. It is up to you to fall deeper in this meditation and let this spirit guide you and help you to find the answers that you are searching for.

The fog was so thick I couldn't see two feet in front of myself. Lost in this meditation I could actually feel the cold wet obsidian sand squish between my toes as I walked along the sandy black shores of this unknown beach. The water was black and there were many dead sea creatures which washed up upon the shore. I could smell and see the death around me upon analyzing the half eaten rotting corpses of the maggot infested sea creatures who surrounded me. Shrouded in this fog I felt lost until I heard Naamah's voice call out to me. As I sifted through this disorienting, dense, and impenetrable fog, I trusted myself in her and followed her voice. She was my guiding light amidst this darkness that I found myself lost in.

Upon finding her she was a feral woman who stood up on all fours with piercing black eyes. Her golden strawberry- blonde hair was tangled and matted. Her ripped up clothes and porcelain white skin was stained with blood. Even though she was human at sight, I knew that she was an animal, a creature of the night who ate the raw flesh of her victims and killed anyone who threatened her.

The sheer power that is felt in her presence would make any man desire her and want her for himself. Do not be fooled by this. Spirits like herself are considered sirens because they have a tendency to draw us in and devour us by using our desires against us. She can destroy you through obsession but if you stand before her with no fear and present yourself as a fellow creature of the night she will reveal to you many hidden treasures within this sphere that go unseen by the uninitiated.

I stared fearlessly into her eyes as it became apparent that her ravenous nature hungered for my soul. It took all that I am to I stand before her, not as a human, but as a living God. It was my desire to work with her because I wanted to discover new methods of vampirism and meet new spirits who

don't typically appear in other grimoires.

Naamah demanded offerings of blood and in return she promised to reveal to me some of the most insidious spirits who have a vast knowledge in the vampiric arts and to teach me how to create an astral gateway, which can be used as a weapon. Even though I felt drained at this point in the ritual I cut my hand with my athame and watched my blood trickle upon her gateway. The opiate-like high that I experienced from my own self-mutilation gave me a sense of security, and it was in this moment that a pact had formed between us.

As I started to come to and my trance began to fade she whispered to me about the vampiric gateway that she promised to reveal to me. I quickly placed a piece of parchment paper within the Triangle of Manifestation and the gateway took form in what looked to be a vibrant blue drawing on my paper. I grabbed my pen and traced over this image before it faded away.

It was later revealed to me through countless evocations of Naamah that if this gateway was drawn upon a black mirror and consecrated with blood before each use it can be used to literally steal the life force from any target no matter what the distance is between you and them. She told me the process behind this is simple and you had to use this form of vampire magick in the cover of night while your victim lies asleep in bed. Once the mirror is consecrated, open the gate in the same way you would any other astral gateway. Instead of focusing on traveling to a particular sphere or realm, focus on bringing the individual you want to drain into sight within your mirror. Visualize and see them asleep in their bed. When you find yourself in the rapture state of your meditation, push the thick black energy you have invoked into the image of your victim. See them being consumed by this destructive etheric mass. Notice how this energy grows larger in size as it consumes more and more of the victim's life force. Once the image of your victim has been completely consumed by this energy, pull it back through the mirror by visualizing this black substance seeping through your mirror and being consumed by you with every inhale. Keep inhaling this energy until you become full and energized.

The Vampire Gateway

Using this form of vampirism, I can't help but think about the common phenomena called sleep paralysis. Even though this phenomenon can be explained by science it's still a common belief amongst people with religious

backgrounds and paranormal investigators that these shadow beings can very possibly be demonic entities or black magicians who astrally drain their victims during these horrifying experiences. You be the judge of this when you reach out and attack a coworker or a relative with this form of magick, and they are too frightened to talk about their sleepless nights for fear of sounding crazy.

Attacking someone in this way is one of the most baneful acts of astral vampirism anyone could ever do because there is literally no escape from this. The more you attack your victim the more they will slowly regress and fall into a deep state of depression. Insanity and death will surely befall them if you frequently steal large quantities of their life force. If you are looking to kill or drive someone to the brink of insanity with this method, it is a must that you don't reveal what you are doing to anyone. The law of concealment definitely applies to this.

My pact with Naamah was more than a noteworthy experience. In the same way she revealed the vampiric gate to me, she revealed many sigils for demons that she held dominion over. If you choose to work with one or all of the spirits within this article, it is a must that you give them weekly blood sacrifices until your pathworking is completed with them. These spirits hunger for the essence of life and blood offerings will keep them from drawing you in and seducing you into committing the ultimate sacrifice. You can evoke and invoke these spirits by using the same method I gave earlier in this article regarding astral gateways, or you can use your own method. Either way, tread lightly when working with these spirits.

Familiar Spirits Bestowed by Naamah

Onoskelis

Onoskelis appears as a beautiful naked woman with luscious blonde hair and blue eyes. She has legs like a donkey and has a very soft and soothing voice. If a blood sacrifice isn't made to her she will deceive you with promises of wealth and power. If the sacrifice is received she will give the magician true answers concerning how to obtain wealth and fortune. She is the perfect spirit to consult if you find yourself in a financial bind or want to seek out a lucrative endeavor. Making a pact with her will draw money and things of monetary value to you. Do not be shocked if a close family member dies while working with her and they happened to leave you a large

inheritance.

Lamashtu

Lamashtu appears as a nude woman with angelic wings and the head of a lioness. She has long razor sharp claws and talons for her hands and feet. It is common to see her holding a pair of black serpents in her right and left hand. Lamashtu is a vile and wretched spirit who is more than eager to do the most blackest and malevolent deeds that the magician can ever conjure up. She takes pride in slaying unborn children and causing sickness amongst those who find themselves in her crosshairs. If you ever find yourself being held hostage by a woman with an unplanned pregnancy or have the need to destroy a troublesome person Lamashtu is the perfect spirit for this job.

Nicu

Nicu appears as an etheric black mass whose shape resembles that of a man. He has glowing red eyes and what appears to be tendrils disappearing and reappearing outside of his silhouette. Once a blood sacrifice has been made to him he will give the magician vampire servitors who will always be loyal to and serve the magician by stealing and delivering the life force from unsuspecting victims. Furthermore, if you wanted to curse an object so that it will take on a vampiric nature, Nicu will happily do this for you. This works perfectly with gifts that the victim would come into contact with or wear regularly. The fetish item will drain the individual until there is nothing left.

Lilitu

Lilitu is a succubus who has the ability to shapeshift. Her true form is that of a woman with long black hair who has the body of a serpent. She has no eyes, sharp teeth, and a tongue like a snake. If a blood sacrifice is not received she will lie to the magician and torment him by draining his energy while he is asleep in the form of night terrors. Upon receiving a blood sacrifice Lilitu will teach you how to enter into other peoples dreams by way of astral projection and how to copulate with demons in the astral plane. If you ever find yourself having trouble with astral projection or lucid dreaming Lilitu is the spirit you want to work with. She is a very knowledgeable teacher concerning this.

Abadaar

Abadaar appears as an old hunched-over black man who looks like a witch doctor with a red wooden mask that frequently changes expressions. He is usually holding a staff in his right hand while he is holding a serpent in his left. Once a blood sacrifice has been received Abadaar will inflame the

person you desire with lust for you. Once you have asked him to do so you will find yourself regularly crossing paths with the person you desired. It would almost seem as if you are being magnetically pulled to each other, causing the victim to see you regularly in a different light, leaving room for you to fulfill your desires.

Final Word

The Works of Darkness is much more than a forbidden tome, which contains baneful acts of sorcery and demonic evocation. This is a way of life for most us who find ourselves on this jaded path. There is much more to be learned and discovered by surrounding yourself with the shades and demons of the night. I wrote this article with this intent because the darkness that dwells within us all can lead to self-discovery and accomplishment. We just have to apply ourselves and stay committed to the night kin because revelation can be one ritual away. Until next time may the powers of darkness inspire us all.

C.J. Lee

Theregial
The Cube & His Seven Aspects
Nikolaos A:O

We must all descend into the realm of evil in order to vanquish it from within.

—Gershom Scholem, *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism*

I WOKE up that morning with an unknown name on mind: Theregial. I repeated it over and over; it was stuck in my head; like a bad song with a catchy rhythm. “Theregial, Theregial” I whispered as I drove to college, or as I was working in my part-time job. I wondered what it was, but nothing came to mind. It sounded like a spirit name; perhaps it was part of some grimoire I had read recently. I had similar stuff happening before, where I found myself with an unknown word repeating itself in my head until I found out what it meant.

Knowing that the only way to banish it from my mind was looking for its meaning, I decided to put it into the web search engine. I hoped I would get something from it, at least lead me to a shitty webpage full of New Age spells or to a pdf. Even perhaps to the source where I had read it before. But I got no luck at first, until I changed the web search engine for another and I found a French webpage that had a translation of a Hebraic text called *The Sefer Ha-Razim*. There I found the spirit’s name, although I could swear that I had never heard about such text. I revisited my books just to make sure of it, and they confirmed the supernatural inspiration of this spirit. Now I knew that it was an angel used in Jewish magic, which conformed part of an encampment called TYGRH, and its Hebraic name was really spelled: TRGH.

This text spoke of Theregial and the spirits under his same regiment that they were the angels of wrath, anger, and warfare. They could help the magician to wage war, devastate lands, and bring death unto the magician’s enemies (Attridge, 1983). If I didn’t say that I was astounded, I’d be uttering a terrible lie. I would never have expected to find out what the curious name was, and never the less to find out that he was attributed such power. I was invaded by a hundred different emotions, but the strongest of them was an

impulse of calling him forward. In the text there were some indications about a magical procedure that would bestow the magician the promised knowledge, but there was not a formula of evocation. This didn't worry me; it would not be a difficult ritual, as it would not be the first time I evoked an entity by just using its name and nothing more. Either way I had no other choice if I wanted to call him forth.

This was how a journey of madness began, with me thinking that I could conjure up an unknown spirit and carry on with my life as if nothing happened. Instead I was stuck in a swamp of chaos where the only way out was to let it drown me. Even if I don't regret what happened to me since I performed the ritual, I still don't like to remember that time. I am a peaceful person, routine is very important for me and what I brought home was everything but that; I found my life falling into pieces.

The Evocation of Theregial

The day I decided to call Theregial is recorded in my journal as being the 6th August 2013. I wrote that I had chosen to do the working two days after the name came into my mind, as I checked and saw that there was going to be a new moon in that week. It was a Tuesday, the day I worked until late, but I had prepared everything before I left my apartment in the morning. I had set up four red candles around my stone circle, the color had no special purpose, but I felt good by using it. I had cleared everything from my living room so that I had enough space. On my altar, the brazier was prepared to be lit. I put two other candles, my black handled dagger, ink and paper, and a cup filled with cheap wine.

At the beginning of the ritual I felt tired. I was not sure anymore if I really wanted to do it, but something inside me pushed me to go forward with it. I had everything prepared to do the ritual, and I was not going to waste the new moon. So I kindled the candles, took my dagger and did the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. I normally change the god-names for other ones that resonate better with me, but this time I felt better by using the traditional ones. I did not know what I was going to evoke but, whatever it was, I wanted to feel protected, even if the sense of safety I felt was an illusion, as I found out later.

I felt the four presences of the archangels by my sides. My heart was palpitating and my head rushed as parts of it were telling me that I should not have done this. I took a deep breath trying to clear my mind and did my

modified version of the Middle Pillar, where I worked it from the lowest energy-center to the uppermost.

When I finished, I felt my mind in a very calmed state. I felt peace and I knew that I was ready to call forth the spirit. I took the lighter and lit the incense being careful to not burn my fingertips as it had happened once and that time I was unable to proceed with the ceremony.

As the smoke of the frankincense was slowly rising I left myself seat in a chair and closed my eyes letting my mind drop into trance as I repeated the entity's name: "Thererial, Thererial, Thererial..." over and over. And as I did, the trance went deeper and deeper. I forgot to open my eyes and to scry into the smoking incense. What actually happened escapes my understanding, but the next thing I know is that I was astral projecting. It was not the first time I had an out-of-body-experience, but it had never happened in such an involuntary way. I saw myself a few inches over my body and as I moved I knew that I had entered the Astral.

I might have been completely absorbed at the beginning figuring out what was going on, because at first I didn't noticed that the curtain of smoke coming from the incense burner had drawn a shadowy hallway in front of me. I walked toward it not knowing what to expect. Doubts plagued my mind. Had I called Thererial? Was he really a spirit? Or was the old text I found a hoax? I couldn't decide myself for any of this, and I went on until darkness covered me completely. In front of me I saw a man whose factions I cannot recall exactly, but his dressing was a gray outdated suit, probably from the fifties or sixties. He wore a vermilion tie and shiny black shoes. His demeanor was elegant and his movements were swift.

I was dumbfounded when I looked at the man I had in front of me. I would have expected almost every figure, weird animal, or demon to appear after calling such a name. Still not believing what I saw, I found myself asking him if he was Thererial, which he answered telepathically with a mocking "yes."

"What am I doing here?" I asked hoping to get a simple answer, but as experience taught me, nothing is ever simple in the spirit world.

"I called you," he said calmly.

I didn't know what to answer to that. From what I remembered I was the one calling on him, not the other way around, but suddenly I recalled what a teacher, doctor in behavioral science, had once told me. "People believe that they have choices only because they are not aware of the more complicated

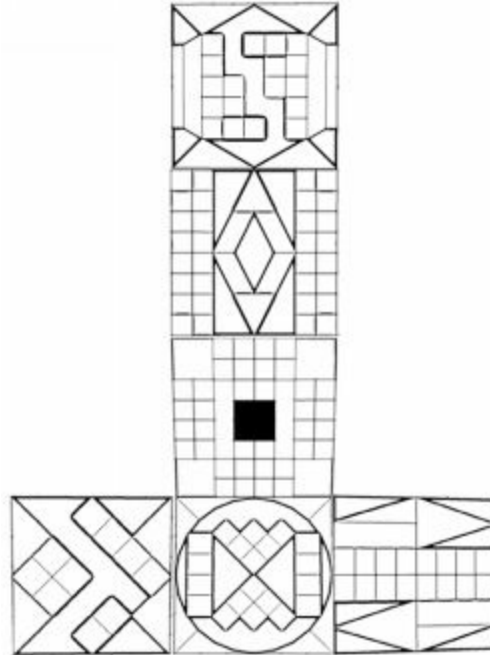
processes inside their minds that underlie their free will.” Maybe this was what had happened: Theregial was part of my psyche and had called upon me the same way a sensation of hunger or thirst can push a person to seek for nourishment. Only I did not know that he was something much greater than a simple system of neurons as the one processing hunger or thirst.

The Cube

He turned around and walked toward a pedestal that appeared to his left as abruptly as Theregial had appeared to me. I followed him and saw a small cube in the top of the stone base. He put a hand on it and as I was about to ask what it was, he anticipated my question and spoke to me again from inside my mind.

“This cube is The Gate to my seven aspects” he said “Fires burn upward and maggots eat downward. Follow them in their trail to godhood.” He took the cube in his hand and gave it to me. “Six squares comprise the cube, six gates enclose The Crown. Climb down, open the gates, and rule The Throne.”

I turned my sight from his eyes toward the cube in my hands to examine it, but as I did this, I felt a pull as I had only felt on other astral travels. My whole essence was slammed by an invisible force into my physical body. I opened my eyes and looked for the dice that Theregial had given me. I couldn’t find it. I was suddenly hit by a strong emotion of disappointment, as probably I had fallen asleep. My sight was still adjusting, as it commonly happened after I went in trance, but as I looked into my altar I saw the figure of an inverted T composed of six squares floating on top of the paper. I grabbed my pen as fast as possible and traced the lines that were flashing in a mix of electric purple and blue. These are the six squares or gates that composed the cube:



Opening the Gates

The first face of the cube that is the upper one that is shown in the T diagram is the first gate. I opened it three weeks after I met with Therregial. I had to piece together all the information I collected from the first operation. I had written down every word I recalled. At the beginning they struck me as meaningless, but after meditating on them, I finally figured out what he had meant with them. I felt ready to open the first door.

I had a hard time deciding what was meant with “climb down.” Did he want me to pathwork it similarly as one could go through the Tree of Life? Did he want me to astral project into each square? Or did I have to open each square as if they were sigils?

I did not have the means to create visualizations as to climb the Tree of Life, but I could project astrally into them or open the squares as sigils. I opted for the second choice, and I am thankful that it worked, for I think that the realms that what each of these sigils encloses are things too terrible for someone that enters them not knowing what to expect. After I had unlocked all of them was when I first traveled astrally through the squares, but by then I had already known the Therregial’s seven aspects and made myself an idea of their dominions. I advise you, reader, to be careful: when you explore this, you will be traveling deep into your psyche, to such a dark place, that everything you held real, even your Self, will be shattered into pieces and

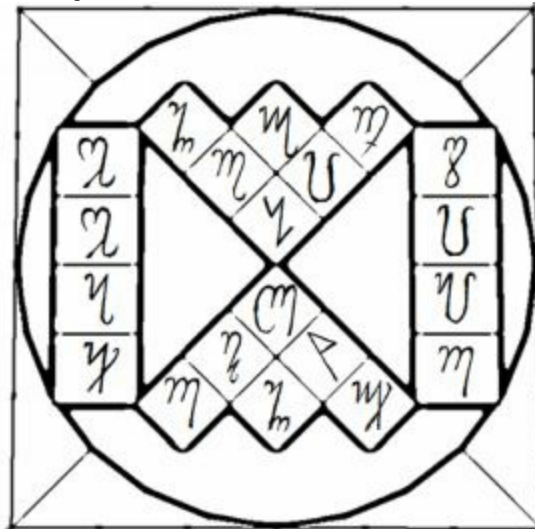
deconstructed into an experience that no words can give meaning to. The joy of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding will be so great that when you go back to your body you will mourn the experience, and it will try to obsess you. I do not write this to scare you, but to ask you to be careful, as I destroyed my life, and I am still struggling not to fall into its consuming reality.

So there I was, three weeks after having received these squares, holding one in my hand. I opened it after having done the usual rituals that precede every magical operation I perform. I saw the letters written in the Theban Alphabet flash in different sequences and as I saw them dance, I started having an explosion of feelings that were almost physical. I felt that sensation go from my lower stomach up to my head, and then I was again in the astral, in a hall where a spirit stood guarding a door, it was Theregial, but I only recognized him because of his gray suit, as he was wearing a mask that covered his chest and head. Its face was a dead looking man, eyes closed with no opening for Theregial to see through.

“I am *Theregaal*,” he said “the first aspect of Theregial. My kingdom extends to the seen world.” He made a pause and continued:

I will guide you through the mastering of everything material, as I work the bridge between the astral and the world of formation. Tell me what your desire is, and my familiars will be bound to your will.

The first thing that came to my mind was money, and I told him that I wanted more of it. He only nodded as I was taken back to my physical body.



The Second Aspect

I had gotten nothing out of the first aspect of Theregial, I even had lost my job because my boss had, after a time, decided that his business was making him loose more money than the one he was making. I thought that the ritual had failed even after having spoken with Theregaal. Some place deep within me might have still believed in the power of Thergial's aspects as I went on and opened the second square, and this is what he, now wearing a toad's mask, told me:

I am Theregäal the second aspect of Theregial. My kingdom extends to the astral world. I will let you see everything you desire, and will teach you the art by which you will be able to be in more than one place at once.

I now stated that I wished for him to teach me bilocation. I could astral travel, but I had never experienced such a thing as having my consciousness in more than one place at a time. After listening to me, he nodded and said that he would do as I bid stepping back into the shadows.

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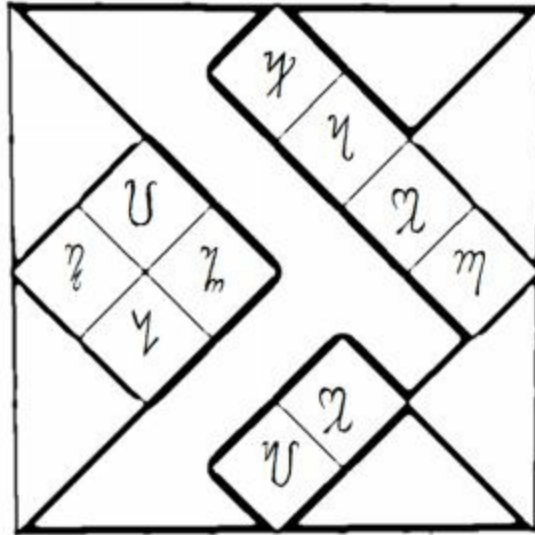
The Third Aspect

I opened this gate trying to restore my faith in Theregial as it was waning. Nothing had come out of the other two, and I was afraid of it. At the time nothing scared me more than failure. So there I was again after having opened the third face of the cube.

Theregial presented himself again with a mask, but this one was odd, as it was that of a raven covered with black serpent skin. Its scales shimmered, and I asked him who he was this time, knowing that he was another aspect of the same spirit.

“I am *Theregêal*,” he spoke, “the third aspect of Theregial. I rule over the arts, magical and worldly. I will teach you every language, every craft, and any spiritual ability you desire. I am the principle of creation.”

To this my heart palpitated, as maybe that was what I was lacking. Could it be that I had gotten nothing out of the previous spirits due to my lack of experience, to my few practice on materializing my will with magick? I asked him for an answer to this and he said, “What you need is to believe in yourself. Do this and the darkness will fade away.”

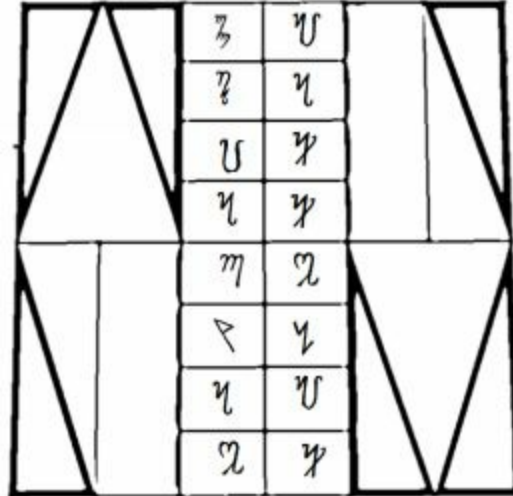


The Fourth Aspect

I had taken my time to think everything through. I read my magical journal to clarify myself about what had been happening since I met Theregial for the first time. As I did this I realized that I had not really heard the last spirit's words. There was the answer to everything. I was losing my faith in magick and, more importantly, in the power of my Will. I went on with the next square, in part forcing myself, and in part trying to show me that I was still a magician, and that I would not give up so easily.

“I am *Theregöal* the fourth aspect of Theregial.” He said from a mask of a reptile:

My art is that of war, as my nourishment is hate. I will give you the keys of death and destruction so that your path will be clear of everything opposing to you.



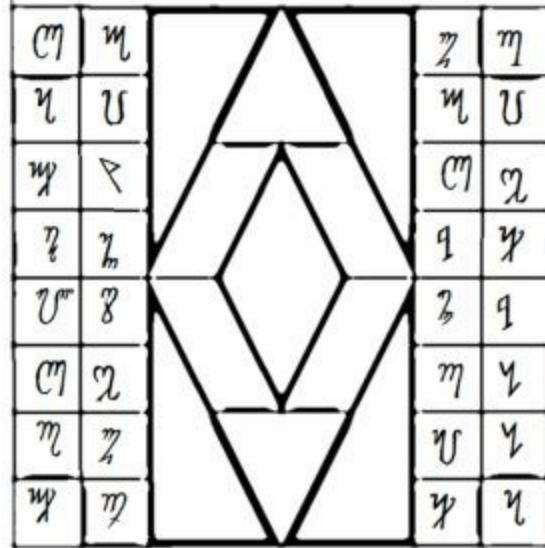
The Fifth Aspect

Two weeks after I had opened the last gate, two of my best friends were killed in a car crash. I was not surprised as they used to hit the road after having had their almost daily dose of drugs and more beers than I could count. I was sad and angry. I did not know if Theregöal had had anything to do with it, but my guess was that things were not happening out of coincidence; not any more. I went on with the next square hoping something good will come out of it; stupid me.

“I am *Theregyal* the fifth aspect of Theregial.” He said with a white horse’s mask covering his face:

I rule the kingdom of love, mercy, and all things fortunate. I will be able to grant you the joy that you wish you ever had, infuse you with such a pleasure that if you had already tasted of it, you would give your life up just for one moment of delight.

Nothing is as unpleasant as finding out that your girlfriend had been cheating on you for at least a month, even worst if she says that it was worth it and that she would never ask for forgiveness. I was broken hearted, my home felt now like a cold tomb. The only thing I felt like I still had was magic, and now I doubted if it was even real. Could it be that I had gone mad?

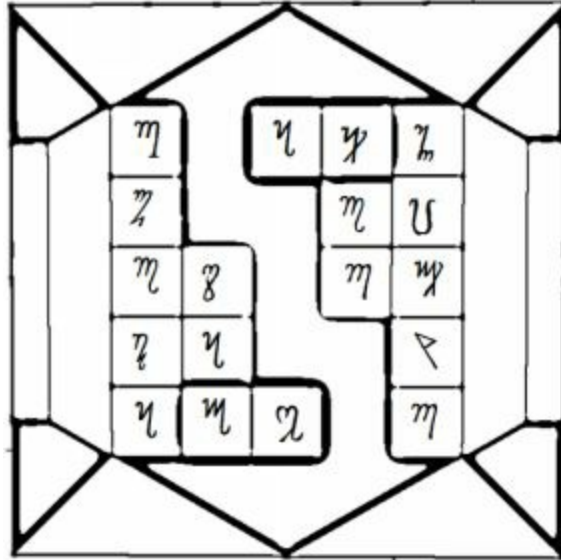


The Sixth Aspect

When I entered this gate, I saw Theregial using yet another mask only that this time I knew not what it was. It resembled nothing I have ever seen before, as if he wore a vacuum that absorbed the shape that surrounded him, if that explanation makes sense to the ones that have not seen it before. He had a spinning cube behind him that appeared to turn on one of its corners: “I am Theregôal the sixth aspect of Theregial. My kingdom is the Abyss. I am the Self giver, and the only one that can answer the question you will always have.” I frowned thinking what he meant as he continued, “You have endured the darkest part of the Abyss. Your life has been pulled apart, but now you need to open one last gate. Open it and all will make sense.”

He fell silent, and I was still thinking in that question he said I had. I had a lot, but I knew none were as important as one. I smiled as I whispered it, “Who am I?”

He came close to me and said to my ear something that I do not remember anymore, but whatever it was, it got integrated into myself so deeply that when I went back to the physical world, I knew that I had become another person, or as I like to see it, I had become my real self. But that was not all that had happened. He had talked about another gate.



The Seventh Aspect

I did not know what to think of his words. I thought that I was going completely insane. One more gate? I thought I was through with it. The cube only had six sides. I felt like I had been scammed, not only because I didn't know what other gate was I supposed to open, but also because at the beginning I had thought that I would take my godhood and be free to destroy the world with the uttering of one word, to create light where I saw darkness. Instead I had lost everything I had, even after asking this spirits after money, happiness, the death of my enemies and other things. Nothing had been done and I felt like I was about to fall apart.

“One more gate?” I repeated to myself as I sat staring to the wall. How was I supposed to open one if I did not have it? I thought of everything. I translated the Theban into ordinary alphabet, but it was useless as I thought it would. I only got gibberish, as with any other magic square out there.

That day I constructed the cube, the thing that I had not done until now. And as I was playing with it, I turned it on one of its corners and I had an epiphany. When I turned it around I saw three faces always, and I thought that I had it figured out. The last gate should be one that comprised all the others. It made a lot of sense then to open it as it was turning so fast that all of them would be visually scrambled with one another.

By then, I could barely afford any more candles; I had been forced to use only two that were almost consumed for the last gates. I had lost everything, and although I now knew the secret of the last gate, I was not sure any more

if I wanted to get through with it.

It took me a while to make myself used to the idea of working with one more aspect of Theregial. “Only one” I sighed as I prepared the candles, the circle and the altar. “One more, I have nothing to lose anymore.”

I had to push myself at the beginning. I was tired of everything, and still now I cannot believe that I actually had enough strength left to do one more ritual. I had constructed the cube with wood. I always sucked at handcrafts, but it didn’t turn out that badly. Attaching a thread to one corner, I hanged it on the roof and turned it around its axis. Opening it was not as simple as I had thought it would. I had seen a stage hypnotist once who had a ball of lights that would spin in order to get people into trance, and I thought this would work the same way. I wasn’t completely wrong about that but getting into trance that way was harder than I thought. Suddenly I was pulled again from my chair with that indescribable force, but this time it was different; I did not land in a strange place. I landed exactly where I was, in my chair, as if nothing had happened.

I was as confused as I had been those last four months, but soon I would find out that it all had not been for nothing. Although I still had a long way to redo my life, I felt reborn. I had lost my shitty job, left the studies I did not want to do anymore, and lost the cheap place where I always complained about everything, the noises, the neighbors, the imperfections in the pipes that once led to my apartment being flooded, and the girlfriend that had never really managed to make me happy. I cannot say that I did not miss my previous life, for it is human to always miss what one has lost, but now I live in a completely different place, I found a better job where I get justly paid, and my life improves day by day. These gates are not doors to damnation, but to ascension. But it is easy to forget that one has to climb down to the lowest depths to find out that one has been walking to the wrong direction all his life. Looking back now I am thankful to Theregial, and if I had to start this all over again, I would certainly do it.

NIKOLAOS A:O

The Blue Grimoire

The Legions of the Sea; or an Introduction to Blue Magic

A.S. Christi

I HAVE an inborn talent for evoking elementals. All my life, I have been naturally attuned to their numinal presences. With the typical exception of demons, who come like roaring lions, elementals overwhelm me on their coming. (Let me say that my channeling ability is far greater than my astral sight, so I commune with the spirits that I conjure most naturally by that means. I hear and feel the spirits, rather than see them, most of the time.)

This essay is compiled from what I have come to call the Blue Grimoire, a corpus of my notes on my dealings with a spirit who calls himself Kelvak, or Kelvatch, an elemental lord of the sea. It seems that I am being initiated into some powerful currant. I have come to call this currant, blue magic.

Contained herein is an account of our meeting, the ritual I use to commune with him, and some of the things he has taught me, especially some of the most powerful spirits he has introduced me to, which I have come to call sea demons.

Part I

The Meeting

Spiritual encounters can occur anywhere, not necessarily in the secluded graveyard or the ritual chamber. I say this because my first encounter with Kelvak occurred on a busy beach on the Jersey Shore while vacationing with relatives.

Immediately upon settling into my beach chair, looking out onto the surf, I felt a presence stronger than any elemental I had ever encountered. I dropped into the deep, which is my term for the place in meditation from which I can channel, and began to communicate with it.

My first impression was the creature was undeniably male, a rarity for undines. “Are you Nichols, fabled king of the undines?”

“Not Nichols but Kelvatch, a lord thereof. Here is a sign by which you

shall know me.”

I drew the image in the sand with my foot. Here is his sigil:



He appears to me, when staring at the ocean, as a green-black monolith at the farthest visible point on the horizon, or as a cloaked giant standing with the highest wave navel-high in the surf, or as a sandy-brown nurse shark when scrying into salt water.

I then received the means of summoning him.

Part II

The Means of Summoning

I took a piece of cloth and soaked it in the surf. Therein I placed dried seaweed, three round crystals from the sand, a sea gull feather, and crushed mother of pearl, all of which I found there at the time and place of our meeting, and a paper with his sigil. I sowed the cloth closed into a kind of gris-gris bag.

To conjure Kelvak, I need only to hold the gris-gris in my hand. However, when I am inclined to use the full regalia of the ritual chamber, I hold the gris-gris while scrying into salt water, and putting dried seaweed on the coals.

It is worth noting that I made the encounter at a place of the spirit's dwelling, and made the summoning gris-gris there, effectively binding the spirit to me. I can't speak to the effectiveness of making first contact in the ritual chamber.

Part III

The Grimoire of Sea Demons

Here are the names, sigils, and attributes of several of the spirits which Kelvak has introduced to me.

The First Spirit is named Kelinvak, who appears as a great octopus. He is the bestower of strength and talent, and this is his sigil:



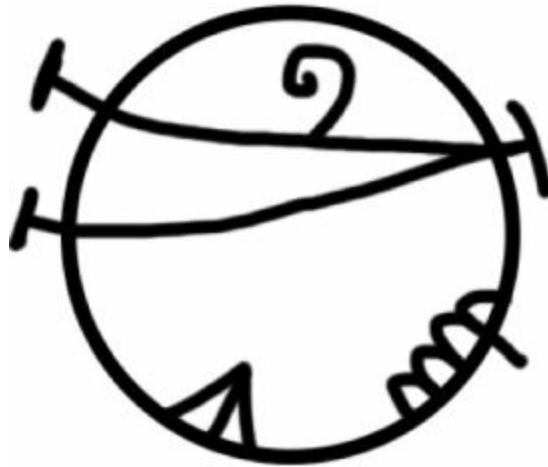
The Second Spirit is called Hekavor, lord of devouring lust, who appears as a monstrous Moray Eel. This is his sigil:



The Third Spirit is called Vog'n, who appears as a pufferfish, bristling with venomous spikes. He is a master healer, and vehemently denies the notorious claim that he has anything to do with necromancy, and the creation of zombies. Here is his sigil:



The Fourth Spirit is Karigel, the crocodile, who devours the wicked and fiercely protects the just. Here is his sigil:



The Fifth Spirit is called Adogan, a giant sea turtle. He guards the vital life force (for example, from psychic vampires or lethal curses) and helps procure long life. Here is his sigil:



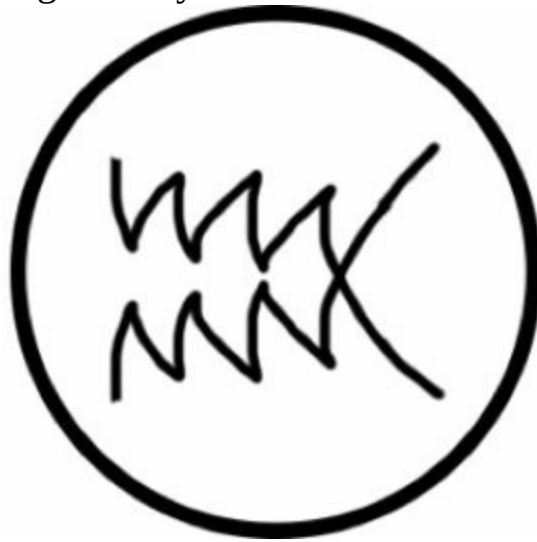
The sixth spirit is Borgas'bel, who appears as a sand tiger shark. When I asked him what his nature was, he would tell me only, "I am fierceness." Here is his sigil:



The seventh spirit is the Kraken, who prefers to be called Kel Kraken, and resembles a giant squid, only as vast as the sea itself. In the past, Kel Kraken was also called Charybdis, the great whirlpool. The truth is that he dwells beneath the swirling water. He rules over the sea's destructive tides. Here is his sigil:



The eighth spirit is called Gal’Gethrin (or possibly Gar’Gethren), who appears as a great white shark, and represents the destructive half of the ocean’s power, and brings victory in naval warfare. His sigil is:



The Ninth Spirit is called Gorgadokel, who appears as a sperm whale. His power is the opposite of Gal’Gethrin. He represents the protective and beneficial power of the ocean, and brings success to the merchant mariner. Make no mistake, however. He is just as fearsome. His sigil is:



The Tenth Spirit, and the last one I will include in this essay, is Xethraes. He appears as the albatross slain, undead and bleeding enough to fill the sea with red. Sharks swim below him as he flies, perching on the ship of those who die at sea. He is the gatekeeper of what I call blue necromancy, or conjuring the sea dead. Invoking him can be dangerous, however, as the Ancient Mariner discovered. Here is his sigil:



Conclusion

The lessons with Kelvak will surely continue, but the one thing which he has taught me is that is most valuable is the philosophy of Blue Magic.

The ocean is full of deadly creatures, toothy and venomous. It pulls us in

and drowns us. It smashes ships and drives men mad. Its sirens call to us, to consume us.

Kelvak's core lesson that the magic of the ocean is not the sole purview of the fluff-bunny white-lighter. The ocean has vast powers to build and destroy, and the Black Magician has every right to tap into the power of Leviathan.

Perhaps the greatest blue magician to have ever lived was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His words describe a feeling that I have only felt in the presence of these spirits, whether or not he consciously contacted these same forces. Let us therefore conclude with some words from his opus.

*The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.*

—*The Ryme of the Ancient Mariner*

A.S. Christi

Going Berserk in the modern age

Jeffery Deuel



WITHIN the various realms of existence various beings reside. No matter your opinion of what these beings truly consists of. Occult studies have shown that these beings each carry a unique personality. Yet, within these unique characteristics the consciousness of the cultural body that calls upon them also exists. Nowhere is this more apparent than within the body of Teutonic/Nordic entities. Who deal with their followers in many of the same ways the Voodoo spirits do their own people.

Within this harsh environment of the Northern lands a concept of good and evil that has almost been made extinct has taken hold. The moral code of the people had more to do with survival and honor then moral precepts. The Gods, being an embodiment of the principles of the people, took on the flaws and fallibilities of their worshippers. The Nordic Gods are not perfect in any sense of the word. Subject to the weakness and temptation of all flesh. The perfection offered by them is foreign to the teachings of many occult schools. It is through the promise of destruction that rebirth would come. As it was in the beginning when fire and ice met in the gap. So would the end be.

The reconstruction of a practice that is at least forty thousand years old is called Asatru. I shy away from this title as the basis of Asatru belief has been clouded by weakness and ignorance. Many who call upon the Old Gods and ways take cue from a limited source of mythological and semi historical sources. The tainted knowledge that the majority cling too has given rise to

many false teachings concerning the nature of this pantheon of entities. The Gods of the North are as dark as any demon being dealt with. Possibly even darker, for they embody within themselves aspects of both chaos and light. There is no Qliphoth in the teachings of Yggdrasil. For the tree of life, and the beings who dwell there are the sum of the whole.

The harsh environment that shaped a personality of various peoples into a collective consciousness is the same that would bring forth a possession more frightening than the beings brought forth by the desert dwellers. For only in the land of ice could a spirit be created to carry its people forward in the face of odds that would spell death to a weaker group. It is through the possession and inspired madness of its Gods that the people and their tribal deities would prevail. This spirit has been glamorized again and again in history and stories of the Vikings.

Odin, the All Father of the Northern European pantheon himself is bipolar. Within this one deific mask, if you will; lies a vast multitude of personalities woven together. This weaving encompasses the folk soul of the Teutonic peoples in all its entirety. A people shaped in the harsh lands of Iceland, Scandinavia, Germany, and beyond. A people whose inner fire could only be stoked in the lands of ice and death. Through the hand of this terrifying being the berserker spirit comes forth. For the spirit of the Berserker is the consciousness of Bolverk. Odin in the guise of “worker of evil.”

The name Odin comes from the masculine word Wodananz. Wodananz broken down means prophet, seer and possessed. This is the sum of the entire being of the Northern figure known by over 150 descriptive titles (kennings). Those who know Odin, know that it is the inspired madness of this entity that can bring forth either poetic beauty or deadly atrocities. For all genius comes forth from insanity of varying degrees. Odin is the hidden madman of Teutonic consciousness.

With Odin there is no set rules. Even the concept of oath breaking: a huge dishonor amongst the Northern peoples is subject to the All Fathers own whims. Many say it is for the higher good that Odin bends the rules that he has laid down in the poetic Edda’s Havamal. Indeed, it is so; the higher good of Odin himself. For the example given to his followers is found in the maxim “self-preservation is the highest law.” This is the true holy law of the Northern people.

Within many historic and religious mythologies, the battle between fire

and ice rages. It is the destiny of the children of darkness (ice) to battle the children of light (fire). When one fully understands that this battle is what will bring forth the apocalypse of so many cultural lore's, then can they finally understand the Nature of Odin and the Teutonic pantheon. Including they're purpose in bringing forth the next epoch of humanity. For when fire and ice merge they create. Out of chaos creation stems forth. The true cycle of life is found in this ongoing struggle.

Every culture needs a savior. Odin, as the adverse Christ, is the savior of the Northern tribes. He is both God and devil to his people. This is why there are so many similarities between the mythology of the Eddas and the three books of the desert God. These similarities are astounding, as well as the diversities. But in light of all the things that contain truth, they are not enough to bring together peace and harmony. These are the things that drive the wedge between the Biblical views of brothers and cause the battle to rage on.

Odin is not savior of his people in the normally established sense of the word. For the children of ice and darkness need no God to forgive their sins and lay down law. Odin saves his people by giving them consciousness and the Runes. These are the only gifts freely delivered from his hand. But they are enough for a people driven by survival and the need to conquer. Nothing else is needed for people who are conditioned to think and thrive for themselves.

With every battle the spirit of bloodshed and violence is necessary to wage an effective war. Odin, the embodiment of this spirit, passes it along to his people. The results of those willing to accept the berserker rage is a terrifying battle frenzy or insane inspiration. History teaches that those who partook of the Berserker frenzy foamed at the mouth and could be wounded by no weapon. In the form of wolf or Bear they fought. The enemy terrified fleeing before them. The same were often moving poets and deceptive fiends as well.

Odin, in the figure of the wolf passes along the Berserker spirit to his son Thor. The passing of this gift to Thor is the Teutonic father God passing along the unholy spirit to his son. Thor, the friend of the people, then passes his spirit to the children of Midgard. The union of God and spirit is the unholy baptism, which makes the children the unique property of the Gods they serve in consciousness.

Though not easily recognized, the berserker spirit is alive and well in the modern world. It is the basis for adventure, scientific discovery, art, and even racial violence amongst the Teutonic people. The children of the ice often

have no system in which to control the rage that stirs the heart and mind. They do, simply because they are. They take and conquer, for it is in their very blood to do so. Never understanding the drive is the sum total of the whole of consciousness given. For Odin needs no recognition from man or system into which he can pour his influence.

When channeled and shaped according to knowledge by the few. Though it can destroy just as easily as it can conquer. The berserker spirit becomes a valuable ally to its wielder. Its ability to both guide and deliver its vessel is able to make one invincible in desire and warfare. Having tasted the many sides of Odin's being, I have stumbled at the very brink of insanity on many occasions, only to arise renewed and refreshed in both inspiration and knowledge. Sometimes fearing there would be no return once the God had consumed me. For the God is the true definition of insanity once a vessel has yielded to his hand.

The Berserker spirit can be channeled through the use of certain Runes. But the most traditional method is through the misunderstood ritual of Blot. During blot which means "blood sacrifice" the drinking horn (after the shedding of blood in sacrifice) is filled with mead and raised in honor of the God being called upon. As the aspects of the God is being invoked by the Gothi (ceremonial priest) the horn is filled with the attributes of the entity. Thus, the horn becomes a vessel for the spirit of the God. At this point the horn is drank by the participants, just as the blood of the covenant is used during the ceremony of communion of the Christian Church. The unholy communion between God and man during blot brings the God into the body.

Blot is watered down, and because such, is often misunderstood in the modern age. As law and custom shun the slaying of blood in any sense. The depth of the ritual sacrifice used to invoke and evoke the presence of the Gods is lost to the followers of the ancient customs. Sadly, the Gods who grow stronger due to such sacrifice are weakened and suffer. They have very little to offer but feeble creeds and false moral precepts to those who profess fakeatru.

Also, it should be known that the ritual reconstruction of Blot comes from the Icelandic Sagas. Many never take into account that the Sagas are a semi historical telling of one group of people and their customs. It is foolish to think that the customs of one people were the customs of another, though tied together by blood and consciousness.

What follows is a very effective means of performing Blot in the modern

age. Blot should be shaped to bring forth into one's self the various aspects of the being who is called upon. As this article is on the Berserker spirit, it will be set forth as such. Which brings with it a word of caution.

The Berserker spirit is one of both intense violence and madness. One who would dare call upon such an entity to possess them would be either a fool or insane him/herself. The results of allowing this aspect of Odin's diverse nature into self cannot be safely attained. Nor should it be called upon lightly. For as any true mage knows the effects of magic on consciousness can be both damaging and permanent.

Blot is performed in eight to ten steps in the modern age. Though nine steps is the normal practice. Nine is the sacred number of the children of the North. For within itself it holds both completion and utter destruction. As this Blot format is for the individual black Magickian. It should be noted that it may not follow Blot as performed by the modern kindred.



Tools for the Ritual

Drinking Horn; Recels (incense) of dark herbs; Gandr (wand); Ceremonial robe (optional); wooden or stone altar; Mead or Dark Ale; Ceremonial knife; Ritual Hammer (optional); Wooden Bowl for offering; Evergreen sprig; and animal for sacrifice (optional).

1. The Gathering

The Gothi walks to his holy place (stone or wooden altar) in complete silence. Some say he should be bathed and cleansed in ritual format. I disagree, as Teutonic magick was one of need and necessity in the moment and not ceremonial. The tools of the working should be set up before the ritual begins. If an animal is being used it is led to the place of sacrifice by the Gothi. The Gothi thinks deeply upon the Rite to be performed during his journey.

2. The Warding

The index finger of the right hand of the Gothi is pointed at the ground. In place of the index finger a Gandr (wand) may be substituted. A circle of blue light is cast around the priest counter clockwise, as this is a baneful working. The light should be visualized as a sphere that reaches high above and deep below the Gothi and altar, encompassing everything it surrounds. This is not the protective circle of many traditions. It is a receptacle for the energies called upon.

Once the circle is cast a Runic circle is then formed around the sphere. Using the index finger or Gandr. The Runes of the Elder Futhark are projected around the body in a brilliant red. Starting with Fehu and ending with Othala, one should visualize and feel the presence of the Runes for they are the true circle of the Northern people. Both sphere of light and runic circle are formed facing north. The direction the Gods of death and violence dwell.

Many groups have included versions of Edred Thorsson's Hammer Rite into their ritual at this point. The Hammer Rite is a powerful banishing ritual of equal power to the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. And while a worthy tool in the practice of Northern Magick, the Hammer Rite holds little significance to the vast majority who use it in its many forms because many who have adopted it into practice know little of its value and purpose. If used, the index finger or ceremonial Hammer are used to form the Hammers around the circle.

3. The Reading or Explanation

Upon erecting the runic circle the Gothi reflects deeply upon the reason for the ritual looking deeply within self to see if he truly wants to undergo the possession he seeks. This is not a light matter and should not be viewed as such.

4. The Call

Odin is now called upon in the guise of Bolverk (worker of evil). The invocation (Galdr) should be both poetic and precise. The Vitki must know exactly what aim he/she wishes to achieve through this working. I cannot stress enough how important precision is at this point. For the Berserker spirit is chaos and violence personified. And the unforeseen will always take place

no matter how much planning is done in advance.

The invocation can be something similar to this: “Masked and hooded one. Oath breaker and self-preserved. I call upon thee in the guise of the worker of evil. Enter me and take hold of me with the feared warrior spirit known as the Berserker. For my enemies are strong. Yet, in you, I am stronger. Let my fury overcome and overtake them. For self-preservation is the highest law.”

5. The Hallowing

The traditional vessel in which the spirit of the Northern Gods is called is the drinking horn. The drinking horn is filled with Mead or Dark Ale. Liquids holy in themselves to the Teutonic people. (Though other liquids may be used for lesser beings.) Once filled, the horn is lifted to the God and a basic blessing is performed. It is at this point the mead becomes charged by the presence of the Northern deity. After signing the charged liquid in the shape of Thor’s Hammer to make holy. This unholy communion is then ready to be used for the blessing of the Gothi and the God.

It is here the slaughter of the animal to make their sacrifice pleasing to the Gods takes place. As mentioned before, animal sacrifice and bloodletting are taboo in modern society. Though the body of the intended sacrifice was consumed afterward and not wasted. This has been ignored all together and the horn used as a substitute. For those wishing to stay true to ancestral practice the slicing of the palm with a ritual knife may be substituted. And one’s own life blood given to the high ones.

If blood is shed, a portion of the Gothi’s or animal’s blood shall be spilt into the wooden bowl. If mead and horn are used as well, the priest of Odin may shed a few drops of the blood into the horn to be consumed.

6. The Blessing

In group settings, the altar and participants would now be sprinkled with the Mead (or blood) using the branch of an Evergreen Tree. Since this rite is catered to the individual, the individual may anoint his brow in the place of the third eye with the liquid. Since total possession is the intended result of this particular rite. I have found that the sign of Thor’s Hammer can be made upon the body as a portal with the charged substance. This gateway is akin to EA Koetting’s use of the pentagram for the same purpose.

Runes can be drawn upon the body of the Gothi in both mead and blood. The Thurisaz Rune is an excellent help in bringing on the Berserker

possession.

7. The Sharing

When using the drinking horn, the horn is now passed around to each participating in the rite. The individual is allowed to speak a Hail (blessing) or word to the God being honored. A sip of the charged liquid is then taken by the individual, or the horn is hammer signed and passed to the next in the circle. When each participant has had a chance to interact with the deity through the horn it is passed back to the Gothi. During the individual rite the Gothi performing such should commune with the God in meditation and drink.

The priest of Odin may already begin to feel the effects of the working at this point. For the presence of the God called upon is in the holy mead. When the Gothi sips of the charged liquid, he literally consumes a portion of the God into his/her body. The Gothi has partaken of unholy communion with the blood (mead) and body (presence) of the Deity.

8. The Offering

After the Gothi drinks from the horn the remainder of mead is spilt upon the ground in offering to the old ones. In blood sacrifice this would be the blood of the animal given. Contained in the bowl of offering until the time of gifting. It is at this point the Gothi literally gives back a portion of self. In Northern Tradition it is “a gift for a gift.”

9. The Closing

If able, the Gothi offers a statement of closing once the possession wears off, when the Gothi has recovered. The ritual animal, if used, should be prepared for food. This is an essential way to ground after a ceremony of such intensity. Fed and nourished, the Gothi gathers the tools of the working and returns home.

For an article of this size many of the Northern traditions and they're particular significance cannot be explained in the depth they truly deserve. It is my intention to take the spirit of the Northern Berserker into the modern age and beyond. As mentioned before, my work has almost drug me to the depths of utter insanity. But the blood of my ancestors would have it no other way. For the same spirit that led the Vikings into an unsuspecting world

flows through my blood as well. Ves Heil!



JEFFERY DEUEL

Anthology of Sorcery
Spells
Volume Three

Foreword

E.A. Koetting

CHECK this out!” Brandy’s eyes glowed with excitement and squinted with mischief at the same time.

We were both fourteen years old, fumbling through a friendship that at least one of us wished was something more. Like me, Brandy was adopted, an odd bond forming around the mutual feeling of being discarded. Unlike me, however, she knew her birth parents, and had spent a couple weeks in the summer with them somewhere in the Bible-Belt.

Brandy hadn’t gone simply to spend time with them, to revisit the good old days before they abandoned her to the distant relatives that later adopted her. Her uncle had passed away. Before leaving, she told me that she was sure that “passed away” was too soft a term. He had committed suicide in his home, months preceding his death harrowed with mental illness. Among his last confessions to his family was the fact that he practiced Black Magick and that he had sold his soul to the Devil. He, and the whole family, believed that the Devil had come to collect.

Being Protestant, the family called upon a “Deliverance Minister” rather than a Catholic Priest to exorcise the evil spirits from her uncle’s home, and from his body. After days of fasting and prayer and shouting at the Devil to leave, the Minister was the one who finally left, claiming that Brandy’s uncle simply had no desire to repent and forsake the Evil One that he had come into league with.

No one in the family was close to him, as he had shut himself away from nearly everyone for most of his life. But, Brandy was the only one he seemed to like at all. He had told her, when she was young and still lived with her family, that she was a witch. He said that her green eyes and red hair were signs of it, but that he could also sense it about her. She later told her mother what he had said and was warned against being alone with him again.

He died without a will, but in his final days he made his sister, Brandy’s mother, promise to bring Brandy to his home and let her take whatever she wanted, after which his meager estate could be divided however the family wished.

I expected her to return with suitcases filled with odd items, jewelry, or guns... something that would be fun to play with.

Instead, she returned with what looked like a small box, wrapped in black velvet cloth, tied up like a Christmas present with leather straps secured in a bow instead of ribbons.

“Check this out!”

Brandy tugged on one of the loose ends of the leather string, the bow bursting open, a flap of the black cloth falling away. She pulled the string off the package and removed the velvet covering far more slowly than I could have ever done.

Inside of this strange package was what looked like a journal. The cover was brown leather, and by the way that it was dirty, worn, and the way the spine was starting to crack at the edge, it had obviously been well-used. There was even some char in the center of the front of the cover, not like it had been tossed in a fire, but as if it had been briefly held over a flame.

Neither the cover nor the spine displayed any print, but when Brandy pulled open the cover, on the first page were the thick, black, handwritten words: Book of Spells.

Turning pages, what we had before us was not a journal, nor a grimoire translated and printed at a press, but a literal Book of Spells, each spell handwritten by a Sorcerer who had perhaps delved too deeply into the Black Arts and had gone insane.

The title of each spell was not simply written at the top of the page, but was drawn there, the multiple strokes of his pen nearly tearing through the paper at points, as if the author was obsessed with the titles of the spells, as if these contained power in themselves.

One page was titled “Fertility Spell” followed immediately by a “Spell to Cause Impotence.” There was a “Spell to Beguile Women” and a “Spell to Send Women Away.” I can remember seeing only one “Spell to Heal The Body Of Any Disease,” while there must have been half a dozen spells to create illness in enemies, to cause blindness, tumors, and most certainly a “Spell to Cause Madness.”

Each spell involved the placement of ritual candles around the Sorcerer or in front of him, fetish items belonging person to be affected, incantations, some in English and others in a language I’d never seen before, along with instructions on visualization, energy manipulation, and the calling upon the names of various spirits to help do the work.

Along with each spell, the author, Brandy's uncle, had written notes of his experiences with the spells, sometimes in postscript, and in other cases in the page margins or between previously written lines in smaller script.

As we turned through the pages of the Book of Spells, both of us speechless, dumbfounded by this treasure, the emphasis progressively departed from effects upon mundane life and became more transcendental, like a "Rite of Teleportation," which in the notes seemed to be more a matter of astral projection or Soul Travel, although the author claimed to have physically materialized in a distant location and interacted with people there.

The final spell was a "Spell of Transmigration Towards Infinite Darkness." It seemed that this was the last spell that he would perform, as there were no experiential notes, but some strange image, a sigil, drawn in blood, at the bottom of the last page.

"Which one should we do first?" I asked.

Brandy's face contorted from intrigue to contempt as she looked at me and slammed the book shut.

"We're not doing any of them!" she snapped. "What? You want to end up calling this evil shit into your life, let it fuck you up until you end up crazy, too?"

I wanted to say yes. Within myself, I silently did say yes, but her expression told me that that was the wrong answer.

She wrapped the book back in its black velvet cloth, wrapped the leather string around it, and made a tight bow of the ends of the string. Without a word, she walked to her bedroom, returning with empty hands and explanations of the chores she needed to attend to for the day, politely excusing me from her home.

I waited a couple of weeks to ask her about the Book of Spells again, hoping that somehow its power had seduced her and she was ready to practice from it.

"I burned it," she said with the same nonchalance that someone might announce that they had thrown a piece of garbage away. It felt like someone with a giant fist had knocked me in the center of my chest. "It's evil," she insisted. "I wouldn't wish those things on my worst enemies. And, look where it got my uncle!"

I couldn't speak, couldn't even think. She had possessed a real Book of Spells, written by a real Sorcerer. She couldn't have burned it... she wouldn't have. But, she never spoke of the book to me again, and I never

asked.

As I've pieced together my own rituals and have written my own personal books of spells, I can say that I have done all that Brandy's uncle had claimed to do, and much more. I also have come to know that I am not the only one, that there are Sorcerers and Witches in the world who have written by their own hands their own books of spells. I've learned that that first taste of real magick and real ritual was just that: a taste! What I've seen and learned in my own work, and in working with other Black Magicians, is that, together, we possess secrets to immense power, and sometimes secrets of unspeakable evil.

I put out the call to all true Black Magicians to look through their own spellbooks and to find their favorite spells, so that we could put them together and give them to the world. In doing so, I know that we are collectively giving the public the keys to something that they may not be able to control. We are also giving them the chance, the choice, and the ability to try it for themselves and to see if they, too, are Sorcerers.

Are you ready to find out if you are a real Magician?

EA Koetting

Grimoire
Book One

Belial's Rage
Awakening the Underworld Against Tyrannical Law
Enforcement
E.A. Koetting

THE Black Magician possesses a natural and often destructive defiance within his being. With all his might, intellect, influence, and power, he stands against tyranny in all its forms.

The Black Magician questions not only the lies of the church, but exposes the misdeeds of their representatives. He often will not do so in whispers with others who might agree with him, but he shouts it within the halls of the white temples and he declares the sins of the Fathers against their flock so that all will hear and take heed.

The consequence of defiance against the church—ALL of the churches—carries the consequence of social and sometimes familial ostracization at the very least. For my work in exposing tyrants in shepherd's clothing, I and my family have been subjected to electronic and physical harassment, stalking, death threats, and even attempts to murder me.

Another tyrant giant roams the earth, having burrowed itself into every land, and now has grown wings to allow them to survey the skies from above the earth, to strike down their opponents with lasers and mushroom clouds with a single gaze. These tyrant giants have come to believe that they are so strong, so invulnerable, that they can dictate our actions, our words, and even our thoughts, with the threat of putting the human population in cages or murdering them without consequence, if we do not acquiesce.

This tyrant giant is Government. Whether Democratic, Republican, communist, Socialist, fascist, or any other name they might give themselves, they are tyrants, and they are searching for you. They want you in their prisons as they prosper from their slaves. They want you in their databases so that you can be found and collected up at any time, as to them you are simply their property. They want you in their mind-control camps. They want you in their foreign military raids. They want you to fund their tyranny. They want you, for your unwilling assistance is the power behind

their measures. Without your assistance, willing or not, the giant is powerless.

If you personally are not breaking any of their commandments at this time, I challenge you to wait, as every government on this planet is in the process of continually creating more “laws” to ensnare you with, more ordinances to allow them to make initial contact with you, to the extent of documenting, evaluating, and criminalizing each and every citizen in order to capture us all and bring us under their control.

Two years ago, the Giant set its eye upon me. I can’t say for certain why I had garnered its attention, although I have heavy suspicions.

Whatever it was that got the Giant’s attention, once it had seen me it acted quickly and it acted without regard to established procedures, ensured personal “rights,” or anything that could be called “morality.”

I was working on the day that the Giant struck me, sitting at my computer editing film for an upcoming video course release.

My phone vibrated and made a happy ‘ding’ to remind me that my daughter would be let out of school early that day. The ‘ding’ told me that she would be let out in fifteen minutes. Her school was only ten minutes away.

I finished my edits and set the video for “export,” allowing my computer to continue my work while I was away.

I grabbed my keys, pulled on my boots at the door, and jumped in my truck.

Within minutes—literally no more than two minutes—my truck was on the side of the road, and I had an automatic assault rifle pointed in my face, wielded by a man dressed in all black, a badge dangling from his neck in front of his bulletproof vest. Two other men, dressed in the same military fashion, pointed their assault rifles at me while the first shackled my arms and legs in chained cuffs.

Surely, they had received some false tip that I was a terrorist of some sort, that I had done some awful thing, and that as soon as they discovered their mistake, I would be released.

I was held on the side of the road for over three hours, shackled and at gunpoint until the gunmen were able to convince a magistrate to sign a search warrant on my home, finally giving them legal license to do what they were already doing.

My front door was kicked open and nearly a dozen gunmen ransacked my

home until they finally found what they were looking for: Drugs.

Yes, I did have drugs, and yes, they were illegal for me to have. Some of them were produced in hidden laboratories in some country to the south of North America, but most of them were cultivated directly from the earth as plants and fungus. Some of them I would take with friends in the middle of the desert, each of us finding the spirit of nature through our own individual vision quests, sharing our water and ensuring that as a group we would be safe and would have a positive experience. Some of them I used socially in the privacy of my home with people I trusted, and this “drug” in particular has since been decriminalized in many U.S. states, two of them directly bordering my own. Some of them I had saved for special occasions in which losing my mind for a day and a night seemed the best escape from Default Reality. Others I kept even though I never planned to use them again... just in case!

I only purchased and never sold them. When I used them, I used them responsibly (yes, it is possible to learn how to responsibly alter one’s state!), and when not in use I locked them back into the safe that they were kept in, the safe that no longer has a working lock.

The gunmen were horrified to find that I, too, possessed firearms. My handgun was on my bedside table, holstered in a nylon case, unloaded but with a full magazine ready to slap into the handle should the safety of my home ever come under assault. But these gunmen had gotten the jump on me. Two rifles were found in my closet, on the highest shelf that even I needed a stool to reach. One of them is an heirloom, passed down to my girlfriend from her grandfather, and the other was pink, a .22 caliber rifle that my daughter’s grandfather had given her. Both were unloaded, and the ammunition was kept in a separate place altogether, as these were only ever used far out in the desert or on established shooting ranges.

All three were confiscated along with the drugs.

My girlfriend and I were each charged with over a dozen felony counts of possession of controlled substances, and with three counts of possession of firearms by restricted persons.

I had broken “the law,” and I had been caught.

That night, we paid a ransom in the way of bail bonds, each of us individually having a bondable bail amount of over \$30,000. The next morning, I paid nearly \$20,000 to an attorney as a retainer for representing our defense against our charges, and he counselled us wisely, and he

represented us well.

Within a week, the Internet had gone wild with the story, our mugshots popping up in every search of my name. Predictions were offered up by every troll and discontented occultist about how much time I would spend in prison. By the facts, I was indeed facing severe penalties if convicted, and I was worried about what could happen if I were convicted.

If.

I drove up to the mountains, to the forest, where I could clear my head and gain some perspective on my situation. There, next to a creek, I filmed a public statement about my arrest, and it was there that I made a resolution to fight the tyrant giant, and I promised that I would win.

And, two years later, I have won.

I have not spent a night in jail, nor will I.

All felony charges have been dismissed.

All three of my firearms have been returned to me.

My freedom has been retained and secured, and this coming summer I will again find myself in the depths of the desert, nearly naked in the sun speaking with spirits in the ways that I have done before, in the ways that my ancestors have done, and in the ways that generations will continue to do, with plant Allies and Teachers, some of which cause the giant great concern, as opened minds and opened eyes do not lend themselves to easily taken captives.

I fought the giant, and I won, and I did so through Sorcery, through a particular spell that was revealed to me by Belial, who despises false masters and seeks to liberate the enslaved.

Now, I reveal this spell to you, that when the gunmen come for you, that when the magistrates declare your private and peaceful lives to be illegal, that you will be able to fight, and that you too will win!

One of the earliest permutations of Belial, one of the first masks that The Lawless One took, was that of Belili, not a demon but a goddess of the fields, goddess of mercy, goddess of the Lilies of the Valley and the fertility of the spring soil. Her brother, Tammuz, god of the harvest, had violated Divine Law, and was being sought out by Erishkigal, goddess of the underworld, who had sent her enforcers to collect Tammuz.

Thrice he escaped Chthonic law enforcement, due only to the help of his sister, Belili.

Erishkigal, being all-knowing, eventually led her minions to his capture. They dragged him and his sister to the underworld, seeking to establish

Tammuz as a force of power there alongside the Queen of Hell. Belili pled on his behalf and offered herself up as a sacrifice instead. Erishkigal agreed that Belili could take her brother's place in the underworld for half of the year, allowing Tammuz to return to the earth during the harvest and the winter seasons.

With her power and her beauty, Belili came to rule over the underworld, second only to Erishkigal. When she returned to the earth, those who worshipped her would give her offerings and pour forth prayers to her so that when she descended again to the underworld that she would use her new command over darkness itself to lift her worshippers out of their own prisons or to send forth the armies of the underworld to take revenge on tyrants.

Belili's agreement with Erishkigal had established her as a force for change within the very system that she desired to change.

Belial, the new mask of this same Ancient God, bears similar hatred for tyranny, and causes those tyrannical systems to break down from within.

Spell of Awakening the Underworld Against Tyrannical Law Enforcement

Before casting this spell, create a short phrase that will be used to empower the ritual and direct the underworld entities to their goal. The phrase that we created was, "Preserve Our Freedom; Grant Us Peace."

1. Create also an envisioned end result, a picture of the thing that you desire when it has manifested. I saw in my inner vision myself sitting in my attorney's office. I could see his walnut desk and cherry bookcases, his suit, and even the colored stripes on his necktie. I would then see and hear him say, "All charges against you have been dismissed."
1. You will envision this end result during the ritual, and you will recall it to mind after the ritual, at any time when you begin to panic, when you worry, when you wonder whether the ritual has worked. Bring this vision back to your mind until you see it and hear it, repeating the scene over and over until your fear is transmuted to peace.
2. This spell must be cast at dusk, and must be performed in a remote place, in the wilderness, where no person will stumble upon

you.

3. The Circle is cast thrice: first out of branches that are gathered nearby; the second by drawing it in the soil inside of the first Circle with the stone Ematille (which all Sorcerers should keep on hand and replace immediately when given as an offering); and the third Circle is cast with salt poured on top of the branches.
4. Dig a small hole in the center of the Circle and fill it with coals. Ignite the coals and as they burn to embers, meditate and clear your mind of all thoughts, releasing all worries, and letting go of all fear. Once the coals glow red, sprinkle a handful of incense upon them. I prefer, as always, to use either copal resin or dittany of Crete, but you are free to use the incense that you are drawn to. Keep a large amount of incense beside you and continue to heap it on the coals as needed to ensure a continuous stream of incense into the air.
5. Kneel and face the column of smoke rising from the pit, seeing and feeling and knowing that as it rises it is pulling the powers of the underworld to the surface of the earth and into the air around you. If you are casting this spell with the help of other Sorcerers, everyone present is to face toward the rising smoke.
6. Offer your prepared invocation and declaration, being the simple phrase that you have created. Begin in a whisper and let the whisper grow, your mind locked on the end result that you desire, your desperate need to avenge yourself or to free yourself pouring out of your mouth.
7. If your need is great enough, and if you are truly offering every last drop of will that is in you, words alone will not be sufficient. Pound your fists on the ground as you continue to give your declaration, spitting your words out of your mouth, screaming if you are driven to scream, sobbing if you are driven to sob, but not one piece of your emotion and your despair is to be held back.
8. Pound the earth and give your call, and the earth around you will shake, and the shaking will awaken the sleeping giants of the underworld who will spill out of the pit and will gather around you to hear your commands.
9. Give it all until your body and your heart are done, until your mind is cleared of all distress, until your deepest soul knows that

you will be made free and that those who rise against you will either be removed from your path, or they will be destroyed.

10. Give your command, in the name of Belial, one last time to the spirits that have risen and that stand around you. Toss the stone ematille, with which you carved the second Circle, into the pit on top of the coals, and bury it, closing the entrance to the underworld. Disperse the Circle of branches, and scatter the Circle of salt, leaving no evidence of your Works of Darkness.

And go forth with the knowledge that you are free and that not even giants may stand against you.

In the name of Belial, it is done!

E.A. KOETTING

The Mirror of Lilith

Asenath Mason

IFIRST heard about “the Mirror of Lilith” while reading Richard Kieckhefer’s *Forbidden Rites*, in which the author compiled medieval spells and formulas for magicians and sorcerers. The creation of the mirror was a part of the *Munich Handbook of Necromancy*, “A necromancer’s manual of the fifteenth century.” The mirror described in the book was in the shape of a shield, with words referring to God inscribed on the rim (Deus Sanctus, Deus Omnipotens, Deus Fortis, Deus Immortalis, Pater Futuri Saeculi), the greater seal of Solomon at two upper sides, the lesser seal of Solomon at the bottom end of the shield, and the name “Lylet” in the middle of the mirror. The object was designed to be used in divination, especially in regard to detecting crimes such as “theft, murder or other circumstance,” and Lilith was called through a conjuration invoking the names of God. While the idea of a mirror dedicated to Lilith and allowing for contact with her fascinated me in an instant, the thought of using words of power from the Christian paradigm did not seem appealing at all. This was just not good enough for me. In my personal practice, I work with Lilith almost on a daily basis and have always had a natural alignment with her energies. Therefore, I decided to invoke the goddess and obtain a formula of a magical mirror directly from her. This formula will be discussed in this article and I will explain the manner of creating “the Mirror of Lilith” and provide the spell that can be used to charge and activate it.

The idea of the mirror has been inspired by my personal work with the goddess and refers to the Qabalistic legend of Lilith, Samael, and the blind dragon Tanin’iver. According to the legend described in *Treatise of the Left Emanation*, Lilith and Samael were created together as one being and are forever joined in a continuous sexual act, receiving emanations from each other through an intermediary. This intermediary is a “blind prince” Tanin’iver, portrayed in the story as a serpent or dragon, and corresponding to Leviathan—the Serpent of Chaos. He is the bond, the accompaniment, and the union between Lilith and Samael, and together they form the Unholy Trinity, the gateway to Sitra Ahra through which a magician can travel to the

realms of the Qliphoth or evoke the forces of the Dark Tree into one's ritual space. The Mirror of Lilith is a physical representation of this gateway in the practitioner's temple.



To make the mirror you will need a round frame and a piece of glass. Ideally, the frame should be black, but you can simply paint it. The surface can be a normal mirror, but it will have to be specially prepared. The size of the mirror is up to you. The one I have in my temple is 30 cm in diameter, but it can also be bigger. When you find a suitable frame/mirror, paint it according to the diagram below:

The frame and the parts outside the triangle should be black and for this I recommend black matte paint. The triangle itself can be a normal mirror, but it should not give a clear reflection—the reflected image on the surface should be blurry, distorted, as if you were looking into water or another liquid, reflecting the silvery substance of the astral plane—the lunar garden of the goddess. Ideally, it should be made of polished silver, but an easier method is to simply paint it silver. My advice is to use a normal mirror covered with a very thin layer of silver paint. The surface should be smooth and perfect, with no blemishes. I personally tried a few versions of the mirror with several different techniques before I eventually decided that the final result is perfect enough to be used in rites of Lilith.

The characters to be written on the frame were inspired by the reading of Liber Lilith and are derived from the Pentacle of Lilith. They refer to Leviathan, corresponding to Tanin'iver, and form the circle of “eleven serpents,” which is the number of the Qliphoth, the world of Shells, where Lilith rules as the Queen of the Night together with Samael, the Prince of

Darkness. The characters on the black space outside the mirror were requested by the goddess herself to complete the formula. They are in Hebrew, to reflect the magical character of the object, and they also refer to the Qabalistic legend of Lilith, Samael and Tanin'iver. Alphabets used in magic, such as Hebrew, Enochian, Runic, etc., create a glamor of mystery and add to the magical quality of ritual tools. The same rule applies to the Hebrew characters that are to be put on the Mirror of Lilith. The word on the left side is "Lilith," the one on the right side is "Samael," and the word at the bottom of the triangle is "Tohu wa-bohu," referring to the Void. The term "Tohu wa-bohu" usually refers to primordial darkness preexisting creation, the formless and empty substance described as chaos, waste, desolation, etc. In the Draconian/Typhonian Tradition, this concept typifies the Dragon—primordial force containing the potential of all creation and all destruction. In the legend of Lilith and Samael, this force is represented by Tanin'iver/Leviathan—Dragon of the Void/Serpent of Chaos - the principle of continuity and timeless existence corresponding to Ouroboros, the Gnostic image of a serpent devouring its own tail. The Serpent of Chaos, however, is represented here by the round shape of the mirror and the characters on the frame, while the term "Tohu wa-bohu" in this interpretation refers to primordial darkness from which the Serpent uncoils and takes form in the shape of Lilith and Samael, the two demonic rulers of Sitra Ahra, the shadow of creation.

When the mirror is ready, you should activate it as a gateway to Sitra Ahra. Place it on your altar, light a few red or silver candles, and burn some aromatic incense such as Sandalwood, Rose, or Dragon's Blood. Prepare a chalice with the sacrament—red liquid representing the blood of the goddess, preferably wine or another drink of red color and sweet taste. Then call to Lilith to enter the mirror:

*Lilith, mother of dreams and nightmares,
Descend into this mirror I have fashioned with my art and brought to
life by my desire,
Open the way to your secret garden
of terror and delight,
And guide me through the labyrinths
of dreamlands
So that I may walk through your kingdom
free and unbound*

*And find the knowledge and wisdom I seek.
Ama Lilith, Liftoach Sitra Ahra!*

This ritual should be performed as an act of worship and devotion and you should consecrate the mirror with your own blood—anoint its surface or simply let it drip over the mirror, creating a link between the object and your subconscious mind. To empower your connection with the gateway you can use other forms of offering as well—sweet alcohol, sexual fluids, menstrual blood, etc. Wash it off after the initial ritual, though, to leave the surface perfect and unstained. You can also put a few drops of blood on your forehead, in the place of the Third Eye. When this is done, feel the presence of the goddess in the temple focusing in the mirror and opening it as a gateway to her lunar garden on the astral plane. You can visualize it as threads of silvery energy flowing through the mirror and surrounding you from all sides like a cocoon and cloaking the temple with thick astral mist. Inhale this mist and with each breath feel that you are leaving the whole world behind, entering the lunar realm of Lilith. Envision the silver triangle in the center of the mirror growing and morphing into a portal through which you can travel with your mind. This triangle is symbolic of the vulva of the goddess and serves as a doorway to her gnosis. At this point, you can visualize the goddess manifesting within the gate or simply open yourself to whatever visions and insights may come to you. When you wish to end the ritual, thank the goddess with a few personal words, close the working and cover the mirror with a black or silver piece of cloth.

The Mirror of Lilith can be used for divination, evocation of the goddess and her demonic children—the succubi and incubi, scrying into her realm, astral travel, or simply to communicate with her whenever you need it. The best time to work with the mirror is the time of the waxing and full moon, and my advice is to perform the ritual of consecration at that time as well. You can have the window of your temple uncovered so that the moonlight shines through, and you can also place the mirror facing the full moon so that it absorbs the lunar energy and leave it like this for the whole night. The main function of the mirror, however, is to aid you in your dream work and induce trances and lucid dreaming states. The formula revealed to me by the goddess herself came with a message that it should be used as a “dream mirror.”

Whenever you want to use the mirror in your dream work, take off the cloth and place the mirror on the altar or simply in front of you. You can even hang it on the wall so that you can gaze at it while falling asleep. Use two or

more candles to provide light in the ritual space and burn some incense that you normally use in the work with the goddess to help you attune yourself to the energies of the astral plane. Then gaze into the mirror, visualizing it as a triangular gateway growing in front of you. You can also use some blood to empower the working, but it is not necessary in each practice with the mirror. While gazing at the silver gateway, chant the words of calling provided earlier in this article. You can also use the final words only, i.e. “Ama Lilith, Liftoach Sitra Ahra,” and chant them as a mantra. Relax and let your mind drift through the gateway while falling asleep. In the morning, write down your dreams and keep them in your magical diary. Leave the mirror covered until you use it again.

To experience the dream gnosis of the goddess in its totality you need to work with the mirror on a regular basis. Dream magic itself is a work that is based on systematic practice, otherwise it brings little or no effect. The Mirror of Lilith will empower your results with dream work and lucid dreaming, making your dream visions more vivid, tangible, magical, and easier to remember, but no technique or ritual tool will help if you do it only once in a while. To succeed in this work, you have to open yourself to the Lunar Goddess, obsess yourself with her, think of her as often as you can during the day, before sleep, and when you wake up at night. Allow her energies to flow into your life, intoxicate your senses, and shift your awareness. The mirror will help you open the gateway to her current, but it is only a symbol, while the actual gateway is opened within your subconscious mind. You can empower your work with the mirror by using special candles, e.g. silver or red—the colors symbolic of the Lunar Goddess. You can also use special incense. Apart from those mentioned before, astral work is usually empowered by such scents as jasmine or mugwort. Jasmine is associated with love, feminine energy, prophetic dreams, etc., which makes it an excellent offering to the goddess. It is also an herb connected with Yesod/Gamaliel on the Qabalistic tree. Mugwort is a plant widely used in various forms of astral magic, from psychic protection to healing and dream empowerment. It is believed to enhance psychic powers and allow for astral projection and because of its ability to affect dreams it is called a “dream plant.” In witchcraft, mugwort is associated with the power of improving people’s dreams, making it easier for them to remember, and inducing magical dreams for spiritual purposes. It can be burned as incense, sprinkled on the bed, or even dried and sewn into a pillow. But these are only a few

ways to empower your work with the mirror, and there are many more—all you need in this work is your imagination.

The Mirror of Lilith is a gateway to the lunar garden of the goddess. This garden exists on the astral plane, and in the Qabalistic lore it is associated with the realm of Yesod/Gamaliel, where Lilith rules over dreams, fantasies, desires, etc.—all things that are connected with imagination, creativity and daydreaming. You can fulfill there all your fantasies—fly through worlds and dimensions, have sex with astral entities that may take any form you wish and do anything you want, shape-shift, travel in time, interact with spirits and deities, and do much, much more. The world of dreams is a realm of unlimited possibilities. The mirror can also function as a link between your physical temple and the dream environment, and you can use it to project your thoughts, emotions, issues and concerns from your daily life so that you can get to their roots and deal with them by finding a suitable solution. Lucid dreaming can be used to resolve your problems, heal yourself, tap into your creativity and hidden talents, etc., and the mirror can help you in all that. Remember that there are no boundaries, no limitations, and no laws—in the garden of Lilith you can accomplish anything and all your desires may come true. Have fun and feel free to contact me if you would like to share your results from your work with the mirror.

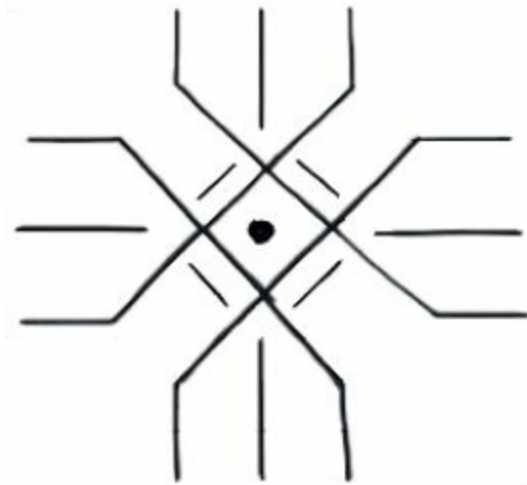


The Mirror of Lilith

Asenath Mason

The Eye of Odin

Asbjörn Torvol



THE eye of Odin is the door of change, the gateway to northern wisdom and the first step to working with Odin himself. It is not uncommon to find magicians on the journey for knowledge, wisdom, change and of course progression. The eye of Odin is the gateway to such a prize for those bold enough to test themselves and those willing to be tested by the Allfather himself. I was such a person and the eye of Odin brought me into a new world of such knowledge, wisdom and most definitely a world of change.

While at first glance this may seem like any ordinary symbol, is shrouded not only in mystery but in depth. I have often found that complex symbols fall short of impact, and thus need more work to impress upon the receiving hands of the subconscious mind. I like simplicity, and Odin it would seem does too. Like every typical experience more so spiritually, it starts with a young man, which in this case is myself, and small actions which in truth I knew little of the weight that they carried. I had been on the Nordic path for little time, yet my history with magick, the occult and spirituality was no stranger to me. I have always had the desire to go deeper in my path, with every ritual, every cast, I could never be satisfied with the action that I took and the steps that I had made. This was where the Norse path changed me. Simple, yet effective, I found the large majority of Nordic magick/sorcery to be, and as such I desired to go deeper. Always deeper.

I have always been more connected to Thor than Odin. Even to the point of

choosing my last name (Torvol) which means “Thors Chosen.” However, this symbol was given to me at a time where I felt the voice of Thor go quiet, and the voice of Odin get louder. For weeks, I had trouble sleeping. Sore ribs, backache and insomnia. Dreams were nonexistent; my magick was halted by my exhaustion, but I still had that primal drive to go deeper and do more. I reached out to the Gods. With a small altar, a few candles and an offering I asked for guidance. My voice was heard.

One night as I lay in bed staring at the ceiling, I decided it was time to try something new. I got out my white makeup, and I painted the Svefnthorn (a Norse Stave) onto my chest and a bindrune I had created for sleep on my forehead. I drifted to sleep. It felt almost immediate, that once my eyes shut, I seen him. Odin, the Allfather. He handed to me a symbol, which to me looked like extended version of the Odal rune. He handed me the symbol and with no words at all, he gave me a nod and disappeared. Immediately, I sprung from my bed and I drew up on my small notepad the symbol Odin had given me.

Days went by, and I knew that this symbol was incomplete. I tried to complete it but with no luck. My neighbor who wasn't in the best of situations, and thus myself and my wife had been hospitable to him said something to me that carried more weight, truth and synchronicity than he realized. He said to me, “For all you know I could be Odin.” He had opened the Pandora's box. That same day, the urge to hike to a local mountain arose. My neighbor which by this point I am convinced was an instrument of Odin; even if he wasn't aware of it, was coming with us. We get out the car and begin to walk to the top of the mountain. I get snagged by a cactus deep into my leg. I could feel each needle, of which there were many, stuck into my flesh. With a five-minute break, I pulled it out. My leg bled, and I expect for a lot of people that is the point they turn back. Not me, however. I could feel what was waiting for me atop that mountain, and the journey itself was Odins chance to test me.

My wife had a bad ankle and so being the great husband I am, I carried her to the top. We reach the top and I stop to look around me. I breathe in the air, and I set up my space to call upon Odin. With me I had two beers, a red candle, a personal item to give as an offering as well as a ceremonial plaque I had made with Odin's name on one side and mine on the other. This plaque was to be anointed with my blood. I call to Odin and I ask of him to guide me and to take me as deep in my path as I can go. I had not realized the weight of

what I just asked for.

A few days go by and I had made little progress. I was confident in my ritual my work, and yet somehow something was still missing. Another day goes by, and I started having a really bad migraine. I don't get migraines that often, but anytime I have a spiritual experience they come. My wife is watching a movie, and I get this urge to go into the shower. I take my incense and light it in the bathroom, I undress. Then it happens, I find myself needing to draw the symbol Odin had given me onto my chest before entering the water. I draw the outline he first gave and then it comes to me. I feel Odin's presence and I let my hand do the work, the symbol is complete. I see it now... the symbol looked like an eye. The eye of Odin. I entered the shower, and I disappeared. I hit my knees to the floor, and it was as if I left my body. Flashes, visions of my future, some distant some near future. Which is odd because I have always been a big skeptic of divination; yet I cannot deny what I had seen. I see myself as a Gothi, teaching my ways, a black book in my hand, which I can only assume is a grimoire also known as a Svarteboka. Odin was guiding me to responsibility, which in this case requires me to go as deep as I can possible go.

For days after this experience, I came across synchronicity after synchronicity. This is when I began to truly utilize the symbol Odin had given me. This symbol acted as a gateway between myself and Odin. A doorway... somewhat like spiritual speed-dial. The symbol was indeed alive with his essence, and I have found it to be very useful. The mechanics of the symbol are simple and yet very effective. There is no universal or liner way to use this symbol and so I will simply outline how I personally use it.

- Opening of The Eye of Odin
- For this ritual, you will need:
- A drawn symbol of the eye of Odin
- A lancet or a blade
- One red candle
- Something personal to offer as a sacrifice.
- Some form of alcohol (preferably mead or ale)

1. Begin this ritual by placing the red candle in front of you and lighting it. If you wish to use incense light it at this point too.
2. With the candle lit, call to Odin:

*Hail Odin, the Allfather, the Wise one. The ruler of Asgard,
Chieftain of the Aesir, the one eyed wandered. I call to you, come sit
with me, so I may give to you these offerings.*

3. Take the blade or the lancet and take blood from the right hand. Let the blood drip onto the drawn symbol of the eye of Odin. I have found blood to be the best and most sacred form of self-sacrifice.
4. With the eye of Odin bloodied raise the mead/ale or any other alcohol you have and hail Odin. Take a swig of and pour the rest over the seal.
5. Now sit or kneel and close your eyes. Let the eye of Odin be fixed in your mind. With every breath take the symbol deeper onto yourself. Just sit for a while and meditate with this symbol.

I had never felt that much of a connection to Odin until I used this symbol. My connection had always been to Thor. This symbol is no joke, if you have the mind to open this door, be aware that closing it is a lot more difficult. Once you open the door, you will have to deal with what comes through it. I have had and continue to have daily experiences with Odin and sometimes it is difficult to distinguish my own thoughts from the ones he is planting in me. It is almost as if I have become intertwined with Odin, an instrument of Odin. He guides me and he teaches me; but I could have no harder teacher. If you decide to walk this path with Odin, you must be bold. However, make sure that you temper it. The gifts that Odin gave to me literally changed my life and not without struggle. My advice to any who decide to walk down this path with Odin is to be strong and dedicated. Only by doing so will you reap the full benefit of the eye of Odin and in time the wisdom of the Allfather.

ASBJÖRN TORVOL

Rite of Zagan

S. Connolly

RITE of Zagan is one of the more notorious rituals of the Demonolatry tradition. It is designed to turn situations into their opposites, just like the Daemon Zagan is purported to do. Generally, this ritual is considered a Keeper Rite, a ritual only shared when a person has a dire need for it, but the problem therein is that many people need real transformation. Because of that, and because I don't believe in 'secret' or 'hidden' knowledge, I have chosen to share this ritual with all of you. This Rite has successfully been used by people from all walks of life to do everything from assist in sobriety, to losing weight, and more. Deeper spiritual changes are also possible with Zagan. This might include things such combating fears (like fear of success or failure), and helping a person with low self-esteem find a higher self-worth.

This, like a lot of magick, works on the magician's psyche. Because of this, one of the most important things you need to define before performing this ritual is what you want to change and why. A clear goal with a realistic assessment is key to the rite's success. By clearly defining the desired outcome, and I contend this is true for any magickal operation, we firmly seat our intent in our psyches. When we do that, we become more aware of changes that need to be made and the opportunities that present themselves to make those changes possible.

Why not just a spell instead of an entire rite? The preparation and process of the rite, the psychodrama of the ritual itself, goes a long way to establishing intent. And as we all know, in magick, intent is everything. It determines whether the outcome of a spell or ritual will be failure, moderate success, or complete success. For those of you who do not need excessive psychodrama to establish your intent, as some people are naturally more focused and need less to affect chance, you should feel free to cut the excess or unnecessary parts of the ritual (like the balancing elemental circle) and stick to the creation of the Zagan magickal artifact described in the body of the ritual—effectively turning it into more simple spell work.

If for some reason the creation of the artifact itself does not work for you,

consider starting over and re-doing the entire ritual.

Preliminary Preparation: Some people may choose to bathe and cleanse themselves with sage oil or smoke before performing any ritual. If you suffer from any psychological distress, including depression or anxiety, this is always a good idea. It assures you don't take as much negativity into the ritual with you. You might also drink a full glass of water, blessed by Leviathan if you so choose, before performing the operation as it is symbolic of internal cleansing.

What You Need

- 1 Green Candle leaning more to the yellowish side of the green spectrum to spark creative solutions and promote acceptance and excitement about a new change. Not surprisingly, Zagan is an earth element whose ruling planet is the Sun. So while yellow would work great as well, the green tone adds more in the way of mood. Color psychology is a very important aspect of magick.
- 1 Wood or clay disk and something to carve or engrave it with. If you use paint, use gold. If you can afford a gold colored disk and have tools to engrave metal, that would work, too. If you want to use stone, try Adventurine, Topaz or Amber. All are ruled by the Sun and would make enhance Zagan's influence.
- 1 Sigil of Zagan printed or drawn on a piece of paper
- If you are performing the full ritual, you will also want a ritual dagger, plain white candles for each quadrant of the ritual space, a piece of parchment, magical ink and a quill, a lancet device, and a bowl to burn the final request.

Place the altar at the southwest quadrant of the ritual space. This ritual assumes west is Earth and places Water north.

This ritual may be done skyclad or robed. Use the following Enns (or Daemonic invocations) to gather the elemental Daemons at their compass points of your ritual space. Feel free to use elemental spirits of the Goetia if you are uncomfortable with the following. (See Daemonolatry Goetia for more.) Always remember that the reason for this is to promote balance within the ritual space and balance within the magician for the magickal work. Not everyone will want to use an elementally balanced ritual space to work. But I

recommend it for beginners. More advanced practitioners may choose to invoke Daemons more congruent to the purpose of change, or to their specific situation.

To invoke, go to each elemental point in the room and recite the following enns while tracing a Z and D shape in the air in front of you. (For more about this, see *The Complete Book of Demonolatry*)

Since this is a ritual of new beginning, start at the west (earth), north (water), east (air), and south (fire).

- To Invoke Earth: Lirach Tasa Vefa Wehlic, Belial.
- To Invoke Water: Jedan Tasa hoet naca, Leviathan.
- To Invoke Air: Renich Tasa Uberaca Biasa Icar, Lucifer.
- To Invoke Fire: Ganic Tasa fubin, Flereous.

For those of you new to this method, I think it will become rather clear why we've placed the altar in the southwest quadrant.

1. From the center of the ritual space you will want to invoke Zagan using the enn: Anay on ca secore Zagan tasa.
2. Now, carve your name into the green candle, then ZAGAN. If you are into oils and incenses, you can dress the candle with a Zagan oil and burn a Zagan incense, but these steps are optional.

NOTE: If you want to make your own Zagan incense or oil, try the following recipe: 1 teaspoon Storax, 1 teaspoon crushed Frankincense, 2 tablespoons of Oak Moss (If you're looking for a more solar aspect - more Sorath-like - try adding 2 tablespoons Calamus Root, and 1 tablespoon of crushed Cinquefoil to your teaspoon of Storax). For the oil, add this to ½ cup grapeseed oil. For incense, burn it alone.

3. Light the candle. Now, take your sigil of Zagan:



4. Continue chanting Zagan's enn while you carve or paint the sigil onto your wood, metal, or clay disk, or the stone. Whatever you've chosen. (If you want to get more creative here and drill a hole in your chosen item so you can wear it as a pendant, that's fine.)
5. When finished, hold the newly created magickal item in your hands and focus on your INTENT. What is it you want to change? Why? How can you get there? For some of you, especially mediums, you may end up getting some Daemonic input here. You may anoint the sigil with the oil if you have decided to make it. Again, this is an optional step.
6. Next, on the paper or parchment on the altar, state exactly what you want to happen. Sign your name to this. Draw the seal of Zagan on the paper, the lancet your finger and apply 1-3 drops of your blood on the paper. Now read what you've written aloud. (If you need to be quiet you can do this in your head.) Fold the paper up, set flame to it from the green candle, and drop it into the offering/burning bowl until it is just ash.
7. Now, spend some time in quiet reflection about your situation and the change you want to make. Imagine yourself as the changed person you want to be. Envision yourself having everything you want. Do this until you feel as though you have already achieved what you want.
8. Then rise, thank Zagan and ask him to be present in your life until the change is complete. (We do not use a license to depart

because we want the Daemonic influence to stick around.) Then thank any other Daemons you've invoked during the ritual and tell them to go in peace. It would sound like:

Thank you, Lord (insert Daemon name here), for being present during this rite. Go in peace.

9. Extinguish all but the altar candle (which you should burn at least an hour) take up your new magickal sigil, and you are welcome to leave the ritual space with it. Carry your sigil with you from the ritual until the change you seek has been achieved.
10. To dispose of the ashes of the request, take them outside and let the wind carry them off.
11. Continue burning the candle nightly during meditation on your situation until it is completely extinguished. I recommend using a 10-inch taper and doing a nightly meditation for a week after performing the ritual.

The meditation and visualization are important parts of this ritual.

Further Considerations: Feel free to write your own invocations and make them as flowery or simple as you wish. Also, you can perform this ritual in the astral temple if performing it physically is an issue for whatever reason. However—the actual sigil artifact is significant, and should therefore be created in the real world. Obviously turning the sigil into a pendant is going to be the easiest way to carry it with you. Otherwise, just carry it in your left pocket and don't forget it or accidentally run it through the laundry.

As with all rituals and spells, the more you personalize it and the more you modify it for your needs, the more powerful it is. Feel free to experiment.

Now to the final bit of advice about this ritual. Don't panic if it seems your life is turned upside down and suddenly has more problems than it did before. Sometimes, for meaningful change to occur, the old, comfortable stalemate you're stuck in has to be destroyed! This may mean that bad or hurtful relationships may suddenly end, you may get unexpected news, you could lose your job (or gain one), etc. Remember that Zagan turns things into their opposite. If the change you're expecting is big, expect big, possibly jolting changes. If you aren't prepared for that, or willing to accept that, do not perform this rite. You need to want the change at any cost. Especially if you

know it's good for you.

I leave you with this: Accept responsibility for all of your magick and remember that all magick has consequences. Results may vary due to individual work-ethic.

S. CONNOLLY

The Primordial Abundance of Mighty Jupiter

Sigil & Money Spell Incantation

J.D. Temple



SINCE the dawning of creation man has been undeniably driven to dominate his destiny, forge new pathways to greatness, and above all else: Realize True Godhood. It is the very same internal flame that roared inside of the Gods of old that now rage, like an inferno, deep within my own loins and countless other practioners of the arts of magick. These flames are everything that I am, an out of control wildfire, and I burn as it be my one and only true desire. In this life, there are many aspects to the finer things in which I seek and wealth, my friends, is one of the greatest amongst them. I bring forth and present to you all now true manifestation, in the rawest form, a money spell that is guaranteed to yield financial gain into your life. This powerful combination of sigil and incantation will harness the mighty powers of the great planet Jupiter and literally ignite your inner flames with utter abandon and true abundance! We have been made to believe that the shackles of limitation have been forever imposed upon us all, but I say unto you ye “break these chains that bind you” for there is yet another way, the way of mage, the true way of the mighty sorcerer.

We have been made to toil this earth, to guide our plows from cradle to grave, all to pay the debts that living demands. In today’s consumer driven society, whether we like it or not, we are all called to the gallows to perform our daily labors. Man and Woman alike push forward each day in pursuit of

this elusive, yet illustrious dream that our grand illusions continuously create. Much like rats, we run our daily race with an even greater haste and fervor than of those that existed on this physical plane hundreds, and even thousands of years before us. Their lives were certainly faced with its fair share of challenges, but never has man seen such burdens placed upon him, such a heavy load of debt to be paid, as if it were in and of itself yet another God that must be answered to and worshiped accordingly. This great debt must be satisfied, and this Deity accepts nothing short of our blood, sweat, and tears as it be our only form of offering to appease its supreme demand. In this marathon event we know as life, it is the worship of this primordial beast of green that we find ourselves rising, once again each and every morning, to set out and willingly sacrifice our rarest, and intimate commodity that we as human beings could ever realize, leverage or exchange, that being our precious time.

Day in and day out we selflessly offer up our finite minutes and hours in exchange for that which the very concept of our currency has imposed. As in this realm of physical existence, cash is king and there is no other. As the earth has continued to turn, and our ideas taken on form, man has realized that the only true and tested way to reclaim that time in which he has lost is to continuously remain in pursuit of the very thing that had caused him to forfeit his precious hours in the first place. If man desires to have his own unfettered time back in his possession a hefty price must be paid. That price is not paid in pounds of flesh or a sacrifice of blood, but rather by the culmination of his efforts that he receives the vehicle in which should grant him his own inherent freedom, that being to amass a fortune of this great equalizer, the almighty dollar bill. It is the understanding of this fact of life that has continued to push man forward in the pursuits of attaining that of which he desires, and it is with that innate hunger that the enlightened man finds himself initiating his own magick to bring forth that which is needed in one's life without the unnecessary sacrifice of his precious little time, nor that of which the heavy burdens of laborious stress place upon his brittle bones.

One can't deny the immense power that can be harnessed within one's own mind and within his own magick, and it is for these very reasons that I introduce to you all, just as you sit here reading this at this very moment, an extremely potent method of manifestation, one that can shatter the very mold of creation, and challenge the very laws that govern our physical existence. I knew that this sigil that I had channeled within the mountain caves of

southern Utah was powerful, but I had no idea of its true limitless nature when combined with this specific incantation. The results that I have received, time and again when performing this particular spell have been nothing short of outrageous, so good in fact that I would say boarder line ridiculous. The first time that I performed this rite I was in dire need of funds in which to pay my mortgage, and it was through this utter desperation that I combined the elements of this spell to insist that the universe hear my plea! Within three days of performing the ritual, I received a call from a networking partner that I had not heard from in over nine months. To be honest, I had actually forgotten he even existed. He had called not only to raise my spirits through professional praise but to deliver the message to me that he had a commission check for me from a referral that I had sent to him over one year ago in which he had totally forgotten about! The check amount was for \$1,700, which was more than enough to cover my debt with over \$400 left over! Needless to say, I was overjoyed with this news and realized right away that Jupiter had delivered unto me that which was already mine! As I once again boldly cast this spell, payments for services that my company had rendered began to come in at record speeds! Within days, I had checks for thousands of dollars that would have normally taken months to receive into our office. It was as if everything regarding my financial abundance had been put into a warp speed, sending these payments to me in record time and without any reservations that would hinder their clearing in my account. These events, dear friends, were certainly unprecedented in my life, and from these things my unshakable belief and absolution regarding the supreme powers of magick have all come full circle!

Take charge of your universe, turn back the clock as time has dictated to you for decades of your delicate life! This is your world, your time, you are the supreme creator! The great spirits of Jupiter are awaiting your call, and it is they who are there within the great spirals of your limitlessness, yearning to take direction from you the operator and ruler of this universe. Call them forth through your swift and deliberate actions, and pave the way in which all your desires be sated. When you call on these mighty spirits of Jupiter, they shall reign down their abundance upon you from above, showering you with all their glory, the glory that you yourself have created and called into its very existence. Reclaim that which is yours, reclaim that of which you know all too well, that which is your limitless power, claim your pure and true inherent Godhood right here, right now. As through this spell it shall be yours for the

very taking.

This spell must be performed on the day of Jupiter, on the hour of Jupiter as it is these spirits and energies that you shall be calling forth. A waxing, full, or new moon phase is best for this operation, however one can ultimately decide for themselves as to which moon phase resonates with their own personal energy the most. The following is a list of implements that will be needed to complete this powerful spell:

- 1 green candle: 100 percent green in color throughout
- Money drawing oil; 1 dram will suffice
- ¼ ounce of money-drawing incense with charcoal for burning
- 3 five-dollar bills
- 5 quarters
- Manifestation sigil: image provided
- 4x4-inch square of notebook paper
- 1 blue ink pen
- 1 sheet of white computer paper
- 1 black Sharpie marker

Prior planning and proper ritual preparation should be taken into consideration before this spell is to be cast into the universe. Please keep in mind once again that this spell is best performed upon the day of Jupiter, on the hour of Jupiter. Reference a planetary hour chart well in advance to ensure that you have the correct day and hour in which to perform this operation. Preparation of your sacred space and altar should be done well ahead of the hour in which you intend to cast this spell. I would suggest allowing yourself at least two hours of personal time prior to performing the ritual to allow adequate time for a leisurely meditative salt bath and centering, so that your own personal power is at its peak of performance once the hour of Jupiter has arrived. Gather all the listed implements and prepare your altar facing north once the intended hour is upon you.

1. To begin this powerful working neatly draw out the image of the sigil provided onto the sheet of white notebook paper using the black Sharpie marker and place the finished product upon your altar. Please note that this sigil can also be placed upon the ground in front of your altar if limited space requires that you do so. Next,

place the three \$5 bills alongside the straight lines of the triangle shape which is incorporated within the sigil, and place four of the five quarters just outside the lines of the sigil, roughly 1-1-2” from the image, in order to place them in a;

2. north-south-east-west formation. Please note that all currency used should all be facing in the “heads up” direction when placed around the sigil of manifestation.
3. You will then dress the green candle with money drawing oil, starting at the base of the candle and working in an upward fashion toward the tip of the candle as the focus is on drawing your desires toward yourself. If using a green jar candle, please be sure to incorporate a method that would allow the money drawing oil to drain down around the edges of the candle and between the glass as much as possible. A small pinch of money drawing incense can also be used to lightly dust the oil dressed candle once that portion of the preparation has been completed. Once the candle dressing has been completed, then place three small drops of money drawing oil into the center vortex of the sigil. You shall then also in a like fashion, anoint yourself with this oil on your 3rd eye, left palm of your hand, each of your wrist, and finally on the back of your neck in the zeal chakra location.
4. Once the anointing is completed take the small 4” square piece of notebook paper and the blue ink pen and write out a statement of intent outlining briefly what you wish to manifest from this powerful operation. Sign your name below your statement, and fold the paper three times. You shall then take the folded statement and place it in front of the green candle, ensuring that the two are touching one another at the edges. Place the final quarter, heads up as stated, on the top of the folded statement of intent. Once this portion of the spell has been completed you may now light the dressed candle, and light the charcoal in preparation for the incense to be laden over its embers once that time has come. Take a few moments to breathe deeply, and focus intently on your statement of intent. When you feel that you have amassed a great deal of energy within yourself, verbalize your statement of intent out loud and with great authority, as it is with this powerful intention that you shall begin to rouse the mighty spirits of Jupiter, and to respond

favorably to your beck and call.

5. With all preparations now fully underway, proceed now to fully drop mind entering into the theta gamma sync, and gently gaze into the center vortex of the sigil. As the energies begin to build, and seemingly surround you with the awesome power of their presence, you may now add the money drawing incense atop the embers of the burning coals. Breathe in deeply, allowing the aromatic fragrance to transport your very spirit to the astral plane, and with the second and third deep inhalations feel your ultimate powers awakened deep within yourself and know without the shadow of a doubt that in this very moment you are the supreme creator and grand architect of this unlimited universe! As the sigil is now activated, and has begun to flash wildly as if jumping from the parchment in which it is inscribed, the incantation can now be triumphantly recited. Proclaim these words of power with all the poise and grace of a mighty ruler, and with all of the authority as your divine being can muster! This is your defining moment, as you are now commanding the universe into alignment through your unshakeable will and your ravenous desire!

6. *I now call upon the mighty spirits of Jupiter to manifest my desires of abundance!*

I call upon the spirit of air, the spirit of water, the spirit of fire, and the spirit of earth!

It is I (state your name) that calls you forth on this, the great hour of Jupiter, to bring forth the abundance of wealth that I have so declared!

Oh, great spirits of Jupiter, rain down your abundant blessings upon me, as the grand creator of all, and deliver unto my unburdened hand that of which I have declared!

It is through the immense powers of the infinite universe that almighty Jupiter may now be called forth, utilizing all elements of this indigenous planet earth!

It is through my divine essence that we now unite, and through my deliberate action to bring forth and manifest now the financial abundance to which I have already laid claim!

Oh, all powerful spirits of Jupiter, I command each planet, and every star now into alignment!

*I command that you now deliver unto me that which is already mine!
Oh divine spirits of Jupiter it is financial abundance of which I
expect, and have now made it abundantly clear that I shall accept
nothing less!
So mote it be! So mote it be! So mote it be!*

7. Following the conjuration allow the candle to burn completely out on its own accord and place the sigil along with the statement of intent in a safe, private location until your spell has become manifest. Know without a shadow of a doubt that the spirits of mighty Jupiter have already begun to act on your behalf, and they shall shower your life with their abundant blessings as you have so boldly commanded. As the center of the universe you have now made your worldly desires known, and through you're your iron will you may rejoice in that which shall not be forsaken.

“May All Abundance Be Yours.”

Altering Fate Through Drugaskan Kurtis Joseph

WHEN I wrote the tome *Black Magick of Ahriman* there were many concepts and rites which I did not include. The book was vast and it was reaching a point where the information simply would not fit between two covers while keeping its focus. I had a hard time removing many of the rites and teachings I attained through my work with the world's first devil and his legions of counter creation. The intimate bond I have with this work and the cause which it upholds is unparalleled. To remove any of it was like hacking off my own arm in many ways.

When I was approached to contribute to this *Anthology* I saw a great opportunity and so I had many things which came to the forefront of my mind seeking to be brought into the world. I wrote up outlines for various rites of low magick that I gained through my contact with the Watchers or Fallen Angels and one rite stuck out, yet it did not make the cut. It just did not feel right intuitively and I knew better than to ignore the voice of magick. I pondered for weeks in regard to what I should contribute, when as usual all I really needed to do was get myself out of the way.

I was flipping through hundreds of handwritten pages one night, searching for something I needed to apply in my own work of ascension and I came across the Seal of Drugaskan. This seal, when opened, becomes a gateway into the deepest darkest pit of Hell according to Zoroastrian lore. It began to glow in aethyric Blackened Fire. I started to hear the hissing whispers of Divs coaxing me back into this Hell realm. Instead of resisting as I once did, I pushed myself through the veil to stand within this realm of eternal darkness upon the very edge of the void itself. I once again heard the voice of Ahriman, which came from within, yet still somehow seemed to be so alien to me.

The great work of counter creation is the spirit of the Blackened Fire of the Sol within humanity. It cannot be contained between the beginning and end of any one book. It cannot be limited to any one tradition. You have been my vessel for many years now. Through your

counter creative power, you have brought forth a most powerful path of becoming through my guidance and wisdom. Now you must tear down its walls of limitation and allow the Blackened Fire of Sol to ignite all which stands outside the confines of the Path of Smoke. Destroy the sacredness of the Altar of the Blackened Fire of Zohak and release its power through this realm of eternal darkness. The sacredness of the Altar must be destroyed so that it may become. No thing is sacred but nothingness.

—Ahriman

I was thrust back into the corporeal plane wondering what in the Hell this all meant. Then my eyes fell upon a concept which I removed from Black Magick of Ahriman and had long forgotten. I have used it in the past to attain gainful employment when my family and I were flat broke. I have used it to obtain a laptop computer during my writing of Black Magick of Ahriman when my computer crashed. I have used it to create harmony where there was discord. It works and can be applied toward many objectives.

This concept... *this rite* is what I present within the pages of this *Anthology of Sorcery*. Through my releasing it to all who hold this book in their hands I am releasing an influx of counter creative power and pushing it outward beyond the Path of Smoke itself. I am destroying the sacredness of the Altar of Blackened Fire by empowering you to harness the powers found at the center of Arezura without the attachment of the current itself. By doing so the cause of counter creation will gain momentum and the Blackened Fire of Zohak will be able to further defile the creation of the God of Light Ahura Mazda through you.

Before we get into the working mechanics of this concept, I must point out the value of one of the simplest integers in this sorcerous formula. You will find within the creation of the Seal of Drugaskan, as well as with all magickal work done upon it a principle of non-observance. One will observe the Blackened Fire scorch all of reality down to ash until all that can be perceived is eternal darkness, or nothingness. This can and should be practiced by the wise by itself on a regular basis.

By taking time out every day to NOT perceive this realm and the seemingly dense nature of it, the limits themselves begin to weaken as the mind opens to the possibility of the unlimited potential of nothingness. Application of this principle of nonobservance will open your perception to a reality much more expansive than that which you are limited to upon the

observance of the physical plane. Understand that you are one isolated part of unlimited potential which has been forced into limitation through creation. The Ahrimanian impulse is what drives you now toward magick. It is one of the reasons this Anthology is in your hands in this eternal moment of counter creation. It is the Blackened Fire of Sol within which seeks to defile the limits of creation through sorcery. You are awakening to imposed limits and this is driving you to become.

This Blackened Fire will spread through the collective human psyche as this concept is exercised more and more by more and people. That is why it has been brought forth through this Anthology beyond the limits of the grimoire Black Magick of Ahriman and the Path of Smoke presented within its pages. This is the one rite that came through that book which was reserved for you beyond the confines of the Ahrimanian altar. In retrospect, I realize that it is the will of Ahriman himself. The entirety of this sorcerous concept can be harnessed by all magickians regardless of their chosen path of ascent or magick to great ends. Use it. Harness it and seek results with a vengeance.

1. To perform this rite, the adept should burn the Seal of Drugaskan into a circular piece of wood which is around five inches in diameter on the day and second hour of the Sun. The seal is then opened through the sacrifice of the sacred serpent on the day and second hour of the moon. This piece of wood will become an altar of sorcery used to perform rites aimed at altering fate through the opened Seal of Drugaskan.
2. To consecrate this altar of sorcery, take the round plaque with the Seal of Drugaskan burnt upon the surface into the temple. Face the North as this is the direction from which the Ahrimanian impulse flows into the corporeal realm according to lore. Light a black seven-day jar candle and place it upon the seal and perform the following activation of Blackened Fire.

What indeed can be a most unnatural and most powerful representation of Angra Mainyu known as Ahriman, who is himself eternal darkness, then the sacred flame of Atar defiled? I usurp the sacrifice and prayer, the good offering, and the wished for offering, and the devotional offering from you! Atar, fire of Ahura Mazda! You are unworthy of sacrifice! You are unworthy of prayer! I am worthy of

sacrifice! I am worthy of prayer; for my flesh is the dwelling of Divs who empower me as a dark God of counter-creation! Verily I say unto you, the man who shall make sacrifice unto you I will consume with blackened fire to feed the demons within to grow in power and might!

I offer my hair as a symbol of my spiritual ties to the powers of divine darkness eternal! (Pull a few strands of hair from your head and scorch them upon the flame dropping what remains upon the seal of Drugaskan)

I offer my blood so that in its place the venomous powers of darkness will flow through my veins! (Offer 3-7 drops of blood upon the candle.)

I offer my flesh as a vehicle for the powers of darkness to move through me and act in this world according to my own divine will! (Allow the heat from the Blackened Fire to begin to burn your left palm until you must pull it away)

I offer these nails as spears to pierce the very essence of my enemies whether they be of this world or those who dwell beyond the veil of limitation! (Touch finger nails to the flame and then drop them upon the seal of Drugaskan)

3. At this point gaze into the now Blackened Fire and visualize it igniting all of creation which surrounds you. Watch all the world fall to ash until all that you can perceive is eternal darkness. Maintain this vision of darkness for as long as possible. When the vision of nothing which is all that is begins to wane offer the sacrifice of the sacred serpent taking care to be sure it does not suffer, lest the Ahrimanian impulses inject your corporeal life experience with its venomous curse. Offer the sacrifice with reverence and a quick and painless uplifting toward divine darkness. The spirit of the snake is the key which will open the gate behind the seal. Allow its blood to stain the surface of the seal to feed the forces behind it. These forces are the powers of counter creation which you harness through the magick performed upon this small altar. After the sacrifice is complete recite the following.

I now tear the veil between worlds to gain access to the unlimited potential of the void through the gate of Drugaskan which is the deepest and darkest pit of Arezura! I open this gate in this eternal moment of

counter creation by the power of the Black Sun Ahriman and the force of will to defile imposed fate through the evil religion of sorcery!

4. Repeat the word “Drugaskan” as a mantra until you observe the seal begin to glow with the Blackened Fire of counter creative potential which is the very breath of the three-headed Dragon Zohak. When you perceive this seal ignite with aethyric Blackened Fire recite the following words of power and then stain the seal with your own blood. This will permanently link you to the powers which dwell on the other side of this now open gateway of sorcerous power.

I speak now from my adversarial spirit to the overmastered spirit of Ahura Mazda at the beginning of my counter creation. Neither our thoughts, nor our doctrines, nor our minds forces, neither our choices, nor our words, nor our deeds, neither our conscience nor our souls agree. It is my nature to oppose thee!

5. Leave the body of the snake around the circumference of the seal, and also leave the dead matter of your hair and nails upon the seal. It shall only be removed after the black seven-day jar candle has burnt down by itself in its entirety. The offerings of dead matter along with the activated Blackened Fire will attract the Ahrimanic forces to come through the open gate further opening it and fueling it with the sorcerous powers of counter creative potential.
6. When the candle has burnt down remove the offerings placing them within the empty jar and take them to the woods to be buried under a dead tree as a gift to the noxious creatures of Ahriman and the Druj Nasu. These are the demons of death and decay whose composite form is the merciless Fly Goddess of lore. This is done to harness their power within the process of counter creation. Keep in mind that in order to create anew that which currently is must first be devoured. This is an often neglected principle within the working mechanics of sorcery.
7. At this point the wood should be stained or painted black and then the seal itself, along with the outer rim or side of the wooden plaque should be covered in 24-carat gold leaf. This is done as an

offering to the demons or Divs who dwell in this Kingdom of Eternal Darkness, but it also acts as a conductor for the spiritual energies of your sorcerous intent brought forth through the employment of this seal. Therefore, in an indirect way it is an offering unto self.

8. To awaken the forces within Drugaskan for sorcerous employment place five black taper candles around the border of the seal where the five points of the inverse pentagram would be. Light them beginning at the top left point. Move counter clockwise until the black taper at the top right is lit. This ensorcels the power of the seal and awakens the forces behind it. These black candles represent the outer darkness which you are drawing through the seal in order to mold the potential of reality according to your will. However, as the pentagram is also linked to the physical body of mankind its inversion also represents the inner darkness which you are projecting into this world through exercising your will to create change on the physical plane of existence. These are actually intimately linked if not one and the same.
9. With all five candles lit gaze into the seal and recite the name of the Hell realm “Drugaskan” as a mantra as you visualize reality being consumed by the Blackened Fire pouring through the gateway of Drugaskan. Maintain this vision of eternal darkness as long as you can just as you did with the creation of this seal. This time when the darkness begins to wane do not allow this physical reality to come to the forefront of the conscious mind. Instead, grab a white seven-day jar candle to represent the false light of Ahura Mazda and continue to recite the Drugaskan mantra.
10. Use the vibrations of the mantra to begin to build the reality you seek. Build the desire you seek to manifest into aethyric existence and allow the power to flow through you and into the candle. Continue to hold the vision of your desire. Focus on the experience of what it is you seek and charge the candle with all the energy that the experience triggers. Continue this until you feel the white candle become defiled with Blackened Fire. Feel the intense vibrations accumulate in the palms of your hands and keep at it while pushing the energy into the white jar candle. When this has reached a climax, you should feel almost exhausted.

11. Place the white candle upon the seal and light it. Offer your blood upon the Seal of Drugaskan and offer your hair upon the flame to give life to your desire upon the plane of eternal darkness. Allow the white jar candle to burn down completely. (The forces of Divine Darkness will move through the gateway to bring your desire into manifestation as the candle burns so it should not be blown out.) After your blood is offered upon the seal and your hair is offered through the flame offer the smoke of Red Sandalwood and Dragons Blood resin. This will give more substance to sow the seed of your desire within Drugaskan. When the smoke stops rising close the rite.

I speak now from my adversarial spirit to the overmastered spirit of Ahura Mazda at the beginning of my counter creation. Neither our thoughts, nor our doctrines, nor our minds forces, neither our choices, nor our words, nor our deeds, neither our conscience nor our souls agree. It is my nature to oppose thee!

That statement of power declares your disagreement regarding the circumstances you seek to oppose. It excites the demonic spirits within Arezura in a very intense way as it is inverse wisdom of Zarathustra who is the father of the Zarathustrian religion. The Zarathustrian doctrine is the source of most modern religious cages. It is also the root of modern misunderstanding in regard to more ancient spiritual paths and how they are taught today.

If the adept so chooses the white candle can be replaced with other colors in order to use the isolated colors of the false light spectrum against Ahura Mazda, who stole them to reflect their power into creation and limit their potential in the first place. This is not necessary for this rite though. It is your merging with the powers within Drugaskan toward the cause at hand and the resulting synergistic power of this mergence that brings forth the desired result. Embrace the simplicity of it for now. As you progress through application you may then experiment with using various candle colors, or integrating various oils and stones, and even creating candles yourself giving birth to these lamps of fate as children dedicated to your specific cause lending them that much more power and potency.

For those who do step upon the Path of Smoke through Black Magick of Ahriman this conceptual rite offers clues regarding how the individual Seals

of Arezura are created and opened as individual altars which can be used for sorcerous objectives. While the Seal of Drugaskan can be utilized for all intents and purposes the employment of the other seals of Arezura (Hell) can further refine the intent of your magick, strengthening the power of the rites of sorcery to manifest your desire and defile creation by imposing your will upon this physical plane.

Use this rite to build the life you desire so that you can focus more on your ascent. Do not be content in a state of human being but seek the process of human becoming. Become a Living God in this eternal moment of counter creation. May you be blessed through damnation through the curse of liberation. Devour, destroy, become or be crushed!

Kurtis Joseph

Tyr's Justice

Astrid Torvol

TYRS the one-handed god that knows the art of sacrifice. Tyr was brave enough out of all the Gods to sacrifice his hand to Fenrir. Fenrir is known as the wolf that is wild and uncontrollable. And, many feared his wrath. The future was foretold that Fenrir will devour Odin in the end.

In the mist of the story, Fenrir was a clever wolf of his time that broke chains that the Gods placed upon him as they cheered. Not knowing the Gods had plans up their sleeves, they ordered the dwarves create a magical thin chain that was unbreakable even for Fenrir. The dwarves were known as masterful craftsmen of the cosmos indeed they were. For the chain to be impossible to break, the chain needed impossible ingredients. The chain that they made consisted of the beard of a woman, fishes' breath, mountain roots, footsteps of a cat and bird's spittle. They named this chain Gleipnir meaning in old Norse open. Most of these ingredients doesn't exist, hard to get, or even to understand in common world. But, not in realm travel and the possibilities are endless if the sorcerer know what they are doing.

Trickery came into the thoughts Fenrir when he noticed the rope being light and supple. He wouldn't agree to put it on unless one of the Gods agreed to put their hand in his mouth in good faith that there were no tricks involved. Amongst, who is the bravest one to step ahead of it all. There is no other but the God Tyr.

Tyr's thoughts on saving humanity or mankind from destruction was a heavy burden for the God Tyr. In knowing what is to come after Fenrir noticing that he would be deceived. Placing his hand in the vicious jaws of the one Fenrir that would take it off. The God of warriors, the one that fights for rights under the law of justice to be disabled. Hell, I'm sure the thought crossed his mind. Who would amongst us will do such a thing to be placed in the position as such as this? I'm sure without a doubt a few of you would and many of you won't.

Amongst, all the gods Tyr stood up and marched bravely over to Fenrir making eye contact his eyes glowed a beastly glow while the unbreakable chain was tied to a large stone in a quiet and unhabituated place a wasteland

of nothingness, they wedge a sword to pry open the Fenrir's jaw for Tyr's sacrifice. Oh, what courage and sacrifice, I must say.

Most of the rituals in Nordic magic is simple and effective. Many of the folks hail the gods and make a feast in their honor. As, the gods watch and bond with humanity. Delivering visions of what is to come, past, present and the future.

The Chant of TIWAZ:

T-I-W-A-Z, T-I-W-A-Z, T-I-W-A-Z x 3

HAIL THE GOD OF JUSTICE

T-I-W-A-Z, T-I-W-A-Z, T-I-W-A-Z x 3

HAIL TO YOU THE WARRIOR GOD

T-I-W-A-Z, T-I-W-A-Z, T-I-W-A-Z x 3

HAIL THE BRAVE ONE WHOM SACRIFICED

T-I-W-A-Z, T-I-W-A-Z, T-I-W-A-Z x 3

COME NOW I INVOKE YOU

SURROUND ME WITH YOUR PRESENCE

ACCEPT MY SACRIFICE AND GUIDE ME

The ritual I am about to describe came about after some conflict with a rather problematic neighbor. To cut a long story a little shorter this neighbor was at my door daily, trying to get a lift to here and there. What started as my hospitality now was at the point of being used. I do not like being used. Following this, I decided to cut ties and yet still this person came to my door. He had an anger problem causing problems for myself and my property. I had enough of it.

I called to Tyr and sought out his guidance. Out of all of my Gods, I needed one who would bring justice but also fairness. Tyr was the best choice for this. With no time at all after calling on him, the ritual came to me. Tyr's Justice, I call it, and it had surprising synchronicities. With my Tyr idol/statue, I lay it in front of me. I begin to chant T-I-W-A-Z in my favorite vibration chant. It came together like music. I took a chicken bone I had stored for an occasion like this, and I started to inscribe tribal markings and runes onto it. Some of these runes made up Tyr's name. Then with my blade in my left hand, I cut into my right hand and let the blood drip onto the bone and the idle. With the same blade, I crack open my bottle of mead and I to hail Tyr. I drink a good swig and then I offer the rest of the bottle.

Tyr, I give you these offerings of blood, bone and ale, and ask that

you bring justice to those who have wronged me. Let those who have done me wrong not go without punishment, and may the sentence be rightful and fair.

Days go by, and no sign of my neighbor. My husband informs me that word of mouth brought news of his departure to a new home. My work was successful. However, it was not the only justice that was brought. Several people who I know had done me wrong also started to experience and voice their problems. I could not help but think of Tyr. Then, I remember my wording. I had not asked for Tyr to bring justice to only my neighbor but rather anyone who had wronged me. What started as such a simplistic rite had turned into a potent strike of good ole karma. I like to think I am a fair woman... I don't expect to kill a man over a small act of inconsideration. However, the satisfaction for knowing that they got exactly what they deserved, with no more or less... that is a comforting thing.

Over time with pondering on this rite, I decided to come up with a more in depth version, which is the one I am writing today. The rite itself is still very simple... however offers more of an immersive atmospheric to really bring you in to the magick. I call it Tyr's Justice.

Tyr's Justice

What you will need is to draw out, paint or carve the web of wyrd onto your chosen material. I prefer to use wood. The web of wyrd is in this sense the fate that you are weaving for those who have wronged you. Around the wyrd you write Tyr's name in runic. Any runic alphabet you like will do.

A red candle, a bottle of ale, a knife, a chicken or goat, an idol, statue or depiction of Tyr. Some meat and some makeup is what you will need.

1. First set up your ritual space, outside is a good place. Place your web of wyrd directly in front of you, and the idol, statue or depiction of tyr in front of you too. Typically having Tyr at the northern cardinal point can aid in this also.
2. Place the bone on the web of wyrd and begin to draw onto it. Just do what feels natural, let your hand guide the way.
3. Once done you open your ale, and you offer the meat to Tyr. Take a swig of the ale and pour the entire bottle over the bone, meat and web.
4. Cut your right hand or a finger on the right hand and let the

blood drip onto everything.

5. Chant T-I-A-W-A-Z, as shown earlier and then call upon Tyr and ask him to bring justice.

At its core this ritual is very basic. A decent offering, some blood, a calling and some northern symbology. When you do call upon Tyr you can ask for a specific person to be brought to justice or you can ask for anyone like I did in my own experience. At the end of the day, only you will know. Also remember that my outline of what to do here is only a guideline. If you feel there is something you can add or possible tweak, then do it. Your intuition and your gut are the best thing for you to follow. The Norse path is a lot more primal than most other paths and so listening to those primal instincts will serve you well.

The last point that I will give is to be careful of the use of emotion in this ritual. Typically, I would say to use as much emotion as you can muster in any given ritual, however if you want to be fair to those you are bringing justice to you will have to let your emotions not take control. Emotions are typically exaggerated and as such you will wish more harm to them than is truly fit for their crime. Remember that Tyr may be the God of justice... but he is also the God of sacrifice, and right action. Hail to Tyr.

Astrid Torvol

Forneus Forgiveness Spell

Harry

IN our life, we make mistakes. It is the nature of being human, and allows us to grow and learn from our errors. Sometimes, our mistakes can cause problems and grief, especially if another person is involved. A mistake may cause a rupture of a relationship, which you wish would not end. Or, may in fact, as was in my cause, cause someone to become an enemy and a threat. In either case, this powerful spell has served me well, creating forgiveness the very next day. So, here is my story.

I am not proud to admit my mistake, as the nature of it isn't pretty on my part. But, I am happy to be open and let the details be known.

I am gay, and when I was younger, maybe 18 or 19, I wanted to have sex with this particular guy. I didn't know him well personally; everyone knew who he was. Now, the problem with this guy was that he was not gay. And to paint a better picture of him, he is very well known in my town with a reputation he likes to keep along with his womanising image. But I was determined, so being young and naive like I was at the time, I reached for my candles to perform a spell; I was literally hell-bent on sleeping with him. Just so you know, I would not perform a ritual like this in hindsight; it is not fair for all people involved and not exactly nice. But hey ho, I wanted him regardless of consequences.

About one week later, I was in a bar with a friend (girl), and he started flirting with her, and invited her back to his place for more drinks. He said that I could come, too. So, us three were there, having drinks, when my friend suddenly said that she is leaving and literally just walked out the door. The guy, naturally just said, "I guess it's time for bed then, stay if you want." So, we had sex. My ritual had worked.

I was in an extremely good mood, as you can imagine, and I told my friend what had happened after she left. Being loud as she is, and how relatively small my town was, the whole town suddenly knew about it in the space of a few days, and it was a local "scandal," with everyone talking about it. I was thinking, "Oh shit."

The next weekend, I was going around some bars again, and everyone was

asking me “Are you Harry? Is it true?” I was a smug little shit and said yes. I think I thrived off the shock factor that I received from everyone.

Later that night, the guy saw me and threw me down the club stairs. Luckily, I was okay because I had drunk quite a bit and didn’t feel anything. Then I found myself surrounded by a group of guys, his gang, shouting at me saying I’m a fantasist and why am I making up a story of “pretending I have slept with him.” Things were getting aggressive when the door security men came, and I managed to get out and escape to my home.

I received a text message from him, saying that he was going to kill me and that all his gang now know who I am, and will too.

I was literally trapped in my house and realised I need to solve my grand mistake by using magick again.

I was looking in my personal grimoire, as I had recorded the spell. Yet, I have no recollection of the origins, but I remember that it was an ancient invocation, which uses elements of the Goetia but without the seals of the spirits.

The spell is as Follows

1. Draw the symbols into a square piece of paper, as shown below.
2. Write the person’s name of who you want forgiveness from in the centre of the square.
3. Create or draw a circle onto a table, into the centre, place the square. Personally, I drew the circle onto my table with a felt-tip marker pen; the table can be wiped clean afterward. On both the left and right, outside the circle, place a candle. I just used white tealights.
4. While looking at the square, breathe deeply, relax yourself and calm your thoughts, this is the state of magick. Enter it.

Use the following invocation:

I call upon and invoke the Great Spirit Forneus. Answer my call and come to me. Forneus come.

5. You should now feel the powerful presence of Forneus in the room. Follow by saying the command clearly.

I command that this person is no longer a foe, but a friend. Make him forgive me.

6. Burn the square of paper, and at the same time dismiss the spirit, by saying:

Forneus, leave now and complete my command. I thank you for your presence.

7. Once the paper is burned, you can extinguish the candles, safe in the knowledge that forgiveness for your mistake will be swift.



I decided to research the spirit Forneus, for some more information. Quoting *The Book of the Goetia: The Lesser Key of Solomon the King*, the spirit Forneus is described as:

The Thirtieth Spirit is Forneus. He is a Mighty and Great Marquis, and appeareth in the Form of a Great Sea-Monster. He teacheth, and maketh men wonderfully knowing in the Art of Rhetoric. He causeth men to have a Good Name, and to have the knowledge and understanding of Tongues. He maketh one to be beloved of his Foes as well as of his Friends. He governeth 29 Legions of Spirits, partly of the Order of Thrones, and partly of that of Angels. His Seal is this, which wear thou, etc.

You will see that it states that Forneus can give men a good name, meaning he can clear you of mistakes. And, also, he can cause you to be beloved by

foes as well as friends. In this case, this means that he can turn a foe into a friend, or in other words, cause forgiveness by an enemy.

After performing this ritual, I had the confidence to go out again with no worries about the threats which I had received. Coincidentally, within minutes of me entering a bar, I saw this guy. I must admit, I felt a sense of panic, but at the same time I felt calm and at ease. He came over to me, shook my hand, and asked if we can be friends and forget about all of this drama.

This was a miraculous, instantaneous change of events. A few days before, I was attacked and threatened by him and his friends with him on a rampage to regain his dignity and reputation through his aggressive actions against me. And the very next day after the ritual, all was forgiven with a handshake.

A word of warning here: a few weeks after this ritual, a bizarre sideeffect materialised. He began dating my closest friend. She was happy in a relationship with him, although she knew the story. I, however, found the situation very bizarre, in the sense we had both slept with him. In a sense, he had become a friend into my closest circle. As the power of Forneus states, he can turn a foe into a friend and not just forgiveness. I did not expect or want this much, as him dating my friend caused me a lot of stress due to the history of events. So, I recommend, if you do not want the foe to become a friend, for you to explicitly state this to Forneus, stating that you just want the person to not be a foe anymore. But if you want this person in your life again, such as a partner, Forneus will be very effective.

This was not the last time I had used this ritual, obviously, I didn't learn quite well enough from my previous mistakes. Long story short, but I slept with a friend of mine who was in a relationship. This caused his relationship to break up, mainly because I told his boyfriend, I don't know why. I do mad things. So, he blamed it all on me, telling me how much I have ruined his life and he hates me, and can't believe I would do this to him. I still wanted him as a friend, and I hated that he was now an enemy. So, I used this same ancient, powerful ritual of Forneus. And the very next day, he invited me for coffee. His anger with me was never mentioned; it was just as though it had never existed or he had forgotten, and we were back to being friends like normal.

This is my spell which I chose to submit for the Anthology of Sorcery. I chose this spell because of the sheer power and speed in which the result manifests. Even though I used this ritual many years ago, it still sticks in my mind as the first ritual which blew me away by the efficacy of its results. I

also chose to include this particular spell as we as humans tend to be impulsive, and it is this impulsivity which can cause errors in judgement and mistakes to be made. This spell is a bit like an emergency undo button. And I think that we all have a need for an emergency undo button, which is why I am sharing it. Although, with maturity, it is better to reflect on decisions before you action them. In any case, here is the solution to giving yourself a good name, turning a foe into a friend, and gaining forgiveness with thanks to the Great Marquis Forneus.

Harry

Spellbook

Part Two

Conjuring Wealth

M. King

THROUGHOUT history, wealth, riches, and fortune have always been a common, yet popular desire amongst most magicians. Even the most legendary magus of them all King Solomon was said to have had a tremendous amount of wealth and riches that expanded all throughout Jerusalem.

Not much has changed since Solomon's time. People are still looking for ways to increase their wealth and riches. And, more often than not, they resort to using magick and spirit conjuring to achieve this goal.

I too am guilty of using spells, rituals, and "black magick" to increasing what little wealth I've had. Often times, this desire would push me to do tons of research for the perfect spell, ritual, invocation or evocation. Anything that would give me access to unlimited wealth, riches, and fortune. But sadly enough, nothing I would ever try would give me the exact results I was looking for.

It felt as if I was spending more money on grimoires to increase my wealth than actually increasing it. I would often come across the same format and formulas being used in these grimoires. Maybe with different spirits conjured, and different words spoken, but with the same format used. Eventually, I was able to figure out what key factors made these rituals work. All I needed to do was apply it to my own personal practices to see if they worked.

I would notice that they would often highlight things like physical action, creativity, and clear intent as being the foundation of ritual success. Stating that in a roundabout way that all a magician would need to do is focus in on these areas for success. I followed this advice by adding it to my practices in daemonolatry and I indeed had success. Such simple advice proved to be extremely powerful in my magick

In the beginning, this success was gradual and subtle, but eventually it became noticeable. Noticeable by me and my family. I felt as if I had figured it out, I had finally figured out a way to pull these powerful energies into my life in a phenomenal way. I then thought that if I benefitted from these

methods then why not share it with others. Which leads me into the ritual below and how it came into existence.

I originally created this ritual to assist my family with their financial challenges. They were in need of help, and I knew exactly how to do it. I was eager to put these simple yet powerful steps to use. When I talked to them I explained to them that I could help them, but it would be by magick. They were all on board and willing to give it a try.

Before performing the actual ritual, I made sure to get their permission to assist them via the spirits. They were okay with it, giving me full magickal freedom without any restrictions. Enabling me to be able to work without any worries. When I began my channeling to see which demons I should work with on their behalf's five specific demons came forward. Belphagore, Ba'al (Bael), Belial, Paimon and Sialul (A wealth based spirit from the Nuctemeron pantheon) came forward clearly.

I knew instantly that the ritual was going to be a success. This was one hell of a team to have me out with my work. As I was going through the steps to put the ritual together they brought to my attention about utilizing the energies of Jupiter. They mentioned that since Jupiter governs creativity, opportunities, boundary expansion, riches, and fortune, that his energies would come in handy. I agreed, willing to add any elements that would make this work as potent as possible.

Once the ritual was completed, I left it to manifest. I purposefully didn't mention it to my family. I left it out of any conversation we would have; I didn't want to taint the energies. I could tell that by doing so helped the rituals success. About two weeks later, I received a phone call from my sister.

She called to let me know that the ritual was a success. She said that she was able to pick up some extra cash with her job. This helped her clear out some lingering debt she had. She let me know that two of my nephews had been hired on for new jobs while one of them was able to gain some cash to buy a new car. It didn't stop there; she also let me know that my brother-in-law had gotten the job he was looking for, all the while my mother had gotten some needed opportunities that had opened for her as well.

I'm not going to lie, I was floored by the results and how quickly and how well the demonic worked with the energies. Usually, it takes a bit of time for results like these to manifest. But I think of the emotional investment I had for the situation helped move the energies along that much faster. Either way, I'm just glad that I was there to be able to help.

With the ritual below I will detail all the steps performed along with the items used for this ritual. During the ritual, I did offer blood to the demonic. Blood magick plays an important part of my practices. However, feel free to skip over this part of the ritual if you have an aversion to giving blood to demons. The ritual will still work regardless.

Below will be the ritual items needed, preparations and execution of the actual ritual.

Ritual Items

Ritual Preparation

Ritual Execution

1. Start your ritual by standing in front of Jupiter's seal in the east and invoking his energies into the space. You will follow this pattern in a clockwise manner ending up at the final seal of Jupiter placed in the north. Next, stand in front of Sialul's seal and perform the invocation by stating the enn. You will perform the same actions in front of the seals of Belphegor, Paimon, and Belial. You will end the invocations by heading back to the center of the ritual space and invoking Ba'al. All this done while lighting the candles and incense after each invocation
2. Once you feel the demon's presence within your space, you will then draw some of your blood via the bloodletting device and place a drop on each seal. When you've done that head back to the center of the space, began writing out your request on the parchment paper. Taking your time, write out each and every word. Be as specific as possible without adding too many limitations or restrictions. At the same time making sure that the request is reasonable and not too outlandish. So, for example, instead of writing "give me one thousand dollars" consider rephrasing it as "reveal to me ways in which I can increase my current finances situation by one thousand dollars. All this done without bringing harm to anyone." Or something to this extent.
3. When you have completed the request, you will then read it out loud in front of the demonic, making sure to take your time to read

every single word on the paper. If during the process of reading the request aloud spontaneous words pop into your head go with it. After reading your request you will then anoint the request in money drawing oil. Somewhere on the paper place a personal seal of power along with the demonic seals. You will then gather a few more drops of blood and place them onto the seals.

4. From here, take the request and place it before each entity, give thanks to them for their help and state anything extra that may pop up in your mind. When you've completed the circuit and have returned to the center burn the request in the cauldron. As the request burns make the statement "it is done." Place the ashes inside of the mojo bag along with any other items that you have present. Making sure to anoint these items with the money drawing oil before placing them in the bag.
5. You will breath three breathes of life into the bag before tying it off. After breathing into the bag Hold it in your hands for a few moments while envisioning your desires as deeply and as strongly as possible. Holding this image in your mind for as long as possible. When you feel that the image of your desire is at its peak, you will push this energy into the mojo bag with all of your effort. Take a few drops of the money drawing oil and feed your bag.
6. When you feel that the ritual is complete give thanks to the demonic and your license to depart alongside "banishing" the energies of Jupiter from the space.
7. Now this next part will require you to do some legwork, directly after the ritual has been completed take the mojo bag and place it somewhere near a local bank. Somewhere on the property will do, if you can get it close to the door even better. You want to make sure that it is placed in a way where it will remain from sight. Also, make sure that this is not a bank that you visit regularly, the further the distance the better.

When you've done, this do something that will take your mind off the ritual like call a friend or watch T.V. The results you seek will appear when you least expect them.

Troubleshooting your ritual

Here are a few tips to help make sure that you have greater success with your ritual

1. Work within your current means. For example, if at the moment you're not a millionaire, don't request the daemonic "give" you a million dollars. My suggestion is to start off with what you are familiar with. This makes what you are manifesting more manageable.
2. Don't expect results to just fall into your lap. Often, you'll get magicians that expect results to manifest without following up. This is a vital key to the manifestation process. If you're doing work to get a job, you surely have to apply for a job or two to guarantee success. The same thing applies here, take the time out to follow up with your rituals.
3. Give the ritual time to manifest. Following up is one thing, constantly checking for results is another. You don't want to taint the energies of your work by being overly persistent. This type of work can be pretty exciting, but you want to give the ritual time to manifest when the conditions are right.
4. Have faith and confidence in your work. A lack of faith and lack of confidence in your abilities can hinder your rituals progression. The best way to handle this is to know that magickal will ALWAYS manifest regardless if we see the results or not.
5. *In closing, I hope this spell/ritual aids you greatly in manifesting all the wealth, fortune, and riches that your heart desires. And may you have all the luck in the world my friends. End.*

Daemon Reference

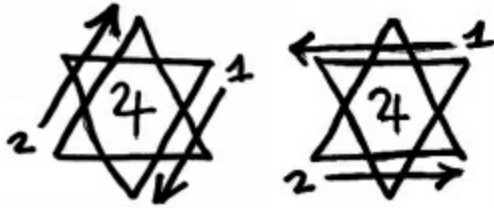
Provided below will be a quick reference to the demons involved in the above ritual.

Jupiter

Invocation: El Ararita

Planetary force associated with many attributes such as wealth, expansion, luxury, growth, prosperity, and luck. Jupiter's energies can be conjured to amplify the conjurer's prosperity work.

Hexagrams of Jupiter



Invoking & Banishing

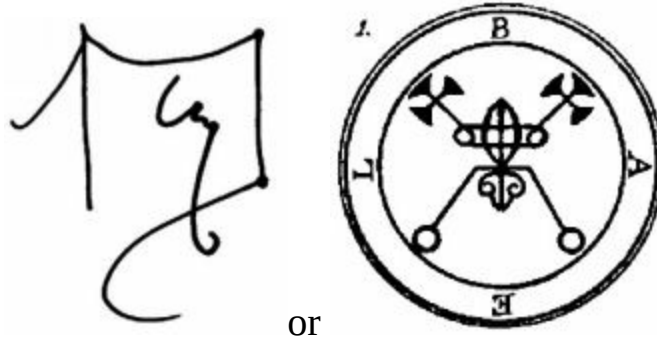
Ba'al (Ba'el)

Enn: Ayer Secore On Ca Bael

Canaanite demon of fire and mate to Ashtaroth. Ba'al's original purpose in the Goetia is to make one invisible. It is said that the practitioner is to wear his seal while in his presence.

In Daemonolatrly he can be worked with to give motivation the magician in ways to create wealth.

Ba'al's Seals



or

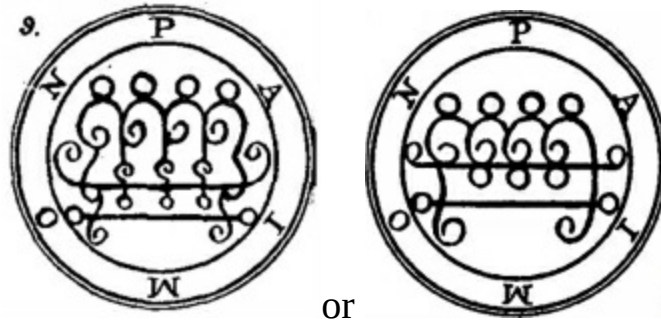
Paimon

Enn: Linan Tasa Jedan Paimon

According to the goetia Paimon can teach the magician any type of arts and sciences. He can make the conjurer wise to all kinds of occult things. He gives good familiars and can bind others to your will. He is invoked/evoked in the west.

In daemonolatrly he can be worked with in the area of gaining influence over others. Creativity and execution of ideas. Also, to spark overall needed motivation.

Paimon's Seals



or

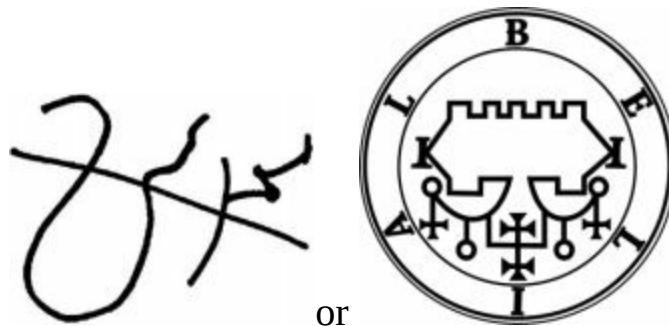
Belial

Enn: Lirach Tasa Vefa Wehlc Belial

In the goetia Belial is said to give titles, cause friends and foes to favor you, and to give excellent familiars. It is said to give offerings to him if you desire the truth.

In daemonolatrly he is worked with as a king of earth. One of his aspects is to help bring physical wealth into your life. He can also help stabilize the magician and the wealth they receive.

Belial's Seals



or

Belphegor

Enn: Lyan Ramec Catya Ganen Belphegor

Belphegor is known originally as one of the seven crowned princes of hell. He is titled the demon of sloth. It is said that he inflicts man with laziness all the while making him rich.

In daemonolatrly he is worked with for bringing about riches, wealth, and fame, however, it is in areas that the magician has skills in already. Belphegor will bring these things into the magician's life but over time. Patience is needed when working with him.

Belphegor's Seal



Sialul

Enn: Rampas Terec On Kalan Sialul

According to the Nuctemeron of Apollonius of Tyana, Sialul is the first genius encountered within the seventh hour. This spirit has the ability to bring prosperity, wealth, and fortune into the life of the magus. Sialul makes the practitioner wise about their riches, and can teach the summoner how to help others increase their wealth.

Sialul's seal



M. King

The Curse of Endless Discord or Blessing of Broken Stagnation

Andrieh Vitimus

I HAVE personally used this curse several times successfully to cause eventual destruction to an enemy as well as a blessing to destroy stagnation. This spell requires some preparation (and a bit of patience). The spell comes from a combination of several years working many aspects within the Eris (and Discord) current and takes a very different philosophy on “attack” and “blessing” magic. Very commonly, a person will curse an enemy to right a wrong that is going on in their life. Curses are often very direct and forceful. This spell takes a less direct route of magic by invoking the power of discord and the natural tendency of people to escalate this to war.

In the modern world, most parts of our lives are extremely susceptible to chaos and we are truly vulnerable to discord. If a person believes life is going well, discord in their job, love life, or even finances can sour things very quickly. One source of discord can easily cause other sources of discord to flare up eventually leading to full scale war. War often leads to full scale destruction. Often, the best fight you can have with an opponent or enemy is one that you have no part to play in.

In the positive sense, you can use the powers of Eris to bring needed change to stagnation, but this has to be carefully managed. Chaos is, by its nature, unpredictable, and does bring those kind of changes... and Eris was always a complex goddess.



Figure 1. "Zeus sent forth Eris unto the swift ships of the Achaeans, dread

Eris, bearing in her hands a portent of war." (Hom.II.11.4) John Flaxman (1755–1826).

Eris was Herald of War, but was Complex Even Before Discordianism

In ancient Greece, there were two distinct Erises. One Eris is the mother of the Kakodaimones, which includes such things as Ponos (Toil), Lethe (Forgetfulness), Limos (Starvation), the Algea (Pains), full of weeping, the Hysminai (Hysminae, Fightings) and, the Phonoi (Murders), the Androktasiai (Androctasiae, Man-slaughters), the Neikea (Neicea, Quarrels), the Pseudo-Logoi (Lies), the Amphilogiai (Disputes), the Dysnomia (Lawlessness), the Ate (Ruin), and Horkos (Creator of False Oaths). Some of these deamons are latter released by Pandora to plague mankind. This Eris reveled in the blood she caused in the Trojan War and was generally avoided by the Greeks.

We can look at the Greek stories from a different angle. In the Trojan War, Eris did bring the conflict between desire and duty to the forefront. Paris was offered military wisdom, political power, or the fairest woman in the world. Obviously, he chose the fairest woman, which was a choice that violated the social norms and thus caused the Trojan war. In the story, Eris seems indifferent toward the world of men, instead the golden apple is meant as a punishment for the gods and goddesses who will lose their human playthings. This fact is doubly ironic because while Eris had birthed the Kakodaimones, it was Zeus who created Pandora and then further tricked her into releasing the Kakodaimones unto the earth. If you should read that creation myth, both the bound Kakodaimones and Woman are considered punishments for the fire from Prometheus. In Eris's opposite Harmonia, we can see the values of conformity and the role of woman again being reasserted when we can look her children, the Misogyniai (Woman-haters).

In other stories, Eris again acts as a teacher who is somewhat indifferent to us. In one story, Eris places the golden Apple of strife in the road blocking Hercules, who promptly strikes it. It grows bigger and bigger killing village after village since Hercules does not stop hitting it (you cannot defeat strife with violence). In addition to this, Eris is recognized as a positive force as well.

The Greeks saw that strife between parties, if channeled and used correctly, could be a powerful motivator, and this too was Eris. If your neighbor was rich and you saw how well tended his fields were, if you were

of good character, you would work harder and the comparison would fuel great ambition. In some cases, this competitive strife forms the basis of sports and is a great friend to mankind.

Although, competitive strife easily leads to war if improperly managed. We can see Eris merely brings to the surface what is already in our hearts. Depending on how these feelings are managed, this can be a great boon or a great disaster.

Even in modern times, the Principle Discordia presents a lighter version of Eris who mocks the general stasis and order of our safe overly ordered and ruled culture. Even if you read the older Greek stories, you can see a continuum through the Principle Discordia where conflict begets different types of change. One should never forget that change always has the potential to be destructive. Eris has all the makings of a trickster, and it is best to be on her good side.

Before Doing This Ritual

The evoker who wishes to use this ritual against a person should have worked for a couple months to develop a relationship with Eris in her totality, focusing on using strife in a competitive and meaningful way. The energy of this ritual demands that a practitioner develops strong emotional intelligence skills, negotiation skills, and conflict-resolution skills lest they find themselves enflamed in a greater war. As the Principle Discordia implies, you had better learn to laugh at yourself before starting this work lest your vision of yourself take you down the route of war.

The evoker also must have a strong working relationship with the element of fire. I am currently working on Fire Magic book which would be great preparation for a ritual like this. This ritual involves evoking the goddess into the fire. When an entity of this temperament is invoked into the fire correctly, the fire has gotten much hotter and violent. You need to learn the mechanics of fire building and fire safety.

Lastly, the power of this spell to curse someone rests in the fact that Strife, and thus, Eris, is easily stroked in the human race. The evoker must be able to unleash this force and then switch to a more harmonious force after the ritual to prevent accidental lighting of strife within your own life.

Preparation Work

1. Before starting, you will need to create a flammable poppet of the individual you wish to “enlighten.” You can find many ways to create a poppet, I like to use wax for this. I will tie a doll together with cotton rope and dip this melted wax and then shape the wax into the shape of a person. While the process takes several hours, it will lend itself to a relatively strong poppet.
2. When the poppet has cooled, dig out a small hole near the heart of the person. Save the wax. You should do this in a focused but magical state. Banish before working with the doll. You will need some sort of personal effect to build the poppet. If you get blood, hair or nails, these are very good. In the least, you should get a picture of the person. Place these in the hole as if it is the heart of the poppet. If you are using a picture, you can burn the picture and place the ashes of the person in the hole. Cover the hole with the wax you saved and use a lighter to melt the wax closed.
3. Hold the poppet in each direction and ask the direction to baptize the poppet as the person. From infernal princes to the Watchtowers, use whatever directional salute you are comfortable with. The poppet should feel, look, or otherwise react fundamentally different after baptizing. At this stage, you should check via divination to make sure your poppet is connected the person.
4. Place the baptized poppet into a wooden box that you can close.
5. If you are using this in the capacity of a curse, place the poppet in the box with 23 iron nails. 23 is typically thought of as Eris’s number and the iron indicates this is a working where Eris is the herald and enabler for Ares. Place glass shards around in the box and sprinkle a mixture of shed snake skin, iron shavings, red pepper, black pepper, belladonna (nightshade), tormentilla root, and henbane. This is basically a destruction incense. Some people might add brimstone powder, or graveyard dirt to this mixture or other toxic herbs. I tend to have more respect for the dead, so I might not use graveyard dirt. I would not add poppyseed since it tends to dull people which causes accidents, but also dulls down some of the heat and passion.
6. If you are using this in the capacity to destroy stagnation, herbs

such as lemon grass, yarrow, and yew are acceptable. The herbs included should reflect the end state of the transformation after passing through the chaos/strife. Do not use iron in the beneficial workings as this will push Eris towards her role as harbinger of war. You can use most herbs for this, but you will have to work with the person to ease them through the conflict phase of change.

7. For the curse work, you can cause discord and destruction of a job (employment and strife do not work together), a relationship, or even a person's finances/friends/etc. It has been very successful in multiple uses and to remove stagnation. For curse work, I usually use a black poppet, and for blessings I will use a white poppet. These colors are completely arbitrary.
8. Once you have the box made, you must prepare the location of the fire itself. Using the mixture that you put in the box, draw out:

τῆ καλλίστη

into the ground or fire pit. These are the Greek letters for "To the Fairest One", which was written on the apple which started the Trojan war. Place the box with the poppet in the center of the words, and build around the box. Place five (or 23 if it is a large fire) golden apples within the structure you are building. I have found that using a 'Log Cabin Fire' works the best for this ritual and gives you additional time for the working. The working is not finished until the box and apples are completely consumed so the longer time and hotter fire is a benefit.

LOG CABIN FIRE

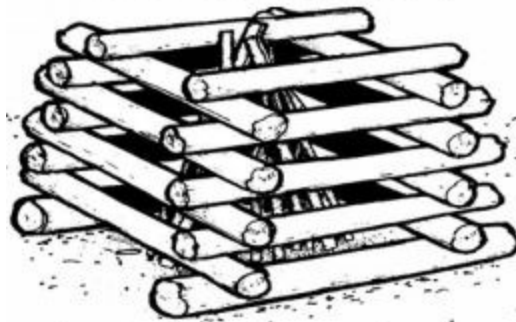


Figure VI-13. Log Cabin or Pyramid Fires

Figure 2 Building a log fire from the Army Survival Guide

9. It is helpful to add some accelerant to the fire, but be careful.

Add this PRIOR to lighting the fire. (Safety Tip: NEVER add accelerant to an already burning fire!)

The Ritual Procedure

1. Before starting, I have found it useful to take a cleansing bath and meditate for a while. Evoking Eris in this way does tend to bring internal conflicts to the surface, even if you are working to curse someone else.
2. Banish by your preferred method.
3. Invite Eris to the party (Sorry I could not resist).

Hail to thee great Eris. Oh, great daughter of Nyx. We invite you. Descend from Erebus and come from Shadow. Hail to thee great Eris.

4. Light and connect to the fire. Once the fire is going, use all of your five senses to know that Eris is present and proceed to evoke her into the fire directly.
5. Then start repeating the following with increasing ferocity while the fire is building.

For Curse Work:

Hail to thee great Eris. Bring chaos and strife to “Person X” so their “Y” is Destroyed. Bring so much strife around their Y, that it shatters and breaks

(Y = Job, Marriage, etc., X is your target).

Let the fire of their Strife and Discord spread throughout their Y until it is destroyed.

Hail Eris. Oh Great Eris, accept my offering of Golden apples that they may experience unlimited Strife.

For Breaking Stagnation:

Hail to thee great Eris. Bring destruction to the stagnation “Person X” has with “Y”.

1. Fill them with creative chaos as they break the order holding them back.

2. Improve creatively but stay on point and aim the discord and chaos toward one aspect of their life. The Focused fire will work more efficiently. With your arm, draw the golden apple over the flame and draw (write) the Greek phrase “To the Fairest One” onto the apple. Again, in Greek that’s:

τῆ καλλίστῃ

3. You should feel Eris’s presence very early in the ritual. You must keep going in this ritual until the box and apples are consumed, and you have to keep adding logs until they are. You have to keep going until the fire puts itself out. I find it quite helpful to seethe (shake violently) and to feel the power of the goddess rushing through me in a Chaotic fashion. You should seethe to the point of near possession while hailing Eris. Go deep and go hard.
4. Use all five of your senses, the fire spreading into your target’s life. See, hear, feel, and know either the stagnation burning in the strife and chaos, or whatever you are targeting.
5. Now, a decent sized log cabin fire even with three layers will take a good few hours. You are evoking Eris in the fire and she will turn on you if you do not stick with it, till the fire dies from natural reasons. Leave the embers smoldering (if possible). When the fire dies, you can stop seething, chanting and visualizing and you should thank Eris for bringing Discord into the person’s life or destroying the stagnation.
6. Banish by your preferred method.

Protecting Yourself

This ritual has gotten results for me fast. In the modern world, we are even more susceptible to discord and our personal connections are far weaker than you might expect. Again, this is a ritual where you want the other person’s situation to get out of hand but not your own. If there are areas where you are making a mistake, you can expect that like Hercules, you will be shown a lesson. Make sure the you pay attention to the lesson and make the discord a friend which propels you forward. Even then, thank Eris for the opportunity to grow and laugh at yourself.

To prevent your life from going into discord, I do recommend you follow the ritual with a series of spiritual baths or work with an entity promoting peace/tranquility. Even though discord appears in your life, with the proper life-skills and a cool head, you can translate that into greater opportunity.

I have purposely left out the symbols in this ritual that are more Discordian such as the five-fingered symbol for Eris and some other symbols.

Andrieh Vitimus

Destroying Your Enemy's Centre of Gravity Through Sorcery

Baron von Pfaffenhofen

Since antiquity, armies have recognized certain principle “truths,” developed out of the horrors, bloodshed and chaos of war, applying them to combat in order to ensure success. The nature of warfare, temporal and spiritual, is governed exactly by these laws and principles.

These guidelines are:

- Simplicity
- Surprise
- Offensive operations
- Mass
- Maneuver
- Economy of force
- Security
- Clear objectives
- Unity of command

These combat principles allow the war fighter to make sense of conflict during the “Fog of War” and come up with articulated, reasonable, and well thought out courses of action to obtain victory. To successfully apply these established principles of war, a person must first know where, how, and when to attack their enemy (I will clearly describe and outline how the above principles should be used spiritually, and with what spirits to effectively work with in later publications). The military philosophy of where, how, and when to attack, according to 19th Prussian General Carl von Clausewitz, is defined as your enemy's ‘Center of Gravity’ (CoG). The aim of this submission is to provide you, the black magick practitioner, the definition and application of this concept required to give you the proper focus for directing your spells, to ensure success on the spiritual, astral and physical planes.

Before we dive into the nature of determining the CoG, a little background on why this is so critical is required. Unfortunately, the hard-won tactical

lessons of physical combat have been largely ignored by spiritual practitioners throughout the ages. By-in-large, neophytes and seasoned sorcerers alike have chosen the “Intellectually Cheap” approach to cursing, engaging in spiritual combat much like a bar-room brawl. Attacks are often directly head-on, spontaneous, reactionary, governed by emotion, with little thought given to identifying and capitalizing on your enemy’s weaknesses. Modern combat has seen a constant evolution in tactics, technology, and procedures since medieval times, yet many magicians today are happy to fall back on complex, incomprehensible, bewildering dark-age grimoires, as well as entrance into obsolete magickal orders, in the hopes that these moth-eaten, antiquated rites will somehow give them success. Let me assure the reader that the fault when they inevitably achieve only frustration and failure, akin to a spiritual abortion, lies not with the passion of the intent, but with the methods used.

The Center of Gravity can be defined as “The Primary sources of spiritual, moral or physical strength, power and resistance.” Closely tied to the CoG is a person’s Critical Vulnerabilities (CV). These are the areas of one’s life which are “deficient, vulnerable to neutralization, attack in the manner which will achieve decisive results.” Now while it may be true that someone who has wronged you may have little spiritual or magical maturity or capability, you as a black magician will inevitably encounter fellow magick users who will have conflicting agendas and who must be dealt with swiftly and effectively. At that point, most sorcerers are at a loss as to how to deal with this person and likely turn to the demonic hierarchy as a proxy for general assistance in directly cursing the person (who is likely using these spirits in exactly the same manner you are!). These generalized approaches will likely yield little results as there is no focus of effort. In tactical military terms, our aim is to physically suck the enemy into a choke-point, where they are most vulnerable, creating a kill-zone, with effective attacks at a specific location from multiple angles. The same must be conducted at the spiritual level when creating spells. A more systematic and effective approach is thus required. This is where the nature of attacking and destroying your enemy’s CoG is so critical.

A mature black magick user must delve into the proper planning and execution of their spells. Instead of evoking a demonic spirit to hurt, destroy or kill a person in general terms, you must focus your efforts and examine what are their strengths, where they lie, and how can they be nullified. You

must determine if this is their physical, emotional, spiritual strength and where their power and resistance centers. Once you determine this, you can now focus on their critical vulnerabilities and avoid these strengths by flanking them right where it hurts most. This soft-spot may be employment, their family, their daily routine, their addictions, their habits. Instead of cursing them directly, would their lives falls to ruin if you curse something much more unguarded and exposed like their sex habits, a family member, a pet, their daily commute to work, the finances of a loved one, or their boss. A black magick user must complete a full battle and collateral damage assessment, attacking this lynch-pin in their lives, the weak link, so everything else falls apart and their strengths evaporate before them. You must identify this critical vulnerability so you can anticipate, not react, to their decision-making process, nullifying through appropriately directed and effective curses any future decision they make.

To illustrate this technique as an example, I will share the real-life narrative of the power of critical vulnerability cursing I used while in military combat. In 2006, I was deployed with an Infantry Battle Group to southern Afghanistan. At that time, the Taliban were massing their forces which numbered over 1000 in that area with their intent to seize the capital city of that province. NATO had assembled the International Security Assistance Force (ISAF) to counter this planned Taliban activity, and given the mission to retain the capital city of the province by disrupting, then destroying enemy strong points. An intelligence analysis of enemy disposition showed their Center of Gravity focused on Religious and Physical weight. Their morale was initially high, and daily they were reinforced with foreign Jihadist soldiers from abroad. A critical vulnerability, however, was their access to clean and sanitary conditions, particularly north of the Panjwaii River. The Taliban had dispersed into the deserted district villages and were massing to counter our advance. I decided at that time to curse them with pestilence and disease, seizing on the advantage that they had little access to clean food and drinking water. My defined focus was on the foreign fighters who would be extremely susceptible to sickness after recently arriving. I called on the battle demon Major General* Lacric, who I identified through skrying as one of the chief demons associated with the Pale Green horse of the apocalypse for pestilence. Figure 1. is Lacric's sigil. During the intense fighting throughout September that followed, resolve of the Taliban and their foreign fighters waned. Intelligence reports began to detail, the sickness and retched

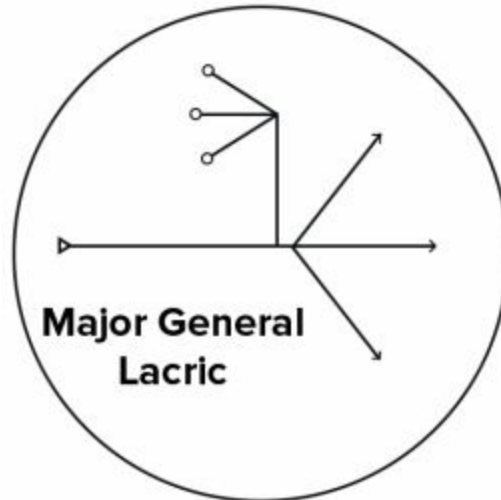
conditions our enemy found themselves in, and that NATO began to get the upper hand. Following that, I conducted follow-on curses to sow dissention in their ranks and their crumbling relationship with local Afghans. Resistance became sporadic, with major combat operations ceasing by mid-October. Due to the loss of vital ground, as well as the loss of their massed Centre of Gravity, the enemy were forced to change their tactics to intermittent roadside bombing and suicide attacks, withdrawing in large numbers back across the Pakistan border.

What is important to remember is that your choices become exponentially greater only once you retain the initiative in this battle, not your enemy. They are so busy reacting to your initial attack; they become vulnerable to your subsequent probing and offensive action, in areas where they once had strength. Their whole defensive strategy and center of gravity disappears and their life is in ruin, whether you attack the person or those close to them.

Indirect attacks on your enemy's flank or rear guard such as my previous example, is one simple method I utilized, however the sorcerer can and should explore all avenues of advance to disrupt their enemy's life, both personal and professional. These will be effective as you are attacking their vulnerabilities, so even should they recognize and discern that an attack is coming, and from whom, it will be too late, and they will be able to do little to counter it as you have already planned and properly executed a series of phases to achieve your aim. These are precision curses with secondary and third order effects, not the generalized spiritual carpet bombings of the past.

The effectiveness of attacking their critical vulnerabilities to destroy their center of gravity will give you the focus and concentration you need to affect broad ranging and successful results. You will have clearly defined objectives and will see 1st hand the power of spells in action. This is the 1st step. Once you clearly know your objectives, you must next know how to apply the principles of war in casting your spells and which spirits to use. Nothing will be able to stop you.

Figure 1.



*Notes: The Sorcerer must always consider requirements when analyzing attacks in the offence. Our intelligence believed there to be approximately 1000 enemy. This would be equivalent to a Battalion size force. I thus chose to work with a ratio of at least 10:1 to completely saturate the battle space of my enemy. This would be a Division size force with a spiritual chief in today's military terminology equivalent to a Major General.

Baron von Pfaffenhofen

Ancient Finnish Spells
*For the Invocation of One's True Nature & to Become
God*
KIMMO KIVI

Preface

ANCIENT people of Scandinavia had a reputation of being powerful magicians and wizards. The legendary lands of Hyperborea and Ultima Thule were places only to mention in fear, awe or great respect by the ancient historians and the writers. Still today Viking paganism and magic has become more popular than ever. In Scandinavia, there is also the land of Finland that has very rich mythology and magical tradition.

The Finns were known by their great uses of spells, incantations and magical songs. There is in Helsinki archive of Finnish Literature Society that has largest collection of folk poems and magical spells in the whole world. Beside academic interest and revival of Finnish paganism, art of Finnish magic has almost forgotten.

Sorcerers had secrets that were called "luotteet." These were important to make the Spells work, but was revealed only for the Initiated. Those secrets were rarely revealed to folk song collectors. There is some clue that luotteet were in some cases mantra-like power words, also ritual formulas and secret root working behind the written spells.

Those initiated and trained in magical theory and practice of some other magical tradition can easily fill the gaps. It seems that those secret luotteet are actually universal principles behind magic in any tradition. Those who have studied spells from many different traditions can agree on the similarities occurring around the world. The only difference, besides language, are related to differences in cultural customs, artifacts and preferences. There is no real difference if we remove all those influences and focus only on primary Intention behind Ritual. Usually even cultural differences are so similar that we can start to see the common origins behind all Magical Traditions.

Therefore, it is possible to use ancient Finnish magical spells in

combination with any other ritual or meditative methods that produce altered states and lead to the Crossroads.

When we started to look more closely at ancient spells of the Finns, we should also understand that most of those spells were meant to be personal. There were some spells that were shared with the same household, but certainly there weren't a common liturgy of spells that was used by everyone. This means that many of those spells are not designed for the needs and intentions of the modern man. Those spells can still teach us as examples how to make custom spells to one's own needs.

Unfortunately for the English speaking magical community there isn't any good practical books about Finnish Magic. Also, it is almost impossible to translate old Finnish spells without lost meaning or poetic rhythm called Kalevala meter, that gives it's unique flavor to Finnish spells. However, there is translation of fine collection of spells called The Magic Songs of Finns by Elias Lönnrot. That isn't a practical guide book, but is still highly recommendable for every one interest in Finnish Magic.

The Supreme Empowerment Rite

Although there was spells for any needs and areas of human life, there was special class of spells that were done before any other spell. These Preliminary Spells empowers sorcerer and gives him magical powers to make spell work.

In those rituals and spells, the sorcerer ceremonially enters into a sacred state of consciousness from the profane ordinary mind. Then by the remembering one's past spiritual experiences, initiations, spiritual guides and other sources of power, mind is liberated from its mundane limitations and a state of trance is induced. The Doors into infinite possibilities are opened.

I have gathered and translated from the old Finnish magical spells four different types of preliminary spells and put them together as one ritual formula that I call the Supreme Empowerment Rite. While it is ritual formula of preliminary rite, it can be also use as map for the long-term initiation journey.

After experimenting with ancient Finnish spells over twenty years, I have found following spell works of the Supreme Empowering Rite as most useful and important in my own spiritual path. It is like a hologram that contains everything that is most important in same rite.

1. Armed with Väki

Finnish witches and sorcerers or “noidat” were essentially hunters after the magical force called väki that was inherent in all things. Every Object however contained a different type of väki and one of the task of the Witch's apprentice was collecting various types of väki from many different types of objects like a rocks, plants, animals and human parts from the nature. Objects filled with väki was then stored in the shrines, altars or inside the ceremonial costumes.

In the beginning of ritual those power objects filled with väki were activated.

This happened during dressing ceremonial robes and consecration of magical objects and tools used in ritual. Ritual objects filled with väki are powerful anchors that link to those memories and emotions that were experienced during its construction or during the initiation ritual where it was given and also memories held during its later usage.

Väki is ancient word that means force or power and it can be still found in modern Finnish language in words like väkivalta=violence, väkivahva=powerful, väkevä=bitter, väkevöityä=become stronger etc. Väki means also host and Väki was seen as host of spirits. For example, it was common believe that in the graveyard dirt had very powerful väki called hautuumaan väki or host of graveyard. It was a collective of spirits that live in graveyard. Graveyard dirt is powerful because there is väki of graveyard in the dirt. So when you just had hand full of dirt, you got also whole host of graveyard spirits in it because holographic principle. There is no power in graveyard dirt in itself, but it's association with all emotions, memories and ideas related to graveyard and death. More stronger emotion, more you have väki. More väki you have collected, more väki you can activate, charge, focus and sent.

Väki is related to concepts of Ki or Chi, prana, orgon, LVX or universal life force that is restored in etheric body. Arming with Väki can be also be done by practicing types of martial arts or Tai Chi, Chi Kung, Yoga and with ritual baths, ablutions, smudging, ceremonial magic ritual movements, dancing and tantra.

After you can feel the charge of väki in your body, you can control its movement with visualizations. Visualization is gateway into astral plane and there väki is used to formulate the will of noita or witch as an astral vision and then manifesting it in the physical plane. Although this part of ritual can

be done silently in the mind, it would be sometimes useful to express it with verbal affirmation or spell. Indeed, you can give instructions to väki what you want to do with it. Everything is possible, but you need väki to do it.

For example, it was common for the sorcerer to formulate supernatural shield.

O Earth rise, awake Mantu (the God of Earth) for my protection in fields of battle.

Let the big stone grow and the big pillar expanding.

The Stone as big as a church, the Pillar big as a Mountain.

The Hole in the middle of the Stone and the Serpent around the Hole.

It was also useful to formulate protective field to prevent all disturbances and harmful influences from all directions.

...build the Iron fence, put together stone castle around my living space, on the both side of my manor from the Earth to the Heavens and from the Heavens to the Earth.

This first part of working the Supreme Empowerment ritual is merely shamanistic working that was practiced by noidat or witches from Lapland.

It was custom of young apprentices go to Lapland from Finland to meet some real noita or Shamans and learn from them. Finnish people learned from Lapland rites of arming with väki and some other shamanic trance techniques.

2. Apotheotic Apostrophe of Sage

When Finnish witches returned from Lapland armed with väki, they started to call themselves as Tietäjä or Sage and then formed their own institution of learned sages. There was shift from deep trance shamanistic visions and astral emotions to subtler mental planes that are connected with wisdom teaching, thoughts, concepts and language. Main magical practice in that level was spell casting.

There is no record of similar spell casting in Lapland as it was used in Finland. However, there is some evidence that Finnish spell poems were actually descriptions of shamanic journeys of the Lapland Shamans. These spells therefore were a kind of field of journals of witch's apprentices and when they returned back to home they started to use the same field notes as their ritual technique after original shamanic techniques were forgotten.

Those spells included type of spells called kerskaus sanat (boasting words). Those are spells that can be said after arming with väki to elevate

consciousness to into higher planes and to deepening trance state induced with first spell.

This deepening happening by just verbally describing ones own supernatural powers and activating powers by showing how powerful he or she is or at least claiming to be.

Usually these spells are just descriptions of Sorcerer`s personal past struggles with Spirits that they fought successfully. Logic in this being that because last time I killed so many monsters, I can overcome you just as easy as that.

I hold snakes in my hands and killed thousand man with my sword.

*One summer night I was in home of Bear, In the mansion of
multicolored Bear.*

*I bridled a wolf and put bears into iron chains. I put Emälempo
(primordial beast) into tree and I hanged Hiisi (forest monster) on the
gallows.*

Enough is said that is not so much practical for modern magician to use spells that maybe are just descriptions of psychotic episodes of past wise man from different century. However, if you wrote spell where you describe your own biggest triumphs and victories before you to take next difficult step in you journey, you can be more confident by activating memories that you have when your self esteem was at the best.

3. The Invocation of True Nature & the Divine Guardian

Next part of ritual going deeper into true source of the power. While in previous part väki is gathered and activated by summoning memories of past experiences, in this part all unconscious parts of psyche are brought into awareness. This is ongoing process that happens during whole lifetime. That is process of self-realization, where one's true nature and meaning of life is revealed gradually.

While earlier parts where connected with lower etheric, astral and mental subtle bodies, invocation of one's true nature is connected with causal body that contains karma and blueprint for the life plan. Working with that level brings understanding about meaning and purpose of one's life. There you can find your hidden abilities, talents and gifts.

In ancient Finnish, magical system this level was also connected with building of magical machine called Sampo. This seemingly impossible task

was similar than more famous fables of magical adventures like a Grail Quest or the Great Work of Alchemy.

Another task of Finnish sage was to find origin of the everything. The Origin could be expressed with short mythological poem that was also used as origin spell. The simplest form could be like, "Origin of fire is from the heaven." If you know origin of things, then you can control it. For example, if you knew origin of sickness, it was possible to remove it by sending it back to where it originated.

As magical level, it was most useful to know one's own origin. That was found with spell called "Luonnon Nostatus (the Invocation of Nature)" and intense visualization of seeing oneself as made perfect.

*O rise my nature from the Lovi (the crack between the worlds)
My Haltija (Guardian Spirit) from the underground.*

There are many longer versions of that spell but above affirmation contains essence that can be find almost all variations. This is ritual formula that connect one's true nature with guardian spirit called Haltija. Every individual and also inanimate objects has their own guardian spirit or Haltija. It was important to know one's own guardian and usually shamanistic initiation involved some kind of life-threatening challenge that was forcing Haltija to appear to Sage.

Meeting with Haltija changed Sage into Wizard and granted him power over his destiny. This part of ritual are many ways similar than famous Abramerlin operation of western magical tradition.

4. Entering the Godhood

Last part of Supreme Embowering Rite is formed from the type of spells that where called Tietäjän perustussanat (Foundation Words of the Sage). These are spells that comes after all previous steps are failed. After finding one's true nature and Haltija, there is realization of something even higher states. However, you are already in the top of your spiritual mountain and can't ascending any higher by climbing. By becoming aware of the final limitations of ego and individuality also that which is beyond is realized and assimilated into ego. This is done with the following type of spell, where sorcerer is by proclaiming his own weakness, allowing opposite Divine Powers to work through him. This lead to transformation where sorcerer is changed into God.

This is expressed in next excerpt of spell from the Magic Songs of Finns:

Where my words cannot reach, let God's word reach; where my hands cannot pass, let God's hand enter in; there where my fingers will not serve, let Creator's fingers serve; and where I can't breathe in a breath, may Lord breath in a breath instead.

These four preliminary spells of Supreme Empowerment Rite were designed to elevate consciousness of magician before any other spell working. As we have notice it also shows perfect formula to whole lifelong initiatory journey and its frequent usage will help to navigate better in life, to find one's true nature and finally to become God.

Kimmo Kivi

The Ugly Stick

Attacking Chakras, Ruining Lives!

Rein Sharpe

For a spell to work, it must have complete control or dominance over a situation – This can only be achieved by casting spells capable of that, rather than casting spells influencing the outcome only...

—Dominic, *Satanic Spells*

THE following is a powerful spell which allows the Realms of Darkness to do your bidding, my diabolical masterpiece! With this spell, you will not only bring upon your victim an irrational streak of bad luck, rather, you will surround and attack your victim from every angle, both internally and externally. You will isolate your victim from everything and everyone that gives him/ her the license to be who they are! All the while you will see the results of this attack manifest in their physical appearance and know that it is also manifesting in your victim through ways you cannot see. This spell can only be described as Magikal Rape.

But before you look into The Ugly Stick spell, first, you need to understand its origin. So, I would like to tell you a story about a Sociopath named Jake...

Jake is an arrogant, narcissistic, ignorantly pampered individual who had recently started to date a good friend of mine, Evie. While Evie is a kind-hearted, single mother of two children, Hannah, four years old and Braydon, 13 years old, who managed to conquer the parent, as well as the career world, she was not the best at selecting male lovers ideal for her situation (but hey, no one's perfect). While Evie was aware that Jake had a quick temper and was open with being inappropriate with other women, her deep feelings for him were clear and she desperately wanted me to meet him, reluctantly I agreed.

Upon meeting him, it all made sense to me. While I am a self-proclaimed "Serpent who can not be charmed," I must admit that Jake's appearance was striking! He was a towering 6 foot 4 inches, with a fit, well toned body, thick black hair, and a face that looked like it had been carved by the angels. My

pleasant surprise, however, was not meant to last long as he eventually started to speak. Through this long, unstimulating conversation with him I learned he was born to privilege as his father was the top District Attorney for the major city we lived in. He bragged non-stop about the crimes he committed over his life while suffering little consequence with the help of his father, droned on and on about his pimped out black silverado pick up that his mother bought him, and even though he was in his thirties, he managed to laugh at all of us in the room for having to "work" as he had never had a job in his life and never needed one. When Evie tried to contribute to the conversation, he abruptly told her to shut up. While he was not my ideal "Prince Charming," I had no choice but to let on that I was happy for their newfound relationship, and left Evie's house as soon as I could, glad that I fulfilled my "supportive friend" duty and will never have to deal with him again... or so I thought!

Two months later, at about 4:45am, I received an unexpected phone call. It was Evie calling me from the hospital. While Evie was at a bachelorette party, it seems Jake, who was babysitting, had lost his temper on little four-year-old Hannah, had grabbed her by the hair (ripping some of it out), dislocated her shoulder, slammed her to the ground and beat her with the stick of a broom. His reason? Hannah had been standing in front of the television and he could not see the screen. Evie was calling me to see if her son Brayden could stay with me for a few days while she handled the police, as well as getting Jake out of her house, I was more than happy to help.

I spoke with Brayden that day, who angrily revealed to me that this was not the first time this had happened, just the worst time. Brayden was not your typical distracted teen, he had collected information on Jake, who he never liked. Turns out Jake has built an interesting lifestyle for himself, while turning on the "charm," he will find his way into the home of a single mother, live there for free while the mother supports him, and covers up all his violent dealings using fear. Even as the police were investigating, Hannah was too scared to speak, while Jake was placing the blame on Brayden and a friend Braydon had with him in the house at the time Hannah was attacked. Both boys had a clean criminal record and achieved high grades in school. The five years I have known Brayden he never acted out in violence toward his sister, maybe some bickering between siblings, but that was about it. I had all the information I needed, as I sat in the gardens of my backyard, I could not help but sob uncontrollably. Those of you who have survived abuse of any kind

know just as well as I do, when you witness the abuse of someone or something else, it affects you in a deep, crippling way that is unique from other people and cannot be explained. You become filled with rage, as well as an overpowering desire to torture, burn, and end the life of the abuser, this desire pushes beyond simple "angry thoughts." Jake needed to be stopped. He was using his physical appearance and false personality to wiggle his way into innocent people's lives, exploiting and traumatizing them. Only to have "Daddy" come and save the day when law enforcement got involved. As I sobbed in the garden, I felt myself being approached by multiple demonic forces, two of which are involved in this spell. As they stood around me, the details of the spell you are about to see flooded into my head continuously without stopping.

The following is the exact spell that I had cast on Jake. But please be sure to read through the details on how the spell will work as it is important to understand the process before performing.

The Ugly Stick spell is an elaborate fusion of both sympathetic and sigil magik. I include the skills of two demons derived by E.A. Koetting's "The Book of Azazel," Dra'talon and Grah'aht'talion, as well as tasks performed by you. Together, the three of you will form a malicious Trinity of Devastation. Your Task? To attack your victim's Chakras. While the two entities in this spell will target and attack your victim externally, in the physical world and through the people around them, you will be that link that will infest your victim internally, infecting and prohibiting the victim's ability to be able to deal with the demonic attacks. Failure, disappointment, fear, self loathing, physical illness, loneliness and eventual death are the only options your victim will have by the end of this journey. Please be warned that this spell is not to be taken lightly, you must be at peace with the fact that you are utilizing entities that will kill this person.

While these workings are set at an intermediate level, I have also included the option to do only your part of the spell without the inclusion of the two demons. If you are a beginner, this is a recommended option for you as there is a bit of multitasking involved which may get confusing. You will get results either way.

Why the Chakras? Chakras, put simply, are the energy centers in your body through which energy flows, described as wheels spinning quickly or slowly, depending on the condition of the person. These energy centers are directly linked to mental, physical, and spiritual attributes. By understanding

what each Chakra represents and what you can do to keep (or stop) this energy flowing freely, you can achieve both the optimal quality of life, as well as the destruction of it. While researching the Chakras yourself will give you a better understanding of the potency of this spell, here are a few basic examples of what each Chakra represents and is responsible for...

Root Chakra (Red)

The purpose of this Chakra is Survival/ Security/ Stability. The prime Chakra your victim will need to survive physical attacks, it is located at the base of the spine. When imbalanced, your victim will experience depression, lethargy, feelings of not belonging, disorganization, issues with their lower back, legs, feet knees, as well as rectal/anal problems (to name only a few)

Sacral Chakra (Orange)

The purpose of this Chakra is Creation/ Soul Fire/ Sexuality. Your victim will need this chakra for inspiration on how to pull away from these attacks (which we will not allow) and is located just below the navel. When this Chakra is attacked in any way, your victim will experience self deprivation, sexual repression, poor social skills, gallbladder and kidney problems, as well as sexual dysfunction.

Solar Plexus (Yellow)

The purpose of this Chakra is Power. Self-Confidence, and Self Esteem. Your victim may want to utilize this Chakra to give them the momentum he/ she needs to overcome these sudden demonic attacks using the power of their own self worth, we are going to take that away from them. The Solar Plexus is located slightly above the navel. By polluting this Chakra, your victim will experience the obvious low self esteem, victim mentality, attraction to stimulants, an inability to take responsibility, chronic fatigue, stomach and pancreas disorders, as well as hypoglycemia.

Heart Chakra (Green)

The purpose of this Chakra is Love, Joy and Inner Peace. Located in the heart region, your victim could try to use this chakra to try and reach out to others for help during these dark times. When this Chakra is not functioning at full power, your victim will experience feelings of being unloved, fear of

relationships, will become antisocial, and will experience disorders of the heart, lungs, thymus, breast and arms.

Throat Chakra (Blue)

The purpose of this Chakra is Communication, Self Expression, and Speaking the Truth. Located in the Throat. Your victim needs this Chakra to communicate to the rest of the world what they feel may be happening to them with hopes of finding a solution, this spell is going to take that away from them. As a result, your victim will experience fear of expression, poor rhythm, problems with the nasal area, teeth and gums, jaw pain, and disorders of the throat, neck and esophagus.

Third Eye (Dark Blue/ Violet)

The purpose of this Chakra is Intuition, Wisdom, and the ability to make decisions. Located in the middle of the forehead. Your victim will have no choice but to try to reach inward toward his higher self for guidance, this spell will not let that happen, there is no escape. By destroying this Chakra beyond repair, your victim will experience an inability to set goals, difficulty seeing the future, lack of imagination, seizures, neurological disorders, and mental illness.

Crown Chakra (Light Violet/ White)

The purpose of this Chakra is Cognition, Our Connection to Spirituality, and our Higher Life Purpose. Located at the top of the forehead. This spell will not even allow the victim's spirit guide to intervene with escape routes via this Chakra. All hope for the attacked person is lost. When this chakra is not functioning, your victim will experience a sense of separation/ isolation, trouble trusting the universe, dementia, autoimmune disorders, epilepsy, amnesia, and cognitive delusions.

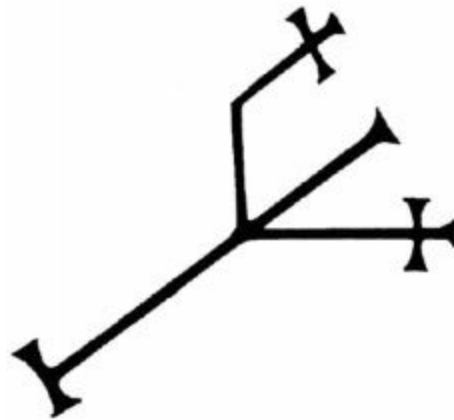
As you can see, by destroying these Chakras, you are destroying every facet of this person's life!

Why the two demons? A lot of people will wonder why it is necessary to involve multiple entities with this spell. Would it not be possible to do a sympathetic magik spell involving the victim's chakras and just be done with it? Well, yes. It is most definitely an option to keep these entities out altogether and still get a desired result. But after working with this spell, I

have found that by incorporating these demons into the mix, your spell goes from push to shove! While disengaging the victims Chakras deals with them internally, we need external sources of power to attack them from the outside world. It's a real "divide and conquer" situation you are putting them through. Rather than simply influencing the desired outcome which you will get by attacking the Chakras alone, I personally like to ensure the person I am targeting goes through a painful, humiliating and degrading journey from start to finish. This is what these demons will bring to the table.

As mentioned above, I derived these two demons Dra'talon and Grah'aht'talion from E.A. Koetting's "The Book of Azazel" as I work with Azazel primarily. However, you are more than welcome to use entities that you are familiar with that fit the profile of what you would like to do. That is what is so great about this spell, it is versatile. By understanding what these two demons are capable of, you will be able to comprehend their importance in relation to this magikal working.

Dra'talon



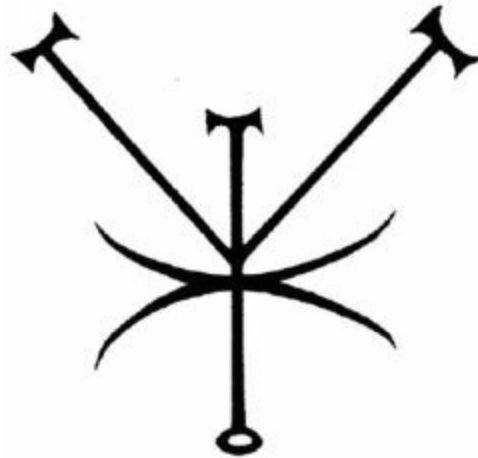
Dra'talon appears as a spirit cloaked in shadows, only his ocean-blue eyes piercing the black fog that surrounds him... Dra'talon acts as a demonic assassin. Once he is directed toward an enemy, he will attack that victim day and night, plaguing him or her with anxiety, depression, mania and even hallucinations which culminate in complete madness, preceding a violent and unavoidable death.

—E.A. Koetting, *The Book of Azazel*

I have worked with Dra'talon many times, and I am always happy with the result he brings which is why I initially chose him for this spell. With your victim's Chakras compromised by you during the spell, Dra'talon immediately

goes to work on the target. Along with mental and physical illness, I have found that Dra'talon has a severe preference for haunting. I have received reports of him hiding in kitchens and behind bedroom doors, waiting for the chance to catch the target alone and then materializing before them in a most startling manner, sending your victim running and screaming!

Grah'aht'talion



Grah'aht'talion is a powerful demon having dominion over the thoughts, emotions, and behaviors of humans. He appears as an emaciated, naked man whose skin is grayed and ashen, as a corpse. Despite his undress, when I have summoned him, I have found it difficult to pay attention to his sagging skin with ribs and bones threatening to push out of it, as his eyes emit a sort of black light, a mesmerizing glow...

—E.A. Koetting, *The Book of Azazel*

Grah'aht'talion is interesting, to say the least, as he is not described in the same threatening manner as Dra'talon. With Dra'talon, what you see is what you get most times. But to properly utilize Grah'aht'talion, you must tap into your imagination, which you will use to instruct Grah'aht'talion. While Dra'talon attacks your victim with bereaving chaos, Grah'aht'talion will quietly slither toward the victim and "influence" him/her on how they should cope with the attacks. Grah'aht'talion is revered (by me) for his ability to introduce the excessive use of illegal substances, emotional eating, and implementing violent reactions by your victim that shut out their loved ones. As you have already shut down their chakras, and Dra'talon is making their life a living hell, your target has no choice but to go with "whatever comes to

mind," provided by Grah'aht'talion.

For this spell, full evocation is helpful, but not necessary. The Sorcerer needs only to charge their sigils and feel their demonic energy enter the room. As you perform your part of the spell, Dra'talon and Grah'aht'talion will stand around you, observing, communicating, and feeding off the momentum created by you, the brains of this operation!

What You Will Need

- 3 Black Candles
- An object that links you to your victim, like a photo, a hair elastic, anything really. I had nothing so I just drew a small picture of my victim.
- Dragon's Blood Incense
- Sigils of Dra'talon and Grah'aht'talion, each on separate squares of paper – Beginners please omit
- A Doll made by you. I cut two "gingerbread man" type pieces of fabric out and loosely sew them together. Keep the doll empty and leave an opening at the top of the head (for stuffing) and a small opening at the crotch
- A flat wooden stick (like a popsicle stick), measure out seven sections on the stick (like making a ruler) and color each section in with the colors of the chakras (ex. Root chakra – red) in proper order as it shows in diagrams. Or you can simply make seven marks on the stick representing each chakra. This is going to be your Ugly Stick!
- A plastic container large enough to hold your doll, this is a "coffin"
- Animal fat – I use pig's fat, chopped into small pieces
- Your urine
- Graveyard dirt (properly collected from the Graveyard).
- A few drops of oil of your choice, I use Aniseed oil as I don't like the aroma so it keeps me in a foul mood, which you need for this spell.
- A black marker for writing
- A full sheet of paper
- A fireproof bowl to burn the full sheet of paper

- Matches, or a lighter.
 - A chalice of purified water with three pinches of salt for cleansing your area afterward.
1. Set the three black candles in front of you on your altar in triangular form, the middle candle closest to you, the other two slightly further behind. Take the Aniseed oil, apply some to your finger and run three strokes of oil around each candle. Light the candles. Close your eyes and take in a few slow, deep breaths. Clear your mind of absolutely everything... except your victim. Allow the image of your victim and what they did to repeatedly run through your mind. Feel yourself filling with hatred, anger, and a menacing desire to see your victim get what they deserve. Take your time pondering on what it is you feel they deserve to have happen to them. Consider their social life, love life, work life, physical health, and certain circumstances that could potentially cross their path.
 2. Take your full sheet of paper and writing tool and, with the candles still lit, write a letter. This does not have to be novel, just write to the victim. Write about what it is that they did to bring you to this point, write about how disgusted you are with them, write about the things you will see happening to them over the next few months. Write about the desired tasks you would like Dra'talon and Grah'aht'talion to perform once the spell is complete (beginners omit this part). Be sure to end the letter with "Rest in Peace" and sign the bottom of the letter. Set it aside.
 3. It is now time for you to bring in your "Partners in Crime." Take a few moments and clear your mind once again. Light the Dragon's Blood incense (either stick, cone, or copal) and allow its smoke to slowly infiltrate the room you are in. Take the sigil of Dra'talon into your left hand and softly gaze at the sigil. For those of you who have charged sigils before, do so in the way you are used to. If you have not, patiently gaze at the sigil, do not stare at it harshly. Eventually, you will start to experience a few changes, the air in the room could get thick, you will start to see the lines of the sigil you are staring at to disappear and then reappear within moments. You will also notice the image will suddenly start to take

on a 3D form and will look like it is jumping off the page at you.

As Dra'talon is a demonic assassin, while I am gazing at the sigil, I communicate to him in my mind that I "have a job" for him. As the sigil starts to flash and change in front of me, I envision all the things I would like Dra'talon to do to my victim. I picture Dra'talon creeping into their bedroom at night and my victim detecting and feeling it, I envision my victim losing his job (if he has one), losing his lover(s), losing his friends, suffering from massive doses of depression, I see my victim demonstrating public psychotic outbursts of violence. You will feel Dra'talon's energy enter the room, even the flames of the candles will change. You have his attention! Welcome Dra'talon into your sacred space and set the sigil down on the altar, face up.

You will do the same with Grah'aht'talion's sigil. As I gaze at the sigil and feel him coming forth and the sigil flashes, I communicate the desired tasks to him. I imagine my victim in a large cloud of bereavement, confusion and sadness from Dra'talon's attacks, I imagine my victim not knowing what to do as nothing and no one can help him... and then I envision Grah'aht'talion slickly approaching my victim, disguised as common sense, coaxing and convincing my victim to "eat their emotions," to turn to heavy substances such as heroin, as a way of coping with all that is happening. I also envision Grah'aht'talion strategically advising my victim that it is obviously his loving family members and friends causing this grief, and my victim would be smart to get those people out of his life as soon as possible, permanently! Grah'aht'talion will also be the one to inspire suicide as the solution for your victim. When you feel it suffice, set Grah'aht'talion's sigil down on the altar, face up. Also be sure to welcome him to your sacred space. You don't have to picture these things exactly as I have when performing this spell, these are just examples, I feel the more specific you go in with your visualizations, the better!

It is possible you will feel a heavy "buzzing" and whispering around your ears; this is a great sign that the demons are present. Let this feeling overtake you if you can!

You now have both demons in your sacred space, they are aware of what you want and are standing there, waiting for you to fulfill your task and send them out to fulfill your desires.

Beginners please Omit Step 3 and proceed to Step 4.

4. Take your premade doll and your black marker. Write your victims name across the torso of the doll, as well as a large X across It's face! Open the top of the dolls head and proceed to stuff the doll with the pig's fat. As I do so, I envision my victim's organs failing, I envision his veins and arteries clogging up with this fatty disease, I envision everyone around him taking a look at his face and body and being strongly repulsed by him. Stuff the doll to the point where it looks chubby and deformed. When this is done, be sure to also insert into the doll the photo, or item belonging to the victim.

5. It is now time to create and apply your Ugly Stick. Take your nicely decorated wooden Chakra stick and take a good look at it, observe all the chakras on it and what they represent within your victim. You will then hold the stick over the incense and allow the smoke to infuse and caress your victim's chakras. It's always a great choice to give a verbal incantation of some sort, so as I hold the stick over the incense I will say something like:

(Victim's Name) I curse you to a life where your Chakras no longer hold power! May the spinning wheels of energy slow down to a halt, and may you never experience happiness, health, or wealth for the remainder of your short existence!

Or something to that effect.

You will then take the stick and dip it in your urine, allow your fluids to soak into the wood, infusing and polluting every chakra on the stick.

Once that is done, take a few drops of the Aniseed Oil and place it on the stick, which you will then roll around in the graveyard dirt.

What was once a bright and colorful little work of art that simply represented your victim's living energy, is now a foul smelling object of refuse covered in soil from the dead.

Your stick is now an Ugly Stick!

6. Now that your ugly stick is ready, it is time to rape your victim with it. Hold the deformed doll in one hand, focusing on the crotch

opening, and hold the tip of the stick at the crotch. Quickly imagine every chakra in your victim going dim and fading out, like blowing out the flame of a candle. Now shove the Ugly Stick up your victim's crotch! This Ugly stick is now inside your victim and will be the ruin of his/her life from now until death.

7. Now take your raped victim and hold it over the incense smoke once more, you will now address Dra'talon and Grah'aht'talion. As the incense smoke covers the doll, I call out:

Dra'talon, in the name of Azazel, I command you to terrorize (victim's name) from now until death. His/ her chakras are out, his guard is down, now is the time!

Gra'aht'talon, in the name of Azazel, I command you to terrorize (victim's name) from now until death. His/ her chakras are out, his guard is down, now is the time!

Beginners please omit this step

8. Take your victim out of the incense smoke and place it in it's coffin (plastic container). You will then pour the remaining urine over top of the doll and sprinkle the remaining graveyard dirt.

Then take the letter you wrote to the victim, fold it halfway, then halfway again and light it on fire (please be safe) and place it into the fireproof bowl. Sit and meditate on the upcoming nightmare your victim will soon experience as you watch the smoke from your letter rise to the universe.

When the letter is finished burning and all signs of existing flames are gone, sprinkle the ashes of the letter on top of your victim, and lastly, place in the coffin the sigils of Dra'talon and Grah'aht'talion. Place the lid on the coffin and seal it. Then take your black marker and write the victim's name on the lid, followed by R.I.P.

9. Preparing for burial. Take the sealed container and hold it over the incense smoke one last time. You may call out an incantation which commands the spirits to attach themselves to the victim and to start their work as soon as the body is buried, but I prefer to just say it in my mind.

Beginners not utilizing demons can simply envision the attack of their victim commencing as soon as the body has been buried.

10. The burial. Blow out the three candles and incense, but do not finish the ritual, even though you are leaving the room. Take the coffin containing your victim and bury it at a location off your property. Where I live, there is security everywhere you turn, so while the idea of burying it in the wilderness or at a beach or crossroads is ideal, it is not an option for me. I simply take the coffin to a public garbage bin, slam the coffin into the bin with disgust, and walk away. I must say I do like the idea of my victim's body rotting away with everyone else's filth.

When you return home, close down the ritual. Take the chalice of water and salt, hold it in both hands and infuse it with your energy, picture a glowing blue light flowing from your body into the chalice. Upon doing so, dip your third and ring finger into the water and flick the water everywhere while giving the verbal command:

The ritual is finished! Spirits leave now and fulfill the tasks which I have given you!!

Do this all over your sacred space, as well as the rest of the house, considering the fact that the ritual was still in session while you were away burying the body, better safe than sorry I think. When you are through, mentally retract from the ritual and distract yourself by focusing on something else in your home (I like to have a nice relaxing bath) and be sure to smile, it is now only a matter of time before you start to see the effects of this spell.

My Results

Many of you are probably wondering what happened to our good friend Jake. While I must admit, the results took a few months to come back to me, I was blown away at what had been revealed.

After not hearing about my victim for about four months, I felt disheartened, thinking I had put in all that time and hard work for nothing. Until one evening I had gotten a random phone message from Evie. We had not spoken in a while but she wanted to catch up over coffee the next day, curious, I agreed to it.

I cannot tell you how happy I was that I had agreed to show up! Evie immediately began telling me what she knew about Jake so far. I could see she was still furious with him for beating Hannah, who is recovering rather well, but is still seeing a therapist. Evie informs me that, after she kicked Jake out of her house, he opted to go back to his rich parent's house, probably to regroup and find his next victim. The problem was, his family decided they no longer wanted him around. His father, mother, and younger brother decided to move out of state together, and told Jake they did not want him to come along, they felt he was too much to handle. They were gone within five days, leaving Jake with no money, no place to live, and since he had no job, he could not keep his Silverado. He immediately went back to Evie and explained what happened to him, he brought with him his glowing smile, rehearsed compliments, and slim sculpted body, she did not care. Evie threw him off her property with ease.

Evie then proceeds to tell me that after not seeing or hearing about him for a few months, one of Brayden's friends who had seen Jake a couple of times had gotten convicted for a small juvenile offense and had to do community service at an inner city homeless shelter (supervised) for a few weeks. On his first day, he was handing out food and gazed at the lineup of homeless people. There was an especially tall man with black hair standing in line. Brayden's friend could see right away that it was Jake, but it did not look much like Jake at all, he had gained over 100 pounds and the top of his head was balding. Brayden's friend prepared to speak with him, but his supervisor stopped him, warning that this man was prone to violent outbursts and likes to get into physical fights with people, especially kids, he had been escorted out of the shelter many times and it's best not to make eye contact, just put the food on his plate and allow him to move on. Evie was informed of this immediately, she giggled as she tried to picture Jake carrying his morbidly overweight body to the doorsteps of unsuspecting women, only to be rejected before he gets the chance to speak. I guess if there are no women to take care of Jake, who also had no job skills, his only option is the streets. Brayden's friend had also mentioned that Jake, along with being suddenly overweight, also had purple blotches all over his body, arms, legs, neck and face (and I can imagine torso). I had seen this happen to a family member of mine who had also gained massive amounts of weight in a short period of time, the doctor had explained that with the weight gain happened so fast, her body went into shock and alarm state, expressing itself through these purple

blotches. I can imagine this is the same for Jake. It was truly a memorable coffee date for both Evie and myself.

Just as I was about to submit this spell one last result had come in which both shocked and humbled me. This information came to me from little Hannah whom I was babysitting just a couple of nights ago (Evie is done allowing boyfriends to babysit, that's why friends can be a great option). Hannah tells me that Jake is in the hospital, I asked her how she knew this, she looked up at me and gave me the biggest smile I had seen on her for at least seven months, "I heard Mommy talking about it!"

I asked Evie about this, who was going to tell me about it when she picked up Hannah, she wanted to save the best for last! She explains to me that Jake, who was still living on the streets, had lost his temper on the wrong person, someone who had many friends. He and his friends had beat Jake half to death and Jake is now sitting in the hospital, in a coma. There it is! Death without the benefits, no friends, no family, just pure, unadulterated loneliness, laying there looking like he had been raped by an Ugly Stick!

Rein Sharpe

Dark Intentions

J.A. Perez

What Is Spiritual Warfare?

THE key concept is that spiritual warfare is a battle that one must wrestle with "spiritual" wickedness and this "warfare" is not one of flesh and blood. Indeed, this is a battle against the "dark side," no matter where it lies.

In the Christian concept of spiritual warfare, they have taken the stance that it is the supernatural forces, such as demons, that cause havoc over people's lives. This is done to bring doubt in their personal faith. Where is God when individuals find themselves in a crisis? Some people believe they are under attack due to their sins. If Christians did not repent and kept on sinning they are then either harassed by spirits or punished by God. But why would these Angels and Demons intervene in our affairs in this world? Is it truly to ensnare us for the sole purpose of winning numbers to their side, heaven or hell?

In my personal experience, if a spirit is roaming and has no true direction of how a spiritual entity would, should, or could affect the outcome of a person is possible. There is another. As I have immersed myself in spiritual/occult practice, there is another side that cultivates chaos in people's lives. We call them spiritual practitioners: witches, shamans, wizards, priests, magus, etc. Whether spirits are considered good or evil is subjective. It is the intention of the spiritual operator that utilizes these spiritual entities. These entities are directed to bring chaos or blessings to individual's lives.

Why would a spiritual practitioner employ a spirit to cause harm towards another person? There are many reasons why. It could simply be out of jealousy, envy, fear, hate, and above all, a power struggle. The reasons aforementioned to hinder a person could be based on two factors: 1. A bully; any type of harassment that causes ill will in a form of psychological, emotional, or physical terror. 2. Restraint: halting or derailing a persons' progress of success, prosperity, abundance; ascending in a corporate ladder or hierarchy of an institution.

Why Me?

The Perennial Question

Many individuals, like myself, have been affected by spiritual attacks. I did not know why anyone would intervene in my life and jeopardize my goals and well being. I was in my early thirties. I was young, involved in my career, a real go getter. I had a good relationship with my boss, but my colleagues were not as cooperative or supportive in my department. I would ask them to participate, I would ask them if we could work on some projects and they would say “No.” The people I ended up working with were self-centered, egotistic, power hungry, and pessimistic. I avoided getting tangled within their webs of discontent. It only went so far until the day I ended up cursed. I was extremely successful and administration supported me until that fateful day where everything began to change. I do not recall ever been cursed so horrific. I did notice the environment and ambience change, but since I was not involved in the occult, I didn’t know any better and was hit hard.

I noticed that my students would complain more often about my class. There were some students that had hatred within them, yet I did not understand why? During this time, my sister in law passed away from having cancer in the blood. After her death, I was in a car accident that affected my back. I can no longer perform certain tasks because I have a slipped disc in my vertebrae. My boss, he was pushed to retire in the middle of a fall semester. That was awkward and weird, especially when he was helping to create an administrative position for me. He liked the way I performed at work so my boss felt the need to help and offered me the position to rise within the organization. Because he was pushed out and forced to retire it did not materialize. People started rumors about me to the point that I was demonized. People would look at me as if I had no shame coming to work and should be locked up with the zoo animals. There was even an opportunity to acquire a seat as the chairperson for the department and it slipped away from my hands. In the mean time, my wife was given the chairperson seat in her school but later taken away and given to someone else. We started to experience a lot of opportunities just disappearing before us.

It then got worse. My wife went for a health checkup and found out she had colon cancer. The doctors were concerned about her health because of her age. Most patients who had colon cancer were in their fifties while my wife was in her thirties. I gained a lot of weight due to stress with my wife’s

situation and back at work. I then went to get a procedure done for my nose. I had trouble breathing in and was taking less oxygen affecting the function of my brain. As I went through the procedure, I experienced an acid reflux that went up my esophagus and into my lungs when I was under anesthesia. This led the circumstance to a code blue. I was drowning. The physicians induced me in a coma which lasted three days. This was done to alleviate the problem of having tubes going down my lungs to be able to breathe while medicines were infused to push out the acid in my lungs. I had the procedure done on a Thursday and did not wake up till Sunday morning. Hospital bills were mounting up. I was heading to a financial disaster.

As I woke up from an induced coma, I knew something was not right. I told my wife that at this point it was a spiritual matter. I don't remember anything while I was in a coma. The only thing I remember was that I came out of a deep, dark pit. As I was about to open my eyes, all I saw were triangles, circles, and linear lines in red, green and blue. This spiritual matter propelled me to investigate further into the spiritual realm and not religion. Why do I say this? After my wife's operation, as she was recovering, we went to church and after the service I asked my Catholic Priest to bless my wife. As I watched him with enthusiasm and hope, he rolled his eyes in a sarcastic manner and blessed her. I realized I could no longer depend on other people. I could not depend on the Catholic Church. Even though, it is operated by men, the institution was not at fault. I lost faith in people. I lost faith in the church. I lost faith in a Catholic/Christian God. Jesus was nowhere in sight.

Reflecting upon my faith, I had decided to do some research to see what I can do. Maybe I was looking it at everything at a wrong angle. If Jesus was Jewish, what can I learn from the Jews. This inquiry led to discover Qabalah. It was one thing I learned to tap into spiritual power, but I could not figure out how to stop bad things from occurring. I did not know that I was a cursed, yet. This, then, led to the Greater Keys and Lesser Keys of King Solomon and it became a slippery slope leading me to other philosophies and spiritual practice.

Wait! There is more.

Throughout the next few years my daughter had been in trouble with the law as well as experiencing many asthma attacks that led us to the emergency room. My wife ended in the emergency room again due to the fact the scar tissue, after her first operation, grew inwards creating an intestinal blockage.

The physician noticed as they were operating her that she had many cysts in uterus, thus, removed all the reproductive organs except for one ovary. This unexpected term of events robbed us of a chance to have more children. I then developed an Atypical Migraine Headache and within a couple of months, my mother-in-law had a stroke.

I was young and naïve, my mind could not comprehend why these things were happening to me, to my family. Some people would observe and comment that we should go to church. Some would say I need to accept Jesus and repent. Others would ask, “Do you believe in God?”

A friend of the family told us to visit a lady. As we went and visited her, I saw all the familiarities of the Greater Keys of King Solomon used by the lady. She did what she did and poof! Within the week all our troubles went away. But, the damage was so intense the recovery process was, and is not easy putting things back together again.

My thirties had gone to waste with heartache and pains, and financial hardship. My opportunity to enjoy life was taken away and became disenchanting. Now, I see things in a new light. I can't bring time back and fix my problems, but this curse transformed itself into a blessing. My education into the occult has given me insight and power to defend and protect what is mine.

Fear: The Establishment

Rosabeth Moss Kanter's latest book is *MOVE: Putting America's Infrastructure Back in the Lead*. She is a professor at Harvard Business School and chair and director of the Harvard Advanced Leadership Initiative. Rosabeth Moss Kanter mentioned in her article why people resist change. In the establishment, they tend to resist change and may be demonstrated by a lack of cooperation, disabling future projects, and just simply, in the state of rebellion. Rosabeth Moss Kanter provides 10 reasons people resist change.

1. Loss of control. Change may inflict a disadvantage of individual's autonomy and their personal territory or sphere of influence.
2. Excess uncertainty. If change feels like walking off a cliff blindfolded, the people will reject it.
3. Surprise, surprise. Decision imposed on people suddenly, with no time to get used to the idea or prepare for the consequences, are

generally resisted.

4. Everything seems different. Change is meant to bring something different, but how different? Routines become automatic, but change jolts us into Consciousness, sometimes in uncomfortable ways.
5. Loss of face. When change involves a big shift of strategic direction, the people responsible for the previous direction dread the perception that they must have been wrong.
6. Concerns about competence. Can I do it? Change is resisted when it makes people feel stupid.
7. More work. Here is a universal challenge. Change is indeed more work.
8. Ripple effects. The ripples disrupt other departments, important customers, people well outside the venture or neighborhood, and they start to push back, rebelling against changes they had nothing to do with that interfere with their own activities.
9. Past resentments. The ghosts of the past are always lying in wait to haunt us. As long as everything is steady state, they remain out of sight. But the minute you need cooperation for something new or different, the ghosts spring into action. Old wounds reopen, historic resentments are remembered— sometimes going back many generations
10. Sometimes the threat is real. Now the true pain and politics. Change is resisted because it can hurt. When new technologies displace old ones, jobs can be lost, prices can be cut; investments can be wiped out.

Fear is the single most emotion that is activated which then causes chaos. In order to protect their interests, he/she will seek the mundane or spiritual solution to stabilize the potential outcome. The problem by acting out in the mundane world is that people will find out what you did and can respond, react or retaliate.

How can then a person disguise their intentions through self preservation without revealing their position and true identity? The most logical method of approach is through 'Magic.' What's intriguing is that instead of using 'Magic' to improve their lot and situation to surpass any competitor, these

individuals go after their adversary in a terrific manner: bindings and curses. Why me? My success, my ambition, my desires were then a threat to everyone. So “they” reacted through fear.

Spiritual Predator: Here We Go Again

The animal kingdom teaches us that predators like lions usually look for and attack the animals that are alone and have wandered away from the flock. Such strays are in an exposed position because they lack the protection afforded by the large numbers of others of like kind. Our adversary likes nothing better than pouncing on sheep who try to "go it alone."

—1 Peter 5:8

Dr. George Simmons explained in his article “Understanding the Predatory Aggressive Personality.” Predatory Aggressive Personalities (i.e., psychopaths or sociopaths) consider themselves superior to the rest of the human race. They view individuals with inhibitions rooted in emotional bonding to others as inferior creatures and, therefore, their rightful prey.

To better comprehend individuals who may take a predatory stance is their view of the world. The world belongs only to them, and not enough resources or room to share with others. So, whether they are considered narcissistic, egotistic or self-centered, their trait is to go on the offense to dispel any opponent at whatever means in order to preserve their view on their unique status in an organizational or social hierarchy.

In my experience, people are always trying to control, influence or manipulate individuals. My impression is that when you do not conform to the rules of society they enforce your cooperation by twisting arms, or spiritual attacks. When twisting arms don’t work anymore, more assertive tools are implemented to bring individuals to their knees and accept a fact that individuals like myself are forced to acknowledge a “Social Order” that no one can escape. My participation in society is based on consent. By breaking your will, stealing your personal power, and pulverizing your confidence, many will be metaphorically chained and bring people into a submissive state.

I found myself in a middle of a spiritual warfare that lasted for over six months. How did it all start? I am glad you asked. It was early November 2015, my wife participated in a school fundraiser in a fast food restaurant. I

was there sitting down waiting for her to finish her allotted time. I sat there with my cell phone browsing the internet, and in an instant, within my mind, I found myself on a desert. I did not recognize the location. The background scene was of an orange color. From a distance, I could see the mountain range. Out of nowhere a shadowy figure appeared. I thought it was a silhouette of a man until the shadowy figure spread its wings.

This shadowy figure pulled out a sword from his sheath. He pointed the sword toward me and then threw it into the air in my direction. The sword landed a few feet away from me. The sword landed upright as it was clenched by the ground as it pierced through it. The Shadowy figure said in a low calm voice, "Grab the sword." I said, "Why? Who are you?" He replied, "I am Michael. Grab the sword." I responded, "Why should I get the sword? I am not a warrior." He stood there in silence. As the wind picked up, the breeze carried his message compared to like a whisper, "It is time to be the warrior."

I snapped back to my surroundings. I thought that it was a message warning me of an impending matter through symbolism. Boy, was I wrong! This revelation was preparing me for a war brewing for my demise. It was a valuable lesson to heed on this oncoming prophecy. For warned is for armed.

A few days before Thanksgiving, I was hauling cement sacks and other supplies for the workers to build a fence around my property. On the last trip, I sprained my foot. I noticed that I began to feel like an irritating type of energy around me. I was so busy doing errands and going back and forth to work, I did not have a chance to meditate or perform any type of divination to figure out what was going on. The following day, my daughter had an asthma attack. I took her to the emergency room. The nurses gave a look of disapproval. One of the nurses stated that I should have called the ambulance to help my daughter. My daughter's condition did not get worse until we arrived to the hospital. I felt helpless because I had to go to work. Not until the end of the day did I performed the divination, I found out we were attacked.

Christmas and New Year's, again, my daughter went through the same experience. Even though I helped my daughter, my situation could not be fixed. A bunion grew painfully on my right foot. All this spiritual defenses and removals did not work. On this case with my feet, I found out through divination that the practitioner was using a voodoo doll or poppet. I had to summon Mot, the God of Death and Destruction, to cut any ties or connection

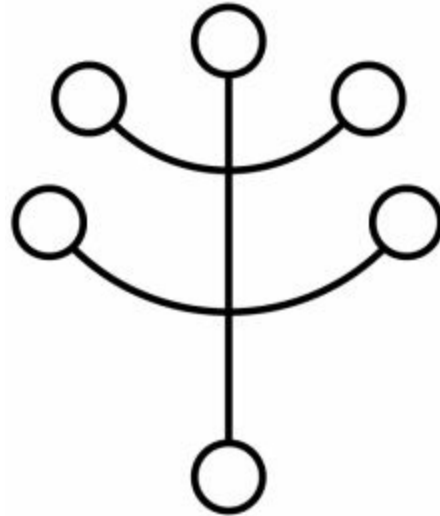
with the doll. It worked successfully. Although I did call for protection from certain entities like Michael, these practitioners either were patient to assault my senses or would somehow circumvent my defenses. I would constantly call Azazel, Cassiel, and Lucifer to remove simple bindings and curses.

This constant battle began to affect my morale. Even though I was stopping more tragic events, the bombardment on me and my family was a serious case and offensive. Early March, on a weary evening, I decided to meditate and seek a solution. I was trying to be strategic of only playing defense and giving the illusion that these people's magical work was not effective. Of course, I just got tired of their malicious acts. One evening, I lit the candles and incense. I said, "I am ready to give up. End this senseless assault." I meditated. A familiar voice appeared. He said, "You cannot give up. You have no choice. Finish this as the warrior. Take heed of my advice. Sharpen your Will, strengthen your confidence and you shall be triumphant." I smiled and opened my eyes and I thanked Michael.

The following day I lit a few candles and incense. I spoke the words of my intentions into the dark lit room. I said, "Please help me attain the knowledge and tools to attack these unknown enemies." I did perform a divination before. I knew who the people were with the nefarious intentions, but I did not know who the spiritual operator was or who they hired. Like a terrorist organization, they can only function and fulfill their task if they have someone else fund or sponsor their activities.

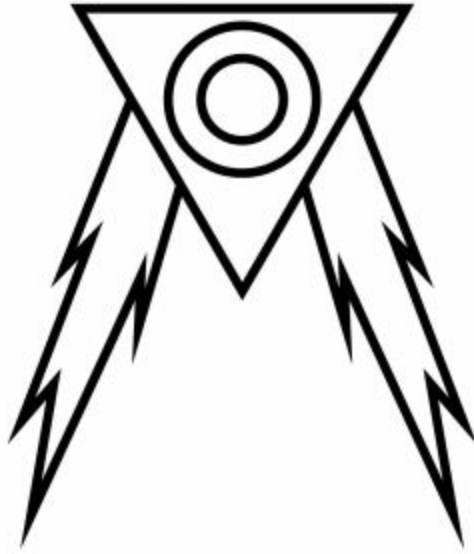
Within moments, as I came to a relaxed state, I saw an image. It was a sigil. A distant voice said, "Use this sigil. This sigil will trace the energy that was sent out to harm you." I asked, "Who is this? Who is the one revealing this information?" The voice replied, "Lucifer."

I thanked him and continued meditating and another sigil appeared before me. This sigil had a more geometric symbol. Once I drew the sigil I asked, "Who has revealed this sigil?" A calm voice from the back of my mind rose in a ripple effect, "Satan." The impression that Satan gave was that I could use the sigil to harm those with their intentions and the unknown spiritual operator working against me. Walter Fritsche, a friend of mine, is the artist designing the sigils I visualized in my meditation.



I thanked him and continued meditating and another sigil appeared before me. This sigil had a more geometric symbol. Once I drew the sigil I asked, "Who has revealed this sigil?" A calm voice from the back of my mind rose in a ripple effect, "Satan." The impression that Satan gave was that I could use the sigil to harm those with their intentions and the unknown spiritual operator working against me. Walter Fritsche, a friend of mine, is the artist designing the sigils I visualized in my meditation.

Once I applied these sigils, in a matter of weeks I came to discover who the spiritual operators were working against my family and me. The first one was known as Dona Mari. She lived in Acuna, Coahuila, Mexico. She no longer continued her assault on us. She lost a sister and a nephew through death and found herself vulnerable and weak. The other two known operators soon stopped after these applications. The individuals who hired them to assault us could no longer find anyone else to perform for them. This is where I placed a binding on them with Paimon. It was so intense, I was weak throughout the whole week. For a moment, I was vulnerable and defenseless. As I summoned Paimon, four of his servitors stood at each quarter: North, East, South and West. They drew their swords from their sheath. Their tip of the swords touched each other over my head amplifying the ritual. This is the only ritual that has left me energetically drained for a whole entire week. Even though, the spiritual warfare is over, I am still recovering from the assault of my enemy's dark intentions.



Ritual Preparation

I planned the ritual. I used the tools available to me to perform evocation. The moment arrived to use these sigils that Lucifer as well as Satan provided in my defense. The results that I have received after the operation left me speechless and amazed.

1. Universal Circle. I placed the circle in the center of my ritual room.
2. I placed on every quarter Frankincense and Myrrh. I also placed and lit black candles on the North and South quarter and red candles on the East and West quarter.
3. I walked counter clockwise around the circle as I held the sigil of Lucifer/Satan. Chanting his name(s) until I felt a rush of energy rising from my spine all the way to my head.
4. I then faced East.
5. The summoning begins. “Oh, Grand Spirit, (Spirits Name). Come! I seek your help. I seek support. Come (Spirits Name), come! It is I, (state your name), I have called upon you to help and assist me in my endeavor. I have called upon thy, (Spirits Name), to bring closure on this spiritual warfare I have found myself in. Alleviate my pain and anguish by ending this assault as soon as possible. It is my desire to disable my known and unknown enemies. To seek and destroy their power, their will, and their confidence. Let them taste the essence of death and destruction upon their tongue. Grant me the opportunity to be triumphant over

my enemies, and guide in the path to victory. It is done. Let there be peace between you and me. Bring no harm unto my family. I now release you Oh, Grande Spirit, (Spirits Name). Go forth into the world and bring forth that which I desire.”

6. I sit and meditate. I visualized a heat seeking missile launched from the gates of Hell, and it pierces the night sky making a high pitch noise, only the nocturnal creatures can sense. From a distance, before the missile detonates, a vacuum of space occurs. A deep silence emerges as if the moment of impact siphoned the wind, background noise, the usual life activity was suspended in time, and the persons involved in their demise lifted their head acknowledging the absence of life. For a few seconds, they stood still until... a flashing light twinkles from the horizon followed by a mushroom cloud, and a rumbling, thunderous noise echoing around its surroundings.
7. I open my eyes. I snuff out the candle flames around the circle walking clockwise. I leave the incense burning to the end. I walk away from the circle, leaving the ritual room to celebrate.

Conclusion

The information provided to the readers are for the sole purpose of providing a tool to secure their safety. The fear people portray and project in society is due to a lack of their personal security, self-assurance, and confidence. This fear leads to anger, which leads to hate. Individuals, like myself, are a victim of their success. Although, I have never considered or played the role of a victim, the adversary seeks to destroy or acquiesce those things that flows so easily into a person’s life.

So, it is not because you sinned or go against your Christian faith that condemns you. It is the dark arts that people use to hinder your prosperity and success. Instead of harming people for the sake of turning them into dust, use magic to enhance one’s life through personal achievement. Do not ignore your surroundings. Do not look away and pretend all is well. The moment someone strikes in the spiritual plane, hit them and hit them hard. Protect your family and protect what is yours.

I once asked my dad, “Why do people hate? Why do they envy me if they have the power to do for themselves?” My father replied, “Building success is a lot of hard work. I know the pain and sacrifice you underwent to get

where you are. Many struggle to get where you are. The reason these people hate and envy you is because you make it seem all too easy. Whatever trials and/or tribulations you have encountered, you overcome it, and when you do, you always do it with a smile.”

J.A. Perez

Rites
BOOK Three

The Sonic Structure Of Incantations

S. Ben Qayin

If you want to find the secrets of the universe, think in terms of energy, frequency and vibration.

—Nikola Tesla

THE use of incantations, evocations, invocations and the like, all stem from the same base science of vibrating the Intent of the sorcerer from their personal subjective reality, into the shared reality all agree upon, causing the desired change to occur. In other words, the sorcerer ‘pushes’ their Intent from their personal reality grid into the ‘consensual reality matrix’ through the use of Intent and vibration to cause a change all can experience and agree on. This science is used when calling upon a particular spiritual entity; names have power because they are a specific vibration sequence or pattern that is connected to the entity being called forth. A spiritual entities name is as powerful and connected to it as its magical seal or sigil,

The essential character of things and of men resides in their names. Therefore, to know a name is to be privy to the secret of its owners being, and master of his fate. The members of many primitive tribes have two names, one for public use, the other jealously concealed, known only to the man that bears it.”... “To know the name of a man is to exercise power over him alone; to know the name of a higher, supernatural being is to dominate the entire province over which that being presides. The more such names a magician has garnered, the greater the number of spirits that are subject to his call and command. This simple theory is at the bottom of the magic which operates through the mystical names and words that are believed to control the forces which in turn control our world. The spirits guarded their names as jealously as ever did a primitive tribe.

—Jewish Magic & Superstition, 1939

Though, it is not the name itself that is important, but the names particular vibration into ‘reality’ that is. Vibration is key in magical systems as it excites and releases the static energy that is built up within the entwined angels that compose the Triangles of Arte used in various magical systems

and carries the Intent of the sorcerer into the consensual reality. Sound has always been defined as a wave, and while true, this term does not accurately describe how sound actually behaves. Sound waves exist as variations of pressure in a medium such as air or water. They are created by the vibration of an object, which causes the molecules within the air surrounding that object to vibrate. The vibrating air then causes the human eardrum to in turn vibrate, which the brain interprets as sound. Sound is an expanding bubble made up of one existing connected wave, it is vibration composed of pure energy. The energy excites the molecules around it causing them in turn to vibrate, starting a chain reaction to occur until the molecules have lost all their excitement the farther away they get from the source, resulting in ‘silence.’

The audio pressures or vibrations upon the triangle of arte excite the compacted static energy within the angles, until an apex is reached and the energy released, much as in sexual orgasm. Here lies the process of frustration, excitation and release. This type of hyper-sexual frustration is especially seen within the polygon of the trapezoid, unable to connect with its missing counterpart (the triangle) creating union, and streamlining the flow of energy contained within.

Contrary to popular belief, there are no exact or correct words of power to be said in a spell. All that is important is that the sorcerer fully infuse their words with emotion and Intent. When this is done in conjunction with vibration, the sorcerer imprints his Intent onto and into the consensual reality matrix and changes the coding, or structure for an outcome that was personally desired and would not under normal circumstances come to pass. This is magic. This is reality manipulation. Deep vibrations of sorcerous Intent make more of an impact and get better results as the energy is imprinted more deeply into ‘reality.’ Though this varies as there are times a sorcerer’s Intent can be so strong that their words can be whispered and still have devastating effect.

It is not known to me whether any of my readers have witnessed any kind of magical ceremony, or heard an invocation recited by a skilled practitioner—though I should say that few have. The tone always adopted is one which will yield the maximum vibration. For many students a deep intoning, or a humming, is one which vibrates the most.

—Israel Regardie

An example of the use of pure emotional vibration can be seen in grimoires

such as, *Tuba Veneris: Libellus Veneri Nigro Sacer* that use barbarous words of power. The words themselves have no meaning, they are solely there to be used as a vibrational vehicle upon which the sorcerer's Intent travels. In such rites, pure vibration and Intent is all that is needed to accomplish the ritual being performed.

Long lists of divine names and words of Power, sometimes called Barbarous Words of Power, were recited in the form of litanies. In the Clavicle of Solomon revealed to Ptolemy we find the instruction that once the magician had recited all these names with the utmost devotion one was advised: "Heare let the maiesty of god cum in." The implication is that by calling upon the hierarchy of divine names, the operator was invoking those specific aspects of God's holy power and focusing it into the magic circle and thus bringing it into the person therein.

—William Kiesel

It is clear that even though the forces being called forth in this example originate in Order, the base science is the same; a pattern of vibration is laid down as the vehicle, while the emotional Intent is the passenger. Another example of this can be seen in H.P. Lovecraft's works. His use of seemingly unpronounceable names for the Old Ones and their evocations is well known. He has maximized the vibrational science so contact is more easily made between intelligences. I have featured his barbarous words in the Yog-Sothoth evocation within *The Black Book of Azathoth*,

*I call out to,
And into,
The primordial absolute chaos of the darkened abyss,
I call to the endless void of absolute silent black,
That lies in the deep waters of cold truth,
I call to you,
To bring 'Him' forth...
I call to the All~In~One and One~In~All,
The all seeing one who dwells in the negative light of cold
understanding,
I call to you Beyond One,
Into this dark temple to become the gate,
I call Yog-Sothoth!
I call the gate keeper!*

Come forth Yog-Sothoth!
Yog-Sothoth knows the gate,
Yog-Sothoth is the Key and guardian of the gate!
Yog-Sothoth you are now called forth to take the form of the Trinity of
Triangles,
To manifest as the Three-In-Nine and become the triangles,
So I may open Your gates and summon forth the Old Ones,
So I may answer Their call,
And so They may answer mine!
Yog-Sothoth I call you to manifest as the Trinity Of Triangles,
Yog-Sothoth become the gateway between!
Yog-Sothoth become!
N'gai ~ n'gha'ghaa ~ bugg-shoggog ~ y'hah;
Yog-Sothoth...
N'gai ~ n'gha'ghaa ~ bugg-shoggog ~ y'hah; Yog-Sothoth...
N'gai ~ n'gha'ghaa ~ bugg-shoggog ~ y'hah;
Yog-Sothoth...
Ygnaiih ~ Ygniih ~ Thflthkh'ngaha ~
Yog-Sothoth,
Y'bthnk ~ H'ehye ~ N'grkdl'lh...
Ygnaiih ~ Ygniih ~ Thflthkh'ngaha ~
Yog-Sothoth,
Y'bthnk ~ H'ehye ~ N'grkdl'lh...
Ygnaiih ~ Ygniih ~ Thflthkh'ngaha ~
Yog-Sothoth,
Y'bthnk ~ H'ehye ~ N'grkdl'lh...
Yi-nash-Yog-Sothoth-he-lgeb-fi-throdog Yah!
Yi-nash-Yog-Sothoth-he-lgeb-fi-throdog Yah!
Yi-nash-Yog-Sothoth-he-lgeb-fi-throdog Yah!
Let the gateway be opened!

Again, we see such seemingly random compilations of letters also with the Enochian magical system, where the names of the angels are based on a vocal system that is vibrated such as the Enochian Keys or Calls. Also in the Enochian system, we see those vocal vibrations being used in conjunction with the sigil di Emeth or the sigil of truth which contains many angels of frustration containing static energy. And, in the controversial “Tuba Veneris: Libellus Veneri Nigro Sacer” of the 16th Century (as spoken of before), also

said to be of Dr. John Dee's hand, we see again the use of barbarous words in the invocations given for the spirits. Here is an example of the invocation given for the spirit 'Mogarip,'

*Mogarip! Mogarip! Mogarip!
Hamka Temach Algazoth Syrath
Amilgos Murzocka Imgat
Alaja Amgustaroth Horim Suhaja
Mogarip! Mogarip! Mogarip!*

As well, within the traditional Voodoo/Vodoun systems the heavy vibration of drums is utilized to excite and transmit the Intent and emotion of the masses to the Lwa they are attempting to contact. An amazing firsthand account of a Vodoun rite which incorporated the use of drums, is given by Richard Loederer in his book *Voodoo Fire in Haiti*, published 1935:

As we rode through the night, the drums were beating again—but with a new rhythm that I had never heard before. I was keyed up to a pitch of perspiring excitement, fearing what was to come and yet unwilling to turn back. We were about to participate in a monstrous performance, an orgy which one white man in a million has ever seen. Tonight was a Voodoo Fire, and we were to be present"... "The path climbed upward amongst the jagged hills. Below us lay the town and, far off, the sea, glittering in the moonlight. It was a warm night, yet the pale rays of the moon cast a chill aura of malignant evil over the whole scene. We rode through a cemetery where the whitewashed tombstones flitted past like serried ranks of ghosts, then the dark shape of trees rose again on either side, stretching their gnarled branches in our way. And all the while the hollow booming of the drums rang in our ears; now nearer, now further, rising and falling in subtle cadences. Often it seemed as if the sound were no more than half a mile away and then it faded into a distant throb. Strange...the nearer we approached, the fainter it became. But it never died completely away nor ever varied its rhythm. There were two distinct phases in the refrain. First the short, staccato: Tom-ti-ti-tom...luring and enticing; then the surging, heavy Boom-boom, threatening and compelling. The drums were calling, they drugged the will until all resistance died. I realized with impotent horror that it was impossible to turn back; the power of the drums was too great.

One can clearly see the importance of the Vodoun drum and the

atmosphere it creates to literally draw in all who hear it and project their energy onto the Lwa. The drums are central to tapping into the human psyche and pulling out its primal nature to be utilized as a power source for contacting human and non-human entities. I also find it interesting that this firsthand account reads very much like that of Lovecraft's sequence "Nyarlathotep" published in 1921, where the main character is compelled against his will (as was Loederer) into a vast swirling vortex of destruction and death, driven by the mad sound of beating drums and shrill terrifying flutes,

My own column was sucked toward the open country, and presently felt a chill which was not of the hot autumn; for as we stalked out of the dark moor, we beheld around us the hellish moon-glitter of evil snows. Trackless, inexplicable snow, swept asunder in one direction only, where lay a gulf all the blacker for its glittering walls. The column seemed very thin indeed as it plodded dreamily into the gulf... As if beckoned by those who had gone before, I half floated between the titanic snowdrifts, quivering and afraid, into sightless vortex of the unimaginable... And through this revolting graveyard of the universe the muffled, maddening beating of drums, and thin, monotonous whine of blasphemous flutes from inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond Time; the detestable pounding and piping whereunto dance slowly, awkwardly and absurdly the gigantic, tenebrous ultimate gods—the blind, voiceless, mindless gargoyles whose soul is Nyarlathotep.

—H.P. Lovecraft

There is a science to opening gateways; it is founded in three base principals; the Intent of the sorcerer, the use and release of static energy within angels and the vibration to imprint the sorcerer's Intent upon the consensual reality matrix. With these tools, all is possible...

Et Facti Deo.

S. Ben Qayin

The Rite of Deification

J.S. Garrett

BLOOD sacrifice is one of the most feared and misunderstood practices in sorcery. Most people, even those who like to call themselves occultists, will tell you that it is an evil practice and that it should never be dabbled in.

However, through my complete lack of regard for social acceptance in my own experimentation, it did not take me long to realize the value of this practice. In fact, if I've learned anything at all, it is that the more something has been demonized, the more valuable it actually is. I've learned that these stigmas were created intentionally to prevent those of us who would access this power from ever trying in the first place. The key to overcoming the stigma is to look at this from a scientific perspective. Think about how something works on a metaphysical level. Once you do the stigma becomes silly and irrelevant. It also becomes much easier to comprehend. Besides, right and wrong is a matter of opinion and perception, and the only one that truly matters is your own!

With that being said, let's take a look at what's happening energetically when performing the act of blood sacrifice. The fundamentals of which are actually very simple. When a creature dies, a shockwave of life force energy is released. That energy can then be harnessed and used to amplify the power of the magical operation. When you evoke a spirit and offer them a blood sacrifice, the spirit absorbs the life force energy, becoming stronger and more powerful with each one. This is why historically Gods have demanded blood sacrifices from their followers. It is through these acts of worship that they become gods to begin with. At least, that's my opinion. Perhaps this explains why fanatical religious groups like Christians and Muslims are driven to commit mass murder in the name of their Gods.

Therefore, it was my hypothesis that if you could successfully evoke the spirit of a living person forth from their body into the ritual circle and make a blood sacrifice directly to them, then, they too could absorb that life force energy. Then return to their body, becoming stronger, faster, and more powerful with each one. That they could be deified as a living God in the flesh. With this goal in mind, I created what I call The Rite of Deification.

This is a spell that enhances the recipient on every level imaginable. Physically they will become stronger, faster, and younger. All their senses will be enhanced, and they will have more energy than they know what to do with. Their hair and fingernails will grow thicker, and their sex drive will go through the roof. They will literally feel the energy coursing through their body supercharging every tiny cell with new found strength and youth. It creates a high like no other! And unlike vampirism, it is a high with no come down. The effects are lasting! Mentally, their psychic abilities will enhance to a level that may actually terrify them. Ultimately resulting in a feeling of mental and physical invincibility!

My lovely wife volunteered to be my guinea pig for this experiment. She was the obvious choice in that I could closely monitor her to obtain true and accurate results. Plus, it served a dual purpose, in that, it furthered another ongoing project of mine called "Build your own Barbie." I performed the ritual late at night, when she was able to lay down and relax. This was a safety precaution, as with any first time experiment you never really know what to expect. I packed up everything I needed then drove to a mountaintop approximately 15 miles away. As I began to evoke her, she fell into a deep comatose like sleep. Her spirit left her body and materialized in the flames before me. I then sacrificed a chicken to her, spilling the blood into the flames while instructing her to absorb the life force energy being released. I then dismissed her spirit, instructing her to carry this energy back to her body. After closing the ritual, I returned home to find her unconscious. The next morning, she awoke feeling floaty and euphoric. The amount of energy was so overwhelming that it terrified her at first. An hour later, she was ping-pong off the walls. The experiment was a success! For the next two months, she was unable to slow down. At night, she would doze off for a few minutes, then wake up ready to go again. I could see the energy radiating from her. The people around her often commented that she seemed to be glowing. She has since experienced an increase in strength, speed and endurance. An increase in overall energy levels as well as amplified senses. She even looks younger. All of this from sacrificing a chicken! So imagine the possibilities of sacrificing larger, more complex life forms. I have since performed this rite for others and each time the results have been the same.

This is in a sense an act of worship, however, you are not submitting to, or placing the recipient above yourself in any way. You are simply honoring them as a living God. And by doing so, the subject will therefore, become

Godlike.

I believe that repetition of this ritual could be the key to developing superhuman strength, speed, and magical abilities. As well as prolonging one's life for an unnatural length of time. It is also an excellent way that we black magicians can empower each other as we continue to build the army that will soon reclaim this planet, restoring power to the individual. My suggestion is that two or more magicians agree to perform this rite for each other. Think of it as an exchange of power. I would also suggest that once two or more magicians come to this agreement, that they perform the act as many times as possible. Becoming stronger and more powerful each time.

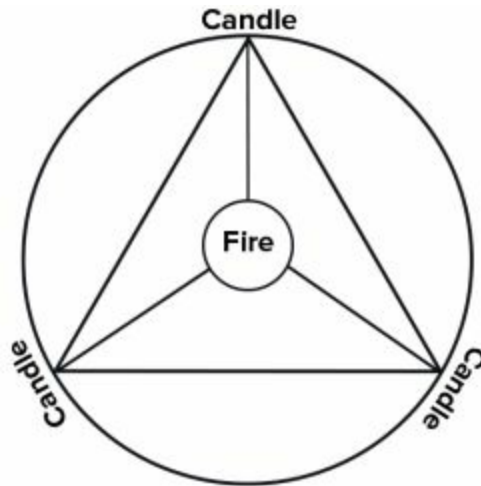
Implements

In order to perform this rite, you will need:

- 2 bags of cornmeal
- 3 white candles
- Sacrificial animal (a chicken will do just fine)
- the full name of the person being evoked, (photograph optional)
- Ritual sword or dagger
- And the means to build a decent sized campfire. I recommend using starter logs as they will burn constantly for hours. This way you will not have to stop during the ritual to place more wood on the fire causing a momentary psychological retraction.

Due to it's messy nature this ritual is best performed outdoors. Find a relatively flat piece of ground and dig a fire pit approximately three feet in diameter. Using the cornmeal, draw a large circle, approximately 10 feet in diameter with the fire pit in the center. Giving yourself plenty of room to move around during the ritual. Then, draw a triangle within the circle with the points touching the inner edge of the circle. Now, draw a straight line going inward from each point of the triangle all the way to the fire pit. Lastly, draw a circle around the edge of the fire pit connecting all the lines. Place a white candle at each point of the triangle. Now, the temple is set.

Picture of circle:



When it comes to evoking a living person, it is relatively the same as evoking any other spirit. The only difference is that instead of calling them forth from another dimension, you are calling their spirit forth from their body. The evocation should be custom tailored to the recipient. Call them by their full name and birthday, as well as their nickname, or magical name, if they have one. Burn their favorite incense. Wear their favorite fragrance. Smoke their favorite tobacco. Instead of a sigil, you may use their photograph. Although a photo is not necessary, it may help the sorcerer hone in on the subject.

Once everything is in place, begin by performing the lesser banishing ritual. You may vibrate the names of the four arch angels, or the names of the four demonic gatekeepers. Whichever is your preference. As the evocator, it is entirely up to you. Ask them to hold space over this sacred operation. This will prevent the ritual from being hijacked by some random, wandering spirit. It will also provide protection for the recipient, as well as the operator. Go through your usual steps of preparatory Immersion. Such as charging the circle, blessing the wine, speaking incantations to conjure power etc. Do what works best for you. The success of this operation depends entirely on the evocators ability to call forth the spirit of the recipient. Otherwise, you will just be killing a chicken.

The Conjunction

Now I am sure that most magicians who will attempt to perform this rite will have already developed their own unique style of evocation. But for those who have not, I am providing an example of the method that I use as a

guideline. Remember, the evocation should be custom tailored to the recipient. Therefore, each one will be slightly different.

Example:

This evocation is to be spoken with authority:

This is the evocation of Anna Lee, born December 1, 1987.

My name is _____! And it is I who summons you!

Met'sen'des'elt'me!

Anna Lee come! Anna Lee come! Anna Lee come!

Anna Lee, princess of power come!

Anna Lee, priestess of Ishtar come!

Anna Lee, she who is called Uma come!

Anna Lee, who bows before no one come!

Anna Lee, hear my words! See my signs! And know that I command the universe to bring you before me!

So that I may honor you in spirit, as I honor you in the flesh.

Anna Lee, I call and conjure you forth from your body!

Come now! Let go of the flesh and take your place within the triangle!

So that I may deify you!

So that I may offer you the sacrifice that will make your flesh immortal!

Anna Lee, heed my command!

By the power of the stars I call you to come!

Met'sen'des'elt'me!

(Met'sen'des'elt'me, is a magical command word to enforce your will and dominance over a person or a situation in order to bring something to you. In this case, it is used to force the recipient out of their body and bring them before you).

By now you should at least be able to sense their presence. If not, then repeat the conjuration until you do. Keep in mind that the greater the distance between you, the longer it may take for them arrive.

The Greeting

Once their spirit is present, greet them by stating:

Hello Anna.

I welcome you to my temple, and thank you eternally for answering my call.

I have summoned you here to offer you this sacrifice of burning flesh and blood.

*May you absorb its life force energy.
May it give your arms, hands and legs, the superhuman strength to serve
you however you desire.
May it make your body tough strong and immune to all illness or injury.
May it enhance you on every level.
Physically, mentally, magically, sexually.”
Now slaughter the sacrifice within the triangle, spilling the blood into
the flames. After the creature stops flailing, place the body in the flames
as well. Give their spirit some time to absorb the energy. Now dismiss
them.*

The Dismissal

*Anna Lee, I dismiss you. Go now, back to your body. Carry with
you this new found strength and youth. Go now and rise as a Goddess
in the flesh. Anna Lee go. Anna Lee go. Anna Lee go.
So it is done.*

The Sacrifice

As always, the sacrifice is to be treated in the highest respect. I recommend spending some time with the creature before hand, to form a bond between the animal and the sorcerer. After doing so, killing it will not be so easy. Hence the word sacrifice. Now, in most cases the flesh of the animal should be consumed by the sorcerer after the ritual. However, in this case the burning flesh is part of the offering to be absorbed by the recipient. So, rest assured that no part of the animal is going to waste.

There will be no question as to whether the spell worked. If the operation is successful, then the results will be instant. Remember that as you evoke them; the recipient will become disoriented and most likely fall into a deep sleep, so do not attempt this while they're driving. It is best performed when they are lying down and relaxed.

This is an excellent way for us black magicians to come together and empower each other as we ascend on the path to Godhood. That is my ultimate goal in submitting this essay. It is also an excellent way that we can develop our skills at evocation, since we will be getting feedback from living subjects. On the other hand, this method of evoking people is also highly weaponizable. I will invite you to imagine the possibilities of what a creative black magician could do with a person's spirit after evoking it out of their

body into the triangle. But that is another spell for another book.
J.S. Garrett

Rite of the Werewolf

Cody Magus

What Is Lycanthropy?

A werewolf or lycanthrope is a human with the ability to shapeshift into a wolf or a therianthrope hybrid wolf-like creature.

History of The Werewolf

Throughout history there are records of the trials of confessed or accused werewolves. In fact, they were hunted, questioned and executed in much the same way witches were, because often witches were accused of also being werewolves. These so-called “werewolf trials” give us a historical glimpse at rampant human belief in werewolves. Some of the accused were arrested because villagers needed someone to blame for dead livestock or some other explainable occurrence, but others were accused because of actions far more sinister and less likely to be contrived.

In 1521, a Pierre Burgot and Michel Verdun were executed as werewolves. Historical records indicate that they were a serial killer team. In 1573, again in France, another “werewolf” was executed. His name was Gilles Garnier, otherwise known as the “Werewolf of Dole.” He was a confessed serial killer. There are numerous accounts such as these, mostly in Europe. Interestingly, real wolves were plentiful in Europe at this time.

A more infamous case of werewolf execution is that of a German man named Peter Stumpp. Peter was supposedly caught by his neighbors in his wolf form. They witnessed him taking off his “wolf girdle” when they closed in on him. At which time, he reassumed his human form. Peter confessed to murder, rape and cannibalism. His mistress and daughter were tortuously executed immediately after he was. The reason they were executed was for having knowledge of his crimes and having sex with him. Yes, his daughter was executed for being raped by her father. What is even more tragic is that her father had killed her brother and eaten his brains before he was captured.

The Werewolf Pact

To become a Werewolf, you must form a pact with the Devil. Upon

initiation, you will receive the mark of the beast. The mark is bestowed through the black flame. The mark is an energetic signature, without it you cannot transform. This mark is gifted through your pact with the Devil.



The Sigil of Lucifer (“Seal of Satan”)

1. You want to reach an energetic compatibility. This can be done by charging your body with "negative energy" by conjuring up the emotions of anger and hatred. You want to embody this energy and allow it to consume you to the point it becomes foreign. This "negative energy" functions as a catalyst which will impregnate both the body and environment with this energy.
2. Begin your evocation for Satan. Close proximity to the sigil will ease the transition of increased ambient vibration that will be experienced when Satan manifests. The arrival through this method will be indicated by a huge surge in kundalini energy that is triggered by the presence of Satan. If called in this intimate fashion, his energy will entwine around the sorcerer in a serpentine coil and infusing the aura with his essence as communion is held. This will increase considerably the strength and vibration of not just the aura but all the subtle bodies.
3. Call Satan into your body. You may begin to feel this bio-electromagnetic energy entering your body, you will then become engulfed in a black flame. It is during this process that transmutation takes place, the divine spark is awakened and Satan's essence is anchored. Through this act, you have engaged in an

implied pact with the Devil.

Invocation of Marchosias

Marchosias is a great marquess who appeareth in the form of a wolf having griffin wings, and a serpent's tail, vomiting fireth out of his mouth. Marchosias is a werewolf daemon, he teacheth and initiateth through lycanthropy and astral shape-shifting, as well as war and combat techniques. Marchosias is a fallen angel who was of the Order of Dominions. He governeth 30 Legions of Spirits.



Marchosias appears as a fire spitting chimeric wolf with wings of a griffon and tail of a serpent.



Seal of Marchosias

Invocation of Marchosias

*Through the power of Satan,
I calleth upon Marchosias,
To enter mine body and transform me into a werewolf, Through this
pact,
I accepteth the marketh of the beast,
I am forever yours,
Possessing spirits,
I am thy vessel,
I invoke thee Marchosias,
Enter thine body,
Make me a beast of the night,
I calleth upon the Lycan spirit,
Through the power of Satan,
I commandeth thee to obeyeth!
Come anon!
Enter thine vessel!*

Atavistic Resurgence

Austin Osman Spare was an English artist and occultist, he developed idiosyncratic magical techniques including automatic writing, automatic drawing and sigilization based on his theories of the relationship between the conscious and unconscious self. Spare also believed in what he called "atavistic resurgence," the idea that the human mind contains atavistic memories that have their origins in earlier species on the evolutionary ladder.

In Spare's worldview, the "soul" was actually the continuing influence of "the ancestral animals" that humans had evolved from, that could be tapped into to gain insight and qualities from past incarnations. In many ways, this theory offered a unison of reincarnation and evolution, both being factors which Spare saw intertwined which furthered evolutionary progression. For these reasons, he believed in the intimate unity between humans and other species in the animal world; this was visually reflected in his art through the iconography of the horned humanoid figures.

Atavistic resurgence, a primal urge toward union with the Divine by returning to the common source of all, is indicated by the backward symbolism peculiar to all Sabbath ceremonies, as also of many ideas connected with witchcraft, sorcery and magic. Whether it be the symbol of the moon presiding over nocturnal ecstasies; the words of power chanted backwards; the back-to-back dance performed in opposition to the sun's course; the devil's tail—are all instances of reversal and symbolic of Will and Desire turning within and down to subconscious regions, to the remote past, there to surprise the required atavistic energy for purposes of transformation, healing, initiation, construction or destruction.

—Kenneth Grant, *Hidden Lore: hermetic Glyphs*

Lycanthropy is nothing more than rites of atavistic resurgence, either on a dream level, in which the Egyptians were so skilled; or upon the waking level: as when strength or stealth are obtained or invoked during moments of dire need. Atavistic resurgence is the act of bringing forth primal desires via the subconscious, wherein such desires manifest and sometimes breed into monsters. It is up to the individual to build a great amount of strength to confront, understand and control such energies. Many lycanthropic urges manifest in violent sexual activity, wherein all honesty is present and a pure aspect of psychic make up is understood. Blood and sexual congress have long been interpreted as animalistic lust, resulting in the creation of psychic bonds between the individuals involved.

—Michael W. Ford, *Book of the Witch Moon: Chaos, Vampiric & Luciferian Sorcery*

Breaking the Seals

The seals correspond with your chakras and the atman which is your soul.

The seals can be broken through inducing a mental-shift to reach an altered state of mind. This is achieved by mimicking the traits of the wolf or werewolf. In order to transform you must break the seals, the seals are grounded in your identity, you must suspend this by forgetting who you are and by reaching an energetic compatibility with that you are trying to assume. Shed your skin and be reborn anew as a werewolf. It is advisable but not required to employ objects that are symbolic of the werewolf such as a pelt or perhaps even a mask during ritual when drawing upon atavism. A mental-shift is necessary for the purpose of stimulating a physical transformation.

The Black Flame

The Black Flame is a Left Hand Path concept that refers to a source of spiritual power within the individual; the divine spark. It is often believed to be the spark that produces creativity and innovation. For Luciferians, it can be a source of inner light. For the Setians, it is considered the source of individual consciousness, intellect, and the possibility to become divine. The term “Black Flame” was first coined by Michael A. Aquino during the 1970s. He was a member of the Church of Satan during its early days around that time until he split from the organization in 1975, after which he and other former CoS members founded a new organization known as the Temple of Set, and the Black Flame would become a central concept of this new temple. In the Temple of Set, the Black Flame is considered to be a symbolic gift of Set, who is considered a being apart from the objective universe and, while not worshiped, the only god with independent existence.

Since the Black Flame is a Left Hand Path concept for the divine spark and a source of spiritual power within the individual, I feel there are parallels to this concept across many beliefs even those that are far outside the Left Hand Path. There is a concept in Indian yoga known as the kundalini, which refers to a primal energy believed to reside at the base of the spine and is traditionally awakened by either yogic practice or transmission by a guru. Kundalini is popularly represented as a serpent, a latent goddess, or the natural unconscious energy of the self. Similarly, in Hinduism, there is a concept of Shakti which refers to power. Specifically, it refers to primordial cosmic energy that is thought to move through everything in the universe and is thought to represent dynamism. Arguably the Holy Spirit is a similar concept for the Christians, though in the Christian faith the Holy Spirit tends to come from without rather than within.

Transformation

Regression

Regression can be triggered by slipping back into your identity as a human and as a result you will regress back to your original state, your image may even begin to fluctuate from beast to human. The most effective way to activate regression is by grounding your energy. This can be accomplished by directing your energy flow down into your feet with your directed will and the intentions of expelling the energy from your body and releasing it into the Earth, this act in itself will break you from the werewolf gnosis. Then immediately jump up and down and shake the energy off to prevent the rekindling of possession.

Cody Magus •

The Végniszak Hidrethk Rite

Somnus Dreadwood

IN the early days of the Maergzjiran Cabal (1436 AD), the Order was still under the constant assault of the Vatican-funded Inquisition spearheaded by Austro-Hungarian Inquisitor, Fra Giacomo. Feeling the impending demise of his small cult, first patriarch of the Cabal, Sybastien Drujziya sought the counsel of the Blighted Lords in order to discern some way of improving protections, manifesting death curses and solidifying methods for the attainment of wealth in order to give them more stability and ability to fight back. The result of this demonic communion was the Végniszak Hidrethk (a term for “final rest,” referring to the make or break of the Cabal through this single act of ritual); a multi-layered invocation ritual that brought the blessings of the Blighted Lords upon an individual as well as namely took greater hold over especially named variables in the rite. It should seem rather obvious that the rite was most successful as it was quite instrumental in the survival of the Cabal in the medieval era, thus bringing it to the fore of modern occult history.

As will be seen in this rite, there are major elements in focus to amplify the blessings of a person’s life, but also an open range for the sorcerer to specifically call for infernal providence in highly specialized areas of their mundane, business, family and spiritual life.

It is not unknown to me that there are many out there in the occult community, even avid followers of E.A.’s work that question the validity of the Maergzjiran Cabal’s origin and history as well as our methods for sorcery despite his acknowledgement of its potency. Therefore, this is my direct challenge to those readers, especially to remove their ego for a moment and trust in these words to allow the Blighted Lords and Ladies of Maergzjirah to burn their infernal influence into their lives for good.

Requirements for Ritual

Preparation

Tears of Ruin are a ritual component dating back to the Cabal’s origins,

with similarities found in Vodou practice that predated the Cabal by many centuries. It is made by combining water charged under the full moon with black salt which has been allowed to dissolve into the water as well as adding powdered bones, snakeskin, dried spiders (the more toxic their venom the better i.e. black widow, hobo spider, brown recluse), iron shavings (dust), graveyard dirt, dried manure, human ashes (or ashes left from offerings). Do not worry about making the sigil or writing out your wishes as you will do this as part of the ritual itself; lending all of that passion, desire, determination and even worry into this as an accelerant for manifestation.

Warning

As you begin the ritual, you will not have any form of prelude, which calls for a circle of protection nor will you open your ritual space in the name of any entity whatsoever. Doing so will rather invoke the anger of the Blighted Lords and Ladies as they will take this as the utmost insult. Further, understand that doing this rite, you are not attempting to seize control or compel them. Do not use any names of power to try to bind or compel either as this most certainly will turn your life into a terrible curse by the Blighted Lords and Ladies. They are not to be trifled with nor do they partake in the Judeo-Christian-Islamic, white light works of the spirit. They are their own entities and they bend a knee to no one. It has been proven repeatedly throughout history that fools who think they can use the common methods of Solomon or those as described in the major grimoires such as the Grimoirium Verum, Heptameron or Grimoire of Armadel will sadly find themselves in a living state of torment, punishment and agony. Again, I implore you DO NOT even think to use the JCI-corrupted forms of sorcery with the Blighted Lords and Ladies unless you sincerely wish to see yourself, your world and the lives of those you care for completely unraveled. You are truly gambling against unbeatable odds at that point. You have been warned.

The Rite

You will not require a special altar or a dedication as you may perform this rite in your usual ritual place or if you wish to be more authentic and relive some of the energy that the first Cabal Disciples felt, perform the rite over a makeshift altar in the forest using stacks of rocks and large, fallen branches. Consider the feeling behind such a rite... “Do or die” as it were. There was a feeling that this ritual had to succeed or else all would be lost. Try to capture

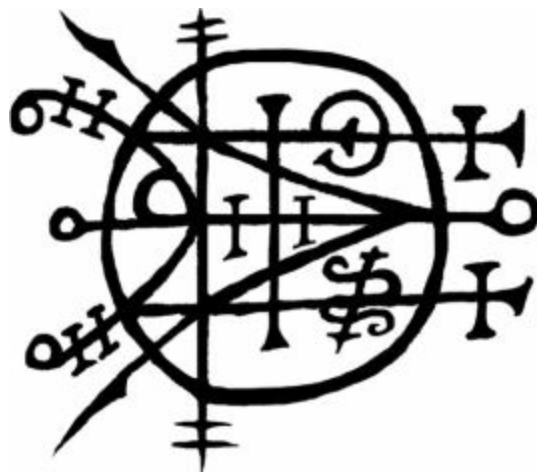
that going into this working. At the end, I will also note points where you can amplify the energies of the ritual through the use of extra words of power (known in the Cabal as “whispers” due to the way in which these unearthly nonhuman words and phrases were first utilized to empower spiritual powers and projection), burning of duplicate sigils and bloodletting.

As preparatory immersion, light candles, incense, play music and do what you would normally as a prelude to ritual. Enter into a soft meditation and conjure that feeling within of absolutely necessity. Focus on the desires of your heart; your mundane life, your personal life, your relationships, work and/or business, your spiritual side. All of that which is found wanting or where you are suffering; these you must focus upon. You must also focus on your ideal circumstances. I’m not talking about, “I’m working a dead-end job and my love life sucks, so I want to be a billionaire overnight with a harem of supermodel girlfriends.” I’m talking about, “I’m working a dead-end job and my love life sucks, but I have education and finesse, so I want to have some of these employers call me in for an interview and the best opportunity for me present itself. From that new stability and pursuit of ambition, my charisma will flourish, leading me to acquiring for myself a compatible lover.” Think realistically while also giving in to your fantasies and wishes of higher ambition. This can also reflect in a direr manner such as, “My grandmother who has been like a mother and best friend to me is terminally ill and I must succeed to bring her back from the threshold of death.” Find your balance and where you need to be.

With this understanding of your situation, proceed now to draw out the sigils. With the Sigil of Prosperity, you should ensure that you replay in your mind each aspect that you covered in your beginning meditation. See each aspect of your life that is lacking or suffering be changed by your will. See your works manifesting into the life you desire. See with each stroke of the sigil your desire taking shape. With the Sigil of Ruin, you shall conjure all of your hatred and malice; every aspect of destruction, wickedness and carnage that stirs within you. This should be poured with reckless abandon into every stroke of the sigil’s creation.



The Sigil of Prosperity



The Sigil of Ruin

From here, you shall unleash the sigils. Firstly, with the Sigil of Prosperity, you shall anoint it with your blood. As you do so, speak, “Lords and Ladies of Maergzjirah (pronounced ‘my-air-zhee-rah’), I ask that you look upon me with favor; blessing my life abundantly.” Take a final moment to channel everything into the sigil and then speak to the Blighted with your special requests and finish by immolating.

Second, you shall use your blood to draw a large “X” over the Sigil of Ruin. Ensure your anger and malevolence is heightened to the point of frenzy. Channeling it, you shall command, “Lord Cernobog, Black God, I call to you! This seal is the very symbol of all that must be destroyed from this world in order to open the gates to all that should be. Over it; my blood

marks the open gate to absolute eradication. Through your infernal might, join me in tearing down the enemy, the opposition, the filth! To Hell, to Hell, to Maergzjirah! Through you, Black God, let it be done! Ord Thesik Silor Widawe Thream Louyr Nogedaidra!” With rising intensity, speak again, “Ord Thesik Silor Widawe Thream Louyr Nogedaidra!” One final time you shall orate it with all your might and fury, “Ord Thesik Silor Widaw Thream Louyr Nogedaidra!” Then burn the sigil and exhale hard to push the energies summoned outward into the planar fabric. Here, you shall also pour the Tears of Sorrow over the ashes. When your energies calm down, you shall then close simply by saying, “As it has been ordained in Maergzjirah, may it be so done in Etheris.” Then thank the Blighted Lords and Ladies for listening to you, seeing into the depths of your soul and working with you to manifest that which you desire.

Augmentation

At this point, you have observed the basic rite. To go one step further, at the beginning of ritual, before meditating, you could cut your palms and allow blood to pool and also anoint your third eye with blood or you could simply release your blood and draw an “X” in each palm and over your third eye. Remember, the “X” in ritual is the Witch’s Cross; a symbol for the opening of gates which is extremely potent in such a ritual as this. Further augmentation would be to attach the Sigil of Ruin to some type of female effigy and bury it face down in a cemetery over the grave of a child. The meaning behind this is to tie the absolute destruction to the divine feminine; for all things emerge from the source of Mother Earth; Gaia and any and all forms of creation that stand in the way of progress and success. Further, you could also draw the Sigil of Ruin four times, marking them with the bloody “X’s” and burying them face down at the four cardinal directions of a cemetery. Again, the death and destruction of all that would stand in the way of progress, success and manifestation of one’s deepest desires. Upon burial, you shall pour the Tears of Ruin over them. In unleashing of the Sigil of Prosperity, before you immolate, you would speak thrice, “Zanna-m’shounah” (Zah-nah-mih-shoo-nah) as that is a favored phrase for tranquility and abundance among the Spirits of Maergzjirah. In unleashing the Sigil of Ruin, you would boldly command, “Yin Toudegh!” after each recitation of “Ord Thesik Silor Widawe Thream Louyr Nogedaidra.” For the truly devoted and hardcore sorcerer, you would perform all the above and

watch as your desires unfold before you and all that deserves decimation is unraveled.

Understand that this is a very old system of sorcery, though likely from a source you're unfamiliar with. That's entirely okay. Learn to discern the energies of Maergzjirah and open yourself up to develop a relationship with the Blighted Lords for they are not distant immortals who see humans as playthings. Rather, they see an opportunity to return humans to a state of divinity and welcome those who stand before their thrones with humility and courage in balance.

I have used this rite only in the direst of circumstances. The impending collapse of my realm of influence due to the meddling of religious zealots who sought to deface and ruin everything I had in place through local judicial execution was quickly put to an abrupt end with the use of this rite as I watched their religious leadership suddenly grow fearful and remove themselves, become so sick they had to withdraw from their usual efforts and others even died. The near death of a beloved family member due to an advanced cancer that no one was aware of warranted this rite. Having been told that she was likely to be departed in the next month or two, I set out to complete this rite. I had performed this the night before her next doctor's meeting, only for the traces of her cancer to be entirely absent the following morning. A close friend of mine was raped. We had known who the individual was, but rather than seek the police, she sought out my magicks for she was among the occult faithful. In the week of terror that followed, this man's house burned down, his children were taken by Child Protective Services, his car was stolen, he was fired from his job and finally mortally suffered a heart attack at the age of thirty-four.

The Blighted Lords and Ladies of Maergzjirah do not parlay and they do not make petty pacts. When you work with them, you're making an agreement that states: "I will be your vassal and you will be my teacher and guide henceforth and eternally." They seek strength without the delusions of ego and openness to learning and personal evolution instead of the stagnant and immobilizing bondage that so many paths and systems preach. Those who can walk the path beside them will always know the unfathomable power they bring to this world. Magick, like everything else is evolving. Will you evolve and harness this spiritual power they teach us so well to wield or will you be content to live according to the broken texts and worn out methods written by dead Christians and Jews who sought to confound

sorcerers and bind their-our natural demonic allies? There is a power in tradition, hence the power of this rite, but it also requires the ability to break away from the conventional in order to see the infinitely spectacular.

Perform this rite and listen to the whispers that carry on the winds sent from Maergzjirah. You will hear new wisdom and you will gain new power from thence. When you return your speech, do so and invite the whole of Hell into your soul. You will be reborn; cleansed in the spiritual fires of their realm, untouchable and infinite.

Somnus Dreadwood

The Ritual of Psionics

Charles W. Cosimano

Psionics as Magick

IN the early 1980's, I acquired a book by David Tansley, "Radionics, Science or Magic." The book had created a serious uproar in the field of Radionics because Tansley said something that people such as the science fiction writer E. E. Smith had been saying for some time. Radionics was magick.

It is hard now to imagine the fury with which this volume was greeted. There were those who called upon the learned Dr. Tansley to be drummed out of the radionic profession in Britain altogether, tried as a heretic and burned at the stake. Did not everyone know that Radionics was a branch of the natural sciences, provable by experimentation and the collection of data? Had not the Holy Founder himself, Dr. Albert Abrams, approach his electronic relations as a science and had he not followed the strictest of protocols in his research despite the hysterical ravings of those who, in purblind ignorance matched only by the Pope who condemned Galileo, would seek to besmirch his name and deny the greatness of his discovery? Had not every practitioner and research since Abrams not followed the same doctrine? How dare this upstart, no matter how respected he had been up that point, dare to question the fundamental premise of Radionics?

Yet, there had always been an underground of practitioners and researchers not bound by the doctrine. Men and women who knew magick and used radionics in their practice had been present since the glorious age of Abrams himself and Dr. Abrams had himself experiment with psychic phenomenon and telepathy. It was well known in occult circles that Radionics and its heir, Psionics was a tool of magick. In 1964, there was a scandal in the American section of the Theosophical Society that involved allegations that girlfriend of the national president used radionics against staff members at their Wheaton, Illinois headquarters, named for Col. Olcott.

It was into this environment that a young magician named Charles Cosimano landed in April of 1977. I would love to say it was with drums and trumpets, but it was more like falling in through the skylight.

I had been practicing magick for some years by then, actually starting when I was twelve when I unintentionally cast a spell that worked and worked so dramatically that it scared the living daylights out of me. The results actually made the front page of the Chicago Tribune. A different child may have traumatized to the point of never going near anything that even smelled of magick again, but I was different. I wanted to see if I could repeat it. I knew nothing of magick. A spell was something you did when you wrote. You spelled words.

There was something in me, however, that caught onto the idea that a force was at work in the words I had written that related to the event and it was something worth pursuing. Over the next few years of my adolescence, I became a magician in my own mind and something of a junior wonder worker, to the terror of my classmates. During those years, I also read the space operas of E. E. Smith and was introduced to Psionics. It was on New Years Eve of 1966 that I first read the phrase, "Psionics is magic."

The summer after I escaped high school I drove to a used book store and there encountered the people who would make me a magician.

Thus, it was by the spring of 1977, I was an accomplished young magician working largely with the Franz Bardon system, which I had discovered a couple years before and found to be something I was extremely comfortable with, along with a major specialization in talismanic magick.

It was at that time I received a copy of a short-lived magazine published by Llewellyn, Gnosticus or something like that, not to be confused with journal Gnostica of the 90s. It had started as essentially an advertising paper for their products and then was turned into a very nice magazine which unfortunately lasted only a few issues. In one of those issues, however, was an article, "Electronic Talismans," which was about Radionics and talismanic magick.

The Underground had moved overground. I already knew something about Radionics, but the machines seemed overly complicated to build, and I knew nothing about electronics more complicated than the elaborate procedures involved in the changing of light bulbs. This article had a schematic of a radionic device based on the Hieronymus Machine and it actually seemed easy to build. A new magick had ravished me.

One little problem. I was straddling worlds.

Radionics, outside of a few folks who were working with it, was not really part of magick. Radionics folks were still, and some do even now, thinking of it as a branch of the sciences and virtually all of the documentation about it,

with the exception of the article I mentioned, treated it as such. As such it was confined to the believers and the realm of the quack medical with a couple of side journeys like getting bugs out of the garden.

I knew better. Actually, I knew better the moment I built my first machine. My problem was how to integrate it into my magickal practice.

The summer of 1977 saw the beginning of the work. I was still working with pretty standard ritual, my implements charged and consecrated, the talismans made in accord with the old methods. Radionics was used for the more psychic end of the work, mental projection for example. It was also proving to be an effective way of transmitting the energy of a talisman to a specific subject. I still use that method. The talisman is created and charged, then placed on the input of the device being used. The target subject is placed on the output, the device is set and allowed to run, impregnating the energy of the talisman into the subject.

The next thing was to incorporate the instrument into a ritual environment. This was pretty easy.

Franz Bardon wrote in his *Initiation into Hermetics* of the idea of "space impregnation." The magician would charge a magick mirror to fill the space it is placed in with a certain energy, such as the energy of a given element. There seemed no reason why that could not be adapted to radionics so I went to work.

Let us say I wanted to do a solar ritual. I would take a photograph of the Sun and place it in the machine, set the instrument and then turn on the amplifier to flood the room with the energy of the Sun while doing the rite.

You can see where this was going.

The actual rituals were slowly becoming obsolete.

The truth is, now I rarely even resort to ritual. Once you have a relationship with a spirit, psionics makes it very easy to contact that spirit. You just put the sigil of the spirit in the box, hook up your helmet, take a contact rate which is sort of like punching in a phone number, and next thing you know you are sitting on the astral plane with the spirit having a beer and talking business.

That, however, is once you have established a working relationship with a spirit after some time. Until you do that the procedure I developed works like this.

The first thing, the very first thing that you need to do is decide what you are trying to accomplish. Yes, spirits are really not limited to the skills they

describe in the old grimoires. Those really say more about the person who was writing the grimoire than the spirit. After all, no one really thinks spirits are organized like a renaissance court. I mean when you see a spirit referred to as a President, the first thought is, "President of where and who elected him?" Different times, different cultures.

Let us go back in time and say that I wanted to contract the spirit Andras. Now, this is just an example. I already had a working relationship with Andras even before I built my first radionic box.

Andras is scary if you don't know him. He is evoked as a person who removes problems, usually human problems. He is said to be very dangerous even to the magician, but I think that is because the old methods of evoking were ill-mannered. If you scream at a spirit, insult it and threaten it with all sorts of curses it is not going to like you. I mean how would you feel?

Anyway, you have something that needs to be fixed and Andras seems the perfect fixer. Now you can do it the old-fashioned way and stand in a circle facing a triangle and say, "Andras, I summon you in the name of Uncle Chuckie," and he might appear and say, "I know Uncle Chuckie but who the hell are you?"

This is the psionic method.

The nature of the operation is probably best carried out under the auspices of the planet Saturn. In the old days, this took a lot of calculating. You had to not only do it during the day and hour of Saturn, but you had to make sure the astrology was right. Saturn had to be in good position for the type of work. That could be a problem as Saturn takes a long time to get in the right position and you might have to reincarnate a few times before you could actually do it.

With psionics, we work directly with the energy of the planet and there is no need to worry about that sort of thing. There is no mediating force involved. All you need to do is charge the working area with the energy of the planet Saturn. There are two really good ways to do this efficiently.

First, you simply bring up a picture of Saturn on your computer screen and let the light from the screen spread the energy to the working chamber. The other method, if your computer is in a different room and you do not want to use other devices such as a tablet, is to have a light bulb already charged with the energy of Saturn. You do that by taking a new light bulb that you have acquired without haggling (does anyone really haggle any more?) and use a radionic box to charge it with the energy of Saturn, the picture of Saturn on

the transmit side, the light bulb on the target side and then let it run.

You take the charged bulb and insert it into a lamp. Turn the lamp on and the energy of Saturn will charge the chamber.

One thing, make certain that the bulb is not too powerful. You want a slightly dim light set some distance behind you.

Now you will need a visualization device, such as a black mirror, which is nothing more than a piece of glass or plastic spray painted with shiny black enamel. You set that in front of you. This is why you do not want too bright a light, it will wash out the visualization.

Next you will need a radionic box and helmet, with a cable to attach them, another radionic box which will have the seal of Saturn set up in it. That also permeates the chamber with Saturnian energy.

Once that is set, put the sigil of Andras onto the input plate of the instrument and set the dials for the rate. Plug in the helmet and repeat the procedure. Place the sigil on the output side of the instrument. Dim or turn off the normal room lights so that the only light on is the one charged for Saturn.

Do not put the helmet on yet.

Meditate on the energy from the planet Saturn. Feel the energy of that planet permeating you and becoming part of you. After doing this for some time until you feel you are ready, put on the helmet and gaze into the visualization device while saying in your mind, or out loud if you wish, "Andras. I am X and I wish to contact you."

This may take some time so keep repeating it until you see the image of Andras appear in the visualizer and hear his voice in your head.

At this point it is important to keep your head. If you are not familiar with full manifestation it can become disconcerting. The important thing is not to be afraid. You have no reason to be afraid. Think of it as doing a cold call in business. Be clear and concise in what you say and treat the situation as one of building a working relationship, not giving orders to the servants. State your reason for contacting him and what you would like him to do. The conversation may be short, simple and to the point or it may ramble a little. It really depends on the client-er-spirit. But when it is clear to you that you have concluded your business say goodbye, just as you would in business, thanking him for his help and breaking off the communication.

At this point, there is usually no need to do anything but take off the helmet, reset the machines, put the picture, seal and sigil away, change the

light bulb back and go about your normal business. However, it is sometimes advisable to spend some time visualizing yourself being in the presence of the Sun as a cleansing and taking a shower. On rare occasions, something does get left over but that is easily fixed by using a radionic box to balance that energy out the same way you would in a healing operation, by setting yourself on the box, taking a rate (the numerical readout on the dials) and then resetting the dials to the opposite position.

There you have it. With Psionics, magick is much simpler than the traditional methods and equally, if not more, effective.

Charles W. Cosimano

Ritual for Dark Spiritual Ascent

D.W. Romano



King Paimon offers the practicality and the answer to the necessity that often carries the Dabbler to Black Magick's door. Being adept in many fields, Paimon can teach the Evocator the most advanced methods of science, art, physics, chemistry and astrology, as well as having the power to bestow titles and recognition upon the Sorcerer.

—E.A. Koetting, *Works of Darkness*

Grimoires that contain information on King Paimon mention that he can teach Arts and Sciences.

This Spirit can teach all Arts and Science, and other secret things... He giveth good Familiars, and such as can teach all Arts... He can discover unto thee what the Earth is, and what holdeth it up in the Waters; and what Mind is, and where it is; or any other thing thou mayest desire to know.

—S.L. 'MacGregor' Mathers &
Aleister Crowley, *Goetia*, 1904

Aleister Crowley defines magick in his book *Magick in Theory and Practice* as, "the Science and Art of causing Change to occur in conformity with Will."

With all this in mind, one would conclude that King Paimon would be an excellent teacher and guide to assist in becoming adept at black magick. This was a conclusion I had reached long ago and my experiences with working

with him have confirmed this.

The following information is useful only to those who have worked with King Paimon and/or Azazel. Do not precede to do this ritual spell if you are not familiar with either entity.

It should be useful to those who aren't adept and wish to accelerate their magickal ascent.

In saying that, I am sure that many adept black magicians would agree that if someone hasn't previously worked with King Paimon or Azazel, they can certainly help with your ascent none the less.

It isn't uncommon to hear speculation from black magicians about the relationship between specific spiritual entities, e.g., "Is Entity A an aspect of Entity B or are they related somehow?"

You may or may not be aware of the relationship between King Paimon and Azazel.

Preceding the reception of this ritual spell, I had already learned much from King Paimon and became aware of the relationship between the two entities.

I was also told by King Paimon about his relationship with a particular very powerful Djinn spirit which Azazel also has a relationship with. Essentially this ritual spell involves creation of a demonic pact and opening of a spiritual gateway to realms of King Paimon and Azazel.

All this information as provided to me by the great King Paimon and should be strictly followed. However, as many of you reading this text know when it comes to black magick, there aren't necessarily any rules you must follow when doing ritual. There are fundamentals that make this ritual work. The most important thing that is that you WILL IT.

You will need two black candles, a paint brush, a wine glass, a lancet or knife for blood-letting for this ritual and the sigil supplied for dark spiritual ascent. After lighting both of the black candles on your altar you must perform an invocation of first King Paimon and then Azazel.

Below is detailed how I did an invocation of King Paimon and Azazel. It isn't important that you follow my method of invocation, what is important is that you are successful in doing an invocation of both King Paimon and Azazel concurrently. As invoking both demons is essential to the success of the ritual.

I had King Paimon's sigil on the left side of my altar and Azazel's sigil on the right side of my altar. I began raising energy through my chakras. Once I

felt dark energy flowing strongly from my root chakra up through to my crown chakra I began gazing at King Paimon's sigil and calling him forth.

King Paimon!

I call you forth great King of Hell!

Great and Mighty King who rules over no less than 200 legions I call you forth.

I call you forth King Paimon—great demonic King and ruler of many legions!

King Paimon I invoke you!

King Paimon come!

King Paimon come!

King Paimon come!

I grant you license to manifest inside my temple!

King Paimon manifest within!

King Paimon I invoke you!

King Paimon came and manifested within me very quickly. This was likely due to our strong relationship prior to this ritual. He instructed me to immediately call upon Azazel.

Azazel!

I call upon you Azazel – Promethean god!

Azazel, he who gave fire to the minds of men I call you forth you!

Azazel manifest in my temple!

I invoke you Azazel, I grant you license to come!

Azazel come!

Azazel come!

Azazel come!

Azazel's coming was not as quick as King Paimon, as I am not as familiar with his energy as much as King Paimon's. It took longer from his energy to manifest within for the invocation. Once I had invoked both it was time to do the blood-letting and begin to paint over the lines of the sigil with my own blood.

For this ritual, it is best if you can fill a very small portion of a wine glass with your own blood. I recommend piercing the skin between your knuckles on your right hand and allow the blood to fill the wine glass.

Blood-letting is something that you may need to master, and if you have problems with this then you can simply draw blood and use a paint brush to collect the blood from the area you have cut. After completely covering all

the lines of the sigil with my own blood and life force, I heard both King Paimon and Azazel (one after the other) instruct me to open the sigil and speak my will and push my will through the sigil.

I placed both my hands on the sigil and repeated Azazel's incantation for Summoning of All Magickal Powers.

*Itz rachu mantantu vespacha kaltamu
Itz ranta mant kala mant atzu belt tazu
Vaskalla itz rachu kantantu velchatza*

I had three requests of them that they were happy to grant as part of this demonic pact and gateway opening. Despite the lines of the sigil not being as solid due to the using my own blood to paint the sigil as opposed to a permanent marker, the sigil came alive like I never seen a sigil activate before.

The colour of the lines changed from blood that just dried to appear to the colour of fresh blood. There seemed to be an emphasis on the fact that this was a blood pact and there was an importance of using of using my own blood and life force to create a gateway between myself and the realms of King Paimon and Azazel.

Just as I was completing the ritual a very dark and very strong energy came over me and the weather outside my ritual room changed from being clear to strong winds and heavy rain.

I felt an energy shift both internally and externally.

The night after the ritual had been completed I received a stream of consciousness and was hit by a wave of euphoria. Azazel was with me, I felt his presence intensely. The words of Azazel as he spoke to me hit me like nothing I had ever experienced before. Unfortunately, I lack the ability to be able to fully articulate what I had experienced. There was an emphasis on my magickal path and the Left Hand Path from Azazel. I was told until this moment I did not fully embrace the Left Hand Path and was like a child simply toying with Black Magick. It might seem strange to those who know me that this would be what Azazel was imparting to me as I am known for telling those new to black magick that “Black Magick is very serious, it is not something to be played with!”

Amongst the dozen revelations that hit me, Azazel made it clear to me that I was still holding onto to old beliefs that I had picked up from when I was a Christian. He told me that fear was holding me back from further ascent. This was a message that King Paimon had conveyed to me previously numerous

times. This time, however, with this experience with Azazel there was something intensely different about it. It was like not only was I being told but I was experiencing a shift in my being caused by Azazel.

Darkness quickly took over me and a feeling that the ritual I had performed, the pact I had made the gateway I had opened was so more deeply profound and powerful than what I had foresaw.

In the weeks that followed this ritual, I found not only that spirits appeared to be changing me as a spiritual being but that I also was given guidance in regard to mundane things I can do to help with my magickal ascent.

The gateway that has been opened as a result of this ritual is very present in my life, particularly in my house. Where I have seen a demon fully physically manifest outside of ritual in my home.

Others who have no idea that I am a practitioner of black magick have also claim to see figures in the house. I have also witnessed playful poltergeist activity.

There are those who see me as the devil.

—King Paimon.

DW Romano

Gateway to Evocation

Astral Projection

T.S. Thomas

SUCCESSFUL evocation is the most sought after ability in magick. To summon intelligences to the material realm, asking them to provide us with information, favors, or servitude is to master the laws of the natural world. We stand before them in flesh and blood, and attempt to present ourselves as Gods so that they might do our bidding in this world or the next. It is a show of power, an act of dominion. Yet, is there no stronger indication of man's God-like abilities than to appear in his astral form? To take his soul from the physical shell that tethers him to this earth and impress his will directly into the astral sphere? To appear to the spirits in the same form unto which they have appeared to us?

Now that is power. That is dominion. A fact those that are summoned cannot help but acknowledge.

...a magician who has astral senses developed knows immediately whether it is a being formed through imagination or from the desired sphere.

—Franz Bardon, *Practice of Magical Evocation*

My own attempts at Astral Evocation came not from the desire to display power, but simply to see the beings that had been called forth. I had felt their presence enter the ritual area, sensed that my wishes or questions had been heard and would be answered. Yet, I always came away with the hollow feeling that I had somehow failed. It was during one such moment that it occurred to me that the entity before me was in an astral form, present but invisible to the naked eye, mute to the physical ear.

My first encounter with the occult came in the way of a spontaneous astral projection. I had no idea at the time what I was experiencing. I was frightened by it, and came to the safe conclusion that it was all a bad dream. At least until it happened again. Back then I had no words in my vocabulary to describe the sensation of being awake, and yet able to do things found only in a dream. But it would become my stepping stone into the dark arts, and the ability that I would fall back on now. If I could not bring the spirits to

visibility in front of me, then I would go to the spirits.

Entity Selection

The entity selected for the Astral Evocation is perhaps the most important aspect of the entire ritual. While evoking a spirit in physical form may provide a certain amount of protection against those beings that may wish to cause trickery or harm, appearing in your astral body exposes you to greater risks, even as it showers you with greater rewards. It is for this reason that the intelligence you first chose should be positive and non-aggressive in nature. There are many beings who wish nothing more than to impart their knowledge or do work on our behalf, so there is no reason to risk working with a negative force. However, in time, as you grow confident in the ability to interact with beings while in your astral form, you may wish to call upon those with stronger wills and greater influence.

Space of Power

When attempting to project during an evocation, using an area of personal power is imperative. The place chosen should be yours and yours alone. Not only will you have a natural attraction to the site—making it easier to find in once you enter the astral—but it will also be the safest place for you to venture. It will be filled with your strength and energy, providing a “home court advantage,” if you will.

Banishing Ritual

The banishing ritual is the most basic of all magical operations, designed to rid the working area of any unwanted spirits or negative influences that may have lingered from previous sessions. Because of that, many sorcerers simply go through the motions, not giving much thought as they face the compass points and utter the words.

With the nature of the Astral Evocation, it is important to remind yourself of the reasons behind the banishing ritual, to put power into the act once again. Take down your favorite grimoire and read the procedure from beginning to end. Familiarize yourself with the words, and the intent behind those words, almost as if you were seeing them for the first time. Allow yourself to be charged and filled with the banishing light. Then release it into the room, feel it surging from you and through you, blinding and blurring any

negative forces within the ritual space, and chasing them from their shadows. Now, there is nothing left to hinder you.

Preparation of the Ritual Area

The ritual area should be prepped as it normally would be before an evocation. Fill the room with the usual implements and trappings. Open the book that you will use, or lay down the sigil of the being to be summoned. Burn the incense that corresponds with the entity you have chosen; light colored candles that call to your desire. Spend several moments sitting within the circle and filling the area with your wish—imagine it rising within you before seeping from your pores, covering the ground beneath you, creeping up the walls and clinging to the ceiling above your head. This is your domain, imbued with your power, no matter which form you take.

Once you feel that the area has been properly prepared for the evocation, do not think of anything else before you leave. Simply exit the circle, taking a moment to seal it with the tip of your finger. Blow out the candles and, if need be, snuff the incense. It is time to begin.

Astral Projection

It may take days or even weeks to project in the manner which you desire. It all depends on the natural ability of the projector. If you have projected before, use whatever means works best for you. If not, there are many techniques available in books or even online. I have found that the simplest are usually the best. The following is one of my favorites.

Find a place where you feel most comfortable. This could be in your bed, a couch, or even a reclining chair. Now is the time to concentrate on what you want to accomplish, what goal you want to achieve. Picture the ritual area in your mind, affirm that this is where you wish to appear in astral form. Consider the apparition that you seek to summon. Then, close your eyes and take several deep breaths, holding the air in your lungs for a beat before letting it slip away. There is no specific number to count to. Simply continue the rhythmic breathing until you feel yourself sinking deeper into a meditative state. Depending on your stress level, it should really take no more than a few minutes for the tensions to wash away.

Now, in a relaxed state, imagine that as each breath escapes, it takes a piece of you with it. Follow the air as it rises above you. Feel yourself floating for a moment. Try to allow your consciousness to remain suspended

even as you fill the body's lungs once again. Hold and release, following each breath, creating an astral body above your own, piece by piece. You will feel yourself floating for longer and longer periods of time. Do not allow any other thoughts to intrude as you are now on the precipice of a projection.

There are many telltale signs that a projection is imminent. A deep vibration within the core of the physical body is a very common one. At first unpleasant, the vibrations can become welcome if you associate it with the accomplishment of your goal. Another sign is a gentle swaying sensation as the astral drifts away from physical body. Some report hearing music, voices, growling sounds, or even screaming as they separate, although I personally have not. However, any of these symptoms are often enough to break your concentration and bring you out of your trance. This is the single most difficult problem to overcome while trying to project and the reason so many stop trying.

Fear

Once you have conquered it, all the vistas of existence will open to you.

If you fall asleep while trying to project, don't be discouraged. Many excellent astral jaunts can be launched from sleep. In fact, your conscious mind may be drifting away simply to get beyond the pre-release signals that so often derail a projection. When your mind awakens once again, wherever you wished to go, whatever you wished to do, will come to pass.

Contact

There is no mistaking the successful astral projection. You are fully awake and have abilities usually reserved for dreams. You can fly, or pass through walls. You can see in all directions at once, or hear laughter from a mile away. You can sense the wind blowing in your face, but not the cold that stings your cheeks. Dreams are missing a million little details that leave no doubt as to what you are experiencing. When your soul is free from the body, no detail is overlooked.

Is there any doubt you attained the power of a God?

If you have projected from a relaxed state and find yourself hovering in the same room as your physical body, simply think of the circle in your ritual area and you will find yourself there. If awakening consciously after falling asleep, you will likely already be within the circle if that was the instruction given before you made your descent into sleep.

Now, look before you at the entity that you have summoned.

What you see will depend upon what you wish to see, or what the entity itself wishes you to see. Generally, you can expect a form not unlike your own, male or female in nature. Perhaps surrounded with ambiance from the realm which the spirit has been called.

At this point, plant your desired wish directly into the astral sphere with your thoughts. If, however, the moment is too fleeting, or your mind too murky to think, don't worry. Your intentions have been made clear. The being knows exactly why it has been called, and will acknowledge your directive. It is possible to hear the voice of the being in this state, although it can be difficult to make out the words. That is if the words being spoken are in any language known to man.

The ritual has now been done. Thank the entity for its' time and ask if you may call upon it again.

Much like with the signs of astral separation, the mind may abort projection when faced with an entity from another realm. Even if you have evoked many times before, to see the spirit in its' true chosen form—not as shadow and smoke—may be enough to send the soul crashing back into the body. That is why it is important to choose an intelligence that is kind and generous in nature. One that will not automatically dismiss you for your lack of fortitude. You will be given the opportunity to summon it again.

The Result

Astral Evocation is like being awarded the opportunity to whisper your wants directly into the ear of God. In this moment, you will have the undivided attention of the universe to seek out boons that will improve your life, get answers to questions that tickle the mind, or bring down fire upon those that have wronged you. If these wishes are to ever be granted, it is now. You can expect to know the results quickly.

Yet, the successful execution of the ritual is a boon unto itself. The experience obtained will bring the practitioner closer to the peak of their own power. Paths will form, bridges will bend and people will bow in the direction of your desires, sometimes even before you know what desires you want fulfilled. It is one more step toward becoming one with the universe.

T.S. Thomas

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