

Anthology of Sorcery

Book 1



Become A Living God



Anthology of Sorcery

Book 1

BecomeALivingGod

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Credits

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ANTHOLOGY OF SORCERY

Preface

Timothy Donaghue

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 in your grip now.

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

TIMOTHY DONAGHUE

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!*



ZAC SHIFFER

Gods of the Kali Yuga

E.A. Koetting

ne 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 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 the 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

Ascension of the God of Fire



NÉSTOR AVALOS

Pact with Lucifer

Asenath Mason

*Ho drakôn ho megas
Ho ophis ho archaios
Ho kaloumenos diabolos
Kai ho satanas.¹*

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 backwards 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 Solomonian 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 Sefira 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. None 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 in order 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 in order 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.

References

1. Revelation 12:9, "The great dragon, that ancient serpent, called the devil and adversary".

ASENATH MASON



NÉSTOR AVALOS

Spirit Evocation & Exorcism: A New Look at That Old Black Magic

Lon Milo DuQuette

Based on a portion of 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.¹*

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 me 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 Solomon*³, 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 10:00 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...⁴

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, Zabaoth, Elion, Jah, Tetragrammaton, Shaddai, Lord God Most High, I do exorcise thee and do fully command thee, O thou Spirit Garkon, 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.

LON MILO DUQUETTE

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.

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ZAC SHIFFER

Deep Waters

A Tale of Demonic Possession and 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 a 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 towards 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 leg, 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 that 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 3am 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 8am. 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.

ROBERT BRUCE

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 ones 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 and 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 up 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 minds 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 starting 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 towards 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 else. 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!”

And 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 quite, 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 nine PM 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 country 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, Duck 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 is 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 of 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 say 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 onwards, 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 damndest 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 on. 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 (5 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 realize 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 of 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 travelling 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 of 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 of 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 an 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 down 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 of 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.

Then 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 countermeasures, if you have read my book “The Practical Psychic Self-Defense Handbook”

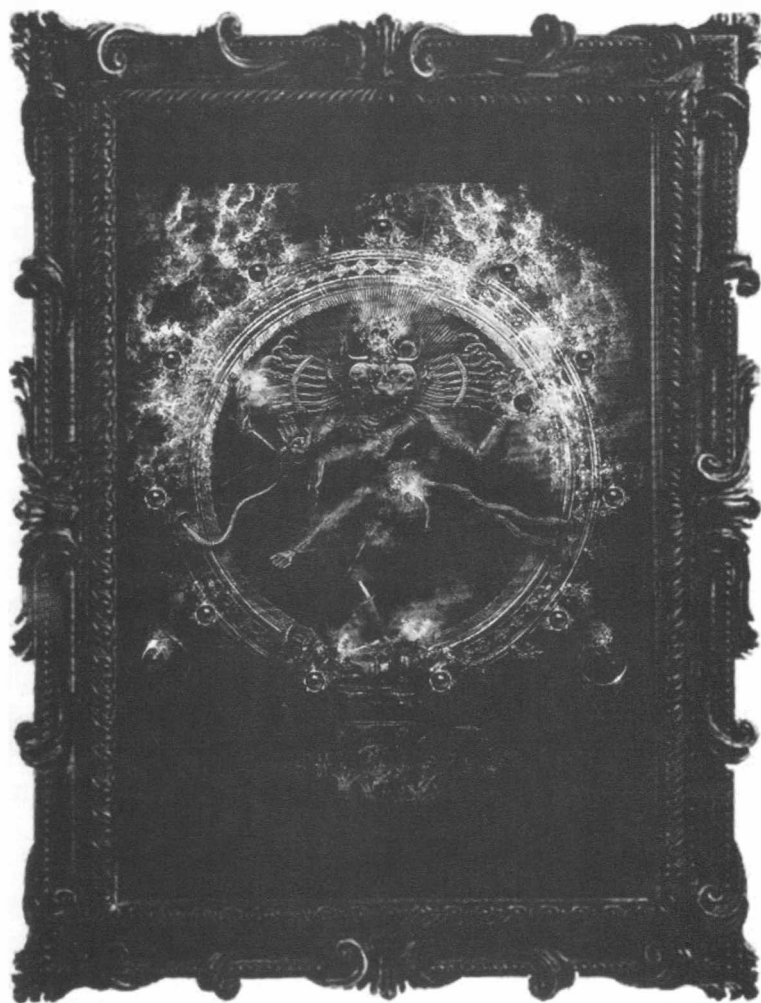
are based on the uses of running water and electrical grounding.

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 of 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

Shiva the Destroyer of Worlds 1



NÉSTOR AVALOS

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 pre-determined 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% 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 in order 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 type 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 in order 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 heart-felt 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 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 re-evaluate 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.

Further Reading

Connolly, S. *The Daemonolater's Guide to Daemonic Magick*. DB Publishing, 2009.

S. CONNOLLY



NÉSTOR AVALOS

Azazel & The Rephaim

The Origins and 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 bogey-man 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, we see 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 mothers 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

1. The liberated mind, free-thinking and individualistic. Being aware that you are accountable for this life you possess here and now. In turn gaining a perception of balance between restriction and excess, knowing your boundaries and when to achieve more according to your own self-determined plans.

Knowing the "Names of God" and "Words of Power" which provide inner power, divinity is self-created by feeding and expanding consciousness, the personal "Daemon" or "True Will" of each individual. Asael/Azazel is referred to as "a star fell from heaven and it arose and ate and pastured amongst those bulls".

Lilith/Daughter of Cain/Earth/Flesh

2. The lustful, emotional and reason-driven individual. He or she who is not satisfied with their present situation; seeking to experience and learn more thus attracting the Gods or "Watchers".

Nephilim/Giants

3. The Giants, the union of Spirit and Flesh, they are called "Lawless Ones". The Hellenistic association between settlers in the Seleucid era and Judaic citizens would draw parallel between the Nephilim being "violent" and cannibals who drank blood to the rebellious and independent nature of the Hero's born of Zeus and the other gods and mortal women. This is clearly associated with the myth of Zeus in the form of a serpent being the father of Alexander the Great, Apollon being the father of Seleukos I Nikator, founder of the Seleucid Empire and the uneasy relationship between specific adherents of Judaism and the Hellenistic religious practitioners.

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

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“ones who have fallen”, indicating their association with ancient warriors, most likely deified.

Aleister Crowley and 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.

A z a z e l & Z a z a s , Z a z a s N a s a t a n a d a Z a z a s

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'.

Focusing and Empowering the Sigil of Azazel

Talismans are representations of a type of deific power, thus you should place importance on empowering it initially. At each time it is worn you will subconsciously place importance towards it and thus empowering your aims further.

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!*

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So it is done!

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ZAC SHIFFER

The Infernal Path of Hekate

A lesson in Diabolism and the Dream

Michael W. Ford

ΑΝΑΣΣΑ ΕΝΕΡΟΙ

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 up 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 others².

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 thee libations of water

Queen of Irkalla, I offer to thee the 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..

“The Lust of Ereshkigal” from Maskim Hul, in *Babylonian Magick*³.

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

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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, the terrifying one, Phosphorus, the 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.*

Notes

If one returns home from the graveyard or remote location, dreams begin either the first or second night. Meditating upon Hecate with the fetish object each evening will bring you closer to her. I have conducted a variation of this working for many years to find over dedicated period she is with you nearly always, much like the Daemon or instinctual will. The tradition of Necromancy is of the earliest origins with Lamashtu, who is the origin of Hecate⁴.

The ‘Black Adept of Nekromankia’ is the individual who is self-initiated into necromantic practice as in the tradition of ancient Mesopotamia and Greek ritual practice.

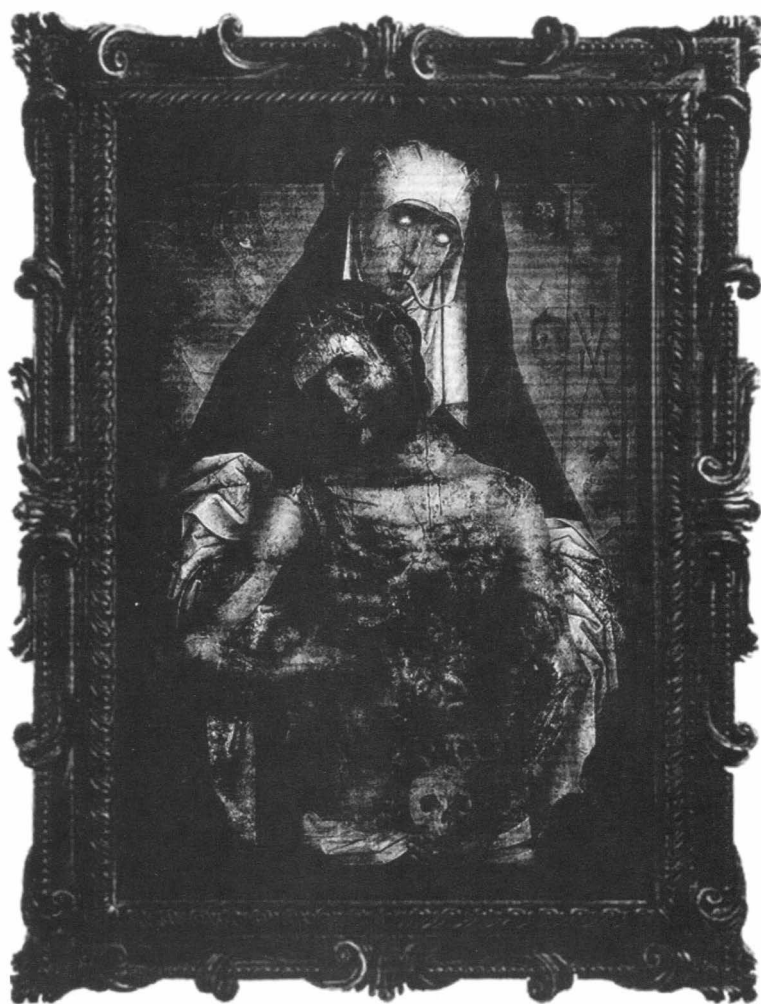
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1. A cult epithet of Hecate is sometimes “eosphoros”, the light-bringer. Named for her torches, she bestows wisdom to those brave and strong enough to walk the shadow’d path of her many deific masks.
2. The uninitiated. Just as initiation is on-going, Hecate continually sends nightmares as mysteries of initiatory tasks.

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NÉSTOR AVALOS

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.¹

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 psycho-physical 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 which 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 in order 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-presenting 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 well-being, 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 re-presents it. Those who re-present it to themselves and others further by enacting it through their own re-presentations 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 transmutation 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 pre-natal or pre-carnate 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 re-enactment 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 pre-natal or pre-carnate 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 or not 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 in order 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 also 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 re-presenting 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 cultivate 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 re-presented 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, well-being, 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 re-presencing 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.

In order 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 on. 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 re-enacts 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 which are mostly valuable should be integrated by the aspirant into a grand synthesis

and re-presentation 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 recreation 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 representing 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 transpersonal 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 re-orientes 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 re-enacted 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.

References

1. Evola, Julius. *Men Among the Ruins*, pp. 235-236.
2. For an initiation of one expression of the Nine Angles across 9 sets of 9 days, see:
Webb, Done. "Grand Initiation" in *Uncle Setnakt's Essential Guide to the Left-Hand Path*, pp. 47-94.

NEMO ALIUS 171



NÉSTOR AVALOS

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 of 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. All of 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 of 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. Lucifuge 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 your 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 easy 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.

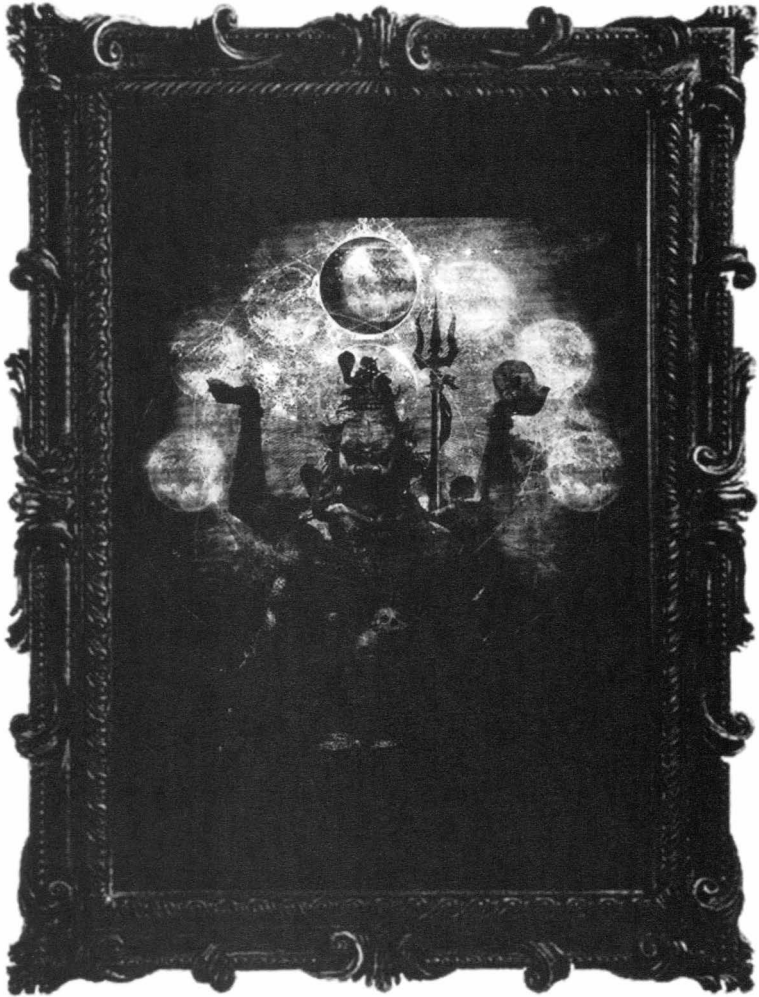
The beginning of understanding starts with shedding your humanity, your identity, all of it. The beginning of the subjective experience, experiencing itself objectively starts the initiation to godhood. You must hear my words to decipher

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.”

Shiva the Destroyer of Worlds 2



NÉSTOR AVALOS

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 breathe. 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 of 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

Experiencing the Rituals of the Left Hand Path

- 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 and Stating the Cause

Return to the East. Make the horned sign with your dominant hand, pointing towards 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 towards 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 of 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

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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

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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 and 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

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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:

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*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 Voudon 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

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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 unstoppable 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 ambition 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 of my assumptions about myself and how I was shaped, I was finally allowed through the gates of initiation.



NÉSTOR AVALOS

Vampire Is As Vampire Does

Charles Cosimano

It began on March 18, 1968 at about 3 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 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 grandparents 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 get seriously into talismanic magick, something that would stay with me well into the Psionic Period that would start 9 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. Ok, 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.

Ok, 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 up 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 ok 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 of 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. Ok, 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

CHARLES COSIMANO

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.

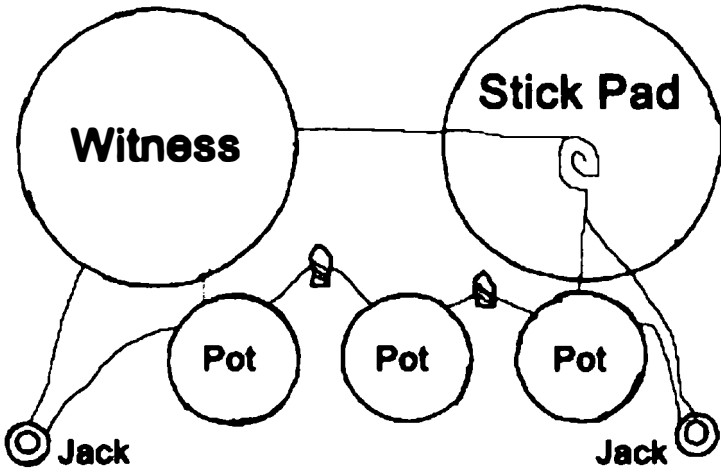
And the beauty of it, the sheer aesthetics of the blasted ruins aside, is that the event is fixed in time. All we need do is go back in time to the event and open up. It is the gift that keeps on giving, the cornucopia of power, a Fortunatus purse of energy. Constantly replayed, over and over again, 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 that 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.

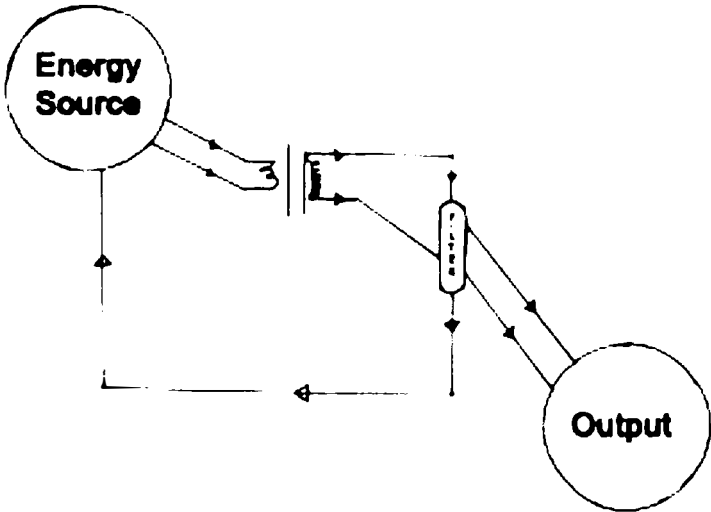


This is the schematic of the basic unit I use.

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 of it.

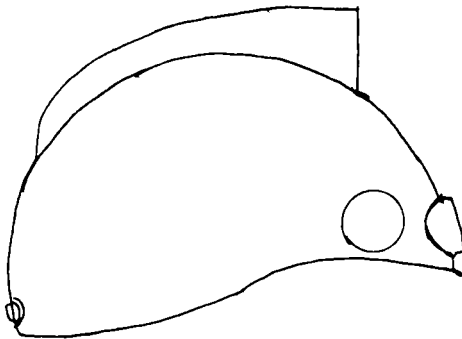
That is the most simple approach.

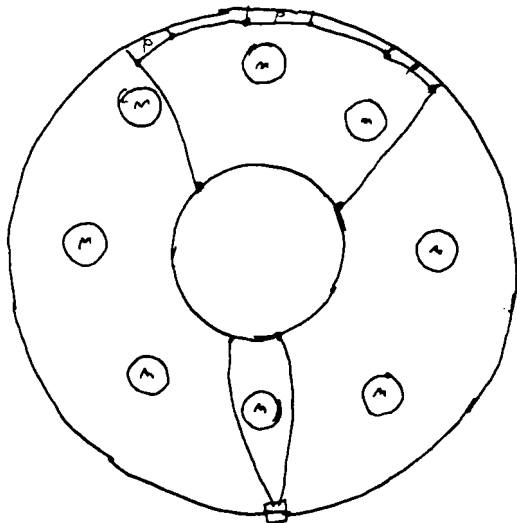
If you wish to feed off a more specific energy, say the energy released by the terror of the survivors, you create a thoughtform to absorb that specific energy and place it as you would have placed the other. If this is the chosen method, then you can use a much more simple machine that I created specifically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



NÉSTOR AVALOS

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 days dedication to Naamah and 30 days dedication to Semjazazel must be performed in order 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 days 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 days 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 days 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 in order 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 days 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 work-out 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 (ie: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.

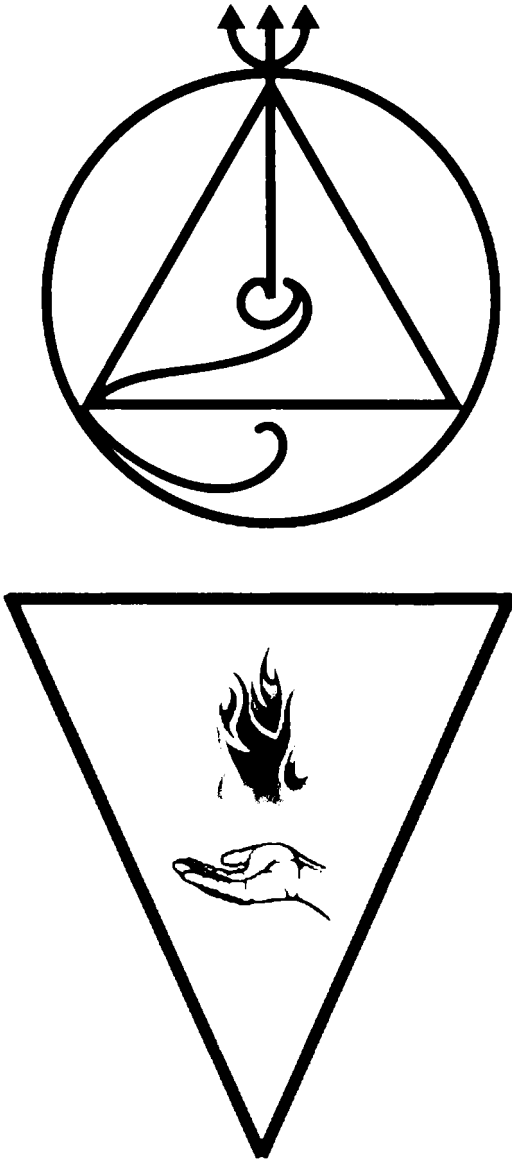
Mantras

Azza Shemhazazel Semjaza Uzza Azazel

IO Azazel Tubal Qayin Semjazazel

The Ritual

Place 2 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 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 towards 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 and Invocation to Azazel

Time is limited for those who cannot hear 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*



NÉSTOR AVALOS

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 non-existent 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 And 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 that 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 re-think 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 ok 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, than 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 prophesy.

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, than 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 and 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 co-worker that 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 over-riding 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 way 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 un-defended. 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 to 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 towards 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.

Methods

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 thought 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 to, 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.

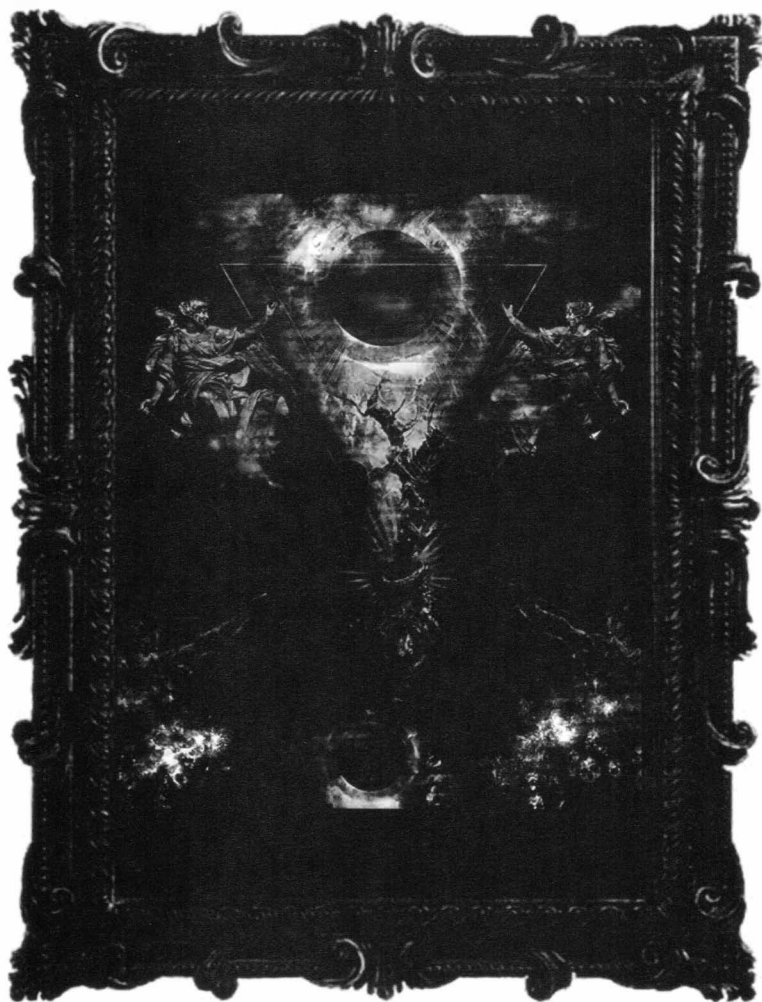
In fact, pretty much any type of magic can be turned towards malefic. Just do it wrong or twisted. If Feng Shui can be used to induce wealth and health than it stands to reason that you could arrange the furniture in a room in such a way that it would afflict who walked in with disease and poverty. If massage can remove stress and pain, than 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 choose to use it or not, but if you call yourself a magician or witch you should understand it.

JASON MILLER

Tree of Knowledge



NÉSTOR AVALOS

Bloodletting and 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 single-handedly, 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 re-enforce 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 than 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,

Bloodletting and Sacrifice in Palo Mayombe

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 3 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

Bloodletting and Sacrifice in Palo Mayombe

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 well being. 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 by-product, 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

ERIC COLON

to every human life. Who we are? Where are we, and what we are about?

Tata Musitu



NÉSTOR AVALOS

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% 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 re-absorb 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.

PHIL FARBER



NÉSTOR AVALOS

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 universe-consciousness-machine; 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

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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 Ok. 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

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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.

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 which 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 in order 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 xyz-er,” 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 polyops 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 0 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.

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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 theta-gamma 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 self-control 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.

5. **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.

6. **Merge**

Then comes your invocation and evocation of omnipotence to become the divine, or go into your trance state; reach your theta-gamma 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.

7. **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.

8. 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.

9. 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 over-self 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 super-consciousness 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 “not-doubt” 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 programing 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

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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,

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“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 and 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 such-and-such." 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 rent-to-own. 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.

ANTHOLOGY OF SORCERY

About E.A. Koetting



E.A. is the leading pioneer in the field of practical magick. With an emphasis on experimentation, he's innovated entire methodologies of divination, evocation, and soul travel, and has helped hundreds of thousands of magicians to awaken their Godlike Powers.

He co-created the influential Become A Living God movement, where he set the new standard for magick education. Incorporating a much-needed video demonstration element to his courses, students around the world are now excelling with spiritual ascent in record time. To learn more about hiring E.A. to perform custom ritual, or studying his magick courses, visit his resources.

Further Reading

BecomeALivingGod.com

[Facebook.com/EAKoetting](https://www.facebook.com/EAKoetting)

[Youtube.com/EAKoettingOfficial](https://www.youtube.com/EAKoettingOfficial)

About Asenath Mason



Asenath is a writer and graphic designer. Author of essays on esoteric, religious and mythological subjects, with a particular focus on the Left Hand Path philosophy. Active practitioner of Occult Arts. Founder and coordinator of the Temple of Ascending Flame. Author of *The Book of Mephisto: A Modern Grimoire of the Faustian Tradition* (2006), *Necronomicon Gnosis: A Practical Introduction* (2007), *Sol Tenebrarum: The Occult Study of Melancholy* (2011), *The Grimoire of Tiamat* (2013), and co-author of *Glimpses of the Left Hand Path* (2004), and *Exploring the Unnamable: Wanderings in the Labyrinths of Zin* (2007).

Further Reading

AscendingFlame.com

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About Lon Milo DuQuette



Singer-songwriter and recording artist, Lon Milo DuQuette is also the author of 16 critically acclaimed books (translated in 12 languages) on Magick and the Occult. Critics have called him one of the most respected and entertaining writers and lecturers in the field of the

Western Mystery Traditions.

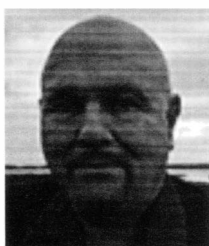
Since 1975 DuQuette has been a national and international governing officer of Ordo Templi Orientis, one of the most influential magical societies of the 20th Century. He is currently the Order's United States Deputy Grand Master. He is an internationally recognized authority on tarot and western ceremonial magick. Although he takes these subjects very seriously, he tries not to take himself too seriously. This rare combination of scholarship and humor has earned him in the last 20 years a unique and respected position in American spiritual and esoteric literature.

Further Reading

LonDuQuette.com

[Facebook.com/Lon.DuQuette](https://www.facebook.com/Lon.DuQuette)

About Robert Bruce



Robert is a published metaphysicist and a true spiritual pioneer of our times. Author of five groundbreaking books, with three in Second edition, his life is spent exploring the dynamics of all things paranormal and spiritual, and testing the boundaries of The Greater Spiritual Reality. This exploration particularly involves the human energy body and its chakras, which form the foundations of both physical and spiritual existence.

Robert's other areas of expertise include astral projection, raising kundalini, clairvoyance, psychic self-defense, and healing.

Few humans have ever had as much success with the development of practical psychic abilities as Robert Bruce.

Further Reading

AstralDynamics.com

[Facebook.com/RealRobertBruce](https://www.facebook.com/RealRobertBruce)

[Youtube.com/RealAstralBob](https://www.youtube.com/RealAstralBob)

About S. Connolly



S. Connolly's areas of study and practice over the years (since 1984) have included necromancy, divination, herbalism, LaVeyan Satanism, Wicca (she actually went through formal Gardnerian pre-initiate training and lied about her age to get in, but never went through with initiation because it wasn't for her), Traditional Witchcraft, Traditional (Theistic) Satanism, Santeria, Thelema (no formal OTO involvement), Ceremonial Magick, Enochian Magick, Hermeticism, Khemeticism, Qabbalah, Rosicrucianism, Ancient Canaanite and Western Semitic practices, and Daemonolatry.

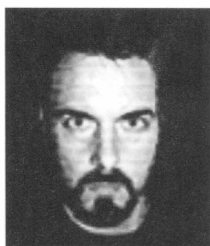
Outside the Daemonic and Magickal side of things, Ms. Connolly is a bestselling novelist who writes fantastic, paranormal and erotic fiction under three additional pen names. She graduated from MSUD in 1995 with a B.A. in English. She and her husband live along the front range of the Rocky Mountains with two geriatric house cats.

Further Reading

SJReisner.com

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About Michael W. Ford



Michael has been a practicing Luciferian and Sethanic for over 16 years. A Luciferian, Yatukih magickian, Michael has work in the areas of Luciferian Witchcraft, Left Hand Path magick, Yatuk-Dinoih or ancient Persian sorcery, Typhonian Magick, Chaos Sorcery, Nocturnal Spiritual Vampirism and more. Ford has also founded the Black Order of the Dragon and The Order of Phosphorus, currently presiding as Magus over both orders. Mr. Ford lives currently in Texas.

Mr. Ford developed and practices his own area of Luciferian and Adversarial Magick from his studies of Charles M. Pace (Hamar'at), Austin Osman Spare, Kenneth Grant, Aleister Crowley, Anton LaVey and other areas including Zoroastrianism, Ancient Egyptian Magic and Babylonian Sorcery.

Michael is also a musician who works with several projects including Black Funeral, Psychonaut 75 and his own solo ritual recordings.

Further Reading

TheOrderOfPhosphorus.com

[Facebook.com/LuciferianMichaelWFord](https://www.facebook.com/LuciferianMichaelWFord)

About Nemo Alius 171

Nemo Alius 171 has no biography and no personal history. Officially, he does not exist. Unofficially, he maintains deep cover in the causal territories while eagerly awaiting reinforcements.

Further Reading

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About Dante Abiel



Dante is a professional ritualist and occult author, living with his family in the city of Philadelphia, in the United States.

Currently, he instructs at his own Vodoun house, and is a respected member of several influential magick orders, including the Ordo Templi Noctis, Ordo Ascensum Aetyrnalis, OTOA, LCN and the Order of the Thirteenth Judgement.

Dante is well-known for his clairvoyant prophecy and highly sought after for custom ritual work. To learn more about how he can change your life, go to his website.

Further Reading

BecomeALivingGod.com/DanteAbiel

Facebook.com/DanteAbiel

About Anima Noira



Anima became a professional magician at a tender age following the Spirits' call and the encouragement of Vodun priests. She sought perfection of her spiritual skills in the heat of the battle, working as a spiritual advocate – counseling, uncrossing and healing those in need and teaching the forbidden arts to the public. She resides in Prague, Czech Republic, a city which once bore the title of the capital of European esotericism. She welcomes your commentary and experience at her website.

Further Reading

AncestralMagick.com

Facebook.com/AnimaNoira

About Charles Cosimano



Charles Cosimano, also known as “Uncle Chuckie”, is the world’s leading expert of psionic terrorism. In fact, several authorities credit Charles with psionically influencing the outcomes of major political and military events. An inventor of many original radionics box prototypes, he’s written over 13 grimoires showing aspirants how to exploit electronic technology to gain unlimited magick power.

To download his entire library of written works for free, visit his personal resources below.

Further Reading

CharlesCosimano.com

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About Semjaza & Vamperess

Semjaza and Vamperess Imperium have been practicing mainly Qliphotic initiation, Chaos and O.N.A./Thelema Magic(k), while astral impulses of Sataninsam have been granted to them through manifold anti-cosmic practices assigned to different religions. Both striving to excel the hindrance and restraints of the causal forms, the mundane barriers, exceeding themselves to physical, ethical and spiritual limits. While being determined to unite as one under the wings of Ama Lilith and Samael the black, for Qayin is the only Son.

During the years, the main area of focus has been the Promethean light, that can be linked to all the male and female adversarial deities through all the aeons. Furthermore, it is those of the Order of Promethean Fyre, that will hear the call and become one of the breed.

Further Reading

Facebook.com/pages/Thy-Darkened-Shade/
391172430930927

About Jason Miller



Jason (Rev. Inominandum) has devoted the last 17 years to studying Witchcraft and Magick in its many forms. He has traveled to and lived in New Orleans to study Hoodoo, in Europe to study Witchcraft, and in Nepal to study tantra. Miller is a member of the Chthonic Ouranian Temple, the Ordo Templi Orientis and the Sangreal Sodality, as well as an initiated Tantrika in the Nyingma and Bon lineages of Tibet. He is a regular contributor to *Behutet*, a journal of Magick. Miller lives with his wife on the New Jersey shore, where he practices and teaches Magick professionally.

Further Reading

Inominandum.com

[Facebook.com/Inominandum](https://www.facebook.com/Inominandum)

About Eric Colon



Eric is a Tata Nkisi from the Line of Engando Cuaba Moanafilo Batalla Mayombe Saca empeno and also a Tata Nkisi of Lemba Congo kriyumba engo with more than 37 years of experience in Kardecian spiritists groups, 11 years as a mayombero and 5 years as a Priest of yemaya in the Lukumi Tradition.

Further Reading

Palo-Mayombe.com

About Phil Farber



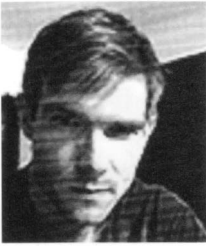
Phil is a writer, hypnotist, NLP trainer, ritualist, and consciousness explorer. He is best known for his book on ritual magick, *FutureRitual: Magick for the 21st Century*, and as the creator of Meta-Magick, a system of practice combining elements of magick, NLP, hypnosis, and more.

Further Reading

Meta-Magick.com

[Facebook.com/Phil.Farber](https://www.facebook.com/Phil.Farber)

About Michael Wood



Michael Wood first came to magick through Taoism fifteen years ago. The Left Hand Path discovered him as he searched for a system free of dogmatic bullshit. Since then, he has unabashedly stolen from all manner of occult systems, including the greater mystery schools, religions, and arrangements of belief. His insatiable need for ascension transformed a less than glamorous childhood into an Ivy League education and a six figure career. He's never looked back.

Further Reading

[Facebook.com/Mike.Wood.948494](https://www.facebook.com/Mike.Wood.948494)

About Nestor Avalos



Nestor grew into a serious artist of the left hand path through intense loneliness. In a period of profound isolation away from human contact, he encountered his authentic spiritual self, and finally began asking important questions, challenging his own integrity. It was a painful process of purification, but the pathworking now defines him artistically.

Further Reading

BecomeALivingGod.com/NestorAvalos

[Facebook.com/NestorAvalosZarateOfficialBlackArtsSite](https://www.facebook.com/NestorAvalosZarateOfficialBlackArtsSite)

About Zac Shiffer



From an early age, Zac was always interested in creating, whether it meant drawing with crayons and markers or putting together elaborate battle scenes with his toy figures. For as long as he can remember, his life has been a path to discover his connection to the universe. He has attempted to merge his art with magical study and ritual, upon the realization that the two are more connected than one might think from a surface level. The vein of both being a manifestation of ideas, vision and will into the world.

His work searches for beauty and ugliness through the light and darkness within the conflicting emotions and rawness that resides within the human experience. Beneath layers of symbolism, lies a deeper and more complex perspective of life, death and rebirth.

Further Reading

Cvmpatientia.com

[Instagram.com/ZacShiffer](https://www.instagram.com/ZacShiffer)

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Would you like us to publish your literary or visual artwork in our next *Anthology of Sorcery*?

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About BecomeALivingGod

Become A Living God is Earth's premier source for magick education. We specialize in helping aspiring sorcerers experience lifelong Magick Ascent. Our comprehensive catalog features books and video courses on everything from divination, evocation, and soul travel, to pathworking, and spellcasting.

Become A Living God stands out, because we emphasize the importance of developing practical magick skills, and empower magicians to get a world class education without initiation.

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Further Reading

BecomeALivingGod.com

