

ISSUE 5
MALEFICARUM NIGRA
CLAVICULA NOX
Magic & Mayhem



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*Percussimus foedus cum Morte et cum
Luciferi fecimus pactum.*

CLAVICULA NOX : *Magic & Mayhem*

ISSUE 5

MALEFICARUM NIGRA

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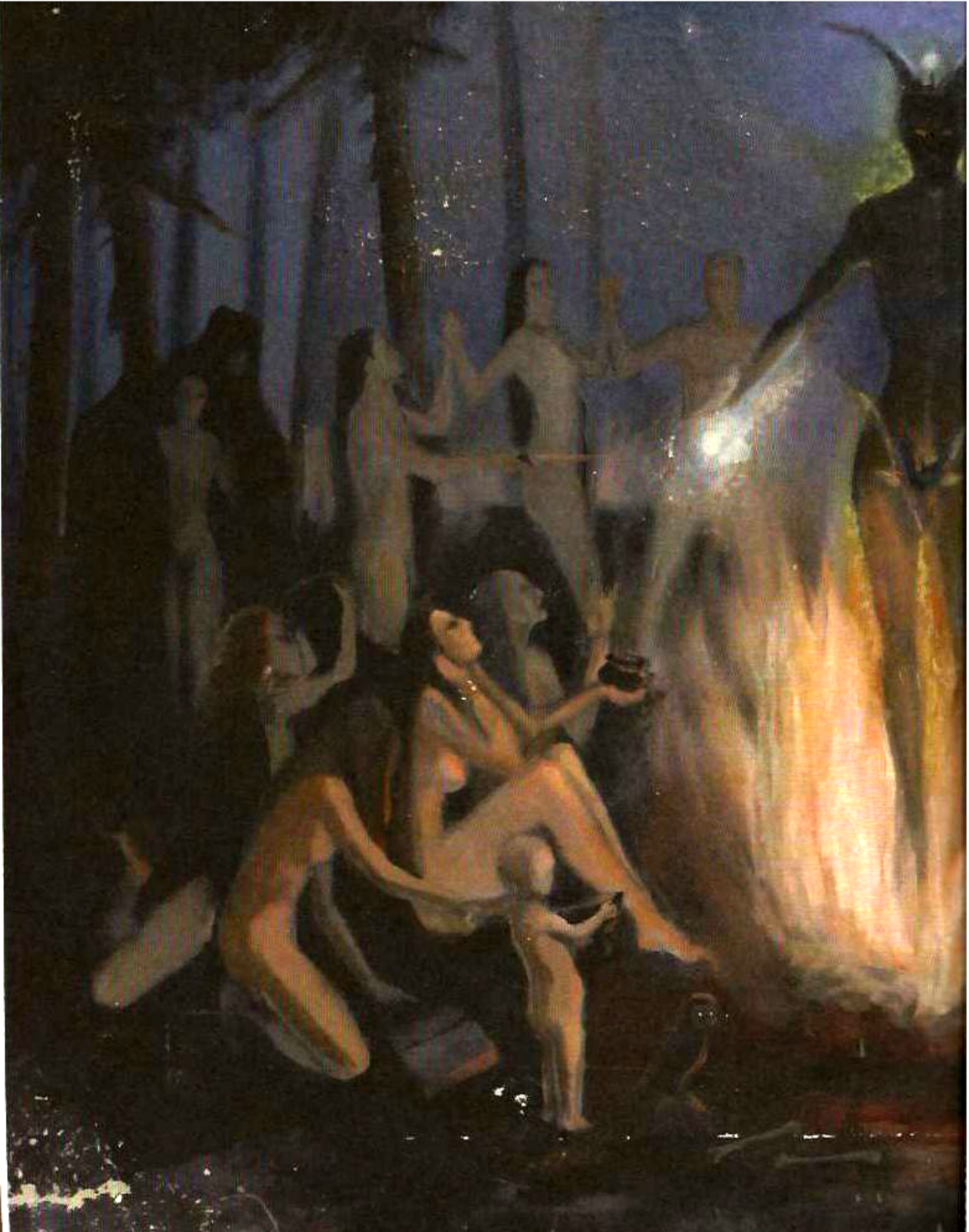
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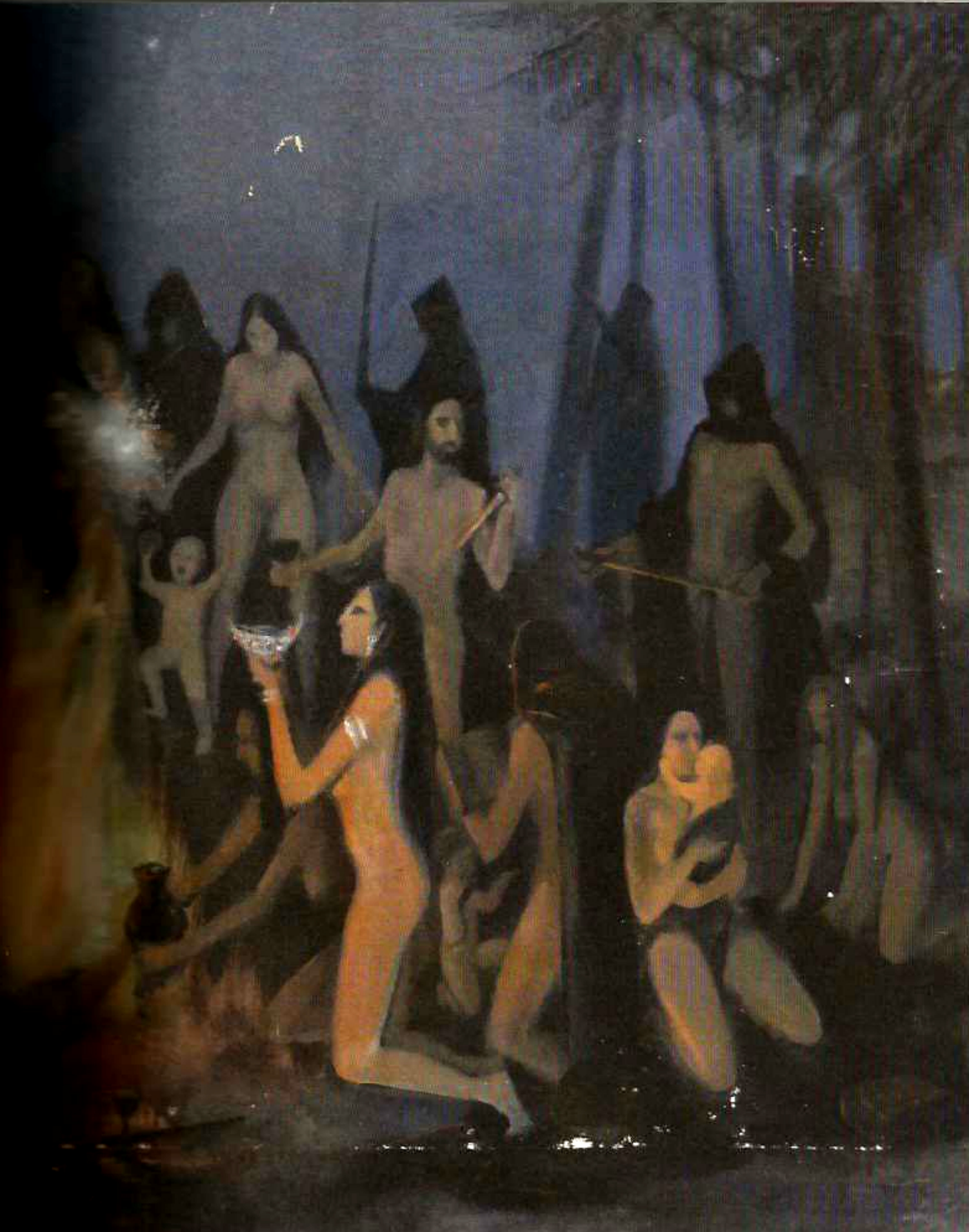
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*Honouring the Covenant to the forbidden
teachings of Traditional-Diabolism & Sorcery.*









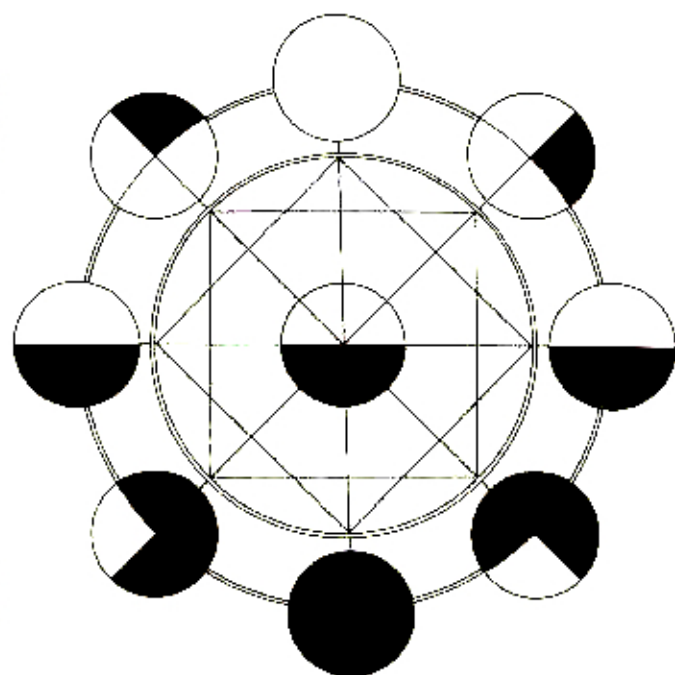
Proem

The Wheel turns
through the seasons of the year
As day turns to night turns to day
The mind of the wise touches Beyond where
Dark intentions re-veil The Way.

On any point of the Wheel's Great Turning,
The Wise join as Goddess and God
Dying, Living, the past for burning,
By Disk, Cup, Sword and Rod.

Each bright Season contains its own Dark Twin.
As Life renews so Death reigns below
For Life must die to be born within
Embracing the Dark the path is shown.

In opposites the wheel is spun.
In Light and Dark the year is done.
As Light gives way the Dark is come
Doors open to the Wise where
the Way is shown.



Wyrd by G.

Samhain



Yule

- Winter Solstice

Earth is sleeping behind its shield of iron
Rest beneath while preparing The Way
Darkness ruling, sun bows to darkest night
Feast of Saturnalia -- revel ye may.

Gather in the Log of Yule,
Light and take warmth from the dying of the Earth.
Taste this year's harvested fruits
Prepare the way for the New Year's Birth.

Enjoy the things of Darkest night
The deepest forests of the dark
Dare to live as once was right
And listen for Lilith's owl -- Hark!

With the sword of knowledge now
Carve from wood the rod of power
Bless it with the life within
Into thy hand this wintry hour.

Death the end of life begins the journey again
The veil of the spirit world grows thin.
Our Ancestors wait beyond the pale to guide the Way
Following Persephone down the tunnels of Hades' winding.

From the ending comes a new beginning
Delving into the waters of the cup, knowledge gained here
The spirit sees itself and knows that winning
Means facing its fears in dark caverns of the wyrd.

Sleep then and learn from lessons beyond the pale
Yet be not afraid of the night
The lanterns of the God will light the path through the veil
Of dreams returning into light.

Return with cheer then and prepare the feast
For the long dark night is past
Raise a glass to Gods, the spirits and the beasts
Met within the glass.

Imbolc

Light returning to the Earth above,
Heralding signs of new birth now
Blossoming with the potent love
Showing through that prepared below.

From earth come forth the things asleep
To new life crawling upon the earth.
Forget not they come from fathoms deep
Fashioned by the dreaming birth.

Life itself from dark returning
The Dark Ones seek the caves beneath.
The harshness of the sun's light burning
They yearn to rest till under the heath.

Yet with the waxing light comes promise,
The Night forgets not all its sons.
Call 'pon shelter of the Goddess' arms
And rest there as Nature wakes the Sun.

Oestre

Life celebrates birth with wanton shining
As the Dark Ones prepare the fuels for the fires to come.
The life of Spring is but short repining
As the Night gathers its armies to the unheard drum.

Day is even with sister night
The heart of life beats strong
With joy and fullheart cheer aright
For this cannot last ere long.

The trees talk now of protecting boughs
Full yielding their branches sustaining fruit,
Hare heralds the coming in again now
As the Maiden returns with underworld suit.

Lead on then and listen to the trees
Nurture them well to hide thy ways,
The Tree its own World sees
Yet reaches down where stray not days.

Beltain

The fires are lit, the flames are leap'd
In praise of Sun and all things of power
Use now the strength of the light that seep'd
Into this world to build your dark tower.

Rest though in the short hours of the dark
Walpurgis gathering round the fire
Dance the erected may pole bark
Create the seeding of your desire.

Let not the things of light detract
From the Way you chose deep within,
Use the power of Brother Sun's pact
With Sister Moon to further dark and deepen sin.

Yet choose this Path not for its own sake,
But for the Path of thine own mind.
Know that by the Beltain Fire the Snake
Within will slowly start to unwind.

Litha

— Summer Solstice

Now is the time of the dying of the Oak-King,
Hail the return of nurturing dark as the Sun bows away,
To the Dark-Gods a hymn now sing,
Bringing the darkness and shunning the day.

Time for the Earth to destroy that which is made
As we look to gather the weeds for burning.
Turn with the Earth to the Dark as it bade,
With now the disc of Arte re-turning.

Day starts its underworld journey again,
Giving way to dark and things of the night,
The turning-point is felt by all witch-bane
Prepare then to burn and turn the bight.

Celebrate now the Dark Ones' coming,
Give offering in the black of night,
In forest or glade where shade is looming,
Convene there with your covine sight.

Lughnasadh

Now is the start of the first gathering-in
The making first bread from the corn that was grown
At the feast of John Barleycorn harvesting-in
From the growing time of Year that which was sown.

Preparing the land for the great reaping
Cutting and threshing the grain that grew.
Bake the bread now with goodness heaping
Feasting now the reaper's slew.

Give of your bounty in endless praising
Up to the Horned One and His Lady fair.
Sing of their neverending raising
Of all with your earnest prayer.

The candles now are waxed for the votive fair,
Make ready for sacrifice soon to be.
Give back to Earth that which was ta'en
In dark, in light, your blessings be.

Mabon

Gather weed, cut down and harvest that ye will.
The blood of the past feeds the earth,
Giving fuel for the rise of the Winter King still.
Begin the cleansing for the dead ones' rebirth.

Night is even with brother day
Once more the Earth greets the souls beyond.
From across the veil now hear their calling,
Answer then and keep the memory strong.

The Great Oak drops his acorns,
Seeding the earth for the next round.
Gather in his fruits and give ye thanks.
For all that lies within the ground.

Prepare to welcome once more the spirits
Wander the dark paths with new lessons learned.
May all that went before sustain you
As the ground now be cleared, the past is burned.

An ending is but a Beginning — Envoi

The Wheel turns now to return to the veil's thinning,
As night turns to day turns to night.
The mind of the wise touches Beyond beginning,
Pilgrims journey from dark to light.

With the company of Dark Gods,
The traveller sees and learns anew
That the power for change lies within
The Way a mirror that shows but true.

By Disk the turning of the seasons put,
By Cup the visions guide the way,
By Sword the sustaining needs are cut,
By Rod the Pilgrim his power lay.

In opposites the wheel is spun.
In Light and Dark the year is done.
As Light gives way the Dark is come
Doors open to the Wise where the Way is shown.



ASENATH MASON

The Way of the Night

In 1502, a French peasant, Pierre Bourgot met three black horsemen while searching his scattered flocks. One of them promised him relief from all his troubles if he would serve him as a lord and master. Soon the sheep were found and Bourgot agreed to bind the bargain and swore fealty by kissing the horseman's left hand, which was black and cold as ice. The stranger, whose name was later revealed as Moyset, was either the servant of the Devil or the Devil himself. He asked Bourgot to deny Christianity and promised him gold and pleasures of flesh in return for his service. At the trial which was conducted nineteen years later, Bourgot confessed to attending sabbats and using spells and magic ointments to change into wolf and to gain bestial strength. As a wolf, he reputedly attacked children to eat their flesh and mated with real wolves. After that he put on his clothes and changed into man again. This story is one of the most famous accounts of lycanthropy, witchcraft and Devil worship. Before the world became ruled by mass media which advocate rationality, spread deception and brain-washing, and invert the old beliefs, the European lore was full of folk tales and legends of spirits, demons, and creatures which lurked behind the cloak of darkness, threatening unwary wanderers and teaching the secrets of the Night to those who sought them. The Devil himself came out of the underworld to meet witches and sorcerers at the crossroads and roamed the fields with his wild horde of phantoms in the hour of midnight. Today these nocturnal phenomena happen as well. Spirits and demons still lurk in the dark and the Midnight Hunter still leads his horde through the wilderness between worlds and dimensions. The only difference is that people choose not to hear the sounds of the Night, turning the TV up in the safe shelter of their apartments, while historians and researchers explain the holy terror of Darkness merely with psychological terms or simply reject it as superstition. But the mysteries of the Night cannot be defined by the same symbolism as events of the Day. The Kingdom of the Night is the realm of the Irrational, the Unknown, the Unexplained. It is the unholy time of dreaming consciousness, sacred terror, which lies outside the boundaries of reason. And it can still be accessed by those who seek to be transformed by the Primal Essence of the Night.

The Way of the Night or *Via Nocturna* is the practice of stepping into the Dark in order to meet the Devil, the Unholy Initiator, and to experience mystical transformation of the soul

by attending the feast of terror, ecstasy and liberation through transgression of mundane laws and limitations. These mysteries include the pact with the Devil, the midnight ride with Death, the orgiastic festival of the Sabbat, and the journey to the Underworld where the soul is stripped from mundane attachments, dissected on the altar of the Horned Lord, transformed, and finally resurrected to the world at Sunrise.

The Dark Initiator appears at the crossroads at the stroke of midnight. He draws blood from the sorcerer's left hand in order to sign the contract. It was believed that the pact written in the signer's own blood carried his life-force and thus gave away the soul to the Devil. The motifs were usually quite mundane, the love of men or women, honors, riches, and carnal pleasures. But there were also sorcerers who sought power in itself, knowledge and wisdom hidden behind the cloak of Darkness. To those seekers the Devil appeared as the mediator between the world of man and the kingdom of the Night. He bestowed mystical death and initiation upon their souls and opened the way to the Dark Side so that they could fly through the borders of the worlds in the trance of midnight ecstasy. After signing the pact, the Devil was believed to leave an imprint on the Initiate's soul. This imprint is the mysterious Mark of the Beast, symbol of the awakened third eye that opens access to divine senses. It is sometimes identified with the "mark of Cain" which he received from God when he was cursed and exiled to become "a restless wanderer on the earth." Depending on occult tradition, it is interpreted as a horn which grows out of Cain's forehead, or an imprint which was formed when Cain was hit by the jewel from the crown of falling Lucifer, or an emblem of his demonic heritage, marking him as the Son of the Serpent. Regardless of interpretation, the mark always represents awakened consciousness, the spark of Divinity Within which ignites the fire of lust for knowledge and power, "the spiritual desire of sin" by which we are tempted to pursue own self-deification. The Devil's imprint marks the Initiate as the descendant of Cain, the wanderer on the path of exile and transgression, the solitary traveler on the Way of the Night.

The rites of the Night are based on the concept of mystical transformation of the mundane into the spiritual. The meeting place of these two realms is the crossroads, the mystical point from which the practitioner can access all worlds, planes, and dimensions, ascending to the heights of heavens and descending to the depths of the underworld along the *axis mundi*, the spine of the universe. The crossroads are also the point where the waking and the dreaming realms intersect and infuse each other with visions and desires. Here, the wanderer on the Path of the Night meets the Unholy Initiator and opens the gateways of the soul by spilling one's own blood and signing the pact with the Dark Side. Finally, here also begins the journey to the Sabbat, the unholy conclave of dreaming souls. In order to get there, the initiate has to summon the Grim Reaper himself, the one who separates the soul from the flesh and opens the way for the trance of midnight ecstasy.

The formula of spiritual transformation through the journey with Death is prevalent across the Northern, the Western and the Central Europe in the folk tale of the Wild Hunt. The myth represents the sacred allegory of initiatory death and spiritual liberation upon the nocturnal journey with the cavalcade of phantoms to the heart of the underworld. Depending on the region, the Wild Hunt is also known as Woden's Hunt, Cain's Hunt or *Wilde Jagd*, and among leaders of the horde legends mention such figures as Woden, Knecht Ruprecht, Berehta, Holda (Germanic folklore), Herne the Hunter (Celtic god of the woods), or Hellequin, the black-faced emissary of the Devil (France). The Midnight Hunter is the Horned God of witchcraft, the Devil of the Underworld, or the black lord of Saturnian mysteries of death and spiritual transformation. Sometimes he is the Grim Reaper himself. In the hour of midnight he leaves the underworld with a phantasmal group of specters, souls of the dead, fairies, werewolves, and demons, and the whole retinue roams in a wild pursuit across the land, abducting mortals to the underworld in order to release their souls from the bonds of flesh. In folk accounts the hunters were described as black and terrifying, riding on black horses or black goats, accompanied by black and broad-eyed hounds and ravens. It was believed that seeing the cavalcade was an omen of catastrophe, war, or plague, and the death of the one who witnessed it. The Midnight Hunter had the power to separate the soul from the flesh and to pull people's spirits away to join the Wild Hunt during their sleep. Common people who took part in the ride were found disoriented and confused, having lost the sense of time and place, not always remembering the happenings of the night. Witches and sorcerers returned empowered and transformed by the ecstatic soul-flight and the initiatory descent into the underworld.

The legendary time of the Wild Hunt is winter, the season of Saturn, the Death Reaper, who presides over the Twelve Nights of Yule, days which belong neither to the Old Year nor to the New Year. At this time cosmic order is suspended and the rule in the universe is seized by the Primordial Chaos. In the European folklore it was the time when the world-order was reversed, humans became werewolves, and the dead left the underworld to feast with the living. It was the Feast of Saturn, the Supreme Lord of Time, the Reaper of Souls. The cavalcade appears at midnight, which is neither past, present, nor future, in the mystical moment of non-being, when the profane time is shattered and a crack opens between dimensions. They ride between the realms of sleeping and waking, separating spirits from their material vessels and summoning them to join the ecstatic soul-flight, announcing the beginning of the passage with the sound of the Hunter's horn. The living are taken to the underworld to visit their dead relatives and ancestors. Sometimes they are transformed into phantoms or werewolves during their journey with the spectral retinue of horsemen. This flight of the soul is a recurrent theme in witchcraft, sabbatic traditions, shamanic mysteries, or pacts with the Devil signed with blood at the crossroads of the worlds. The Midnight Hunter is the Horned Lord of the Sabbat, the psychopomp who guides the souls beyond

limitations of flesh, expands human awareness beyond mundane senses, and initiates the seekers into the mysteries of the Night. He invites the wanderer on the Way of the Night to fly with him between the worlds, in ecstatic trance of frenzy, accompanied by roaring, horn blowing, and wild cries which can be heard but remain invisible to the eyes of the ignorant. It is the trance of limitless ecstasy, dynamic journey which transforms the soul and opens the senses for the experience of Primal Darkness, the source behind Creation. For the uninitiated, however, such a shift of consciousness results either in madness or in death.

The sabbatic gathering occurs both on the material plane and in the astral sphere of dreams. In the initial phase it involves ecstatic trances and practices which put the material vessel of the soul to sleep, while the mind remains fully awakened. The spirit separates from the body and ascends the astral plane to join ecstatic flight with demons and other dreaming souls, and to experience unholy communion with The Horned Lord himself or with the Queen of Night, the lady of the Sabbat, sometimes believed to lead the wild retinue of ghosts and phantoms together with the Midnight Hunter. One of the legendary gifts of the Dark Initiator is the skill of shape-shifting. Transformation begins on the mundane level, by means of applying magical ointments and oils on the skin, or by wearing masks and costumes representing the animal or creature whose shape and skills the practitioner wants to acquire. Then, by using trance-inducing techniques, such as intoxicants, hallucinogens, specific breathing patterns, sex, dancing, running, chanting, etc. the body is put into comatose slumber and the soul is released to ascend and fly with spirits and demons between worlds and dimensions. Descriptions of such transformations are known from many literary accounts in Europe, from ancient times until the previous century. Warriors changed into wolves or bears for the battle by wearing their skin and acquired fierceness and strength associated with these animals. Sorcerers shape-shifted into wild beasts to travel through the planes and perform *malefica*. Witches assumed animal shape to fly to sabbatic gatherings. It was believed that certain animal forms were suitable for travelling, while others served to acquire skills and strength needed for specific magical work. For instance, witches and sorcerers changed themselves into mice, cats, locusts, toads, or other small animals so that they could creep through small holes in the ground or through the walls, after which they regained human shape. In order to fly to the Sabbat, which was usually held on peaks of mountains or in the wilderness, they turned into owls, ravens, or bats. When they wanted to harm their enemies, they assumed shapes of terrifying beasts, venomous snakes, werewolves, blood-sucking vampires, or other legendary creatures of the Night. They lurked for their victims by the roads, fields and in the forests, waiting for a chance to grab them, or they squeezed through the windows when their victims were sleeping to suck their life force, poison their dreams and strangle their children.

The art of shape-shifting combines metamorphosis of the astral body with the shift of



consciousness into atavistic, primordial instincts of the beast. Human consciousness is temporarily lost and the practitioner acquires animal powers, such as extraordinary strength, acute senses, or enhanced agility. Human nature is put aside and the person is driven by pure instincts and urges, lust, aggression, thirst for blood, and raw savageness – hence the legendary image of a werewolf as a senseless beast which attacks even the closest relatives in a fit of rage, tearing their bodies apart and feeding on their flesh and blood. This is a mystical communion with the personal “animal soul” and the archetypal ancestral consciousness. Transformation into a beast of the Night opens access to these hidden depths of the Self where the primordial atavistic memory lies buried under the layers of cultural indoctrination and conditioning. By wearing animal disguise, ecstatic trances, intoxicants, and hallucinogenic substances contained in magical potions and ointments, these layers are stripped down and what remains is the inner Beast, identified in the Jungian psychology as the Shadow, the dark, repressed aspects of consciousness. Its archetypal image in the European lore is the werewolf, the *lycanthropos*, nocturnal predatory beast feared by humans and animals, demonic, blood-thirsty creature, preying at night to satisfy its violent instincts. By releasing this part of the soul through rites that induce ecstasy and allow for the change of form, the practitioner embraces this dark primal essence of the Night inherited from human animal ancestors. This is spiritual *therianthropy*, the experience of primordial soul-flight which occurs in the state of dream-like ecstasy, when the boundaries between the worlds melt and disappear. In the “beast trance” the practitioner experiences mystical regression to a consciousness which is pre-human and pre-evolutionary. This has to be a voluntary condition, used to empower the soul in its spiritual ascent, otherwise it can bind the person to one’s low instincts and bodily urges, thus resulting in regress rather than progress on one’s magical path.

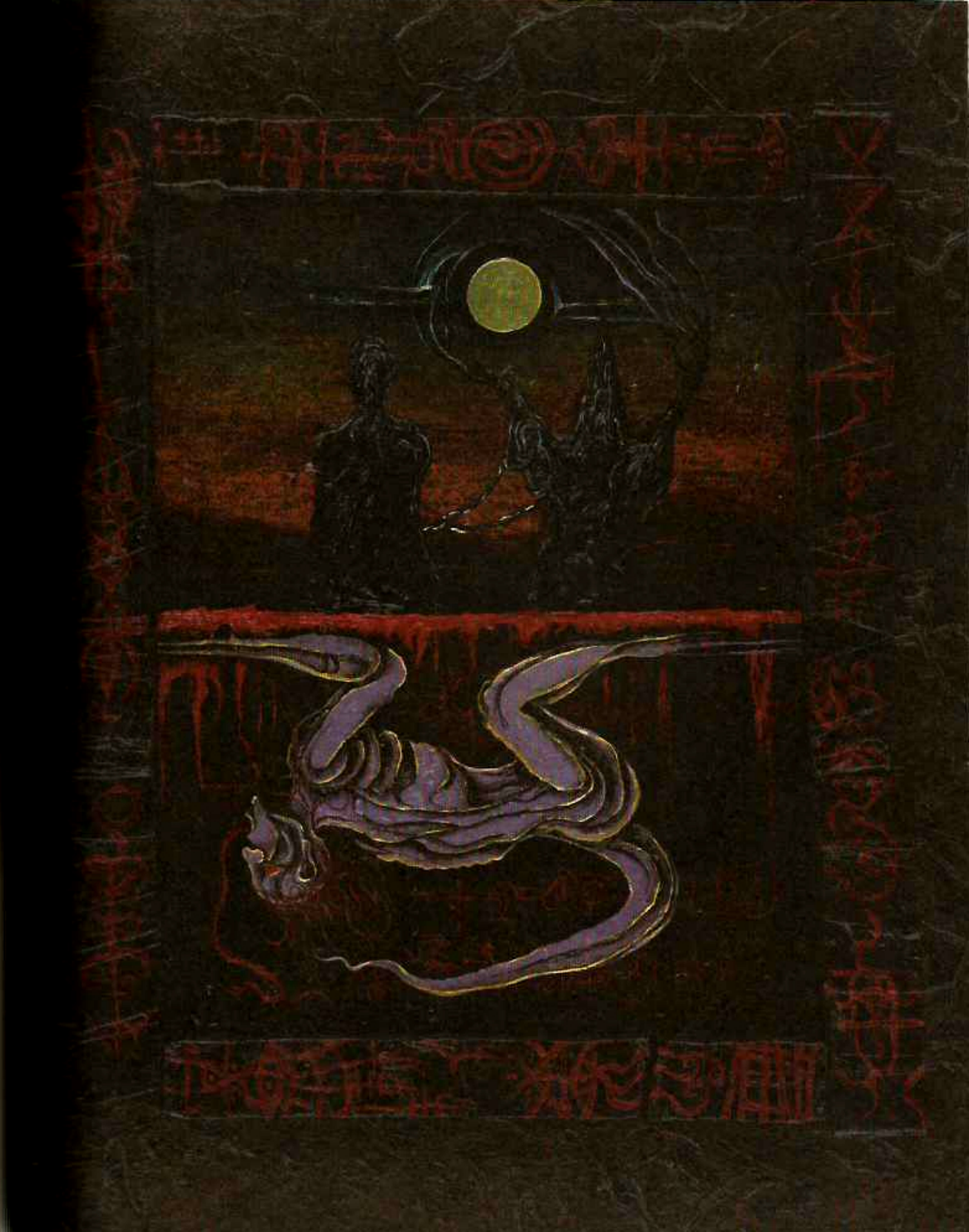
The world of the dead, the eternal Kingdom of the Night accessed through the rites of *Via Nocturna*, is believed to be an inverted image of the world of the living. Accordingly, in the rites of the Night the world order is turned upside-down and the conventional values are inverted. To open the crack between time and space, we have to dance widdershins against the laws of the universe and return to the primordial source of the Night, the essence behind Creation. This is the sabbatic *Hexentanz*, the initiatory regression to the root of primal consciousness. For this reason nocturnal rites include those practices which are viewed in the mundane world as perverse, unlucky, evil, or forbidden. Here we encounter the infamous rituals of the Devil’s Sabbat, the Black Mass, and other legendary works of blasphemy and sacrilege. Blood sacrifices, murder of animals and humans, cannibalism, and the experience of the divine through perverse sexual practices were common elements in these rituals. Participants of the Sabbat reputedly recited the Lord’s Prayer backwards, worshipped the Devil by *Osculum Infame*, renounced religion and sacraments, and desecrated the hosts. They spat and urinated on crucifixes, sacrificed unbaptized babies, feasted on their flesh

and blood and made potions of their fat. They danced widdershins naked around the fire, back to back, as this was considered obscene and perverse, and finally the whole ceremony culminated in free indulgence of lust, with participants copulating with the Devil and the demons. In a similar way, the infamous Black Mass included such practices as consecrating the hosts over women's genitals, drinking menstrual blood or semen, sacrifices, sexual excesses and other accounts of transgression which characterized the ceremony as the parody and reversal of the Christian mass.

Regardless whether these descriptions were only a myth or if these practices really took place in the dreaming world, they can still be used as examples of antinomian de-programming, inspiring us to strip down the layers of social and psychological conditioning or simply to make our magical practice more exciting. The key term in the rites of the Night is "the law of reversal" – acting against the commonly accepted world-order, inverting conventional values so as to tear the veil of social and cultural indoctrination and to return to the heart of Primal Chaos. This is a taboo-breaking, antinomian way of liberating the spirit in a limitless trance of unrestrained freedom. But this quest is always individual and requires facing personal taboos and inhibitions. Obviously, the Black Mass with its blasphemous anti-Christian elements will not be liberating to someone who is not Christian. Sexual orgy will not bring freedom from moral restraints to a swinger. And ritual nakedness will not be ground-breaking for a nudist. The thrill of liberation is only achieved when the employed practice transcends that which lies within the borders of safety, morality, routine, or convention. By exploring that which seems repulsive, dangerous or forbidden, we transgress our limitations. What was disgusting becomes fascinating and is embraced with joy and delight, as this is the Law of Reversal, the Sacred Regression, the Way of the Qliphoth. The Lord of the Sabbat is black and ugly, repulsive and obscene, yet at the same time awakens lust in participants of the festival. Sexual congress with the Devil is painful and abusive, yet it is often described as torment mingled with delight, culminating with madness of sensuality. The Devil whips, tortures, and abuses participants of the Sabbat, inflicting pain but at the same time ecstatic pleasure, thus transforming the whole celebration into an unholy feast of flesh with a sacrilegious combination of sadism and masochism.

The whole concept of *Via Nocturna* is based on the principle of reversal. It rejects the Light and affirms the Dark. It occurs in a wilderness, in a desolate, hidden place, as opposed to structured, civilized world of man. This is the heart of Primordial Night. Celebrations are usually held at night, at the time of the full or dark moon, which is the mythical time of werewolves and *malefica*, works of darkness that are hidden from the light of the day. Its essence is unconstrained freedom on all possible levels of existence, sacred transgression of mundane laws and regulations. Here, the world of man is replaced by its inverted and distorted version: the heavenly by the infernal, the conscious by the unconscious, the right

by the left, the waking by the sleeping, the rational by the irrational, the godly by the bestial, the day by the night. Illumination is sought in Darkness. The Unholy Initiator is black and terrifying. He embodies the terror of death and the dreadful essence of the Grim Reaper who cuts the cord that binds the soul to its incarnate vessel. This act of liberation is feared because it separates the soul from the safe, predictable world of mundane existence. Even in spiritual sense initiatory "death" evokes much anxiety and many contemporary forms of magic tend to avoid the holy terror of the Grim Reaper in their paradigm of occult initiation. But the return to the Womb of Darkness is necessary to be transformed and reborn as the Initiate of the Dark Side. The Midnight Ride can be terrifying but it is also rewarding and inspiring. And once you experience the primal ecstasy of the Night and return to the world changed by its transforming essence, enriched with the divine inspirational knowledge, it can become a powerful vehicle of your personal spiritual ascent. Well, at least if you manage to retain a certain degree of sanity to survive the transformation and embrace what it may bring. The Way of the Night is the transition into primal ecstasy through the experience of "death," when the soul is separated from the body and taken into the funeral carriage of the Midnight Hunter. This spirit-journey, the cavalcade of ghosts, and the nocturnal meeting with the Dark Initiator at the crossroads of the worlds, are the distinctive elements of going forth by Night. The mystical transformation of the soul through the nocturnal flight is revived and reawakened, and the limitations of the senses are shattered in the ecstasy of unconstrained freedom of the spirit.





West Country Curse-Magic

by Gemma Garr

Footstep Magic

Much of traditional magic relies on the obtaining of a connection or 'magical link' with the object of the working, allowing the practitioner to win influence over the target of their work. These conduits of connection; be they the knots touched to warts, or bodily substances collected by stealth and incorporated into a poppet or magical likeness, may be employed by the practitioner to exert their will and influence for either beneficent or malefic results. Footstep magic is no exception, and is a very potent method for establishing a magical link as a tool for 'double-ways' working, and may be employed for the purposes of healing; to 'pin down' and diminish an ailment via an iron nail and the footstep made at the moment of the ailment's attack. However, the particular method here to be described would tend to be more often employed for malefic intent. The footstep, or footprint, is a most personal mark; it is the mark of one's path through life, and a trail left behind that may be followed magically like fire along gunpowder. The boot that leaves the mark bares the scars of every step its owner has made in them, thus being a good part of the reason why shoes and boots are often found concealed within the fabric of houses as a folk-magical decoy for any maleficia directed towards their owner, much in the same manner as a bottle filled with hair, nail parings and bodily fluids.

If a good footprint left by an individual to be worked upon can be found, then a practitioner can have a potent influence over them. With great care, the footprint must be lifted, and removed to the practitioner's place of working. Here, thread and pin magic are employed to contain and secure the magical link with the footprint's maker. The footprint is skillfully fenced in by use of such things as sins, thorns, small sticks or matches, to 'pin down' the essence of the target of the working. The act of pinning is also magically symbolic of the injection of will or influence. These 'fence-posts' are then carefully woven round and around with thread; an act of binding the strand of fate and future life path of the individual unto the influence of the practitioner, be it for good or for ill and via whichever methods are most suited to the results desired. This is not a working of brevity, but one in which, via the keeping of the fenced-in footstep is to be worked slowly and carefully executed over a long period of time.

The Lead and Nail Spell

Another method of working that may be employed for a variety of needs, for good or for ill; is the lead and nail spell, although it, like footstep magic, may more usually have been employed for the execution of a curse. It is again a spell intended to last and to work over a long period of time, and thus the immortal lead is employed. It calls upon the aid of chthonic force and an iron nail, representing the will of the practitioner, is employed to 'pin down' the magic and to exert the magical influence over the target of the working.

A sheet of lead is to be obtained which, it is said, will be all the more potent if it has been stolen from the roof or windows of a church. A hammer and a good iron nail are required also, and these are to be taken, under the cover of midnight, to a churchyard. Here, in the area outside the north door, the Circle of arte is to be worked, and a small hole dug before the chthonic force is raised by circumambulation and low chanting.

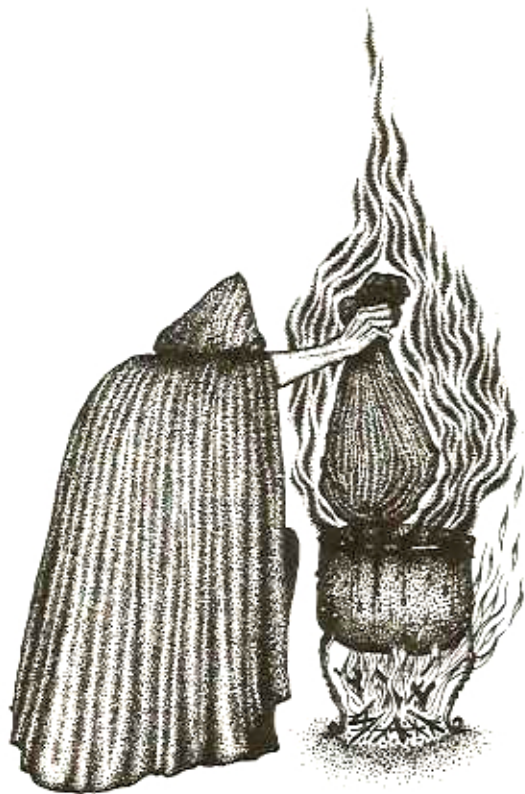
Kneeling before the hole, and by the light of a single lantern, the iron nail is taken in hand to inscribe the words of intent, along with any pertinent signs, into the sheet of lead, all the while with the intent of the working being muttered over it.

The lead sheet is then to be rolled up, with the inscribed side being innermost, and placed within the hole. The hammer and the nail are then to be taken up, and the nail held point downward over the roll of lead. As the words of intent are uttered a final time, the nail is struck right through the lead, pinning it to the ground. The hole is filled in being mindful to replace the turf and take every care to ensure no visual signs are left of the ground having been disturbed, less your spell be discovered.

The Parsley and the Cursing Psalm

In West Country tradition, the Parsley is quite possessed of an evil reputation, thus it may be employed within magical workings of malefic intent. Within all such workings and rites, the parsley may be burnt whilst the curses and words of intent are uttered into the rising smoke as it issues forth. Within Cornish magical tradition, all workings of blasting against enemies and wrongdoers are aided by the employment of the 109th Psalm:

"Hold not thy peace, O God of my praise; for the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying tongue. They compassed me about also with words of hatred; and fought against me without a cause. For my love they are my adversaries: but I give myself unto prayer. And they have rewarded me evil for good, and hatred for my love. Set thou a wicked man over him: and let Satan stand at his right hand. When he shall be judged, let him be condemned: and let his prayer become sin. Let his days be few; and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places. Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let the strangers spoil his labour. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him: neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children. Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out. Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out. Let them be before the Lord continually, that he may cut off the memory of them from the earth. Because that he remembered not to shew mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart. As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him: as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him. As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones. Let it be unto him as the garment which covereth him, and for a girdle wherewith he is girded continually. Let this be the reward of mine adversaries from the Lord, and of them that speak evil against my soul. But do thou for me, O God the Lord, for thy name's sake: because thy mercy is good, deliver thou me. For I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I am tossed up and down as the locust. My knees are weak through fasting; and my flesh faileth of fatness. I became also a reproach unto them; when they looked upon me they shook their heads. Help me, O Lord my God: O save me according to thy mercy: That they may know that this is thy hand; that thou, Lord, hast done it. Let them curse, but bless thou: when they arise, let them be ashamed; but let thy servant rejoice. Let mine adversaries be clothed with shame, and let them cover themselves with their own confusion, as with a mantle. I will greatly praise the Lord with my mouth; yea, I will praise him among the multitude. For he shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul."



To Summon a Curse

The Cornish witch, when seeking to conjure vengeful spirit forces and curses upon an enemy or wrongdoer, might take themselves to walk along the winding paths of the towering sea cliffs, climbing to the highest rocky outcrop. The witch shall have with them a horn, and here, looking out over the sea, their working staff in hand, the witch will conjure forth power from the darkest parts of the tumultuous 'well of emotion', and the black spirits of the wind to convey their will. The words of intent are cried out and the horn blown to summon the curse and send it forth to descend upon its quarry.

For the Punishment of an Unfaithful Lover

One must buy a new candle and its price must not be haggled over. Take the candle to the hearth with three pins and at midnight light the candle. Heat then the point of each pin within the flame before sticking them into the candle whilst uttering the following words: "*Thrice is the candle broke by me, and thrice thy heart shall broken be.*"

An Ill-Wishing Bag

Here we come to a working of true West Country 'black witchcraft'; intended to bring ill-fortune and disaster upon a person, pervading their life, work and home. To perform it, a draw-string bag of sacking material is to be made. In great secrecy, the witch must visit the property of the victim, and into the bag must be placed a little something from everything that is owned by them and is of their life and work. In the case of a farmer, for example, we are told that the witch must place such things in the bag "as a feather from the cockerels, hair from the cows etc., even nuts and bolts from the tractors, corn grinders, carts, etc." The witch will then remove the curse-bag to their place of working, and there prepare the Circle of Arte with a large iron cauldron of molten tar, bubbling over a fire. The bag is held aloft the cauldron and at great length and in great detail are curses against the victim spoken over the bag as it is lowered into the black tar, and there left for some set time. When the witch has determined the time is right, the curse-bag is lifted out of the molten tar, and hung in some place to dry and harden. When it is ready, the hardened curse-bag is taken, again in great secrecy, back to the property, and there it is to be well hidden, behind a roof timber being a favourite place for such things, and left to work its baneful influence.

To Curse an Enemy

To inflict a slow, yet terrible wasting curse upon an enemy, the witch shall collect much soot: the charm will be all the more efficacious if the soot can be gathered from the fire-back and chimney of the victim of this baneful work. The witch shall begin to make a modest loaf of bread which shall be blackened by the soot being added to the mixture. As the dough is worked, the witch shall have their mind firmly fixed upon the victim and the things they are to suffer as a result of the curse, muttering and 'working' these things into the dough. When it is ready to be baked, the witch shall hold aloft the loaf and in the Old One's name they shall 'Christen' it with the name of the victim; marking their initials upon it before it is put into the oven. The witch shall then take up a good large knife; marking it upon the hilt with the name of the one who has been wronged by the one to be cursed, and in the Old One's name it is 'Christened'. When the curse-loaf is ready, and whilst it is still quite warm, the witch will hold the knife above it and pronounce over the loaf the curse that is to fall upon the wrongdoer as the knife is plunged deep into it. The knife-stuck curser-loaf is then to be taken by the witch to some secret, dark and damp place, and there it shall be hung up and left. As the loaf disintegrates by mildew and rot, so shall the victim of the curse suffer greatly.

To Kill an Enemy

The witch, by stealth, shall carefully go about gathering things of the victim; intimate and personal in nature. Such things as nail parings, hair removed from their brush or comb, threads and pieces of fabric torn from their clothing – undergarments that are unwashed being the most potent magical link of this sort – table scraps from their meals, soot or ash from their fire, earth taken from the middle of their footprint, and anything else intimately linked with the victim the witch is able to gather over a period of time. When the collection is thought complete, the things are together bound and mixed into a viscid mixture of baneful herbs and flour paste. This execrable mass is bound round and around with string; fixing it to a stick which has been prepared especially for the working. At either end of the stick, lengths of string are affixed, and at the ends of these are two holed flint hag-stones tied. Upon a suitably unpleasant night, the witch will journey out; taking the curious device to a lonely large old oak tree. There, the device in hand, shall the witch make lengthy sinistral circumambulations and dances around the tree, all the while making dark incantations of the victim's fate. At the rite's climax, the witch shall stop; throwing the device with a shriek up as high into the tree as can be mustered. There shall the thing be left to be torn at and destroyed by the elements to bring a wasting death upon the one it represents.

The Commemoration of Lord Qayin

Nicholaj de Mattos
Frisvold



Berwick

Qayin is the progenitor of the burning Blood, he is the ancestor of the accursed race, the race of 'naturis' that moves on the borders of 'civilis,' striding both domains. He is the Father of the Sorcerer Witches. Qayin is not vulgar antimonian transgression - but the one who wields his own Fate. He is the one who attacks what is erude and worthless and shapes it with his sturty hammer into tools of the art and verterbras that erect beauty. Qayin is the need fire - the power that do what is necessary. His natural inclination was to walk the earth - but the task of building cities fell upon him. He did as the dictate gave to him to do - but he resigned the reign of any city or dwelling and handed this to his children. He himself was moved by the restless fire burning in his blood - constantly searching solace amongst his ancestors in the wooden groves. Solace he could find only in the embrace of the wings of his mother, the moon, the Bella Donna, Lord Qayin, child of the woods and sooth-black master of the forge - son of Night and the solitude of its waters carried the fire needed to light fires all over the world to combat the ignorance spread as a consequence of the Greater Exile from Eden. With the knowledge of the Moon and the Sun the mark gave him - he was also given a distinct Fate. A Fate he overcame by doing what the needfulness of his fire told him to do. By releasing wisdom from the corpse of his brother he was also cursed to light torches all over the world to ensure that the fire would never cool. By knowledge and the mark of wisdom came brooding understanding and it took the form of melancholy. The red fire of Saturn blazing within Qayin became for his children the flame of the Sorcerer, he or she who would work equally with the hand of 'merci' wisdom and protective understanding. And so began the Sorcerous path.

The sorcerous path is one of despair, fire and ecstasy playing itself out in the kingdom of the Moon. It is a call and a whisper that blazes invisibly from the mountain Qat, home of duns and sages. The sorcerer is one who by sortilege manifests Fate so She can be meided in conformity with his knowledge. Fate is overcome by understanding it and doing

what needs to be done – from this the cauldron is yours. The sorcerous Fate is the exile, where cities are erected, sojourns reached and the journey is marked by constant moments of creation and renewal.

There is continuity in the sorcerous path that brings the light of heaven downwards upon the earth. The eternal becomes temporal and subject to the circle of birth, decay and rebirth. In this we find the fluidity of the Craft. What makes this possible is fire, the power of flux throughout time. The Sorcerer moves the world from his chosen exile, always walking the borders – like Iblis marks the limit of divine possibilities. The sorcerer knows the fiery kernel of Love and becomes Iskariotes whenever the fire of need dictates. The legacy of the fire is taken from the creation prior to the creatures of clay – in this the fire of the first sorcerer finds continuation. But this fire is of a cold heat – like the light of the moon, and ignites the reality beyond the world given life by the sun. The nocturnal world – like the depths of liquid space – gives shape to fantasy and impossibility as the light contained in it manifests outward in the impossible possibilities that move the silent current of the world subtly. The First Sorcerer who we know to be Lord Qayin represents the fire of transmittance of the boiling blood of the votaries of the elder gods, the faithful ones.

The First Sorcerer was cursed by divine blessing – this accursed blessing was the gift of the eyes. The eye of Sun and the eye of Moon were opened and the landscape he saw was striding across the visible and invisible. In this lies the secret of the sorcerer's eye, the third which is a secret profound. He gained the sorcerous vision that in turn generated a social resentment, a consequence of seeing too much. While the sorcerer himself turns into a solace for civilization by his unique perspective, he himself struggles constantly in the fields of compassion and misanthropy. This dual vision brings hope, ecstasy and misery because the Sorcerer sees what is – but also beyond. He sees a world of one eyed solar beings that approach the nocturnal fire with fear and obstructive sentiments.

Lord Qayin is the solar being blessed with the opening of both eyes, by his transgression and attack upon blindness and gained the fig of good and evil. This blessing can be understood to be caused by the fire encapsulated in the rune *nand* – the need fire that makes the world tree bleed and opens the mid-quarters – symbolically, the lunar perspective gifted by the Norns as they are confronted and challenged.

As such, Lord Qayin is the fire that is never still, the author of the nail that never cools. He is the Man of Wood and the fire that burns through illusion and reveals the world red and raw and invites you to walk its scales. The sorcerous path is one of courage – for to truly see will shatter the sun and it will bring your blood to boil. A curse or a blessing – may cunning of the dexter and sinister be thine as you receive its scorching pain as a gift – as a hagstone kept as you walk towards the caverns of the Fates to take what is yours.

From this I give this rite, that for some will serve as celebration of this gift and yet for others its execution will be the beginning of dedication and a traumatic awakening from the blind slumber in the world of clay.

You need to obtain a skull in human form of bone or wood and you need to approach the wild and there search the Holly Tree. You will bring with you myrrh, olive oil, ochre, candle, arthame, wine, water and bread under the light of the moon.

Upon entering the borders of your world and the forest you shall place at the edge a pinch of myrrh and wine and you shall give the following prayer:

I have come here by the river of sadness

I have come to the edge of the world covered in the golden drops of the sun

I stand here at the edge of the world and beg my entrance

I stand here as the wick awaiting its ignition.

Receive me well land of blood

Receive my foot upon your land as a token of veneration

Bless this my foot that shall walk your scales

Bless my being that searches the stolen fire

Receive me, Bless me, I am here!

Amen!

Venture within the woods chanting silently:

Hu-Qayin-Hua-La

When the location of your calling responds to you - go there and sit down. Undress until your naked flesh is exposed to the wardens of grove and night. You will then light a single candle and anoint it with your saliva. Hold the candle in your hands as you raise it to your brow saying:

This light I give to myself. Watch me as I set my being aflame in this night.

Give to this fire the true fire where I can rise and resurrect

Place the candle in the ground and burn rich amounts of myrrh and take out the skull.

Anoint the skull with myrrh and wine and as you look into the cavities of the eye sockets recite fervently with dedication:

*My Eyes have been opened
I have eaten the fruit of the Forbidden Tree
I have become a Man of Night
By the sacrifice of the kid and
I have made Red The Mound
By his Sacrifice*

*The earth has turned into blood
I have covered myself in the earth's skin
And as a harlot I shall walk
The many worlds
I will lay naked and dead
And take all what I can take
I shall choose my Lovers amongst
The daughters of Qayin*

*And when I grow old
I shall again go to the blood stained Mound
Where I again shall kill the virgin child
And upon the Ossuary of my deed
I will prostrate like the firstborn Deval*

*Lying upon its nail
The never setting stars
Shall surround me
As I feel the dagger entering
One against both and the both against one
I will cut my flesh and let loose
The blood of Tides to come
Blackened the earth and turned
My flesh into Flames of Indigo*

*Upon the first sacrifice the last
Must be done
For only such as I and
Such as he we shall shed the skin
Of many masks to remain truly
And uniquely the same*

*Forked is the Tongue
Of Lies that turns upon
Itself to unleash the Fire
From below, leaving only
The bones to behold
And from the bones the
Sternum, Skull and Spine
Was resurrected into a purple
Cross as the winds blew
In from the quarters of the World
I shall look to the sky
And all around me
I will see the sixteen Faithful Ones
Anointing me with oil and wine
And they shall whisper within
The silence*

*The words of power that
Made the Matrix, Helix
Circle and Square*

*And as the Third sacrifice
Were consumed a child
Will be born from the ashes
White of hue with a
Golden fire burning
As a halo around his black hair
From coal dark eyes
A drop of gold will be wept
And the child will take the skull
And femur of his father
And venture out within the
World fields to build and
To destroy*

*Many times and many times yet again I shall
Shed the Hue and walk on
To make sacred my father's
Transgression*

Make me He, make me She – I am the eternal resurrection

Where the truth is an unwavering light ignited by my soul meeting his soul

Let this night be the night that gives eternal light all over the land

As I slay my soul to be the One that is within All

Amen

You will now place the skull at the roots of the tree and you will pour wine over it and offer wine and bread and yet again you will recite the words of commemoration. Doing this you will drink softly from the wine and at all times affix your gaze upon the skull. This being done you will smear the skull with earth and wine and engage a love play with the skull using your hands and eyes. Recite the commemoration a third time during this phase.

This being done, lie down and present the skull to your three eyes, your heart, your navel, genitals, feet and hands chanting at all times the sacred words: *Hu-Qayin-Hua-La*

Let the skull rest at your genitals and recite the sacred words until you feel a fire blazing from the groin through the skull and infest your body. In fire get up and place the skull at the candle and pour wine over the skull and the candle. In darkness take your knife and offer blood¹ to the skull and to the tree. This being done cut a twig from the tree anointing the wound with a kiss and saliva as you give thanks for its offering. Covered in earth and wine dress your clothes and bring the skull with you to your dwelling. Here you will light another candle for the skull that is placed at your bedding. You will shower and anoint yourself with the perfume of roses and flowers and go to bed with the twig you cut so you can watch your dreams as anise and mugwort are burned at the left side of the skull together with the candle, a glass of wine at the right side.

Upon awakening note your dreams and note the day; for a cycle of seven months you shall venerate the skull in conformity with this rite and the counsel given in dreams. In this lies your curse, blessing and cunning. For some shall perish by the fire of the skull as others shall regain life by the work of the skull – this is a matter a million times true!

¹ It should be noted that this simple and direct act of Blood Bond – is exactly that – a potency wherein a vinculum with the spirit residing in the skull or the soul or souls of its attendance. You need to meditate carefully this act – as the blood is not only a bond, but also food for life and soul, and this is a truth for undead and dead of a myriad of forms. Caution and contemplation is by this warranted.

Intoxication, Seership, and the Poison Path



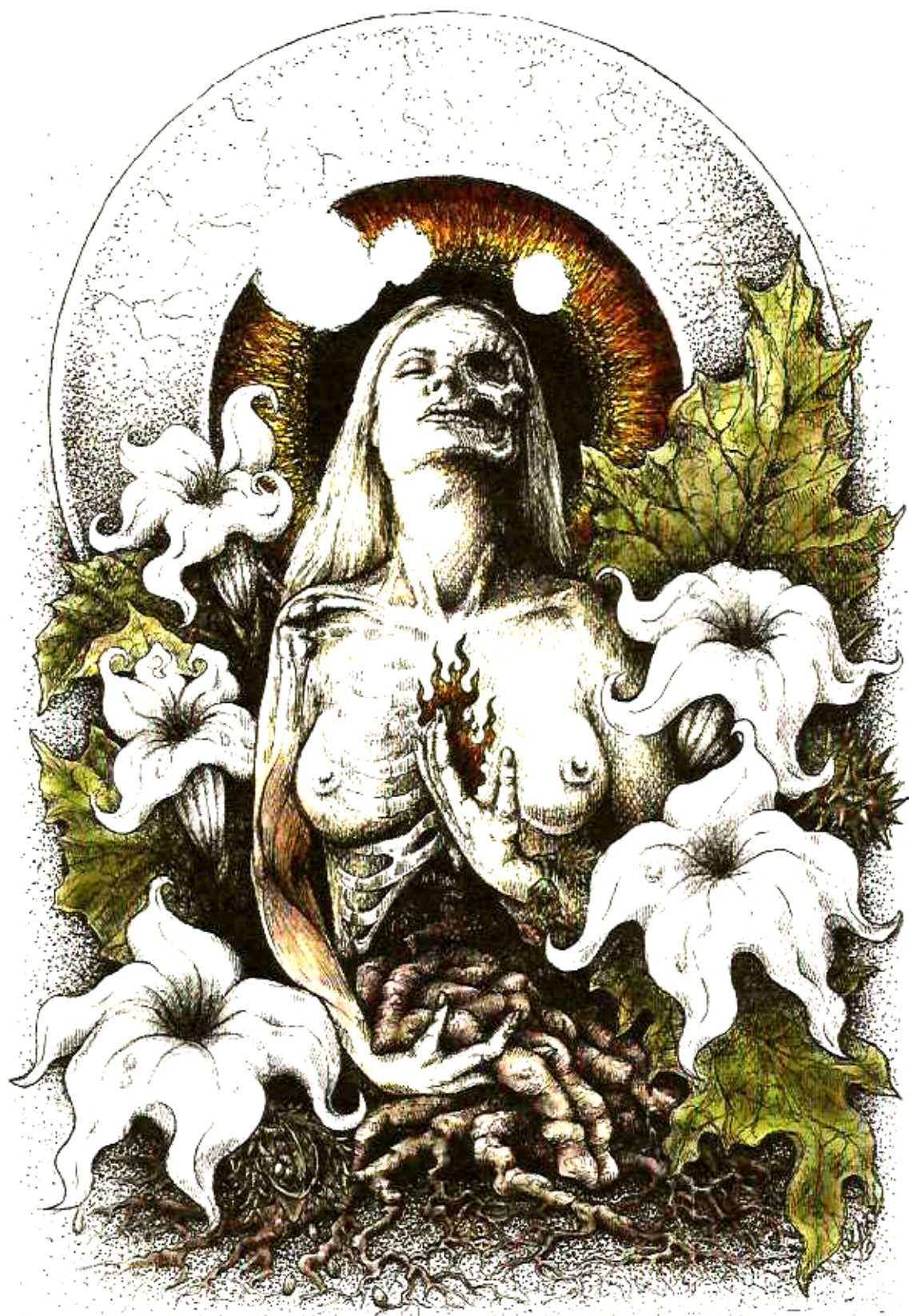
By Sarah Lawless

My beloved friends who practice the arte of magic inform me I am a bad influence, yet they all say it with a smile on their lips. I am the seductive siren offering drink and smoke and unguent; soothingly saying to try and trust, “it will be pleasant,” and “you’ll be fine”. All listen and trust despite the mysterious twinkle of mischief in my eyes. I brew meads and potions in my witch’s kitchen of bones and skulls. I blend herbs to smoke and burn as incense. I craft witches’ unguents of belladonna, datura, henbane, and mandrake, my beloved solanaceae, which I blend with rendered animal fats, bone dusts, and ashes of feathers for the artes of flying and shape-shifting. I grow the poisonous plants of ancient Europe in my garden and wild harvest the white-spotted red mushroom in forests of birch and fir with my sharp witch’s knife. I am a priestess of intoxication, a seeress, and a poisoner.

The Path of Intoxication

“I bathe thy palms
In showers of wine,
In the lustral fire,
In the seven elements,
In the juice of rasps,
In the milk of honey”

— The Invocation of the Graces, *Carmina Gadelica*



To follow the path of intoxication is to surrender control, to walk in the footsteps of the ancient ecstatic cults, and to become an intoxicant oneself so the energy of your presence alone seduces people to the path of ritual ecstasy. To be a priestess of intoxication is to be temptress and seductress. It was the bee and the honey that led me down this path. The sweet honey, the ambrosial nectar of flower and fruit, made surrendering to intoxication oh so very willing and easy indeed. Like the mysterious Melissae of ancient Greece I learned the secrets of fermenting honey into a golden elixir called mead and later learned how to infuse it with psychoactive herbs. In Teutonic lore it is said mead confers great wisdom and the tongue of a poet to whomever drinks deeply of its richness. It is a great ally of poets, musicians, artists, seers, and lovers – being one of the most ancient aphrodisiacs sweetening the tongue, the lips, the heart, and the mind. The Proto-Indo-European root *medu* means honey, mead, and intoxication. In Teutonic lore it is said to bring great inspiration and is sacred to Odin, a practitioner of possession, trance, and seidr. I bring my homebrewed mead to the rites of my local magical community for sacred offerings and to share for the revelry afterward. When I consume mead I easily achieve ecstatic trance and so use this sacred brew for my rites as a seeress performing divination and visionary journeys. Under the sweet thrall of mead my spirit spirals upward into the ether, its release from the flesh like an orgasm of complete surrender.

After mead came mandragora. It came soft and seductively, whispering instructions in my ear. I painstakingly ground the thick dried roots and crafted from them an ointment as made by Medea in the ancient story of *Jason and the Argonauts*. The old tales say mandrake sprouted up from the ichor, the god blood, of Prometheus when he was impaled, imprisoned, and tortured by Zeus and that is why this sacred root can lend us mortals the powers of a god when ritually prepared. It is also sacred to Aphrodite as a dark, earthy, lusty Venus. I bathed in the waters of the seven springs of my holy mountain and one evening, after sunset, I sacrificed to Hekate at a three-way dirt crossroad in the forest and invoked her three times to empower the ointment I had crafted. I anointed myself. Heat, waves of heat like the building of lust or shame from deep within. It is an incredibly pleasant sensation. I feel this same heat when I sing chants of transvection and when calling spirits to me. I went outside in my garden to sit with my poisonous plants and the cooling night air made the heat of my body balance and I felt comfortable even though I should have been cold. Time went by quickly. My thoughts were clear and my sight was focused and sharp. Saliva built up in my mouth and words became confused to speak aloud though my thoughts were still clear. I touched the fragrant blooming moonflower. "I'm thirsty," it said with no words. My other poisons and medicines agreed. I felt this very strongly and focused on their need. I touched the earth and it was quite dry. Suddenly, it started to rain when none was forecasted and the evening sky over my mountain had been clear. I learned to be careful and clear in my intent when intoxicated by mandrake root.

I anointed the witches, young and old, who had come to the dark moon sabbat. The mandrake root made their eyes bright, cheeks flushed red, and skin hot with smiles and laughter upon their lips. They sat by the fire for the heat to allow the ointment and its poison to better soak into their pores. Their intent and energy became one with the willing surrender and suspension of disbelief. Out came the fiddle, the violin, and the drums. Around went the mead horn, for mandrake and wine mix well together. The intoxicated witches danced and danced more and ever more sensually. We circled, weaving in and out, chanting and howling like wolves to invoke the old gods. We danced until the energy raised and the waves of heat were too much to take. Then it was time for the seer's arte. The mighty dead, the ancestors of our craft, were invoked with song. The procession of witches lined up before the two seers in their seats by the fire and the querents listened to the mandrake and mead-fuelled fates and visions of the spae women while those waiting chanted and drummed, continuing to feed the energy built. I was one of the seers and the fortunes and advice fell from my lips as if from another's and I do not remember them. Afterward the witches continued to chant and drum and dance and make love in offering to the gods, spirits, and ancestors through the night and into the morning – the spirit of mandragora not letting them tire or grow weak. Along with the drumming and dancing, many reached states of ecstatic trance receiving visions or their spirits soaring from their bodies into the heavens above. In the morning none were sore or exhausted from the intoxicated sensual revelry and the witches recounted their powerful dark moon dreams of magic and spirits.

We learned not to be afraid of using intoxicants for joyful rites of celebration and offering full of music, dancing, and song. Mead, herbal sabbat wines, and many entheogens with aphrodisiac and stimulating properties, such as mandrake and fly agaric, were traditionally used in ecstatic rites devoted to spirits and gods because they allowed people to dance and play music all day and night without tiring or suffering ill effects afterward. With such gifts of stamina and exhilaration it is no wonder such intoxicants were used in rites of sex magic throughout the centuries.

The Path of Seership

**“Heith they named her who sought their home,
The wide-seeing witch, in magic wise;
Minds she bewitched that were moved by her magic,
To evil women a joy she was.”**

Völuspá. Poetic Edda

Scotland is well known for its abundance of seers. With my Scoto-Scandinavian blood I shouldn't have been surprised when the dreams and visions of the future and of spirits came unbidden. I follow the path of a *spæwife* or *spæ* woman and, though I have waking visions, most of my spirit work is done through dreams and dream-walking into the otherworlds and also into the dreams of other practitioners of arte. In Old Norse I would be named *völva* or *spækona*. These names refer to a female seeress, sorceress, and spirit worker believed to use psychoactive plants to enhance their powers as is evidenced by the findings of henbane and cannabis seeds among the grave goods of such ancient practitioners in Denmark and Norway. In a similar practice of the Scythians, the seeds were ground and placed on a fire to produce a hallucinogenic smoke inhaled to induce a shamanic trance and cause visions.

Henbane came to me through a friend and fellow poisoner and potion-maker. He sent me seeds and I grew them after dreaming of this ancient poison, medicine, aphrodisiac, and intoxicant. Every seed germinated and every seedling planted grew like a weed until my garden was filled with impossibly tall henbane plants with thick woody stalks completely covered in endlessly propagating flowers and seed pods. I harvested every part and grew more the next year from the seeds I had gathered. Henbane smells like onions and rotting meat. Its leaves are sticky and hairy. It had a tendency to kill the beneficial bees and spiders in my garden. But I loved it. I couldn't get enough of it and often sat under its large sticky leaves late at night, blowing smoke offerings of its cousin tobacco from my lips.

It wasn't until after growing it with such success that I learned it was a plant of seers being sacred to the Pythia of Apollo and to the *völur* who worshipped Freyja and the Norns. I found henbane seed within darkly shamanic incense recipes from Scandinavia along with mugwort and yew, in more incense recipes from ancient Greece burned to see and summon spirits, in the remnants of fermented brews found at Neolithic sites in Scotland, and as flavouring for meads and ales in the Middle Ages. I crafted the incense recipes with the henbane seed from my garden and burned them in my rites of seership and necromancy. The spirits came. I carved beads from the thick woody stems to create for myself a ritual necklace and I kept one of the roots to turn into an *alraun* to use both for my rites of *spæcraft*. I read of a *völva* found buried, wrapped in her bear hide and knew what to do with the bear fat I'd recently rendered. Bears are masters of the dream world with how much of their time they spend sleeping in a half-death-like state akin to trance. I soaked the ground henbane seeds and leaves from my garden in bear fat for a full cycle of the moon. I strained the mixture and added beeswax to make an unguent and anointed my body with it during my full and dark moon rites before going to bed holding my seer's wand. It made my dream-walking as simple as breathing and with it came my usual prophetic dreams but with more clarity and ease of remembrance. It was as if a primal part of my soul remembered that the henbane, the bear, the visions and the dreams were one. Henbane became my main ally as a seeress alongside my ambrosial meads.

The Path of Poison

**“And I ha’ been plucking plants among,
Hemlock, henbane, adder’s tongue,
Nightshade, moonwort, libbard’s bane,
And twice by the dogs was like to be ta’en.”**

— Ben Johnson, *The Masque of Queens*

I walk the path of veneficium, of the poisoner. I do not call myself a poisoner because I seek to kill. I am a poisoner because I grow poisonous plants and brew poisonous potions. I eat, drink, inhale, and rub poisons on my skin, not to harm myself, but to absorb the powers of plants for my practices and rituals of magic. Many seemingly harmless substances can be poisons if used enough in excess. We poison ourselves every day with caffeine, cocoa, tobacco, and alcohol. I choose to poison myself in a sacred ritual manner to aid in inducing trance, imbas, visions, possession, and to enhance my abilities of prescience, dream walking, shape-shifting, and speaking with spirits. Such poisons are known by many names: entheogen, hallucinogen, psychoactive, and intoxicant. We modern witches often hear whispers of flying ointments and mumbles of madness-inducing herbs like aconite and belladonna, but so few of us trace the lore to the pre-Christian ritual uses of these plants and their traditional preparations – let alone actually put them to use in our magic. We fear their misleading and incomplete descriptors of “poison” and “hallucinogen” more than the plants themselves. We fear death and madness, but more than that we fear letting go and losing control. For this is what such plants represent to us: surrender to another’s will, surrender to the loss of self and individuality, surrender to our primal nature, and surrender to the death of ego.

Within these poisonous plants lies a key to the mystery of shamanic death and initiation. With such complete surrender comes great knowledge and wisdom of ourselves, the world around us, and of the universe in its entirety – of the microcosm and macrocosm. Each plant entheogen is a key to an otherworldly door in the World Tree whether it be to the upperworld or underworld, within or without. The secret is to find which key, or combination thereof, opens your preferred door to the mysteries and the path of the mystic and seer. Do you seek a sensual Venusian key of intoxication and ecstasy or a chthonic Saturnine key of death and dismemberment? Often times we do not get to select which poisonous plant will be our ally and it chooses us instead; arriving in dreams, visions, from the hands of a friend, or invading our gardens uninvited.

A word of caution – poisons do not gladly suffer fools and some will seek to harm you for plants can curse as well as any witch. If used recreationally and without respect these

poisons will often teach one a lesson not soon forgotten, taking one to the edge of madness and horror and, at the very least, leaving one with the nastiest headache, nausea, and hangover of a lifetime. Taken improperly they can result in brain damage, heart damage, blindness, paralysis, coma or death depending on the plant and how it was applied. Careful research should always be carried out beforehand to discover the proper dosage and preparation method as some plants are best eaten, some brewed into spirits, some smoked, and others only used externally as unguents. Each plant is unique and each person's physical and spiritual reaction to it will also be unique. Some practitioners will react strongly and others not at all to the same plant and dosage.

Aside from my beloved solanaceae, the poison that calls the strongest to me is the yew tree which coincidentally grows in the Pacific Northwest, where I live, and in Scotland, the land of my ancestors. The first time I met a yew tree I fell in love with its succulent dark green needles and fleshy red berries. I didn't know what it was at first or just how deadly it could be, but it was love at first sight. Every time I would go by it I would leave offerings at its complex roots. When I began woodcarving it became one of my favourite woods to work with despite it being as hard as stone and breaking often the tips of my knives. When I touch it for long periods of time its spirit works its way inside to the darker corners of my soul and reveals my own shadows to me. It brings out that which you try to hide from yourself and others. The yew tree's nature embodies shamanic initiation and death being both ancient and newly born at the same time. As it rots from the inside out in its old age, new suckers are always growing and so the tree may never truly die as it is always being reborn. Yew comes to me in my seer's dreams over and over as World Tree and door to the underworld with ancient stone steps winding down a cliff side to the sea. In my journeys to the eldritch world my ancestors tell me to eat the sacred number of three yew berries, without the seeds, and three only in my underworld rites. Into my ancestor spirit vessels go yew needles and wood with bone and red ochre to better commune with the mighty dead. Into a traditional sorcerer's incense of evergreens and pine resin goes a small portion of deadly yew needles along with my other allies of henbane and mugwort to burn on coals for my rites of trance work and spirit work. Yew is my drum beater and yew is my staff, my altar and chthonic offerings bedecked with its branches. When I die, I want a female yew planted over my corpse and I will haunt that tree, whispering to witches who find my grave.

Reviving the Paths

A plant is a living, sentient spirit. Enter into a relationship with an individual plant and get to know it well before using it or blending it with others just as you would get to know a person well before becoming lovers. Plants change our very DNA which is even more

intimate than sharing bodily fluids with another person. Take things slowly and savour each step from growing the plant, harvesting, and drying it to consecrating it to its intended purpose, preparing it, and then finally using it in your magical work. Grow and harvest the plants yourself because, in my own experiences and having communed with other poisoners, we have found a plant unwilling to work with you is a plant who will not grow for you or reveal itself to you in the wild. If growing a specific plant or finding it in the wild seems as easy as breathing for you, then the plant wants to work with you as much as you with it. Keep detailed notes of your experiences growing, harvesting, dosing, preparing, and using entheogens. The more we modern practitioners document and share our knowledge and experiences of these traditional plants and intoxicants with each other, the more lost wisdom of our primal ancestors we regain as a community.

Long-dead are the ecstatic cults of Dionysus and Artemis. Long-dead are the oracles of ancient Greece and the *venefica* of Rome. Long-forgotten are the mysteries of the *völur*, priestesses of Frejya and the Norms. Long-forgotten are the recipes for poisonous ritual brews, unguents, and incenses of the British Isles and from Western to Eastern Europe. Many turn to the ones still remembered and used today in South America and Africa, but is time for us to remember the ancestral knowledge of the traditional entheogens of our European forbears and to put them to use once more as reverently and responsibly as we are able. It is time to let go of our Western civilized fear of losing control and to surrender to the wild wood and our animistic nature once more; trusting that in surrendering we will be held by our ancestors and familiar spirits.





THE CURSE OF THE BURNING GRAVE

FRATER BEN NACHASH



Presented in this text is a baneful working inspired by the teachings of the T.F.C. as transmitted through the Liber Falsifer books. This working spans over the course of 3 days and is conducted in the name of and accomplished through the powers of three aspects of our Master Qayin; namely Messor, Occisor and Dominor Tumulus. The earliest version of this working was conducted in 2008 with dire results for the target of the curse but has since then evolved into the Work presented in the following text. It is partially inspired by the feared Coffin of Death-spell described in the Liber Falsifer and depending on the results attained, this rite presents various ways to elevate and build upon the foundation that it constitutes, this however is left for practitioners to discover themselves through insight, spiritual guidance of the Famuli of the Current 182 and the inspirations gained directly from our Master Qayin.

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These items listed should be new and bought for the specific purpose of this ritual and before the altar is raised every item should be washed with the Tincture of Green Fire (the cleansing tincture of Rue). The altar should be facing north and must be kept shielded from sunlight.

The doll is created by slowly softening a white pillar-candle in water heated from a low temperature up to a slow simmer; so that the wax becomes soft enough to shape with your hands (alternatively any other suitable method of wax-effigy creation can be employed instead). Inside the head and in the heart of the doll one should place links to the target of the curse, for instance; nail-clippings, traces of blood, strands of hair, saliva or even the ashes of a burnt name-paper connected to the target. If one can acquire a piece of fabric taken from clothes worn by the enemy this should be used to dress the doll with and if one has access to a photo of the target the head could be cut out and carefully sealed on the doll's face.

A black cloth is placed on the floor in front of the altar and a triangle is chalked on it with the cleansed and dedicated piece of white chalk. In each corner of the triangle a low candleholder is placed. The top candleholder should carry a green candle, the left a black and the right a red. Close to the top green candle one of the black plates is placed carrying three pieces of coal (place them on sand to isolate the heat), place the black ashtray by the left corner of the triangle and finally place the doll on the other black plate by the right corner of the triangle.

You will need the following:

- Incense-blend consisting of equal parts Sulphur, Myrrh and Tobacco
- 1 Black cloth
- 1 Piece of white chalk
- 1 Piece of red chalk
- 1 Green candle
- 1 Red candle
- 3 Black candles
- 3 Black candleholders (3 low and 1 high)
- 2 Black fireproof plates (Metal, stone or ceramic)
- 7 Small black bowl
- 1 Ashtray
- 1 Bowl of clear glass
- 1 Wooden spoon
- 7 Candlemuffer
- 1 Box of long matches
- 1 Bottle of Vodka
- 3 Cigars
- The Tincture of Green Fire
- Mineral oil
- Self-inflammable coals
- 7 Iron needles
- 1 Knife
- 1 Black rabbit
- Shovel
- Dry firewood
- Ethanol
- A black jar
- 1 sharp and sturdy spine of the Blackthorn tree bought from the Black in Green and ritually harvested in the name of Qayin Messor.
- One doll of wax depicting the victim of the curse (see instructions)

You will also need generous amounts of the following ingredients (which are the components of the Malediction powder blend described in the Liber Falsifer).

- 2 parts Tobacco
- 1 part Sulphur
- 1 part Stinging nettle
- 1 part Patchouli
- 1 part Black Mustard seeds
- 1 part Chili pepper
- 1 part Asajuetida
- ½ part Graveyard soil that has been ritually bought specifically for the purpose of this ritual from the shade of a soldier or a murderer after permission has been attained from Qayin Dominor Tumulus, all according to the Covenant of His Necrosophic Cult and Tradition.

THE NIGHT OF THE TILLER

Open the ritual after midnight during the first night with three knockings on the altar and the chanting of His general Formula of Calling.

Veni Qayin Messor. Mortifer et Occisor!
Veni, veni Letifer. Dominor Tumulus et Falsifer!
Veni, veni Qayin Coronatus!
Veni, veni Qayin Rex Mortis!
Veni Baaltzelmorb et Maruethel!
Veni Qayin ben Samael! (x7)

Light the candles in the corners of the triangle and start with the red candle, then the black and lastly the green. Welcome the Master with the skull and bones salute and silently explain your intention with the ritual.

Light the three pieces of coal and then trace the Mars-Saturnian sigil (Insignia No. 3 from Liber Falxifer I) with the red chalk in the middle of the triangle. Burn generous amounts of the Sulphur-Myrrh-Tobacco incense and spray a sip of vodka in a fine mist over the sigil. Light a cigar in the name of Amiahzatan and direct its smoke seven times into the sigil of magical aggression. Let the cigar rest in the ashtray. Place the large bowl of glass on top of the Mars-Saturnian sigil and position the tall candleholder inside of it.

Put the tobacco in the black bowl, take a sip of vodka and spray it over the herb, then direct the smoke of the cigar three times into it. Pour the content into the larger bowl and stir it three times anti-clockwise around the tall black candle-holder with the wooden spoon, and say,

In the holy name of Qayin Messor, I conjure and call upon the Spirit of Tobacco!

Forceful constrictor, I X.X. ask you to strangle, poison and choke my enemy N.N!
Mighty Amiahzatan, deadly Famulus of our Master Qayin Himself,
bind together this hex I am about to conduct!

Add the sulphur to the contents of the black bowl, take a sip of vodka and spray it finely over and into the bowl, then direct the smoke of the cigar three times into it. Visualize the contents radiating with the infernal power of its intended purpose. Pour it into the larger bowl and stir it three times anti-clockwise around the tall black candleholder with the wooden spoon.

Put the stinging nettle in the black bowl, take a sip of vodka and spray it over the herb, then direct the smoke of the cigar three times into it. Pour the content into the larger bowl and stir it three times anti-clockwise around the tall black candleholder with the wooden spoon, and say,

In the holy name of Qayin Messor, I conjure and call upon the Spirit of the Stinging Nettle!

Forceful Black in Green, Stinging Nettle, possessing the powers like a scorpion's paralyzing sting, I X.X. call you to halt all progress in the life of N.N. and bind him with a chain of agony! Let your scourging powers burn the one that has become my foe!

Put the patchouli in the black bowl, take a sip of vodka and spray it over the herb, then direct the smoke of the cigar three times into it. Pour the content into the larger bowl and stir it three times anti-clockwise around the tall black candle-holder with the wooden spoon, and say,

In the holy name of Qayin Messor, I conjure and call upon the Spirit of Patchouli!

Reverser of my enemy's hostility, powerful Patchouli, I X.X. call you to dumbfound N.N. and in confusion make him fall upon his own sword! Strengthen the Chthonic forces allied to my Cause and aid in the crushing of my opposer!

Put the black mustard seeds in the black bowl, take a sip of vodka and spray it over the seeds, then direct the smoke of the cigar three times into it. Pour the content into the larger bowl and stir it three times anti-clockwise around the tall black candleholder with the wooden spoon, and say,

In the holy name of Qayin Messor, I conjure and call upon the Spirit of Black Mustard!

Seed of Discord and Wrath, I X.X. sow you between N.N. and all his loved ones and allies, in order to inspire and provoke dispute, animosity and ruin! I call you to confuse, hinder, and isolate N.N. so that all protective barriers around him shatter! Wrathful Spirit of the Black Mustard seeds, guide the sharp shards of the broken illusion of false security to fall down upon N.N. who is my enemy and so cut him true and deep so that his blood becomes spilt for my victory!

Put the chili powder in the black bowl, take a sip of vodka and spray it over the powder, then direct the smoke of the cigar three times into it. Pour the content into the larger bowl and stir it three times anti-clockwise around the tall black candle-holder with the wooden spoon, and say,

In the holy name of Qayin Messor, I conjure and call upon the Spirit of the Chili Pepper!

Incinerating Hell-Flame, I X.X. call you to torment N.N. with hard luck, violent pain and the misery of loss! Mighty Fire-Devil, empower the poisonous and violent currents emanated from this baneful rite and consume my enemy N.N. with your hungry flames!

Put the asafoetida in the black bowl, take a sip of vodka and spray it over the herb, then direct the smoke of the cigar three times into it. Pour the content into the larger bowl and stir it three times anti-clockwise around the tall black candle-holder with the wooden spoon, and say,

In the holy name of Qayin Messor, I conjure and call upon the Spirit of the Asafoetida! Devil of Opposition, I X.X. call you to counteract every evil and mischief N.N. is conspiring against me! Spirit of Asafoetida make all the malice he projects towards me backfire and scorch and darken his own life! Ominous Afflicter of my enemy, put N.N. in harm's way so that he may be consumed by the reflection of his own lies and shameful actions.

Put the graveyard soil in the black bowl, libate it three times with a small amount of vodka, then direct the smoke of the cigar three times into it. Pour the content into the larger bowl and stir it seven times anti-clockwise around the tall black candle-holder with the wooden spoon, and say:

In the holy name of Qayin Dominor Titulus, I conjure and call upon you O Violent and Forceful Dead serving the Cause of Qayin on Earth!

Strong and deadly Y.Y., I who remember, command you in the name of the Lord of Death to once again walk the bloody path you took in life! Hungry shadow, as the herald of N.N.'s dark demise, you shall carry this burden until you channel its full force through yourself and make my Will manifest!

During day you shall cling onto his every footstep and be the very shadow he casts when turned away from the sun! As your reward you shall descend upon him at night where you may feast and grow strong on N.N.'s fading life-force to drain him towards death! Travel through the web of dreams and memories as the spear-head of this poisonous curse of righteous hatred that I thrust against N.N!

Take a sip of vodka and spray it on the blend and direct the smoke of the cigar seven times towards the inside of the bowl. Charge every breath with more hate, violence and poison.

Place what's left of the cigar in the ashtray of the Lord of Death and burn the rest of the Sulphur-Myrrh-Tobacco incense blend. Cleanse one of the black candles with the Tincture of Green Fire and inscribe the Key Sigil of Bane (No. 6) into it with the Blackthorn spine. Anoint the candle with mineral oil and dress it carefully with the powder mixed in the glass-bowl. Place this candle in the tall candle-holder standing in the bowl containing the powder mixtures and light it in the name of Qayin Occisor.

Extinguish all the altar-candles with the candle-snauffer in the same order as they were lit, but leave the Candle of Bane to fully burn down during the night. After leaving the ritual area you should cleanse your hands with the Tincture of Green Fire and take a protecting and cleansing ritual bath (see Liber Falxifer II for instructions and suggestions).

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THE NIGHT OF THE KILLER

On the second night you call upon the Master in the same way as the night before and then you light the altar candles.

Place three new coals on their plate and light them.

Fill the small black bowl with water and sprinkle some of the powder mixture from the glass-bowl that the Bane Candle was burning at the centre of during the previous night into it and stir it anti-clockwise seven times with the index-finger of your left hand. Spray a sip of alcohol over the water. Light a cigar in the name of Amiahzatan, direct the smoke thirteen times into the water-bowl.

Take out the black rabbit and while holding it gently in your right arm, dip the tips of your left hand fingers in the water-bowl and sprinkle the rabbit three times with the drops. Exclaim,

Your name is N.N. (the name of your enemy) and I X.X. sentence you to death.

Take out the knife and dip it in the water, and then inscribe the Key Sigil of Bane in the air and see it glow black and exclaim:

Ad Majorem Qayin Gloriam!

Swiftly slit the throat of the animal so that some of the blood splatters both over the large glass-bowl containing the Malediction powder mixture and the doll representing the target/enemy, and say:

*In the name of the First Murderer, the forces of Malediction are alive
and awakened to their cause to act as one!
Salve Qayin Occisor!*

Exchange places between the glass-bowl and the plate with the doll, so that the bloodied doll is now placed at the centre of the triangle on the sigil of Master Qayin's magical aggression. Burn some of the Malediction-powder charged in the now repositioned bowl as incense and fumigate the doll which you hold over the smoke in your left hand, while you visualize your enemy choking to death alone inside a smoke-filled flaming sphere.

Use the Blackthorn to carve a black candle with the Key Sigil of Bane, smear it with mineral oil, dress it with Malediction powder and place it in the candleholder. Position this candleholder to the left side of the plate containing the doll and light it in the name of Qayin Occisor.

Cleanse the 7 needles with the Tincture of Green Fire, dress them with mineral oil and roll them carefully one by one in the Malediction powder mixture. Take the doll in your right hand and use the left hand for the inserting of the needles.

Hold the first needle in the flame until it's unbearably hot, then thrust it into the right leg of the doll, and say,

Halt every step taken by N.N. towards wealth, progress or completion and instead guide him towards pain, ruin and defeat! In the name of Qayin Occisor. Amen!

Visualize how your target is limping around starved in the ruins of a burned down home, beaten up and dressed in rags. When the image is steady, let it sink into the doll. Take the cigar and direct the smoke from it one time over the doll. Burn more Malediction incense powder.

Hold the second needle in the flame until it's unbearably hot, then thrust it into the left leg of the doll and exclaim,

Halt every step taken by N.N. towards health, happiness or peace and instead guide him towards trouble, sickness and misery! In the name of Qayin Occisor. Amen!

Visualize how your target is sick, frail, outworn and alone in darkness. When the image is steady, let it sink into the doll. Take the cigar and direct the smoke from it one time over the doll. Burn more Malediction incense.

Hold the third needle in the flame until it's unbearably hot then thrust it into the right arm of the doll.

*Bind down the right hand of N.N. and strike him with paralysis. Close his door to success, disrupt his labour and cause his field to yield only rotten crops!
In the name of Qayin Occisor. Amen!*

Visualize the target of the curse engaging in hard slave-labour in some dark place, chained to black machines, deprived of sleep and whipped to push his own limits to the extreme for naught in return. When the image is steady, let it sink into the doll. Take the cigar and direct the smoke from it one time over the doll. Burn more Malediction incense.

Hold the fourth needle in the flame until it's unbearably hot, then thrust it into the left arm of the doll and exclaim,

*Reverse all N.N.'s trickeries, make all his schemes backfire and force his own hand to act against himself, so that his hate and fear lead him to his own self-destructive undoing!
In the name of Qayin Occisor. Amen!*

Visualize how your target is walking determined and with a steady and fast pace towards his own handmade gallows (if you happen to know what the home of the target looks like you should take inspiration from that place when creating this image, for instance a noose made of cable hanging from the stairs in his own actual home is very good). When the image is steady, let it sink into the doll. Take the cigar and direct the smoke from it one time over the doll. Burn more Malediction incense.

Hold the fifth needle in the flame until it's unbearably hot then thrust it into the genitals of the doll.

*Reverse all love around N.N. into hate and cause his words to be met with opposition and quarrel so that only loneliness and isolation surrounds him! Castrate N.N., make him impotent in all areas of life and steal the breath from his offspring!
Make people forget his history and thus corrupt and destroy his filthy legacy!
In the name of Qayin Occisor, Amen!*

Visualize your target standing in a circle of people, who all have their backs turned against him, see how the target desperately tries to make contact but is ignored. See then the crowd in scornful laughter move away from him, leaving him in a desolate state. When the image is steady, let it sink into the doll. Take the cigar and direct the smoke from it one time over the doll. Burn more Malediction incense.

Hold the sixth needle in the flame until it's unbearably hot and then thrust it into the heart of the doll.

*Strangle N.N. and manifest heartbreak, harm, violence and torment with which to afflict him! Choke him, cut him down and stop his false heart from beating!
In the name of Qayin Occisor, Amen!*

Visualize the Master Qayin Occisor cutting down N.N. with the Scythe of Bloody Harvest over and over again. When the image is steady, let it sink into the doll. Take the cigar and direct the smoke from it one time over the doll. Burn more Malediction incense.

Hold the last needle in the flame until it's unbearably hot and then thrust it into the head of the doll and exclaim:

Blind and confuse N.N! Strike him with madness and darken his thoughts with depression, destructive obsessions and insanity! Force N.N. towards a slow, disgraceful and unworthy Death! In the name of Qayin Occisor, Amen!

Visualize the target of your curse chained to the floor in a dark empty building, see how poison is dripping from the darkness onto his head and tears of blood running from his unblinking wide-open eyes down his cheeks. His mouth wide open in the silent screams of his horrors and agony, displaying his evil tongue rotting as to prevent his slanderous speech. When this image is steady, let it sink into the doll. Take the cigar and direct the smoke from it one time over the doll. Burn more Malediction incense.

Take the doll and put it in the black jar, prepare tomorrows Candle of Bane and then fill the jar with the rest of the Malediction powder and close the lid. Now, remove the glass-bowl from inside the triangle and instead place the jar on the sigil and lastly place the (still burning) Candle of Bane used for heating the needles on top of it. Leave the remaining cigar in the ashtray of the Lord of Death and close the working in the same way as you did the night before. Leave the Candle of Bane to burn down during the night. Remember to cleanse yourself properly after this Work.

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THE NIGHT OF THE GRAVEDIGGER

On the third night you should bring the cloth marked with the triangle and seal, the jar carrying the doll and the powder, the shovel, the firewood, matches, the ethanol, the carcass of the rabbit, the tall candleholder and the dressed and carved Candle of Bane to a secluded place of power in the forest, the middle of a crossroad or a field of harvest. There you should dig a shallow fire pit in the shape of a small grave. Place the dry firewood inside it, wrap it in the altar cloth, drench it in ethanol and set it ablaze.

When the flames are high you should stamp your foot three times, give the skull and bones salute and seven times chant Master Qayin's Formula of Calling.

Take the doll out of the jar and place it between yourself and the fire, place the jar filled with Malediction powder to the left of the doll and the carcass of the sacrificed animal to the right of it. Take a sip of vodka and spray it in a fine mist from the right to the left, so that the alcohol falls on the rabbit, the doll and the jar containing the Malediction Powder. Light a cigar in the name of Amiahzatan and direct the power via his smoke towards the different elements this last night of the ritual.

Close your eyes and go through the visual memories of your working and the power you've evoked to reach this point in the ritual.

Open your eyes and take up the carcass with your right hand. Throw the carcass into the fire pit.

Let the burning smell from the spoils of the Master's table evoke bloodthirstiness in the present Attending Spirits of this place of power. Enhance and empower this burning current of poisonous hate directed towards N.N! In the name of Qayin Dominor Tumulus. Amen!

Take up the jar carrying the Malediction-incense with your left hand (plan ahead so that there are some quantities left at this point of the ritual). Pour all powder into the burning grave.

With the burning of this powder, I X.X. direct the forces of Malediction to haunt this flaming tomb. In the name of Dominor Tumulus, Amen!

Take the doll with both hands, and say.

Now N.N., you will burn in the flames of hell that have become ignited because of your misdeeds and wretchedness! As the wax that you are made from becomes burnt and melts by the heat of a scorching fire so shall your entire existence become destroyed by the curse placed upon you by one of the Sons of Fire! I curse you N.N., by the Power of the Fiery Bloodline that shall endure and conquer all! In the name of Dominor Tumulus. Amen!

Throw the doll into the venomous inferno and then seal the tomb rapidly, only using your hands to close the dirt above it (flatten it good). Sit down and visualize how the target of the curse is burning and melting down in the grave and how all his personal links are being alchemically welded together with the established Points of Bane and Malediction.

When you feel ready, place the tall candleholder on the flattened earth and place in it the last Candle of Bane. Place the cigar beside it and also leave the vodka bottle there, as an offering to the Spirits. Light the black candle in the name of Qayin Dominor Tumulus, stand up, take three steps back and do the skull and bones salute. Exclaim:

Percussimus foedus cum Morte et cum Luciferi fecimus pactum!

Take three steps back, turn around towards the left and walk away without looking back. When returning home, ritually cleanse yourself, your home and then open the altar as usual to serve a feast of the traditional offerings to the Master.

+ + + + +

May this Work aid the faithful ones of Qayin to victory, whenever their hands are forced to sow and reap the seeds of justified vengeance.

Salve Sancte Qayin!

Salve 182!



Djävulspakt

Infernal Pacts in traditional Swedish Witchcraft C. A. Nordblom

The diabolical pact is a widely known element within both Swedish and most northern European folk-magical traditions and its roots can be traced in various forms back to the days of the church fathers and even later antiquity. What can be presumed though is that the so-called Faustian mythos and the different texts (both magical and fictional) relating to this tradition, came to have a vast influence on the conception of the pact by being made available in Sweden during the 17th and 18th century. Still it should be noted that it is still rather obvious that this particular myth is but based on profane formulations of genuine traditions of sorcery and witchcraft that can be traced throughout most of northern Europe long before it came to be associated with the fictional Dr. Faustus. The Swedish (and in many cases also the Norwegian) depictions or versions of the pact do not differ that much from the continental or British accounts that can be found during the same period, although they incorporate certain aspects and elements that make them quite specific and unique, some of which I will by this essay discuss and comment from an esoteric perspective that I believe few, if any, have done before. Examples of the ritual proceedings concerning diabolical pacts can for instance be found in the so-called Swedish “Black arts books,” which although they can deal with a wide range of different forms of rather innocent rural magic and cunning-craft, also concern variations of darker and more sinister forms of witchcraft. Two of these books, with the rather suggestive names “Salominiska Magiska Konster” and “Negromänliska saker,”¹ both contain two such rites that I will here quote at length, in the order I just gave:

¹ Eng. “Salomonic Magical Arts,” while the second book’s title is quite cryptic even in Swedish but most probably means “Necromantical/Nigromantical Matters.”



To be able to get one of the Spirits to serve you

[In the margin, written with a younger and more modern style] These spirits serve those who are first lifted up, or touched at birth by those who are secret sinners, especially whores. But if an honorable wife or maiden, then she cannot serve or obey the command in any way, either for good or ill.

Write on a short piece of paper with your own blood these words: I give to you this as a proof, you impure spirit, then write your name and then put the short note under the church threshold. When this should happen, it should be a Thursday evening, but be careful that no one catches up to you or meets you. Then go back the following Thursday evening and take hold of the lock and say: I give you this as a proof, you impure spirit, so that you will meet me on the next coming Thursday evening. Then go home again, but be careful that no one catches up to you or meets you, for you must be all by yourself. Then go back the third Thursday evening and then it should be just as day gives way to night, then the short note is gone. But remain there at that place until a spirit comes forth and gives you a box, then he will go his way, but you must not be frightened, for he will say nothing to you. In the box is a little bell. When you ring that little bell, then the spirit will come forth to you, and will be visible to your eyes but not for anyone else's. This spirit must serve you and do what you command him to, whether for ill or good, and he must procure for you everything that you desire of him, whether money or other goods, or even other arts that you want to try out. But as often as you want him to serve you, then you have to ring the bell, then he will come forth to do what you command him.

To show invisible spirits and to be able to speak orally with them in whatever parts one desires, to find out hidden things

Write these words, which are written below, namely.

Put your name and then this:

Filx Gackte ol hordea

OSS. YQQ Pelock Bjelsebubh.

Need to be

Write this with red letters on an old spruce chip and go to the cemetery and put the chip under an earth-fast stone. When you set out, it shall be a Thursday evening. When you come back there the second Thursday evening, then take the chip and say their name as well as say: I order you spirits next Thursday evening to come and meet me and this in the name of Domine Pater Filius Sancti Spiritus or in the name of God the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Then, go thence the third Thursday evening, then the chip is gone and a little round stone in its place; take this stone and keep it, then they will come to you and then you can get to know whatever you ask of it; but don't ask too much all at once, because then they get too tired, but then further. When you have the stone in your pocket, you'll never lack for money; take the stone in a bottle and drop it a drop for each spirit you want to speak with; they shall procure for you in this way whatever you order, as wide as the whole earth extends.

There are obvious differences to be found while reading these two rituals, although as a whole they also share many similar elements. It can here be noted that the book “Negromänliska saker,” where we find the last version of the pact quoted, both in content and style as a whole share quite much with the classic south European, medieval grimoires like “Grimorium Verum” or “Clavicula Salomonis” while most other Swedish “black arts books” are more based upon typical Nordic rural cunning-arts. Still as previously noted, the versions share a few extremely vital components and elements that should make it possible to claim that they most probably also are based about a certain common practical tradition of magical praxis, or even actually share a very specific ritual as their common source. It is not for me here to delve too much into a comparative study of these two rituals though, but I simply want to point out that some of the features that can be found in them are those that I propose to be some of the most fundamental elements of the diabolical pact and its true esoteric nature.

First and foremost it should be rather obvious for those that are versed in the arts of traditional witchcraft to notice that the actual intent of the rites quoted above are not specifically a pact with the Devil as such, but rather a manner for the witch to summon a so called *familiaris* or *daimon*. The whole of the ritualistic endeavor addresses how to gain access to the force as to control such a spirit (by means of a magical object) which will then be able to grant whatever the sorcerer may wish to possess. Still, all the steps of the rites are highly alike such proceedings that we also find among the traditional forms of the diabolical pacts. For instance, we can as early as during the 10th century read an account of a ritual of this nature, written by a certain Helladius, where he describes how a slave under the roman senator Proterius once had sought an alliance with Satan. This came to happen after getting an advice from a “wizard,” for the slave to first write an absolute abjuration of Christ and secondly swear his allegiance to the Devil. Thereafter the slave would venture to a heathen grave at midnight’s hour and there wait for the infernal powers to arrive to grant him this “contract.” In this story, which actually is the first known written account of the diabolical pact (although the tradition itself is most probably far older than this), we can find many of the central elements that also can be spotted in the tradition of Swedish witchcraft. Another older story concerning the subject can be found in Jacobus de Voragine’s “Legenda aurea” written in 1290. Here we find a passage that describes how the legendary figure Theophilus renounced Christ in order to become in league with the Devil:

On the demand of the Demon, Theophilus thus forswore Christ and his mother, returned his Christian confession and wrote this abjuration by hand with his own blood, sealed it with his ring and gave the confession to the demon and granted him his service.

This very typical renunciation of the Christian god and the church is obviously seen as a recurring theme in the history of the pact. Not only the Knights Templar, who in their supposed rites to Baphomet placed the crucifix beneath their feet and thrice renounced Jesus, or the so called black masses where the Eucharistic rite of the church were inverted; but also the Swedish forms of the infernal pacts demanded that the witch proclaimed a rejection of the heavenly and ecumenical associations. One classic Swedish version of the pact was said to involve that he or she who wished to make a pact with Old Nick, must on Christmas Eve three times walk backwards and in withershins about a church and each time that one passes the church gate, blow into its keyhole. Thus one would have renounced the holy trinity, whereupon the Devil himself would appear to grant the person the so called "Black Arts Book." We should not believe this book to be the same as the aforementioned physical books, but rather should be understood as the spiritual powers that the Devil grants the person who may become in league with him. A very usual detail that came to be mentioned during many of the Swedish witch trials was that the witches had been given this book by Satan himself (often in the guise of a black dog, black cat or a goat) after they had closed the pact with him and it is indeed in these very "Black Arts Books" that they come in possession of their hideous magical forces, among others the ability to fly to the Sabbath. It can also be noted that the witch, after the pact was sworn, was to take a new name to even further acknowledge her initiation and familiarity to the infernal, in that the power brought about from the Christian baptism is condemned and a new one in the name of the Evil one is performed. The witch thus treads out of the gates of the universal church, forswears her whole being from the blessing of light and claims her belonging to all that is opposed to society, the yoke of the cloth, and yes, all of the earth and heaven. In an account from a 12-year old girl written during a Swedish witch trial taking place in 1674, we can see an example of such a very forswearing, that was meant to be proclaimed while attending the obscene feasts at the Sabbatic Mount:

Accursed be my father and mother
Accursed be my sister and brother
Accursed be heaven and earth
Accursed be moon and sun
Accursed be the one who in God believe
And all those that live upon the earth

The pact in this sense can only proceed through the symbolical death of one's former self and a total denunciation of the natural worldly order and its community, in the form of granting one's soul and name to the forces of Darkness.

The first version of the pact that was quoted above narrates how the "contract" should be placed beneath the church threshold during three Thursday evenings and in the second version how this instead is made by placing the wooden chip signed by the initiate in a cemetery². Speaking on the other hand of the locations where the preliminary rites are to take place we can conclude that they all are of these places of a so called liminal nature, that function as meeting places or crossings between different worlds. The church threshold is where the sacred (heavenly) and the profane (earthly) conjoin and the cemetery is where the worlds of the living and the dead are intermingled. We can also here note the likeness to the very common Swedish practice of the diabolical pacts where the "contract" is placed directly in the keyhole of the church gate. To place written forms of curses (most commonly on thin lead tablets) and other magical "letters" among or inside tombs was an extremely common practice already during the days of antiquity. The spirit of the deceased would then function as a spiritual "mailman" to bring the requests unto the infernal gods that the magician hoped would perform the written intent of the letter.

The crossroads are also very common places to perform witchcraft according to the Nordic grimoires, a practice that of course also can be traced back to antiquity (and most probably even earlier). The crossroad is the liminal place *par excellence*, where all worlds and dimensions are interconnected in one and the same point. The known and the unknown, life and death, the past and the future here meet in the eternal present at the center of the crossroads. This is where the magical action must always take place, in this kind of vacuum, a position outside and beyond the worldly, yet at the same time at the very core of the worldly: where the magician can penetrate the womb of all dimensions and plant the seed of his will to grow. Lastly, the performance of pacts during Christmas Eve or around Yuletide can also be understood as a time of liminal character, as in Swedish folklore this was the time of the year when the spirits of the dead most commonly roamed the earth. A time when the old year was replaced by the new and the darkness of the winter solstice had its peak, as well as when the wild hunt of Odin (*Oskoreia*) and his army of the dead would take place.

² Why the soul-selling contract is buried at the cemetery of course also brings to mind the alchemical process of Nigredo and its principle of putrefaction where the alchemist passes through a death of his former lower self/ego/psyche and by divine (but in this case satanic) grace is granted new life in the white phase of Albedo. The resurrection is in this case like the process of the pact, not simply happening in and by the substance itself, but only by the engagement with the Devil/Other can a new hypostasis occur. Also, the fact that the ritual should be conducted during three separate Thursday evenings can perhaps be connected with the three essential alchemical stages.

By this the Swedish diabolical pact seems to be grounded in two seemingly different metaphysical approaches: partly, its nature is clearly rooted in a tradition of witchcraft with methods that can be traced back to the antique goetic/folkmagical rites, and with a purpose that can be seen as a manner to get hold of various forms of supernatural powers, spiritual companions in the form of familiars and/or certain magical objects. Still, at the same time the character of the pact is also that of a solitary initiation where the person is to step out of his/her former identity, religion, indeed his/her own whole soul, to be able to swear allegiance to the only forces that can grant those specific powers that the person seeks³. The “Black Arts Book” that the witch is given or the *daimon* that she’s granted, is seemingly always obtained in terms of a meeting with the Devil himself at the liminal points of transgression. That the rites quoted above, with the aim to get hold of a *familiaris*, also include the traditional elements of the pact, might at first seem strange. Still they can actually be traced back to other parts of the Swedish witchcraft tradition. The following two formulas of summoning are from the 17th century and have as their intent to evoke certain familiars that shall help the witch to steal the wealth from neighboring farms:

You shall for me upon the earth dwell

And I shall for thee burn in hell

You shall travel land and sea

To milk and riches bring to me

...

I form your body

And the Devil grant you the soul

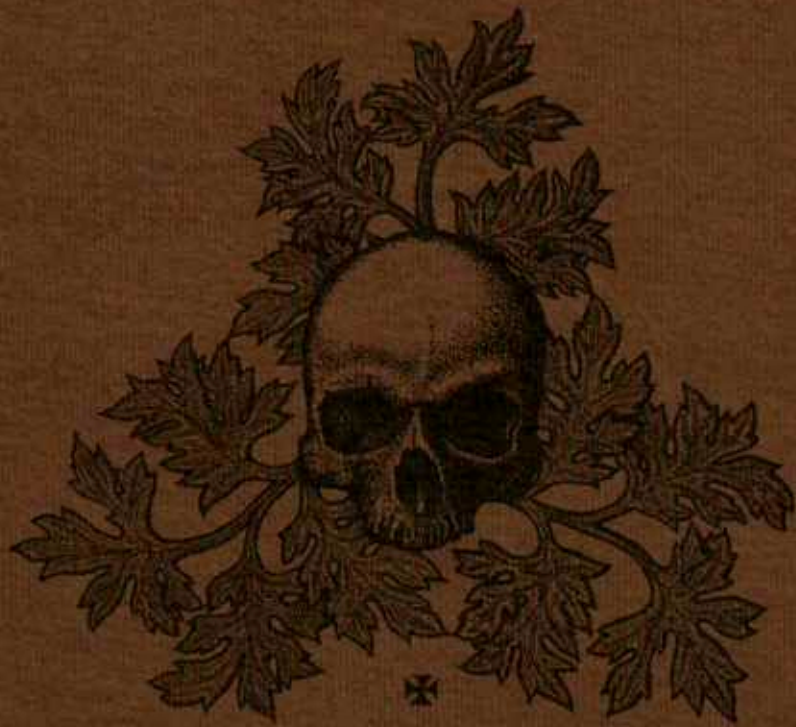
...

³ One interesting parallel can perhaps here be perceived in the myth of Odin, who both mixes his blood with Loki, as well as offers his one eye in order to get access to the well of Wisdom guarded by the Giant Mimir. The last myth can in return perhaps also be associated with the Hebrew myth of the Serpent’s gift of initiation to the first two humans in Genesis as well as the later myths of the fallen angels teaching the secret knowledge of heaven to the tribes of the earth.



In other words, it is by this quite obvious that within Swedish witchcraft, it was always thought that these forms of magical practices included in their very design that they were to be done by Satan's blessing and at the price of one's very soul. The rites that here have been presented always demanded an engagement between two parties, where the human is the initiate and the Devil is the initiator. The person is to break all his/her bonds to the worldly order and transcend it in a leap into the great unknown, becoming an ally with all that is theologically seen as *other* and terrifying, and by this truly becomes a witch sworn unto the powers of Hell. The witch is in this sense the one who has died to her former self, as well as the universal order itself, symbolized by the spiritual ecumenical community (the church and the Christian faith) and instead has trod out upon Damnation's path in the spiritual night, led only by Lucifer's black star. She is the one who wanders counter-sunwise and backwards against the cosmic current and the movement of creation as to become free of the shackles of the law. To understand the true nature of the pact is by this to understand the magio-mystical nature of the witch and the forbidden, horrid and beautiful powers that she has been blessed with through the communion with the absolute *Other*: The wild nameless god of the boundless light of the Night.





As he loved cursing,
so let it come unto him:
as he delighted not in blessing,
so let it be far from him.

