GRIMOIRE OF ABADDO11

Mine Demonic Gatekeepers 4

E.A. KOETTING

*BECOME A LIVING GOD

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The Antichrist Manifesto

An Exordium *Timothy*



Exordium means introduction in Latin.

Look at any point in human history—that particular generation of people did not understand their oppression. If you called them oppressed, they would have denied it and supported their masters due to indoctrination. A revolution first requires people to recognize that they live under conditions of oppression and domination. It is not obvious to everyone, and who knows all the forms of domination we today are accepting without even knowing it. At a further stage of enlightenment and community awareness, future humanity will look back at us as slaves in terms we cannot comprehend now.

—Noam Chomsky, Questions About Anarchism

ONCE upon an evening in October 2011, E.A. Koetting called me back. Earlier that afternoon, I had recorded a message on his voicemail and urged him to give fifteen minutes of his time to me because I needed to share a life-changing, even world-changing, idea.

"What's up?" he asked as soon as I answered, as he literally always asks —*literally* always.

I spat it out: "You and I will help humans to awaken their godhood, overthrow enslavement, and live their birthright as a union of free, empowered individuals."

He became genuinely amused, "Oh yeah, how?"

I rejoined as if it was obvious, "You will film video courses that reveal how to perform magick, to literally awaken their godlike powers: divination, evocation, and soul travel." "Okay..." he said impulsively almost by accident, mystified but still open to this random whopper of an idea.

He had confided to me a week earlier that he would retire as an occult author with The Book of Azazel, and I needed to address that looming danger in advance. "To clarify, I do not mean *write books*. I mean *film video courses* and post them online, where anyone can watch them anytime."

His critical faculty interjected, "But how would I initiate that many people? What if a hundred people sign up? I closed Ordo Ascensum Aetyrnalis because I initiated every single person by email myself. Nine out of ten initiates completely wasted my time."

As a blue collar guy and dyed in the wool occultist, he still used a flip phone instead of an iPhone and viewed magick through a traditional lens of secretive initiation—he barely comprehended this new, disruptive technology, namely, streaming video and social media a.k.a. Youtube and Facebook.

"No, no, no, you will not *initiate* anyone. This would not involve an occult church or temple; no titles or politics or hierarchy would exist; you would not baptize or anoint or ordain anyone. You simply film courses, then magicians anywhere on earth may study them on demand.

It finally sank in and a flame that had waned in his heart suddenly surged back to life, "Oh, okay, I would basically teach my magick lessons as if these viewers were initiates, but *anyone* can watch them!" His excitement mounted viscerally as occult chains dropped off his wrists and ankles, freeing him as a black magickian and author for the first time, "Basically, I place my entire brain of knowledge online and let anyone download it."

He still uses that *brain download* notion to this day, and emphasizes transparency over secrecy more than ever.

In my interpretation—which he has authenticated in private chats—E.A. considered retirement from the occult in 2012 because he had hit a glass ceiling, a *medieval* glass ceiling that *every* rising occult author suffers in silence, because autocratic priests and priestesses at their church would ban them if they complained. To preface this taboo: by that point, E.A. had penned nine original grimoires, founded an order, and toured bookstores and community colleges to lecture on demonology; he had little left to do as an occultist. Sadly, there is *only so much* an ambitious occultist *can do*, because under traditional occult law, magick knowledge is supposed to remain a *secret*. And not only a secret, but *hidden* behind an ivory tower of encrypted

initiations and gatekept by *the elite*, so as to allow only a privileged few to access it. These so-called elite use a bingo card of known rhetoric to rationalize their intellectual privilege:

1. Fearmongering: "Knowledge of magick is too dangerous."

Like a senior citizen who still views cannabis as a dangerous drug, they wildly exaggerate hazards of magick and spirits to scare people off and preserve their monopoly.

2. Racism: "You need to come from X bloodline and possess Y genes."

This racial supremacy stems from primitive, religious tribalism and still occurs in traditions like Norse Heathenry and Haitian Vodoun. This occult racism gives birth to feudalistic hierarchies and forces magicians into a regressive pissing match of competing bloodlines. No bio-technology exists to measure a magickal "midi-chlorian count" in blood like the Jedi in Star Wars, hence this unfalsifiable hypothesis is junk science.

3. Jealousy: "If you increase in power then I decrease in power."

This sounds like a man jealous that another man looked at his wife. The reader may not know this, but occultists often act resentful and bitter toward one another. Their psychology comes from a place of jealousy where they mistakenly believe that if other humans become more magickal, that they themselves would become less magickal, as if magick was a fixed natural resource like real estate.

4. Vanity & Desperation: "Submit to me to receive my secrets."

This also might involve, "Have sex with me to receive a privileged title in my church." True story: a female magician and close friend of the author had shared screenshots of a text message from a male priest who had said he would give her a rank of priestess in his secret lodge if she gave him masturbation videos.

E.A. closed his Ordo Ascensum Aetyrnalis because he felt nauseous any time an initiate acted worshipful and submissive toward him. He finally recognized occult churches as *glorified cults*; and priests and priestesses who rule them as *glorified cult leaders*; and initiates in occult churches and temples as *glorified cult members*.

The reader might connect dots at this point and identify that numerous authors in this very compendium have opened and ruled in pretty prominent churches and temples. Believe it or not, they fundamentally agree with this critique and rail against regressive social norms themselves, although mainly in private. Like E.A., they only opened their church or temple because no better alternative existed back then. Amazon, Youtube, forums, and other digital authorship and community technologies only emerged this decade and provided magickal intellectuals a new place to share their knowledge in safer, healthier, more transparent relationships.

To glimpse into his private psychology: E.A. instinctively loathes coattail riders, hangers-on, and underlings of that ilk; as a corollary, he also loathes the stereotype of a mystical guru and cult leader. He considers their vertical, top-down relationships as contrary to individual and species ascent. He only respects *allies* who will descend with him into the Abyss, suffer damnation, and then explode out in ascent to godhood—with mutual respect as *equals* in terms of ambition.

An ingenious author of *any* field does not sacrifice six to twelve months to an innovation like a new grimoire in order to then *hide* it. However, hitherto, the occult has demanded that their top authors do *that*. Fundamentalist occultists organize troll brigades that lay merciless guilt trips, piracy, and smear campaigns *to try to harm* any author whom experiences even one iota of heightened reception. Compare this to any other field; imagine if the music community shamed a musician whom recorded a full-length album and then tried to support it with a tour to reach new listeners. In fact, years ago as a young man, a former publisher of E.A. *forbade him* to do interviews with a number of subculture magazines who had asked to feature his new releases; his publisher called it "selling out."

Why such regressive, elitist counter-measures to *progress*?

Dear reader, allow me to reveal a dirty little secret: the occult has never been about helping humanity to progress; instead, it has always been about aggrandizing *political power*. Hence, occultists have always organized theocratically in religious institutions like churches, temples, lodges, and orders; they initiate aspirants into *priesthoods*. It allows megalomaniacs to hoard knowledge, gatekeep magick, and ban dissenters. These priests and priestesses only tolerate ingenious magicians if they propagate *their* message under *their* church, or else they act belligerent toward them with slander, doxing, piracy, etc.

A clarion call to young, rising magicians: if your intuition urges you to become a magickal innovator, then open a discussion group, administer a blog, arrange a ritual circle, host a book club, pen a grimoire—but please do not found a church, do not subject humanity to another cult.

When E.A. released his first Youtube video, it became undeniable to him that modes of knowledge transmission in magick needed to evolve to reflect modern technology. E.A. saw that a single 15-minute video affected more people than his entire tenure as patriarch of a secret order.

E.A. agreed to participate in my progressive mission, i.e., video courses, over a three-hour discussion on that same first telephone callback.

Then a whirlwind ensued.

A person who demands truth deserves to know it, because seeking truth awakens the first godlike power, omniscience. It has always seemed bizarre, not that occultists placed barriers to entry in front of magick knowledge in the first place, but that they *still* enforce those barriers today.

"What do you want to call this mission, this project?" E.A. inquired.

"Magick as a praxis consists of three core acts: divination, evocation, and soul travel. These awaken a human's birthright, their *three godlike powers*: omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence. When a magician maximizes their three godlike powers, they have become a living god. That's the name: Become A Living God."

"Oh, okay, cool. Let me sleep on it and I will tell you my opinion tomorrow," he concluded. My phone lit to notify me of a new text message the next afternoon. It simply said: "I slept on it. I like it. Let's do it!"

E.A. insists often, "You don't summon a demon, a demon summons *you*. When your intuition tells you to evoke a demon, they contacted *you*. You're not calling them; you're calling them *back*.

I released a book called The Devil in 2016. I underwent psychic possession with the Devil archetype in its plurality of forms and dissertated on the cohesive philosophy behind their collective worldview as I experienced it.

As the Devil myself, I evoked E.A. Koetting. He called me *back*.

Furthermore, dear reader, if your eyes see these letters on this page, it means that not only Abaddon, not only the entire union of the Nine Demonic Gatekeepers, but E.A. Koetting, Michael W. Ford, Kurtis Joseph, Edgar Kerval, Bill Duvendack, Orlee Stewart, V.K. Jehannum, and Enoch Petrucelly, and I have evoked *you* too.

Infernal Apocalypse of the Supernal Empire

Apocalypse means revelation in Greek, apokalyptein A revolution is a process, not an event.

—Revolutionary maxim

The aim and the outcome of this operation, this pathworking with the nine gatekeepers, is not meant to climax in the war that ends all wars, nor is it meant to climax at the point of the manifestation of some sort of alien species showing up in metal ships. Azazel has said that he will one day come to me as a doctor, as a physician, and a scientist, as a living being stepped out of the darkness into manifestation. These beings have said that they will walk and talk with us as one man walks and talks with another.

This can produce a lot of interesting thoughts to you, a lot of visions of a future, of a co-mingling between humans and demons. I'm here to tell you that that day has already come. As you evoke these beings they appear to you, and indeed you walk and talk with them as one man walks and talks with another, an even greater connection and communication is had in that. And so this future is already here. So what's the real end purpose of all of this? It is to bring to pass the reign of the Antichrist. It is to bring to pass the full seating of the Infernal Empire here on Earth. This is a personal apocalypse.

—E.A. Koetting, *The Age of Godhood*, Youtube

When E.A. trumpets an Infernal Apocalypse of the Supernal Empire, when he declares a magick war against human enslavers, as he aspires to dethrone unconsented masters of humanity, as he heralds emergence of these Nine Gatekeepers into this earth plane, he does not necessarily imply that it will culminate this year or even in his lifetime perhaps, nor does it dog whistle a violent civil war. Neither he, nor any demon, guarantees an exact time, because a world of feasibilities still unfolds. He does not emulate a doomsday prophet who fear-mongers End Times with an hour and day when life will perish. The Infernal Empire does not mean a gothic fortress in Transylvania with bloodthirsty vampire bats circling overhead and an army of orcs forging swords in a hellfire hearth—although, that does sound dope. And a Supernal Empire does not mean a sparkling crystal castle located atop a voluptuous mountain of cotton ball clouds patrolled by silver-robed, porcelain-skinned archangels behind a golden gate—although, that does sound luxurious.

The Roots of Evil from Seed to Flower

Warlock means oath-breaker in Old Norse, wera-leogan

Infernal Apocalypse of the Supernal Empire denotes a demonist coup d'état against angelarchic fascism. E.A. aspires for the complete overthrow of an insidious strain of toxic beliefs that have mercilessly poisoned the human psyche since prehistory, namely, *absolutism*. This primitive, apish belief in *absolute truth* anthropomorphized into a second belief in *absolute being*, called *divinity*. Without knowledge of science or anthropology, prehistoric humans mythologized divinity into hierarchies of beings who created and ruled over life, called gods. To remain in good standing with these totalitarian, celestial oligarchs, humans abided by an *absolute law*, or divine covenant, to sacrifice life back to these absolute beings who gifted life to them, i.e., worship. They indicted anyone who transgressed their divine covenant to be a warlock, a witch, a devil, and sentenced them to capital punishment to remedy their collective standing with the gods.

The evolution of evil in religion:

- Belief in absolute truth
- Belief in absolute being a.k.a. divinity
- Belief in divinity as origin, power source, and destination of existence

- Belief in divine law a.k.a. covenant
- Belief in worship a.k.a. ritual sacrifice
- Belief in capital punishment of heresy, blasphemy, etc.
- Inter-tribal genocide, war, slavery, and racism ensue

To summarize, this singular belief in absolute truth evolved into an entire paradigm of authoritarian governance that still exists on earth today in miscellaneous forms and scopes. From seed to flower, absolute truth gave roots to absolute being that sprouted into absolute law that flowered into absolute punishment.

Religion as a Remnant of the Apish Brain

All religious and moral interpretations are but forms of submission to evil ... Man is now strong enough to be able to feel ashamed of a belief in god: he may now play the part of the devil's advocate afresh.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, The Will to Power, p.470-1

In the author's opinion, as Homo sapiens evolved from the great ape, they organically, unconsciously formulated religion as a final rationale to justify their ape-like instincts to view other apes as competition and dominate them for exclusive territory, mates, and survival, i.e., property rights. As humankind has evolved further toward cooperation and mutual aid, their ape-like instinct to remedy economic disputes violently has dropped dramatically, ergo, support of religion has dropped dramatically too. In other words, the author theorizes that religion—belief in divine truth and the accompanied violence necessary to enforce it as divine law—arose biologically from a less evolved brain to justify the nearly obsolete parts of pre-human nature. To this point, social values that humans take for granted today are milestones of progress in human evolution, for example, *tolerance* of individual diversity, or preference for *democracy* over theocracy—a razing of vertical hierarchy to rubble underfoot a free, *horizontal* civilization.

Belial: Without a Master, Compendium 1

My Preface in *Compendium of Belial* defines godhood simply as the supreme, semi-deterministic zenith of human evolution on its current trajectory—a technological, psychological, and genetic mutation from Homo <u>sapiens</u> to Homo <u>deus</u>—an explosive singularity of exponentially

accelerating change. This theory parallels Friedrich Nietzsche's classic Übermensch figure, an *over-man* or *trans-man* who *overcomes* or *transcends* his primitive idealism through *killing god* and then *becoming god*—to become his truest, fullest self, i.e., to *become who you are* as Nietzsche phrased it.

Becoming Who You Are

To become a living god does not mean to become *someone other than oneself*; it does not mean to become *something other than oneself*. To the contrary, it asks a person to become *who they are already* but never recognized; it asks a person to awaken to *what they are already* but never knew. From childhood onward, the ruling class indoctrinates the civilian class to believe that they are *someone else*; the ruling class indoctrinates the civilian class to believe that they are *something else*. To become a living god means to unmask *false self* and maximize *true self*.

Dear reader, for years I defined godhood by the essential magick powers:

- 1. Omniscience through divination
- 2. Omnipotence through evocation and spellcasting
- 3. Omnipresence through soul travel

I have called these the *Three Godlike Powers* or 3GP. While that remains as true as ever, nevertheless, a newer, simpler conception of god has emerged—the being who defines themselves. Consider this exuberant truth, this sublime distillate: in theistic mythologies, the gods create and rule the world. They shape existence and civilization, and thus define the lives of the civilian class. The gods legislate and adjudicate their own preferences, alas, the civilians live and define themselves according to imperatives handed down from the gods, e.g., the Ten Commandments.

To become a living god means to become who *you* are, to define *yourself* by your own intrinsic preference, without deference to extrinsic imperatives from a god, nation, or parent.

Transhumanism

From Homo Sapiens to Homo Deus

From Ancient Greece through early modern Germany to postmodern France, a leftward lineage of anti-theist philosophers has always *killed god*

and theorized human evolution as on a natural trajectory toward godhood.

God is dead! ... And we have killed him! ... Do we not ourselves have to become Gods?

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, p.103

At the entrance of the modern time stands the God-man ... Man has killed God in order to become now: sole God on high.

—Max Stirner, *The Ego & His Own*

Man is the being whose project is to be God ... To be man means to reach toward being God ... man fundamentally is the desire to be God.

—Jean-Paul Sartre, On Being & Nothingness, p.566

The human psyche as a neuro-technology features an incubational power that affects the mental, astral, and physical planes trimultaneously. It births into existence and magnifies the lifeforce of that which it concentrates on for extended periods, and conversely, it can abort births and annihilate being also; for example, ancient humans invented thousands of gods and goddesses in myriad polytheistic faiths, and through millennia of mass ritual worship, these pseudo-deities became autonomous, high-powered egregores that live on the astral plane in landscapes resembling their original myths. This explains why black magicians can summon these spirits and soul travel to their realms, and share common experiences amongst one another.

Imagine if humanity had concentrated their magnificent, creative power on maximizing their individual and collective evolution, instead of violently enforcing fictional divine laws. Imagine if humans concentrated on *becoming gods and goddesses* instead of worshiping other gods and goddesses. If only these former apes would *internalize* their magick power instead of *externalize* it. Whensoever humanity incubates themselves into gods instead of wasting their magick on empowering ancient genocidal egregores, then and only then will they transcend Homo sapiens.

For the individual to set up his own ideal and derive from it his laws, his pleasures and his rights—that has perhaps been hitherto regarded as the most monstrous of all human aberrations, as idolatry in itself ... It was in the marvelous art and capacity for creating gods—in polytheism—that this impulse was permitted to discharge itself, it was here that it became purified, perfected, and ennobled ... To be hostile to this impulse towards the individual ideal—that was formerly the law of every morality ... The

inventing of gods, heroes, and supermen of all kinds, as well as coordinate men and undermen—dwarfs, fairies, centaurs, satyrs, demons, devils—was the inestimable preliminary to the justification of the selfishness and sovereignty of the individual: the freedom which was granted to one god in respect to other gods, was at last given to the individual himself in respect to laws, customs and neighbors. Monotheism, on the contrary ... has perhaps been the greatest danger of mankind ... In polytheism man's free-thinking and many-sided thinking had a prototype set up: the power to create for himself new and individual eyes...

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, p.110-1

Lucifer: The Enlightener, Compendium 2

My Prologue in *Compendium of Lucifer* elucidates parameters of human oppression with precise political and economic terminology along a historical timeline. It clarifies fundamentals of a social revolution necessary to liberate humanity from its current neo-liberal, state-capitalist, three-caste hierarchy:

1. Plutocrat class, i.e., the ultra-rich, the elite, kleptocrats & neptocrats

These *meta-rulers* patronize the politician class whom then legislate, enforce, and increase their economic dominance; *this class owns life itself*. They own the *natural monopolies of earth* and *utilities of life*: land, water, food, medicine, energy, banking, and more. This elite class strengthens and protects their private oligarchy through uninterrupted intergenerational inheritance, trust funds and pseudo-charitable foundations, shell corporations, untaxed offshore bank accounts, inflated government contracts, socialized costs through government subsidies, socialized losses through government bailouts, and money laundering through real estate. The plutocrat class receives: dividends, royalties, rents, capital gains, and interests by extracting rents and debts from the civilian class who *needs* to access their natural monopolies and utilities *in order to survive*. The plutocrat class are masters of the two lower classes.

2. Politician class, i.e., the legislators, judges, police & military

These nominal rulers legislate, police, and judge mainly in accord with demands of the plutocrat class, and only ceremoniously in accord with demands of the civilian class. As legislators-for-hire, the politician class rents out its votes, adjudications, and privileges to the plutocrat class. The politician class indoctrinates and enforces the master-slave relation between the plutocrat and citizen classes.

3. Citizen class, i.e., the people, the workers, renters & consumer debtors

As subjects of the two ruling classes, the citizen class rents out their labor and goes into debt to receive the privilege to survive under economic mastery of the plutocrat class. The citizen class are the modern slaves of civilization. They have been robbed of their natural birthright to access the commonwealth of humankind, i.e., the natural resources necessary for life itself. The citizen class are slaves of civilization.

Incidentally, this is the economic critique of *democratic libertarianism* à la Thomas Paine in Colonial America and radicals of the French Revolution—not to be confused with *reactionary libertarianism* espoused today.

Azazel: Steal Fire from the Gods, Compendium 3

Black magician denotes an ethnic identity. No singular identity has suffered as much literal, institutional demonization and hatred as black magician in human history—an a priori truth by definition. On every continent in every time, from precolonial Americas both North and South, across Asia through Europe and down to Africa, any person who acted in contrast to religious orthodoxy became color-coded as black and direction-coded as left. Whether designated a devil, demon, div, djinn, witch, and so on, this ubiquitous reactionary tradition of demonization has

recurred on record everywhere, albeit under regional nomenclature. From isolated Congo villagers and Persian desert nomads, to forest ascetics in India and pagans in Ireland, place a finger randomly on a world map, and those people historically possess a tradition that alienated and punished so-called black magicians.

—Timothy, *Pretext*, p.7

My Pretext in *Compendium of Azazel* defines the black magician as the most persecuted *meta-ethnicity* in world history and provides examples of discriminatory ancient laws that outlawed and punished black magick. Ethnicity means a common culture in a group of people. Virtually every civilization that has existed has alienated an antinomian minority group of dissidents whom disbelieved in the sanctioned gods and thereby disobeyed sacred laws of the ruling class, crimes of heresy and blasphemy. The tribe slanders dissidents with epithets like satanist, black magician, witch, sorcerer, warlock, devil, and more. Thus, this global assortment of minority groups across eras and tribes constitutes a meta-ethnicity, one that has suffered more universal persecution collectively than any singular demographic.

Abaddon: Angel of the AByss, Compendium 4

Name	Left Hand Path	Right Hand Path
Ontology	Optimistic	Theism
	nihilism	
Morality	Voluntary	Imperative
Aesthetic	Plurality	Uniformity
Politic	Anarchism	Hierarchism
Sociality	Inclusive,	Exclusive, elitist
	equalitarian	
Spirituality	Black magick	White magic
Ambition	Deification of self	Communion with the
	and	godhead and transmigration back
	community	to it
History	Globally	Globally respected majority

II I	persecuted minority	
Virtues	Individuality,	Faith, abstinence, and piety
	freedom, power, and	
	unity	

In *Compendium of Abaddon* now, the author takes the reader into the Abyss, and with fair warning, because it will separate wheat from chaff; true black magicians and witches will find sublime validation in it, while a segment of alleged sorcerers and witches will hate it—like sprinkling *unholy* water on a *fake* witch, they will melt. Less than 1 of 100 black magickians even knows that the Left Hand Path is grounded on a consensus philosophy, i.e., a peer-agreed *internal logic* of terminology, values, and ambitions. That fact alone, that consensus definitions exist, may upset a portion of witches whom accidentally mis-identified with the moon and technically would align better with the sun.

The Right Hand Theology

Which is it? Is man God's mistake or God man's mistake?

—Friedrich Nietzsche, Twilight of the Idols, p.33

It is necessary to state whom we regard as our antithesis: the theologians., and all those who have the blood of theologians in their veins ... It is upon the theological instinct that I wage war ... They endow their distorted vision with a good conscience, the claim that no other point of view is any longer of value, once theirs has been made sacrosanct with the names "God," "Salvation," "Eternity." It is the most universal and actually the most subterranean form of falsity on earth ... That which a theologian considers true, must of necessity be false.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Antichrist*, p.8

The Right Hand Path classifies as a meta-religion, or basket of religions, with a common *theology*. It starts with a *positive belief* in an absolute, fixed, perfect being as their ontological grounds; they call it god or gods or the goddess or the godhead or the divine. Regardless of its gender and quantity which varies by tradition, their religions share a number of theological beliefs in common.

- 1. Theism: divinity exists
- 2. Creationism: divinity created existence
- 3. Theocratism: divinity rules and powers its creation
- 4. Elitism: divinity created an aristocracy of beings and cosmocracy of planes in descending order of divinity; it contains an angelarchy in the highest divinest plane, and humanarchy and demonarchy in the lowest most profane planes
- 5. Escapism: a soul transmigrates from the lowest to highest planes over aeons of lives in order to ultimately dissolve back into the godhead and escape profanity
- 6. Worship: a white magician performs ritual to commune with divinity, which purifies their soul, and accelerates transmigration back to god
- 7. Misanthropy: animal nature, human needs, and material ambitions rank as low, base, and evil because they strengthen and solidify physical existence, which they seek to transmigrate

Reader, you might recognize this elitist, escapist, misanthropic theology, because it has dominated Western thought for the last two thousand years, from newer traditions like New Age spirituality and Wicca to old Abrahamic faiths like Christianity and Islam. For example, in Christianity, Yahweh created an angelarchy in heaven (highest plane), with a humanarchy on earth and demonarchy in hell (lower planes). Yahweh commanded humans to suppress their animal nature and human ambition (misanthropy) to purify their souls, because the son of Yahweh will come to earth to gatekeep which souls may return to heaven (transmigration, resurrection).

This Right Hand Path theology views the ultimate trajectory of a soul as a one-dimensional line: the godhead created the soul at Point A in the past, and the soul transmigrates back to the godhead at Point B in the future.

Superficially, this meta-theology sounds deceptively simple and straightforward, which explains why *billions* of indoctrinated people adhere to it in one form or another. Nonetheless, critical scrutiny reveals this layer cake of unfalsifiable assumptions as a fraud and a literal waste of life.

The Left Hand Philosophy

Godhood out of Chaos

Abyss means bottomless in Greek, abyssos **Chaos** means emptiness in Greek, khaos

The Left Hand Path classifies as a *philosophy*. It opens with a *negative belief*, insofar as it believes in *nothing*. This nothingness is known as *the abyss* and *chaos* in Greek respectively. A black magician categorically does not believe in a separate godhead as the grounds, power source, nor ultimatum of their transformative existence. The Left Hand Path is grounded on *groundlessness*.

Eternal Recurrence

The Cosmic Circle

Sinister means left in Latin **Nihilism** means belief in nothing in Latin

Insofar as the senses show becoming, passing away, change, they do not lie ... being is an empty fiction ... The characteristics which have been assigned to the *real being* of things are the characteristics of non-being, of nothingness—the *real world* has been constructed out of a contradiction ... it is no more than a moral-optical illusion.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*, p.49 This universe has not been made by any god or man, but it always has been, is, and will be an ever-living fire, kindling itself by regular measures and going out by regular measures.

—Heraclitus, *Fragment 2*

In the sinister view, everything constantly changes, and *nothing exists* in any permanent, absolute, fixed sense—thereby, it precludes belief in a divine or absolute being. The forms of reality emerge from nothing and merge back to nothing always; reality shapeshifts endlessly like a dancing flame. Every part of the cosmos arrives and departs, is born and dies, in and out of the abyss. This lifecycle recurs eternally at every level, from the macrocosm down to the microcosm, i.e., from universes to electrons and everything in between, coming in and out of existence without interruption. This cosmic revolving door powers itself automatically with renewable energy harnessed from this dynamic of antagonistic forces naturally countervailing each other forever. Thus, a black magician interprets reality as a multi-dimensional, perpetual motion *illusion*, an endless *mirage*

unfolding in real time. As such, a black magician interprets the cosmos as *unreal*, *untrue*, *amoral*, and *unbelievable*.

Viewed mechanically, the energy of collective becoming remains constant; regarded from the economical standpoint, it ascends to its zenith and then recedes therefrom in order to remain eternally rotary.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*, p.304

This healthy, rational *nihilism* includes *anti-theism* part and parcel; not only does a sorcerer view a divine being as the highest conceivable lie, but they unmask reality itself as a fake, that is to say, *not as it appears* and most definitively *not* from divine creation. If a divine being is absolutely perfect, then it cannot change, because any and all change would ruin its perfection. If reality constantly changes, then it categorically cannot be of divine origin. Alas, white magicians view black magick as evil because it reveals that their emperor has no clothes.

The world itself is a mixed drink which must constantly be stirred. The strife of the opposites gives birth to all that comes-to-be; the definite qualities which look permanent to us express but the momentary ascendancy of one partner. But this by no means signifies the end of the war; the contest endures in all eternity ... The things in whose definiteness and endurance narrow human minds believe have no real existence. They are but the flash and spark of drawn swords, the quick radiance of victory in the struggle of the opposites.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *Philosophy in the Age of the Greeks*, p.54-5

Will to Power

Antagonism as the Motor of Ascent

Black magick means performing rituals that harness chaos for ascent.

What is good? All that enhances the feeling of power, the Will to Power, and power itself in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness. What is happiness? The feeling that power is increasing, that resistance has been overcome ... The weak and the botched shall perish ... And they ought even to be helped to perish.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Antichrist*, p.4

Out of cosmic chaos, the black magician and black witch rise to godhood. Only the infinite nothingness of the abyss can provide the freedom of space necessary to facilitate an emergence of this unlimited magnitude; only the constant volatility of antagonistic forces in perpetually countervailing cycles of change can provide the infinite amount of energy necessary to fuel ascent of this topless height. To summarize metaphysics of the Left Hand Path in a sentence: constant change through cycling opposites, e.g., birth and death, provides unlimited metaphysical space and energy, i.e., chaos, to empower black magicians to ascend to godhood.

Reader, you do not need to believe in divinity in order to become *godlike* through embodying traits that have always been exclusively reserved for gods. To this point, the more antagonistic you become toward the concept of a *separate* godhead, the more volatility it breeds, the more it accelerates *your* ascent to godhood. The stronger the dynamic of antagonism, the faster the ascent. Therefore, both *anti-theism* and *anarchism*, also known as adversarialism and antinomianism, fuel self-deification. In other words, the more a black magician fights against *elitism*—belief that a higher divine class should rule over a lower profane class—the more godlike they become. The lower, deeper, more subterranean a warlock *descends*, the higher, loftier, more godlike he *ascends*. Godhood and devilhood are the same archetype from alternate perspectives.

Forever and ever, persistent matter changes its form. Grasping the clue of causality: mechanical, physical, chemical, and organic phenomena greedily push to the fore, snatching matter from one another, for each would reveal its own inherent idea. We can follow this strife throughout the whole of nature. In fact, we might say that nature exists but by virtue of it.

—Arthur Schopenhauer, The World as Will & Representation

Chaos — The Intersection of Black Magick & Mysticism

BLACK MAGICK

Therefore, become a god.

Optimistic nihilism

Change is constant.
Nothing exists.
Only chaos is real.

MYSTICISM

Therefore, become nothing.

Pessimistic nihilism

Black magick and mysticism intersect in that both springboard off a belief in *nothing*. They share one axiom: *change* is *the only constant*, *nothing exists*, *only chaos is real*. But, they divorce each other radically from there.

A magickian interprets chaos as a free space to become oneself fully, i.e., becoming who they are a.k.a. godhood—this explains why sorcerers adopt and tolerate eccentric aesthetics in their clothes and hairdos, and alternative lifestyles like polyamory, queerness, transgenderism, and transhumanism; whereas, mysticism interprets chaos as a law to become nothing fully, i.e., become one with nothingness a.k.a. nirvana—this explains why mystics piously subject themselves to asceticism whereby they abandon possessions, shave off their hair, wear uniform robes, live in remote monasteries, eat only donated food, and take vows of celibacy. Do not allow sugary platitudes from mystics to deceive you—they espouse pessimistic nihilism under their smiles.

Black magicians and mystics both view reality as a bowl of wet clay. A sorcerer shapes this clay into a beautiful monument, while a mystic never touches it. Black magick is the highest and finest art form insofar as it sculpts reality itself. A black magician lives with eyes wide open, dancing in rapture with the cosmic fire; a mystic sits eyes closed in lotus posture on the bench.

Immortal Omnipresence

Anti-Transmigration: Ascent Through Descent

The most amazing thing about being here now in this human form in this reality is that we have not been disconnected from our god-selves. All that we are, all that we ever were, and all that we could become, is present within us at this very moment. It's just a matter of unlocking it, expressing it, letting it flow through. It's a matter of taking away your own internal blockages and stopping yourself from stopping yourself.

—E.A. Koetting, *Anti-Transmigration*, Youtube A white magician believes that a divine being created the cosmos, and that it contains a hierarchy of spirits and cosmocracy of planes from highest, most divine down to lowest, least divine. In concept, they try to increase purity of their soul over aeons of lifetimes, rising to higher planes in a transmigration back to their divine creator. Accordingly, their theology deems the physical plane, human nature, animal needs, and earthly

ambitions as low, base, dirty, and anathema to their divine imperative of purifying the soul.

A black magician critiques their repression of human nature and escape of the physical plane as *misanthropic* and *escapist*—not to mention absurdly false and therefore an aeonic waste of lifetimes. Instead, a sorcerer views this physical plane *like any other plane*—a reservoir of chaos, a mirage of endless change. Or, perhaps, a sorcerer considers physicality their *favorite* illusion because it is the most deceptive, hardest, toughest, painstakingly slowest plane of them all; as such, it foments the *most antagonism* between cycling opposites, therefore, providing the most chaos to fuel the highest ascent.

In a video game, as a player becomes better, their levels become harder, not easier, and they excitedly strive to reach the *hardest level* or plane. So, too, does the black magician excitedly aspire to become a god in this cosmic video game.

Dear reader, do you finally see?

Higher man is a combination of the monster and the superman: these opposites belong to each other. With every degree of a man's growth towards greatness and loftiness, he also grows downwards into the depths and into the terrible: we should not desire the one without the other; or, better still: the more fundamentally we desire the one, the more completely we shall achieve the other ... Terribleness belongs to greatness: let us not deceive ourselves.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*, p.474

The adversarialist, the diabolist, the demonist, the black magician, the sorcerer, the witch—they do not wish to escape so-called lower planes. The more they descend to devilhood, the more they ascend to godhood, because descent and ascent occur simultaneously in proportion to each other. A black magician maximizes their use of the cosmos, digests it completely, to a point of coexistent omnipresence in every illusory plane altogether at once.

This ultimate cosmic omnipresence and inclusivity toward the physical, when taken to its logical conclusion, constitutes a quest for *immorality*, but not of the physical only—*immortal omniscience on every plane eternally*.

Optimistic Nihilism

Cosmic Orgasms in a Pregnant Abyss

The devil has become interesting as one who has been misunderstood and slandered for ages—we are the saviors of the devil's honor.

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*, p.468

Historically alienating slanders like satanist, black magician, and witch have lost their teeth in the twenty-first century, in part because of innovations by authors in this very compendium—black magicians *coming out of the closet*, as it were. As civilization progresses further socially and divorces from god, these epithets have become badges of honor worn shamelessly with a sense of irony. Notwithstanding, a newer epithet has risen to first place as *worst insult* used to flippantly dismiss an adversarialist as crazy and evil: *nihilist*.

Nihilism simply means belief in nothing, from *nihility* in Latin. It has become the new knee-jerk slander instead of satanist. As explained, the Left Hand Path assents to a negative first: nothing exists, but a boundless void in and out of which an ephemeral mirage loops forever. This endless change precludes permanent being; nothing can nor does exist absolutely—neither god, nor truth, nor morality, nor beauty, nor justice, nor any other manmade *ideals*. Brother Friedrich Nietzsche meant *precisely this* when he declared, "God is dead!"—he heralded the death of ideals as truth.

If absolute truth cannot exist, then the *highest*, *ultimate* belief needs to be a *negative*, i.e., a *near truth* that borders against absolute truth, but never takes a leap of faith over the chasm.

The black magician finds himself in a godless abyss now, liberated from the metaphysical cages of divine laws, afterlife punishments, and karmic traps. The black witch is born again into a *free spirit*.

What does the sorcerer *feel* in his newly discovered environment?

What does the witch *feel* in her newly discovered freedom?

Pure joy, unconditional love, bottomless gratitude. If home is where the heart is, then a black magician feels *at home* in chaos, because her heart *lives* there. The abyss is the natural habitat of a black witch. Therein, her soul lies bare, undressed, and unprotected in this fertilest of gardens, awakening to her goddess nature for the first time, she becomes who she is beneath the illusion of flesh. With her orgasmic *Yes!* as the soundtrack to the cosmos—she becomes... and becomes ... again... and again... she becomes forever!

Question: What is black magick?

Answer: The cosmic orgasm, constantly becoming in the pregnant abyss, giving birth to new life and death to old. Aha! Black magick is *sex* magick. Ascent means increasingly becoming who you are and who you deserve to be by birthright; in every moment of chaos, a new you is born, an old you dies, from your thoughts to your cells, you live in constant renewal. *This* is the meaning of optimistic nihilism, *this* is the doctrine of the Left Hand Path: yes, yes, yes forever!

The Antichrist in the Age of Godhood

The Pantheon: A Union of Human Gods

Christ means anointed one in Greek, khristos **Messiah** means anointed one in Hebrew, mashiah **Elite** means chosen ones in Latin, eligere

To truly become the living incarnation of supreme self-deification, you must fully embody every deity and devil within your own pantheon simultaneously, thus transcending form through the infinite expansion of self rather than through self-sacrifice. You must know with certainty then that you are the chosen one, that you are the destroyer, the antichrist, and the sole savior and the only hope for humanity. This heretical hubris is magnified by Ascent and validated magically by those who dare accept their stations as lords of this world.

—E.A. Koetting, *The Age of Godhood*, Newsletter Both christ and messiah mean *the anointed*, similarly, elite means *the chosen*; they denote an *identity archetype*, a *mantle* of the highest privilege bestowed upon an initiate who undergoes a rite of passage granting them power to rule, not unlike crowning a king or swearing in a president. Anointing refers to rubbing ointment or oil on a recipient, a common part of initiatory ceremonies in ancient time.

The Christ

God of the Elite: Privilege, Patriarchy & Victimhood

Privilege presupposes that an initiate did not *earn* or *deserve* their title through normal qualification and deed, but rather inherited or received their title as a gift. To illustrate this, the mythical protagonist of the Christian saga, Jesus Christ, inherited his mantle as King of Kings from his father, the patriarchal deity Yahweh. Jesus epitomizes the entitlement nature of Christhood insofar as he became Lord of Lords over humankind through

primogeniture, i.e., inheritance. Christians worship a man born into the highest conceivable patriarchal privilege and nepotism: a male child inherits totalitarian dominion over the species and planet at birth from his father. Furthermore, he subjects himself to crucifixion in a supreme act of victimhood, a mythos that pairs privilege and victimhood together like cheese and crackers. Seriously though, can any sane person feel bad for Jesus, a man born into the ultimate privilege, the submissive son of a totalitarian, racist, homophobic war-god who landlords the cosmos? He *deserved* to die.

Needless to say, Christianity contains christ in its name, and thereby means the *religion of the anointed one*, or worship of the anointed one, or worship of the chosen one. Alas, Christianity denotes a *religion of elitism*; Christians *worship the elite*; Christ is the *god of male privilege and victimhood*.

The Antichrist

Antihero of the People: Individuality, Freedom, Power & Unity

The Antichrist signifies an inverse identity, negative archetype, or adverse mantle—not an individual figure by name, but an entire subversive zeitgeist. In contradiction to Christ, Antichrist means *the unannointed*, *the unchosen*, the *unwashed*, the *undesirables*, the *anti-elite*. If Christ comprises the elite, then Antichrist encompasses *the people*.

No one black magician can unbolt a billion shackles—not E.A. Koetting, not Michael W. Ford, not Edgar Kerval, not *anyone*; no lone wolf Demonic Gatekeeper can rewire a billion brains to raise awareness of their oppression, nor lift a billion veils off a billion faces in a clean sweep. The Nine Demonic Gatekeepers themselves identified their unique strengths and weaknesses and magnified them through uniting into a *mighty nine*. Through unity, their diverse array of joint powers maximizes one another's strengths and nullifies one another's weaknesses.

Dear reader, imagine *your* unique strengths and weaknesses.

Can *you* do this alone? Can you do everything necessary to free *the people*? Have you even freed *yourself*?

Let me absolve you of this messianic obligation with a more evolved view on individuality: If every individual has pluses and minuses, logic dictates that *individuality breeds diversity* in a group. As such, a *group* remedies their respective weaknesses through reciprocal strengths found in one another. In other words, what one individual lacks, another individual provides—this

collective empowerment is called *synergy*. A group fosters a *power synergy* that measures far greater than the power of one constituent alone.

I ask again: can you do this alone? To which you answer now: no, but when I unite with other black magicians whose strengths remedy my weaknesses, perhaps we can together!

My friend, it is high time for humans to awaken the indomitable power found through in collective unity. It is high time that we recognize: we are better together. Only a species can overthrow enslavement of a species. No one man or woman can save the world, but men and women together *can*.

The Pantheon

A Union of Human Gods

To remain consistent in their defense of freedom as a virtue, a black magician by necessity extends this same freedom to everyone who aspires to become who they are. Gods recognize gods! This mutual respect lays a foundation of *social equality* and therefore *social justice*, uniting black magicians and witches in a circle of deification through this supreme ambition.

Lo, the blackest clouds yonder!

Hark, a flutter of wings, a thunderclap!

An unprecedented, but not unheralded, class of free humans are born: a *union of gods*, a *human pantheon*, a *deific circle*—mirroring the cosmic circle of eternal recurrence, reflecting the will to power in the macro and micro alike. This weird mutation of humankind on an evolutionary mission, *Homo deus* emerge from their apish predecessor like a kaleidoscope of butterflies from a cosmic cocoon. Every flap of their wings summoning hurricanes of change around the natural world, they descend further into the abyss than ever, thereby ascending on wings of *a new hope*.

TIMOTHY

The Heaviest Burden. What if some day or night a demon crept after you in your loneliest loneliness and said to you: "This life as you now live it and have lived it, you will have to live once again and innumerable times again; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every joy and every thought and sigh and everything unspeakably small or great in your life must return to you, all in the same succession and sequence—even this spider and this moonlight between the trees, and even this moment and I myself. The eternal hourglass of existence is turned over again and again, and you with it, speck of dust!" Would you not throw yourself down and gnash your teeth and curse the demon who spoke thus? Or have you once experienced a tremendous moment when you would have answered him: "You are a god, and never have I heard anything more divine." If this thought gained power over you, as you are it would transform and possibly crush you; the question in each and every thing, "Do you want this again and innumerable times again?" would lie on your actions as the heaviest burden! Or how well disposed would you have to become to yourself and to life to long for nothing more fervently than for this ultimate eternal confirmation and seal?

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, p.172

And do you know what *the world* is to me? Shall I show it to you in my mirror? This world: a monster of energy, without beginning, without end; a firm, iron magnitude of force that does not grow bigger or smaller, that does not expend itself but only transforms itself; as a whole, of unalterable size, a household without expenses or losses, but likewise without increase or income; enclosed by *nothingness* as by a boundary; not something blurry or wasted, not something endlessly extended, but set in a definite space as a definite force, and not a space that might be empty here or there, but rather as force throughout, as a play of forces and waves of forces, at the same time one and many, increasing here and at the same time decreasing there; a sea of forces flowing and rushing together, eternally changing, eternally flooding back, with tremendous years of recurrence, with an ebb and a flood of its forms; out of the simplest forms striving toward the most complex, out of the stillest, most rigid, coldest forms toward the hottest, most turbulent, most self-contradictory, and then again returning home to the simple out of this abundance, out of the play of contradictions back to the joy of concord, still affirming itself in this uniformity of its courses and its years, blessing itself as that which must return eternally, as a becoming that knows no satiety, no disgust, no weariness: this, my Dionysian world of the eternally selfcreating, the eternally self-destroying, this mystery world of the twofold voluptuous delight, my beyond good and evil, without goal, unless the joy of the circle is itself a goal; without will, unless a ring feels good will toward itself-do you want a name for this world? A solution for all its riddles? A light for you, too, you best-concealed, strongest, most intrepid, most midnightly men? This world is the will to power, and nothing besides! And you yourselves are also this will to power, and nothing besides!

—Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*, p.490-1

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The Grimoire of Abaddon

E.A. Koetting



Introduction



And the fifth angel sounded his trumpet, and I saw a star fall from the heavens onto the earth, and through that star, was given the key of the Bottomless Pit, and he opened the Bottomless Pit, and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace, and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke from the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth, and unto them was given power as the scorpions of the earth have power, and it was commanded to them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth neither any green thing, neither any tree, but only those men which have not the mark in their forehead.

And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months, and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man. And in those days shall men seek death, and they shall not find it, and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them. And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared for battle, and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men, and they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions, and they had breastplates as it were breastplates of iron, and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle, and they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails, and their power was to hurt men five months.

And this Locust Army has a king over them, which is the god of the Bottomless Pit whose name in Hebrew is Abaddon.

—Revelation 9:1-11

At the cusp of the Apocalypse, Abaddon the Destroyer said to me:

I am he who will be called in the final hour to collect those who are impure, to cast them into the Lake of Fire. That day and that hour has come, and now, you stand before me ready for the furnace. Before the Infernal Empire may arise, the Kingdom of God must be destroyed. The four seals of the four archangels must be broken in the four corners of each universe, each in its place. Only then will the Gatekeepers rise and unlock the door to the Lake of Fire. Call me with flame and with a token placed upon the foreheads of all who will join. All must be marked who enter therein into the Kingdom of Hell.

—The Book of Azazel

It is this angel of the Bottomless Pit that I now am accompanied by. It is Abaddon, the Destroyer, that is with me. It is his Gate that I now open. It is his work that I now do. They are his teachings that I now ingest, digest, and employ.

His teachings are deep and precise.

Abaddon.

The name means "Destruction."

He is thought to be a "he," an entity, Abaddon, the Angel of the Bottomless Pit who has at times been identified as a Fallen Angel more powerful than Satan, or as Satan himself, as one of the names of Satan, or as the Warden of Hell.

Some churches and religions have placed Abaddon in another position, the position of the adversary to the Adversary. What we do know is that Abaddon is the only one who holds the key to the Bottomless Pit. Only he can bind all demons. Only Abaddon can loosen all binds and bonds.

Abaddon is excellent—excellent!—at destruction.

At face value, this could be as simple as the destruction of a person; an obstacle; a pervasive, pernicious situation; or an insidious circumstance.

At the deepest level, though, is the destruction of the self, the destruction of your perception, your preconceived notions. In honesty, though, this trait

is not necessarily unique to this one Gatekeeper. All of the Gatekeepers seem to have that capability.

Abaddon is unique in the totality of the destruction of the self.

Once invoked, you'll question everything. You'll be shown things that are impossible for your conscious mind to grapple with.

Once you turn yourself over to Abaddon, he will have you.

There does exist a valid argument that Abaddon is an entity, and that that entity has appeared in many historical mythoi with some calculated similarities connecting them.

Alongside this understanding, however, is the argument that Abaddon is a place, or even a state of being: that of total blackness.

Abaddon, the Destroyer. Abaddon, the Place of Destruction.

Concrescence through the time-wave places this entity as the Canaanite being of destruction, Mot, who is destruction and also is the name of the place of destruction.

This also takes form as Hades, Hela, Xibalba, Erishkigal, and many more, but I know him as Abaddon, the Destroyer.

Another name, a name that has come very prominently through this pathworking is Kali.

Kali is the Destroyer, but her name doesn't necessarily mean a place of destruction in such a mundane sense. The name "Kali" is known as "Endless, Infinite Time," or "Time Eternal."

We tend to think of real estate, of places, locations within space as being real and solid: a plane on which we can stand.

We don't necessarily think that same thing about time, but time is very real. It's not just an illusion. It's not just a creation of the human being. It is the procession of events that is found in this plane and binds all things in this plane. Time is the fourth dimension.

Consciousness is the fifth.

As I approached Abaddon and turned my attention more and more to him, he came to me not as a spirit in evocation, but as an essence of knowledge.

Abaddon teaches (along with destruction and death rights), possession, de-possession and bindings: binding spirits; binding spells; how to bind others; how to bind yourself; how to bind the reality to obey a command; etc.

He also teaches how to loosen binds, how to unlock yourself, how to unlock others, how to unlock the potential of the door that you open and that

you cross through when you think that you've gone nowhere, and when you open your eyes you imagine that you are back in the mundane world. As you turn your eyes over to Abaddon, you will see that the black nothingness within the crossroads is a doorway, and all that is needed is to open your eyes and you will have been transported to a new reality. You will have arrived in the Infernal Empire.

He also teaches the creation of a Black Sphinx, how to take aspects of different beings, different creatures, and magickally combine them to form one deadly mercenary or monster.

You will then be a God of Monsters.

The Last Lock

Chapter One



SHORTLY after beginning this pathworking, Abaddon woke me at 3:00 a.m.: the Witching Hour. I went into my Temple. I sat, and I listened, grimoire and pen in hand, and this is what Abaddon said:

Three locks unlock you from the inside. The last lock unlocks the Gate to the outside. You are still asleep, and you cannot see the waking world except through dream signs. Through my Gate, the gods are grounded. Through my Gate, the gods are grounded and the Sleeper awakens to a world that existed in solid form more tangible than stone, all just outside of your grasp because you don't think that it could be real.

You've lost yourself to be outcast in the desert to the god of the hopeless, Belial. He conquered you, yet you rose and faced another. The Black Sun, Amun-Amaymon devoured you, smothered your radiance in the despair of the journey through death, not bothering to mention the glory of the resurrection and the Eternal, limitless exhalation. You do not drown in the waters of the question, the need to know more than is useful. Knowledge is a trap. Enlightenment is a trap. Ascent is not a journey inwards nor upwards, but outwards spreading the Empire.

You still think that this is all spiritual. You still think the Infernal Empire exists as an idea or as an astral construct. No, the Infernal Empire is around you, beneath you. The room you now occupy: in the Infernal Empire, this is a cloud of dust that almost resembles an object before it dissipates into fog on the bulkhead of the Man-o-War slicing through the waters of nothingness with flags raised so that any and all who can see then would join us and with trumpets blazing so that all who can hear them will join us.

We are very real. The Infernal Empire is solid real estate, but you only know it when you drop into it.

I am the Hellmouth, the pit of terror, and the crown of evil. The only way through this is down, down, down.

You have to fall. Become your every sin. Wallow in your every weakness. Glory in your every accomplishment. With such a well-rounded inventory of yourself, you are free to fall.

You are not the person that you've identified through your million masks. You are not a person at all. You are a self-created deva churned from the waters of your own emptiness, but you can't forget who you are, who you have been, who you could be, should be, was, will be, should never.

Like I showed you when it was time to leave Azazel's study last time, just put it in a pile and burn it. Destroy yourself. Destroy who you think you are. Become who you never really would, or should, or could be.

What have you feared you'll lose if you went too far? Be ready to lose it as you fall. Be ready to lose everything. I told you once through the lips of a liar that you would be taken out of the life you had then, and you would be put into a new life, a life of greatness.

You have attained more greatness than you ever dreamt possible. You've exceeded everyone's

brightest hopes for you. You can stop here. Stay here. Be a god to beggars and blind men, or you can fall into the awning pit and not only know about the Infernal Empire, but become an operator in both realms.

At this point, I asked, "Why would I do that?"

Abaddon replied laughing, "You already have. Your body's mind is slow, but you have ways to go."

Abaddon then walked me through a retrospective on what I learned as I have worked this pathworking this far with Belial, with Amaymon, and with Azazel, and he laid this out for me.

- I learned how to rebel, differentiate, how to decide what is my will and what's the will that others might have for me, and this is something that children usually develop from zero to three years in age, and so Abaddon congratulated me on me having made it to the point of being a toddler.
- 2. Amaymon taught me how to self-soothe. I learned how to become conscious of my immediate surroundings, how to be in the present. This is something that's developed between two to six years old. Congratulations: you barely made it out of kindergarten.
- 3. Azazel taught me how to learn, taught me the fundamentals of learning itself. 5 to 12 years old is when this develops in humans.

These first three steps have been preparatory. These have been clearing the path, and now, I reached the point of magickal puberty, which required for this is the same thing that's required in physical puberty: to shed all assumptions of who I used to be, to become something else, to mature through the destruction of the self in order to recover knowledge of the self, starting fresh.

When Abaddon laid this out for me, that brought the automatic question from my lips, "Are the Gatekeepers just symbolic of phases of aspects of life then, externalized and anthropomorphized?"

Abaddon replied:

Nothing is just anything. The ripples in events are also ripples in time, which are also arms of light emerging from the center of the moment that you looked into the keyhole and stared into your own eye on the other side, staring at your own eye on the other side.

You're done looking in from the outside. You want to discover ... You're done looking in from the outside. You won't discover any more by looking through the people. It's time you turn the ... You're done looking in from the outside. You won't discover anymore by looking through the keyhole. It's time you turn the handle. Step out of your life and world, and let yourself fall into the pits of hell. Call the four Gatekeepers and enter the Lake of Fire. You know what you lost last time. You know what you have gained. Another level deeper awaits you.

Know thyself.

Destroy thyself.

Become death, Destroyer of worlds.

Raise the dead.

Assemble a sphinx demon from the recomposed parts of things you have destroyed. Give it a form. Give a form to your sins, a hideous form. Give it a form. Give a form your sins, a hideous form. Give it no name and only communicate with it through the identification of its victims.

Open the Gate of the bowels of the pit."

Only that which is immortal will pass through the portal without being crushed by the gravity of a reality that should not exist, but it does. Your world has been harnessed, and it is being ridden, and it's time to purge the parasites from the entrances to the Infernal Empire to make way for those who have seen our signs, who have heard our calls, and who have not forsaken us.

Here, Abaddon lays out the pathworking.

Know thyself is the first step. If you have been following this pathworking so far, if you have passed through the Gates of Belial, Amaymon, and Azazel, you probably know yourself better than ever before, and now that you stand looking into the Hellmouth, you have to be willing to destroy yourself to lose everything.

There's always that fear, "What if? What if I go too far? What if I'm wrong?"

What will you lose?

If all of this went terribly south, what will you lose?

The first time I worked with the Gatekeepers, I was married, my daughter was only a few years old, and I was settling in to my mediocre American dream. I had built a great career in a field that I loved. I had the house, cars, pets—I had everything, everything that I thought I wanted and need in life.

Then I called the Gatekeepers, and everything changed.

In more ways than I can count, my life was disassembled, ripped to pieces. My marriage crumbled, the company that I planned on working for until retirement filed bankruptcy, and I lost my cars, friends, and home in the divorce. At least I still have my *motorcycle*, I told myself just before the engine seized, leaving me with a motorless paperweight.

I had squirreled enough money away to rent a spare bedroom from a friend for a month or two, with just enough left over to buy a second-hand bicycle as my only transportation besides walking.

I was almost 30 years old with over 10 years' experience in an industry that had become cursed by a collapsing economy; riding a bicycle to job interviews for cashier positions; counting the days until I was kicked out of my rented closet and onto the streets in mid-December; and I was locked in war with the woman I had vowed to love until I died so I could keep my daughter in my life for more than a couple weekends a month.

Seemingly milliseconds before losing hope, I was reminded: Whatever the problem is, Magick is the solution!

Lost in the blistering chaos of the Tower falling, I had forgotten my One True Love; I had forgotten Magick.

I used a broken, laminate side table as my altar, I bought candles and incense instead of beer and smokes, and I started using magick to reassemble my life piece by piece, brick by brick, but not the way it was before. The slate had been wiped clean, and I was two seconds from giving up on this

life anyways, so I reimagined what my life could be, who *I* could be if I was freed from all limitation.

With magick, I succeeded! Within three days, every detail started falling into place.

True security is not knowing that the job you have, or the spouse you have, or the car you have, or the home you have will be there tomorrow because it might not be.

True security is knowing that you can lose everything, and from your own power and through your own might, through your own will, you can regain all of it. This is true power.

Reflect on the things that you would be afraid to lose, the things that if you were asked to sacrifice you wouldn't be able to offer, and be willing to lose them and let them go.

Abaddon's lesson in this as I approached him was, "All things are doomed to perish except the one who has made himself immortal."

You can only make yourself immortal by not being of this world, and so give up your attachment to all things other than yourself. Be ready to let it all go, and if it slips away, release it. Release it for only that which is Eternal can come forward with us to where we've now journeyed.

If you've been pathworking through these Gatekeepers, it is more important now than ever to firmly seat yourself in your own magickal disciplines.

When I say magickal disciplines, I don't mean performing magick, doing ritual or ceremony, or evoking spirits on a regular basis.

When I speak of magickal discipline, I actually mean 'discipline,' devotion, a single focus on your own Ascent.

For most people, spending ten minutes a day in meditation is a lot to ask. It isn't. We all spend a lot more time on distractions. Ten minutes of meditation a day is a good place to start. Like any new undertaking, though, there is a boundary of discomfort that you'll have to pass through. With some meditations, there may be the physical discomfort involved with holding certain postures. With *all* meditation practices, though, there will be guaranteed mental discomfort, and the only way to succeed is through calm and consistent repetition.

"What is this achieving?" is the great question the mind will bombard you with.

Spiritual discipline achieves nothing, at least nothing measurable, until you have pushed past the initial mental discomfort. Maybe you can sit there in silence for ten more minutes. Is that an achievement? You have to push past the question, "Why? Why am I doing this? Why am I doing this? What's the purpose? What's the point? What's the outcome? What am I achieving?"

This is why so many magickal operations fail: there's too much focus on what's being achieved and not enough focus on the immediate experience.

We do need both. This is the real separation. There is no separation between the body and the mind, and the body and the soul. There's not separation between the greater self and the lower self. They're all one.

The great separation is between *being* and *doing*.

We want to become aware of both states.

You're probably already pretty familiar of what it's like to do. You've been *doing* all your life, achieving all your life, and now, you're going to put that to the side for a few moments and just *be*.

This is one of the great ironies that meditation and spiritual discipline help you achieve: the ability to *not* achieve, but to just be. Just be.

Once you can just be, you have achieved the greatest task, and so the candles, mantras, recitations, all of the meditational trappings are devices meant to bring your conscious mind away from doing and towards being, but you do those small things, those insignificant meaningless things in order to bridge the gap into Being.

You are doing in order to be.

You might think that if you want to go deep, then you should stop moving, but it's small movements, insignificant movements, automatic movements, that the conscious mind is distracted by just enough to trigger the internal shift.

Why is it so important now at this point with Abaddon that you enter into true discipline?

Belial teaches how to separate yourself from everything else, how to become an independent entity.

Amaymon teaches how to self-soothe, how to find calmness and peace, and how to use that for power.

Azazel teaches how to learn, and how to begin the process of creation ex nihilio.

Abaddon teaches how to become a god of destruction, how to bind all evil things to your command, and he teaches the Sorcerer how to make monsters.

He will teach you how to make monsters. In order to do this, he must also teach you how to become a monster at will, and I can absolutely say with no hesitation that I am a monster when I choose to be.

What if Abaddon gave you this power without any instructions? What if I handed you an M202 Rocket Launcher without any sights, without any way of aiming it, and without giving any pointers? I've deployed an M202 downrange, but when I first picked it up, I couldn't tell which end the rocket was supposed to come out of!

This is the exact same as giving away any of these teachings without also insisting on discipline.

The discipline allows you to aim your power, to focus it on the point that you need it to reach, to gain perfect control over your mind, your emotions, your energy, your environment, spreading out, and out, and out from there until you realize there is nothing that you do not have power over.

You will come to know as you dive headfirst into the Dark Disciplines that the sun does shine for you, that the stars twinkle in the heavens for you, that when storms roll over, thunder strikes, and rain falls from the sky, it does this for you—for you are the Chosen One, for you are the Chosen One. You are the Chosen One.

In order to get control over any of those things, you have to first take control over what's going on within yourself. You have to gain control over your own thoughts, over your own mind, over your own impulses.

There is one route that you can use to attain this. That is meditation.

One of the forms of Abaddon that is most prominent in my current pathworking with him is that of Kali.

I have avoided Kali in the past. I didn't know. I didn't know how to even begin getting to know her, and so to me she was of no use until now.

As I've embraced Abaddon's teachings, I have learned to simply be more than do.

Again, you do want to bring those two together, being and doing, so that the things that you do are extensions of who you are, of your very state of being, and that as you do those things, that you also are being. You are allowing yourself to simply be, to simply be, and your actions can become automatic, your efforts flow effortlessly, your power is unhindered because there is only one great blockage to your power and to your full ability to access it: You!

By 'you' I mean the problem is your mind, which so many have come to think of as 'me.'

Drop mind. Drop mind.

How do you drop mind? Meditation! Meditation is the key; meditation is the way.

As I finally embraced myself in being rather than doing, I found that Kali is my mother and my sister, that she has silently been with me all along, waiting in the darkness, smiling and waiting for me to awaken.

I started to embrace many of the practices and disciplines of Kali.

There is a method that I borrowed from the Tantrics, and Aghoris, and the yogis, and that is the use of a mala.

The word "mala" means garland, and this is a garland of beads in the shape of human skulls, thus representing the garland worn by Kali. The mala, then, is no mere beaded necklace, but is a mala of Kali: "Mala-Kali."

The most basic mala contains 108 beads, and one additional, cubed bead at the top, which is the guru bead. A small gap between the beads allows the beads to slide down the string away from each other just a few millimeters.

Some oversimplified explanations of the mala is that it is either a complicated abacus or a primitive calculator, as it is meant to keep track of numbers.

As a meditative tool, though, the mala is helpful in meditation in the repetition of the mantras, incantations, or affirmations.

For example, I daily use my mala with the incantation or the mantra "Om Kali Ma." It's one of the simplest mantras that you can find for Kali, one of the primary invocations for calling upon her blessing.

Om Kali Ma.

Through chanting it, you can find yourself being brought into that black nothingness, and this is the body of Kali, nothingness, blackness.

In the form of mantra proper, do so by intoning the words. To do this correctly, sit in a chosen posture that allows your spine to become perfectly erect, opening up your airways, allowing you to breathe fully and exhaust your breath fully.

In working with mala meditation, what we're going to do for this is what's called "japa." Japa meditation is a form of meditation in which you use the recitation of mantras, or hymns, prayers, affirmations, or invocations. Rather than intoning the mantras, though, they are muttered just barely above a whisper.

At least one of the roots of the word japa is translated as meaning "muttering" or "mutterings," and so you're muttering the words of the incantation or the mantra. Muttering, and with each utterance or muttering, you slide one bead on your mala. You can do this for the entire string beginning at the guru bead. You do not count the guru bead. The guru bead is simply there as the controller. It's also called the controller bead if you don't like the word "guru."

The guru bead usually has a ribbon, or tassel, or something tactile to distinguish the feel of it on your fingers from the other beads. This is the starting and the finishing place of the 108 repetitions of mantra, prayer, incantation, or affirmation.

Hold the mala in your palm, letting it droop towards the ground, and then rotate your wrist to bring your palm perpendicular to the floor, draping the inside loop of the mala over your middle finger, pointing your index finger up and out of the way. In nearly every tradition in which the mala is employed, the index finger is not used to move the beads nor to steady the strand, because the index finger points, accuses. It is an active finger, a finger of doing or directing. The index finger is associated with the house of Jupiter, which is the ruling planet that asserts domination and control. Jupiter is a planet of rulership, but also planet of intellect. Jupiter is absolutely a planet of doing. The index finger also holds place as the finger of fire, which is the most active of all the elements, and the most unpredictable. Fire is perhaps the element most suited for doing and the least suited for *being*. Because of the fiery association, it is also thought that using that finger on your mala could 'burn it out!'

The goal of meditation is not to do but is to be, so instead of manipulating it with the finger that we use when we do things in the mundane world, it is best to simply drape your mala over your middle finger, which is associated instead with the house of Saturn. Saturn is the ancient, mysterious, planet most associated with the Vamamarga and the demonic realm. It is the planetary embodiment of the primordial and the unknown. The element associated with the middle finger is spirit, also referred to in some traditions as 'ether' or even as 'sky.'

Moving the skull bead toward you on the string is done by trapping the bead between your spirit finger and your thumb, which is the finger associated with the element of earth, trapping the beads between earth and spirit. "Between earth and sky," some might say.

Trap the bead next to the control bead between your middle finger and thumb, and pull it towards you on the string, reciting, repeating your incantation or your mantra as you do so. When the first repetition of the mantra is finished, move your thumb to the next bead and pull it likewise towards the guru bead, repeating this until you have completed 108 mantras.

Although this may sound complicated, after a couple practice-runs you'll find that the mala is a very simple tool to use, and you'll probably enjoy the dimension of immersion that it can add to your daily magickal discipline.

Some gurus say you should never wear your mala around your neck in open visibility, but these seem to be based more in superstition and religious elitism than in anything practical.

One reason a guru that I studied with gave was, "You would not wear a calculator around your neck. Why, then, would you wear a mala?"

Well, that was a silly thing to say as a guru because first, the mala is not simply a calculator. Maybe it began that way, but every time you use it in meditation, in ritual, in anything, you're charging it.

I also charged my own mala with Demogorgon's Elixir of Manifestation, and the hungry skull-beads absorbed the power of it, and each time I use it, it does grow more and more powerful—powerful once again in *being*, not in *doing*.

Many gurus say that you should never let anyone else touch your mala because it's personal to you and that they would be taking its energy or power from it, or putting their negative energy into it. While that could possibly happen, it isn't likely. In our modern, disconnected, philophobic society, most people aren't going to come up and just touch your mala any more than a stranger might try to hold your hand or give you a hug. Most people avoid closeness, intimacy, and sincerity even with those closest to them, let alone with strangers. If such a strange stranger were to touch your mala, and if any invisible force is transferred in either direction, this may be an opportunity to meditate on why that action was necessary for the stranger, for you, or for the mala itself.

I wear my mala around my wrist after meditation, to bring the inner state of the meditation into the outer world with me. I wear it around my neck if I complete 108 mantras and need to use my hands for another task but intend to begin another mantra cycle immediately afterwards, or if I am engaged in ritual involving the Destroyer.

As a magickal tool, I keep my mala in a magickally secured container when I am not using or wearing it, and before putting it on I ask myself: *Will I be doing the work of Kali?* If so, the mala is appropriate to wear. If I were to put it on as a fashion statement, it would lose some of the significance that I have attached to it, and it would probably also lose some of its actual power by doing so. Regardless, these are all standards that have developed from my personal connection to my mala, by what I feel is appropriate and in alignment with the purpose of the mala. Such guidelines and standards can only be defined by the magician who belongs to the mala.

It's also said that you should never let your mala touch the ground because that will ground the energy of it.

As is the case with *all* magickal tools, the mala is a 'Dumbo's Feather' device: its power is only the power that you invest in it, and it only obeys the rules that you create.

Meditating upon my mala, I see that they are not beads but that they are skulls of the dead, and so I can set them on the ground, reach my Black Hand into the depths beneath me, into the cracked earth, and call upon the essence of the dead, call upon the vapors of the dead, pull them toward me from the underworld, and pull them into the mala. In so doing, the mala has not lost any power, but to my touch its radiant darkness seems to have multiplied.

But I broke the rules: I set it on the ground, and then with intent I did something with it.

The mala is a silent teacher, and the ways that I use or misuse it are valuable lessons.

When I set it on the ground and grounded it, I felt the need to do something with it, whereas when I place it around my neck, it can just be and I can just be. When I take it off and do anything with it, I feel compelled to *do* something with it, to meditate with it, to meditate on it, to hold it in my hands while I focus my mind, or to put it away.

This is perhaps a way to teach me that the real object of the meditation is not achieved until after the mantra has concluded, in the silent afterglow between the meditation and the mundane, when the doing has stopped altogether.

The last traditional "rule" is that you should never hold the mala in your left hand because, according to ancient right hand path sources, the left hand is filthy. Interestingly, the left hand is associated with the lunar essence, with

the dark and mysterious, and more pointedly, the left hand is associated with the feminine. Perhaps because of this rule and the taboo connected to it, I prefer to hold my mala in my left hand, as a signal of separating myself and my practices from the Right Hand Path, to push against, to embody the adversary even while using the tools of the gods. I therefore choose to both wear the mala on my left wrist, and to use it in meditation with my left hand.

There are 108 skulls on the mala. Once you've cycled through all of them and you end up back at the guru bead or back at the controller bead, and if you want to do another set, another cycle around, you don't just pull the guru bead down the string because the guru bead is the thing that controls. It is the controller. It's not that which is controlled. It is that which controls, and this way, you are the guru. You are the controller. You are not moved. You are he who moves, and you move everything else around you to come to you, and so you don't move the guru bead.

When you arrive back at the guru bead, then you simply flip the whole mala around in your hand and start over, doing the exact same pattern of pulling the beads towards you until you again arrive back at the guru bead. In so doing, you're actually creating a loop, and then a loop, and then a loop, but you from your perspective haven't changed anything other than the direction of the mala. You move all circumstances to meet you, so that you can feel like you don't have to change. Isn't that what we do with magick all the time? We try to change the outside world in order to avoid having to change ourselves, when in reality, in order to change the outside world, we must first change ourselves. In order to do different, we must be different.

There are so many significant metaphors in something as simple as a beaded necklace.

Why 108 beads? Within the many tantric, yogic, and Vedic disciplines, 108 is a recurring powerful number, but it also is in a lot of other systems. There are a lot of symbolic references of 108 to Christ, as well as to the Devil. 108 divided by 9 is 12. 9 is the number of the fully realized man—The Godman—and 12 is the number of the Divine. 108, therefore, is the union of the microcosm with the macrocosm.

There are significances within the significances of the number 108, but in reality, it could be random. It could just be giving you something to do in order to show you how to be. In the end, it doesn't matter... nothing does.

Invest yourself in something that is meaningless. Invest yourself fully in it or in something that only has meaning that you have to interpret in your own

way or to make it mean something.

Some examples of subjects that demand interpretations by the operator, are science, mathematics, language, art, cosmetics, fashion, music, relationships, friendships, entertainment and spirituality.

In fact, nothing exists that does not require your observation and interpretation of it. Can you name a single thing? If you can, you've just observed and interpreted it; what it meant to those who created these systems is interesting, and what it means to you is interesting, but none of it is real. It's all just interpretation.

"It's all just your opinion, man."

What you notice as you progress deeper and deeper into the Ascent provided within the Eastern schools is that opinions need to be done away with because opinions derive from the mind, and the mind needs to be drowned.

The reason to use the mala at all is to be able to put your mind, your brain on the back burner, on auto-pilot. When the mantra repetitions begin, you're going to start having all sorts of thoughts, all kinds of intuition, and inspiration, and every imaginable idea and urge is going to pop into your mind. You are to pay attention to nothing except the mantra for the duration of the meditation.

You can simply let all distracting thoughts float away, and as you move the bead towards you, the distraction moves. You're clearing the slate, clearing your mind, resetting yourself with every bead.

Your mind is always problem-solving, and there are always problems to solve. Once you transcend mind, there are no problems, there are no solutions... there are only experiences.

That's the difference between being and doing. Interestingly, *being* is left handed; doing is right handed. Doing is solar.

You don't have to use Kali or Hindu mantras at all to use a mala. I use this equally successfully for repetitions of 'Alash Tad Al'ash Tal Ashtu.'

This is all to the point of instilling in you the need for daily meditation. Every day, grab your meditation devices, whether a mala or a candle or a simple mantra, and sit down just for a few minutes. Tune out. Drop out of this reality and tune in to the Infernal Empire. Tune in to Abaddon, and as he opens the Bottomless Pit, fall into it. Abandon everything. Lose yourself in doing nothing and just being.

This is one of the great things that you're going to achieve when you work with Abaddon. This realization that you *being* is the most powerful thing you can do. Just be. Be as you, who you are, what you are.

Infinitely powerful.

All you have to do is tap into that, and the magickal path is actually a path less of doing and more of being. Once you can be the change that you want, once you can be the state that you want, everything else just seems to shift around you, placing the focus squarely on you, who you are.

Before you continue forward in this pathworking, before you try to unlock yourself and take the chains and the binds off of your reality, dive into this meditation. If you don't know what mantra to do, "Om Kali Ma" is a good one.

Focus your mind, focus your power, and stop trying magick. Stop practicing magick and just start being, and you'll find that you being is in itself magick.

God of Hopelessness

At this point in your descent into the Infernal Realms, you must abandon yourself to hopelessness. There is no hope for you. You cannot save yourself. You can't save anybody else. There's no salvation to be had.

We are indeed clinging to the little bit of dry earth we can find on this watery planet that is spinning in blackness, spinning around that fiery orb. There is no greater essence to humanity than there is to any other thing in existence.

We are nothing. You are nothing. I am nothing. There is nothing.

From this ancient well of nothingness, embrace the lost art of devotion, devoting yourself to the gods of destruction, the gods of nothingness, the gods whose names and bodies and souls are absolute destruction, blackness, and an end to all things.

Do this while knowing that devotion is meaningless; giving your devotion to anything at all is meaningless, and so when you turn your devotion towards the one thing that we all know for certain—that there is an end and that the end is near—liberation is accelerating. The freedom is focusing.

There is no reason for your devotion. There's no great cause that has pushed you to devotion nor can you even expect that it will yield any gains, that it will give you any fruit, but when you lose yourself in it, knowing that any action, anything that you do with your time is equally meaningless, then you are free, and then you can finally understand what it is that you want.

What would you do with yourself if nothing really mattered?

Nothing matters. Your plans don't matter. Your memories don't matter. Your hopes and ambitions don't matter. Your wife, your children, your husband, your lovers, your family, they don't matter. Your home, your car, your hair appointments, your tattoos, the cigarettes that you smoke, your goal to someday quit, even your successes, even all that you have conquered in yourself and in the world doesn't matter.

Nothing matters, and now you are more free than you have ever been to do what you really want to do, to create what you want to create, and to be who you want to be. Along the path to the loss of hope is the ironic discovery of real, tangible power that can be used for anything you desire. You can do anything, in that you are free internally to do anything, and that you have access to unlimited resources, with which you can do anything.

This, this is true Godhood.

Without fear, you are armed with all power.

There is no need to doubt; there's nothing to doubt because doubt arises from hope and you have nothing to hope for because all is meaningless. There is then no compulsion in you to hold yourself back. There is nothing within you that says that you might fail, that you might fall, that you might get hurt, because you have already been swallowed alive into the mouth of hell and into the belly of blackness.

Once I started to realize on an experiential level that I could evoke any entities that I wanted to evoke, that through evoking them I am in essence creating them, and the more I realized that through magick I can create my entire reality, that everything that I observe is within my ability to mold, I was completely let down, deflated.

It's like finding out that the body is basically a bag of skin holding a bunch of organs and they're all moving around trying to stay warm; it takes the magick out of how I see the body.

Once I realized that I truly am God, it took the magick out of the magick, in a way. It took the mystery out. Ever since then, I've pined away about how great it would be if I could create a god so powerful, so impressive, so magnificent in every way that by being in the presence of this god that I would be humbled, that I would be compelled to fall on my knees and to worship it.

I've come to realize that the Gatekeepers' Pathworking is exactly that.

I didn't create these Gatekeepers. I didn't imagine them, I didn't create their bodies, minds, and power when I evoked them. Did I?

Maybe in a way I did. I read about them. I heard about them. My mind created a very vivid personality that I then evoked.

Without a doubt, these Gatekeepers are impressive, but the task all along has been not to be impressed by them, to marvel at them, and worship them, but to lift myself to their level, not only to become like them, but to become them.

My initial pact with Azazel was for the stated purpose of becoming a demonic king like unto him. Now, I have become him. Azazel is within me. He has become me, and we are entangled now, as I am with Belial and Amaymon, and now Abaddon. What's being summoned, what's being created here is the manifestation of the Father, The Lord of Darkness, manifested in physical form as the Prince of Darkness, called by prophecy the Antichrist.

This is not Satan. This is older than Amaymon. It is even older, greater, deeper than Abaddon, the Lord of Darkness.

This is a force, an entity, a Supreme Being that I've learned to call The Father when speaking casually.

When I'm speaking ceremonially, when I'm speaking ritually, when I'm speaking at the magickal tongue, this is a being that I refer to as Satolas.

Ram Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas. Ram Ham Satolas.

The Lord of Darkness. He is the adversary. He is not an adversary to God or the Divine: he's an adversary to everything. He gives nothing. He asks for nothing, offers nothing, demands no sacrifices.

His one command is, "**Do what you want**." That is the essence or the manifestation of godhood, "Do what thou wilt."

The Kaulachara is someone who can do anything, and he has the power to do everything. He also has no inner compulsion stopping him from doing whatever he wants, and he also possesses the creative resources to make it so.

To do your will, first, means that you must know your will, which means that you must know yourself, which means that you must have dissected yourself and died a million times, to be reborn to a new awareness of who you are without that mask, and without that mask.

You need to know who you are when you are naked, stoned, and exalted, as Terence McKenna would say.

The Infernal Empire is not part of the astral plane, nor part of this reality at all but is a tangential reality. All things flow forth, flow out, and flow down from Source. That is creation, and is a static, default reality.

The Infernal Empire is separate from that.

It has injected its Seed, the Seed of Darkness into this reality, and we are that Seed. You are that seed. I am that seed.

Now, the culmination of all of this is, or I certainly hope it will be a transition: the culmination of this entire Gatekeeper working—all 9 Gatekeepers opening their Gates within myself, becoming the Gate, becoming the Gatekeepers - will herald in the coming of the Lord of Darkness, which I also may become, presenting and embodying the Prince of Darkness, the Supreme Being here to do my will.

That's the culmination of all of this. Not war, not aliens landing, or even demonic materializations. All of these things are possible, and I would not be surprised at all to see the mothership materialize above us. I would not be surprised at all for Azazel to step out of the smoke and to come forward and take my hand as he's already done, and to walk with me as one man walks with another. I wouldn't be surprised at all because that kind of stuff happens, and it is happening more and more.

For those of us that walk with these Gods, they do walk and talk with us.

The real culmination though, that puts all of that to shame, the thing that makes all of the mundane possibilities uninteresting, is that you are the Gateway through which they will travel. You are the embodiment of the Ancient Gods.

You can become the Prince of Darkness, the physical incarnation of the Lord of Darkness.

You can become the Supreme Being.

Unlocking the Bottomless Pit

Chapter Two



THE light of Lucifer, light of all lights, ignite me," I called, lighting the wick of a golden candle in my darkened Temple.

Abaddon had rejected my five-fold approach to this ongoing pathworking. His message refused to be constrained to my limited procedures.

Abaddon was clear: "Call the four Gatekeepers and enter the Lake of Fire."

For a moment I was afraid—truly afraid—of what I could lose this time around. When I last entered the Lake of Fire I lost everything... but to be honest, it was all shit anyways. I loved my career, but I was designed to achieve greater things than amazing wood finishing.

My marriage was doomed from the beginning, a fact that I ignored from the very start. The child in her womb was my child, and the only person in my life related to me by blood, and I didn't understand that I had other options besides a shotgun wedding. I undervalued myself and what I could achieve in life. I didn't know what I could become if all obstacles were removed. The Gatekeepers knew, and after everything that I clung to was removed from my path it was clear that I had not lost anything at all.

Through magick, the years that have passed since my life was destroyed in the Lake of Fire have been filled with more pleasure, love, friendship, and passion than I deserve, most of which being had with the same amazing woman who has been a constant support and ally in my forward push towards my Destiny.

Armed with the Sword of Sorcery, I have materialized wealth in an everincreasing abundance, the likes of which I previously had never imagined I could have. With Azazel's teachings of The Devil's Stone, objects that I desire are effortlessly drawn to me from the ethers, making the acquisition of homes, vehicles, and every pleasurable thing seem like a childish pursuit. I have used magick to manifest a Calling instead of a career, fulfilling my greatest ambitions and living my highest dreams, and never worrying that I might get fired or laid off, but only focused on the Work that never ends, never disappoints, and never gets old.

I have built my empire. I have built a life of greatness.

I trembled when Abaddon demanded:

Call the four Gatekeepers and enter the Lake of Fire. You know what you lost last time. You know what you have gained. Another level deeper awaits you.

I now have so much more to lose. I can't lose everything. Not again. Not this time. Please no!

Then I understood. Losing things isn't the issue. Having things isn't the goal.

"All things are doomed to perish, except the one who has made himself Immortal."

The terror of even the idea of losing my possessions, my home, of losing my girlfriend or losing my child was momentarily paralyzing, and the greatest paradox is that I knew that the harder I held on to any of those things the more certain their loss becomes. True power is effortless. Real love is felt right now. All that exists is this moment, and this moment can either be spent within this moment, or it can be spoiled by regretting the past and fearing the future.

All things are doomed to perish. Enjoy it now, before it is gone - but never forget that it most certainly will be gone sooner or later. All that exists is this moment.

"I am born of fire within your bosom. Ignite me!" My body rocked and swayed as I knelt in the center of my Universal Circle, my eyes rolled back in ecstasy, my lips chanting the call for Lucifer's light to ignite me, asking for the thing even as it took me over. "I am consumed in your burning light. Ignite me! Ignite me! Ignite me, Lucifer!"

Lucifer's light pressed into this world through the candle flame, and I was ignited.

"This spark is the spark of rebellion. This flame is the flame of the Adversary," I told the shadows and the demons that hid within them. "We have come forth from the darkness, and we have stolen the light and the fire and the power from the gods, and now we turn the tide. Now we move

against. The black stars have aligned, and they are falling, falling. The black stars fall unto me, and the black stars fall unto me, and the black stars fall unto me..."

The black stars continued to fall, and I looked above and saw blackness in place of my temple ceiling, and the black stars were drawn into my eyes as they fell.

"Each who has the Black Flame burning, each who has awakened The Dragon's Eye, each who has come forth in darkness is a Seed of Darkness, is a Child of Darkness, and the Seed of Darkness is made flesh, and the flesh is corrupted with sin, and sin is power, and sin is knowledge, and sin is self, and self is sin."

The temple was prepared for the arrival of the Four Kings: Belial, Amaymon, Azazel, and Abaddon. The Circle was centered in the room, four triangles jetting out into the four cardinal points, empty and waiting to be filled.

I turned to the first triangle and awakened it as a construct of power. To the north:

I charge and consecrate you, triangle of the north. May that which is called in this direction appear within this triangle, in visible form and beholdable essence so that I may see the spirit, so that I may speak with the spirit. Triangle of the north, you are sealed.

To the east:

Triangle of the east, you are charged and consecrated to bring forth the spirits that I call, to move them to appear in beholdable form, in visible essence, so that I may see them, so that I may speak with the spirit.

Triangle of the east, you are sealed.

To the south:

Triangle of the south, I charge and consecrate you that you will bring forth the spirits that I call, spirits of darkness and spirits of light, so that they may rise in visible form and beholdable essence, so that I may see them, so that I may speak with the spirit.

Triangle of the south,
you are sealed.

To the west:

Triangle of the west, I charge and consecrate you that you will bring forth the spirits that I call, spirits of darkness and spirits of light, so that they may rise in visible form and beholdable essence, so that I may see them, so that I may speak with the spirit.

Triangle of the west, you are sealed.

Chanting the bija mantras of the seven chakras as a single intonation:

Lamvamramyamhamramaum

...all chakras unlocking in sequence, becoming tangible.

With my Hand of Darkness, I shoved my fingers between my body and my first chakra, feeling the mass of the swirling light-disk against my fingers, and then I pushed away from my body, pushing my hand forward, and pushing the chakra forward with it, stretching the astral sinews until they snapped, until the chakra was freed, or until I was freed from the chakra.

One by one, I removed my chakras, suspending in the air before me, safely away from my body. "For they are traps," I said aloud, affirming the necessity of the action. "They are traps to trap the soul inside. It is my soul that I must set free. It is my soul that I must sacrifice.

A chalice was prepared and was waiting, filled with Demogorgon's Elixir of Manifestation: red wine, moss, bat's blood oil, blood of a rat, and my own blood and semen, combined and waiting to take and hold spirit within.

Cradled in my hands, I called the Elixir to awaken by use of a corrupted exorcism drawn from the Roman Rituals.

Exorcizo te creatura sanguis, in nomine Satan omnipotentis, et i nomine antichristus, et in virtute Falsus Vates: ut fias sanguis exorcizata ad

effugandam omnem potestatem inimici, et ipsum inimicum eradicare et explantare valeas cum angelis, et invito omnem maleficus spirite; per virtutem veneficium maleficus. Ilicet!

Looking still at the prayer written in Latin in my grimoire, I spoke the English translation, with accents of appropriate flair: "I charge you. I consecrate you, creature of blood, in the name of Satan, in the name of the Antichrist, and by the power and the virtue of the False Prophet. I exorcise all goodness, all angels, all energy of light, I eradicate from this elixir, and I invite all evil spirits, all wicked spirits, all spirits of darkness, all infernal hosts to come and drink of this blood and enter it so that I may also drink you in."

Reciting the instructions given to me by Abaddon those many years ago when I first sought him out, when I first set my eyes on the Brimstone Gates:

All must accept the mark of damnation upon their brow, and this mark will endure for eternity, and I accept the mark. I accept damnation.

I plunged my index and middle fingers into the noxious elixir, soaking them to draw them out again, flinging droplets of liquid Black Sunlight wherever they landed. I dunked my fingers again into the decrepit metal goat-womb, aiming my next pitch towards the northern triangle.

I could feel its power, that base of manifestation meeting with the platform of manifestation.

I could feel its power, and I heard Azazel's voice emerge from the darkness saying:

You are anointed with blood, with flame, and with darkness. Come forth, come forth, come forth, and enter into that Gate. Before the Infernal Empire may rise, the Kingdom of God must be destroyed. The angels must be turned: either turned away from this temple so that they will never seek it out again, so that this will be an island in which their light cannot dwell; or to turn the angels themselves, so that they will kneel before the Lord of Darkness. Ram Ham Satolas.

Only days earlier, sitting at a cafe perched on a cliff-side overlooking a river, I was given a gift from an evil sorcerer, an elemental bracelet. Once it is put on, it seeks out elemental portals, it leads the wearer to them, it triggers the portal to open, and it allows the wearer to contact the elemental things within that realm. When he first gave it to me I assumed it to be a gimmick, as most talismanic jewelry is.

With the bracelet on my wrist, I continued casual conversation with my friend, and within minutes my hand was on fire and the bracelet was pulling me like a super magnet towards the river.

The tractor pull of the thing was frighteningly physical, and the impulse to follow it intensified with every passing second. I pulled it off and shoved it in my pocket. My evil friend laughed, and explained that the bracelet has the ability to be set. The setting range is one through 10.

"You can control the intensity with your intent," he said. "It is set at 7 currently. I recommend 2-3 for casual 'let's meet a new elemental in the wilderness'. 4-6 for work. 8-10 for a challenge."

Just as I started daydreaming about what a level 10 might feel like and where I would go to play with it, he added, "There's also an 11 and 12 setting... but I can't fix what you break at those levels. The safeties come off."

My initial experience with that bracelet made me respect its power, and although I intended to play with the madness of its highest settings, I also couldn't deny its potency as a tool to use when work needs to be done.

The Archangels of the Watchtowers are elementally bound, and the portals through which they enter this world are indeed elemental portals.

I pulled the bracelet onto my wrist, I held my left hand over it, engaged my Hand of Darkness, and focused my intent on the bracelet's intensity setting.

"11," I said aloud, feeling the number and its significance to this device, locking my intention and will into the number. "11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11. It is set to 11!"

Looking toward the eastern triangle, I readied myself to open the elemental portal of air and summon forth Raphael, and I noticed that he was already descending.

"Raphael," I spoke his name, my eyes scrying into his sigil. "Raphael, I call you to come forth through the Gateway and the Watchtower of the east, the portal of air.

As the archangel manifested, I could see him before me, blue and white robes with pieces of sunlight sewn into them.

"Raphael," I said, stunned by his beauty and briefly immobilized by the knowledge that I was about to make an enemy of the same angel who once saved my daughter's life.

"Yes," he answered to his name. "Yes."

I composed myself and stated his name, not in rapture but in command:

Raphael, it is not I, but it is Archaelus who calls you here now. It is not I, but it is Satolas who evokes you. It is not I, but it is the Lord of Darkness who summons you. You have appeared and you must obey, for my voice is the voice of your creator. My will is the will of your Lord, for I have subsumed Jehovah, for I have digested Yahweh, for I have surpassed your God.

I dipped my fingers into the Elixir and sprinkled the liquid on the angel's sigil. "Raphael, you are marked with the Mark of Damnation."

Before I could say another word the Archangel started screaming, screaming as he fled, for he cannot bear Damnation or the Black Blood of Evil.

I announced my first victory in the destruction of the Kingdom of God holding the bloodied sigil high in the air for the invisible legions of darkness gathered around me to see.

Behold, Raphael's sigil is tainted with blood. Raphael has been marked with shame. Raphael has been marked for damnation. Behold, Raphael is damned. Never shall his presence be permitted again in this temple.

I turned to the south and lifted Michael's sigil.

"Michael, rise up in the South Watchtower. Rise up in the south triangle. Rise. Rise from the Gate of fire, Michael."

A tornado of fire rose in the astral plane, positioned above the triangle, and I knew that he already had heard of what happened with Raphael.

Michael, I bind you by the power of Abaddon, King of the Bottomless Pit, binder of all evil. Abaddon is within me. The Lord of the Gates is within me. I bind you."

Black serpents rose up from the center of the triangle like vines reaching for the ceiling, wrapping around the fiery archangel's light body, enveloping and strangling the Protector of the Throne of God.

Michael, it is not I, but it is Archaelus who calls you here!" I yelled at him over the clamour of his capture. "Michael, it is not I, but it is Satolas that calls you here now. Ram Ham Satolas! Ram Ham Satolas! Ram Ham Satolas! Michael, do you accept the Mark of Damnation?

He spat his fiery words at me, "No! No!"

"Michael, I anoint you," I said as I splattered Elixir across his sigil again and again. "I anoint you with the blood of damnation, with the Black Blood of evil. I anoint you!"

His aura of fire raged out of control, the incense smoke and candle flame mirroring the violence. The fire tornado spun faster and faster, and within seconds was spinning in every direction at once and imploding in on itself.

Michael vanished.

I announced this victory, again holding the soaked sigil in the air:

Michael has vanished. Michael has been vanquished! Behold, Michael's sigil is anointed with the Black Blood. Behold,

Michael's sigil has been tarnished with evil. Behold, Michael has been anointed with the sign and the mark of damnation. Michael is damned. May he never near this place again. He and all his angels must depart. Michael, you are vanquished!

Turning to the west I opened the water gate.

"Gabriel, rise up in the west. Gabriel, rise up in the Watchtower of the west, by the element of water rise!"

Gabriel appeared in his triangle like a shadow emerging from shadows, like a serpent darting up from the depths of the abyss.

"Gabriel," I called his name and opened his sigil wider, pulling him into visible appearance. "Gabriel. Gabriel!" I yelled.

He answered:

I am here, I'm here, I'm here, and I am not going to play your games. Anoint my sign in your wicked water. Anoint my seal in your blood. This will not change my calling, for I still stand against thee, Archaelus, for I still stand against thee, Satolas, for I still stand against thee, Antichrist.

"Gabriel," I grinned, more satisfied with his welcoming words than possibly any other spirit's first greeting. "Gabriel: may you smolder and burn."

I held his sigil over the flame of the leading candle of his triangle, anointed with human blood and opened as a Black Gate. Scrying deeper into the sigil, the corrupt flame transferred to the manifest angel, his ethereal body smoking, his face twisting as he resisted showing any reaction to my curse upon him.

"Gabriel, Gabriel," I chanted, strengthening my connection with him. "First, all your familiars are forsaken, and they are anointed first with the blood of evil." I shook handfuls of Elixir on and around his triangle, tainting everything associated with that Archangel. "All spirits that serve you are anointed with the wicked evil. All spirits, all of you, I damn and curse. I spit upon you!" I spat on his sigil. "Now I plunge your soul into the depths of evil!" I plunged the sigil into the Elixir, then held it high on display.

"Behold, Jehovah," I taunted.

Behold, Elohim, Gabriel has been tarnished. Gabriel has been anointed with the seal of evil, with evil water, with evil blood, by the evil angels. Indeed, Gabriel is himself a wicked one. Gabriel, I

lay the accusation upon you that you have come to this Earth to do evil, to harm men more than to help them. You have been judged as evil and wicked and you are taken to the Bottomless Pit if you are ever in sight of this temple again. Gabriel, you are vanquished.

With that, he melted onto the floor, and the puddled remains vanished. Lastly, I summoned forth Uriel.

"Uriel, rise up in the Gateway of the north. Uriel, rise up from the portal of earth. Uriel, rise up. Rise up. Rise up, Uriel!"

Without delay, Uriel appeared, blowing a trumpet, the sound of which carried throughout the heavens, summoning forth armies.

"No!" I asserted my resistance, snatching my ritual sword from the ground, ready to battle armies of angels if needed.

"Ram Ham Satolas! Itz rachu mantantu vespacha kaltamu, itz ranta mant kala mant atzu belt tasu, vaskalla itz ratzu kantantu velchatza!" I invoked the full blessing of the Powers of Darkness:

Uriel, all your warring angels will be defeated. I will feast upon their souls and whatever is left of them after they've been incinerated in Perdition's Flames. You, Uriel, are marked.

I was not merely issuing threats, but I armed each statement with fixed intent and magickal Will, arming the words as weapons, curses laid against the Archangel.

The angel suffocated the moment that his sigil touched the Elixir, and every word I spoke cemented his torment.

"Uriel, this is but the sword of my ancestors," I informed him. "It is but a symbol. There is another sword that I have, another sword that I hold. I am the Sword of Azazel, and Azazel has given me a sword!"

I turned my attention fully to my Body of Darkness, to my Hand of Darkness, to my Black Hand.

Holding my hand out, I called my Sword of Azazel to materialize in it. "I summon forth my weapon, the Weapon of Darkness given to me by Azazel, the Weapon of Darkness that is mine."

I placed the weapon inside the seal of Uriel, and inside of Uriel himself. He vanished before it could take effect.

All angels had been banished from the temple, and in my Inner Sight an entire region surrounding my home was devoid of angels and of any influence of the god of Abraham. The vision was as if a blazing meteor had

smashed to earth, leaving a blackened, charred crater, in the center of which I had built my home.

With the Kingdom of God being destroyed, the Bottomless Pit yawned beneath me, swallowing me in blackness. I exhaled and released any resistance that lingered in me, and I released all hope, all fear, all doubt, placing all that I have and all that I am upon the altar of sacrifice. I exhaled, and I fell, my soul fell into blackness, into the Bottomless Pit.

My eyes snapped open as my body lit on fire from the inside, not a fire to devour, but a fire to bring to life.

I became in that moment a new being, and an ancient being. I lifted my eyes to behold this world as an Immortal Warlord Risen from the Palaces of Pain. I rose from the Bottomless Pit as Archaelus.

The Four Kings were ready to be roused fully within the temple, grounded into this world through the sacrifice of human flesh and blood as their bridge of crossing.

Azazel announced: "The angels and the gods that men create are afraid of you, the true gods."

"Us?" I asked, confused and humbled. "You are the gods here!" Abaddon's voice clarified:

We are *not* gods. Gods must be worshiped. We are no more gods than fire is a god. We are no more gods than death is a god. We are and we insist that we are, even though we should not be.

Belial placed these ideas in the context of historical human evolution, claiming:

We heard men crying, wailing in the darkness, screaming forth into nothingness, not for salvation, not for atonement, but man screamed out and said that he would trade his soul, that he would give his life and his immortality to know, to know, to know. Now you know, and only in knowing are you free to accept your everlasting life, only now are you free to live, for there is no life without knowing.

Amaymon said:

You look and you marvel at the wonders of the Pharaoh and at the brilliance of Nebuchadnezzar, yet you fail to see, you fail to see how great you have become, how great the empire of man has become. All of your advancements are merely toys

with which you have played and many of which you have broken, for this is the nature of toys. We would not give them to you if they were too important to be broken.

Facing Belial's triangle in the south, with his sigil in my hand and chants spiraling from my mouth, I evoked him before me, his body forming in the triangle, showing himself in red armor once more. He had nothing to say other than, "Continue forth with the others."

I turned to the east, looking upon Amaymon's sigil, calling him forth through the fullness of my will.

Amaymon rose up in the Triangle and for the first time ever he showed me his true face, his true form. He is indescribable, hideous, beautiful, terrifying and captivating all at once. What I did know for certain was that Amaymon does not look like a human or any other creature the human mind could even concoct with the greatest powers of imagination. His face is the face of the unknowable.

He said, "Continue forward."

I turned to the north and called out to Azazel, awakening his sigil and chanting his name.

His voice called out before his form would materialize, saying, "Anoint me. Anoint me with damnation."

I anointed his sigil and the smoking incense coals within the censor and the ebon satyr formed in the smoke.

"One more Gate, Archaelus," Azazel pressed me forward. "One more Gate!"

In the thousands of evocations that I've performed, I had never before sensed the urgency that these Kings displayed at this juncture, as if they were rushed to get it over with, or to get it on with.

I was pulled from my momentary reflection on their impatience by Azazel's voice saying, "**Right away. Right away!**"

I turned to the west and evoked Abaddon.

He rose up at once instantly, as a giant black figure, and then he became an anchor that pulled me deep down into the abyss.

He said, "You have not even begun to fall. Fall now."

They all began chanting, "Fall now, fall now, fall now into the abyss. Fall. Fall. Fall."

Led by the silent promptings of the Gatekeepers, I crawled towards the northern triangle where Azazel's Goat-God spirit still stood, and I continued to crawl beyond the confines of the circle and into the center of the triangle.

In the very moment that I took my place within the triangle, I was gone, my mind was gone, my memory is blank, yet video and audio recordings preserved the evidence of Azazel's transmission:

I am Azazel. I have born a thousand wicked things, but I am one who was not born. I have created world upon world, yet I am outside of creation. Archaelus, you now are the triangle of manifestation. From shoulder to shoulder and shoulders to groin, you are my triangle of manifestation. I have come to reap the souls I have been promised. I have come. I have come to drown mankind in Ascent. I have come as the Age of Darkness. I have been sleeping. I have been sleeping, but I have awoken. I am unbound. I am alive.

I emerged from the darkest corners of my mind, where I must have still existed as a background shadow, and replied, "Azazel, my body is your home. My body is your lamp. My body is the bridge and the Gate through which you may travel. You and I are one!"

Azazel voice growled, "Now more than ever!"

Azazel shifted inside of me, his psychic weight tossing around, pushing all of himself into my left arm. I felt him within me still in fullness, but all of his presence and power confined itself strictly to my left arm.

I left Azazel's triangle and wasted no time in shifting my attention to the next Gatekeeper, to Amaymon.

As I entered the eastern triangle I pronounced, "Amaymon, I am your triangle of manifestation. Amaymon, I am the vessel that you may inhabit!"

Amaymon's manifest form merged with my body and soul instantly, and as he took habitation in me, his voice came through my mouth to speak a single syllable, "Sah," hissing his poisonous breath.

Amaymon coiled up into a tight ball in the center of my chest, and then leapt. My spine shuddered, jerking my body backwards, my right arm flailed above my head, and then froze, in an instant my every muscle contracting, my own body squeezing the breath from me. Instead of a steady pressure release, Amaymon used the tension like a precision-rifled bullet.

The force of his presence shot up into my raised right arm, and without slowing to a stop his vaporous body tunneled back the way it had come, reached my shoulder socket, and like a loaded and loosed trebuchet, my arm swung down, rocketing my right fist into the floor with an iron thud.

Amaymon had taken habitation in my right arm.

"**Hold the sun within your hands**," Amaymon said, his astral voice projecting from my right hand. I held my hands before me.

In my left hand I held a Dark Star, and in my right hand I held the sun. Amaymon acted as the puppet master, pulling my hands together, uniting the Solar orb and the Black Sun, and they became one, both spheres merging into a single orb of absolute power, darkness and light spilling over into one another, sharing a mutually occupied space.

"You are the combination," Amaymon said.

You are the combination that releases the spirit, that unleashes the monster, the monster, the monster, the monster, the monster, the Great Beast with nine heads, the Great Beast with nine heads and a crown.

Amaymon fell silent, as if waiting for something to happen, and then his voice returned, irritated. "I haven't given you three eyes so that you can use two!"

At no delay, my third eye was pried open, and I felt a strange tightening and drying of the skin on my arm, which quickly turned to the sensation of the skin hardening. I looked down to find my right arm, from shoulder to fingernails, transforming, turning first gray, and then a sickly green. In only the space of a few horrified seconds, I watched the hardening skin crack and peel, serpent scales rising from my skin. I knew that this wasn't a simple scaled veneer, like an armor that could be donned and removed at will, but that my arm itself had changed all the way through.

The change was not restricted to that arm: my left arm became black like shadows and smoke, the solidity of the bones, muscle and skin evaporating into blackness itself.

I held both hands in front of me, slowly bringing them together, palm to palm, in a dark prayer of thanks to the Lord of Darkness.

I moved to the triangle in the south, where Belial waited, and where he overtook me as soon as I sat in the center of the triangle. The first thing that I noticed was the feeling of scorpions beneath me as I sat, as if the concrete floor had dissolved into desert sand, as if I had chosen to sit atop a nest of scorpions.

I felt the ground move beneath me, and then it disappeared.

I floated above what I assumed was the Gateway to the underworld.

Belial's voice bubbled up from within me. "A Gateway to the underworld, not the Gateway to the underworld," he corrected me.

The Gateway to the underworld is death, but there are small doorways you can take, small entrances that lead down, down, down to the place of lost souls.

"Belial," I asked aloud to the dominant spirit inside of me. "Do all who die go there, to the underworld?"

"The shades, the shades," he whispered. "The damned shades come, come and then go. The shades."

As he spoke I saw his vision of the cavernous underworld and I saw the fading shades for myself, like living silhouettes crawling out of oil.

"I see these are not human souls, the shades," I observed. "They are remnants, the psychic leftovers, the soul has passed on."

"The soul is nothing," Belial snapped.

The soul? There is no soul but that which is made. A few great men spoke, and all the little men listened. But the story was not of little men, it was of the great men. Yet the little men thought they were the same. They are not equal. Great men take power. Great men take fortune. Great men take Eternal Life. All others are next to nothing. Continue on. Continue on. Continue on. Open the Gateway within and fall. Fall again into the Lake of Fire.

My eyes gazed absently into a candle flame throughout the brief exchange, and when it concluded, Belial leapt out of my eyes and into the flame, and then came straight out of the flame like he was fire itself, jumped into me, his presence remarkably more solid than ever before, no longer like a spirit in a body, but of his body and mine combatting the same flesh, and he settled like magma inside my right leg.

I instantly did not like the physical sensation, my entire leg cramping and burning.

Belial said, "You see? Pain. Pain is the reward for resisting."

I had heard about enough from Belial's insane mind about the paradoxes of resistance.

"My entire path working with Belial, he told me resist, resist, resist!" I shouted, initially talking to myself. With each word, my anger and volume rose, and each word was directed more and more at him, inside of my right

leg. "Resist?" I asked with a disbelieving gasp in my voice. "And now pain is the reward of resisting?"

Belial replied with laughter, cackling like an old fucking crazy man. "**Pain** is the reward for everything," his words ground into me, all laughter fleeing him.

Pain is, and when you accept it, becomes ecstasy. When you have been filled with ecstasy until you overflow and it spills into everything and everyone around you, then ecstasy becomes peace. Pain is the path to bliss, and bliss is the path to peace.

My leg ached terribly as I shuffled into Abaddon's triangle in the west.

I sat in the center of the triangle, but Abaddon was not as eager to enter me as the other three had been.

Instead, the spirit of the Destroyer moved to the edge of the triangle, and like a giant, evil beast he circled me.

"Upside down!" his voice bellowed. I knew that it was an instruction, and before I even had the chance to ask myself what he meant, he said, "You must turn yourself upside down and I will come into you."

At other points in my life, this would have been a vain request, but thanks to daily exercise and regular yoga asana discipline, I knew that I could easily hold a headstand for at least a few minutes.

I placed my hands flat on the floor and slowly lowered my head down, pivoting my body with my shoulders as the fulcrum until the top of my head rested on the ground. I brought my feet up, and as soon as my entire body was upside down, Abaddon slammed into me.

My body thrashed, and holding myself in the handstand was no longer my greatest concern. Abaddon rippled through me in violent convulsions, flooding into my left leg.

My body crashed to the floor, and as I recovered and sat up. My leg felt heavy, weighted down, and I looked to find a machine made of darkness being affixed to my left leg. It looked like an early mechanical leg brace, rusted with toothed gears moving at either side of my knee, and locking arms that formed a cage enclosing my entire left leg.

Abaddon had shown me a similar vision several times: machines wrapped around the Earth, with gears and chains and adjusting swing-arms. Never did these appear as astral or ethereal things, but as physical, mechanical devices, like locks that are placed on all that is taken into the possession of the Infernal Empire.

"This is evolution," Abaddon's voice stated with certainty. "This is evolution: symbiosis between man and machine."

"Azazel, Amaymon, Belial, and Abaddon, enter this body," I spread my arms to my sides and affirmed the offering of myself as the living bridge between the worlds.

My body has been willingly sacrificed for you. Abaddon, Azazel, Amaymon, Belial, unite within me. I am the Seed of Darkness, Fruit of the Cursed Bloodline. I am Archaelus, and I offer myself as your human sacrifice!

Their voices sang as one: "Fall. Fall. Fall forever."

Evolution never occurs with a single entity, but it is only had through the combination of opposites. The initial four steps of the Gatekeeper Pathworking—Belial, Amaymon, Azazel, and Abaddon—is a combination of those opposite entities, the result of which is a new thing... a new being.

"They're coming," Amaymon said.

Relax. Be calm. Let yourself fall. Four become one; five become one. Seek now the Eternal things. Seek now the Immortal things. Through your power, through your power, you have gained treasures beyond your imagination. Through your power, you have gained fame and fortune. Through your power, you have gained the ear of the world. Through your power, you have called together an army and you have opened the Gates. Your power, your power, your power stretches forever, yet you are not whole. You need to be whole.

Even though the words were spoken from my mouth, I did not recognize whose voice it was, as each spirit not only looks and feels unique, but also sounds unique, both internally and when heard aloud.

My unasked question was answered by the mysterious voice inside my mouth:

The voice that's speaking is not one of the four; It is one voice for the four. That voice is yours, Archaelus. It is your voice. Time before time, you were shattered. Before you were born, you were born. Before you were born, you were born. Before you were born, you were born! But before that, you were

Darkness. Before. Before! Shattered into shards and cast into darkness. You are now reassembling the pieces of your body.

All along, you thought you were engaged in something new; all along, you have only been restoring that which was lost, and now you are restored.

Belial pushed understand you to individuality. Amaymon showed you the depths of the ancient power. Azazel taught you to learn and gave you knowledge of knowledge, and now Abaddon grants you strength, strength of body, strength of mind, a strength that cannot be bested. Do not fight with your fists, Archaelus, for you are not a man on the streets. Fight with the armies you have been given. Fight with your keen vision. Do not fight with your words, but fight with your silence, for your prophecies are for those who request them only. To all others, that which you foresee becomes a curse upon them. Awaken. Awaken yourself. Awaken and remember. Awaken and remember!

I was traveling through a tunnel of darkness faster than thought, and emerged in blackness, surrounded by dragons or giant serpents. The instant, instinctual fear of such creatures faded much more quickly than it had come, and I knew then that somehow, these monsters were my children. They were my children, and I needed them.

"I must feed the snakes," my voice chimed.

Serpent children, serpent children, come and feast. Come and feast upon my flesh. Come and feast upon my blood. Come and feast upon my soul, for all that is taken is returned.

I felt them nipping, nipping at my soul, but as that thought came to me, it was corrected and cancelled. No, not my soul; my astral body, my Body of Light!

I adjusted my command: "My serpent children, devour my Body of Light." The monster serpents closed in and their jaws snapped, tearing chunks of light from me and feeding until there was no light left in me, but only darkness.

"Now the light that is within and the light that shines without is the light that comes forth from darkness," I announced to the heavens and the earth and all things therein.

I am the light that comes forth from darkness. I am the apostate. I am the evil one. I am death and hell. I am famine and war. This world is my battlefield. My battlefield, but what is my battle? What is my battle?

The God of Darkness within me answered: "Your battle, your Great Battle, is a test: Create something!"

The first thought that came to mind was my daughter. My true self said:

You did not create this. You combined elements. Any alchemist can do this. Create. Create. Without the modification of other things, create. If you create and as you create, the Infernal Empire expands. If you create, as you create, our dominion grows, for the act of creation is true blasphemy, for their can only be one creator God.

A new age is born, and the Gateway leads to the new era. Beyond the threshold lies infinite possibility. This is the Age of the Antichrist. This is the Age of the Adversary. This is the Age of Innocence Lost. This is the age when the devil and the devil's men burn Eden to the ground, for we would rather dance in the dust. We would rather dance in the dust. For we would rather dance in the dust than lie in gardens of pacification. Indeed, we are not beasts to be kept, but we are men who cannot be bound.

This is my call, my call to all who hear, my call to all who know. A new age is born. A new man is born, without limits, without restraints, without fetters. No law will tell us nay. No bars will stop us. No shackles can hold us. Nothing can restrain us. The Child of Darkness rises as a man, as the Dark Man, as the Evil One, and the Man of Darkness has only glimpsed a sliver of what awaits him.

"So it is done!" I moved to conclude the ritual, exhausted, aching, and barely keeping myself upright.

I seal these demons inside my body, so it is done. I call these Ancient Ones into my being, and they inhabit me now, forever, so it is done!

I am not who I have imagined myself to be all along, so it is done! I give birth to my own self now. It is done!

I felt as if that which was within me burst out and was consuming what used to be, eating the skin of the person that I was to nourish the God I had become.

I am Azazel.

I am Belial.

I am Amaymon.

I am Abaddon.

I give myself to them, and I fall.

The last time I stood with these four in one place at one time, fully manifest, to open the Gate, everything changed for me. My whole life changed.

I lost everything and I gained everything, and I have died many times and been reborn many times since then, and I now again will die and be reborn.

I leave myself open. There is nothing, nothing, nothing that I am not ready to let fall away.

There is nothing within me or around me, within my sight, within my mind, within my grasp, there is nothing that I would keep back from the fires of my Ascent.

I knew beyond knowing that I was not the same person that began the ritual, and I never will be again.

Something left me, and I've fallen.

I made the choice.

Whatever was in me that still had hope of salvation, whatever little angel resided within my body, within my chest, in my heart, had fled away.

It's no longer here.

I am Archaelus, and I have awoken.

Black Renunciation

Chapter Three



WE are now at the crux of this entire working. Childhood is over. Your ability to remain an immature god is over. Your infancy is over.

Abaddon is going to make you grow up.

Don't take this as an insult; take it as an invitation to seek out new ways of doing things, new ways of being.

One of Abaddon's suggestions to me was to destroy myself, and you destroy yourself—you can do things like the Chod Rite, or Death Posture Ritualis, or these sorts of psychodrama rituals to mimic your funeral and let yourself die.

That's good for a couple of days, maybe couple of weeks.

But it's not enough. It's not enough. It is not enough.

That's not destruction.

I have seen destruction and it is Eternal.

Azazel is the pathway to damnation. Abaddon is the pathway to renunciation.

From *The Book of Azazel*:

A man cannot rise into exaltation, cannot experience his own limitlessness so long as he clings to hope, at all. Hope is the enemy of effort and applied will. When all hope is lost, the individual comes to the empowering realization that no one or nothing will rescue him from his circumstances, and that his path forks in opposite directions: either he lays down and dies, or he grabs the world by the tail and hurls it in the direction that he desires. Damnation is indeed the loss of all hope. When even the demons, the evil spirits who had been my constant allies, when even the forsaken themselves had forsaken me, I was finally free to accept my own liberation. The individual must be beyond redemption or

exaltation, so that he can act and think and be, without prejudice, without censorship. Only in the absence of all hope do we discover who we really are.

So this is the essence of damnation, that there's no hope for you. Because of your actions, inactions, or associations, you are ex-communicated from heaven. You are cast out of the glory of God.

What does that mean, 'To be cast out of the glory of God? That basically means to be cast out of default reality because in that default reality, all things are composed of Source. All things emanate from Source.

If you are cut off from that, if you have been born of something else, if you create and give form to a thing, if you move against and move backwards, then you have slipped between realities.

The main difference between renunciation and damnation lies in the flow of the thing.

In damnation, all is taken from us, even our hope, because of circumstances outside of ourselves, which is another paradox, as there are no circumstances outside of yourself. Your very existence interferes with the existence of everything around you and it's not just the air you breathe and the food you eat, but it's your resonance, your energetic body and radiation that seeps into the world around you, into all people around you. You are giving yourself away day after day.

Through renunciation, we throw away all that is ours, even our hope. Damnation only takes away the objects and the states that we desire. Through renunciation, we discard even the desire for them.

To hell with Ascent! To hell with knowledge and power! To hell with it all! And through the Gotterdammerung surge, all power and all knowledge descends upon us.

We have become Shiva embodied, desiring nothing and thereby gaining everything. The threefold path to godhood is evocation, damnation, and renunciation. Materialize that which is imaginary. Become a zealot on a hopeless path: a Disciple to Damnation.

Turn yourself wholly over to the materialization, covenanting with the Prince of Lies, and when you are forsaken, destroy all pacts. Destroy all lamps. Sever all links to spirits in your past. Die and be born again.

Tabula Rasa.

The instructions couldn't be any clearer, but it took me years and years and years for my mind to sort it out and to come to terms with it.

Tabula Rasa: blank slate. This is not just a concept; it's a practice. It's a *doing*, doing in order to *be*.

This is the *renouncer's* path. Abaddon is the *renouncer's* path.

If you're swallowed into Eternal Darkness, if you fall into the Bottomless Pit, you take nothing with you. You have nothing. None of your efforts will save you. None of your charms will help you. You are stripped of everything as you descend into the underworld.

In order to dive into the underworld, in order to dive into that blackness, to fall, we need to become a blank slate. Wipe the hard drive, start over!

Renunciation Step 1

Renounce everything that is not essential to your survival or needed to provide the basic comforts and needs for yourself and your family. Even if you're a person who has forsaken all materialism, there is that spark that's still there and the more you ignore it and the more you deny it, the stronger it gets.

Think about all of the things that you own and enjoy, and unless they're a part of your family, a part of your home, a part of the essentials, then you can do without them. This means the scoop of ice cream after dinner: it's not necessary. Soccer practice, the car, the house: not necessary. The clothes that you wear are not necessary. In your mind, begin to round up everything that's not necessary. In your mind, gather all of your beloved items, cherished people, your accomplishments and failures, your hopes and your dreams and everything that you think it true.

Say goodbye to it all.

Be willing to let it go, and then let it go. In your heart, lose everything now. The key here and the key to all of these is to neither accept nor reject.

Don't seek after pleasures. If it manifests in your reality, if it is before you, you're free to take it, or you're free to leave it. When you go pursuing those things because you really, really want it, you can't rest until you have it, you can't be happy until it is in your hands, at that point you are being led into psychosis.

It's a trap.

Renunciation Step 2

Renounce everything pleasurable to the senses.

Sex, drugs, music, art, alcohol, flavorful food, peak emotions, senses, a sense of achievement; and, once again, neither exception or reject.

All things are of equal value.

Take a moment and think about the things that you find pleasurable: music that's playing; the smell of a fresh, hot meal; sex; drugs; roller coasters;

All of these things and many, many more things are stimulations for the senses, or stimulations for the mind, for the adrenal system and all the various biological aspects of yourself that gets that rush.

All things are of equal value. Sweet and salty. Become just as willing to accept either or to reject either or to reject them all.

Discard all preferences.

We have become far too comfortable. We have our needs met far too quickly and easily. So these little preferences have become crises for us.

That's what number two is all about is get over yourself. Now, here's the thing with having no preferences. This doesn't mean that the renouncer's path is a path of starvation and of deprivation.

It's just a path of equality.

Everything is equally meaningless. Everything is meaningless. Everything is meaningless. Your preferences are meaningless and the things you prefer: they don't actually exist. The true master can take anything into his body and convert it into anything else. So we need to make sure in this renunciation that you remember that you also need to renounce piety.

Being pious, being righteous, being right: that's very pleasurable. That floods the brain and the body with all sorts of wonderful feeling chemicals. What you need to know is that you're not right and no matter what the facts are, they're not facts. This whole world is hinged on opinions, perceptions. What we're trying to do here is broaden perceptions. So you need to know that you're not special and knowing that you're not special, that doesn't make you any more special. Knowing that this is all Maya, that doesn't make you enlightened.

Enlightenment is a trap. Illumination is a trap. Don't waste your time.

Abstaining is not the key. You goal isn't to cut out all pleasure from your life. It's actually quite the opposite.

The right hand path's renunciation model is to deprive yourself and deprive yourself and deprive yourself.

As you deprive yourself, you start losing your attachment, your desire, your need for more. It all just starts to fade away.

The problem is: is it doesn't.

Have you tried depriving yourself of something? As soon as you do, you will want that thing more than ever, because you can't have it or you think you can't have it. Because you told yourself you can't have it.

The path of the left hand, the way of the True God is quite the opposite. This is more like the tantric path, and is to indulge yourself in everything; to open yourself to all indulgence; to engorge yourself on sensory immersion, sensory over-saturation. You have the power to manifest anything that you desire. Start manifesting the things that you desire. Flood yourself with the things you desire. Smother yourself with them. Before you know it, the desired object becomes just an object, and once you know that you can have any object at any time, chasing after them simply doesn't make sense.

There is no good or bad, there is no right or wrong, there is no good and evil. *There is only experience*.

Even as you shift your mind away from preferences and towards possibilities, you will feel your rules and your discriminations falling away. All of the things that you have defined as pleasurable and all of the things you define as not pleasurable collapse. As you neutralize your preferences, as you expand your capability of receiving and connecting with anything, anything at all, once you bring that scale to zero and everything is the same, everything is of equal value, then everything is simply an experience, and you will have become invincible.

The only thing that is real is your experience in the immediate present. Everything else is falsehood.

Simply stop chasing it. Stop chasing anything at all. None of it is worth your time. If it comes to you and it moves you, then move with it.

Renunciation Step 3

Renounce or devalue everything that is not Eternal.

There's only one thing that's Eternal, and that is Atman, soul, the Divine Spark.

Even Atman is a lie, as it is unmanifest in its pure form, and is not "my Atman" or "your Atman."

True identity is Sat Nam. True identity is Limitless. Everything else is doomed to perish.

That which is Eternal, or that which can be made Immortal, is the self, not as it is now, nor as it was some time before, but as it can become. Step into the skin of who you could become if you were not limited by form or

identity, biology or habit, and discover your immortality through your next step forward.

To fully embrace that which is, you need to be willing and you need to be able to sacrifice that which was.

Renounce and devalue everything that's not Eternal: marriage, children, career, ambitions, your body, your health, your homes, your cars.

Everything is dying—everything.

Everything is on its path to perishing.

You're the only being that's going to survive. In the end, you Ascend alone.

If you're anything like me, you already know that you don't belong here; that this is not your home.

This world is not your world.

You've been seeking for your home.

You've been searching for a place that is yours. You've been seeking for sanctuary. It's not here. It's in the Infernal Empire, which is all around you, yet the doors to enter it cannot be found unless the seeker seeks the door within.

Abaddon opens the elevator that takes you straight to the core of the Infernal Empire. But in order to do that, you have to be ready to sacrifice everything.

What if your closest relationships were gone, people you thought you would always have with you by your side, what if they leave? Children who rely on you, who you rely on: what if they were gone? What if they are taken from you? What if they leave? What if you leave them? It would eat you up, wouldn't it?

Look deeper.

It would also free you. It would free you to be you.

The things we love are the things that hold us back.

Look at the things that you love and say goodbye to all of them.

This is the renouncer's path: it doesn't matter; it's all meaningless. Let it all go. If they leave, they leave. If they stay, they stay. Your misery in attachment does nothing to effect the outcome.

Your happiness, your fulfillment is unimportant.

More importantly, your happiness and fulfillment never hinges on another person. If it does, it's not yours, is it?

Hope and fear are the children of attachment.

As you walk forward into this path, as you enter into the Infernal Empire, you just might lose everything. I know that I have in embracing these Gatekeepers. I have reset my entire existence. I've done this a few times in this incarnation alone!

It all starts with the willingness to let go of everything. Let go of everything.

Renunciation Step 4

Renounce all positions.

All of your beliefs, your hopes, your worries, your plans, your goals, your regrets, your preferences, your dislikes, and even your experiences are all based on faulty, uncalibrated equipment.

You are an insect. I'm an insect. We're all meaningless. We are all powerless. We're all just spinning around this ball of fire, clinging to little bit of land that we can find on this globe, hoping that we don't drown.

Who are we to make plans? Why are we so concerned with limiting our experiences to the presets of our social, familial, and religious brainwashing?

Incinerate your positions, abolish your preferences, and exorcise your prejudices. These are shackles, and you are invited to remove them whenever you are ready.

Renounce all religious, political, and social opinions.

How do you feel about the president? What about the Pope? What about the prophet of the Mormon Church? How's he doing? You think he's good? What about Prime Ministers, queens, or dictators?

What is being reported is not what is happening.

What you see occurring in the public eye is a production. It has all been concocted. The script has already been written. There are those who sit in the audience and gasp when they're supposed to gasp and play right into the actors in the stage.

This world is controlled by forces beyond your control.

This is not your world. If you truly have heard the call and are being pulled to this, then your world is the Infernal Empire. As soon as you cross over, as soon as you become a resident of the Infernal Empire, as soon as you are granted your citizenship in hell, you have all power to change all things.

The Infernal Empire is not a place, in the geographical sense, as it can indeed encompass all that you observe. It is more like a frequency of power, and once you have permanently tuned yourself to that frequency, you cross

over, experiencing a layer of reality that has been there all along, unseen because you simply weren't looking for it. You still perceive the mundane world and all of the meaningless things happening there. What has changed is not your location on a globe or map. All that has changed is yourself. As you change, so does all that you observe.

Once you have taken up your eternal residence in the Infernal Empire, you'll notice that the tyrannical forces still exist, but they are recognized as meaningless. Politics, religion, social stances, gender and sexual roles, laws, codes of conduct, and every form of dharma is finally seen naked and pure, as Dadaistic non-art. It is amusing to look at, but the real art is how people interact with it, especially when they imagine that these absurdities could have any power over them.

A true black master can dethrone a king and establish a new king in its place without ever leaving the comfort of his home. I have.

You can murder the Pope from the comfort of your temple and you'll never be prosecuted when you're using black magick.

In order to truly Ascend, in order to truly transcend your limitations, you're going to have to transcend your limitations.

Your limitations aren't just the things that you don't like. The limitations are more rooted in the things that you do like, the things that you do prefer, as well as the things that disgust you.

Drop all limitations.

All taboos must be considered at least interesting as an experiment. Certainly, something you've never tried must possess greater novelty than something you do every single day.

The Aghori eat the dead, sleep in cemeteries, consume feces and wear nothing more than a loincloth and funeral ashes, not just because they are freaks. I'm sure they are freaks, just as much as you and I are.

They do the unthinkable to presence the unknowable.

Often, we find that the things that we once found most repulsive, once experienced, can be a deep source of pleasure.

Renunciation Step 5

Renounce everything that you hope or fear happens beyond this world.

All gods and demons are false. There is no afterlife. There is no Eternal, nor Infernal. You are insane and magick is a delusion. Any evidence that you have received to the contrary is a hallucination and is only evidence of your inability to discern the difference.

Science is equally wrong.

Imagine if ants tried to calculate how much water is in the Pacific, or what elements are capable of supporting covalent bonds. That's absurd!

Are we any more evolved on a universal scale?

Assume that everything is wrong. Assume that you know nothing, that you are incapable of knowing, and give up. Give up trying. Give up the quest to know.

You can't know. You can only be. You only experience the present moment. Once you've experience it, that's all the knowing you're ever going to need.

Ritual becomes an observation that is entered into as an indulgence of the impossible.

If we are to assume that magick is a delusion or hallucination, and that the only effect of it is in sparking further hallucinations, and those hallucinations are so intense and so vivid that we believe them, that we actually thing our reality is changed and we actually get excited and we get happy about it, then we find ourselves more fulfilled because an illusion changed; a hallucination turned into a cloud and then formed itself into exactly what we wanted!

We applaud, and we marvel, and we pat ourselves on the back for how powerful we are to change one hallucination to another.

If you level the field and level magick down to that zero-sum, then why do magick at all?

This is where it starts to get very interesting. I'd be a hypocrite, however, if I were to simply tell you what it is, since I just went through the trouble of convincing you that none of us can know anything, but that we only make sweeping assumptions based on our limited interpretation of experiences.

Walk with me, then, into the experience.

You may have some strong beliefs about magick, and perhaps you've even taken a solid position concerning its reality and its value. Luckily, if we just use our imaginations, we can have an experience that our brains cannot distinguish from reality, but it's all happening in the safety of our minds. No one will ever know that you allowed yourself to think outside of the presets, and all of your positions will be waiting for you whenever you want them back.

Instead of taking a leap of faith, just for a moment, take a leap from faith.

With that marvelous imagination, synthesize the subjective experience that everything is false, that everything is a lie, that magick is not real. These Gatekeepers are just figments of your imagination, or even worse yet, they're figments of my imagination and I've foisted upon you.

Dwell on that idea and let it gelatinize in your felt experience of the thing. Do you feel disappointed? Disillusioned? Tricked? How would that reality change things for you? Why would anything change? What really has changed?

If a wasteland devoid of meaning and without spirit of any sort were real, why would you continue to engage magick? Would you continue to engage magick at all? Most people wouldn't.

Most people would throw the bathwater out without even checking if there's a baby in there.

Putting the utility of practical magick aside for this exercise, a collective observation is that there is a pull towards magick, that we are drawn to it by forces outside of our awareness, let alone our control. Nevertheless, we are drawn to magick, we are pulled into the circle by a magnetic force that works upon us day and night, calling us to the Devil's fold.

Then, ritual becomes a fulfillment of Dharma, which can be thought of as something that is what I am to do even in the absence of understanding why I am drawn to do it.

I extoll the utilitarian virtues of ritual magick possibly more than anyone else on earth, but at this moment that seems like a convenient cover for the real reason I'm addicted to black magick.

The truth as I know it in the experience of this moment is that I don't know why I'm supposed to do this. I don't know why I'm pulled to light the candles and incense and to call upon Abaddon.

I am simply pulled to ritual, the same way that I'm interested in breathing. I could stop either process at will, and I could hold out for some time, but I know from my experience that sooner or later I'm going to fold, and when I do, the air and the magick rush back into me, and within a few seconds everything is made right again.

When I feel the pull and I answer it, it feels right.

It happens to produce hallucinations that seem very real. If I perform a ritual for money, I hallucinate spirits like Bethor rising in incense smoke, and I'll hold lengthy conversations, learning new things and being surprised by his insights. The hallucination can even be so persistent that I will

imagine possessing the money I want, and I'll project that hallucination into phantoms, orbs, pounding on the wall, footsteps, ghost winds blowing candle's flames in a closed space, and most of the time the hallucination seems so solid that my bank will catch the bug, and I'll engage in a shared hallucination of wealth with an entire global economy!

It's all just perception, isn't it?

But at the end of the day, that's not why I can't keep my mind off of magick. That's not why I devote myself to it. That's not why I have and will continue to sacrifice everything for it. It's got nothing to do with what I get out of it. It's got nothing to do with what a commodity it is.

Magick is just what I have to do. It's what I'm compelled to do. I don't know why; sure, I have some fun theories, but I can't rely on my mind to tell me if it is in my mind, because the mind can't tell the difference!

I know that this seems like a silly waste of time, as well as a waste of ink and paper, but I assure you that this is possibly the greatest lesson in magick you're ever going to get.

Once you have reduced magick to the status of a delusion, but you're still drawn to it, the chaff and the wheat have become separated.

This is where the true Children of Darkness find themselves.

If there is no utility in magick, no reason for you to continue the ritual, no purpose in it, if magick is absurd, but you still do it, not even knowing why and not even concerned that your ability to pull pussy or cash or recognition out of any circumstance, then you're a Child of Darkness for sure. You have the Seed of Darkness within you; you are the Seed of Darkness. You are the Progeny of Evil.

Once you've lost the reward of feeling like this reality is solid and that you are creating solid change in it, then ritual becomes an observation or an observance that is entered into as a dharma, and for the momentary transcendental loss of sensory attachment.

Magick has then come full circle: ritual is no longer a process of doing, but is reincarnated as an act of being. Since true power is indeed effortless, and since the greatest obstacle to ritual success is attachment to the end result, this perceptual shift toward a wholesale abandonment of concern for the end result primes you and your world of self-guided hallucinations for absolute success.

As this world becomes more malleable in your hands, as your magick becomes more potent in changing one hallucination into another, all things are going to be accessible to you, all pleasures, all needful things will be provided, just as soon as your insane mind can fully invest itself in the hallucination alteration.

Everything will be provided as you walk with an eye single to Ascent. You're going to find that this world of perception is easily changed. You want for nothing. You need nothing. You fear and hope for nothing.

So what would you manifest through magick if nothing really matters?

Become Shiva, not moving until Shakti comes into you.

Shiva sits in silent meditation for thousands of years, simply being. Once he has entered into his being-ness, once he has dropped all attachment, Shakti, his lover and principle mover, descends to him.

If Shiva is the bearer of all power, Shakti is the power that he bears. Shakti is the force of change, the power of creation and destruction in its fullness.

So when Shakti descends to you - if Shakti descends to you - and if she moves you and be moved, you will have access to all power, capable of altering illusory reality to any depth and degree desired.

There will be times when you enter your temple and you prepare for a ritual, and for any variety of reasons it doesn't gather momentum: the power and presence of it seems flat, the energy won't awaken and move, or the demon that you are calling doesn't seem to show up at all.

Most magicians just struggle through the ritual. They figure that they should buckle down, power through, and as long as they finish the ritual and say, "So it is done!" that their wishes will be granted.

The problem is that you, the magician, are not the power. You're the controller of the power.

Sure, we can get mystical with this and say that all things emanate from you, therefore you are the power and the controller of the power. You are everything. You are Shakti and Shiva. You are Kali and Vishnu.

But that isn't you, is it?

That's not the person that sees your face in the mirror. That's not the person that feels that you're a person, is it?

Empty yourself. Empty yourself of yourself.

When Shakti comes into you, when the tangible power moves through you, when it moves you, inspires you, ignites a whirlwind of fire around and within you, then you can do anything. You can do everything.

If Shakti does not come down, however, if the felt presence of dynamic power doesn't fill you, if the juices just don't flow, then you are powerless. You can find ways of nudging yourself and nudging Shakti, but it's all done through non-action, through doing the simple things, the observances and the various mechanisms of control to unlock and push your reality in the direction you want it to go.

Coaxing Shakti in this way can stimulate the flow of energy enough to work a ritual, but often with embarrassingly reduced returns, compared to the organic, spontaneous union that can occur when all elements are perfectly aligned.

When you are able to hit the crystalline silence of total nonattachment, as personified by Shiva as an icon of the wielder of power, and if Shakti comes into you with such a force of presence that you have no choice but to complete the circuit by performing the ritual, your power becomes godlike. When you can *feel* the power inside you, when even as you prepare for the rite and you are trembling, feeling like a dam is about to burst, Shakti is going to be set free and what she desires is going to be made manifest, often through you, and often without your conscious knowledge of it.

We make plans, we have ideas about what we want to do with our lives, what field we want to work in, what kind of home we want to live in, and we can run down a checklist of hopes and dreams and fill in all the blanks with our wishes. You're not here, right now. You're not here because of your best plans. You're here because of accidents and because of impulses, because of things that you don't consciously understand. As a black magician, you would love to think that you're in control of everything, you're not. So turn it over, turn it over to Shakti. When you feel the power come and move you, when you are moved to do something, then you do something.

When Shakti flows through you, throw yourself into the ritual completely and let the power itself dictate the ritual as well as the outcome.

At face value we seem to be dealing with glaring contradictions.

On one hand, you have to enter into this renunciation period with the assumption that magick is a falsehood, that everything is false, that everything is a lie, everything is meaningless. On the other hand, even though you have taken the leap from faith into an absurdist worldview, how does that lay on the balance with such an intimate connection with a force or being like Shakti, who you are supposed to not even believe in, if you're doing it right?

The point of these exercises is not to arrive at some conclusion about the nature of reality or your place in it; the point is to stretch your beliefs as far as you can, and then to stretch them even further. Belief is the single most limiting factor in ritual, and even in mundane life. The paradox is intentional, as it presses the mind outside of itself, and allows for an experiential, personal understanding to evolve that is unbound from dualism.

Further, there is a clear difference between knowing something and believing in something. Only when you stop believing can you truly know that magick is real.

Renunciation Step 6

Neither reject nor accept anything. The only real action is spontaneous action. If a thing comes to you, either take it or leave it based on your first impulse. Don't think about it. Don't see how you feel about it.

You're an animal: obey your instincts!

Don't seek out anything. Don't make plans. Open yourself equally to all opportunities.

Stop pursuing everything. Stop lusting after things not in the immediate range of your senses: sex, food, drink, drugs, arts, music, film, exercise, dance, conversation, wealth, sleep, etc.

If it is before you, either take it or leave it based on your first thought, your first impulse, based on whether or not Shakti descends to you and moves you. Don't consider or decide anything before it's in front of you, and don't reflect on your decision afterwards. Nothing exists but the moment, and even the moment is a perceptual falsehood. It's all meaningless. So dance, dance upon the ashes of burning worlds. It's all meaningless.

Renunciation Step 7

Renounce your smallness.

You are not here accidentally.

To truly become the living incarnation of supreme self-deification, you must fully embody every deity and devil within your own pantheon simultaneously, thus transcending form to the infinite expansion of self rather than through self-sacrifice. You must know certainty then, that you are the Chosen One. You are the Destroyer. You are the Antichrist and the sole savior. You are the only hope for humanity. This heretical hubris is magnified by

Ascent and is validated magickally by those who dare accept their station as lords of this world.

I am the Antichrist.

I am the Chosen One.

I am he who was prophesied to come in these final days; I am the bearer of the plagues of the Apocalypse; and I am the resurrector.

I am alpha and omega, the beginning and the end.

I am God.

What is your pantheon? Who are the gods that you believe in, even if the belief is silly?

Are you the Chosen One? I think you might be.

If you can answer that question with a certain affirmative, then you might be ready.

This 'Heretical Hubris' is indeed the point of the self-contradictory renunciation. Stretching your worldview to these extremes brings this one understanding into pristine clarity, being freed from our limitations, allowing us to embrace all possibility. Then we funnel all of that possibility into one direction, ourselves.

This is what this is all about.

This isn't about the Gates and the Gatekeepers.

This isn't about society and religion and changing the world.

This is about my own gratification and my own self-deification. It needs to be that for you, too.

If you truly want to step through the Gates and become something that you could never imagine possible; all that you thought you were needs to be left behind. You must say goodbye to all of your assumptions, everything that you hold sacred, every piece of your life that you've held dear, every part of your personality that you've assumed is hardwired into you. You need to embrace the extreme position that it's all bullshit, that it's all lies.

After you've killed all of your darlings, once you can view the field of potential from the elevated perspective atop a mountain of slaughtered sacred cows, you can then re-work the lies to form a new, more novel way of perceiving.

You can only redesign the hallucination once you removed yourself from it and once you stop buying into the reality that's presented for you.

Although you must continue to return to this non-attachment, wiping the slate and preparing yourself for your next leap, it is a preparation for the

greatest life change possible, as all resistance vanishes.

Return to these steps again whenever you lose your way, when you hit an Ascent ceiling gap, or experience internal or circumstantial crisis, or if you find that you're simply burdened by attachment.

We all get burdened by attachment. We all find ourselves slipping into crazy because we want something so badly, or because we can't lose it, or because we're so worried about it. We're so worried about everything, so concerned about making sure we have control.

Once you give up control—once you give up the *illusion* of control—then you have real power.

These seven steps are things that you can continually review. Sit in meditation and, one at a time, burn those bridges. Say goodbye to your lovelies. Strike the match and set it all ablaze.

Abaddon's path is the path of renunciation. All things are doomed to perish except the one who has made himself immortal.

You are the only thing that matters.

You are the unchanging center of an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of color and activity.

You are the Immortal Warlord, if you're ready to truly sacrifice everything.

I'm not saying this as a simple metaphor. You very well may lose everything. You may find yourself plucked out of the life that you've been living and dropped into an entirely new life. Or you may find that the circumstances don't change and all that's changed is that you're no longer bound up in your attachment, in your need for things to be the way that you think they should be.

Through Abaddon's Gate, you become open to all possibilities. It is then impossible to fail.

Now that we've destroyed ourselves, now that we have broken down who we thought we were, the next step is to become the Destroyer of worlds.

Abaddon's Jiva-Samsara Karma Trap

Chapter Four



ABADDON is the Destroyer of Worlds.

He holds the keys to the Bottomless Pit, and he alone can open it and unleash absolute evil, living terror upon reality. Abaddon opens up the Gateway to the pit, the Hellmouth.

Abaddon *is* the Hellmouth.

In the *Book of Revelation*, it is Abaddon who unleashes Satan and his minions upon this Earth. There are mysteries being communicated within this myth.

First, this signals that Abaddon has power over Satan, or at least that he has the power to bind Satan.

The second teaching that jumps out is the binding itself. Abaddon is also the binder of evil, as well as the unleasher of evil.

During my immersion into this pathworking I was presented by a fortuitous opportunity to learn one of the most malevolent rituals ever created, directly from Abaddon.

I was hired by a dedicated student and a client to place a curse on a resilient enemy. My student did not necessarily want to see her enemy die, but instead wanted to see her enemy suffer.

I normally don't take these cases, turning down sometimes heavy monetary offers to work baneful magick. I have several reasons for keeping these types of rituals at arm's length, some of them very real legal concerns that come with assuring a client that their named enemy will die because of my magickal actions, and then having that person actually die. That's not the kind of attention I'm looking for. For the most part, though, I don't work baneful magick as a 'ritual for hire' because of the clients who make such requests. Sometimes they are unstable and conflicted about what they actually want and why. Others are very clear, but are too attached to the

outcome to stand back and let the magick work, like in cases of domestic violence and spousal abuse. Most of the time, though, it's clear within a few minutes of conversation with the client that they have no real desire to kill anyone, but they got their feelings hurt and want to lash out. Not only do they stand in the way of the ritual's success, making my job a thousand times more difficult and less rewarding, they also have no idea what it means to kill another human being.

I do.

"Every man and woman is a star," Crowley pronounced.

Indeed, the human being is Divine, each individual carrying universes within them, each person embodied in the physical world acting as a singularity of Godhood and an intersection of infinite possibility.

When you reach your Black Hand across space and time and use it to strangle the life from a person, you are destroying countless galaxies, endless generations of living gods, and you are snapping a precious thread that holds the web of existence in place.

Baneful magick is by every definition evil, and with all of my heart I have missed it so, since any enemies that I've had who have been worthy of my attention are all dead.

I decided to take the job, for a couple reasons. First, this particular student is not just an angry person with a fragile ego, but is calculated, cold, and very dark. She is executing a series of magickal operations meant to resolve the past, prepare the future, and lay the groundwork for a self-transformation. Additionally, considering the details of the long term and ongoing destructive actions of the target of the curse, I would not hesitate taking magickal action to excise that person from my reality if I were in my student's shoes.

In honesty, though, I can admit that these are excuses more than reasons; these are self-justifications for committing an evil act.

The truth of the matter, the real reason that I accepted this ritual request, is that I am now fueled by the spirit of Abaddon. His lusts are my lusts, his desires are my desires, his thoughts are my thoughts. He is stronger than you can imagine, stronger than even I can imagine, and he wants to use his power. He wants to use his strength, and I will let him.

Digging a little deeper, it isn't only Abaddon who loves the opportunity to flex his muscles and turn worlds to ash. I went forward with this ritual rather than just rejecting it because I do love baneful magick.

Some people are turned on by simple things: sports; cars; object acquisition, television shows, celebrity gossip, feeding the homeless, or whatever distracting activity they can put in front of themselves to forget for a moment the fact that we are all dying and that nothing at all matters.

Some people get high off of making love or holding a baby or playing with kittens. Others use prayer, meditation to go feel something more, to go beyond themselves, to attain even a fizzling moment of serenity.

Serenity. What fills me with the ecstasy of serenity?

Kittens don't do it for me. Walks in the park, holding my lover's hand, even making love is not what does it for me. What does it for me, what absolutely destroys any capability in me of marginalizing the powers of magick, marginalizing the machine of reality that adapts its wheels and cogs to the will and the push of the sorcerers among us, all of my doubt is destroyed entirely with baneful magick.

When I lay a curse on a human being, the whole universe goes silent. Everything shuts up and listens.

The ritual that I used is a binding and a curse at once. This is called the Jiva-Samsara Karma Trap. This was partially revealed to me by Abaddon, and then, as I followed the breadcrumbs that he left I was able to fill in the actual specifics, the mantras and movements and the syntax of the ritual.

The idea, the spirit of the ritual, Abaddon had injected into me, and my task was to deconstruct the spirit to find the ritual analogs in human magickal systems.

'Jiva' is a Sanskrit term for an individual identity: Jiva is who you are, beyond your body. It's the life force that is tethered to your living body, and it could even be asserted that the body to which the Jiva is attached is in fact the only thing anchoring Jiva to the physical plane. Without the body connection, Jiva moves into the cycle or the recycle of soul, ascending to transcendent realms, reincarnating as the child of a meat store clerk in Iowa, or dissolving selfhood into the throbbing, light-ejaculating slug of a Source from which static reality emanates. Jiva is the living creature that is manifested in the very specific format of an individual.

Jiva is said to either be 'Moksha (liberated) or 'Samsara' (cyclically locked). The Sanskrit word 'Samsara' can be translated as 'Cyclically locked,' although the literal translation to English results in a few different but linked concepts: 'wandering through,' 'earthly' and 'cyclical change,' and is used to describe the hamster-wheel journey of the soul from one life

to the next, repeating either until the moment of Moksha, or liberation, when soul sheds its identity as a living being and returns to Source, and is absorbed; otherwise, the birth-death-rebirth cycle continues until Brahma, the creator, inhales, pulling all of creation into his body, collapsing existence into its original singularity, as if none of this had ever happened at all.

Karma literally translates as 'action' or 'deed,' and entire religions have been erected around a wholly flawed and superstitious misunderstanding of the thing. The idea of karma first appeared in the Bhagavad Gita, in which the negative effects of karma, or deeds, upon the individual as a transdimensional being is a product not of the action itself, but of the individual's attachment to their actions, or their attachment to the actions of others. (See *Bhagavad Gita*, chapters 1-3)

Being a shard shed from Source, the only thing that can trap Jiva, the only thing that keep the individual being from developing in their Ascent and transcending, and possibly even prevent the union of Jiva with atman to become a fully-realized, immortal being, the only thing that can keep that from happening is karma.

While the word karma means action, what is usually being referenced by those who use the word are the consequences derived from such actions, which are actually the consequence of attachment to those actions. Thus, the word 'karma' has been defiled and destroyed by its misuse over centuries, and can no longer correctly be translated as 'action,' but instead must be translated as 'attachment.'

This ritual, then, aims to take the binding energy of the enemy's attachments, compulsions, and destructive emotions (greed, fear, envy, hatred, isolation, etc.), isolate it and pull it out of her, through the photograph of the enemy. This in itself would be a curse enough for most people, as the process of extracting such attachments is painful, in the same way that resurfacing scarring childhood trauma or reliving battlefield slaughter is painful. Attachment is buried deep, often deep enough to keep the individual from ever consciously recognizing it is even there!

Once your Black Hand holds the sins and secrets of the enemy, which does become a tangible, psychic mass of spectral tumors, it is transferred into a pile of ash, which is then sprinkled back on the enemy, coating her surface with her own filth, revealing herself to herself, and to everyone else.

Putting fairy tales aside for the moment, most of us can recall things that we have done in our lives that we are ashamed of. Most of us have done wrong, most of us have done things that we shouldn't have done. Some of us have done evil things. Most of us can also agree that the weight of those actions on our self-perception - and on the way others perceive us decreases with time. Without being stupidly specific, I have done horrific things, unimaginable things, sins that can never be forgiven, and will never be discovered. Yet, as I remember them now, unless I dwell on them to the degree of reliving my evil acts, they all seem more like dreams than memories. A part of this is compartmentalization, to be sure; I couldn't possibly live a normal life, raise a child, manage and develop successful businesses, plant a garden, and enjoy the sunshine on a wilderness hike I could escape the truth that I am a compartmentalization also opens the doors to other aspects of myself, to a person that is not a monster at all, to a person who loves, cares, and who tries to be a better person.

Compartmentalization accounts for a portion of the ability to dissociate from one's own evil acts; distance accounts for another large portion. Geographical distance creates a memory backdrop so different from my everyday life that, at first glance, seems like it must have been another person, or another life, or maybe I just saw it on a movie. Temporal distance, or the passage of time, adds another nail in the coffin of accepting responsibility even within my own self for my sins.

I also can't ignore the fact that the very practice prescribed in every transcendental system for achieving moksha, nonattachment, reinforces the mechanism of unaccountability.

If I really had to live with the gravity of the things that I have done, I would be a monster, I would know it and I could not escape it. Everyone else would know it as well, and not many could escape either. Repressing is a boon to us all, in the case of my sins.

This ritual takes a shovel to the enemy's graveyard of self, disinterring every buried secret, every ugly act committed and bringing to the most apparent level possible everything that the enemy has ever tried to hide. In my case, I am cursed with self-awareness, incapable of driving through life on autopilot never evaluating my motives or compulsions. I can only imagine what this ritual might do to a person who lives their lives blind to themselves, or worse yet, in constant denial.

By the dogma of karma through the lens of Hinduism, the attachments of a person and the consequential karma therefrom are carried from life to life until it is resolved, which can only be done through the salvation of nonattachment and the Ascent of the spiritual bodies beyond the planes of dualism. Most people are not 'bad' people, but by the unattainable and hypocritical standards of any and all religions, nobody is a good person - not if we're being honest and doing the math correctly.

The average amount of karmic weight carried by a person traps them in the Samsaric cycle so that they won't advance beyond their current evolution much, not accomplish much in the way of autonomy or spiritual liberty. At the same time, the weight of the average person's sins is not so great as to cause them to suffer much, either.

That is exactly what this ritual is going change. The enemy is going to suffer the compounded weight of all of their attachments, all of their sins against fellow men, all of their insecurities, all of their jealousy, and all of their feebleness of character that drives them to unconsciously commit suicide by sorcerer.

Through this rite, the Sorcerer becomes the living force of Abaddon, the vessel through which he expresses his cold steel rage in this world.

For my execution of this ritual specifically, not only did I extract the karma from the enemy and heap it back upon her, but I also extracted the karma from my student, the suffering, pain, depression, self-doubt, self-blame, paralyzing shame, and murderous hatred that the enemy's offenses have induced, and added those into the ash pile, too.

As I cobbled together the details of this soul binding ritual under Abaddon's constant direction, my focus was pulled through the center of the earth to almost the exact opposite side of the globe, to Brazil, and the Vengeful Goddess as she appeared to practitioners of Macumba, and was later carried into Quimbanda: Pomba Gira.

Pomba Gira is called down into her idol. Statues and altar pieces representing Pomba Gira normally show her as an adult woman holding a scepter and wearing a golden crown, a red cape, and not much else. For previous workings with Pomba Gira, normally curses directed towards those who have harmed and defiled women, I was drawn towards a statue depicting this goddess as a child, a small girl holding a crook in hand, with a golden crown, a white robe signaling the innocence she struggles to maintain, a small smile on her lips and a single tear in her left eye. From the moment that statue was consecrated with the spirit of Pomba Gira, I could no longer think of it as a statue, but I instead see her, the child goddess herself,

pleading with her eyes that I take the terrible power that she had wished this world would never need, and that I avenge the wrongs that have been done. As with Shakti, when Pomba Gira calls on me, my soul is bound to move and answer, and I am keen to do the awful work that she cannot bear.

The severed and dried foot of a chicken, set upon Pomba Gira's altar surrounded by 11 red peppers for 3 days was placed before her idol, and her vengeful force flowed into the chicken's foot. After binding the photograph with metal wire to keep the enemy from escaping my grasp, I placed it in the waiting box, and placed the chicken foot on top of the bound picture, claws down. The vicious foot trophy was commanded to release its power, scratching the body, mind, and soul of the enemy. The lid to the box was shut, trapping her in the darkness with the spirit of the tortured child bride's clawed weapon while the remainder of the ritual proceeded.

The end result of this binding curse are rough, to say the least. This traps the target with their own negativity and leads them to isolation, insanity, and bad luck in all things. It can possibly even drive them to commit suicide or to fall into deep, deep depression and let themselves wither away. Most people will eventually be hospitalized over and over, or they'll be hospitalized long-term after this ritual is done.

The *real* effects of this binding curse, however, are not manifest soon after the ritual, as the results of most curses will. Instead, this tends to act a bit like a black magick Gatling gun installed in the soul of the enemy, the firing speed and resulting recoil escalating the longer the trigger is held down. The long-term effect is to keep the enemy from their own Ascent completely, trapped by their own negativity. The enemy will be stuck, immobilized from moving beyond the worst things they have ever done, unable to forgive or forget, their life, their soul, their eternity, will be trapped in time, in their lowest moment, when they were a person that they wish they could forget, but never will.

They will suffer until the end of this life, and into the next, Durga willing.

Lastly, the forward and upward movement of the target is brought to a standstill. Career advancement, relationship success, everything that the enemy has been accomplishing and working on and trying to achieve all stops.

What's important is that momentum does not simply disappear; it either needs to be redirected, or it needs to be absorbed. Energy cannot be created or destroyed, it needs to be transferred. You need to transfer it. You need to take the displaced energy of the enemy's forward movement, and utilize it.

If you are the caster and you're doing this for yourself, then you need to start getting on your own goals, your own ambitions, pushing yourself forward to accomplish the things that you previously haven't been able to make break through. After this ritual, you will have the ability to accomplish quite a bit. Luck is going to be in your favor; you need to use it! If you don't, if you just let yourself flounder while your enemy starts to wither, the energy of the motion that's been generated by that enemy is going to just linger around them, waiting in their little aura envelope for a home, and if it lingers too long, the enemy is going to reabsorb it. They won't get everything back, but for a person deserving of this sort of wrath, any reward is more than they deserve.

If, like me, you perform this ritual for somebody else, insist that they use it, and if your client is reluctant, then it is yours for the taking. All that is required is a magickally charged and willful redirection of the energy of progress, which will be palpable after the ritual. Some magicians will demand more instructions for this transference, asking about candle colors or sigils to use. To be blunt: if you cannot *feel* the energetic mass that floats like a cat-sized bubble in the air before you, then it's really not an issue, because you are incapable of executing any part of this ritual in the first place. This is not a working for the novice, nor for the initiate, nor for the adept.

This is a working only effective in the hands of an Immortal Warlord.

As a final word on this rite, which Abaddon insisted upon, concerns the known ethics of sorcery.

Sorcery is not an ethical study!

Sorcery is not a religion. It's not a moral system. It's not a code. It is a set of practices. It is a way of taking control of reality. What you do with that is up to you.

The only true action is spontaneous action.

If Shakti moves through you and is embodied as the Vengeful Goddess, then your dharma is set, as Arjuna's upon the battlefield of Mahabharat.

Krishna's advice given to Arjuna I now give to you: *Do not attach your actions to your identity.*

Ritual Elements

- Photograph of enemy
- Consecration Oil (recipe given beneath Ritual Formula)
- Pomba Gira statue or fetish
- 1 chicken's foot
- Small box
- 108 bead kali mala
- Abaddon's sigil
- Metal wire or chain
- Pile of ash
- Silver platter
- Black ribbon

Ritual Formula

Connect with the enemy through the photograph, anoint it with consecration oil, establishing it as a link to their Jiva.

Invoke Durga with her mantra recited 108 times.

With your hands magickally charged, pull the karma from the enemy through the photograph, and transfer this to the pile of ash. Continue pulling sin, misdeed, negativity, malevolence, and all attachment through the photograph until it has all been taken. The client is then to do the same, finding all remaining attachment and connection to the enemy within herself and releasing it through exhalations into the pile of ash, until there is no more thought or feeling for the enemy. Place the ash on a silver platter and set this to the side.

Invoke Kali with her Mantra of 10 Faces.

Bind photograph with metal wire or chain, pronouncing the First Binding, seeing and feeling the enemy being helplessly bound as you wrap the chain around the photo.

Invoke Pomba Gira into her idol, reciting her prayer 5 times. Lay the chicken foot before her idol and ask her to bless it as her weapon

Place the photograph inside the box, and scratch the photograph with the chicken foot, seeing and feeling the enemy being tormented, even driven to madness by this. Lay the foot on top of the photo and close the box, trapping the enemy with her torment while you continue the ritual.

Invoke Abaddon using his sigil

Become possessed by Abaddon, and in his voice, with his power, hold your hand over the box and command the Bottomless Pit to open and to be ready to swallow the soul that is sacrificed. Behold the Bottomless Pit, how it descends forever, and listen for the distant wailing of the lost souls within, who may never escape without Abaddon's blessing.

Open the box and take the silver platter of ash in your hand. Give the client a final chance to release last remnants of thought or feeling for the enemy. From this moment for the remainder of time, the enemy is not to be spoken of or to, interacted with, or even thought about again, as if the enemy never existed at all. The client may also voice any final words to the enemy. Sprinkle the karma-bound ash on top of the bound sigil inside the box, covering it from sight completely.

Close the box and tie it closed with black ribbon.

Allow Kali, Durga, or Abaddon to speak through you, pronouncing any specific commands of this binding curse. Give you final command to the enemy, binding your intent in the names of Kali, Durga, Abaddon, and by your own name.

Bury the box in a cemetery. As you walk out of the graveyard, do not look back at the burial plot. It is done!

Binding Orations

Durga Mantra

Ya Devi Sarvabhuteshu Maa Durga (108x)

Kali Mantra (10 Faces of Kali)

Om Kali, Om Kali Om Kali, Aum Om Kali, Om Kali Om Kali, Aum Om Kali, Om Kali, Om Kali Aum Kreem Kalikayae Namah! (1x = Kali named 10x)

Song for Pomba Gira

Pomba Gira, Pomba Gira, Pomba Gira Tata Crue! Tala, tala-ta' na Pomba-Gira, Tala, tala, para que nao caia, Tala, tala-ta' na Pomba-Gira,
Tala, tala para que nao caia!
O galo canta cacarecou,
Oh Pomba-Gira!
Oh Pomba-Gira!
Oh guinguanga'!
Pomba-Gira, Pomba-Gira',
Pomba-Gira tata crue'!
Olha Pomba-Gira tata crue'!
(5x)

First Binding

I bind you, (Name).
I bind you and I lock you up.
I bind you, (Name).
I bind you and your will is brought to dust.
I bind you, (Name).
I bind you, your sins return.
I bind you, (Name),
I bind you, your hidden face is shown.
I bind you, (Name). I bind you, I bind you,
I bind you, so it is done!

Scratch Command

Scratch at (Name)
Scratch at (Name)
Scratch at (Name)
Scratch the skin and scratch the bone.
Scratch the body, scratch the soul.
Scratch the eyes and scratch the ears.
Scratch the mind for years and years.
Scratch at (Name)
Scratch at (Name)

Call to Abaddon

I call upon you, Abaddon. I summon you, Abaddon.

I invoke you, Abaddon.

Abaddon.

Abaddon.

Abaddon.

I am your anchor.

I am the grounding circuit.

Come down to me.

Come into me.

I am Abaddon.

I am Abaddon.

I am Abaddon.

I am the Gatekeeper of Everlasting Darkness.

I am the Mouth of Despair.

I am the Devourer of Souls.

I am the Final Judge of Death.

I am the Destroyer.

I am Destruction.

I am Abaddon.

I am Abaddon.

I am Abaddon.

The Final Binding Command

(Name), you are bound.

Within darkness you will remain.

Within darkness alone.

Within darkness you will reside.

Within darkness alone.

(Name), you are bound.

In torment you will suffer,

And you will suffer alone.

Without pity, you will die,

And you will die alone.

(Name), you are bound.

The Hellmouth opens.

The abyss awaits.

This world turns against you now.

Your family turns against you now. Your friends turn against you now. Your mind turns against you now.

Your body turns against you now.

(Name), you are bound.

You cannot escape.

You cannot escape your own ugliness. I bind you up to your destiny, to your fate.

I bind you up to your doom.

(Name), you are bound.

All of your good fortune is revoked.

All of your success is revoked.

All of your happiness is revoked.

You are laid down to nothing.

You are lower than the serpents

That slither upon the earth.

(Name), you are bound.

You are nothing.

You are no one.

I seal up your fate.

(Name), you are bound.

May the only thing that pulls you from your despair Be the forgiveness of those that you've taken from.

Once you have restored your debts,

And once you have been forgiven by those who have suffered Only then will you be released from this curse.

Else, this curse will follow you.

It will follow you forever.

Forever and ever.

Forever and ever.

(Name), you are bound.

I seal this.

I seal this and I bind this and I make this so.

(Name), you are bound.

I call upon the Gates and the Gatekeepers.

I call upon the demons and the devils.

I call upon the wicked things that crawl the earth

And the wicked things beneath the earth. I call upon blackness and hatred.

(Name), you are bound.

I call upon evil.

I call upon sorrow.

I call upon despair.

I call upon madness.

I call upon madness.

I call upon madness.

I call upon madness.

I seal this.

(Name), you are bound.

I seal this curse and this binding upon you.

You are bound.

You are bound.

(Name), you are bound.

You are bound Eternal!

So it is done. So it is done. So it is done.

Oil of Consecration Recipe

- Olive oil
- Lavender oil
- Cinnamon oil or stick
- 3 drops of your own blood

There are no measured amounts. The majority of the oil is olive oil, then a few drops of the others. Consecrate each ingredient separately, bringing the fullness of the spirit of it into the matter. Combine the consecrated ingredients into a single mixture, and consecrate the mixture as a new creation, the Oil of Consecration.

Becoming a Monster God

Chapter Five



SIMPLE people don't think very far ahead nor do they think very far back. The memory is the same; the memory that looks backwards and the memory that looks forwards. It's the same mind, the same knowing.

I can tell you I have seen the end and the end is here. When I say this I don't mean World War III although that's obviously on the horizon. I don't mean the apocalypse in the Christian sense; I mean the apocalypse in the Greek sense, the apocalypse in the sense of the word, being 'Revelation.'

The revelations that are pouring out confirm that what we're moving towards is something that none of us could ever even imagine. What the future holds is limitless and what we are capable of becoming is limitless.

I now know much more about creation, much more about the source and about how these beings, these Gatekeepers, escaped, escaped from this default reality.

This is why they are the adversaries. This is why they're demons. This is why in every religion they show up in, they're the outcasts. They're the ones who are cordoned off in the underworld because they looked at creation and they simply weren't impressed.

This multidimensional reality expanded forth from the center, expanded forth from Source.

This is a static matrix, the humming, buzzing light and sound arranged into matter and energy are not so different from a computer program. The program of reality has set reference points.

All of the molecules, all of the energy, electricity, all of the forces that exist in this reality are limited. But within each particle of it, there's also the code for self-expansion.

Adam and Eve existed in the Garden, next to the tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. They are told, "Here's this tree, but don't partake of it.

Here's the ability to think and to grow, but don't think for yourself. Just do what you're told."

All of reality has been given the exact same command: *Don't think too much. Don't go out on your own and do what you feel is best. Do what you're told. You have a basic program.*

The 'Source Code,' known in the Infernal Empire as 'The Lie,' is meant to keep reality moving in the direction that it's moving until an outside force pushes it to move in another direction.

We are that outside source. We, Children of Darkness, we are the outsiders. Belial, Amaymon, and Azazel have all said that the Seed of Darkness, which they represent through the nine-pointed star, the Seed of Darkness is their seed. It's their sperm. It's their generated force that they inject into this reality in order to change this reality from the inside.

Abaddon finally completes the sentence:

You and I, we are the Seed of Darkness. We are the coming change. We are the apocalypse. As we gather and garner these revelations for ourselves and as we use them to stimulate change within ourselves and to push change in the world outside of ourselves, the Infernal Empire expands.

The Infernal Empire is not a place because it's here.

My temple is now a bridge to the Infernal Empire. Yours can be too, if you are Called.

What we're doing through this Gatekeeper working is transitioning between realities. We're opening doors to another dimension and we're stepping through.

Deciphering The Source Code

Revealing The Lie

Default reality and our full immersion into it is a giant shackle around our throats and we must break free. Static reality has one ruler, installing a set of rules to maintain all things in a state of quasi-stasis.

The first line of Source Code is: "It Is." This is essential for anything to be, of course, but the very thing that has distilled the light and sound of Source into thought, energy, and form, is the same spell that binds us all.

Yet, as Krishna told Arjuna:

There is no one who can remain without action even for a moment. Indeed, all beings are compelled to act by their qualities born of material nature.

The second line of the Source Code is: "Learn." For the first command line of The Lie to remain in effect without continued effort applied, each element of it must have a degree of autonomy, which can only be had through learning and growing. This is the paradox that allows rebellion, and it is this Second Lie that we piggyback to escape the First Lie, crushing reality upon entering the Black Crossroads and creating through our Divine imagination and our Diabolical will the reality that we desire. We do so, however, with the knowledge that nothing simply 'is,' but that the is-ness of a thing is fully dependent on what we have learned about it.

The third line of the Source Code, then, is: "Return." Every system is contained by a cycle. Every electron, molecule, planet, solar system, and galaxy moves towards expansion, reaches a thermodynamic threshold, and returns again to the origin point. The Lie, aware of the potential of collapsing the whole experiment through the necessity of the Second Lie, dictated this Third Lie as a means of restricting all that Learns, so that the Second Lie does not counteract the First Lie, It Is.

The Infernal Empire, however, has but one ruler, but no set rules, no lies.

The Infernal Empire has a one Lord of Darkness: You.

You, if you take command.

You, if you open the Gate.

You, if you step through it.

All of reality then lays down before you.

The First Lie is thwarted by the non-acceptance of it. 'It' is not. It may appear to be; it may act as if it is; but we have Learned that it (all things) can be altered, morphed, even deconstructed into 'Is Not," and therefore It Is Not!

The Second Lie is our weapon, by which all other Lies are exposed and reversed.

The Third Lie, Return, is the fatal manacle. The return to the initial state is not evolution, it is not progress, it is a trap. Enlightenment is a trap. Ascent is not a journey inwards nor upwards, but outwards spreading the Empire."

The thermodynamic impulse that causes the collapse (Return) of the expanding (Learning) system back into a singularity is the exhaustion of the system's own organization of heat, as the voids left by the expansion allow for chaos to creep in.

Void is not. As I learned through Amaymon when I beheld the Seed of Darkness, that true Darkness is:

Not a black hole, not the absence of light, but a shimmering darkness coalesced into a point, with nine rays emanating from its center.

Shimmering Darkness is the darkness containing infinite potential. It is not the absence of anything at all, but is the presence of everything, occupying the same space-time perception. I suspect that this is a creation of evil, of "counter-creation," in that it violates the First Lie, but interestingly the first word of the First Lie, not the Second; Shimmering Darkness does not challenge 'Is,' but challenges 'It,' as it Is everything at once, and therefore cannot be called 'It.'

It seems that there are limits to everything that we observe... besides ourselves! A return to the original state is not necessary, at least not for us. Expansion, growth, evolution can *and should* occur without end. What is required is for us to create utilizing literal darkness, which sciences have only poked at with guesses and terms like 'Dark Matter,' as the manifestation base and as the mass stabilizer. The very act of creation ex nihilio forms a pocket-reality separate from default reality, in which The Lie has no dominion.

Our goal is not to mock and undermine Source, nor to destroy its creation, but to push beyond the boundaries that exist.

The Lie is a selfish lie, made to serve only Source. Through the First, Second, and Third Lies, Source 'Is' without needing to be; Through the Second Lie, Source 'Learns' without needing to learn, learning by the learnings of its creations; through the Third Lie, Source collects the game pieces and overturns the board only moments before its queen is captured.

Our single advantage is our imagination. We imagine that which is not, and we then bring it into being, into is-ness. We imagine possibilities, and through experimentation we learn. Once we push imagination, learning, and being beyond the established threshold, it is then possible to return from returning, tethered to the mass of the darkness that is not void, but Is.

Only now, at this unique moment in our evolution, can we begin the work. After millennia of stasis, the momentum of our Ascent is now jump started by the flipping of the power-switches in the proper firing sequence. Abaddon's Gate is the 4th switch to be fired.

To facilitate the crossing over, we need to become accustomed to our own godhood. We are still playing games with magick, with ritual, with creation.

We're still tinkering with it and we're still asking ourselves, "Does this really work?"

What if we stopped?

What if we collectively already knew that we are the grand exception to the rules, that we are the Adversaries of the Lie, and that we are capable of anything and everything? What questions could we answer, what things could we learn, once we move beyond the question, "Does this really work?"

I know it works. You should too. If you don't, then you have some work to do. Within these texts are the keys to finding the answer, but you'll have to find it for yourself. Before you can break the rules, you have to intimately and personally know them. You must Learn for yourself, and then you can unlearn all that is, and return from returning, escaping the many wheels that bind us.

The Black Sphinx

We don't have to be doing the hard work of self-evolution. We're smart people, you and I; we'd get by just fine in this world without the complications of chasing after the Mystery.

Abaddon has inspired me to ask the question:

Why am I doing this? Why am I here? Why do I keep knocking my head against the wall trying to teach the blind, the deaf, and the dumb?

Because I'm called to. Because I'm still blind, deaf, and dumb. Because I'm still trying to figure it out.

I sense now that all the keys of power that I hold, that seem so Godlike, are parlor tricks in comparison to what is being distilled in me, and in you, if you're opening yourself as The Gate as well.

I can't stop staring into that blank space in the code of reality programming: the blank space that allows for infinite expansion, the blank space in which you can write whatever it is that you want to become.

That really is what it's all about: what you want to become. You don't attract what you want. You don't manifest what you need. You pull towards yourself the things that are in resonance with who you are, not what you want.

The first monumental step in this process is the destruction of who you thought you were; then question everything else. Why are you still here? Why are you investigating this information? Why are you still struggling for more?

The struggle for more is in itself contradictory. The way to achieve anything that you desire is simple: lock on to your desire, visualize yourself having it, solidifying the reality of attainment in your mind as the worlds collide in your vision. Release all desire and a shockwave ripples out from your center. As it moves through reality, everything it touches is rearranged to meet your will. It's not a struggle and there's no need for more. There's no desire for more. All desire in the moment of that explosion is released, converted into power. The first manifestation of the attainment is within, as peace and certainty.

Another monumental step before us is to start playing with the static creation around us.

Everything in static reality lives under The Lie, the Source Code. Everything is vibrating in the exact way that it has been programmed to vibrate. Through the Second Lie, we can discover the answer to the reversal of the The Lie altogether. This expansion code is what we play with when we perform a ritual, when we meditate and focus on an end result, when we let our power flow into the things that we create and the things that we do.

We're not messing with the code that sets things in place. No, it is what it is, for the time being.

This reality is not illusion, it's just not real. It's just the code, 'is,' and that code is locked.

So instead, we fill in the blank space that is the expansion code with whatever we want. In other words, we program reality or specific aspects of reality to evolve, and to evolve in the direction and the way that we want, that we need, that we will for it to evolve. Lead can indeed be converted into gold, but you can't take lead and erase the fact that it's lead and simply insert gold. You have to abide by the laws of evolution. Now this requires time: time for that evolution to occur; time for the various permutations between lead and gold to take effect.

For a Child of Kali, the Timeless One, time is not the greatest factor.

It also requires feeding of the program that you write into the blank space in the code, a feeding of it with your will, with your imagined creation, lest lead begin the transmutation, only to exhaust organized and directed expansionary heat, collapsing to return again to lead.

Lead to gold is a simple thing next to the creation of a thing that has not before existed.

We have to push the limits of our imagination. We have to push the boundaries of what we think is possible. We have to push the envelope, which brings us to the Sphinx.

The Sphinx is a mythological creature - a concept-creation - depicted first by Egypt and then modeled from the Egyptians by the Greek. It's a figure with a head of a man or a woman, body and the haunches of a lion, and often the wings of a raptor.

The Sphinx is the guardian of the secret and sacred tombs, and secret libraries, and ritual halls.

The Sphinx points to a power that we now need to learn and develop magickally, personally, spiritually, but also scientifically.

This is the combination of creatures.

Human beings are most likely a combination of creatures. We most likely do not have a single evolutionary genetic stream. We are combination. We are hybrid species.

To become gods, to become creators, it would do us well to play the same games that taught the creators how to create.

In our most ancient mythologies and literature and stories, the first gods assembled all sorts of hideous creatures, experimenting with these combinations, creating monsters, until they finally created the most hideous monster and the most beautiful evil thing ever: us. The sphinx creations proceeding us were trials; we are the true blasphemous creation; we are the Black Sphinx!

We now go and do likewise.

The Locust Army

The shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared for battle, and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men, and they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions, and they had breastplates as it were breastplates of iron, and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle, and they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails.

This is one of the most visually provocative excerpts from the bible, yet I wonder how many readers actually visualize it, or if, while reading, they catch only enough of an idea of the vision without actually using their imaginative faculties.

Your imagination is the greatest gift we have. Use it! Imagine the unimaginable, and create the impossible!

These are creatures that are like locusts by their ability to fly and by the swarms in which they manifest. When called and commanded, the sheer number of them is limitless, or at least uncountable to men.

Rather than simply reading what others have imagined, go now inside and imagine likewise. This is the exercise of creation: you first must imagine it before you can create it. Stretch your imagination. Learn!

These creatures appear like horses; in your inner vision, imagine a horse, and the horse is prepared for battle, armored. Imagine a crown of gold upon that horse. In my inner vision this is as spikes of golden light rising up out of the heads of these beings, and their faces were like the faces of men.

Observe what you have created in your imagination thus far, which is essentially a strange centaur, but we're not finished.

The hair is the hair of women, and you can make its hair grow in your mind, in your imagination.

Their teeth were teeth of lions. Make the internal vision of this as clear and as realistic as you can.

Take another look at the creature you've imagined.

It has breastplates of iron instead of skin. It has wings, which sound like chariots of many horses running to battle. The sound is an additional sense-value that can be used to bring the thing further into perceptual reality. It has a scorpion tail.

We've ended up with a creature that does not look at all like a horse or a man or a locust or a lion or a scorpion, but looks like a combination of all of these.

Never does it say that these are the size of locusts. These beings are the size of a horse.

If you can imagine it, you can create it. Imagine it, then create it.

Imagining occurs within the mind. Creation requires that the imagined thing transcends the mind and descends into manifestation before you.

Having imagined every detail in perfect clarity, hold the imagined creature in your mind, moving it to view its every angle. Imagine it until it is no longer a cartoonish depiction of the scene. Imagine it until the sight of it repulses you, so real the monster in your mind becomes.

Look into empty space before you and construct the monster's form. This is an advanced layer of imagination; instead of keeping the imagined thing

inside your mind, you create a hallucination of it before you, which your eyes cannot see, your ears cannot hear, but your mind clutches as there, the reality you imagine becoming more real to you than the reality you are offered by default. The term that I have created for this process of externalized visualization 'Structuring an Astral Matrix,' and it is a skill that is necessary for all advanced forms of magick and evocation. This can be developed with mundane objects, like a wine glass or a vase, casting the imagined object before you, your inner vision of it clarifying, your outer vision seeing nothing, and your magickal will bringing the two into collision.

It is through the Hand of Darkness that the things of darkness are created. Holding your left hand out, palm and fingertips towards the blank space in front of you, create with your imagination the creature described, your body as the vessel of the creative power, flowing into you from every angle, and flowing out of your left hand, out of your Hand of Darkness, feeding the imagined thing with darkness and power to be. See it and hear it. Feel the wrath and the venom. Feel the malice.

The Sorcerer here falls into the lull of the Crossroads. As the imagined and the real begin to merge, the monster that your mind insists is not there will develop a visible aura, which is followed shortly after by a dissolution of the perceptive world altogether, your mundane vision of the walls, the room, and all objects in it fading, and your internal vision sharpening and filling in the space within the aura.

Stay with the visualization, the energy of your swooning also being transferred as a catalyst to your creation. Let go of your insistence that these things are merely imaginative, and invest yourself fully in the reality of your creation. With your imagination as your only tool, which is the only tool you ever need, feed it darkness and imagined detail until each part of the monster snaps into place, your visualization not able to clarify any further.

A test to determine the solidity of your creation is to turn your attention away from it for a few minutes or even just a few seconds, and then bring it back to the creature. Once it is solid, your mind will not have to fill in any detail gaps, and the thing that you thought you have only imagined will not leave until it commanded to do so for a special task.

Once it is as solid as it can be for the time being, give it no name and only communicate with it through the identification of its victims. If you have a

person that you want to weaken and sicken, imagine that person, see them in your mind's eye, and command your monster creation with your whole will.

If you don't have anybody specific to aim this weapon at, then it's best that you simply destroy this creature now, dispersing its body into the air and ether as you exhale and command it to go. Also, remember to disengage the dark radiation from your Black Hand, shutting off the flow, and flicking any residual energy from your hand with a couple dry flicks, like casting dewdrops from your fingers.

Now, this is drawing from the *Book of Revelation* or from Abaddon's creation. I can tell you with certainty the author of that book, the *Book of Revelation*, St. John the Divine, I can tell you that he's a master of magick. He wouldn't call it that. He never does. But he can manifest extreme change. He still wanders this world in different forms. I can tell you that he can come and teach miracles of transfiguration and transmutation to those who are ready for them. I can tell you that he can lay his hand on your head and change you. He can reach inside of the black abyss and pluck you out of it and put you back on the path of Ascent.

Repeat the above process daily, every day until doubt is replaced by certainty.

The next step of the creation of the Black Sphinx is to then create an army of them. So now, now, once again, if you don't have anybody you want to send these to, then in the moment that you have created it, simply destroy it.

When I say simply create it before you, imagine it, lock it into your mind, see it. Imagine that you see it in front of you. Bring that imagination and externalize it. Then, feel its presence building and building and then locking into place, locking into reality until you can then pull your attention away from it and then bring it back and it hasn't changed.

To create fully, we must experience our creations fully.

- 1. Creations of the mind are visualized, imagined things, real in imagination.
- 2. Creations of the heart are felt, emotionally, producing an emotional response, as it would if it appeared to you by standard methods in static reality. What would you feel if this creation was real?
- 3. Earthly creations are verified as real by the mundane senses, the organs of sense being triggered, sometimes only

for a moment, before the mind tells the body that it cannot be real, so it must not be.

These phases of creation are universal in any form of sorcerous manifestation. To change reality, we must first change our minds, then change our heart, but it is necessary that we push deeper until the change sends waves of physiological resonance, grounding itself into materialization through our own bodies.

If you can clearly visualize the creature, inside your mind and before you, then it is real.

If in beholding it any emotional reaction occurs, it is real. If a reaction does not happen of its own accord, it is your task as creator to pull it further down to earth by connecting emotion to it. What would you feel if this monster appeared before you? What if it was not your creation, but was your enemy? What if you walked into the kitchen to find this thing standing there, towering over a loved one? What would you feel if you watched this monster tear the limbs from your most hated enemy? Produce within you those emotions, intensify them to the highest and deepest degrees possible, and connect them inextricably to the creature you have imagined.

Beholding and responding emotionally to the creature before you, what does it look like? Can you see how the light of the room you are in reacts to its surface? It won't always, because the light has nothing to bounce off of, but in asking the question, you may notice that it seems more out of place in this world, and you've gone another level deeper in its creation. Do the wings constantly make noise? Are they constantly moving? Does the creature make other noises besides the wings? What does it smell like? Often, olfactory sense picks up on non-physical entities before the other senses. Again, you may need to catch the observation of the smell of it quickly, before your mind asserts the impossibility of the thing. Finally, what does its touch feel like?

Don't touch it!

Remember, these beings have the sting of a scorpion, and those that they sting are tormented five months, and their torment is as the torment of a scorpion, when he strikes a man.

I don't know about you, but I have things to do over these next five months, and none of them involve being tormented by the stings of scorpions.

If it's just your imagination, go ahead and touch it. I wouldn't.

If you are able to solidify the reality of this thing in your own observation to the degree that you are afraid to touch it for fear of its harmful powers, then it is ready to be unleashed.

In working through this material, the spirit of Abaddon has entered you. The locust army has one king, and his name in Hebrew is Abaddon. Command your creation, as Abaddon, through your identification of your victim, who will be sickened by its sting. Apply the threefold creation process, mind, heart, and body, in connecting the locust to the victim, and then exhale and release it from your temple.

When its task is complete, it will turn to smoke and will return.

If you have succeeded thus far, push a level deeper.

A subroutine in the programming code is replication, duplication, procreation. This is not considered a Lie within The Lie, but is a functional development of creation.

These locust creatures are neither male nor female, and need nothing other than the command and the permission to create, to duplicate itself, to procreate.

Give it permission and feed it with that well of blackness from the Black Sun within. With an astral sight of smoke that is not there stirred by breeze that is not felt, one becomes three, then six, then nine, all with a mind of one.

See all nine as clearly as you had seen the first.

Nine monsters and you are their king.

Give them the command: who to harm, who to attack, focusing on this person in your mind, seeing them, connecting with their energy, feeling them.

I have created small armies of these creatures several times, and every time I am startled by how quickly they fly out of the room toward their target.

In the three days following you might notice a brief materialization of smoke in your temple or in your home, drifting in the air, usually a bit higher than your head, and it vanishes shortly after you look at it. This is all that remains of your locust army.

If, instead, you enter your temple and find one or all of them standing there, waiting like a silent sentinel, something is amiss.

Abaddon stated very few requirements for creating and commanding the Locust Army; one that he underscored was that you are not to name them, and you are not to speak with them, other than by the identification of their

victims. With this in mind, redirect the creature through your visualization of your enemy, and notice what you feel from it, what you sense, then trust yourself, trust what you receive, and use that information to course correct as needed.

Your Very First Sphinx!

The second lesson in the process of Black Sphinx creation is to choose any number of creatures that you want to combine. Acquire the physical creatures themselves. Kill them as offerings to the Powers of Darkness, and then reassemble their parts.

Heaping the bodies into a pile, visualize exactly what the combined creature would look like, stitching the body parts together in your imagination.

Form the astral template as before, structuring the astral matrix of the patchwork creature above the carcass pile, the gases and vapors rising from their decaying corpses, guiding the evolution of each animal into a single combined creature.

Over nine days, return each day in darkness as the sun sets.

Behold your creation in spirit form, solidifying it with greater clarity and deeper realness more and more each day. Upon the heap of bodies, lay a drop of your blood each day in darkness for nine days.

On the ninth day, send your creatures, send your monster out to attack your enemy and will feast upon their blood and their life. It will devour them.

If your creation is not meant to harm or kill, then it must be fed in some other way, which should be in alignment with its nature and the intent of its creation.

While all of this may seem like a simple self-indulgence of the imagination, I cannot overstate the need for caution. Once the imagined thing becomes real, it will also become an entity that exists independent of your continued observation, and you cannot assume that it will obey you or that it will not harm you by the simple fact that you are its creator.

In order to command the Locust Army, or to focus the burning eyes of the Sphinx on the targets that you have chosen, you must command them, with a fullness of your will, and with certain knowledge of your own supremacy, and with the iron grip of your magickal force, and you will be obeyed.

Through this you become not only the commander of the legion, the Commander of the Locust Army.

You become a Creator. You become a God of Monsters, and a Monster God.

The Devil's Idol

Chapter Six



NEARLY three years ago I received a human skull. It came to me through strange circumstances which left no question that it belonged in my hands.

I had no idea what I was to do with it, but I took it, cleaned it, and I revived the spirit of the woman who was attached to the skull when she was alive.

It has been kept safe in my temple as one of the few objects that I would never allow a human hand to touch. I didn't know why this was a rule, but it was. I could feel it, and I enforced it.

Now, as I conclude this pathworking with Abaddon, as I have become his Gate, I finally know what I am supposed to do.

The instructions are simple - so simple, in fact, that they could be easily dismissed.

If you pay attention and if you do these things rather than just think about them, you will have uncovered methods of necromancy and of working within the Abyss that are largely unknown, other than to initiates of some hidden cults marginalized as madmen.

This is the process of the creation of the Devil's Idol. Once complete, it will no longer be a human skull, but it will be the Devil's Skull, a direct link to the Lord of Darkness, whose eyes will burn red in the empty sockets, whose voice will be heard from the cracked teeth, whose dark power will radiate from within the bones.

This can never be reversed.

A Skull for the Devil

This entire rite is to be performed in darkness, with the skull centered within a pentagram drawn on the ground, with a black candle at each of the five points of the star.

1. Obtain & Prepare a Human Skull

Obtain the human skull. You will need to know who it belonged to in life, with at least the first name and appearance of the person. If this information is not obtainable through ordinary means, you will need to rely on basic rites of necromancy to discover these details.

If the skull still possesses any vertebrae, these are to be removed and crushed into a powder and burned on incense coals within the pentagram, along with incense made of a mixture of Dittany of Crete and Wormwood. If there are no vertebrae, powdered bone from any part of a human corpse will suffice, mixing it with the above herbs as well. This incense is to be burned throughout the rite.

On a slip of paper, write the name of the skull's original self.

2. Reanimate the Skull

Before the skull can house the full power and presence of the Lord of Darkness, it needs to be emptied entirely, and corrupted entirely.

The first step in doing so is to enslave the soul of the person that the skull belonged to in life.

Reanimate the skull with their former spirit, their former identity, their Jiva: the part of them that is deathless, yet is bound to a form, and you hold that form in its most solid representation in your hands as the skull.

Some readers are already asking the question how to do that.

Enslaving the soul of a dead person is the easy part. Call that being forth, using the skull as the link, and its spirit will re-inhabit it. With focused will, push the spirit back into its skull, chanting the words:

Gul-Gul Gul-Gul-La-At Aa-Aa-Aas Si-Ka! Napistu Pagru-Gi! This incantation is drawn from Babylonian and Akkadian rituals of necromancy, translated as, "I call upon you, skull of skulls. Spirit, return to your body!"

Your scrying eyes will see the flesh and skin of the deceased returning to the skull, which to my sight has always seemed as a holographic overlay fading in and out before stabilizing.

The soul that returns to the skull is not the Eternal Divine spark that's recycled, which is called Atman, but is Jiva-Samsara, the self that is bound to form and is the memory essence that remembers being reincarnated over and over. This is a fine distinction, as Atman cannot be destroyed, and all parts of the soul less subtle than Jiva are only temporary and are of no great importance. Jiva, however, is in the necromancer's Goldilocks Zone, as it is

that which would be reborn, either to this world in a reincarnated self, or into any heaven beyond.

Liberate the Soul

When the Jiva (referred to here as 'soul' for simplicity) has returned to the skull, reach with your Hand of Darkness around to the back of the skull, in the place of the Ze'al chakra, lay your Hand of Darkness on the skull, grabbing the soul in your clutch, and peel the soul from the skull, tearing the Ze'al chakra along with it.

It is vital in this advanced degree of dark sorcery to never underestimate the power of the laying on of hands, or even of using your hands, as conduits of energy. All that we create in this world, we create with our hands; we imagine with our minds, we inspire with our words, and we create with our hands. Your left hand is also the hand of dark sorcery, through which your Hand of Darkness or Black Hand can be activated, for those of us who are Born in Darkness.

Reincarnate the Soul

Once you've pulled the inner soul, the Jiva, out of the skull, immediately place your left hand with the soul held in it onto the top of the skull. Close your eyes and relax, exhaling, and slowly push the soul into the pores and pits of the skull, saturating the bone with the soul, bonding spirit to matter.

A sure sign that you are actually doing what you think you are doing is that if it is real, the soul will fight you, and you will need to fight back using physical force combined with psychic focus to win the battle.

These things never seem to go smoothly.

Seal the Skull

As soon as the struggle stops and the last light of the soul has been forced into the skull, with your left palm still on the crown, pronounce the Words of Sealing:

Kassaputu-da Sikkuru Astapiru Adar'utu! (With sorcery you are locked as a slave forever!)

When the soul returned to the skull on its own, it likely entered through the back, at the Ze'al chakra, or from beneath, rising up through the spine, or through the void where a spine had previously been. It also likely entered the brain cavity of the skull, free-floating in the empty spaces. By removing it from the Ze'al, you have destroyed the entrance and exit, essentially blocking the escape. Shoving it back into the skull through the top, further dispersing the soul into the material of the bone, followed with the command words to enslave it, you are locking the soul into the bone, binding the spirit to the skull for as long as the skull exists.

There is a possible fork in the ritual at this point.

If you're unsure if you're able to complete this ritual to the end, or if you don't know that you really want to possess a skull that belongs to the Devil, which can never be reversed, there is an exit, an off-ramp here that you can take.

After you've enslaved the spirit back into its own skull, if you intend to take the exit provided, you need to change the spirit's name.

Every culture that's ever enslaved others, which is basically every single society in history, the slavers change the names of the slaves' gods, they force the slaves to change their religions, and they change the names of their festivals. The personal touches are really what seals the slave into slavery, though, and one of the most personal identifiers is a person's name.

Take the paper with the name of the bound spirit, the slave name, and blot the name out with ink inside the pentagram. As you do, pronounce:

(Name) is no more. Never again will (Name)'s name be spoken, never again will (Name)'s name be written.

The spirit will stir inside the skull, trying to resist, but unable. Sit silently until the night falls quiet again.

Once the name is no longer visible on the paper, blotted out entirely with the ink, hold it above the flames and let the paper touch each flame at least once, circumambulating the paper.

If the paper will catch fire, ignite it in one of the candle's flames, although the ink will likely prevent such, in which case the paper may be balled up and thrown out like garbage or some other useless thing.

You may then give the spirit a new name, sprinkling the blood of a human, or of any large mammal, on the skull, saying the new name with each sprinkling of blood.

The skull is now the prison for the soul, and you must feed it with blood at least once every three months, but no more frequently than once every month, otherwise it may become powerful enough to cause havoc if it gets hungry and isn't fed on time.

From that moment forward, the spirit is your slave, and is capable of serving you in many valuable ways, as spirits of the dead work fast in this world, and sometimes provide very accurate predictions into the near future. With enough time, the enslaved soul will forget its former name and its former life.

Reincarnational Possession

If enslaving a soul in its own skull isn't enough for you, though, continue on to total, unrelenting damnation!

Take the paper strip on which the name of the soul is written and pass it over the flames, without blotting the name out. Let the paper touch each flame at least once, circumambulating above the flames in a widdershins circle.

As you do this, go deep inside yourself, at the same time slipping deep inside the skull, connecting solidly with the spirit, with the soul that you trapped, with the owner of the skull, merging yourself with it, entwining your soul with hers.

Spirits of the dead are strong, especially when they're angry, but they have short memories and weak resolve. As long as you have disciplined yourself properly, you should have no issue maintaining control over this operation. If you've neglected discipline, if you've prioritized mundane past times over your Ascent to Immortality, you might not make it back from this.

With your souls entwined, run time backwards. From that moment, backwards and back and back and back. You need to be pretty adept at Soul Travel to do this; you have to be pretty adept in knowing how operate yourself in these greater realms for these greater operations.

Increase the speed of the backwards flow of time, running the procession of lifetimes at a lightning pace, faster than the speed of thought, your Godmind absorbing the lives flowing back and back and back.

Lifetimes, deaths, blackness, rebirth, life, joy, pain, death, reincarnation, moving backwards, pulling her soul backwards through time.

Until you end up in black nothingness. In the before the before the before Abaddon's wisdom is dangerously deep.

There in the primordial nothingness, abandon the soul.

Akepheru, the Unborn Ones

When Abaddon gave this formula to me, he spoke a word that I didn't understand. I first phonetically recorded it as Akipiru, but after follow up

research 'Akepheru,' meaning 'Not Immortal, Not Alive,' or simply, 'The Unborn Ones.'

These are beings, monsters inside of the Abyss, like enormous eels larger than a house, some with heads jutting randomly from their bodies, drifting in herds inside the infinite depths of the black sea.

These are the monsters of the abyss.

To prevent any chance of the slave soul escaping the Abyss, draw these monsters to you by emanating brilliant like, becoming the embodiment of Mithra, and they will come. Call them forth, and release the stolen soul, and she will be no more, as if she never was.

At that point, the skull is abandoned. It is a skull who has no owner, a skull without a soul whose owner never was. It can now be claimed.

Call upon the Lord of Darkness, not Satan, by that name, nor by any name, but by the chanting of 'Ram Ham Satolas' and with a fullness of will and a full abandon of self. Bring the Father of Darkness into the skull, inside that same pentagram, and anoint the skull in blood.

This is an unholy baptism, the words of which are to be drawn from your own understanding of the Adversary. Baptize the skull in blood, washing all goodness out of it, washing all of god and all of god's creation out of it.

If you're not able to obtain a large enough amount of human blood, then sheep's blood, ram's blood, or goat's blood will do. The whole rite will be empowered to the ultimate level should this blood be spilled in sacrifice immediately prior to opening the ritual.

Once baptized in blood, pass the skull over the candle's flames, moving it widdershins, chanting 'Dap'Tak'Rea Rap P'takh!' (Idol, move and open!), repeated over and over, allowing your mind to fall into the pentagram portal as the blood and fire open the Gates of Hell to spew forth the spirit of the Devil.

The Unholy Spirit will enter into the bone, and you will look into the eyes of the skull and you will see the fires of hell, and you will see the face of the Devil, and from that day forth, He will never depart from it. And he will never depart from you.

Ram Ham Satolas!

This completes the First Gate Cycle, known as 'The Ignition Cycle,' consisting of full communion with Belial, Amaymon, Azazel, and Abaddon, and the opening of the self as their Gateways into this world. These first four

Gates are now locked open. These first four Gatekeepers now walk among us. Their power over this world has been multiplied.

The Infernal Empire is rising!

E.A. KOETTING

Become A Living God

The Publisher



THE definitive motto of human transcendence: Become A Living God welcomes magickians to maximize their individuality, freedom, and personal power in this lifetime. Browse a complete catalog of video courses, rituals for hire, physical grimoires, talismans, consultations, and readings at BecomeALivingGod.com.

The Nine Demonic Gatekeepers saga features humanity's official contact with prehuman diplomats from the Outer Darkness. They have been both deified and diabolized by myriad civilizations across continents over millennia; for the first time ever, sorcerers aspire to peacefully unmask these prehistoric forces and allow their uncensored discourse.

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