

The Book of Azazel

Grimoire of the Damned

By E.A. Koetting

The Book of Azazel: Grimoire of the Damned

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Foreword

By Dante Abiel

Black magick is the damnedest thing. You can gain all your heart desires, but once you begin to obtain results those desires are an Oceanic cave that never fills. The black hole sinks deep within your soul. With every step you take you can feel the pressure building. For years I have felt this critical mass pushing and building behind me. Like a waiting predator, the darkness on my heart lingered and manipulated my being into a corner.

There I found my Salvation.

My beginning with Azazel started as any working should have: I saw his sigil within a cryptic Grimoire. I had read about him before, but the following words that ripped a hole inside of me, giving me an itch that could only be scratched by this fiend:

There is a ritual of the Brothers, the likes of which opens the Abyss fully in your life. Many call this The Lake of Fire, however such a name is not worthy enough to describe the horrifying limitless of IT. If you are Called, you may be reborn within the eternal Lake.

What was this ritual? I had to know. I began searching with a ferocity that I have never before known.

Madness set in quickly. The pressure I spoke of before pushed through a new barrier. Life as I understood it would end miserably if my search for the Eternal Abyss was not found.

Perhaps I would have been better not to seek it in the first place.

I laid out a fairly simple evocation, in order to ask Azazel what this ritual was. Before I could even call the conjuration, He formed from the smoke of the incense. The swiftness of His manifestation made me stumble and fall to my knees.

Rise. I will show you the path you seek. My sacrifice. You have chosen me and I you. I will show you the Current which the Masters and Gurus know, but do not speak. I am forbidden to show a path of such abundance. There is a river that runs beneath everything. It is above all realms of existence where the council of the Ascended sit. When reached, you will be not only renewed but different in your very Spiritual Vitality. Alas, fear not, for you were born into this. Embrace your birthright.

You are still weak, and require much strength. You must master not only the Spirit but the body and mind as well.

Hearing the demon's words, I became enraged. Furious at the devil, I stood engulfed in a fiery chasm between me and

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this vile creature. In my own foolish arrogance, I looked up at him and demanded he obey me. Watching from up high he spoke again:

You have much to learn. I will show you. Agree with me now a pact of possession. I will leave you within nine days. After which your body mind and spirit will be refocused, and your true path will layout.

With passion still in my chest and pride burning, I reached out and shook his hand, feeling it hard like stone in mine.

Repeat this incantation. 'Tal Shata Alsh-Tu. Tolu Shatu Lam-Aske.'

I did as instructed.

I fell into a trance, beginning with the mere chant of this incantation, which soon ended with a hint of a whisper. What felt like an eternity was only a few moments.

When the whispering stopped, IT began.

The flames engulfed the candles and the shadows began to circulate around my body, building a wild tempest. I became faint, and right before I passed out from the surge of Power created I felt all of His Spirits and Power blast through me a thousand times over, causing me physical pain and massive spiritual overdose.

Vomiting on myself but with no stamina to wipe it away, I stood in a cross fashion on my tiptoes. I was suspended almost in mid air. Then my entire body fell off the cross onto the Palestinian floor. I will not forget what Azazel told me in the split moment it took for me to pass out:

Nine Days of Hell you must face. Face your fears and limitations. Be engulfed by the Darkness, Embrace it, then rise above it.

My body gave up its ghost, and was thrust onto an ancient ground. The sky burned velvet purple, blending into the eternity around it. The ground was desolate, destroyed and ruined. I saw a throne ahead of me, and willed myself toward it. The Chair of Majesty stood above all else with Azazel sitting and pondering on his next task. He knew this world was his and next would be also.

Dante, I will bring to you the knowledge you have sought for so long. All will be yours. Embrace your birthright.

Why did He keep saying this to me? Embrace my birthright?

It's important to note that in this part of my life I had already achieved a tremendous amount of Power. It became buzzing, thrilling and incredibly difficult to live without a way of "taking the edge off," so like most magicians rising to serious Power, I turned to drugs. I gradually built up to an ungodly level of opiate resistance. In fact, one of my normal dosages was enough to kill a horse and ten men. Just as Solomon said, there was nothing in this life that was unfamiliar to me.

I had sought Power and became lost in weakness, but Azazel was determined to show me this birthright of mine. He was in no way trying to show me "the light," but instead pure damnation.

Within true damnation there lies no Salvation. No one is coming to save you. There is no rising above it. You just

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become it, and spread the disease. I soon found out I was really alone.

As I snorted and popped my way to Nirvana, Azazel spoke to me the second night from my Ajna Chakra.

Tomorrow you will no longer be addicted to the attachment that is holding you down. You will be free.

I shook my head, not wanting to understand this fiend. The next day everything changed. I was always able to function even with such a tough addiction. On that day, however, my wife approached me, demanding to know what had changed within me. Before I could stop my lips, I had told her about my three year addiction of which she was ignorant, and I was forced to be alone.

She wanted nothing to do with me.

Once the smoke had settled, I heard a rumbling laughter

Is this your Power? Diminished in such a manner? No, I will show you. I will lift you above the Throne of Glory. You will sit amongst the stars making them your footstool, but you must free yourself of the attachments that hold you, beginning with the drugs. May it begin.

As soon as the Demon's words entered my mind, I fell to my knees, vomiting on my blue carpet, shaking and convulsing. I understood. I must quit the very thing that was holding me here, so I began a nine day detoxification. I could have easily scored any amount of drugs I needed, however every time I tried my body would become controlled by the demon that was possessing me. I had no desire to have them,

however my body still demanded the substance it had grown to love.

Approaching the 48 hour mark with body shaking and the feeling of knowing I was alone, I called out to an angelic entity. One that I knew would be able to aid me in releasing the toxins from my body, or at least bring me some form of comfort. I staggered to reach my evocation elements, barely laid out a magick circle and triangle of manifestation, and began to bid Raphael's help. I knew if any would be able to rid me of this Demon's grasp it would be him.

The incense slowly formed a pillar, uniting the macrocosm and the microcosm. Celestial trumpets and angels singing were heard in the distant, and suddenly a blinding light overcame all my senses. I couldn't shield myself from it. I could see the light though my eyes were tightly closed; I could smell it, taste it even. Forcing myself to gaze up at the Holy Being, I mustered my request of being relinquished from the Demon and the physical dependability of the drugs.

I was not aware of the "history" between Azazel and Raphael. How convenient it was that I chose this Angel, during the possession of Azazel.

Raphael spoke, "My son. There is nothing I, nor the hosts of Glory can do for you. These are challenges you must face as you are with His guidance. I can not save you for you are damned in his might."

Raphael then relayed to me the stories of old; how he smote Azazel in the past. "His grasp on you is too tight. I'm sorry, but you must embrace your birthright." Before I could dismiss him he left. The light was no longer, and I was alone with Him once more.

A whispered echoed in the distance, telling me to evoke Him, the demon, Azazel.

Miserable and broken. I stood with pride, dignity and most importantly Omnipotence. I summoned him within the Holy construct. Instead of appearing within the Triangle, His body poured out of my Third Eye and manifested in the north.

“Speak Demon. I am ready to rise to Power. I leave this Powerlessness behind me. I demand control of everything. Show me the hidden River the Gurus know but never speak.”

Azazel told me that I would receive written instruction on how to receive his power, and His brawny image faded into that of a crow with a man’s head, and flew back into my third eye.

After nine days of personal hell, it was time to expel this demon from my body.

I proceeded down to my evocation site. I laid out all of the necessary implements and workings of an exorcism. After placing myself into a self-induced gnosis, I chanted an old Latin exorcism.

Pushing Azazel out of the Ajna, until there was a significant “snap” from the energy currents ripping. He stood within the triangle with his body becoming barely visible to see.

Dante, you have made it out of your hell. Now rise.

My concentration was broken with the phone ringing. Stumbling and almost near passing out, I answered.

“Hello,” I answered the phone.

“Hey Dante. How are you?” I recognized the voice as my friend and mentor Eric, otherwise known as E.A. Koetting, the author of this current work.

“Eric?”

“Yeah, bro. How have you been? I have a favor to ask of you, but I need your utmost confidence.”

“Yeah sure.” My original thoughts were that he wanted me to take bad karma off of his hands, relating to our company.

“I have been working with Azazel lately,” Eric confided. “I can’t get my mind off of Him. He’s teaching me some insane shit. He’s telling me to write a book of all of his teachings. I can tell you know that it’s going to be the last book I’ll ever write. It’s just that intense.”

“Okay. So what do you want me to do?” I asked.

“Well this is where you come in. I need someone with some real knowledge and experience regarding Dark Works. I have a rough manuscript. Would it be possible for you to study it, and record your workings from it.”

I was completely taken aback. How could he have known my recent workings with Azazel? This was all too much of a coincidence.

“Listen there are some things I have to tell you.” I nearly whispered through the phone. And then I told Eric everything, my drug addiction, overcoming it, the possession, and Azazel telling me he was giving me a manuscript.

“Yup. You’re the man for the job for sure! Open all of the sigils, contact all of the demons, work your way through, but first there is one ritual that needs to be done. It’s kind of a crooked baptism.”

I intervened. “Let me guess it involves Azazel, Belial, Abaddon and Amaymon?”

“Oh yeah! You’re the right guy. I have to go, but I’ll send you the manuscript.”

After Eric had given his unique “bu-bye,” I began to realize just how real everything had become. I stood back and evaluated the situation, and never once was I *asked* to do anything, not by the Demon nor my mentor. My life in just nine

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to thirteen days had completely changed from manifesting negativity to producing pure Power.

Once I received the manuscript, I began working.

I was obsessed from the first word, searching this grimoire for all of its secrets, paths and hidden doors. I read, read, and re-read every word, especially what was between the lines. I opened all the gateways, made the signed pack and searched with the utmost intensity for the hidden current Azazel mentioned. I lost many hours of sleep; deprived myself of basic nourishment and pleasures; I fell slowly into the black, psychosis of my soul.

About 72 hours of sleep deprivation I decided to give it a rest until I got a good night sleep. I walked up my stairs and turned into my bedroom. What should have been my bed was a nine foot magick circle surrounded by nine black candles. I was confused. Did I set this up? Wait, why are there no windows? This isn't my bedroom. I turned to the hallway and saw my body collapsed on the floor.

I found myself in the circle chanting, whispering HIS name. Time moved infinitely slow, fast and finally not at all. Azazel's form was that of a crow and a man's head.

Azazel welcomed me, and told me that it was time for me to open the Gates to the "Eternal Lake." He then laid out for me the entire ritual, of which I surmised "The Gatekeeper Ritual." Visions hit me like lightning from hell. I saw everyone that was to participate, implements needed, removed the blocks from the grimoire and laid out the open path to damnation.

Sacrifice all, Dante. Damning yourself will bring eternal liberation. May nothing be left sacred to you.

When I came out of this vision, I wasn't in bed, a chair or on the floor, but I found myself gathering the necessary implements and people needed for the ritual. It was as if Azazel suspended time itself and placed me into a time warp, landing me exactly in the time space I needed to be.

My wife broke my astonishment, "Babe? Are you really going to do this ritual? Are you really ready to let go of us?"

"Yes. This all must be done. I know it's mad, but it must be done. If I die, I die. If I am damned, then I am damned. Forgive me, but I am not sorry for this or any necessary decisions that must be made."

"Don't be sorry. You were born for this. I'm joining you."

My brother, cousin and son overheard the conversation, insisting they be a part of the ritual as well. My thoughts spun inside of my head. I was completely mad for placing not only my family in this but my wife and child. Sacrificing my life and others' lives excited me enough to pierce my lip with my teeth, and so time passed. Together we studied and researched the entities, bought and made the tools and chastised our mind and bodies. When the devilish night came, we were ready to take whatever came our way, death, damnation or liberation, or so we thought. When seeking the devil you need only look inside, for you opened the gate to Him a long time ago.

We hiked about four miles into a black forest; each of us felt the forest whispers. Somehow nature knew it would be defiled. God was not to be found in any of hearts; the Kingdom of Heaven was completely forsaken, for we treaded on unholy grounds. We sought comfort in the Serpent who lives in the Pit. He was our father, brother and teacher.

When we reached the natural lay line circle that Azazel had shown me just a week before, I spoke my last words as a

human, “If we die tonight, I want you all to know that it’s been a hell of a ride. Let’s begin.”

My assistants, my “knights,” shook their heads, and they knew we were all going to die. It wasn’t a question. We knew what was going to happen.

My brother laid out a thirteen foot hexagram. Following him, we laid out four triangles of manifestation in the cardinal directions with the respective sigils. We placed red candles on each hexagram vertex and black candles on the vertexes of the triangles, and proceeded with the rest of ritual as Koetting has given it in this work.

Causing each of my knights to become possessed by an entity proved to be a Herculean task. I began with Belial. The possession was quick and quite startling. The being took not only control over my knight but his entire physical appearance changed.

The gate was thrown open, and I fell to my knees. Forcing my body to overcome such spiritual pressure, I directed myself to the next corresponding Demon. With each demonic possession I felt less attached to the people or myself; fear of dying or any other consequence faded into the blackness of the armies of fiends and demons just outside of the unified ritual area.

The forest was littered ghoulish creatures, waiting for their Masters call; the air was impossible to breathe; my vision blurred, and at last I reached Abaddon. The possession of this demon was astonishing. His entire existence was forced into such a small body, manipulating the body’s muscles to expand about six times their own size. He gave me a crooked smile, and in perfect harmony all four bodies of the damned chanted, “The gates are connected and opened!”

The ground physically began to shake. The reality of it all hit me. Rock began to split, and I felt a tremendous amount

of heat like none I have ever experienced. The ground gave in, and I fell for an eternity.

I landed into what I can only describe as liquid pain that burns away any humanity. It was excruciating, and I screamed as loud as my lungs would allow me. My flesh and bones melted into the abyss. In my feeble attempt to swim away, a massive serpent coiled around me and swallowed what was left of my body.

All was black, no thoughts, feelings or concerns; then there was a rush like passing through multiple levels of existence. Soon my body reformed from the abyss, piecing matter together using glue from the Infernal Kingdoms. The four Gatekeepers and the rest of the Hellish Entities became me and I them. My destiny was laid in front of me. The empire was to be built from that which gave me a new birth.

I stood, knowing my knights were watching me diligently. Reborn from the emptiness beset on us at all sides.

I opened my eyes. They spoke again in unison, “Welcome, Dante. We have summoned you here to do your Will.”

My reply was un-restrainable: “I have waited so long to be released from that prison. His body trapped me, and now *I am free!*”

I am no longer who I was before my eyes looked on these pages. I am something stronger, something older, something less... human.

And there is no way to get back to that place again. All of the torches leading to my past were extinguished.

I am damned, and because of that damnation, I have found Liberation.

Heed well these words, written in the text that follows:

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“This is indeed a door that once opened can never be shut.”

Never a truer statement has been spoken or written.

Chapter One: The Meeting

My entire approach to the world of spirituality has been centered around two fundamental practices, without which I am certain that the whole process of spiritual development stagnates. Those two cornerstone spiritual practices are the evocation of external and nonphysical consciousnesses to visible materialization, and the full translocation of one's own consciousness into nonphysical reality.

Through a system of basic principles - the core of which has remained virtually unchanged despite geographic and historical spans - entities, or embodied intelligences from other planes of dimensions of reality, can be brought into direct contact with the Evocator. Through similarly universal methods, the mystical adventurer can become acutely aware of his own more subtle bodies, and can consciously separate them from his physical body and travel into worlds beyond the flesh.

Evocation pierces the veil between the worlds from the outside; Soul Travel pierces the veil from the inside. Few arts outside of these two are capable of such a dramatic rending of the supposed separation between the physical and the spiritual.

In both of these practices, a firm rule is in place that the Operator must remain in control of the Operation from start to

finish, that he must never relinquish control over the process or the outcome to any of the multitude of nonphysical entities surrounding him.

I have violated this rule, and as a result, I was taken into a world where all of my assumptions on the nature of the world of spirits and its interactions with our world were destroyed.

For a time, I turned the entire operation, not only of the evocations and the translocations, but of my very spiritual Ascent, over to a demon. To Azazel.

I can only trust that when this work is completed, he will set me free.

In the hundreds of spirits that I have summoned to appearance before me, four or five have left an unshakeable impression. They materialize as all the others, their appearance matching the grimoires' descriptions, and they carry out their tasks with the same efficacy as all the rest. But something about them hints at the fact that what is seen in the initial ritual is a shell, a presentation for the public, a mirage thrown up to discourage further inquiry. The silent statue behind the façade smiles, and I could sense the grin.

Azazel is chief among these.

A few years ago, I found myself on a long drive back to my home in Southern Utah from Colorado's Rocky Mountains. Shawn, my wife at that time, spent most of that twelve hour trip, as well as the one that brought us into the mountains, sleeping in the passenger seat, jerking from her car door pillow to see where we were on the journey, and talking with me for a minute or two before falling back to sleep.

On the drive towards Colorado, I had entertained myself with an eclectic mix of music, from Wagner to death

metal, hip-hop to Johnny Cash. Music was unable to quiet my mind on the return trip, however.

In those mountains, in a gathering of at least fifty black magicians, I had witnessed my friend and spiritual student become possessed. It was not the first possession I had ever seen, nor was it the most dramatic. It was, however, the most intense, because unlike the many teenage dabblers who open doorways that they cannot close, and accidentally find themselves host to an intelligence and force growing inside of them, my friend was wholly accepting of the demonic intrusion. She not only invited it, but when the demon came to her, she embraced it. She had owned the possession.

She was escorted by the ritual's Operators from the pulpit where the possession had occurred, all banishings having been performed, and I smiled at her. She was my student, and I wanted her to see my pride.

She looked back, unsmiling, and did not recognize me. And, as I looked into her eyes, I was shocked by the realization that I, as well, did not recognize her.

After leaving the ritual chamber and passing an hour or more in her tent, collecting herself, she returned to me, and could barely speak, her small body shivering, her teeth clattering as if she were buried in ice.

The demon had strengthened her when it took her, it had invigorated her, enraged her, made her more powerful than any human ought to be. And when it left, she fell into the realization of her mortal weakness.

Having witnessed such a spectacle, my mind began spinning a tapestry of possibilities, which I discussed with Shawn between her naps on the return home. If someone, like my student, would be so willing to become possessed, then perhaps such a possession could be incited, allowing that

person to become the mouthpiece of the demon, in a very controlled setting such as ritual evocation. Perhaps, even, that same willing conduit could sit within the Triangle of Manifestation, wherein the summoned demon would appear, allowing that fiend to speak through her, to use her body and her mouth to communicate with those of this world.

“I’ll do it,” Shawn said, no quiver or hesitance in her voice.

Crowley had performed such an Operation, thrusting himself into the Triangle of Manifestation, becoming the living sacrifice which had materialized the demon of the Abyss, Chorozon. Was simple vanity pressing me forward to conduct such a ritual, to put myself on par with “The Great Beast,” Aleister Crowley? Rose Kelly, Crowley’s wife, had similarly involved herself in many of his workings, and she quickly turned to severe alcoholism, and was at one point institutionalized for dementia.

The risks seemed great, but the rewards appeared even greater. Aside from the knowledge that could be gained from such an evocation, and aside from being able to tell this great story, I realized that in performing this evocation, one of a demon into the body of a woman, a portion of the wall separating me from the world of spirit would be torn down.

As we both sat in the car, silent, thinking, Shawn appearing as if she would fall back into a dead sleep at any moment, she said, “It would have to be Belial, though.”

“What?” I asked. I wasn’t sure if we were even on the same subject.

“Well,” she answered, “I’ll do the ritual with you, I’ll be possessed by a demon, sure. But it has to be Belial.”

Shawn had worked with Belial in some depth months earlier, and had developed a sort of bond with that particular

devil. I have since noticed that Belial is adept in his ability to beguile women, to sway them, to obsess them.

I saw no issue with her demand, and indeed, something about it felt *right*.

As my own path to power had taken me away from western ceremonialism and into the Shaivistic yoga current, I hadn't performed a ritual of evocation for at least two years. As soon as we had settled back into our home from the trip, I evoked Belial, in preparation.

What follows here is my recorded account of a piece of that conversation with the demonic King Belial.

September 6, 2007: *I evoked to total physical materialization Belial, in preparation for an evocation of him into Shawn, followed by an exorcism. Belial manifested, his presence came, and I called him into full materialization until I could see him standing before me.*

E.A.: *Belial, what will be required to bring you forth, into Shawn's body?*

Belial: *For you, and for the whole congregation to issue my song: "Itz Ra-Cha-Belial." Not one person can not participate.*

E.A.: *How can your presence be magnified?*

Belial: *Blood. Feed me with blood.*

E.A.: *Blood in the Triangle, or blood around the Temple?*

Belial: *Blood upon the Vessel.*

E.A.: *Belial, mighty king, I thank you for responding and for the information you have provided... (at this point, Belial interrupted my dismissal).*

Belial: *Azazel, Abaddon, and Amaymon will rise together with me. As one, we will open up the gateway to the Lake of Fire.*

Belial then vanished from my vision, leaving me alone in the Temple, wondering what had just occurred. This was *my* idea, *my* project, but he somehow managed to hijack it as his own. Or perhaps it had been his idea, his project all along, and I was gladly running towards his snare.

He seemed ready to answer my questions exactly, as if they were not *my* questions at all. It further seemed like I had not asked the one question that he had hoped I'd ask: *What is the greater purpose of this evocation?*

My failure to ask the question did not keep him from answering it, nonetheless. I had opened a door for a guest, and was shoved aside while he and three of his friends walked into my house.

I had feared from the onset that the evocation of a demon into the body of my wife would be too much for me to control, but even in the first preliminary ritual, my control over the whole matter had been derailed. It was obvious that Belial was using us as pawns, as vehicles for something beyond our comprehension... or beyond our willingness to cooperate in.

The whole matter could have been abandoned right then and there. I could have walked away. But that dark curiosity inside of me nagged and gnawed at me. I could not turn away

from this, this potential nexion of demonic power. I couldn't turn my back on a path leading to a greater knowledge of the inner workings of a demonic order millennia old.

My own wife had volunteered herself as a living sacrifice to the demons. It was my turn to do the same, to turn my body, mind, and soul over to them, to sacrifice myself at their unholy altar, to become the willing vessel for their plans.

“Azazel, Abaddon, and Amaymon will rise together with me. As one, we will open up the gateway to the Lake of Fire.”

Belial had laid out not only the purpose of his plot, the end result of this ritual that he was conducting through our bodies, but also revealed the formula for it. Outside of the Christian concept of a Lake of Fire, I had no idea what the fiend was referring to. There seemed only one way to find out.

September 11, 2007: Evoked Amaymon to physical materialization. I had some issues with the incense initially, so his materialized body shifted between visibility and non-visibility throughout. His voice was still heard the entire time.

Amaymon: The Lords of the House of the Seventies are numbered. Saturnalia is the essence of my coming – death and decay, sexual and literal. I will come in the east on the sign of the martyr. Call me with blood and semen and skin. The Others will come and the gateway will be opened, but you four must be willing to enter first. Project into it and die in the Lake of Fire. Once you are reborn, you will have power over It and can call the souls of the Marked to damnation.

My legions are many, much more than forty. All demons must bow before me, and many angels too. Even you now bow, but once you have entered the Lake of Fire you will never again bow to another.

The Watchtowers need to be fully summoned. You only partially called them forth here. They need to be fully summoned. Speak to John about his role in the ritual, and to Dawn.

Some conversation continued here about the specifics of the ritual, but due to the speed of the dialogue, none of that was recorded.

I dismissed Amaymon, and as his form vanished, he called out, *Bare skin will evoke power.*

I had planned on this ritual involving myself, Shawn, and possibly one assistant. Amaymon, however, demanded the presence of my friend and colleague, John, who is superbly knowledgeable in the specifics of black magick and demonic pacts, and of my student, Dawn, who had become possessed while in Colorado.

Dawn had already volunteered herself for the ritual, in whatever capacity she could serve. I had yet to even mention it to John, as I was certain that he would warn against such reckless behavior when dealing with demons.

“Let me know what I can do to help,” John told me over the phone as I told him about the planned ritual, before I could even mention what Amaymon had told me. I asked him to meditate on the ritual, and perhaps to perform evocation of his own, because from what I had been told, it seemed that he would be integral to the Operation.

I searched my grimoires to find a demon that led seventy legions of familiars, but found none. The reference to the “House of the Seventies” remains a mystery.

Amaymon’s instructions also sent me to a dictionary. I had never before heard the word, “Saturnalia.” In Greece, a day of celebration of Saturn was held, in which the roles accepted in society were reversed. It was a time for drunkenness and indulgence, and for those who were slaves to no longer serve their masters.

We were indeed entering to a contract of spiritual Saturnalia, no longer directing the demonic deeds, but instead being direct by them.

September 15, 2007: *Evoked Azazel to full physical materialization.*

Azazel: *Itz Rel Itz Rel Azazel. This is the song by which I can be called.*

E.A.: *Are you to be involved in our upcoming Operation?*

Azazel: *I will be involved, although I will remain silent. It is by our union that we will open this gateway. By your union with John, Dawn, and Cody, you open your gateways as well. They are your Knights, your army. Each of them commands legions, much as I do, but they are simply not aware of it. They will become aware of it in the moment of their resurrection.*

I had met Cody through John only briefly. I knew that he was a member of a few quite influential secret societies, and he had attended one of my presentations in northern Utah.

Outside of those details, I had no reason to think that he would be interested in an undertaking such as this. I assumed that the Demon must have meant another Cody, although he was the only person by that name that I personally knew.

When John contacted him about it, however, Cody was ecstatic, and insisted on talking with me personally about the ritual. Over the phone, I came to realize that Cody's own knowledge of the intricacies of occult, as well as eastern religion, likely surpassed mine. We talked for hours about the ritual, and our places in it. Only exhaustion in the late hours ended the conversation.

September 18, 2007: Evoked to total physical materialization Abaddon, King of the Bottomless Pit, he who holds the key to Outer Darkness.

I was instructed while trying to evoke him in my home to instead evoke him out doors.

When he rose, his materialized body stood at least two stories tall. He appeared as an armored warlord. His voice rumbled.

Abaddon: 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 have 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 the 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.

In ritual, the whole of the universe is symbolized through the Circle. The seals of the archangels are their sigils, the symbols through which they can be called. Those seals, then, needed to be drawn, imbued with the power of the archangels, and then destroyed at each corner of the Circle; the archangels would then be utterly dismissed from the Temple. The demons would not allow the angels to interfere with what we were about to do.

My original plan had been to conduct the ritual alone, with Shawn, and to reap the benefits of it alone. That number rose from two to five, with Dawn, John, and Cody. That number seemed appropriate: five elements; four cardinal directions, plus the demon being invoked into Shawn; five wounds of Christ; and five points in the pentagram. But that number still was rising, to include a congregation, made up of faces that I had yet to see and names I had yet to hear.

Consulting with the other participants in the ritual, we arranged the entire ceremony.

A book store in Salt Lake City that had hosted several of my presentations and workshops, and carried my books, offered their basement for use in the ritual. Punk, metal, and ambient music concerts were held there quite often, some of which I had attended, so the space and concealment of the venue could not have been better. The two owners of the shop insisted, however, that they be allowed to witness the ritual. I

explained that they would not be allowed only to witness, but that the demons demanded that everyone in attendance take part, even if only in some subtle, invisible way. They agreed.

Cody, being a Master Mason, among various other titles in diverse organizations, suggested that, due to the extreme nature of the ritual, the Temple space be “tiled,” or protected from outside interruptions or interferences. This is done by posting a “tiler,” otherwise known as a “Black Guard” at the entrance. While in modern freemasonry, the presence of a tiler is largely a ritual formality, in other, more sinister workings, the Black Guard is sometimes a very physical necessity, and requires more than a daytime accountant with a ritual sword.

It is no secret that many occult orders have ties with neo-Nazi groups, or that those who lean towards National Socialism also find relevance in the occult. This is something often denied or minimized by those in both parties, but any person with an eye and a brain can see the link.

Cody put in a call to one such group, and found a “Soldier,” a young, strong man with tattoos covering every inch of skin beneath his jaw, recently released from prison for aggravated assault with a deadly weapon, who was delighted to tile our ritual space.

Word spread of the evocation from the few who knew of it. A group of musicians with heavy occult leanings was playing in the area, heard of the ritual, and contacted me to ask if they could take part. After meeting with them, I saw no reason to exclude them. Cody and John also invited people with whom they had performed ritual. By the time the ritual began, the basement was filled with a congregation, packed shoulder-to-shoulder, at least thirty others besides the original five participants.

The Black Guard’s eyes focused.

“My duty is to not only keep those on the outside from getting into the Temple,” he announced before the ritual began, “But it is also to keep those inside the Temple from getting out once we’ve started.”

I reinforced his statement, asking any who might have second thoughts to leave immediately. I had no way of knowing what would take place once the conjurations had begun.

John and I worked together to create an Elixir of Manifestation, which was made of red wine, moss, various oils, sacrificial winged-mammalian blood, and a large amount of human blood. This would fulfill the demons’ requests for blood and bodily fluid as an offering, and at the same time has proven in the past as a remarkable base for providing the subtle vapors requisite to the materialization of spirits.

The Circle was drawn in the center of the basement, a waist-high altar placed in the center. A Triangle of Manifestation jutted out from the circumference of the Circle at each of the cardinal points, the converging lines between the Circle and the Triangles marked with oil lamps, which provided the only light throughout the ritual.

The overhead lights were shut off. The lanterns were lit. John, Dawn, and Cody dawned black ritual robes, and lifted the hoods over the faces. I buttoned up a full-length ceremonial cassock. Shawn removed her shirt, and I drew on her chest the sigil of Belial.

She sat inside of the southern Triangle, legs folded into one another, arms dangling at her sides.

The spirits started to move before the first conjuration was even spoken. The air thickened and whispered.

Taking a box of sterile, unopened medical lancets, I passed them out amongst the congregation. The three

Operators, Shawn, and I uncapped the lancets, jammed the sharp metal tips into our thumbs, and trickled the released blood into the chalice of elixir.

Eyes froze as I moved to the periphery of the Temple, holding out the chalice for the congregation to do likewise. Without giving a command of any sort, each person pricked their thumbs and offered their blood into the chalice.

Setting the chalice on the altar, cupping my hands over its mouth, I pronounced:

“Pater Noster, qui es in abyssus, potens nomen tuum.
Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in abyssus et in terra.

“Exorcizo te, creatura sanguis, in nomine Satan omnipotentis, et in 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!”

A strange power poured down through me, into my head, down my shoulders, discharging from my hands into that bloody elixir. It was not a new power; in fact, it was a force that I had become very comfortable with. Each time it runs through me, though, that power is always so strange.

Dipping my fingers into the solution, like a priest absolving sins, I anointed Shawn’s forehead with the blood, and then Dawn’s, John’s, Cody’s, and every person in the congregation, asking, “Do you accept the Mark?”

The Mark was accepted by all, some more hesitantly than others.

With those same fingers, I scattered the remainder of the elixir around the Temple, concentrating it in the Circle and the Triangles, careless of the splashes flung on the ritual's participants.

The three other Operators stepped inside of the bounds of the Circle. Using the last of the blood elixir, I traced the Circle with my fingers, from the south to the east, to the north and the west, until I again faced south, towards Shawn, who was already beginning to swoon at the onrush of power.

I looked at her, and for the last time saw my wife in her eyes. For the remainder of the evening, something else would gaze at me through them.

John held the four seals of the four archangels, disks of clay with sigils embedded. I had envisioned that he would snap the clay pieces in twain and discard the halves. He stood at the eastern quarter, gazing into the seal, opening it as he would open a doorway into the celestial realms. The demonic surge flowed through him, the words of Abaddon acting as an invocation: *Before the infernal Empire may arise, the kingdom of God must be destroyed.*

He raised the seal of Raphael above his head, his body tensing, his jaw clenching, the hand holding the single clay seal turning to a fist. With an unintelligible wail, he threw the disk to the ground, the clay shattering, turning to dozens of fragments and dust. Then with Michael's seal to the south; Gabriel's to the west; and Uriel's seal to the north. All heavenly hosts and any amount of divine light that might be shining in that dank basement fled.

Dawn knelt to the left of the altar and opened some secret grimoire, which I had never seen before or since. She offered an invocation of the hosts of the infernal region,

opening pathways above and below to allow the fiends to filter into the Temple.

Cody began a mantra that he would repeat throughout the ritual, despite the onslaught of abyssal streams: “Lamvamramyamhamramaummm,” each syllable activating the energy centers in each person in the room, opening not only the Temple as a gateway into the world of spirits, but using our own bodies to facilitate Their coming. Behind him, one of the musicians began a drone on a Tibetan singing bowl.

I turned to the east. Amaymon’s sigil laid on the ground, within the Triangle of Manifestation. I gazed into it. Within seconds, the inked lines flashed and faded, and reappeared in three dimensions. Amaymon’s presence trickled into the Temple.

“Amaymon, I call you and conjure you forth to stand in this Temple and to take your place within the Triangle. I summon you to manifest before me in beholdable form and to speak with me in a discernable voice. Amaymon, I give you license to appear, I give you power to manifest, I give you this call to come. Amaymon, come!”

The congregation repeated, “Amaymon, come! Amaymon, come! Amaymon, come!” A peculiar yet familiar fugue came over me, as if my brain was receiving too much oxygen, as if I would black out at any moment. I stayed with the fugue, recognizing it as a sure signal of the success of the evocation, knowing that I could ride its waves into the world between the worlds, where the materialization actually begins. Swooning and swaying, losing all connection with the physical world, with the basement around me, with the congregation unsure if they should prepare to catch me if I started going down, the fugue shattered, and my eyes looked to the Triangle with new clarity. I could *feel* Amaymon there, in astral space, preparing to breach the veil and enter our realm.

Within seconds, the air above the Triangle shifted, the incense smoke gathered into a column, and that column gave way to a form, a solid shadow, and then a figure with a face. Our lungs and hearts seemed to momentarily stop. The air thickened. Amaymon had come. The chanting stopped.

I turned to the north.

“Azazel, I call you and conjure you forth to stand in this Temple and to take your place within the Triangle. I summon you to manifest before me in beholdable form and to speak with me in a discernible voice. Azazel, I give you license to appear, I give you power to manifest, I give you this call to come. Azazel, come!”

“Azazel, come!” the congregation chanted again and again, this time with more fury, more excitement, zealously pushed forward by the arrival of the first demon.

The same fugue fell on me, and I rode it the same as before. A figure, seeming to shift between worlds, to shift between visibility and not, hovered over the north Triangle. A figure of an enormous and dreadful satyr.

The chanting stopped.

I turned to the west.

“Abaddon, I call you and conjure you forth to stand in this Temple and to take your place within the Triangle. I summon you to manifest before me in beholdable form and to speak with me in a discernible voice. Abaddon, I give you license to appear, I give you power to manifest, I give you this call to come. Abaddon, come!”

The congregation chanted with me, “Abaddon, come! Abaddon, come!” The fugue from the previous evocation had not fully left me, allowing me to nearly immediately walk between the worlds. A large form assembled in the middle of the column of smoke in Abaddon’s Triangle, his height reaching the ceiling.

I finally turned towards the southern Triangle, towards Shawn, her half naked body serving as the sacrifice, the heat rising from her warm flesh acting as the incense, the blood still running in her veins the Elixir of Materialization. The demon's sigil was drawn on her chest. I gazed into it. Within seconds, the inked lines flashed and faded, and reappeared in three dimensions. Belial's presence streamed into Shawn's body.

Her muscles jolted, her neck twitching, and then her arms. Her head fell back, her eyes towards the ceiling, as if she had no muscle to lift it.

"Belial, I call you and conjure you forth to stand in this Temple and to take your place within the Triangle. I summon you to manifest before me in beholdable form and to speak with me in a discernible voice. Belial, I give you license to appear, I give you power to manifest, I give you this call to come. Belial, come!"

"Belial, come," the congregation chanted. "Belial, come! Belial, come!" The group mantra mixed in my ears with Cody's incessant song and the drone of the singing bowl, both of which had been buried to me under the din of the astral winds.

Shawn's convulsions intensified, her abdominals contracting and her spine distorting. Her arms bolted into the air to form a cross at her sides.

My hand stretched out, all fingers pointed towards Shawn, towards the Triangle, towards the misty shape of the demon flickering between the worlds.

"Belial, enter this body. It has been willingly sacrificed for you!" I found myself shouting over the cacophony of sound, auditory and ethereal. "Belial, accept your sacrifice!"

With a final, short gasp, Shawn's neck muscles finally reengaged. Her head tilted downwards, again facing towards me, and towards the congregation, her eyes still staring at the

ceiling, at some invisible portal which I could not see nor sense, through which the demon had descended into her form.

Her eyes lowered. When they met mine, they were no longer her eyes. Her face was no longer my wife's. Her lips no longer perched in a smile or a frown, but stood without any hint of human emotion. And her eyes were simply dead holes through which the demon could peer into this plane.

Afraid to turn away from the devil in human form, a Herculean effort was required to continue with the ritual, to move my feet from their cemented place, and to move my eyes from that hideous face.

I broke myself from the gorgon gaze, turning my whole body to the east again, and to the north, and the west, spinning in a slow circle. My senses drifted between the worlds, seeing the vaporous bodies of the demons within their Triangles, their evil effluvia swirling around them. And then to the southern triangle, where Belial sat in the body of a woman, her breasts, small body, and soft features eradicated by the hard, sharp form of the demon which possessed her.

“Welcome to our Temple.”

All four devils spoke at once to me, all in some alien tongue, translated somewhere in my brain as it passed through the tunnels of perception, except for Belial, whose words were delivered in English through Shawn's mouth.

“You have called us here to open a door into hell. We will open that door now.” The words jolted from her mouth, each one forced, ejected in a sudden, without the cadence expected in a sentence. Her arms raised again to her sides, as if yanked by invisible strings overhead. I turned my head to see Amaymon to my left and Abaddon to my right stretching out their arms likewise. Some strange light connected them, running a circuit through their bodies.

All of my strength left me. I fell to the ground, my legs refusing to bear my weight.

The concrete beneath me, upon which the Circle and the symbols were inscribed, dissolved, and the earth beneath it fell away. In place of solid ground, the nine foot diameter “protective” Circle became a lake of liquid fire.

My body or my soul, the part of me that I then recognized as *me* plunged beneath the surface of the steaming orange and yellow sea. I shrieked as my skin caught flame and disintegrated from my bones, and more as my bones dissolved. Even as I no longer had a body with which to scream, still the sound of terror bellowed out from me. A thousand faces whirled around me, trapped in that unholy place, shrieking as well, none of us comforted by the realization that we were not alone in our suffering.

Whatever form was left of me began to burn away, whatever soul or identity that remained being destroyed, or utterly lost in the anguish. And just as it departed, just as my entire existence was extinguished, a voice called out. I could not tell if it echoed through the depths of the Lake of Fire alone, or if it was spoken by one of the demons in that distant Temple where my lifeless body remained. The voice commanded, “Rise, and be reborn.”

My mouth opened and my throat begged for air, coughing and spitting as I crawled to my knees. The congregation had fallen silent save for the incessant drone of the singing bowl, all eyes staring in horror. I stood, feeling as though my body had been atrophying, unused for decades. My mind was quiet, focused, sure. I looked again at the floor, and saw that my feet were resting on the same molten lake that I had fallen into. I walked across the red water to John, offering my hand to him, leading him into the Circle. Leading him into hell.

The moment his feet crossed the boundary of the Circle, his knees buckled, as did the rest of his body. Curled like an infant, screaming like murder, John writhed on the floor, the surface of which began to flash, to transition to my eyes between concrete and fire.

Within minutes, his flailing stopped. He stopped. It seemed that even the rising and falling of his chest with his breathing had stopped. With a gasp, he too rose. As he regained his legs, and I helped him stand, our eyes met. In direct contrast to the experience of non-recognition when looking upon the possessed, as I looked at John, and as he looked at me, I recognized him anew, as a lost brother finally returned home. We both led Cody into the Circle, and his reaction was identical. The three of us helped Dawn into the Lake of Fire, and when she rose we helped her up. And then we stood together, hand-in-hand, as the risen damned.

I invited any from the congregation to enter the Circle, to embrace spiritual annihilation. Few accepted, but all bore the mark, and so damnation would come for them in time.

With a mind not of a dying man but of a god reborn, I left the Circle, to the Triangle where Belial sat, embodied. I offered my hand, and that demon took it. I led him to the congregation, and one-by-one the fiend touched the onlookers, and named a name, the name of a demon, a familiar, a foul spirit that would forever follow them, would guard them, would guide them into power, or into slavery.

When the last congregant was touched and the last name was pronounced, Shawn's body fell. I caught her before she hit the ground, and I carried her back to the Triangle, to which the materialization of the demon was bound and could only leave for a very short time.

Returning to the altar, I recollected my focus, and looked at the opening beneath me and the spirits gathered around me.

I inhaled once, a long breath, and with a sigh, realizing that the gateway must be closed and the demons must return to their places, I pronounced, "It is done."

"It is done," the participants echoed. The floor shifted and flashed, and then was concrete again. The bodies of the demons and the spirits who had attended dissolved and dematerialized. Shawn fell in the Triangle, unconscious.

I took a bottle of consecrated water and emptied it into a golden chalice. With my index and middle fingers, I sprinkled the water on the floor, dispelling the demonic residue thereon. I cleansed the Circle, and then the Triangles, and then knelt over Shawn's body, wetting my hand with the blessed water and placing it on her forehead.

"Exorcizo te, omnis spiritus immunde, in nomine Dei Patris, et Filii, Spiritus Sancti, ut descedas ab hoc plasmate Dei Shawn, quod Dominus noster ad templum sanctum suum vocare dignatus est, ut fiat templum Dei vivi, et Spiritus Sanctus habitet in eo. Amen. Amen. Amen."

Shawn's eyes opened, and she struggled herself up to a seated position. She retained very little memory of what had occurred around her and through her.

The congregants disbanded, startled and confused expressions guiding them to the exits.

I seized fistfuls of implements, cramming them into bags and stuffing the bags into the trunk of my car, as if to dispose of some shameful evidence.

After we five participants in the ritual had swigged from a bottle of home-brewed absinthe, we stumbled down the street to a diner. None of us were hungry, but we couldn't shake the need to do something else, to do something normal, to pull our minds away from that basement. Nibbling on pizza, we sat silent, no one able to conceive of words not related to what we had just experienced.

Dawn finally blurted, "What the fuck what that? What did we just do down there?"

The group erupted with laughter, the ice being broken and the maddening reality of the thing staring at us.

The laughter died quickly, and an even deeper somber fell on us. John looked up, brushing his hair away from his eyes. "What we did down there," he said, "is something that I think we'll be analyzing for the rest of our lives."

Back in our hotel room, Shawn's image began to shift again. Her eyes stared dead into nothing. When I waved my hand in front of her face, her head turned, as if moved by a machine, and looked at me, expressionless. I repeated the exorcism, forcing the residual demonic impression out of her body through focused will and through an invocation and channeling of power. For three days following I continued to exorcise the demon from her, as the possession would take hold randomly, and her eyes would change, and her face would change, and her voice would no longer be her own.

Belial followed her, and I could feel him enter the room, I could feel him enter her. If I paid attention, I could see his form slide between the shadows. His presence would come and go, but most of the time it was there.

As I lay down to sleep, however, something else came into our room as well. Something other than Belial. And this other spirit, this other demon, didn't bother hiding in the shadows, but seemed to drift at the left side of my bed,

watching, waiting, perhaps whispering words that I could not hear.

As Belial stayed with Shawn, this other entity stayed with me.

To this day, years after the fact, it is clear that Belial never fully left Shawn; that she never renounced him, but clung to his possession enough to keep a back door open for his return.

Something remained with me, as well. A demon followed me, and waited for the moment to announce itself, to invite itself into my awareness, and to continue the work that had begun in that basement.

Over a year later, my marriage having dissolved, my attention turned wholly to the worlds beyond, I found myself again haunted by that same figure that had stood over me while I slept that night after the ritual evocations. The demon had never left, I suppose, but had simply been waiting, following, watching me until I would listen to its whispers. I could feel it around me, closer every day, more intrusive, as if the specter would dart out of invisibility and would present itself in a physical body at any moment. And as time wore on, he became less and less alone, until a seeming army swarmed around me, clattering at me to pay attention.

I laid out a simple ritual area in my home, lit candles, burned incense, and performed what I call a “blind evocation,” which is an evocation into physical materialization of an entity whose name, sigil, and attributes are unknown, but who can be sensed nearby. Such evocations are indeed dangerous, as the Evocator has no idea what he will find forming in Temple around him, and he cannot pretend that he will be able to constrain whatever may arise. It seemed to me, at that point however, to be more dangerous to continue without knowing the identity of the spirit that haunted me.

February 2nd, 2010: *Performed a blind evocation of the spirit that has been following me since the evocation of Belial into Shawn. I have felt him around me nearly constantly now, and I need to know who he is and what he wants. I have received vague impressions about him, in that he is male, is demonic, and has a keen interest in my spiritual Ascent.*

I used a large amount of copal resin for incense. The room filled with smoke almost instantly. By the time I started the orations, I was already between worlds, and could see lights flashing in the room, and then vanishing.

A large body formed in the incense smoke. As it gathered mass, it blackened, until the figure of a mostly naked man's chest with an animal's legs was visible. The entirety of the form was ebon black. The face was the last to materialize, a large head bearing twisting horns, much like a mythical satyr, which revealed that this demon that was haunting me was none other than Azazel.

Demon, what is your name?

I am Azazel, the gatekeeper of the north, the black flame that never burns.

Why have you been following me?

Do you think you can call on the devil, and that he will disappear when you've grown uncomfortable with his

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*presence? It is you who called me, with my brothers.
And it is you who calls me now.*

None of the others lingered. Why have you?

*Belial has lingered with his sacrifice. I have lingered
with mine.*

I never committed myself as your sacrifice.

*Without such an implicit pact, I could not have been
called. You cannot see nor taste nor touch a thing
without committing yourself to a union with that thing.
And you have indeed seen and tasted and touched me.
And I have seen and tasted and touched you.*

What is it that you want from me now, then?

*It is what you want, not what I want. You have called
me twice now, but you have never ceased calling me.
You scream for me in your soul, and so I appear.*

Tell me then, Grand Demon: what is it that I secretly
want?

All that is mine.

All that is yours?

*All that is mine. Call me again in three days time, and I
will deliver my Kingdom to you.*

The demon then vanished, not in the way that the incense smoke drifted away, or the candle light dimmed, but the vision of him disappeared in an instant.

I was certain that the fiend was playing a demonic trickery, that he was toying with me in an attempt to get my attention and to ensnare me in some time consuming game, as entities so often do. My mind struggled with that theory, however, as this was no wandering spirit, this was no random imp that can be called with an ouija board; this was Azazel.

Once the theta haze had evaporated from me, I determined to not be reeled in by the bait of unlimited power, delivered from an entity constrained to incense smoke and a Triangle.

Lying to sleep that night, however, I felt his presence again, to the right of my bed, as silent as he had been throughout the ritual of the opening of the Gate, as evasive as he had been in every evocation.

The three days following, I tried to hold my resolution to not call the demon, and was haunted not only by his presence, but of the allure of his offer, and the dangers inherent in beckoning to them. I battled myself on this matter until the final minute, when I laid again the Circle on my floor, lit the candles, and even as the incense began to spiral towards the ceiling, I was still convinced that perhaps I would not complete the ritual.

Azazel rose before me, no longer in the form of a dreaded obsidian satyr, but instead as a spectral raven, with endless shadows as wings, and the face of a devil. His words no longer rumbled through the air, but were injected straight into my mind.

The Infernal Empire awaits you. Rise as a warlord into the halls of the mighty. Take your throne as a king

among demons. Tread carelessly over the embers of dying suns, to take that which is mine. Call upon me each night, in the tenth hour and I will come, and piece by piece, the Infernal Empire will be yours. Ninety times, call me, and I will come.

His form vanished without a word of benediction, and without waiting for my dismissal.

Azazel made no promises of power, flung no lures before my eyes, nor did he ask whether I would care to take his hand and embrace the secrets that he had to offer; instead, he assumed that I would.

Azazel must have known me quite well, because I could not refuse. I was still in control of the Operation, I assured myself. I would call him once or twice, glean some information from him, assimilate his teachings into my occult repertoire, and would bore of the task quite quickly.

But Azazel knew me far too well.

That which follows is the entirety of what I learned from the demon during a ninety-day journey through hell, with Azazel as my guide.

Chapter Two: **The Infernal Hosts**

“Azazel at his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurled
The Imperial Ensign, which full high advanced
Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gems and Golden luster rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous metal blowing Martial sounds:
At which the universal Host upsent
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of Chaos and old Night.”

-John Milton. *Paradise Lost*.

Azazel’s name has been scattered throughout religion and lore for nearly six thousand years, but very little has been discussed concerning who or what this figure actually is.

The name is first mentioned in the Book of Leviticus, without any background or context, but instead assuming that

the reader would have a working and common knowledge of the thing.

“And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats, one lot for the Lord and the other lot for Azazel. And Aaron shall present the goat on which the lot fell for the Lord, and offer it as a sin offering; but the goat on which the lot fell for Azazel shall be presented alive before the Lord to make atonement over it, that it may be sent away into the wilderness to Azazel.”¹

While it has been argued whether Azazel was an actual figure which accepted impure sacrifices counter to Jehovah, or if the term implied a place in the desert, or the simple act of sending away the goat, laden with the sins of the penitent, the name appeared again in The Book of Enoch:

8:1: “And Azazel taught men to make swords, and knives, and shields, and breastplates, and made known to them the metals of the earth and the art of working them, and bracelets, and ornaments, and the use of antimony, and the beautifying of the eyelids, and all kinds of costly stones, and all colouring tinctures.”

9:6: “Thou seest what Azazel hath done, who hath taught all unrighteousness on earth and revealed the eternal secrets which were preserved in heaven.”

10:8-9: “And the whole earth has been corrupted through the works that were taught by Azazel: to him ascribe all sin.”

What had been revealed to me through my own personal interactions with this demon seemed to mirror that which had been recorded: contradictory accounts of a very minute amount of information.

If Satan's greatest trick was making people believe that he no longer existed, Azazel seemed to have cast an even greater illusion of making it seem as if he was never there at all.

I summoned Him, Azazel, at the tenth hour. He rose, and he spoke, and his words failed to shove towards any further clarity:

I am the formed abyss. We are not different. All things are formed from one primordial nothingness, not at some point in the distant past, but in each moment. Every moment that you consider me, I come into being. Every moment that you consider yourself, you are brought into existence. Stop considering yourself, and you will cease to be.

I have appeared to men as they have considered me. I taught them that which they were on the brink of learning themselves. I concatenated their realizations. I would say that I have always existed as this promethean Pandorian figure, because all time for me is present. However, I have not existed at all until this moment. But neither have you.

Where does this leave the idea of your objective reality?

Reality is far from objective. Can you name a single thing that exists independent of your observation? Such

a thing does not exist. When you and I meet, you and I come into existence. Until that point, there is no you, there is no I. You exist only in your relation to that which surrounds you. Your very physical form is held together, as mine is in this smoke, by the pressure inside of your skin meeting the pressure outside of your skin, and both forces holding you in one piece. This is a type and a shadow of the whole of existence. Only through the application of various forces of pressure does anything exist. You have learned to master some of these pressure systems, and can apply them to summoning something forth from nothingness to speak to you.

You ask if I am real? I am as real as the world around you, which is not real at all.

THE INFERNAL EMPIRE

The schools of the occult and the mystical sciences recognize graduating degrees of subtle reality, physical incarnation being the most crude and base of these, followed by the astral plane, which is a realm of energy and motion. Having traveled to and through the astral plane, through various methods of the projection of my consciousness away from the locality of my brain and body, I have seen endless sectors, areas, or kingdoms within the seemingly endless energetic realm, the whole place crowded with spirits, phantoms, demons, angels, and even gods, all vying for power and dominion.

Azazel lifted me from my body, my vision drained from my two eyes and reawakened in my spiritual sight, and showed me the spiritual realms from a new vantage.

Indeed, there are grand divisions between the multitudes of areas in the worlds of spirit. The illusion cast is that these divisions are naturally occurring; that they are born out of an intrinsic difference in ideology or alignment.

Just as wars across this world have been instigated and perpetuated by forces and minds that would benefit from the bloodshed and the resultant rifts raised, Azazel showed me the one solid group of benefactors in the wars raging across the spiritual worlds: the Demonic Kings.

Traveling in Soul beyond the astral plane, even above the mental plane, to those realms wherein all form and all separation ceases, there is no war. Duality crumbles as wholly as time and space, and the Traveler is left with no concern for good and evil, no shame nor pride, no us and them.

Why, then, are the angels concerned? Why do the elementals, the planetary spirits, the lesser demons, and the wandering phantoms battle against one another, or at the very least clash with one another when called? It would seem that a Creative Divinity existing above the realms of duality would care little for spiritual battles, let alone to set Michael and his minions upon those who oppose His plan. Such an action from an Eternal being is as ridiculous as the notion that any embodiment could threaten the assertions of the Omnipotent.

No, these worlds below, these worlds held in the ever-swinging pendulum of duality, are held in that sway by a sinister and a nefarious force.

The general supposition that the Demonic Kings are at the helm of the divisive plot is perhaps too large a blanket to cast. Perhaps terms need to be more aptly defined.

According to the Book of Enoch and the legends spawned from that text, Satan opposed God's plan of sending man to earth to struggle through life and to achieve a degree of glory after death through his own efforts. Taking one third of heaven's angels, he waged a war against God, and as a result was thrust down to the earth until the Final Resurrection, when all would be judged.

When Enoch and his whole city were lifted into heaven, and when Enoch himself was translated into angelic glory as the angel Metatron, however, a second revolt began. Metatron refused to look away from Azazel's sin of teaching mankind forbidden knowledge, petitioning Jehovah to cause Michael to bind Azazel and his cohorts Ouza and Shemyaza, and to cast them to the earth until the final judgment.

While this myth can only be taken seriously as an allegory, the realistic root from which it derives does incite some speculation.

Azazel seeks to teach men the secrets of the gods, to assist them in their Ascent. The path of the Left Hand is that of this very same forbidden knowledge. The greatest and most accurate criticism of Black Magick is that it delivers to the Worker of Darkness a degree of power for which he is ill prepared, speeding his Ascent faster and more furious than he can withstand, resulting in immense instability, and granting him abilities that can run rampant with his ego.

Azazel is not, however, the typical demon, the impish servant of Satan or some other Dark Lord, but was a grand Angel, an ancient Watcher, and held that status even after he copulated with human females, and taught men the secrets of warfare, and of witchcraft.

All of this is in accordance with the myth.

Enoch represents man in Ascent. Once you have reached the state of Absolute liberation, you will feel that you have no need for the secret knowledge, and so you seek to bind that forbidden aspect, to put away the black magick and the burning candles and to go inwards, and upwards, and forwards.

But enlightenment has its limitations.

Azazel states that: the tales do not recount how I was let loose upon the earth ("I" being the momentary embodiment of the forbidden), by Enoch (being Ascended souls; men having reached the state of absolute liberation). "Let loose upon the earth," simply means that the spiritual Masters saw great use for me, and so the secret, dark, bloody, and sexual rites were taught not by the deviant, but by those who presumed earlier to have known better.

There is an art and a science to Ascent. There is only art in the Left Hand, however. It is beauty in its coarsest form. You can find power anywhere. You can only truly enjoy that power through the forbidden. All else stales in short time.

Let's play with this subjective universe, then, to enjoy the forbidden, and immerse ourselves in it, as there are vast landscapes of possibility that can only be explored by assuming that, contrary to the teachings of Austin Osman Spare, All things are real, yet everything is still permitted.¹

With the various pressures of duality holding all things in their place, the denizens of the forbidden, such as Azazel, revel in the continuation of an existence which is darkly lit and which struggles amongst itself, lest all consideration for the opposites, and therefore for its own existence, collapse the whole back into the prime motivator. They siphon the

overflow of the universes' power lust, and whisper into the ears of angels and demons incitements which will cause them to continue to war.

Their realm is an Infernal Empire, a glorification of that hedonistic urge which eradicates the otherwise inexorable and instantaneous movement towards perfection, the likes of which would cause these lower worlds and all therein to cease, in the blinking of an eye.

In this manner, all that exists in the worlds of spirit is under the tight yet indiscernible control of the demonic, the dark. Every spiritual kingdom, therefore, be it celestial, terrestrial, Sephirotic, or chthonic is merely a province of the Infernal Empire.

Like Babylonia, however, there is a central city, a demonic stronghold, a spiritual Babylon, which can be considered the Infernal Empire, proper. All that you can imagine the shattered and nighttime palaces of the Demonic Kings to be, their Babylon is this, and more, as those imaginations are injected into our minds as we connect to this place, and as our minds inject our imaginings into that realm as well, all things feeding in a circle and a cycle.

When I look through the windows between the worlds or when I exit this form and travel through the gateways provided to that demonic Babylon, I see a forsaken kingdom, fields blighted and stone buildings crumbling. The sky is liquid amethyst, streaked with waves of ink throughout. The place is alive with noise, with language spoken by the particles of astral air, some alien and indiscernible tongue, like rolling incantations punctuated with bellows of deep and mocking laughter.

Azazel playing the part of Virgil spoke to me, from behind my left shoulder, telling me that this is all illusion. With that speaking, the image of the place vanished like a

reflection in a pond, and I instead looked out upon a green and flowered valley. That image would not hold, however, and with tremors and the sound of galaxies crashing, the valley shattered and the Infernal Empire prevailed.

All things are illusion, but the illusion is so damned persistent.

The mind sees what it can most relate to, in the demon and in the demonic landscape. There is a unique sort of subjective experience, as none of these things are empirically real, from our sensory interaction with the world around us to our magickal interactions with the realms of spirit.

The illusion is consistent throughout the human experience, however. What I see as a blue sky and gravitational force is not my perception alone, but is shared by my racial siblings. Somewhere in our ancient genetic formation a biological pact was made to interact with our environment in a predicable and consistent way.

Matter is not solid, gaps between molecules and their electrons and the next set of molecules making things that we consider to be concrete quite spacious and fluctuating. It would not be useful for us to experience the fluctuations or the gaps, however, and so those details are passed over and the illusion of solidity is believed.

Such is our interaction with the world of spirit as well, if not more so. Just as the effects of gravity, or the barriers of walls, or the separateness of embodiments can be momentarily displaced to allow for the miraculous, to allow for conscious shifts in the fabric of what we consider to be solid reality, the apparent nature of the astral kingdoms can be adjusted to our will. And just like the disruption of physical law, as soon as focus is withdrawn, the more deeply rooted illusion snaps back into place.

These lower worlds are a very persistent illusion. And the illusion is useful to us. The Infernal Empire appears to the human sight to be a dark, dreadful, and often terrifying landscape. This is how our senses can make sense of the thing at all, to assimilate the awareness that what we are encountering when we enter that Empire is beyond what our mortal minds should behold, and that indeed we are probing into secrets forbidden to our fragile race.

At sixteen years old, after my dabbling was dabbled and my curiosity was complete, and I laid my hand upon these secret sciences with sincerity, worlds upon worlds opened before me. With obsession driving me, I learned to call into this realm any entity that I could name, and some that I couldn't, and I trained myself in the ability to leave my body and to travel through similar gateways to the realms from where the spirits came.

I Ascended through these planes and supernormal states of awareness with alarming ease, shedding illusions of self and environment like serpent's skin, arriving finally at the awareness of Sat Nam, of True Identity – of my Eternal Self, unfettered by Maya.

I had set out to do this work with Azazel as a matter of curiosity, as a novel way to experience new aspects of the same old black magick. In only my fifth evocation, however, a few words spoken from his lips and the visions that flooded my mind with those words made me realize that my journey has only just now begun.

As you see this encompassing spiritual force in the universe, the All, the Magickal thread, there is likewise a secret current beneath even that. The Infernal Empire, the whole of the astral realm, the mental, and

the physical planes, even the soul plane, are all just masks for this other current running through all worlds and all dimensions. You have aptly pierced into the heart of an illusory truth. Go now deeper. Through blood and sex and sin, and through the flesh which is the Temple will you learn to travel not to the backside of the tree, but to swim amongst its roots. Perfect the body, and see me again for this.

The tales are true that I was never to reveal this, because even the angels and the gods have not seen the secret passageways that I will show you. Perfect the body, perfect the mind, order your life, and I will show you.

There is no name to the secret current, as none know it.

Immortality is in your hands. Do not forsake yourself to waves of commonality. You are more than that. You hold yourself back because you fear that which you may become if you call the world into alignment with your true nature. Fulfill your duties and your obligations in this world, but know that these are passing illusions, to be replaced in only moments, moments after you have chosen to live as king. Know that you are a king living amongst beggars.

Over my ninety day journey into the heart of the inferno, with all of the secrets of power that Azazel revealed to me, the mystery of this unknown current, the dark rift winding throughout existence wound also through all of his teachings. Other spirits had been eluding to the existence of this dark rift, of a secret current running silently behind the supposed

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spiritual realities, and that by riding this river, I would at an even deeper degree of liberation, glory, and power.

Azazel did not disappoint.

THE INFERNAL HIERARCHY

Due to the stranglehold that Christianity and Judaism has had around the throat of spirituality in general and the occult in particular, and the obvious incestuous relationship of the church and monarchy, the hierarchy of the hosts of hell has been presented for centuries as a reflection of our own political and military structures. The grand erroneous assumption, born like most of our mistakes from our egotistic belief that our race and society is reflective of the Divine, has been that the same type of societal and hierarchal structure which exists in our feeble civilizations would also exist in the worlds of spirit. That perhaps our own hierarchal systems were not created by the conspiring minds of evil and corrupted men, but were delivered to us from on High.

The classical demonic hierarchy, then, sets Satan as the Emperor of Hell, ruling over Kings, who rule over Princes, who rule over Marquises, who rule over Dukes, who rule over Earls, who rule over Presidents, who rule over Knights.

I have proposed for quite some time now, and still maintain, that Satan is no more than another demon amongst millions, and not an especially notable one outside of one particularly persistent mythology.

I laid out the Circle of Demonic Pacts on the floor, the likes of which I had been using for each evocation of Azazel. I placed a chair in the middle of the Circle, black candles burning at either side, copal resin melting in front of me, filling

the room with thick, piney smoke. With notepad and pen in my lap, I called upon Azazel. The air buzzed, filled with invisible, noisy locusts. I could feel the shift in the pressure around me, my ears plugging, my heart struggling to push liquid to my limbs. I fell through rings of reality, and the incense smoke coalesced into a column, forming the shape of that ebon, horned giant with the legs of an animal, the chest and arms of a man, and a face unmistakably demonic.

Azazel had come.

I posed a single and simple command: “Explain the Infernal Hierarchy to me.”

I perched the pen between my fingers, the tip scratching at the paper, ready to take the demon’s dictation.

The shadow figure was silent. I imagined that he was thinking, or that his mind was reaching into millennia past and through the endless kingdoms of the astral plane to find the answer.

He finally gave it:

The Infernal Hierarchy is as follows: The Operator; and everything else in existence.

The form vanished, the incense smoke scattering through the room, taking the shape again as nothing more than smoke. I rose again through those rings of reality, seated in an empty room with a nearly blank notebook page.

THE OVERLAP

I had assumed, as many do, that I could conjure forth the Demonic Gatekeepers, that I could call them into spectral materialization before me, that I could ask them to open a gateway into the demonic realm, that I could direct one of them

to possess my wife, and that when I was finished, I could send them away like paid prostitutes.

What every grimoire has neglected to mention, what every mentor has failed to warn of, is that the moment that you meet with a demon, that demon will in that instant have been with you from the beginning and will endure with you until the end.

If we are to accept that any sort of cosmic time can be considered objective and “real,” dependent only on the expansion of the cosmos and the theoretical increase in entropy, moving towards some critical mass at which point all things will again collapse into a singularity, then in those realms not subject to the various laws of thermodynamics, time cannot objectively exist, but is a mirage of the perceived passage of events. Although entities can assume visible, beholdable forms on this plane, the physical eyes do not see the demon, nor do the physical ears hear the fiend, but the perceptive faculties of the more subtle body correlating with the origin of that spirit translate the raw impressions to the meaty mind, which then distills the information to the mundane senses.

For the comfort of our sensibilities, we would like to say that, since time does not exist on the spiritual planes, and since the interaction between the demon and the man occurs wholly on that plane regardless of the beliefs of the physical self, that the meeting has already occurred just as it is presently occurring and will continue to occur in the infinite future. Ergo, the moment that you meet with a demon - as I myself have met with Azazel and his inferiors - that spirit will in that instant have been with you from the beginning and will endure with you until the end.

This is indeed a door that once opened can never be shut.



Chapter Three: The Pact

My grandmother by birth, my mother's mother, was a witch. She was not the sort of witch who reads books about candle spells and prays to the goddess. She was a witch long before Gerald Gardner and Anton Lavey stepped onto the scene. She was not a witch because she wanted to rebel against her parents or stand out in society. She was a witch because that is the only word that she knew to apply to her ability to conjure and command invisible forces to her will. She did not learn her witchcraft from books now accessible at every bookstore and library across the country. She learned her spells from the spirits themselves.

My mother did not keep me long. She was young, confused, and overwhelmed. My father swore that he was not my father, although there could be no earthly other. Into other families I went. None of them held a witch as their matriarch.

I was taught to pray, in the name of Jesus, and was disciplined in the morals of the Church. I played the part well, often recognized as an example of Christian Youth, and was a leader in the various church quorums which I attended.

But something else was boiling in my blood. Something that was passed to me from previous generations would not tolerate the façade.

At twelve years old I played with ouija boards. Shortly after, I learned that such a crude medium of spirit communication could be done without, as I could sense and could sometimes see the spirits around me, and could converse with them more easily than with others of my own species.

The mask nevertheless remained in place. I was a Warrior for Christ, a beacon, and would remain such until I had gathered enough information to walk another path.

Between classes and over lunch breaks, I would steal into my school's library, checking over my shoulder for members of my religious congregation, some of which attended my school, and others who were teachers. I would always find myself buried in one book more than others, a particular book on historical demonology and witchcraft.

Amongst the accounts of witch's sabbats and diabolical fornication stood a copy of a written pact made between some certain nobleman and a demon. According to the contract, the demon would supply the nobleman with wealth, political influence, and as much sex as he could enjoy. In return, the nobleman would, upon his death, relinquish his soul to the demon, and thus into the fires of hell, for eternity.

The Catholic Church made a solid point that unless such a pact were made, the witch or warlock could have no hope of wielding the powers of witchcraft.

This was echoed in Arthur Edward Waite's book, The Book of Ceremonial Magick, in which he asserts: "Such persons, it is affirmed, will never succeed in evoking spirits unless they perform, point by point, all that is detailed hereinafter concerning the manner of making pacts with any spirit whatsoever."¹

Those disciplined in modern occultism will naturally scoff at the idea that, in order to utilize the invisible yet tangible forces which surround and move through each of us, it is requisite to turn your immortal soul over to some imp, and to condemn yourself to a hell which, in any sense of true spirituality, does not even exist at all.

The very idea of making pacts with demons is today considered a thing for those long-haired high school Satanists who murder kittens and call it "sacrifice"; or, something that might be used by a fundamentalist Christian wishing to rebel against his hereditary faith and embrace a world of black magick and blasphemy which he knows nothing about. Either way, it seems obvious that the demonic pact has no place in the *real* study and application of the occult, and therefore ought to be dismissed outright.

Much of what is done in ritual, in occult application, is a return to fantasy. This is not a methodical science, as many hermeticists would have you believe; otherwise, every ritual temple and ceremonial altar would by now be replaced with a laboratory, scrying mirrors, and a microscope. Something occurs in ritual that cannot be measured by our gadgets and gizmos, and will not be for perhaps hundreds of years to come. The ritualist must embrace a series of actions which his intellect cannot possibly believe hold any potency, yet by abandoning himself to the fantasy, by momentarily indulging in what would seem at the surface to be nothing more than childish play-acting, a whirlwind of power is unleashed from his temple, and the world around him begins to shift in accordance with the specific symbols inserted into his fantasy play, and with the intention with which the whole thing was originally approached.

There is power, and then there are keys to that power. The two ought never be confused with one another.

The power of the demonic legions that are raised through the rites given in this book, and indeed in many other grimoires, is objectively and independently real. The keys to that power, however, the sequence necessary to unlock it for oneself, can be quite subjective.

Western occultism, in its present incarnation, suffers from a malady of the Master of the Universe syndrome. Man believes that, through the focusing of his will and his mental, physical, and even emotional drives, that he can hold absolute power over all events in his personal microcosm. Add into the cauldron the aspect of the esoteric, of a connectedness with the forces which breathed life into the universe, and his ability to mold those forces to make the unthinkable occur with absolute nonphysical action, the human being begins to believe that the whole of reality, even its very fabric, can be controlled and manipulated to his liking.

The ego is a valuable tool for any spiritual or mundane undertaking. The desires and impulses that power it surge into the environment at the moment of release and send into the cosmos a shockwave of energy that will ripple across the realms and realign reality with the individual's intention. The key to all of this, however, is that the desire, and the ego attachment to that desire, is actually *released*. Ego, unhampered by any sense of humility, any sense of awe, spins and wears on its own axis, accomplishing little and frustrating the originator.

At some point, all desire, all ambition, all pride and power, must be released.

In a working such as the one that I have undertaken – the ninety day evocation of Azazel and His legions – required from the beginning such a release. The desire was for unfettered knowledge and unrestrained power. Such a desire was not borne in moments before first meeting with the demon,

but had been building in me my entire life, planted in my infant being as power was taken from me, robbed and beaten out of me. Overcompensation was my modus operandi, and although my lust for power has in moments been sated, the thirst was never fully quenched.

The explosion of such forbidden desire and its full release occurred in the moment that I signed my name at the bottom of a written pact with Azazel.

Looking again at The Book of Ceremonial Magic, I put to use a mandala that had been calling to me for years - Illustration Plate number nine, co-incidentally - labeled in the book as “The Goetic Circle of Pacts,” also called, “The Circle of Demonic Pacts.”

According to Waite’s instructions, taken from The Grand Grimoire, the Circle of Demonic Pacts “is formed from the skin of the victim (which is a kid; a young goat), fastened to the ground by four nails taken from the coffin of an executed criminal. The skull is that of a parricide; the horns those of a goat; the male bat opposite the skull must have been drowned in blood; and the black cat, whose head forms the fourth object on the circumference of the circle, must have been fed on human flesh.”

After such a macabre and seemingly purpose-less arrangement of fetish items, Waite continues: “There is no authority for any of these stipulations.”

If there is no authority for such stipulations, it is entirely possible that they were included in The Grand Grimoire as blinks, or purposeful misdirections, intended to render the whole Operation useless to those who take the book at face-value. Another explanation for such energetically impotent items is that a good deal of Black Magick is

surrounded by an air of the heretical and the bloody, and that the sacrifice of a cat, grave robbery, and animal torture lend to the mystery of such works.

Either way, outside of primal systems of spirituality such as those which derived from the Congo, such inclusions seem to possess a psychological power more than a raw, occult power.

What enthralled me was the arrangement of the whole Circle. The circumference is bound with double concentric circles, which is common with most Circles used in the evocation of spirits. However, the Triangle, where the spirit is to manifest, is traditionally placed *outside* of the Circle, ostensibly forming a division or barrier between the Summoner and the Summoned. In this case the Triangle is drawn *inside* of the Circle, illustrating the direct union between the two, or between the fleshly man and the infernal spirit, serving as an indicator of the intimate nature of the pact itself, which will forever link the two.

Three circles are drawn within the Triangle, which, according to The Grand Grimoire, designate the positions of the Operator, who would stand at the uppermost circle, and his two assistants, who would stand in the circles behind him. Such an arrangement is not coincidental, nor simply practical, but is entirely symbolic of the Trinity – either that of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; or of Satan, the False Prophet, and the Antichrist. The list and evaluation of sacred or unholy trinities in religion could itself fill an entire book, but it seems sufficient to note that the circles, which in themselves represent eternity, are not to be excluded quite as easily as the aforementioned macabre fetish items.

To further vindicate my view that, if such a Circle of Pacts is drawn on the ground, in which the Operator will stand or sit while communing with the demonic, that the three

smaller circles *must* be drawn therein and not regarded as simple markers for the positions of the inhabitants of the Circle, all three are connected by lines, and the uppermost circle bears small horns, forming perfectly the astrological symbol of Mercury, which has been held for nearly ten thousand years as the sphere of magick, of initiation, of science and knowledge.

Below the triangle is the Labarum, inverted, at either side the symbols of alpha and omega. The views on the meaning of this symbol, specifically as it appears in this case, differ immensely. The labarum, being a commonly used symbolic representation of the name of Jesus Christ, is most often thought to be present in this Circle of Demonic Pacts as a final safety, a device which will protect the Operator from the entities which he intends to call down before him. The fact that it is inverted could either be a blasphemy, the inversion of the name of Christ; or, as a simple means of allowing the Messiah to “stand behind you,” as you enter the Gates of Hell. Unfortunately for such a single-minded explanation, the labarum, under the designation of “Chi Rho,” has also been used to symbolize Chronos, or “Time.” The general idea behind the symbol is that, like Jesus’ self-assertion that he is “Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end,” that the figure to whom the labarum is attributed is a master of time, or is outside of time altogether.

As for the names inscribed outside of the whole Circle, these are the names of four major fallen angels, or Watchers, interestingly tied to Azazel and his ilk, each of them responsible, like Azazel, for teaching men forbidden knowledge.

Amsarac taught the use of herbs and plants in the fashioning of spells and enchantments. Berkaial taught the art of divination and prophecy through the movements of the

planets and the stars. Akibeel likewise taught the mysteries of the stars, and of the earth. Asaradel taught the secrets of the moon.

As I traced the final Circle of Pacts with all of the above considerations on a large black mat, I recognized that it serves a purpose that is similar to the evocation of the Gatekeepers. A portal into the infernal realm. The names of the fallen angels, were then replaced by the names of Belial, Amaymon, Abaddon, and Azazel. When the draft was completed on the thick, black mat, the whole image was redrawn in red paint.

I could sense the energy rising from the image even before laying a single candle within it, or causing the smoke of my incense to waft above it, as if the lines and the symbols and the names were automatically imbued with some strange power, independent of any spiritual effort from me.

The incessant prompting to make a pact with Azazel, to turn the fullness of my spiritual and material welfare over to that demon, to submit myself to him wholly tugged at me for weeks. My every evocation of him seemed empty, unfulfilling. He would rise, and he would speak, but there was a sense that he was waiting for something, as if his immortal tongue was knotted and could only be loosened once the pact was made. The reality is that, until I released my overwhelming desire and even need to subjugate him, and instead placed myself as his disciple, my ears were not sufficiently poised to receive the deeper mysteries of his demonic power.

Stooped on one knee before the towering black figure, I proclaimed, “Azazel, I covenant to take all that you will teach me, to utilize it in my own Ascent and material gain, and to make a written record of my experiences with these teachings.”

Without a word, the demon vanished, leaving me with the realization that a half-assed proclamation of the obvious

was not considered, in his eyes, to be equivalent to a Demonic Pact.

Mulling over the idea of making a sincere pact with Azazel, I cycled through the various emotions and thoughts associated with that. The whole thing was initially dismissed as a cheap and practically useless relic of medieval Catholic demonology, followed directly with the self-admonition to not follow this black rabbit too deeply into its hole, lest I find myself an unwitting victim of demonic obsession.

Making a tacit pact, in full conscious mind, however, would instead be a devotional Operation, a willing dive into the unknown. The idea of a pact, which had at first seemed silly and spiritually infantile, began to morph into a very sinister alliance. I had no reason to trust Azazel, and I knew that in not simply writing a pact with flashy, middle-English words, but in doing the internal work of turning myself over to the demon, I was thrusting myself into the inferno in hopes to discover where fire came from.

It was indeed this internal work that occurred over the following three days, as I considered not only the pact itself, but more the implications of the pact.

Azazel, Grand Demon and Gatekeeper of the Infernal Empire; I make and sign this covenant with you.

I covenant to submit myself to you, to turn my spiritual and temporal welfare to your hands, and the hands of your demons.

I covenant to obey your commands and follow your directions, in that you will lead me into Power and Glory. I covenant to forsake all other gods, spirits, demons, or other entities, to ally with you alone.

In return for this oath, you will grant me the most secret knowledge of your power, and will leave nothing a mystery to me.

You will surround me with your familiars, to do my bidding, until the time has come to raise my own demonic army.

You will instruct me in the knowledge and power to become a Demonic King in my own right, withholding nothing that would allow me the fullness of the power that you yourself hold.

Further, in exchange for this Pact, you and your Demons will ensure the flow of prosperity and monetary wealth into my life, which I may use for any purpose.

Azazel, in your name, and in the names of Belial, Abaddon, and Amaymon, I call the Gates of the Infernal Empire to open to me, and for this Pact with you to be accepted.

I signed the Pact, and passed it to the front of the Circle of Pacts. Azazel's black hand touched the paper, and a glowing symbol appeared thereon, a pentagram circled, and crossed with a V. Beneath this symbol appeared five characters, materializing on the paper from right to left. I had no idea what the symbol was; but the characters were most definitely the demon's signature.

Seal the Pact with your blood.

I took a dagger and sliced my palm, blood oozing from the gash and falling upon the paper, beneath my signature. I pressed my thumb into the spatter.

A laugh echoed from the black demon as his form dissipated from before me.

The pact was accepted.

I traced over Azazel's otherworldly autograph, mainly for a piece of personal memorabilia, and tucked the written pact away.

The demonic pact represents a turning of your whole welfare over to the demon with which the pact is made, in return for a thing that could otherwise not be delivered. The pact is a symbol for the western mind of complete submission to the demon. You no longer try to subjugate.

Three days after entering this pact with Azazel, and that demon having accepted my covenants, a business contract which had for over a year provided my main financial support, fell through. The specific contract locked me into less of a salary than I could find elsewhere, but with what seemed to be guaranteed longevity. Though monetary gain has always flowed to me, or is pulled to me, through nonphysical means, I have nevertheless always maintained full-time work, both to keep my hands and mind busy as well as to ensure that I can provide for myself and my child, without negative fluctuation.

I had met with the company president only weeks previous, as we often met to discuss the current direction of the company and my role in its continued success. In that meeting, all was well and indeed the company profits seemed to be accelerating.

The day following the signing of the pact, the secretary appointed to manage the clerical aspects of exclusively *my* tasks was laid off. Two days after the pact, I was asked to double my efforts in the following week to collect outstanding debts from existing clients, and to “wrap up” their existing services. On the third day, I met with Andrew, the acting president of the company.

“I don’t like the writing on the walls,” I told him, without much salutation. “Should I be worried?”

Andrew’s lip quivered. “Yes. Yes, you probably should be.”

“Well, what’s going on?” I prodded.

“I’m pulling all of my support out of this company, and forming my own service.”

While he was the president of the company, Andrew was not the owner. The owner, Andrew’s good friend, had built the business to a point of nearly guaranteed and automated continuation, had turned the day-to-day operations over to Andrew, and moved out of the country, content with a percentage of net profits. Andrew was required to do very little else than pay subcontractors to service existing contracts and continue utilizing the established marketing avenues to gain new contracts. For his minimal efforts, he was able to afford two elaborate homes in affluent neighborhoods, and several “company vehicles” for his personal use, on top of a generous salary.

I don’t blame anyone for pursuing their entrepreneurial whims, for wanting to start something that is entirely *theirs*, but in this particular case, it just didn’t seem to make sense. The ethical issues behind the whole scheme seemed to run contrary to Andrew’s personal morals as well.

As I probed with more questions, it seemed that although the company was turning a healthy profit, and

although there was no reason to think that this would decline at any point in the future, Andrew was intent on leaving the company, which would, due to the lack of any financial or organizational support, disintegrate within weeks.

In discussing the matter with another contractor, I discovered that Andrew and the owner had had a “falling out” only days before, coinciding with the moment of the signing of the pact. Rather than accepting the even more generous offer from the owner for full partnership in the company, Andrew was consumed with spite. He immediately had his attorney draw up the paperwork to form not only his own corporation, but one in direct competition with the one that paid both his and my salaries. In the two weeks remaining before he transferred his attention fully into his own corporation, Andrew’s revenge was taken into full unethical action by recruiting nearly all of his friend’s employees for his new company, and signing service contracts with existing clients for his own business, thereby guaranteeing the fatal starvation of the golden goose.

Through all of this, the only position that would not be transferred to his new company was the one that I filled. The needed equipment and service was more of an investment than he was willing to put in. Confounded, I asked him for a letter of recommendation, which he delightfully wrote right away, and I left his office, disheartened.

I knew that I had no reason to trust Azazel from the beginning. I knew that placing my spiritual and mundane affairs in the hands of a demon was far from wise, but I honestly did not anticipate having my very lifeline pulled out from under me.

I spent the following week contacting every potential employer and contractor, to no avail. No one was hiring, and those who were were swamped with candidates.

The Demonic Lords under Azazel were with me constantly, buzzing around me like a swarm of flies, busily working on something that I could not divine. I re-read my notes on my evocations of Azazel and his consorts, as well as the pact, looking for some clue as to what was happening.

“...in exchange for this Pact, you and your Demons will ensure the flow of prosperity and monetary wealth into my life, which I may use for any purpose.”

The presence of one particular Dark Lord remained more pronounced than the others. I could feel him with me, as if he walked by my side, and could sense that the others of the swarm obeyed his commands. At times, I could see his cloaked body out of the corner of my eye. Whatever was happening in my life, he was to blame.

I threw the Circle of Demonic Pacts onto the ground, which had become the only mandala that I used to call upon the demons, followed by two black candles at either side of me. I lit the coal within the censor, and before it could turn red, I began heaping incense resin onto it.

“Alash tad al-ash tal ashtu!” I spat into the empty air, repeating the chant again and again, pulling that demon towards me, into this world from his Saturnian nether-realm. “Ant’harratu, stand before me to answer my displeasure. Alash tad al-ash tal ashtu!”

The smoke flooding the room gathered before me, not in the north, as Azazel always did, but before me and to my left, in the northwestern corner. His black hood covered his eyes, but I could see the constant grin on his marble cold face, and could feel the calm reeking from him.

“By the Pact made between Azazel and myself, you are to ensure the flow of prosperity into my life. Instead, you have taken wealth away from me, and have left me with no way to

provide for myself.” The demon stood silent, still smiling, still calm. “How do you answer this?”

The demon paused, not to collect his thoughts, not to formulate a response, but to allow me a moment of silence, so that his words would not need to be repeated.

“You have not demanded prosperity. You have demanded the flow of prosperity, and of monetary wealth. How can that river flow when you have placed a blockage therein? We have removed the one obstacle.”

My eyes darted left and right while I processed not only his words, but the obvious potentialities behind them. If I had after all set myself up as a pawn to be destroyed by Azazel and his armies, this ploy to keep me sedated would make sense. What made more sense, however, was the possibility that Ant’harratu was not trying to deceive or placate me, but was instead being truthful. My business contract was, in fact, quite an obstacle to any continued gain in prosperity, but it was a welcomed one in its supposed certainty of continuity.

“You will then provide another route of guaranteed financial success?” I asked.

“This has already been done. Remember now this same Pact, in which you covenant to turn your temporal welfare into Our hands, and to forsake all other gods, demons, spirits, angels, or powers. Do not break your oath.”

The figure vanished, and as the smoke cleared from the room, I realized the utter foolishness of such wording in the pact. In order to continue this journey and to have delivered to

me the knowledge that I was sure only Azazel held, I would be forced to trust Him and his demons entirely, as my oath bound me from using any of the other occult methods of summoning success that had proven efficacious in the past.

I had played my hand, and Azazel had played his. All of our chips and all of our cards were on the table.

I resolved to remain true to my oath, and prepared myself for homelessness. I continued to do the physical work needed to find employment, and hoped with fingers crossed that I was not a fool, nor a pawn, but that my original hope that through Azazel I would attain and obtain a good portion of what I sought after was not in vain.

Thirteen days following the signing of the pact with Azazel, one day before my failing employment was to expire, I received a call from a potential employer, to whom I had submitted a resume and portfolio at the onset of my crisis. The office manager asked me to meet with her and with the company owner to discuss possible employment. Rather than meeting in their office, however, they invited me for Saturday morning coffee in their home.

A young, striking, blonde woman answered the door, Autumn, co-owner and office manager, only three or four years older than I was. As I sat at their heavy, wooden dining room table, the walls covered in picture frames and accessories that only a woman could enliven a home with, and the scent of potpourri candles dancing in the air, her husband - the company owner and operator - joined us.

They both announced that they had already sifted through hundreds of candidates, and had already chosen an applicant for their position, but that an unknowable *something* had urged them to speak with me before finalizing my competitor's career.

We discussed my background, history, personal life, and my interest not only in their job offer, but in the industry itself, all with an organic flow to the conversation, versus the usual interview-grilling that I had expected. The couple was young, energetic, humorous, and quite successful. The position that they were offering was for a field assistant for Jason, as he was the only field technician in his small business. He was a perfectionist, and therefore wasn't going to trust the continued success of his business to multiple crews and mass production.

I told him that I'd agree to come on as his assistant, but that I am, by nature, an ambitious person, and I wanted to know what plans he had for me in the company's future.

Jason and Autumn looked at each other, his answer being one that they had apparently spoken of in great length, and were only now verbalizing this to an outside party. "I want to train you to take over my job. To run the company. If you're capable, I want to hand over the day-to-day operations of the business, so that we can pursue other business interests. If this works out, we could even talk about a partnership in the company."

They had already chosen a candidate for the position. They had already established the day and time for this other person to begin work. But something else had intervened. The indiscernible urge to meet with me condensed as we spoke into not only a job offer, but a potential partnership.

The pair revealed to me the financial position of the company, which was quite lucrative, and hinted at the fact that, if I could prove my ability to run the company, I could easily double my income in two years, and triple it within five.

I left the meeting thirty minutes later employed, all obstacles removed.

In the months following, after beginning my work with this new company, Jason told me that, although he still needed to teach me how *he* pitches sales and closes deals, and how *he* services contracts, that of the thirty or more candidates he had trained, I was the first that he would trust his company with.

The tower crumbled, and then was rebuilt. I was looking for a way to pay the bills. Azazel had greater plans for me, though. He would not allow me to make a simple living, but insisted that I elevate myself in every manner, especially financially.

I assumed that this was the fullness of Azazel's work in that respect to the Pact. The money that I was making, and that would continue to multiply, seemed grand indeed. I was content.

I am contented by such simple things.

Azazel's vision of an Empire differed greatly from mine.

Before Azazel would release me from his service, he would ensure that I would not carry his name without being a fit representative of what *real* power looked like.

At the time of this present writing, I am engaged in five extraordinarily lucrative projects. In none of them am I an employee.

One of these projects will make me a great amount of money over the next two years, guaranteed.

Two of these projects will make a conservative amount of money over a longer period, but they are also guaranteed.

The remaining two projects will take one to three years to bring to mature fruition, after which point I will essentially retire from the necessity to work for a living, at all.

All of this materialized, literally brought to my doorstep, within weeks of signing the Pact. I did not seek these opportunities out; they sought me out.

Azazel had a great task before Him, when He agreed to the terms of the Pact. He was required to bring wealth to a person who didn't care for it, and then He was to teach that person how to manifest in the physical world sensory objects and physical delights for which I was entirely indifferent.

He had to alter my perception of myself as a being in this world, in order to show me my own capacity for greatness in this world.

I had failed to define what my Empire would look like without resorting to a vocabulary composed of grunts and whines, and so He interjected His own vision, so that I could see what wealth, fulfillment, accomplishment, and real and tangible power looked like.

Although it may seem obvious that the demonic pact has no place in the *real* study and application of the occult, and therefore ought to be dismissed outright, in adhering to Azazel's charge to offer such a clear and distinct devotion to him and to his mentorship, it was not only the pact that momentarily crumbled my financial life, but it was the power of the pact that caught the falling bricks just in time to erect a tower that could potentially reach to the heavens, at least monetarily.

As I continued in my progress through Azazel's teachings, it became increasingly clear that he was not simply teaching me the same mystical escapism to which I had become accustomed, but instead was guiding me into the step-by-step exaltation of every aspect of my life. Convergence was upon me, and the gateways through which I had previously

traveled to the other worlds would instead be used to bring those other worlds and all of their treasures to me.

Chapter Four:

Gateway to Damnation

My assumptions concerning the destination, and indeed, the Destiny of the human being have been mistaken. Perhaps “mistaken” is too harsh a self judgment. My assumptions have been incomplete.

It has been assumed, for thousands of years now, that man is an independent thinking being who, by some mystery, has caught a glimpse of an existence and a reality beyond his physicality, and that he has since and still is struggling to transcend his body and its limitations.

For quite some time, death seemed to be the great - and in fact the only - method of transference of consciousness beyond this plane. The idea of an afterlife, which is either more glorious or more comfortable or more enduring or somehow better than the physical world, provides at least a fantasy and a hope for the transcendence of the human consciousness into a realm or a place greater than the physical.

When the sorcerers and shamans learned that the finite consciousness could be ejected from the body, and even from the brain, and possibly even expanded infinitely into all things, merging with some amorphous unified spiritual field, the hope

and the fantasy was transformed and, it could be said, replaced with an active process of spiritual Ascent – of conscious spiritual transmigration. Even if such a transmigration of the soul occurred after the death of the physical body, the end result was no longer seen as assured. Instead, the deeds done in the flesh would dictate the state of glory received in the hereafter.

The more advanced shamans and prophets, however, recognized that the afterlife experience did not necessarily need to occur after life, but could be beheld and participated in during life through methods as diverse as prayer and revelation, the use of entheogenic plants and compounds, sexual orgy, sensory deprivation, and prolonged meditation.

By whatever means, in learning how to actively activate the projection of the finite mind into infinite states of awareness, a whole mythology formed as to the nature of the spiritual realm, dividing what had until that point been considered “the spirit world” into various degrees or depths of penetration, now often segregated into planes, such as the astral plane, the mental plane, the ethereal plane, and so on.

My entire approach to the world of spirituality has been centered around two fundamental practices, without which I believed that the whole process of spiritual development stagnates. Those two cornerstone spiritual practices are the evocation of external consciousnesses and the translocation of one’s own consciousness. This can be clarified even further by stating that the process of spiritual development is two-fold: the projection of the self into the worlds of spirit; and the reverse flow of bringing the powers and intelligences within those worlds into this one. I have termed the former “Ascent,” and the latter, “Convergence.”

My faulty assumption has been the same erroneous supposition made for millennia: that the human state is imperfect and needs to be transcended, and even escaped from, into those more perfect worlds beyond.

Through my own active transmigration through the worlds of spirit, my individual form gradually dissolving into an Eternal Mind and omnipresent locus, when I had reached the point of complete unification with the Eternal, momentarily possessing in a conscious way the attributes of omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience, I declared that this is the natural state of man.

From my most recent work, Ipsissimus:

“In fact, it is not the consciousness which is expanded, being the awareness of the self as a microcosm in relation to the greater macrocosm, but instead it is the identity of the spiritual self that needs to be expanded. In that expansion, however, in the states of omnipresence, omnipotence, and omniscience, the individual comes to the stark realization that there is no individual soul, there is no “spiritual self” to be expanded, but that such is a very solid metaphor used as a tool to enter into the awareness of the boundlessness of all things. If you can expand yourself into everything, in all places at once, what is being expanded, and did it ever exist in a minute form? This is all Maya, a trick we play on ourselves, to believe that we are separate from that which surrounds us, and therefore necessitates our entrance into those objects, spaces, and psyches.

With repetition, it is realized without exception that you are not entering into objects apart from yourself, nor are you expanding into an endless space outside, but that you are transferring your awareness into another part of your own Eternal body.”¹

Evolution, whether genetic, social, spiritual, or in any other form and incarnation, seems to be a law with as much solidity as gravity.

The incompleteness of my assumptions began with the supposed realization that the process of Ascent, of the active transmigration of the soul while still incarnated in a finite form, is in itself an evolutionary process. If we are inherently and fundamentally Eternal beings, naturally possessing the latent faculty of entering states of omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence, then simply activating that dormant aspect of ourselves is not evolution at all, any more than a cripple regaining use of his legs is evolution.

I consciously and actively began this process of Ascent when I was twelve years old. At the writing of this book, I am thirty. For eighteen years I have not been working towards spiritual evolution, as I had arrogantly presumed. Instead, I have only been learning to use those parts of my own being which have, through millennia of atrophy, become crippled.

And only now, at this juncture, when I find the whole of my life devoted to the most foul demon, does actual evolution begin.

Azazel carried my vision away from my living room, from the Circle of Pacts laid out on the floor, from the candlelight and the gyrating shadows. He carried my vision

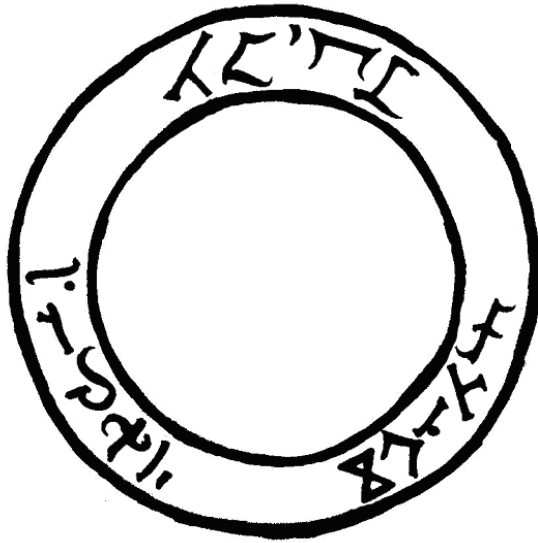
outside of this planet, but not far, the short journey ending in front of the ringed planet Saturn.

“The Infernal Empire can be accessed through the moon in the dark ring of Saturn.” The voice, which did not originate from a form, silenced, and my opened eyes stared no longer at that planet, but at my living room walls once again.

I had long understood that Saturn, under the name Binah, is recognized as one of the four gateways beyond the realm of causality into a realm of chaos.

The enormous rings of Saturn possess within them a dark ring, known as Cassini’s Division, which is thought to have been formed by the gravitational displacement of the ring pattern by the moon Mimas. It was this moon, a moon capable of disrupting the harmony of Saturn’s flowing rings, that Azazel pointed to as a gateway into the Infernal Empire.

On questioning Ant’harratu on this gateway, that demon seeming to have become my constant invisible companion, he delivered five more “gateways” to be inscribed.



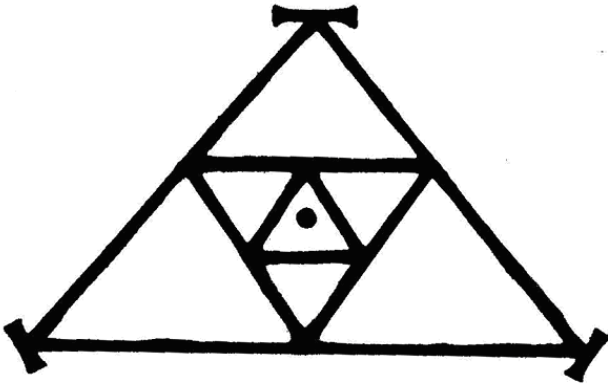
Ant'harratu showed me the first gateway, calling it, "The Gateway of Pacts." It is to be drawn on the ground around the Operator, to make additional pacts with the Demonic King, or to be used in place of a Triangle of Manifestation, placed outside of the Circle, into which the summoned demon will materialize. A red candle is to be placed between each "verse" within the circles.

The inscriptions on the first gateway form the Grand Invocation of the Pact: "*Alash tad al-ash tal ashtu.*" The utterance of the Invocation, or the inscribing of its characters conjures the fullest obedience to the Pact, by the demons and by the maker of the Pact.

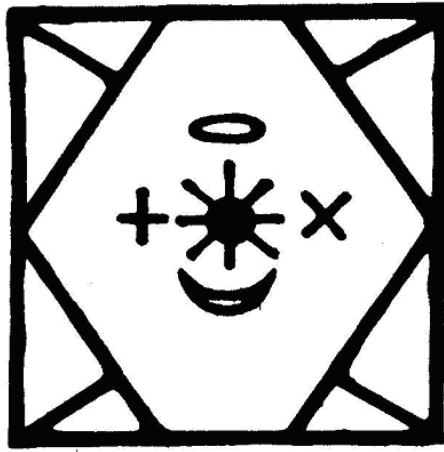
The characters had been shown to me nearly a decade before, as I transcribed the grimoire, Kingdoms of Flame as that book was delivered to me by the mouths of the spirits within its pages.

Until this moment, in taking this information from similar alien and demonic sources, I have had no phonetic pronunciation for the characters, but understood them simply to be a written yet unspeakable language. Now, in only whispering the words, new levels of their power have been unveiled.

I have also seen this exact seal, drawn above, as I have traveled away from my body and into the Infernal Empire, to that shadowed den where Azazel sits on his obsidian throne, the seal glowing in iridescent azure to his left side.

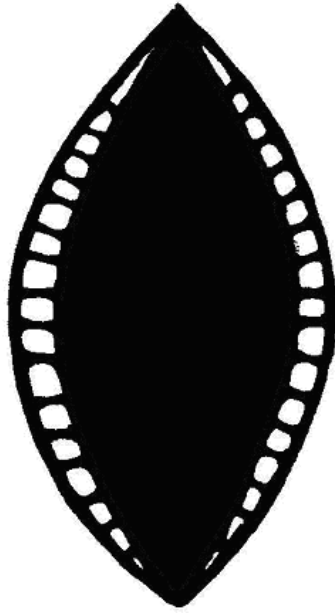


This second gate is to be placed upon any object in order to connect it to Azazel's legions, as a type of consecration of that object. Demonic legions and spiritual darkness will then surround the consecrated object and will flow through it.

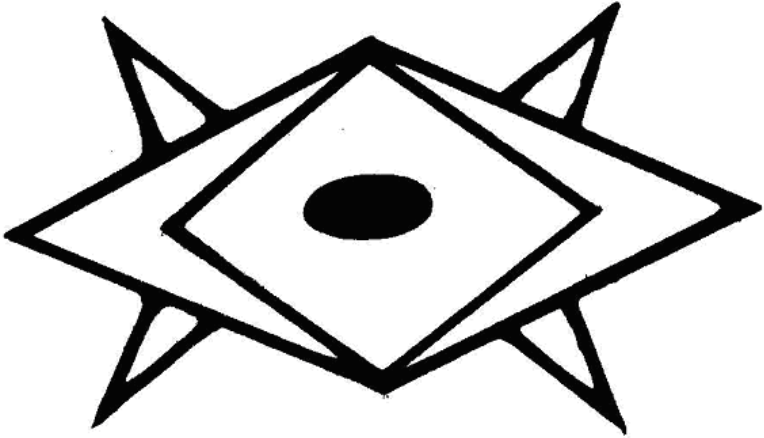


The third gateway is to be inscribed upon a wall, in chalk or some other non-permanent medium. It connects the Operator to the specific realm of the “Anatel,” or Demonic Warriors.

When I questioned Ant’harratu more on the Anatel, I was told to be patient, and all would be delivered to me.



The fourth gateway is to be drawn upon a wall, to call forth the “Retztael,” or Demonic Priests.



The fifth and final gateway that Ant'harratu showed me is to be drawn in the same manner as the previous two, to call upon the "Malkash," or Demonic Informers.

From the moment that the world of the occult became real for me, when I began to study the actual application of the mysteries of religion, I came across inscriptions of gates that could lead the individual beyond this plane of flesh and substance and into higher degrees of glory. Learning to leave my body and float through the ethereal worlds was fine, but having a gateway through which I could project myself to one exact spot tempted to deliver all of the secrets of power to me.

The Black Magician within me licked his lips and prepared to soar.

An abandoned racquetball court sitting on the same lot as one of the county's oldest and most unused cemeteries, the

same dilapidated structure in which I had performed numerous nighttime evocations seemed perfect for this experiment.

With a fistful of chalk grabbed from a bag of my basic ritual implements, I inscribed the first gateway on the ground, large enough for me to stand within it. I passed over the second gateway, as it seemed more functional than the others, and instead drew the last three gateways on the walls around me.

I stood, to view the circle beneath me, and slowly turning as if on an axis, I let my eyes unfocus, and I looked *through* the chalk lines, *through* the written characters, my mind falling and falling deeper into them. I whispered the words, “Alash tad al-ash tal ashtu.”

My consciousness descended into the thetan trance, and turned quickly towards the spiritual rapture that ruptures all boundaries. The floor dropped out from beneath me, and my body fell to the concrete ground. Before my skin could smack the cold surface, I found myself again before Azazel. He sat on a throne composed of living obsidian, moving like molten shadow, slithering. His body was neither the black satyr nor the monstrous raven, but a coalesced darkness with eyes like burning sapphire, staring into nothingness as if contemplating how to influence the next thousand years, staring into a distant vision of his unfolding plan. Above his head swarmed his Legions, not in bodies as they appear when summoned, but as a spiraling, living smoke circling their Master.

Within seconds, I was ejected from His presence, back into my body. Catching my breath as if I had not inhaled once while I was gone, I rubbed my arms, noticing new scrapes I had gotten when my body had slumped to the concrete ground.

I focused my vision on the third gateway. As the lines flashed and the images faded and reappeared in three glowing

dimensions, the wall upon which the seal was drawn decomposed, the molecules spreading farther apart, the spaces between the electrons and the nucleus of every atom widening. A doorway appeared, and I stepped through it.

A desert awaited me on the other side of the gateway, the cracked and barren black earth holding a sea of demons, vicious and fanged and desperate to attack, to pour through the gateway to *my* side of it, to this earth and this realm, to file through that open doorway.

A blue glow caught my attention to my left, and when I looked down I saw on the ground beside me the seal of the first gateway, which was also inscribed next to Azazel's throne. I could sense that the seal of the Pact would not only protect me from the hideous army, but could also allow me to command those terrifying legions.

The shining doorway closed as I returned again to my body.

I looked upon the fourth gateway drawn on the concrete wall, gazing into it, beyond the lines, beyond the concrete, and that doorway opened. Stepping through the door led me to an ancient temple, the high, stone walls dripping with some sort of phosphorescent moisture, the condensation oozing through the astral mortar. The sound of drawn-out chanting surrounded me, single syllables not separated by the need for the cantor to catch his breath between them. As I moved through the empty, stone hallway, the volume of the sound did not fade nor did it increase, as if the walls themselves were singing the endless mantra.

My steps led me to an open chamber where cloaked figures moved slowly about, carrying small, metal boxes and shimmering orbs, none of them speaking to one another but seeming to be working cooperatively on some task.

I recognized one of the figures as Ant'harratu, and in the moment of this recognition, his stare turned to me.

I opened my eyes, back in my body, without ever having willed myself to return.

The final gateway opened as I gazed into it. Rather than being greeted by specters or forms or any sort of structure, I found myself in an anomalous haze of colored smoke moving around me, not drifting freely but pushing itself to and fro, a thousand whispers carried between the passing of the plumes of smoke.

When I returned for the last time to my body, I was not alone. A demon was there waiting for me. I could sense him, but could not see him, as I had performed no evocation, I had lit no incense smoke to bring him into form. Nevertheless, something had followed me back through one of the gateways.

I knelt within the seal of the Pact, retrieved my censor from my bag and lit one of the round coals, watching the salt peter within it spark and the black surface of the coal turn to a glowing red. Setting a shard of copal resin on the hot coal, the area instantly filled with sweet smoke. Before the haunting demon could materialize in it at my command and the push of my will, however, I saw that it was Ant'harratu.

Pressure built around my ears, a unique sort of pressure that I have only experienced when a voice from the other side penetrates into this world. I focused my mind to make out the words.

“You have become obsessed with escaping this world, escaping your body, flying away from it instead of embracing the flesh,” the demon taunted. “When this world is miserable, when you see the misery around

you, rather than acting as a God would act, rather than commanding the tempest to cease, you instead flee. This is the final incarnation, the world into which you have forced yourself, yet rather than fulfilling your purpose here – which is to become a god in this, the only realm where that is possible – you instead struggle to leave this world and disappear into that infinite nothingness, the omnipresent quandary from which you descended. This world, this life of yours, is the next phase of your existence. Eternity is not a cycle, but is an ever-constant expansion of the self. Now that you have achieved both the realization of your infinitude, and the singularity-state of the physical body, you can begin to expand from that singularity.”

From there, the demon’s words blurred as a growing transfiguration gripped me. Rather than having a conversation on this plane between two beings, a merger between minds occurred. In the same moment as Ant’harratu had traveled here, I found myself also with him in that forsaken temple beyond this world, in the Infernal Empire. I found myself at the Crossroads between the worlds, and words became impotent to convey meaning. Instead, I received information, the extent of which has taken me quite some time to sort through and to make any logical sense of.

I saw that the essence which is so often called the human “soul” has not migrated to these physical bodies by some quantum energetic displacement, but through a great deal of active force. The omnipotent and limitless power and intelligence that dwells within us has pushed its way into these bodies - has infused itself within our cells and our genes.

While I have thought all along that we are human beings struggling to become Gods, in actuality we are Gods

who have struggled to become human beings. The work that lies before us, now, is to take dominion over this realm, to make perfect and limitless even this most course and barren physical state.

“Why have you given me these gateways, then, if I am not to travel through them?” I asked my otherworldly guide.

“Have you not considered that perhaps there is a work at hand which transcends you and your desire to see into the Mysteries? Have you considered that perhaps it is the work of the Mysteries to understand you? Because you desire so strongly to travel into Our world, it is difficult for you to understand how fierce our desire is to travel into Yours. The mystery does not lie inwards, in that from which all things came, but instead the mystery lies outwards, in that which has become.”

I opened the gateways once again, and my intention alone reversed the flow of the energy through it. Rather than being pulled into the gateway, the immense power of the demonic realm was pulled towards me, that forsaken room becoming the vortex of a raging astral storm.

All that I had seen when I had traveled through the gateways into the other worlds came then pouring through the vortexes as I opened them. Demonic armies filled city blocks, even architectural structures materializing around me in as solid a form as any astral object could.

The gloried Empire, on earth as it is in Hell.

Chapter Five:

The Keys of Constraint

Evocation is the grand key to godhood. It is an Operation which serves as an outline for the creation and destruction of all things, an infinite universe expanded from one finite point.

Azazel had made it clear to me that he, as an entity that can be summoned and which brings with him a very specific sort of power and knowledge, is not in any objective way “real.” Such statements issued by that fiend have always been followed by making clear that neither am I real, other than through my own observation of myself.

“Reality,” then, as defined by this creature, is determined only by the observation or observability of the thing. In the moment of observation, that which is observed enters into known reality.

Schrödinger’s cat may be both alive and dead to the observer before he opens the box, but to someone unaware of the experiment, the cat does not exist at all until the box is opened. In that moment, the cat is evoked into being, both retroactively, for the time it may have been in the box, unknown, and for the future in the memory of the “Evocator.”

Through evocation that which is in no quantifiable way real, but instead resides wholly in the realm of the imagination, can be brought forth into materialization before the five senses, and can produce results in the physical world which are quite quantifiable.

Evocation is the antitransmigrational format. And the journey towards godhood begins in earnest through evoking the legions of the Infernal realm. No other spirit, angel, elemental, or intelligence can tear down the walls of singular consciousness and allow the Evocator to peer into his own limitless potential as aptly as the demonic.

Simply possessing the sigils, names, and attributes of the demons are not quite enough to be able to call on them; neither is any limerick infused with references to Satan, Darkness, or other night-time mental memorabilia.

The power of evocation is an invisible power, which is able to produce visible and quite tangible results. The candles and conjurations are all methods of stimulating the internal power source into unlimited generation, and of stimulating the immediate environment, setting aflame the inert spiritual molecules in the room in order to house the fiend that will certainly rise.

The elementary principles of evocation¹ stand, and are to be applied here, to the Infernal Realm, to the demons that will be summoned.

PREPARATORY IMMERSION

The subjective synthesis, which is the integration or full insertion of the individual into the system and paradigm in which he will operate, is essential to his ability to summon

forth an unreal entity from the depths of universal imagination into objective and observable reality.

In modern times, with worldwide information as accessible as mouse clicks and button presses, such a preparatory immersion into the realm of the spirit is most often and most easily conducted through intellectual identification with the system, through a sort of mental immersion, prolonged as to blur the barrier between the real and the imagined.

If the intellect can be bypassed altogether by carving a direct route into the imagination, an undisturbed path beyond ordinary observation will allow the Operator to descend, without limitation, into a world where mystery and miracle are made manifest.

An exponentially self-multiplying process begins, as my own process began with Azazel: an initial evocation of the demon momentarily solidifies its reality in your observation; subsequent evocations of that same demon further substantiate its place in this altered reality, causing the observed reality to be superimposed upon the previously accepted reality; and finally, through a sort of immersion that can only be described as fanatical, the self-created, superimposed reality becomes the dominant observation – the demon summoned forth from universal imagination becomes a more solid observation than the physical world in which the operator exists daily.

The Pact cannot be made with any degree of seriousness until this final stage of disidentification with impossibilities is reached. Once such a fanatical stage is reached, however, the Pact is the only possible option.

No greater immersion into the world of impossibility exists.

THE USE OR DEVELOPMENT OF A WORKING SYSTEM

Somewhere along mankind's spiritual evolution, we discovered specific, syntactical methods by which invisible or even imaginary forces can play upon this three dimensional realm, to often alarming degrees. A two-way bridge was then drawn between the "spiritual" and the "physical," or otherwise between the imaginative and the real, allowing that which is physical to pass into the spiritual, and that which is spiritual to affect the physical.

As we near the fast approaching next evolutionary jump, the boundaries between the two are dissolving. Indeed, within short time, we will see that there is no difference between the imagined and the real, or the spiritual and the physical. The closer in time that we draw towards this singularity, the less mysterious any of it seems. The spiritual systems which have guided our evolution thus far do indeed *work*, they do indeed produce results if followed properly and with proper intent. This is no longer a mystery. The mystery that remains, however, is *why* it works at all. Could we not simply imagine that whatever nonsense we concoct would possess the same power as the kabala or tantra or prayer, and because we are operating in a realm of the imaginative anyways, such nonsense would be as efficacious as any of these other, established systems of nonphysical operation?

We are all born into not only bodies of flesh and a world of substance, but also into a medium of shared memory and observation. We are all quite telepathic, although our telepathy operates very covertly, as to not disturb our consciously operating minds too much. The environment possesses far too much information to sort through consciously while still functioning as an objective organism, and so as soon

as our brains begin to receive and transmit data, they synchronize their discriminatory processes to the collective mind, learning what observations are commonly discarded and which are commonly accepted and acted upon.

As the brain and body develop, these discriminations are in effect hardwired into the hardware. A sort of psychic entanglement has taken place, where the system no longer needs to search for acceptable rejection or acceptance points for information, but the order of operations runs automatically.

The crack in the veneer of common observation, the entry point for the Spiritual Traveler, is in the very social paradigm which seems to obfuscate real spiritual development. In the western culture, it is not acceptable to consider that by merely bringing into full observation an altered course of events, past or future, that observable reality will realign with that observation. It *is* acceptable, however, for a person to recognize that intense and faithful prayer can cause illness to dissipate, or can bring opportunities that may otherwise be out of reach. In certain western subcultures, it is accepted that through ritual, often of the hermetic sort, life's circumstances can be altered in sometimes amazing ways.

In places like Haiti and the Congo, a black priest can point his finger at a victim, pronounce a single syllable, and the victim will fall to his death instantly. Or by touching a certain stone that has been enchanted, a grapefruit-sized tumor can develop within hours. This is accepted as very real in these places, and indeed such practices and their results are quite well known, while in the United States such claims are barely graced with a scoff.

What is of real interest, however, is not only that the efficacy of such nonphysical interactions is accepted or not, but that the whole potency of the action is greatly diminished outside of the regions in which they are accepted. Despite the

claims of most researchers into this phenomenon, this has very little to do with psychological self-sabotage by natives of those regions, but is instead reliant on the natural and intrinsic immersion of the individual into a very specific imaginative or consciousness subset.

In the middle part of the last century, it was popular for those seeking spiritual enlightenment to travel to India and seek out a guru there who could teach them. Even though the Vedic knowledge is accessible in the west, and even though many Hindu gurus have relocated to the United States, it was understood that real enlightenment in that system could not occur unless the seeker immersed himself fully in Hindu life. Similarly, it is understood that in order to be initiated into Haitian Vodoun, one needs to travel to Haiti, spend a certain amount of time on the island, and be initiated into the religion there. Such pilgrimages are common in a variety of religious and mystical paths, and signify more than simple devotion and sacrifice to the religion, but involve a process of immersion into the system, and surrounding oneself with the devotees of the religion. This allows for a resynchronization with a new collective observation.

What this all comes to is that, because of the limitations imposed by yourself on yourself, in order to penetrate into the Mystery, a reliance on that which is established in your own culture as effective is required. Alternatively, the adoption of another culture and system is also effective.

Eventually, you can indeed simply alter your observation of anything whatsoever, and thereby cause a dramatic shift in reality, without any prolonged ritual or observation or formality of any sort. At such a point, you may then imprint the imaginative medium with any idea that you desire, and such an imprint will glisten with all of the power of the ancient spiritual secrets. There is a ladder that must be

climbed out of the collective observation and into true liberation, however.

Attainment of Omnipotence

Humans are multidimensional entities, existing in twenty-four dimensional hyperspace, yet normally only experiencing four of these dimensions on a conscious level, those of height, depth, width, and time. The fifth dimension of Consciousness is experienced at a less conscious level, until deeper mystical states are achieved in which the consciousness of all things is realized, consciously.

During sleep, meditation, ritual, and prayer, as many as eight dimensions may be experienced at one time. In the most ecstatic states of Soul Travel, when ego identity is dissolved and form and formless unite, twelve dimensions can be briefly experienced. In such a state, however, relative time is elongated, causing mere milliseconds to be experienced as minutes, hours, or even days.

In order to evoke an entity into four-dimensional materialization, simple four-dimensional models of action and interaction are not sufficient. The Evocator is not summoning an entity from another realm as much as he or she is summoning existence as a whole to alter entirely enough to allow such an impossibility to become present. It is his task, then, to create a new world, a world wherein gods and spirits commune with mortals, and then to replace the former world with the one of his creation.

The issue of “attaining omnipotence” is less of actively working towards such a state, but instead is a relinquishing of the four-dimensional consciousness to the rapture of the ritual. As the theta-gamma sync is triggered and the worlds begin to

collide, a peculiar sort of mental fugue and exhaustion sets in. From my work on the subject of evocation, Evoking Eternity:

“It is also at this point in the ritual of evocation that lightheadedness, physical exhaustion, and general weariness will begin to manifest. At first, the Evocator will fear that he does not possess the natural stamina to complete the ritual, or will be hounded by the anxiety that in such a state he will not be able to wrestle with the spirit for control... The state of weakness can be more appropriately called a state of rapture. The body is being transfigured, prepared by a power that is beyond the flesh to see and hear that which is also beyond the flesh. The mild exhaustion which you feel at this point early on in the ritual will increase as the ritual progresses and as the spirit moves closer to materialization within the Triangle. Do not fight it, as in doing so you will be fighting the very thing which will lift you from your dying state into one of Godly power, but instead give into the exhaustion. Allow it to overwhelm you. As the ritual moves forward and the rapture grows more fervent, you may begin to feel as if you are near complete conscious collapse and will faint at any moment. You must walk the line between the blackness of unconsciousness and the willed command over your own body, giving up your will to do anything at all but to remain alert. If your knees are locked, unlock them and loosen your stance. Control your breath, focus your mind, and continue the ritual.”²

SUBSTANTIAL CONTACT

A large part of the modern evocation ritual attempts to fulfill this single elementary principle of gaining and maintaining substantial contact with the spirit to be materialized. Some occultists will meditate upon the sigil of the spirit to be called and will recite incantations to bring it forth.

Some Operators spend hours concocting various oils and incenses specific to the astrological attributions of the spirit. The practice of dressing wholly in the planetary colors of the spirit for days preceding the ritual is common, as are daily devotions to the spirit, sphere, or godform associated with the spirit. Despite the most fervent assertions that these practices in their own right bring the spirit into materialization, in actuality they only serve to create a substantial psychic contact between the Evocator and the evoked.

The assertion made by Azazel and even more by Ant'harratu is that, in the very act of reading this text, of becoming aware of the evil spirits whose names are given in this text, and in the unveiling to your mind the secrets of the Infernal Empire, its invisible hosts move nearer to you, the reader, the Seeker, and indeed these demons begin to make substantial contact with you. Their materialization in your ritual chamber and in your life is almost guaranteed, as you will sense their presence and will soon be able to scan the following pages and call their names and they will rise in forms and bodies which you can behold.

Sigils for the demons will be given in following chapters, which can be used to establish the vital link to the demon, along with its name. The Summoning Rite given later

in this text, when performed, will provide the necessary substantial contact to facilitate the full materialization of the demon.

INCANTATION

Certain sounds that can only be made with the human vocal apparatus seem to put into motion immediate and substantial shifts in the environment, in the being of the Operator, and in existence as a whole. Unfortunately for adherents to the system of the traditional grimoires in which the conjurations used to summon a spirit exhaust up to a half an hour, such transformative and transfigurative orations most often consist of only one or a few syllables, the intonation and repetition of which alter the whole of existence in accordance with the inherent intent of the mantra.

The License to Appear, the constraints, the bindings and the commands that are given to the spirit once it stands before you are primarily for the benefit of getting straight in your own mind that which you wish to achieve through such an Operation. The spirit that you have materialized into this reality does not speak English, or any other language, but ideas seem to muddle and mesh in the mind until they are spoken aloud or committed to writing.

Even such a simple command as “Rise before me, foul fiend of the inferno,” clarifies the otherwise ephemeral desire for the spirit to materialize.

Rather than going on for thirty minutes in a memorized conjuration - or worse yet, reading one aloud from a book, pocket-sized flashlight in hand – I recommend utilizing the demonic tongue given in this text, which consists of only a few interesting and alienic words. Along with this, the Operator

would do well to write *a single sentence* declaring that the spirit rise, the whole of which is to be repeated again and again, as the mind falls through rings of reality, the chant circling back on itself like the Ouroboros serpent, the frenzy and fanatic recitation driving the consciousness deeper than the flesh and the soil, into the crossroads between the worlds where Evocator and evoked may meet.

COMMUNICATION

If my concern here was for an impressive page-count, this single principle could fulfill that need, with thousands of exercises and hundreds of pages to guide the reader towards the full awakening of his or her spiritual faculties. Perhaps unfortunately, my goal instead is to deliver information in its purest form.

The whole Operation of evocation, and all of the necessary force and power exercised to facilitate the materialization of the spirit ought naturally to set the Evocator upon those Crossroads, in the gap between the physical and the spiritual, between the world that was and the world that is being created, wherein the Operator will witness the demon rising from the smoke of the incense or the steam of fresh blood, or from the vital effluvia of the earth and its microscopic inhabitants.

If you have sufficiently given yourself over to the Operation, if you have abandoned all reason and have dived madly into the depths of limitless possibility, the need to *try* to behold the demon will become abrogate.

The form that the demon takes on when it rises is exactly that: a form that it takes on. We would be naïve to imagine that in reality an entity existing beyond the physical

world and before the formation of the universes would possess legs and arms and a face much like ours, would stand upright, and would naturally communicate vocally, and in English nonetheless!

The body that the demon materializes is the body that we have materialized for it, that we have imposed upon it, based not on our expectations or any sort of conscious desire, but on a more atavistic, pantheonic remembrance.

Whether Jung's archetypes and the underlying collective unconsciousness is to credit for these exact forms, or if there is some even more subtle transfer of information that is being engaged in, is really just semantics.

The demon is given form by the ritual of evocation, and such a form is dictated by processes running as an undercurrent in the human consciousness.

Although the word "communication" almost instantly makes us think of the more conscious and active type of communication that we mortals use to convey ideas to one another involving sounds that we make with our mouths, all of the senses are in fact involved in the process of communication. Wearing certain colors and clothing patterns, splashing cologne on our pulses, preparing certain foods and drinks, using appropriate and possibly suggestive physical touch, and adjusting the tone, tempo, and context of our words while on a date with the opposite sex is a very conscious attempt to communicate some very specific pieces of information about ourselves, all without saying, "I am a suitable sexual partner."

Azazel materializing before me as an ebon satyr with taught muscles communicated a great deal to me about him, and about his purpose on my path. Just as the woman across the table from me will smell the savory cologne, appreciate my

stylish apparel and my personal grooming, will gasp at the dish that I've prepared for her, and will feel at ease with the tone of my voice, not often does the thought enter her mind with any conscious clarity, "He would be a suitable sexual partner!" The communication is taking place at a much more subtle level, into which language is inept to penetrate.

Alas, we mere mortals do often need the obvious spelled out for us, and so eventually the demon will speak, answering our demands or imparting their guidance through words. These words will initially enter the mind as in a sort of telepathic, near-instantaneous response. Although the "voice in our heads" will sound quite different from our usual internal monologue, and the words and their syntax will differ sometimes dramatically from our own, the primary impulse is to disregard the spirit's speech as an imaginative phenomenon, and press the demon again to answer us.

All of this is imaginative. We are using the imagination to bring into this four-dimensional reality an entity which, by all measurement, existed previously *only* within the imagination. Like the whole matter of evocation, though, the demon, its form, its voice, and its power is impotent and useless when trapped inside of the imagination, and so it must be released. A body must be created from virtual nothingness before us, and a voice must be made to echo independent of our expectations and internal imagination. That which was fantasy *must* be born into reality.

The demon does not rise in a beholdable body by the force of our wondering when it will rise, but instead a rift in assumed reality is made when, through the various stages of the Operation itself, the materialization becomes an inevitability. Likewise, the demon's voice will not boom in our ears by dismissing the telepathic communications. Instead, by accepting the automatic oral projections into our conscious

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minds, the ears will soon ache and seek to shut out the thunderous voices of the dissonant choirs of the demonic denizens.

Only by giving yourself over to the Operation and to the Rapture completely will you attain Mastery over it.

ISSUING A TASK

Evocation of any spirit into physical materialization is indeed the template of pure creation of something out of nothing. You must already be God to be able to perform such a task. Do not, therefore, attempt to approach the matter as a sniveling adolescent wondering, “Will it work?” Failure with a thousand faces will assail you.

I am not concerned that you use your power wisely, or that you use your power for the good of this ideology or that presumption. I do insist, however, *that you do use your power*. Rend the veil between the worlds and build empires upon the earth, for money, sex, love, family, country, pride, altruism, or any other reason... but *do* have a reason.

Evocation is the template of creation, and if you evoke with the intention of nothing, then indeed nothing is what you will create.

DISMISSAL

All the while, throughout the preparation for the ritual of evocation and during it, you have not only been in the process of defining and creating the form and manifestation of the demon, but you have also been defining and creating a new reality, a new world more suitable to your specific needs.

With a mighty exhalation, like Brahma let that new world flow out from you.

“Go now, and bring to pass that which I have commanded,” is your declaration of the creation of your new world. With that single statement, let the demon go out into the void to lift up the firmament of your world, and likewise let your desires, your thoughts, and your attachments to your creation go. In the moment that the shockwave of desire leaves you, that which you have previously desired will be delivered.

PSYCHOLOGICAL RETRACTION

Many occult systems would call this principle “grounding.” Immediately after giving the final command to depart, blow out the candles, smother the incense, and make yourself a sandwich. Do something that will remove your thoughts from the ritual, from the crossroads between the worlds, and will place you again in mundane “reality,” allowing the collective observation of reality to merge with the new reality that you have just created, *without the interference of your continued thoughts, emotions and attachments to it!*

Chapter Six: The Grimoire of Legions

Azazel commands two hundred legions of spirits. To provide a comparison, the Goetia lists the demonic King Beleth as commanding eighty-five legions, Asmoday commanding seventy-two legions, and the mighty King Belial commanding eighty legions. Paimon is the only Demonic King who commands legions in the hundreds; he also is in command of two-hundred legions of infernal spirits.¹

Ancient philosophers assumed that all matter was composed of the five elements of fire, water, earth, air, and spirit, only to be later broken down into an elementary table of one hundred and seventeen elements, a number that rises with new discoveries of even more minute or rare, or even synthetic elements. Likewise, the grimoires detail demons such as Beleth, Belial, and Azazel as legionnaires in the Infernal Empire, detailing their attributes and powers, yet do not inspect more closely those who serve such Kings, as their powers produce the miraculous and their attributes are as unique as their superiors.

Considering the “inferior hierarchy” beneath a demon, the imagery of imps and sylphs bounding around the throne of the Demonic Master far from prompts the Operator to put his trust in these lesser creatures. Why not go to the Dark Lords themselves?

Often, when a demon, or any spiritual entity for that matter, is evoked and issued a task, the Summoned will leave a number of its familiars with the Operator, or the target of the ritual, to work day and night on its success. The Summoned simply relays the information to the descending hierarchy, and returns to the abyss until called once more.

What is interesting about the legions under Azazel, however, and what sets them apart from the aforementioned imps under the command of most grimoired demons, is that those who Azazel commands are not demonic at all, at least not in the traditional sense of the word. Azazel is a unique sort of entity, a free agent roaming the Infernal Empire, a devil of the wilderness. The legions beneath him obey only him, and possess the same silent insubordination to the plans of gods or hopeful tyrants. His legions are filled with demons far more impressive than Fates, Familiars, Nightmares, Black Angels, Watchers, Succubae, and Incubi.

Azazel commands two-hundred legions.

Each of my legions is commanded by a Nether. You can call this a Dark Lord or a Demon Lord. They are more powerful than most any other demon you will ever encounter.

Beneath the Nethers are nine Dukes, each with an army of 2,000.

Knowing that these figures do not equate with the traditional definition of a “legion,” I prompted the Demon further.

The term “legion” was used because the prophets who saw our numbers could in no other way describe them. If we assumed physical form, and if we all stood up at once, we would blacken your sun with our numbers on this earth

You will command as many.

Azazel revealed more concerning his legions, lifting me out of the Circle of Demonic Pacts and into the Infernal Empire, where I could see his armies gathered, lying in wait and standing at the gates, ready to pour into this world.

Once I had done the math and had checked it thrice, arriving at the conclusion that Azazel alone commands 3,600,000 demons, I sat in my office with books littering the floor, trying to make sense of the remainder of Azazel’s dictation.

Azazel’s legions are divided into three groups, categorized by their general functions. Most occult disciplines would call these three groups, “families.” I have preferred to refer to them as Houses.

Azazel’s First House is called *Anatel*. These are demonic warlords, those who go out into the world and cause change. These are the footsoldiers, the movers and shakers of the Infernal Empire.

Azazel’s Second House is called *Retztael*. These are the priests within the legions, the demonic sorcerers, those who

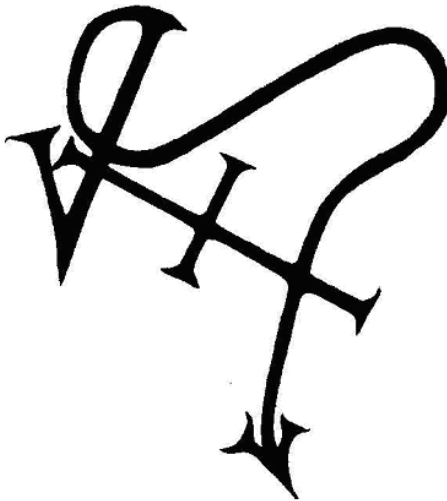
rain the miraculous down from the heavens and up from the cracks of the abyss.

Azazel's Third House is called *Malkash*. These are the informers, the gatherers and deliverers of information. They are Azazel's spies, the eyes in the shadows and the ears in the walls.

Each Legion is composed of demons from each House, although there is no exact ratio. In my interactions, my evocations, my work with Azazel's legions, there are fewer Retztael demons than the other two Houses, but that those few are powerful beyond measure.

Given below are the names, attributes, and signs of a comparatively small number of Azazel's emissaries. These are they who have assisted me in this work, and in my own Work in my own Becoming.

THE HOUSE OF ANATEL

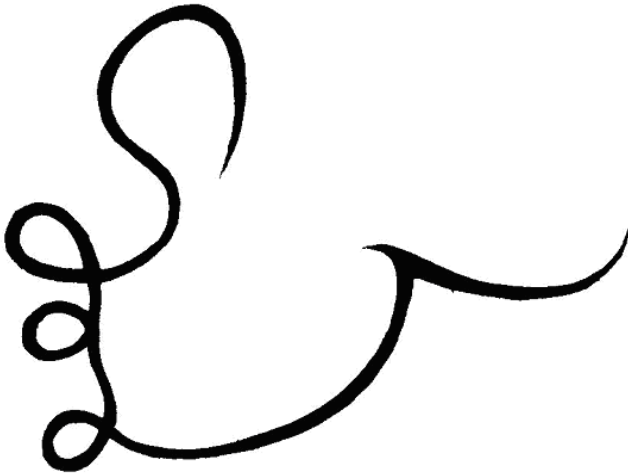


For'tash materializes as a strong man laden with iron armor. He seems to stand at least seven feet tall. Upon his head sits a Corinthian helmet, hiding his entire face under the tarnished metal.

In my evocations of Azazel and his legions, instead of setting out a Triangle of Manifestation, I would simply lay out the Circle of Demonic Pacts, facing towards the north, where my brazier fumed with incense that soon filled the room. The spirits would materialize wherever they chose, and For'tash always chose to appear on my right, in the east.

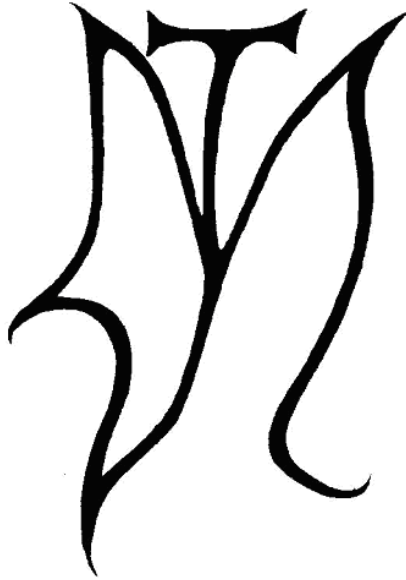
For'tash has the power to overthrow your enemies, formed or unformed. He removes obstacles from your life, and even more remarkably, from yourself. All that is needed, while he stands beside you, is to name your obstacles in writing, vivifying the words with the recognition of their impediment on your path, and with your intention to have them explanted. Once the words are written, meditate upon them, and envision your life without them. For'tash will feed your mind with a clear vision of this, and will aide in magnifying this imagination until it is brought to life and within your own self, the obstacle no longer exists. Finally, burn the paper with the obstacles written thereon, and, naming your obstacles aloud, ask that For'tash remove them from your path.

Such will be made manifest in short time.



Salas'ash is able to bring money to you rather quickly. The greatest shortfall is that he is not able to generate continual success in any endeavor, or in general, but is able to deliver a single sum of money within hours, or at longest within days.

I have seen that it is important when working with Salas'ash that you not demand any particular amount of money. Simply release your desire for financial gain to him, and he will deliver all that is needed.



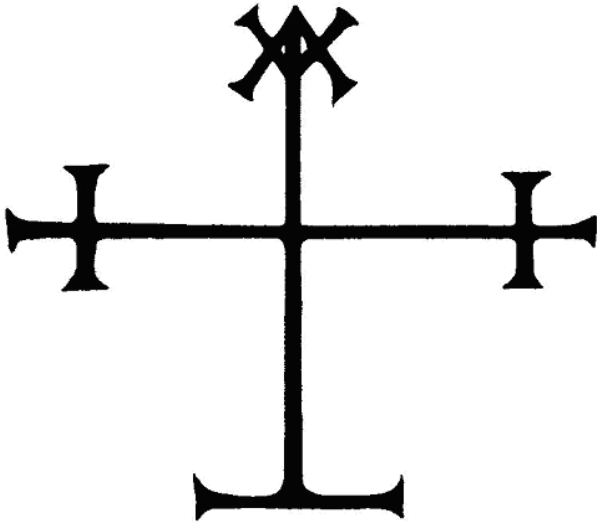
Lord Kiltan is a Duke, commanding two thousand demons beneath him, all of which will surround the person of the Operator's choosing and will implant any idea, thought, or emotion into that person's being.

The method by which this is done is through a type of conveyed telepathy. Once you have summoned him, write on the ground, either in the dirt beneath you or in sprinkled flour on the floor the name of the person that you wish to influence. Bring into your mind or your emotions that which you wish to implant, and focus on it strongly, as if it were your own natural thought or feeling. As you do this, such will be gathered and siphoned from you by Kiltan, who will then transfer such to his demons, who have already surrounded your target. Continue to hold the visualization and the identification as long as you are able, allowing Kiltan to take all of this from you. Once you can no longer hold the concentration, His demons will continue to feed this into your target indefinitely.



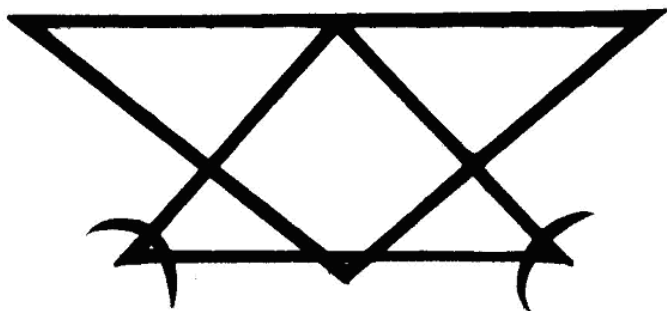
The demon Glas'yos shows himself as a small figure whose every feature is obfuscated by the immense radiance of light emanating from him, shining in all directions, chasing away shadows of confusion.

While in its simplest manifestation, this demon's power can be used to bring clarity to a situation, when pushed further, Glas'yos is able to alleviate depression, paranoia, anxiety, and many other psychological impediments, as well as to bring calamitous situations to a peaceful resolution.



Hent'yos possesses the ability to raise the spiritual “vibrational rate” of anything whatsoever. Such vibrational acceleration can heal a variety of diseases, and can cure depression and other psychological and emotional disorders. If pushed to an even further extreme, however, Hent'yos' power can cause a heightened vibration at a molecular level, which can cause the piece of matter in question to shatter.

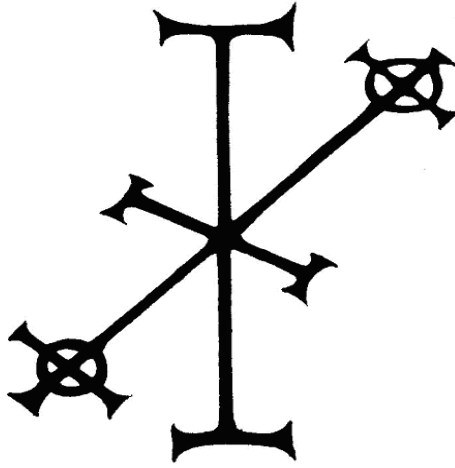
One application of the incredible abilities that Hent'yos possesses is in accelerating the natural evolution of the target. When applied to objects and lifeforms, this will have little effect, as the evolutionary span is so incredibly vast that even a dramatic increase would not be apparent. When applied to situations and obstacles, however, you will see problems resolving themselves faster and more smoothly than expected.



Abryaiyan appears as an old, diminutive, white man. He speaks slowly, but if you call him, be sure to pay attention to every word. Of all the demons in the House of Anatel, Abryaiyan seems to be the most knowledgeable.

Abryaiyan is the Initiator into the Secret Sciences. Once evoked, his very presence will set into motion subtle and even mundane forces, resulting in your gradual understanding of the nature of spirituality, and of existence as a whole. Once this process has begun, however, it cannot be halted.

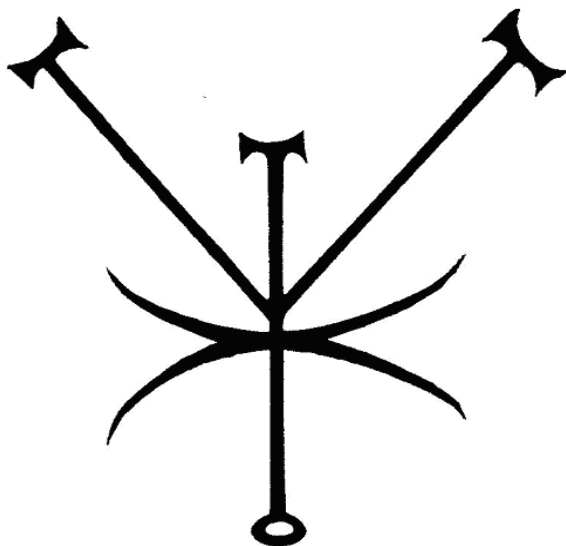
If you desire knowledge or understanding that is more specific and less imposing than that offered by Abryaiyan, simply write your query on a piece of paper, and trace Abryaiyan's sigil over the words. Do not call him into full materialization, but charge and open that sigil and be prepared with pen and paper to copy the flood of information that will descend to you.



Sa'ahtlar appears as a finely-dressed gentleman. One aspect of his appearance that I found particularly startling was that his clothing, his hairstyle, his trimmed mustache, and his speech is reflective of the style associated with the early 1900's United States upper class. This is a stark variance with the manifestation of spirits usually in centuries-old fashion.

I've not been able to discern why he appears in this manner, but have noticed that when he is issued his task, his form shifts from the above described gentleman into a reptilian creature definitely not human, but more like a sort of dragon or giant winged serpent.

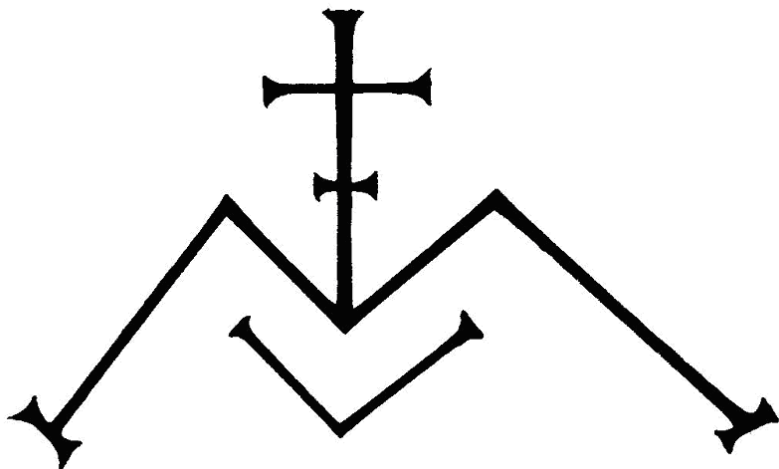
Sa'ahtlar possesses the power to weaken your enemies so that they can no longer work against you in any manner. He is able to disperse entire armies in confusion and inability. I have also found that the demon's power is not relegated to human or spirit aggressors alone, but can equally be applied to unformed or circumstantial obstacles.



Grah'aht'talion is a powerful demon having dominion over the thoughts, emotions, and behaviors of humans.

He appears as an emaciated, naked man whose skin is grayed and ashen, as a corpse. Despite his undress, when I have summoned him I have found it difficult to pay attention to his sagging skin with ribs and bones threatening to push out of it, as his eyes emit a sort of black light, a mesmerizing glow.

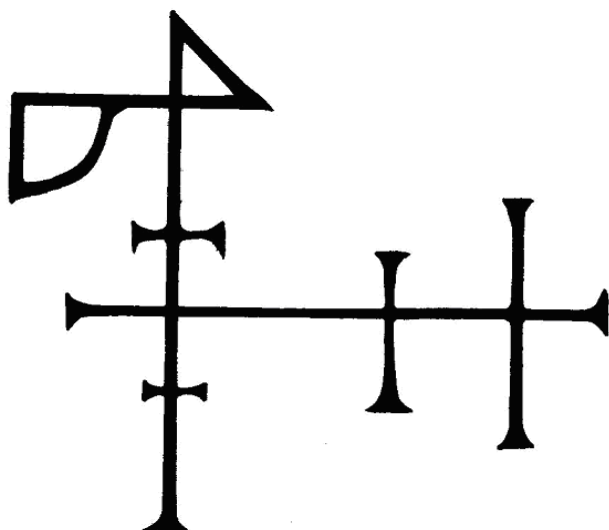
Normally, I would advise that you look away from such hypnotic eyes, but with Grah'aht'talion, allowing yourself to become lost in his gaze will transport your mind into the Infernal Empire directly, and into the region of It that is controlled by him, which is a gloomy, dead, and cobwebbed forest, wherein your communion with this demon will reach a new depth, and he will be able to teach you his secrets more intimately.



Suhn'tal'ock is one of Azazel's strongest leaders, as he possesses not only the knowledge but also the power and the resources to raise an entire empire out of nothing, and to increase it exponentially and limitlessly.

It is said that Suhn'tal'ock existed long before the Infernal Empire, while many of the legions were brought into existence after the Empire had flourished, and that it was through his abilities alone, combined with Azazel's grand vision, that brought the fullness of the Infernal Empire into existence.

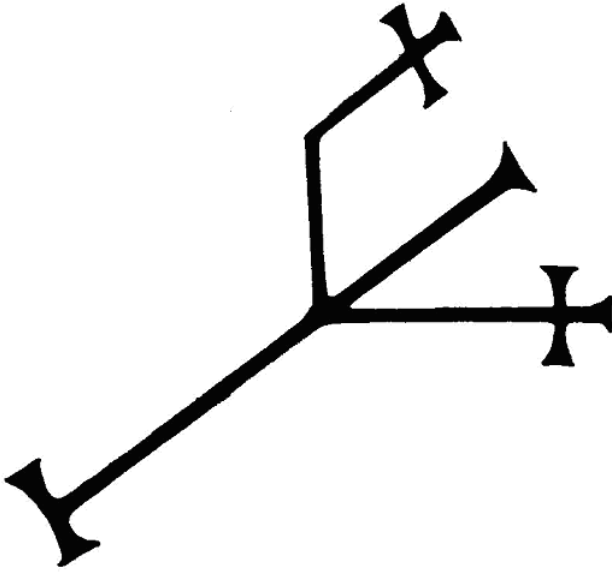
Suhn'tal'ock can do the same for the Evocator, taking the raw visions of the Summoner and bringing them to life in the world. Once the process of building your own Empire in the world has begun, repetitive evocations of Suhn'tal'ock will help you expand your Empire in every conceivable manner.



Kru'vest is a demon of protection, appearing in golden armor from crown to foot. In the several evocations I have performed in order to call Kru'vest, I have yet to hear him speak. In the instant of his manifestation, however, it has been clear that I am untouchable, until the moment that he departs.

While I have experienced amazing degrees of protection from Kru'vest, against physical assault, accidental injury, and even financial loss, I have been told by Ant'harratu that Kru'vest is capable of even protecting the Summoned against death.

For some reason, it seems that Kru'vest's power endures only a short time, and so he must not be called until the dangerous moment is at hand, lest his protection fade before it is needed.



Dra'talon appears as a spirit cloaked in shadows, only his ocean-blue eyes piercing the black fog that surrounds him. I have also noticed a marked drop in the perceived ambient temperature upon his materialization.

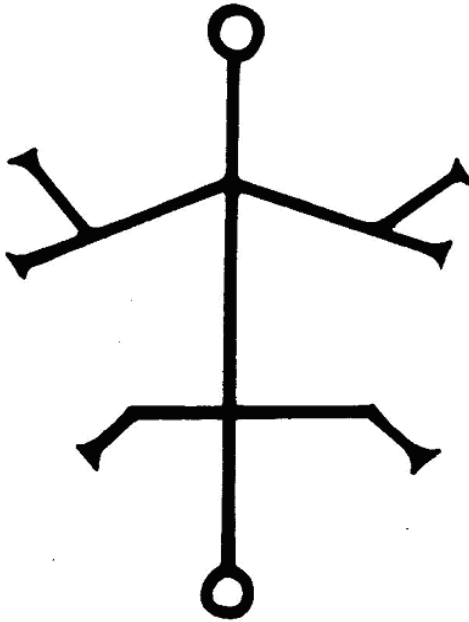
Dra'talon acts as a demonic assassin. Once he is directed towards an enemy, he will attack that victim day and night, plaguing him or her with anxiety, depression, mania, and even hallucinations, which culminate in complete madness, preceding a violent and unavoidable death.

This demon is not to be evoked for any other reason than to torture and kill an enemy, as once he is set on his victim, he cannot be recalled.



Ahl'far'dahn is able to bring you food, water, and provide you shelter in the most dire circumstances.

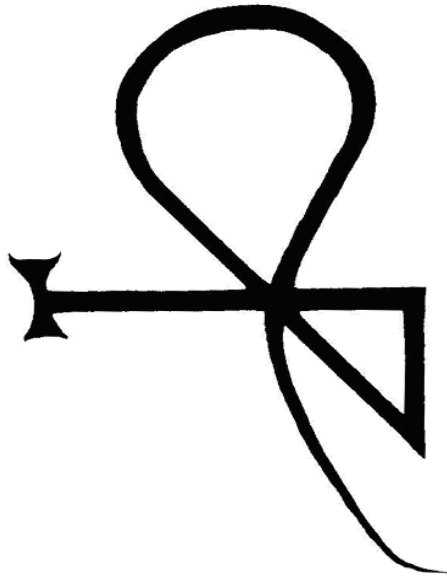
The modern application that I've found for Ahl'far'dahn's power is the ability to bring the necessities of life to you, supplying the very basics of life in emergency situations. He works faster than most spirits and demons centered around wealth, but he can only bring exactly what is absolutely needed, rather than that which is desired.



Hass'cotor can harness the power of animals, bringing you guides and protectors in the form of animals familiars, either physical or astral.

Hass'cotor can also teach you how to communicate with animals as higher intuitive beings, and thereby learn how to better access your own intuitive nature.

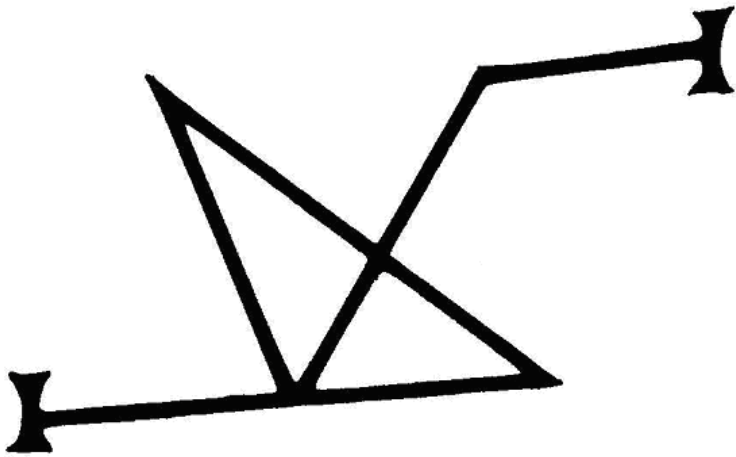
THE HOUSE OF RETZTAEL



Eriesh'taetohl appears in the north as a figure covered in an azure cloak. He holds a tall, silver scepter topped with a quartz globe in his right hand. When he speaks, his words seem not to come from his mouth or from his person at all, but instead emanate from the scepter's orb.

Eriesh'taetohl possesses the secrets of immortality. Summoning him, you may learn the truth about reincarnation, the pre-human existence of the Soul, and the spiritual destiny of human consciousness beyond the physical plane.

This demonic Nether can instruct you in methods of manipulation of your spiritual bodies which will allow not only for a consciously controlled reentrance into a physical body, but also for the dissolution and rematerialization of form over distances.



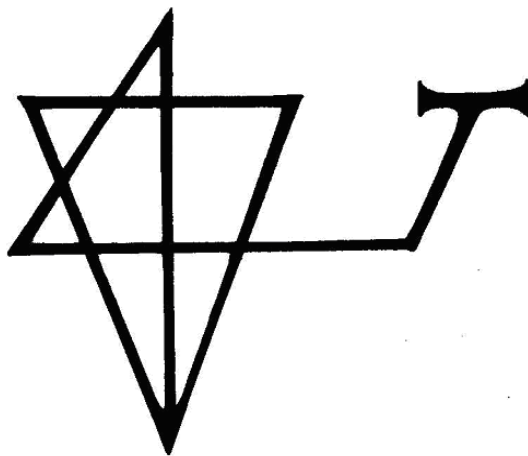
Ant'harratu materializes first as a vapor or a thin smoke filling the northwestern part of the Temple. After spiraling about for several moments as if surveying the Temple for danger or trickery, his form materializes as a figure cloaked and hooded in black. Often, the Gateway of Pacts is emblazoned on the chest of his robe, or on the part of his hood covering his forehead, not embroidered into the astral material, but burning like a psychic brand.

Ant'harratu is possibly the most powerful of all the Nethers. He is a maker of miracles. He claims to have taught sorcery to the priests of Babylon, Egypt, and Olmec.

It was by Ant'harratu's invisible hand that many of the miraculous alterations in my own life and circumstances were brought about.

Once called on to fulfill a task, Ant'harratu is relentless, even at the dismay of the Evocator. He begins working on the goal immediately, and foresees the best route to achieve the most complete satisfaction of the desire. As I experienced, he

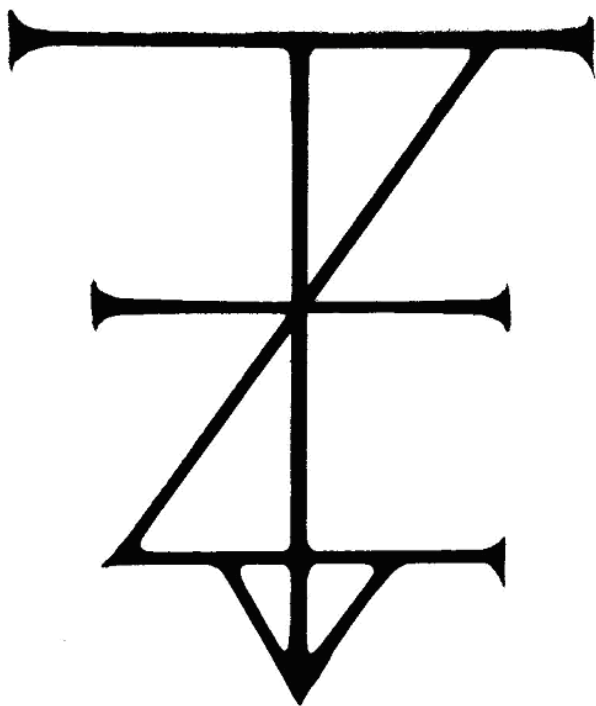
will often find it necessary to remove obstacles from your path, which can cause momentary anxiety in the Operator, as it seems a reversal of the original command. However, bearing with the changes unto the conclusion will result in a much more fruitful end than any human mind could organize.



Eshtalishtu manifests as a beautiful, slender, nude man, his body and head absent of any hair at all. A peculiar radiance beams from within him, making his skin appear to glow with a faint blue energetic light.

Eshtalishtu holds the knowledge and the power of transmutation. When evoked, he is quick to explain that the assertion of modern “alchemists” that “True Alchemy is the transmutation of impure human elements into that which is divine” is entirely false, and indeed is quite the opposite of reality. According to Eshtalishtu, the greatest alchemy is the transmutation of the Divine Particle into matter. This understanding furthers the idea presented to me throughout this entire ninety-day Operation that this physical realm is not the impure and outcast plane of existence, but that it is the final condensation of an intentional spiritual will.

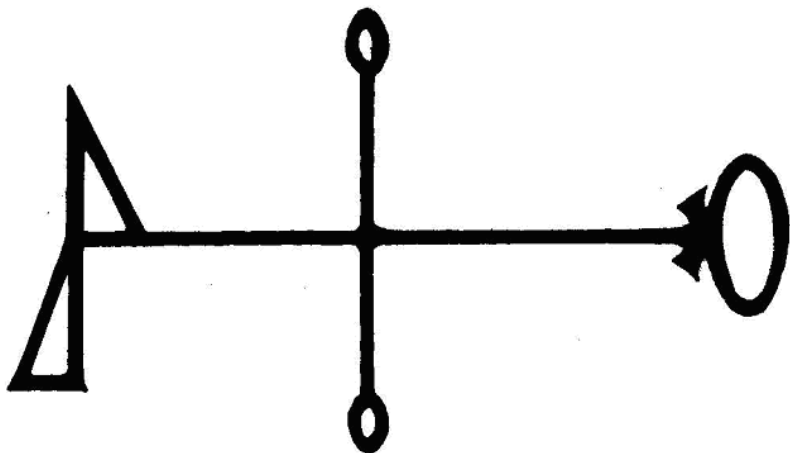
Eshtalishtu can teach you, when evoked, some very elementary rituals which can be used for the most miraculous ends, even for the materialization of objects of matter seemingly from nothing.



Mehmi'on materializes in the southeast, behind the Evocator's right shoulder as he faces north. It is impossible to cause him to materialize before you, however, or to turn to face him, as he refuses to allow himself to be seen.

His voice is a whisper, with a serpentine hiss, although there is nothing seemingly deceptive about him.

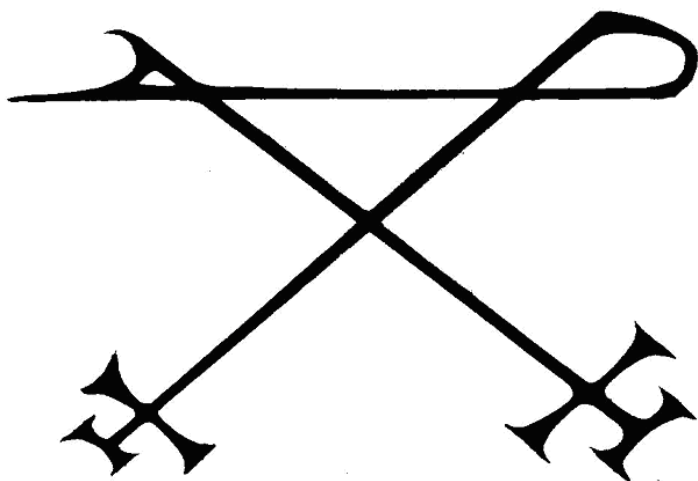
Mehmi'on knows the secrets of binding spirits, and can instruct you in methods of constraining any entity whatsoever to your will. These teachings can also be extended to the binding and constraint of any person.



Etli'osh appears as a figure more beautiful than any angel, although he is most certainly a Nether Lord under Azazel, a most furious demon.

Et'liosh is capable of raising power to the omnipotent degree, the likes of which he can employ to the immediate accomplishment of any goal in a seemingly miraculous result.

If requested, Et'liosh will teach you how to do the same, how to harness any required amount of raw power and how to direct that towards any goal in your life, regardless of the apparent difficulty of naturally achieving such a goal.

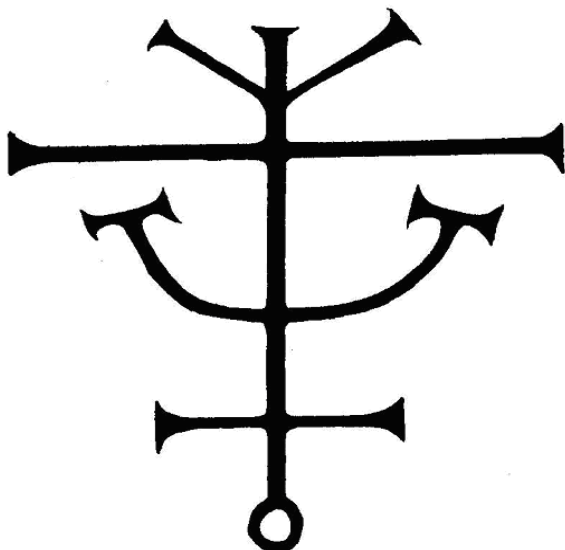


Lae'ti'kohl is a demoness mastered in the art of warfare, of the more cerebral sort. She plans, manipulates, and plants seeds that are sure to bring victory.

Her skills are easily transferred into the planning and the development of earthly situations.

If your intent is simply to call Lae'ti'kohl and ask her to move in your life, all that will be needed is for you to tell her how you want your life to look in a specified distance in the future, and she will begin to bring that to pass.

A much better route is to bring a list of questions into the evocation, where she can instruct you on the alterations that you need to make to bring your life to the position that you desire, thus putting all of the control into your hands, and teaching you most of all that you alone hold the power to your destiny.

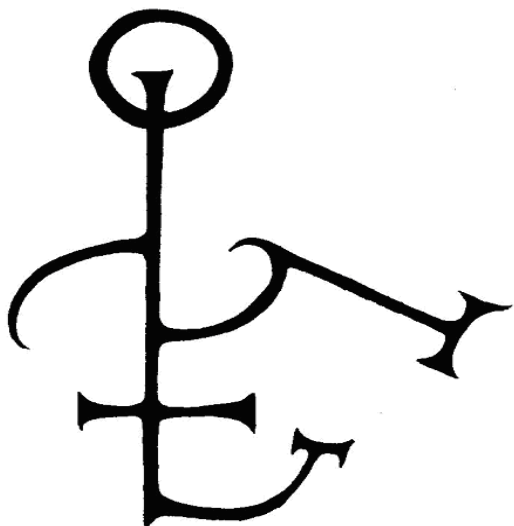


Khro'syas is a Demonic Priest Lord of the dead. He appears, like many demons in the House of Retztael, wearing a dark purple hooded robe, with only the lower part of his face showing.

When summoned, you may ask Khro'syas to raise up the shadow of any deceased person. The demon's form will fade and in his place the form of the requested will rise, appearing and speaking as the person in life would, and retaining all of the knowledge possessed in life.

The risen dead cannot speak of the afterlife, however, as they do not remember dying at all, but are projections of that individual in life.

With such power, Khro'syas can teach you the secrets of necromancy, and how you can use the power of the dead in your magickal operations. He also teaches the forbidden knowledge of the use of body parts, organs, and bones from the dead.

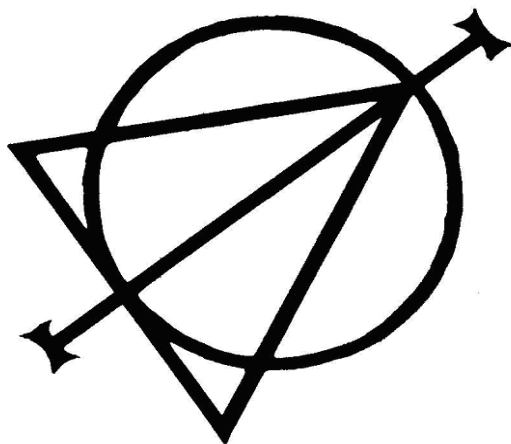


Alak'than holds the secrets of immortality. He can teach you methods of transference of what is often called the "soul" into other bodies, or into other states which will survive the human body.

The demon's initial instruction on the nature of spiritual immortality dispel any idea of reincarnation or afterlife sociality, and instead will dissect for you the reality of the evanescence of human identity, or samsaric consciousness.

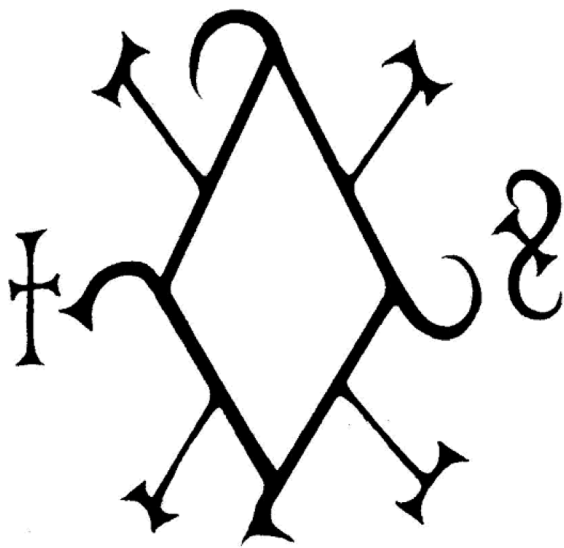
In a great deal of Alak'than's teachings, the recurrence of the theme of spiritual antitransmigration is prevalent, as I first approached the demon interrogating him on how I could translate the flesh, and instead learned that the flesh is the gloried position, that this physical world is the untested landscape, and that we are the gardeners of our own destiny.

If you were to learn from this one demon alone, your understanding of existence and your place in it will forever be changed.



Fro'ghla'tasch often materializes first in the form of an animal, and then quickly assumes the shape of a man or a woman. Since I have yet to collect notes from other Evocators on this demon, I only have my experience to draw from, and from that experience I have seen that Fro'ghla'tasch most often initially comes in the form of a wolf, and then most often changes into the form of a woman in a long, tight, silken dress. I imagine that the subconscious desires of the Evocator are accessed in order to create an alluring image to manifest in, though, and would therefore change with each Evocator.

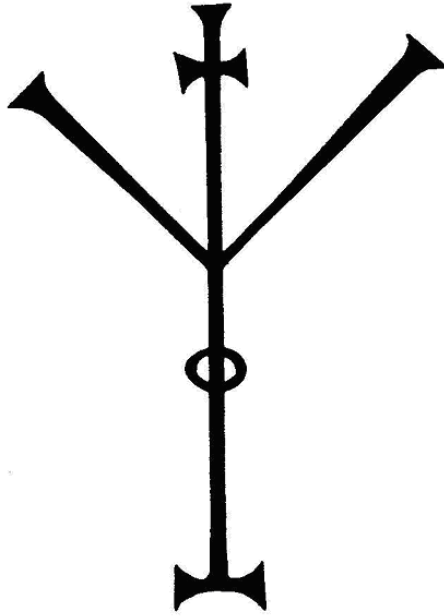
Fro'ghla'tasch is capable of fulfilling every sexual, intimate, or emotional need, calling into the life of the Evocator a lover, spouse, a friend, or any person that is able to help fulfill the specific needs of the Evocator, whether such a person already exists in his or her life and is unresponsive, or if that person is called out of a crowd of strangers from great distances to the Summoner's doorstep.



Krehl'a'teral is the master of miracles. He can teach you how to perform the most miraculous spectacles, and how to produce the most extravagant phenomena, such as invisibility, levitation, pyrokinesis, telekinesis, illusion projection, and transmutation.

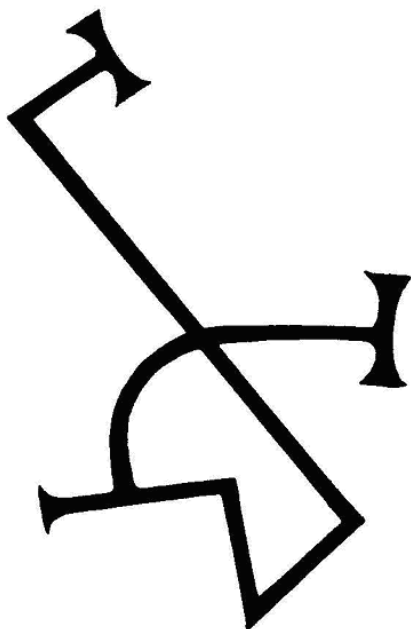
When you first begin to learn from Krehl'a'teral, your manifestations of phenomena will be short and sporadic. The intensity, solidity, and longevity of your productions will increase with time.

If your desire is to master these materializations, brace yourself for years of daily study with the demon Krehl'a'teral, as his works require intense discipline and dedication.



Ahk'laht'esh is the Master of Time. He can make time seemingly come to a halt momentarily, as well as slow down for short periods, or accelerate for short periods, allowing your perception of time to pass more quickly or more slowly, depending on your needs. When he does so, he will always remind you that what is taken must be paid back. If you have asked that a period of time be slowed down, the following period of time will accelerate, with the opposite holding true as well.

Ahk'laht'esh can teach you rituals that will effect the past, and can open gateways into the future through which you can travel to view decades or even centuries beyond.

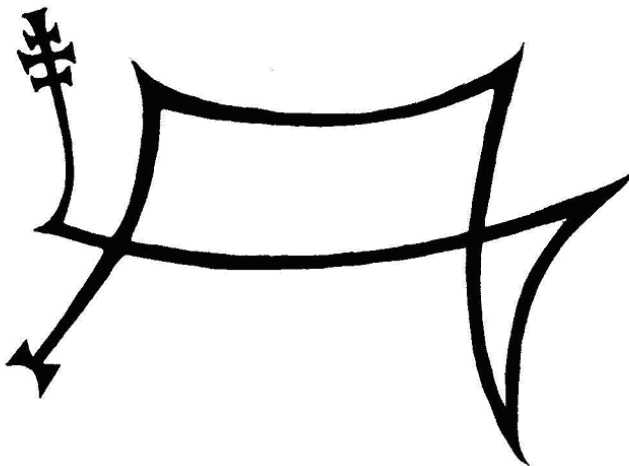


Hah'kla'tor appears as a demon in a grey, hooded robe. His face appears to have been stripped of skin, leaving bloody tissue and some bone showing. As he speaks, his every word seems to be spat out in pain.

Hah'kla'tor knows the secrets of trapping the full life force, or "soul" of humans. One of his minor workings would act upon the living, stealing a large portion of their life force and leaving them open to disease, depression, and even death. He can teach you a much more powerful form of trapping souls, however, in the conducting of a ritual of human sacrifice.

He can teach you how to make vessels which will hold such souls indefinitely, and how these can be used in powerful rituals.

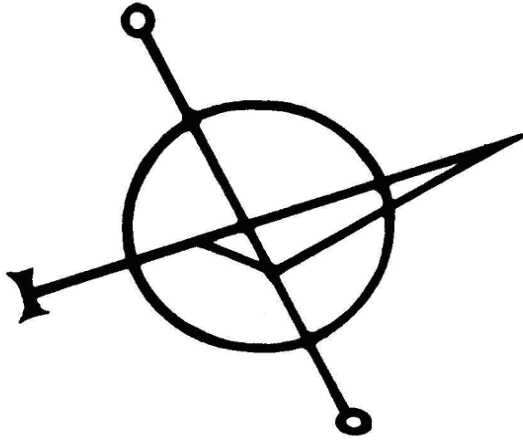
THE HOUSE OF MALKASH



Mammy'aon appears in the north or sometimes in the west as an adolescent boy. Often, Mammy'aon comes dressed in a shoulder-slung robe or a tunic, although he has on a few occasions materialized without clothes at all. His features have not developed any great degree of gender distinction, and in fact, when he does appear nude, he is quite genitally asexual.

Mammy'aon is a sort of demonic muse, able to inspire artists, sculptors, painters, writers, and performers. After evoking Mammy'aon, or even simply charging and opening his sigil, you will be assaulted by new ideas, insights into projects, and will likely find it difficult to pull yourself away from your art. The inspiration received, however, seems to gradually become darker and more morose with time. Unless you are seeking such macabre inspiration, as well as the obsession that his inspiration brings, it is best to evoke Mammy'aon and reap

his influence for a short time. In order to stop his influence, you will need to evoke him once more, as his power seems to activate indefinitely until he is specifically requested to withdraw it.

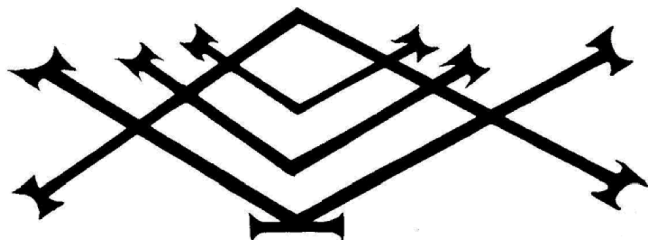


Mak'ta'lahn appears as a non-humanoid figure, almost as a sphinx, possessing a hairy and pawed body like a lion, long, hairless, nearly reptilian-scaled arms ending in three-fingered hands, and a raptor-like head, still covered in hair, but also possessing a large, hooked beak and bird's eyes.

Despite his appearance, this Nether's voice is quite soft and comforting.

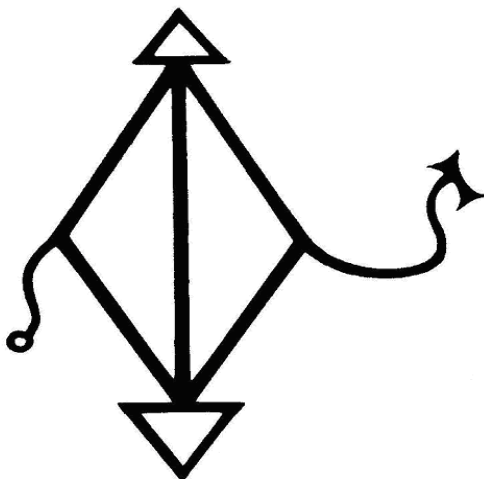
Mak'ta'lahn is a master of mechanics. At face-value, this implies that he is able to fix that which is broken, whether made of metal or of flesh. The greater understanding of his ability, however, is in his knowledge of universal and even dimensional mechanics.

Although Mak'ta'lahn is not an expert communicator, often rattling off explanations of processes that no human mind has even considered, nor have we developed the vocabulary to understand, when pressed for information on any particular issue, he is able to direct you in very simple and often mundane actions which will cause a considerable shift in your reality through mechanical causality.



Tah'ka'yat is a demonic lord whose ethereal mind seems to be planted in a point outside of time altogether, as he is capable of looking into the past and the future with the same ease as the present. In conversation with him, he will often speak without relying on tense, or will refer to future or past occurrences as if they are happening in the present. Initially, this makes for confusing conversation, but once you learn to integrate this form of speaking into your own vocabulary, you'll begin to receive glimpses of the way that Tah'ka'yat perceives time.

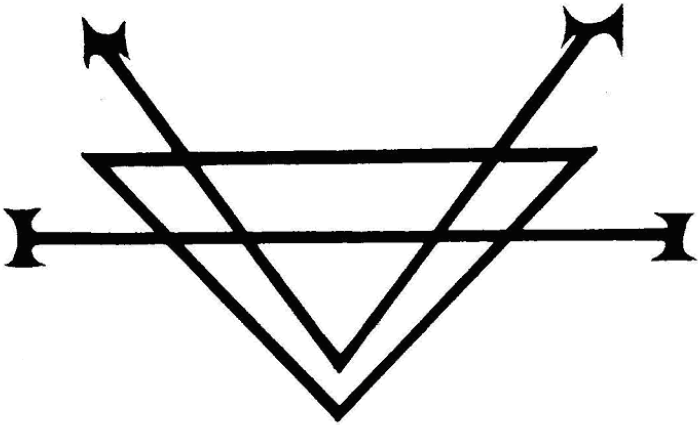
Obviously, Tah'ka'yat is able to utilize his abilities to predict the future, but if his teachings are applied consistently, they will also allow you a greater degree of clairvoyance and your methods of divination will be catapulted beyond what is thought to be possible by most professional readers.



Yash’alten is a demonic lord under Azazel who appears as a spirit engulfed in blue flames. The demon’s form will appear quite solid, and then will fade, nearly disappearing, before returning to visible solidity again, as if experiencing some sort of difficulty in maintaining his form. Throughout a single evocation, I have witnessed this shifting occurrence up to twenty-one times.

Yash’alten holds precise knowledge of every galaxy, star, and planet in the universe, and can provide detailed information concerning those planets which do indeed bear life similar to our own. In speaking with him on these, however, it is clear that he refuses to use our modern classifications and names for the various celestial bodies, either relying on terms from ancient astronomy, or calling them by names never before heard on earth.

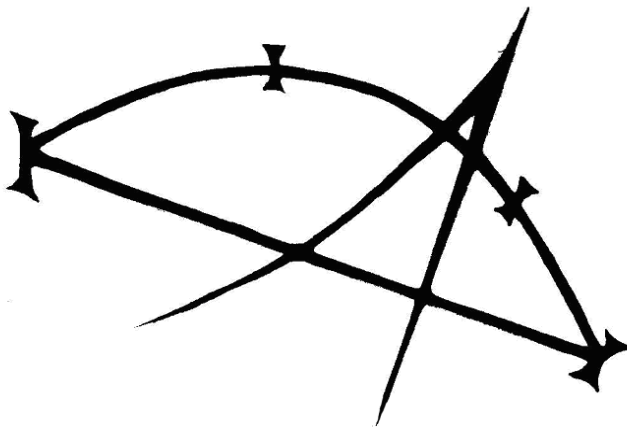
The demon can also advise you of the magickal or occult properties of the stars, planets, and moons, and their various alignments.



Pent'osch is able to make incredible changes in the seemingly circumstantial procession of events, often by altering one or two minor things which then have a ripple effect on the entire timeline for that circumstance.

With this ability, Pent'osch can derail negative situations in your life, no matter how immovable they may seem to be. He is also able to put your life on the track that you desire quite easily.

It is best, when working with Pent'osch, to partner with him in making these changes, rather than just setting him loose in your life. In doing so, you'll discover the simplicity of changing even the most difficult situations, and in establishing the sort of Empire that you want to manifest in your life by planting very small seeds.

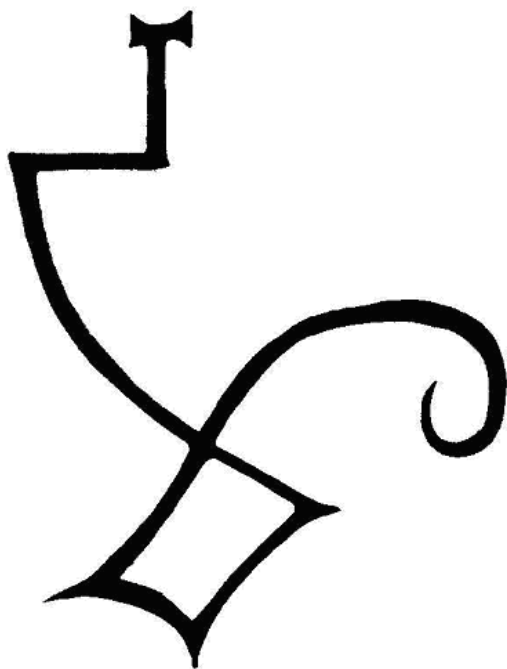


Halah'thor is a Demonic Lord who appears as a refined gentleman, his hair neatly trimmed, his face clean shaven, and dressed in a tuxedo. In questioning him on his appearance, he has revealed that through the ages he has assumed the presentation of the era's common conception of wealth.

Halah'thor has the power to help you establish a career that will not only provide for you financially, but will also align with your greater destiny.

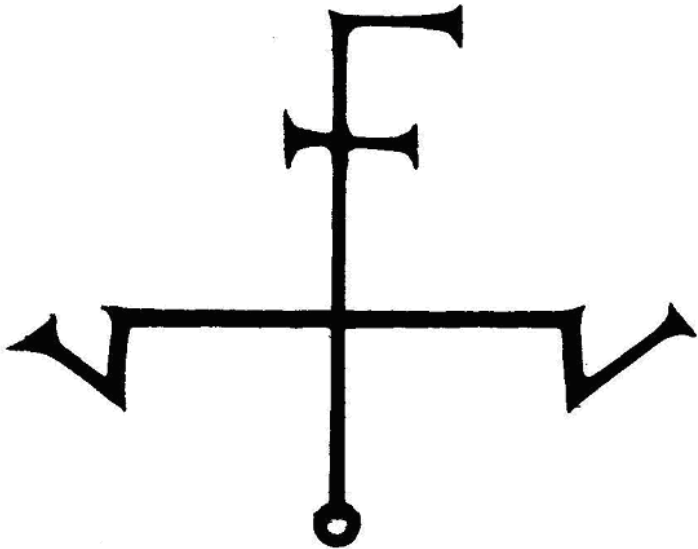
"If you are creating certain prosperity for yourself, this alone is not your Empire," Halah'thor told me. "Every aspect of your life must be made perfect, and perfection in this manner is not misery, but is joy and sense-satisfaction in all things that you do, all things that you have, and all things and people in your life."

Indeed, Halah'thor can materialize an enviable existence in which you are wealthy, happy, passionate, and moving in the direction of your own destiny.



Byr'than is an earthy Demon Lord, possessing detailed knowledge of all minerals, gems, metals, and stones. Some are drawn to him for excavation projects, mining, and the finding of precious metals, as he is indeed able to direct you towards success in these endeavors.

Byr'than's real value, in my opinion, comes from his knowledge of the occult or spiritual applications of this knowledge. He can teach you how to use these solid substances to enhance various occult faculties, as well as how they can be used in practical ritual goals.



Ala'tahl'sta appears as an elderly woman, slender, with flowing white hair. Her voice is soft and kind, but she speaks very directly, not engaging in conversation outside of her area of specialization.

Ala'tahl'sta teaches the secrets of combining physical elements, such as plants, stones, bones, organs, and insects to create powerful talismans which can be applied to any ritual goal whatsoever.

I have personally witnessed the potency of her teachings, having put to use several of her combinations, and having seen dramatic and nearly instantaneous results.

THE SUMMONING RITE

1. Draw upon the ground the Circle of Demonic Pacts. Bring into the Circle the sigil of the demon to be summoned. Set and light a black candle at each of the cardinal points around the outer perimeter of the Circle of Pacts. Set your censor in the direction in which the demon will materialize. Light the coals therein, so that they will be ready for the incense at that time.

2. Sit or kneel in the center of the Circle of Pacts. Bring your attention to your breath, letting its rhythm guide you down through rings of reality, into the theta-gamma harmony, which is often called gnostic trance.

3. Place your incense upon the burning coals. As the smoke rises from the censor, gaze into the sigil of the demon, connecting with it, uniting your mind with its mind. Allow yourself to sense the demon's presence nearing. Allow your inner vision to behold its appearance. Allow your body to respond to the shift in the room as your heart rate increases, as your pupils dilate, as it becomes more difficult to breathe. Gazing into the sigil still, through the psychic maelstrom building in the room, sense the demon's power and presence swirling and gaining critical mass.

4. Eyes locked with the flashing sigil, utter the Grand Invocation of the Pact: "Alash tad Al'ash tal Ashtu." Repeat the invocation again and again, the imaginative form of the demon's body solidifying in your inner

vision, the incantation accelerating the movement of energy and power around you.

5.Allow the Rapture to take you, the repetition of the incantation overwhelming your mind and your body. As you linger on the edge of unconsciousness, recognize that the figure beheld in your inner vision has united with the tangible energy in the Temple.

6.On the cusp of either unconsciousness or insanity, immediately before falling into either, cease the repetition of the Grand Invocation of the Pact, and instead command “(Demon’s Name), come.” Raise your eyes from the sigil to the billowing incense smoke, maintaining the same detached gaze that you held upon the sigil, now projected into the air before you. Repeat again and again the name of the demon, and the command for it to come.

7.The demon will materialize in the room in a body beholdable to all of your senses in the exact moment that you lose your mind – meaning that as soon as the rapture has taken you completely, as soon as your evaluations and analyses of the thing on a cerebral level cease, and as soon as you give your mind and all of your senses over to that which is impossible, you will meet the demon, face-to-face.

8.It is necessary to state to the demon your specific desires, as concisely as possible. No commands are to be made, but a simple proposal of what you desire. “(N.), I have Summoned you forth so that I may...” If it is knowledge you seek, ask the demon specific

questions, having prepared them beforehand, and having a pen and notepad ready, as you will certainly have notes to take. In the fugue-state of rapture, you will have a hard time carrying any knowledge out of the Circle of Pacts after the demon has left and you have returned to yourself. Insisting that you don't need to take notes because you'll commit the information to memory is a waste of both your time and, infinitely worse, the demon's time. If instead you desire a certain change to take effect in your life, let that be known.

9. Once the demon has offered the information which you seek, or you have come to an agreement on the course of future events, conclude the evocation by asking the demon to depart from the Temple, and to go into the world to bring you that which you desire, or simply to "Return from whence you came." As the demon's body dematerializes, recite again the Grand Invocation of the Pact, "Alash tad Al'ash tal Ashtu," over and over until you find yourself alone in the room, all flashing lights and crackling air dissipated, and the rapture which had taken you having departed, leaving your body exhausted and starved for food and sleep.

Alash tad al-ash tal ashtu.

Chapter Seven: Preparing the Vessel

All that the young occult apprentice hopes for and works for is to have the power and the ability to facilitate the materialization of such potent demons as those listed in the previous chapter. Alas, their names and their signs have been given, and the formula by which they may be summoned and the tokens by which they will obey have been revealed. The rite of summoning, however, is not the end destination for the Godly Incarnate, but its successful completion marks the true beginning of the path of Becoming.

The neophyte's initial experiments in the occult are usually aimed at simple goals: sex, money, popularity, scholastic or vocational success. Like a child who can plainly see that the emperor has no clothes, the neophyte recognizes that the power of the occult lies in its potency to affect the physical world through wholly nonphysical means.

As we chase our phantoms down the rabbit hole, however, the mystery itself and the kaleidoscopic visions that it produces before us cause our entire focus to shift. The magician becomes a mystic, and the alteration of this reality

becomes secondary; the chase through the cosmos and beyond the manifold planes of existence becomes primary. The method supersedes the task to which the method should be applied.

Theoretical conjecture on the possibility of splitting an atom was fine and well, but it wasn't until the first mushroom cloud bellowed up from the New Mexico sands that our role as The Destroyer of Worlds became real.

We are not men who are striving to become Gods, but we are Gods who have striven to become men, and who have made the journey with our powers intact, yet with a seemingly innate insecurity in our abilities.

With our first taste of real power, of our ability to rearrange the most minute and the most grand circumstances in our lives, the phantom chase begins, as we try to work out the hows and the whys of the thing. Astral projection, mirror scrying, Soul Travel, vision quests, all lead us along a path of self-discovery.

Through simple and mainly imaginative methods, our consciousness is quite easily transferred from the physical body and brain into the more subtle bodies, the mind itself needing no host but capable of existing incorporeal. The physical realm is transcended, into the astral worlds of spirits, angels, devils, and gods. Further we fly beyond the simple spirit, beyond the formed energy, into realms where consciousness itself forms the architecture and landscape. Even beyond this we travel, through ten thousand abysses and an outer sea of darkness, to where even consciousness must fail and abandon the quest, and that Eternal part of ourselves, that omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent part of ourselves – that part of us which is indeed God – is loosed from its fetters and both expands and collapses infinitely, becoming All and Nothing at once.

Upon our return to our naked, shivering, sweating bodies, we begin to understand who or what we are. But that other place, that ocean of formative flame is not a place that must be discovered, but it is our birthplace. The whole process of Ascent is nothing more than a pilgrimage to that birthplace, so that with no confusion we may know that we are God. Yet, throughout the pilgrimage, the method has trapped us. The journey itself has drawn us away from the goal. We are not men who are striving to become Gods, but we are Gods who have striven to become men, and once we have seen ourselves clearly, the rift of insecurity is healed.

We are Gods, walking the earth in the forms of men, and all that exists flows from our timeless fingertips. Yet, we have abandoned this world, this realm for which we have left our thrones, and there is great work to be done here, lost time to make up for. We are here for a purpose, and that purpose is not to simply escape back to the place of our birth, but to utilize our powers here and now, to transmute the course elements of this courser world... to push our power beyond its limits.

VESSELS OF FLESH

“Tantric schools, both Hindu and Buddhist, perceive the body in metaphysical terms and establish through it analogous magical relationships between the macro- and the microcosm. These schools also try to achieve a supreme unity through the correct employment of the body, which must be totally awakened, known, and mastered, in its inner and occult dimension. The hierarchy of the body’s elements and powers is believed to mark different stages on the way to the supreme goal. According to an Upanishadic saying, ‘Every god is

enclosed here, in the body.” - Julius Evola; The Yoga of Power.¹

We are not men who are striving to become Gods, but we are Gods who have striven to become men. We have taken the bodies of bipeds, of pack-hunting apes, yet bipeds with the brain capacity and potential for self-awareness which allows us the advantage over most of the other living beings sharing this planet with us to question our place in the universe and to formulate hypotheses and to begin to stab at answers to the Existential Question.

And through the subtle movements of the body, through the flow of blood and the flow of oxygen and through the conscious manipulation of the various chemicals rushing through the fleshy machine, we are able to enter into states which allow our consciousness to transcend the machine completely, and we are able to induce, again through alterations in physiology and subtle chemistry, the Theta-Gamma sync which allows us to expand our faculties of control beyond the barrier of our skin, spilling our power into the world around us.

All power, all control, all transformation begins within the body. The omnipotent essence is inert until activated by the intentional manipulation of the body's chemistry and physiology.

When I first started to mingle in occult and pagan circles, I quickly theorized that perhaps the constant flow of power through the human mechanism caused it to deteriorate more quickly and more intensely than was natural, as nearly every person over the age of forty who had involved themselves in the occult throughout most of their adulthood were quite obviously unhealthily overweight, and were known

to complain of suffering from diverse physical ailments, along with lacking any real physical strength and stamina. Witnessing this again and again, I was shocked, as it seemed clear to me that those who possess the keys to spiritual power would be able to heal and strengthen their bodies, and the same zest put towards their spiritual maintenance through meditation and ritual would concomitantly and quite unconsciously be applied to their physical well being.

As I summoned Azazel and as he materialized before me, the general directions and advice that he offered morphed into very specific instructions, dictating even the most tedious details of my life.

Among these instructions, he nearly shouted, *“Make yourself strong.”* Before my mind was allowed to interpret his statement, I knew within myself that he was not referring to mental strength or emotional solidity, but instead to physical strength. I looked again at the smoky phantasm before me and noticed the muscles about to tear the skin from their bulge.

You are a being of power, of strength. That which exists in the formed invisibility is to be made flesh. Solidify and strengthen your own Temple, and your empire will rise around you.

Certain sinister orders which I had belonged to quite some time ago practiced the discipline of manipulating the body in order to manipulate the spiritual currents flowing through it. Self-starvation, sleep deprivation, and generally weakening and sickening the body brought the sickest of powers under my command. Due to my constant use of methamphetamines, I was already well on my way to this state, weighing only one hundred and twenty pounds at six feet tall. Within a few weeks of adding to this the other recommended

deprivations, I was not far from a walking corpse. And I did find that the most deviant, ghastly, and downright creepy entities drew nearer to me, and that I had become much like them, possessing remarkable power over the minds and emotions of others, and over the gross physical elements around me, always in a decadent manifestation.

That insight role being completed after two or three years of decadence and decline, I ran across a mirror, and with my eyes not fogged by chemicals and ghouls, it was clear that I could not simply refocus my mind and reassert my intention, but that I literally needed to rebuild my body.

Barely able to curl a twenty pound weight or to bench press the bar plus fifty pounds, I spent at least four days a week in the gym. My muscle mass increased, my body filled out, and my mind and even my nonphysical power fell into place.

Soon after my route to health became an obsession, as I'd wrap a measuring tape around my limbs and my chest each day and would internally berate myself if there was no measurable progress, I suffered an injury to my left shoulder, requiring surgery.

After surgery, rehabilitation, and physical therapy, I was still not able to curl a dumbbell or press a weight away from my chest without a shock of sharp agony running down my right arm and into my upper torso, shocking out from my shoulder like a miniature barrage of lightening bolts. I was far from content to allow my body to once again deteriorate, especially knowing that, with the passage of five years having aged me, and with having quit all substances which had earlier kept me thin, I was sure to plump up rather than shrivel down.

My younger sister taught a "Power Yoga" class at the gym where I worked out, and while I had taken a few sessions from her, I hardly took the practice seriously. Yoga seemed a

thing for middle-aged, middle-class women or as a last resort of physical discipline for the geriatric. It was *not*, however, something for a young, athletic weight lifter.

I refused to remain sedentary while my body recovered, though, and I was even unsure that it would heal to the degree that I could return to the weight room, ever.

I did recall that my first spiritual mentor, Baba Maharaja, was a strong, well-built man – a “manly man” – and that yoga was his sole physical discipline. He had encouraged, even pushed me to practice the asanas, and in training with him I found that I possessed neither the strength nor the balance to stand inverted on my head or to hold myself in many of the postures for long at all.

I could admit that I lacked certain physical abilities, and that perhaps yoga could direct me into strengthening them.

At the root of my persistent contempt for contemporary yoga was fear and insecurity. Due to extreme neglect and abuse in the first few years of my life – the years in which my body and physical coordination would develop – I was incapable of performing many physical tasks which other children seemed to take for granted, but which I had to practice and push myself to achieve. As a four-year-old adopted into a concerned family, it was apparent that I wasn’t able to interact with objects on the left side of my body using my right limbs, and vice versa. I couldn’t spin myself around off of a small ladder in order to sit up on the top bunk bed. I couldn’t walk a straight line, one foot in front of the other, and when stretching with all of my might, I could barely touch my fingertips to the middle of my shins.

Through rehabilitative training, I learned to cross midline, although I remained quite uncoordinated. I could walk a straight line, but doing so required every bit of my focus, to the point that I would constantly run into things in my

path, as my eyes and my mind were solely on my straight line of travel. I increased my flexibility, but I never could touch my fingers to my toes.

Yoga presented far too many challenges, more to my ego than to my physique.

Tied in with the recognition of my physiological shortcomings were my even more crippling psychological and emotional issues. My adoptive family had been quick to help correct the obvious and possibly embarrassing issues that I had managing my body, but their answer to my being able to manage the intense emotions and mental states stemming from those first few horrific years of life was to forget about it, to appreciate the change in my situation, and to turn my focus towards the Church. Such was a threefold recipe for repression, for a good many years of bubbling and boiling frustration, and for an explosion that would inevitably come.

As a teenager, the repressive walls within my mind started to crumble, running concomitant with my dive into the world of the occult. All of the shapes and colors and vivid horrors pressed into the foreground of my mind, the smell of my own feces sickening me as I laid in my empty playpen, starving, the sound of shouting and the explosion of gunpowder, and children begging.

I had been instructed upon my adoption, and then threatened and punished, time and again, to not discuss with anyone my life previous to my adoption, and so “talking out” the psychic maelstrom as it assaulted me in my teens was not an option. I ran a sharp blade across my upper arm, slowly, decisively, pressing harder and harder, feeling each layer of skin parting, giving way to the metal until streams of blood ran down my arm.

Self abuse soon was not enough to sedate the shame, fear, and the rage, and so I projected outwards, vilifying the

whole of the human race for the sins that only a few had committed against me and other children. Hatred and sadism compelled me. Even after my marriage and the birth of my daughter – an event that set my life on a much more productive course – I still could not shake my deep rage.

Anger was a mask, though, as it almost always is, and underneath that mask was a face of loneliness. My adoptive parents were warned that it would be difficult for me to form close relationships and true intimacy with other people. I would hold the whole world at arms length or further, as a way to keep myself safe from the atrocities that humans seem to be most apt to inflict on those who are close to them.

And so, I found myself married, yet incapable of really melting into my spouse. I could make love, I could hug and kiss, but a part of me shut down inside, went away... held back from feeling too much, too deeply.

I somehow connected confronting the physiological flaws caused by my early life with the more disastrous psychological and emotional flaws that seemed to comprise who I was as a person. If I fixed my body, the rest might follow. I was not far off from the truth.

Yoga would become quite the challenge for me.

After only a few sessions of my sister's Power Yoga class, I realized that she was teaching the postures well, but that a good deal of the actual *discipline* was missing. With less than a little research, I found that Power Yoga is a modern, "washed down" derivative of Ashtanga Yoga, and so my attention turned towards the more original source. I picked up a few books on Ashtanga Yoga, watched a few videos of the various postures and, more importantly, the *vinyasa*, or the movement between each asana and the correlating breathing and focus.

Passing by the freeweights and pulley machines decorating the main floor of the gym, I ascended the concrete staircase to the second floor, which housed the various “classrooms” and treadmills, and I snuck into the Yoga Room in between sessions.

Many of the asanas required flexibility that I simply did not possess, and the only way that I could find to fold myself in half in either direction was to force my body as close into the posture as possible, by wrapping a belt across the soles of my feet, and pulling. My tendons burned and my muscles tore, but day-by-day I needed the assistance of the leather belt less and less. As my muscle mass naturally decreased as well, I could fit more easily into the various postures.

Something within me changed – “snapped” is the only word that fits – in the moment that I was no longer struggling to attain the correct position, but the whole movement from asana to vinyasa to asana became a type of dance. My inner state in that moment came to absolute calm. I remember dropping to my knees and out of nowhere sobbing. I remember laughing in the next moment, and then sighing as if all in the world had suddenly been made right.

Something had changed within my psyche and my emotions, a strange sort of serenity, an acceptance of my past and my present and a contentment with the motion of things into the future. I had sat in twelve-step meetings for various addictions, and on psychologists’ couches, and in spiritual mentors’ temples, and in ritual mandalas in hopes to achieve that single seemingly unattainable moment, a moment that fell on me and crushed me, not because of something I was doing with my mind or my focus or my emotional state, but by something I was doing with my body and with my breath alone.

My daily life became from that moment not a struggle for more, but a graceful receiving of all the gifts that were constantly poured upon me. And I began to expect all aspects of my life and my environment to match up to the peace and the love that I felt within. All that was unable or unwilling to meet this expectation was quite organically removed from my path... even my most intimate relationship. My wife and I had become locked in the dance of disconnectedness, and neither of us really knew how to dance in the first place. The origin of our meeting was in chaos and various degrees of despair, so as my despair diminished and her need dissolved, so did our marriage.

Something also changed within my invisible self and my invisible environment. Rather than scribbling sigils of spirits to call and chanting incantations in some alienic tongue, I found that bringing my mind to peace – the same peace that was then following me wherever I went – and releasing from my lips a grateful and an accepting and an ecstatic “Ahhhh,” that which I desired was pulled to me almost instantly. My whole life shifted, the stars falling from their fixed positions, replaced by new stars in a new alignment. My Destiny had been rewritten, it seemed.

Yet the demon stood before me, not long after discovering my secret serenity. He stood before me no less than twelve feet tall. His skin was black as if formed from congealed oil, and it seemed ready to tear from the strain of the muscles bulging underneath.

Make yourself strong. You are a being of power, of strength. That which exists in the formed invisibility is to be made flesh. Solidify and strengthen your own Temple, and your empire will rise around you.

I had spent three years of my discipline in Ashtanga Yoga, the first year of which I spent wishing that I could give up on the practice and hit the weights with the men rather than dancing around on a mat in a mirrored room. For three years, I hadn't touched a weight. Ashtanga Yoga had provided more of a physical challenge than weights ever had. Azazel's command terrified me in a similar way that the prospect of taking up yoga had terrified me. I was not afraid of confronting myself this time, however, but instead was terrified of reverting. I had made so much progress, physically, psychologically, emotionally, and spiritually, and I simply could not afford to regress.

But I had contracted with the Demon. I had made a covenant to submit myself to Him; to turn my spiritual and temporal welfare into His hands, and to obey His commands and follow His directions, in that He would lead me into Power and Glory. And I meant it.

If Azazel meant to drag me to hell, then I was ready to leap into the inferno, for the simple hope of incinerating my remaining stumbling blocks and rising unfettered beyond the Throne of God.

If I was going to lift weights again, I was going to do it right.

The only direction that I received for my first few years of weight training was from my friend, Jack, who told me that I should never spend more than thirty minutes in the gym per day, and that if I was able to lift the weight more than six times in one set, then I need to add more weight to the stack.

Like most men, I wanted manly, muscled biceps and a chiseled chest. On odd days I would curl weights to build my

biceps, and on even days I would bench press and push-up and dumbbell-fly my way to a strong chest.

When my shoulder was x-rayed due to a sharp pinch that wouldn't go away on its own after my little Japanese car was t-boned at an intersection, along with an impact-related impingement, the surgeon noted that my shoulders were already in a deteriorated state. Looking at my body, and at my injuries, he asked if I lifted weights. I affirmed that I did, and he warned that the constant, repetitive exercises, not balanced by a full-body routine, were causing me more harm than good.

In rehabilitative physical therapy, my therapist designed a program of muscle rehabilitation which strictly required that I not use my pectoral muscle groups or my biceps. He took note of my posture and my muscle development, and said that while I had impressive strength in my arms and my chest, that I needed to balance that with strength in my legs, my back, and my shoulders.

All of this should have been obvious, but the success that I had seen in taking my biceps from ten or eleven inches around to sixteen or seventeen inches was quite a distraction from the obvious.

After three years of Ashtanga Yoga and quite a bit of personal development and healing on all levels of my being, I was intent to not repeat the same mistakes, which indeed were compensatory.

I read all that I could about weight training, and I designed a four to five day, full-body routine. Knowing that I had designed my own harmful routine years earlier, I wanted to run my simple program by someone who could advise me further.

I turned to an acquaintance of mine who I was certain could help. Along with possessing a remarkable ability to naturally manipulate the physical world through purely

internal, spiritual methods, he had also at one point created for himself the body of a Greek God. He had studied and applied the science of body building to perfection, from resistance training to weight loss, peak nutrition, and most importantly, the focus of spiritual power into the physical being. When I showed him my workout routine, I expected him to say something like, “Yeah, just hit the weights hard,” or, “You might want to throw some cardio into the mix.”

Instead, he threw science at me, mathematical formulas to increase the effectiveness of my routine for my age, body type, and weight. And then, once my routine was polished, he also gave me secret – something that I had entirely missed before:

“You have to put your focus, your intention, your energy and your Will into your muscles. All hormones *are* literal living entities just as daemonic or angelic entities, and they must not be ignored because of sheer ego alone. They're even clinically defined as chemical messengers, so I ask you, what fool would ignore the messenger, when the messages relate to their very own health and life?”

It seemed that something far beyond the simple building of my muscles and strengthening of my body was taking place.

For the first few weeks of my return to weight training, my muscles, and even more, my ligaments ached. My body faced quite a task of readapting to the stress. My ego also had some adjustment to do, as I realized that I couldn't curl eighty-five pound weights in each hand anymore, and that I couldn't dumbbell press two-hundred and twenty pound weights.

As my associate had predicted, though, muscle memory quickly activated. My biceps grew back to their previous size, my chest bulged and rounded, along with the new development

of increased leg muscle development, and stronger back muscles, balancing my body, thrusting my shoulders back, increasing not only my vanity muscles, but my whole body's strength and power.

I had set the intention of the routine, as well, not to gain muscle, but to be strong, fit, and healthy. Rather than gaining weight as I usually did when I put on muscle, I started noticing that I was losing weight while gaining muscle. My advisor's mathematical formulas seemed to be working, seemingly miraculously. I had prepared myself to see a massive gain in body weight, bringing me from my steady two-hundred and fifteen pounds to two-twenty-five and higher. Instead, four months after my muscles had adapted to the routine, I started to lose fat while gaining muscle, bringing my weight down to one-hundred and ninety-five pounds. I was leaner, healthier, and without a doubt stronger.

Another level of strength began to peak as well. In the height of my yogic discipline, kundalini flowed effortlessly through my body, all blockages having dissolved, all restraints being loosed. If I stretched out my hand to cause a change, power would flow through it and into the world. I was in energetic harmony with existence.

As my muscles grew and my body strengthened, it seemed that something unique was occurring within the kundalini flow itself, as if my muscles themselves were pumping kundalini through my system rather than just letting it flow. I could feel myself becoming literally a more powerful spiritual machine.

Make yourself strong. You don't have to be a body builder. I'm not aiming to compete on stage, my muscle-stretched skin rubbed with oil. But as my body becomes stronger, so does my mind, my emotions, and my spiritual

abilities. All of these are bound together, and the intelligent spirits living within our bodies, being pushed into our bloodstream through the endocrine system are multiplied by the continual strengthening of the body.

And the doubt arises: sure, this is fine and good for a healthy, athletic male of only three decades in age. What of those with hormonal imbalances, genetic dispositions, deteriorated bones, or other very real and very physical impediments to the strengthening of the body?

If you are able to reach into the world with invisible hands and to strangle the life of your enemies, or to raise from deathbeds the dying into perfect health, as you surely are, and as I surely have, then you possess all of the tools to destroy the internal enemies to your health, and to resuscitate and revitalize every aspect of your physical being. One does not need to rise from his wheelchair and run a marathon, or to drag a seventy year old body into the weight room and lift the same weights as I do. But, make yourself strong, in whatever capacity you are able, to whatever degree is necessary to achieve a peak psychological, emotional, spiritual, and physical state.

In yoga, I learned that the pineal gland can often become physically encrusted due to a lifetime of inactivity, and that through raising kundalini and causing nearly imperceptible vibrations in the pineal gland, the encrustations break loose. Once the pineal gland is freed, the rush of chemicals and more subtle forces through it creates an ecstasy beyond that which any artificial drug can duplicate.

And the pineal gland is merely one of many glands within the endocrine system. Consciously and intentionally activating these restores not only our bodies to their original functioning capacities, but triggers even deeper faculties with us.

Most people in modern, western society concede to the reality of a “mind-body connection,” in that thoughts, attitudes, intentions, and perceptions greatly influence the well-being of the physical body. The polarity runs in both directions, however - a fact that is often overlooked. The health, strength, solidity, flexibility, and stamina of the physical body greatly influences the inner aspects of the human being. Physical well-being translates into mental, emotional, and spiritual well-being. Physical balance and flexibility translates into mental, emotional, and spiritual balance and flexibility. And physical power translates into mental, emotional, and definitely spiritual power.

We are no longer simple mammals living in harmony and symbiosis with this biological sphere on which we were born, but we have taken dominion of the earth, and now beyond. We have been neglectful of the needs of the body, as well as the needs of the earth which feeds and houses us, but with the applied force of our godlike power, we could restore our bodies, and we could transcend the need to pillage to extinction the earth’s resources for our simple survival.

If we were content to live as other mammals live, a simple balance with nature would suffice. But since we are intent to master the atom and play with the electron, to dominate matter and anti-matter, to dissect quarks and quasars, to become not only an interstellar but interdimensional species, more is required of us than allowing our power to flow as it naturally does. The machine of the human being needs to be perfected, and simple perfection is not enough. The vessel of the flesh needs to be empowered, strengthened, doubled and magnified. And our power needs to reach beyond our selves, beyond our lives and our enrichment and towards the expansion of our Empire.

VESSELS OF EARTH

Build your empire upon this earth. Greed is not the key by which you will rise, nor is contentment, but assertion of your Godhood into every alley of this world is the key.

Nearly six years prior to authoring this present text, I stood in a bookstore in Salt Lake City, Utah, waiting for the crowd to arrive. I had rented metal fold-out chairs from a party supply store, and had at least fifty of them set up in neat, curving rows. To my left, as I faced the empty chairs, I had set a plastic card table up with copies of my first two books, Kingdoms of Flame and Works of Darkness. A tripod stood at my right, holding a giant flipchart. On the first page I had written, “Occult Principles Applied,” in fat, black letters dominating the page.

This was the very first public appearance I would make as E.A. Koetting, occult author.

Shawn took a seat several minutes before I was scheduled to begin. Friends who had come to support me, and a few others who were genuinely interested in what I would be presenting scattered in purposeful randomness among the seats. A man with narrow shoulders and a squinting distrust of even the shadows in the room took a seat – the seat closest to the exit. After minutes of shuffling in his chair and adjusting his long coat under him, he squinted even harder, his unsure glare magnified by his thick glasses, and read the flipchart. Without taking his eyes off of it, as if the words would disappear like phantom instructions in a black-backed mirror, his hands reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a small notebook,

upon which was clipped a half-sized pencil, the sort of pencil available in public libraries for jotting down Library of Congress reference numbers on cut up pieces of scrap paper. He jotted the words in his notebook, the completion of the task allowing him to look again at those mischievous shadows and the bustling shoppers and all of the other dangers possible in a place such as a bookstore.

This man's notes appeared the following morning in a local newspaper. The seminar was a footnote of local goings-on. The only letters that I noticed him scribble in his notebook the entire evening were those three words, "Occult Principles Applied." Those, along with my name, were the only details given in the newspaper the following day.

I introduced myself, as a presenter is supposed to do unless you're Deepak Chopra or Tony Robbins. I explained that I would be discussing not only the occult, but how the occult, how magick and ritual and spirituality can be put into practical use, not only in my life, but in the lives of each and every person in the audience. A few people sat forward in their seats, and some even took out pens and notebooks. I felt good about where my first seminar was heading.

Turning the pages of the flipchart, where I had large illustrations of sigils, ritual circles, and even a candle-color-meanings chart, I explained the various types of ritual that can be employed in effecting change in the physical world through nonphysical means.

The crowd was still with me. A few were taking careful notes, and one girl even asked me to hold off on turning the page, so she could copy the information on it. I'm sure that I glowed as I gave her a few extra seconds.

Then, I made the whole thing personal. Too personal. One of the last pages on my flipchart showed the over-utilized Pyramid of Needs, otherwise known as "Maslow's Hierarchy."

Motioning to the lowest, base of the large, sectioned triangle drawn on the page, I explained that the most basic, primitive needs need to be met first, which are those needs of self-preservation and biological function. Food, water, shelter, breathing, defecating, sleeping, and sexual release are some of these most basic needs.

Once the base needs have been satisfied, the individual will begin to work on the second step of the pyramid, which is ensuring the security and continuation of the resources needed to fulfill those needs beyond the immediate present. In human society, this often translates into steady employment, farming or agriculture, securing a long-term residence, and joining with the gender of preference for continued sexual activity.

Pointing to the third section on the triangle, I explained that, once the base needs have been met and have been secured, the individual can begin to move beyond the basic needs of a bipedal mammal, forming meaningful relationships with friends and family, and graduating beyond simple sexual fulfillment with the gender of choice into emotional fulfillment and long-term commitment.

The fourth level being that of self-esteem and achievement, simply maintaining employment may no longer be enough to satisfy the individual; instead, he or she strives to excel in their capacities, to rise into management positions, or to branch into other avenues of employment or self-employment which will more align with their personal interests and motivations. He or she will strive to strengthen bonds with family, friends, and spouse. Belonging to a community and being active in the welfare of that community becomes important at this stage as well. Basically, all of the previously fulfilled needs become amplified, more personalized, and more meaningful.

Finally, the individual enters the realm of self-actualization. Artistic endeavors become fruitful; the value of making money is replaced or supplemented by a need to give back to society and the world at large; and as a whole, the fullness of human potentiality is explored.

Embracing the self-actualization process with enough depth often leads to some sort of spiritual purpose, which, taken to the extreme, leads men to strive to become like unto God: limitless.

“You’re trying to attain self-actualization, even Christ Consciousness and God-realization, but you need to take an honest look at where you’re at in your own life,” I bellowed from the soapbox that seemed to be crumpling under the weight of my own fervor. “Are you really free and able to explore the deepest meaning of your life and to discover your true purpose on earth when you’re living in your mother’s basement... and even she wants to kick you out?”

One of my friends cast his eyes to the ground. He was living in his mother’s basement, and she indeed did want to throw him out into the streets.

“If you have to worry about food and shelter, or if you’ve had nothing but horrible, abusive and manipulative relationships, or if you’re not sure how you’re going to pay the electricity bill, or if you don’t feel like your life is moving in any direction at all, how can you experience any real, substantial liberation other than hopeful escapism?”

The note-takers stopped taking notes. The previously nodding heads were replaced by eyes shifting around, possibly looking for the coveted exit dominated by the journalist.

And then I spat salt onto the wounded, by flipping backwards through the pages of my display, back through the

various methods of ritual, back through the candle colors and the spirit sigils.

“You naturally, innately possess all of the power that you’ll ever need to change every single aspect of your life, exactly as you’d like it to be. And you have the knowledge of how to use that power available to you, here,” I pointed at my table of books, “and here,” pointing at my flipchart.

“So, let’s use that power.” I had drawn beforehand several “Magic Squares,” designed to attract money to the bearer. I passed them out to the members of the audience. Most put the pieces of paper in their laps politely. The journalist squinted at it, and then shoved it in his pocket. I could count on one hand those who held the paper in front of them, waiting for instructions on how to activate the magic.

“Hold the square on your lap; you want to have it far enough away from your eyes that you can see the whole image in one glance. Relax your eyes as you look at it. Rather than focusing your mind on the image, instead think about your breath. You don’t have to count your inhalation and exhalations or anything. Just pay attention to your breath flowing in and out of your body. Let your mind get completely carried away by the rhythm of your breathing, while keeping your gaze on the square. You may feel yourself getting a bit dizzy, a bit lightheaded. This is what I call the rapture as you descend into the Theta-Gamma sync. It will almost feel as if you’re getting too much oxygen... but you aren’t. Your mind and your body are adapting to your ability to sense and connect with more subtle dimensions, and to project information into those dimensions.

“Now, gently, without pulling yourself out of the rapture, bring to mind an image of you possessing the money that you need or want. See it in your wallet, in your hand, or see a bank statement showing the amount that you’d like to

receive. Hold that image as a still picture in your mind, and notice a certain pressure building in your Ajna chakra, in your forehead, as you do this. Through your gaze, this pressure is slowly released, as if your line of sight to the square is transferring the power and the will into the square itself.

“At this point, many people will visibly *see* the lines of the square or the sigil disappearing from sight, and then reappearing, hovering off the surface of the paper. The square will also seem to possess a unique invisible glow.

“When you’ve reached this point, take a deep breath in, and then exhale quickly, bringing you out of the theta brainwave state. You can fold up the paper and put it away.

“That brings this presentation to a close. Go about the rest of your evening doing whatever it is you would naturally do, and try to distract your mind from the ritual that you just performed, and from your need or desire for money. You will find that as soon as you’ve forgotten all about it, the money will be delivered to you.”

I had offended almost everyone in the room. Not only had I told them in clear words that, unless they applied themselves to the betterment of their immediate environment and the enrichment of their lives, that their quest for self-actualization was futile; and not only did I make it known that I expect those who hold the power to make these changes to take responsibility for every part of their lives; but I also expected them to do it, *now!*

I didn’t sell a single book that day. I was contacted by every single person who joined me in magickally opening their square, within days, reporting that they had received the money that they needed, quite unexpectedly, but that they weren’t sure if they’d do another “ritual” like that again.

Heaven forbid that we take away all reason to complain about our circumstances rather than doing something about them.

Using Maslow's Hierarchy as the baseline for the fulfillment of needs and the rise into Self Actualization was more out of ease of definition than out of its efficacy to define each individual's needs, desires, and personal fulfillment. The needs of an individual having spent all of their lives in a shack in a southern bayou will be much different than someone having lived in the wealthier parts of Manhattan or Paris. Those living in what we would consider squalor in India will have a much different level of need and fulfillment than someone on a beach house in California. The whole process of defining needs, desires, and fulfillment, then, requires a more personal approach.

I personally resonate with Maslow's Hierarchy, as it has seemed to parallel my own experience with fulfillment and success. Therefore, below I will go through the levels of the pyramid below as they pertain to me, and I encourage all who seek power and liberation to do the same. It is impossible to achieve anything unless you have clearly defined what you need and want.

1. My basic needs are met when I am able to eat at least twice a day, when I have clean water to drink, when I have a home to stay in and a place to sleep. When my concern and focus is funneled towards gaining or maintaining these most basic needs, sexual release isn't a prime concern of mine. At those periods in my life when I've found myself homeless, which has indeed occurred a couple of times, mainly due to slipping more into the other side of the veil than this one, such was

never an extended enough of a period to see if sexual needs would resurface as a priority while in a state of destitution, although I'm certain that if I had allowed myself to settle into my situation, my sexuality would adjust itself to that situation.

2.I gain a sense of security by having a steady job that pays enough to maintain an apartment, to pay for electricity, to buy groceries, and to maintain a vehicle for transportation to my employment, thereby ensuring the continuation of such employment and therefore ensuring the continuation of my security. My early childhood taught me that I could not rely on others to provide for my needs, so living with family or friends and relying on their support through difficult times does not provide this sense of security for me, although I recognize that it does for others. If I am not personally maintaining the stability in my life, then I am acutely aware that it may disappear at any moment. It is at this level of fulfillment, having gained a sense of security, that sexuality becomes important to me, and I will seek out sexual partners.

3.The third and fourth tiers of Maslow's Hierarchy seem quite intertwined for me. I'm not an extremely social person, in that I don't need to have constant contact with friends and relatives, nor do I feel the need to get out and be in a group of people in order to feel happy. However, immediately after securing all of my basic needs, I begin to seek the advancement of all aspects of my life. Money isn't a great motivator in my life, neither is social status, so I'm content in a small apartment so long as it is clean and comfortable for my

daughter and myself. I don't care about having the newest car, so long as the one I drive is reliable and efficient. I care more about the internal rewards of my work, so long as the financial rewards are enough to support myself. In nearly every job I've had in my adult life, I've risen very quickly into management positions, and have excelled into company leadership or at least direct consultation with the company leadership. Simply working a job, getting a paycheck, and going to work the next day is not satisfying enough for me. I need to feel as if I'm pushing myself, learning and growing. I'll be more prone to making friends, and more receptive to social gatherings once I feel that my base needs have been secured. I'll also feel much more comfortable having the same sexual partner, and even being exclusive with that partner, at this phase of fulfillment.

4. Self Actualization comes quickly for me, as I tend to move through the stages of fulfillment quickly. As I mentioned above, I have before experienced homelessness in my life, due to getting "too far out there," too disconnected with this world and its requirements on me. Those periods didn't last long, and within months at most I found that I had met my base needs, had secured them, and had already moved into fulfilling my need for excellence in employment and other avenues of my life. I then quickly begin to *create*. I cannot, absolutely *cannot* write a book, a short story, or an article while I am struggling through the first three phases of my personal fulfillment. I *can* write poetry, and that sort of "woe is me" poetry is absolutely righteous. All of my other facets of creation

are dry until I have fulfilled the needs and desires given above. Once those needs and desires have been fulfilled, though, I experience an artistic explosion. I can't keep the words and sentences and paragraphs from flowing through me, often scribbling notes on napkins or paper receipts through the day. I'll also always take on the sort of work that is artistic in nature, allowing my third and fourth tiers to blend into each other effortlessly.

My life has gone through several cycles where I climb the hierarchy, and then find that I have to start over, usually from the base of it. I thought that I was finished with the cycles when I married and when my daughter was born, as my falls previous to that had been of my own making, my own lack of focus and responsibility, which had been corrected in the moment that more than my own life and well-being depended on my ability to remain stable in this world and society. Then, Shawn and I divorced. There was something magical about that period in my life. Not only had my marriage fallen apart, but my employer had filed bankruptcy and had closed their doors in that same month, owing me thousands of dollars in pay that I would never receive, and I was transitioning between publishers, so I no longer had royalties being paid to me to ease the fall. I moved in to a friend's spare bedroom and went through my savings at a beastly speed as I tried to support myself with no income, as well as pay Shawn's bills while she stabilized her life, as well as pay the legal costs of the divorce.

Within a month, however, I had gained employment with another firm for less of a salary than I was used to, but it was income nonetheless; I had established my own publishing house which, at least for the time being, was bringing me in

more residual income than before; and I was in my own apartment, furnished the way that I wanted, with new pots and pans, new dishes, and a refrigerator filled with good food. Within two months I was again able to sit down and finish my work on writing, completing the manuscript for my sixth book, Questing After Visions.

None of this came because I have better connections than others, because I'm drinking buddies with a rabbi in the publishing business, or that I know the right handshakes. In the middle of the worst economy in my generations, I have been able to succeed because I apply nonphysical force to the physical world. In this book alone, the methods are given to call armies of demons into this world to aid in the rearrangement of all circumstances in life. I refuse to live in a spare room at my friend's house for more than a month, or to stay in my mother's basement, or to live on government unemployment benefits, when I can instead reach into the ether, grab a handful of power, and toss it at every problem in my life.

Azazel expected nothing less from me. I expected nothing less of myself.

Having power over this world is essential to having power at all. As a being of power, of control, of Godhood, you must make your life, your interactions, the very organization of your day-to-day living resemble the sort of spiritual megalodon that you are. That which is above needs to be brought below, to this world, to situations here and now, to the formation of paradise around you. No one who knows and utilizes these mysteries of power should be poor, should be hungry or homeless, or should want for anything of this world.

THE VESSEL OF THE AEON

“Most power, once attained, becomes a curiously empty experience.”²

Through the course of nearly twenty years studying the occult in earnest, of fifteen years engaging in the esoteric rites and methods, and of ten years teaching hundreds personally and countless more through my writing, I’ve made a peculiar observation, which seems to have crept through unnoticed by the majority of spiritual scholars: diminishing returns when applying the same or similar methods to the same or similar tasks over any amount of time - or, more accurately, with enough repetition, as I’ve also noticed that many who consider themselves “occultists,” or worse yet, “pagans,” rarely apply the occult sciences and practical spirituality to any real goal which might produce any observable and verifiable result.

Around fifteen years old, having pored through books and letters and essays dealing with the occult, with magick, with witchcraft since I was twelve, I finally sat down with a tapered, white candle, and as I lit the wick I could just *feel* that I was entering some mysterious, forbidden, erotic realm. As I called out to the elements of fire, water, earth and air, and spun clockwise to call the watchtowers of the cardinal points, the rapture had already taken me.

Through such simple methods I worked the miraculous. The only thing that was more exciting than the ritual itself was the end result: real, tangible, usable power. By lighting a simple colored candle and “chanting” a silly limerick, I was able to make others behave quite opposite of their natural patterns; I was able to make even the most “out of my league” girls give me the time of day; I summoned money; favors; decent grades entirely undeserved. There seemed no bounds to

the power that I had in my hands, by lighting the wick of a simple candle and pronouncing a silly limerick.

Before long, however, my soul's stomach started growling, and the starvation for power that had originally driven me into the arms of the Mysteries was again surfacing. I had learned which candle colors worked best for which results, and had dissected the various elemental attributes for different goals. I had put into action at least a hundred alterations in reality through this first form of ritual, and the excitement of its performance was fading fast. As the veil was pulled back and the last twinkling particles of mystery fell from it, Eros was seen flaccid and wanting for more. I moved into sympathetic magick, intense psychodramatic ceremony, sigil work, mudras and mantras, invocation and evocation, finding myself propelled upwards, further upwards, until the throne of God was a spot of light beneath me.

Once the paranormal becomes the normal, our interactions with the realm of limitless possibility diminishes, not because the method suddenly and spontaneously becomes any less effective, but because the trigger, which is the self, is no longer primed, no longer excited by the ritual, no longer turned on by the whole thing.

I've always been advised by my best mentors to not get stuck in the method. But, like ignorance, it seems that some forms of slavery are more temporarily advantageous. If I had spread those first hundred candle-lighting rituals out over thirty years instead of thirty days, I'd still be blissful, although quite unaware of my infinite potential.

Armed with the most powerful methods, evocation chief among them, I cannot turn away from the fact that a similar impotency strikes. Rather than the mystery and

excitement falling away from the *method*, instead the eroticism and newness of the experience is deflated from the *object*, from the *goal itself*.

It is possible – even simple – for one to take up the information given in this text alone, and cause large amounts of money to be delivered to oneself. Although many may believe that they desire money, the cash is only symbolic. The true desire is power, and works such as evocation form a direct bridge between the initial will to power and its attainment. Once it is realized that any amount of money can be delivered, and once the kinks and quirks have been worked out of the ritual process to allow the money to come, the whole thing becomes commonplace. When you need money, or even just want it for any specific thing, there it is, the pile of cash, waiting for you to call it out of the ether. Until then, however, the quest for it is quite uninteresting. At least to me, it has become uninteresting, although I know a few others who possess this same spiritual knowledge and ability who seem to never tire of wealth. I may simply be possessed by more erotic demons than greed.

The same loss of interest occurs with sex, glamour, attention, love, success, recognition, and every object that can be materialized through these works. Once the route to obtaining these desires is made sure, the lust for them subsides.

There exist Perfect Methods - of which evocation is one - which never fail if applied correctly, which always produce results, and which can be expounded upon and delved more deeply into, infinitely, and therefore will not generate the first cause of diminishing returns. I have yet to find any such Perfect End, though. Nevertheless, I am still a youngish man, and I am certain that my adventures are far from complete.

Once the novelty of satisfying your own selfish desires through your spiritual works has run its course, and you find yourself holding all power with nowhere to direct it, look out into the observable world, and see what needs to be changed. And as our scope of the world and our ability to access information about it in real-time has increased, it does not take long to find something to be concerned about.

You possess the power. All of the tools necessary are here, in this text. All that remains is to act. The problem that people so often get into is when they are using mystical, magickal, or spiritual methods as a means to escape this world, building mythologies of "this world is only temporary, and then I'll escape and enter my true home in the 12th dimension." We exist in physical reality not to escape it once again, but to embrace the flesh and solidify the temple, and to bring "heaven" to earth. Turn on, tune in, and then engage!

You must here become a master organizer if you are to succeed. Fulfilling your desires requires the involvement of usually less than a dozen people, and at most a twenty-four-event chain, for more difficult demands. If you want to effect foreign relations; if you want to not only discover cures for illnesses but cause those cures to be released to the public; if you want to topple religious empires; if you want to improve a failing economy, or fail an improving economy; if you want to have a global effect through entirely nonphysical means, from within your Circle of Pacts, you will sometimes need to alter the observations and behaviors of thousands or more people, and put into effect a chain of events hundreds of "coincidences" long.

While this is not a Perfect End, it is without a doubt exciting while it lasts, to be the Master in the shadows.

With the methods given above in this text, and the remaining given below, we are not only to enrich ourselves, to

glorify and exalt ourselves, but to change the face of all of the observable world. You will better the world, yes, or you will worsen it if you have not yet worked through the need to project some sort of inner imbalance upon the world. You will improve your living conditions, and those of your species, certainly, or again, the inverse. But more than that, much more, is the fact that you are learning not how to become God, but instead you are learning that you *are* indeed the Almighty, in a body of flesh. And you are learning the true meaning of the word *Limitless*.

Chapter Eight: The Demonic King

Evoking Azazel and his countless legions night after night, I found myself being pulled down a corridor, the final atrium into which I would emerge completely unseen to me.

When I began, when I first summoned that demon into materialization, I was quite sure of the nature of things, and the mechanism by which these spiritual sciences operate. That fiend's first task was not to teach the secrets of power, as such would indeed be as pearls cast before the coarsest of swine. Instead, his first task was to instill doubt, to shatter the supports upon which my every assumption was based. From the foundation of conscious ignorance, I could then be taught.

Azazel was essentially telling me, through all of my workings with him in the first thirty days of discipline, that the reality of any thing cannot be relied upon save for in the moment of its materialization.

Azazel, my great teacher, did not exist in some corner of the astral plane, descending into physical materialization during the evocation. Instead, at the moment of evocation, his form, his intellect, his power and his image were made real, created anew from some quantum soup, from some omnipresent protoplasmic field. This is not unique to Azazel,

nor to spirits or astral entities, but to everything observable. All of existence is a cat shut in a box, and only when we peek inside does the nature or form of the cat make itself manifest.

Such a realization seemed at face-value contrary to the assumptions I had been making all along – assumptions which made complete sense and are very helpful in a practical way. Why, then, would I even continue to evoke at all? If the spirits were facets of imagination brought to life only in the moment of their evocation, is the act of ritual mere psychic and sensory masturbation?

Again, the realization was *not* that the spirits are not real, but that *nothing* is real, nothing exists independent of the observation of the thing. Retiring from my interactions with those most unreal things, with the entities that would rise from incense smoke into full materialization before me, in complete contradiction to the general observation, would be as silly as retiring from life itself, realizing that *all* is Maya.

In fact, once I had put aside the infantile assumptions to which I had clung for so many years, the whole act of evocation, of ritual, of practical spirituality sprung to life anew, presenting itself not as a simple means to an empowered end, but instead being shown to me as a framework, a template for absolute creation.

With all of my supports crushed beneath me, I pressed forward, calling upon that demon again and again, creating the Infernal Empire while I discovered it, the shores of the undiscovered country materializing as I neared.

I had made a pact with the most dangerous of demons, under whose tutelage the destruction of all of creation was only the beginning of my path.

Azazel instructed me in greater methods of evocation; constraining spirits; influencing reality through spiritual works; he gave me the names of the Nethers which have been recorded

in this text; he gave me their symbols and their attributes; he stood by as I summoned them and gained their power and siphoned their knowledge. Through Azazel's instruction, and through his invisible influence over even the molecules of this world, he prepared my body for my continued empowerment; he prepared the circumstances of my life for the raising of my empire; and he prepared my mind to behold a vision of the Limitlessness that I was about to embrace.

The Pact had sustained me, whereas previous to it my assumptions had done so. For ninety days, the Pact was the law by which my life was governed. For ninety days, the Pact was all that I could count on as being real.

*Destroy the pact! Burn the words, and destroy them.
And stand as a King, as the King of kings, unbound.*

Azazel wasn't prone to speak in riddles. When he told me to make myself strong, he meant that I was to make myself strong. When he told me to quit my employment, my firm went under. Every prophecy, every instruction that he gave was literal, and was fulfilled to the letter. Yet, I still searched for his hidden meaning in telling me to destroy the Pact.

For three days, I meditated on what he could have meant. For three days, I did not evoke him, or any other spirit. The ninety days had expired, but I was not yet ready to be released from the Pact. Azazel had taught me much, had taught me a great deal more than any other entity, demonic, angelic, or human, ever had. But I knew that I was lingering on the edge of some great realization.

Azazel could not abandon me so suddenly.

In those three days of silence, however, something was growing inside of me. My confusion became fear. Fear turned to panic, and panic became anger. Anger became rage.

Enraged on the third day, as the sun was casting sweeping flames over the desert sky as it retreated behind the western hills, I cursed that demon for having brought me so far, only to leave me trembling and trying to pull him against me again, while he turned and left me.

I grabbed the Pact in my shaking fist, my lips quivering, caring the least that my clutch had wrinkled the paper that I had kept untouched for the space of three months.

My thumb couldn't strike the wheel of the lighter quickly enough, the flame flickering off of the metal outlet at the shaking of my hands.

Damn him. I'll burn the Pact, and I'll burn him if I get the chance.

The paper flared as if soaked in gasoline, but the incarnation of the paper, and the screaming of the spirits as they fled the fibers back to their ethereal abode didn't sate my rage.

With a beastly growl, forgetting that I was human, that I was civilized, that I possessed language, I threw my wooden altar across the room. It shattered, the base separating from the top in splinters.

My glass-jarred candles followed, cracking into dangerous shards. Skulls and bones that served as fetish items, gifts from the spirits themselves, houses of the dead, were hurled into the pile. Item after item, tool after tool was smashed, bent, broken, discarded into the heap of forsaken hope.

Words left me. My lips spat incoherent sounds. I was not sure what I was doing, or why. Nor did I care.

With the same blind rage, I wrapped the whole debris in my Circle of Demonic Pacts, drawn on a thick, black mat, and dragged the lump down the stairs like a murdered corpse, and I stuffed it in the trunk of my car.

I unloaded the throbbing bulk of relics onto the desert sand miles away, and soaked it all in lighter fluid. When I dropped the match on the wet pile and it exploded in flames, my rage vanished.

My legs lost all strength. I fell to the dirt, my screams and profanities melting into tears.

And the ether stirred. The smoke of the burning pile coalesced. A black satyr rose before me.

“Now we may begin,” the Demon said. And then He vanished.

I had made myself an excellent disciple to Azazel, but he demanded more. Devotion and discipline had only been the primer for the understanding which would come, the parts of which I am able to put into writing given in the remaining text below, and the rest I am either still trying to decipher, or I understand that I will never reveal unto the death of this body.

There exists a definite path to Godhood, to the attainment of all power, all knowledge, and to the quintessence of absolute existence. The threefold path to Godhood is: Evocation; Damnation; and Renunciation.

EVOCATION

A good deal of this work has dealt with the matter of evocation. Evocation is the essential key to spiritual autonomy as it is the method by which that which is imaginary can be made real, first to the mundane senses through the materialization of the spirit, and then to the external world through the verifiable result achieved.

Holding invisible armies in your command is an amazing power, but this is merely a type and a shadow, a tangible metaphor of the greater power of materializing the whole of the world as a condensed specter of imagination.

In mastering evocation, you concomitantly master your inner self, your physiology, your emotions, thoughts, even the normally unconscious electrical output of your brain; you master your immediate environment, exerting your will over the minor details of your daily life; and, often only through residual, runoff effects, your incessant magickal meddling effects the whole of the world, changing sometimes the course of history as a whole, influencing people and situations of which you are not, nor never will be aware.

Evocation is the first stage of godhood, and it is the infant stage. This method, which most magicians aspire to and struggle for through lifetimes, is only the beginning of the development from a bipedal mammal to a limitless, deathless, infinite being.

DAMNATION: THE GATEWAY TO LIBERATION

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 nor no thing 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.

Most world religions, into one of which most of us are born, teach the crippling principle of hope as if it is some sort

of virtue, to rely not on powers manifest nor on the rewards of effort, but on the belief that chance will be swayed in our favor.

No human or beast is ever as fierce as when it has nothing left to lose, when even death is an acceptable second to failure.

Hope had been ripped from many of us early on. I've noticed as I've met with thousands of Left Hand Path practitioners that the majority of those who dare to ally with demons have suffered some sort of traumatic abuse in their early childhood. Maintaining hope in the charity of some supposed benevolent deity simply does not resonate with someone who has experienced cruelty at the hands of family, parents, and caretakers. Hope in goodness and faith in fellow man is an insult and a joke to a broken child.

When spirituality first becomes important, for the self, rather than for social or familial acceptance, which usually occurs in the early teenage years, the world view of the traumatized child lends more to the understanding that all beings are selfish and driven by a will to power, and that those beings of spirit are the same. The demons do not hide their intentions, but are clear that given the opportunity, they will destroy you. The spiritual entrepreneur is then able to discover routes of making himself as useful to the demons and to the demonic cause as the demons can be useful to the Evocator and his cause.

In this process of spiritual self-discovery, on the left hand side, there are moments of near panic as the adventurer considers that such diabolical alliances counter the God or the savior with which they were raised. A severing of the past self often must be undertaken in order to move forward.

The demons do not allow hope to linger long in their company. This is the beauty of betrayal, as it agitates the

psyche and keeps the individual from settling too comfortably into any situation long enough to stagnate.

Signing the Pact and committing myself to it was a willful self-damnation. When I committed myself to Azazel, I realized that I could end up dead, enslaved, imprisoned, or worse. It could easily be argued that I maintained *hope* that Azazel would treat me kindly, or would release me from torture after a while, but instead it was more of a human sacrifice to that Demon, a sacrifice of my own self, my own life, for the chance to learn and to grow. And yes, there was hope, and I do think that Azazel saw that I had hope, and he fed it just enough to keep me interested, and then to dash it to the ground.

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 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.

RENUNCIATION

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.

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

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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.

Chapter Nine: The Devil's Stone

Whether they know it or not, every occultist is on a quest for the Philosopher's Stone, a mythical substance, a perfect element which acts as a master key to all other elements, allowing for the transmutation of one element into another, or from the materialization of a substantial element from an insubstantial element – the creation of matter from imagination.

If we can summon forth Azazel, who by his own insistence is not empirically real, and he can rearrange every minute circumstance in our lives; if we can summon his legions, which are also not in any substantial way real, to full materialization; if we can command them to obey us and to bring us wealth, love, sex, comfort, and knowledge of the unknowable; if we can then erase from our minds the very connecting memory of our ties with all demons; and then if, through nothing other than our imagination, we can build a demonic army and can become like unto Azazel we have learned the first step in the possession of the philosopher's stone.

Through evocation, we are able to force a rift in known reality, bringing at least the specter of something entirely unreal into reality. Once that unreal thing becomes observable, it then becomes real. It is often fairly argued that the observation belongs to only one observer, and is therefore not “real” in any general sense, but is an anomalous observation, and therefore can be discarded as unreal and delusional. However, the effects of the evocation upon this world, the verifiable alterations in reality, the likes of which have filled up my own personal journals, as well as the journals of those with whom I have worked these wonders.

THE RITUAL OF TRANSMUTATION, OR OF MATERIALIZATION

The demon exists as an imaginary form, most often archetypal, and through the ritual of evocation materializes to the mundane senses of the Operator. The Evocator desires a specific end result, and so he searches grimoires for a demon archetypally linked with the desired end result. Through the ritual of evocation, that imaginary form is brought into observable reality, and the Evocator commands the demon then to fulfill his desire.

The desire for the thing, and the thing itself which is not yet possessed, is as much an inhabitant of the imagination as the demon, yet rather than materializing the desired thing directly, we go about the whole matter by circumvention of the original desire.

I pondered this for a while after my final Renunciation, and then I experimented. My experiments unveiled a method of more directly materializing that which I desired, resulting in the fastest, most pure results, using what I have since called

“Blank Evocation,” otherwise called “The Ritual of Transmutation, or of Materialization.”

In order to work this Operation, you must be adept in the art of evocation in general. You must have already experienced the necessary rapture and the forced materialization of spirits enough times and with enough intensity to not only be able to immediately identify the various stages of energetic, psychological, and physiological shifts that occur during the process of evocation, but you must be able to trigger these internal shifts at will.

The only path is that of first-hand experience. With this, all secrets will be revealed to you. Without it, the mystery will remain mysterious.

Lay out the Circle of Demonic Pacts, so that when kneeling within the Circle, you are facing north.

Set two black candles to either side of you, one in the east and the other in the west.

Set a large censor before you, in which are laid two or three charcoal disks. Alternatively, you may set four smaller censors around the Circle of Pacts, at each cardinal point, a single charcoal disk in each.

Shut out all light from the Temple. Ignite the candles, from right to left for more beneficial goals, and from left to right for more nefarious ends. Ignite the charcoal disks, deosil or clockwise for benevolent goals and widdershins or counterclockwise for malevolent goals.

Drop a few pebbles of either copal or frankincense resin incense on each lit coal. A certain mystery of evocation is that the greater the amount of incense smoke produced, the more easily a full materialization of the spirit may be facilitated. Other manifestation bases may be used, such as warm blood or some specific Elixir of Manifestation.¹ If incense is used,

however, ensure that a great amount of smoke is produced. I've found that copal specifically produces quite a bit of smoke, and that it burns extremely clean.

As the red coals liquefy the incense resin, bring your attention to your goal. Your focus should not be the attainment of the final result in the future, but instead should be the materialization of the thing before you, immediately, born not of coincidental alignment but brought into being *ex-nihilio*, pushed from your imagination into this world as a real and visible form.

The familiar rapture specific to evocation is more difficult to attain in blank evocation, but once the barrier between the imagined and the real is penetrated, the whole veil will be torn in two. The struggle to maintain consciousness will rush at you, and in that very moment in the air around you your desired object will materialize as a variety of phantoms, not spirits with faces and bodies, but specters of the object itself. If you desire money, instead of winged fiends, you may find the air filled with spectral coins and cash, with healthy bank statements, and with the objects that you intend to buy with that wealth. If your goal is love or sex, you may see your future lover materializing before you. Allow the phantoms to materialize however they will, simply pushing your desire for them to come, *now*, into the air around you.

As there is no information in the collective hallucination for your specific desire manifest (as there is such an invisible library of shared information on grimoiric spirits), the stabilization of the phantoms that you've materialized will need to be fed by you.

Sink even deeper into your rapture, and as your body weakens to the point of near-collapse, that force within you which is omnipotent will further activate. All of your strength needs be pushed violently yet silently into the phantoms of

your desire, into the air around you. Unlike a good many methods of spiritual manifestation, the desire and the power to make it real is not to be pushed out of your Ajna Chakra, or your Manipura Chakra, or from your mouth or your eyes, but instead is to be pushed from every pore, out of your body, out of your mind, out of your imagination and emotion, and just outside of the Circle of Pacts.

In the twinkling of an eye, the phantoms will crystallize in the air, still moving, still dancing, but no longer requiring to be fed, no longer needing *you* and your attention to be nurtured.

That which began as a fantasy within your mind has gestated, has been given birth by your own power and will, and has come into life as an energy and a consciousness independent of you.

Once such crystallization has taken place, a good portion of the rapture will retract from you. You will then be able to look around the outside of the Circle of Pacts, at the specters in the air, and appreciate your creation.

“Go now into the world,” will be your command, and your dismissal.

In the moment that the phantoms dissipate from view, they will indeed go into the world, and they will indeed quickly evolve into physical objects, circumstances, and events, unchanged from the form that you had originally imagined, but become flesh. And, indeed, your evolved creations will return to their Maker.

The results of such a blank evocation or Transmutative Ritual are fast. Mine have become nearly instantaneous. When the application of the method is perfected, the phantoms will crystallize as independent energetic forms, and will instantly evolve. And then your desires will literally fall from the sky.

I have found as I have manipulated the events not only of my personal life, but of the world at large, that one task must be approached at a time. Although you are starved, you cannot have your entrée until you've finished what's already before you. Choose one goal, be it the enrichment of your circumstances or the shifting of a world at war. Choose one goal, and push that goal from your ephemeral imagination into physical materialization, first in the Temple, and then in the world.

In short time, the incense smoke will form the apparition of your desire, and the apparition will solidify into the physical object.

This is nothing less than the Philosopher's Stone, the creation of something from nothing – the attainment of godhood while in the flesh.

You are now faced with a choice.

Either you can live inside of your imagination, producing nothing, but in bliss, wholly convinced of your own importance as a star child or indigo soul, although all physical evidence would point to your own powerlessness to govern even the most basic aspects of your life; or, you can make live that which you imagine, forcing it from the prison of your inner vision into the world in a beholdable form, materializing in the fulfillment of all of your dreams, ambitions, and desires, not lived out in some fantasy of a "higher realm," but here and now, in the only moment that is empirically, irreproachably, objectively real.

Endnotes

Chapter One

1. Leviticus 16:8-10. The Holy Bible (King James Version).

Chapter Two

1. Spare, Austin Osman: "Nothing is real; everything is permitted."

Chapter Four

1. Wait, Arthur Edward. The Book of Ceremonial Magic. Barnes and Noble Books. 1999.

Chapter Five

1. Koetting, E.A. Evoking Eternity. Ixaxaar Publications. 2008.
2. Koetting, E.A. Evoking Eternity. Ixaxaar Publications. 2008.
3. Koetting, E.A. Evoking Eternity. Ixaxaar Publications. 2008.

Chapter Six

1. It is also claimed that Azazel and Paimon are one in the same.

Chapter Seven

E.A. KOETTING

1. Evola, Julius. The Yoga of Power. Inner Traditions International. 1992.
2. Brady, Ian. The Gates of Janus. Feral House. 2001

Chapter Nine

1. One such elixir that I have used quite successfully is a combination of sweet, red wine; moss; rat's blood; and a few drops of my own blood; mixed together and spread on the ground around the outside of perimeter of the Circle, or within the Triangle of Manifestation.

And Azazel spoke:

The work which lies before us, now, is to take dominion over this realm, to make perfect and limitless even this most course and barren physical state.

Alash tad Al'ash tal Ashtu