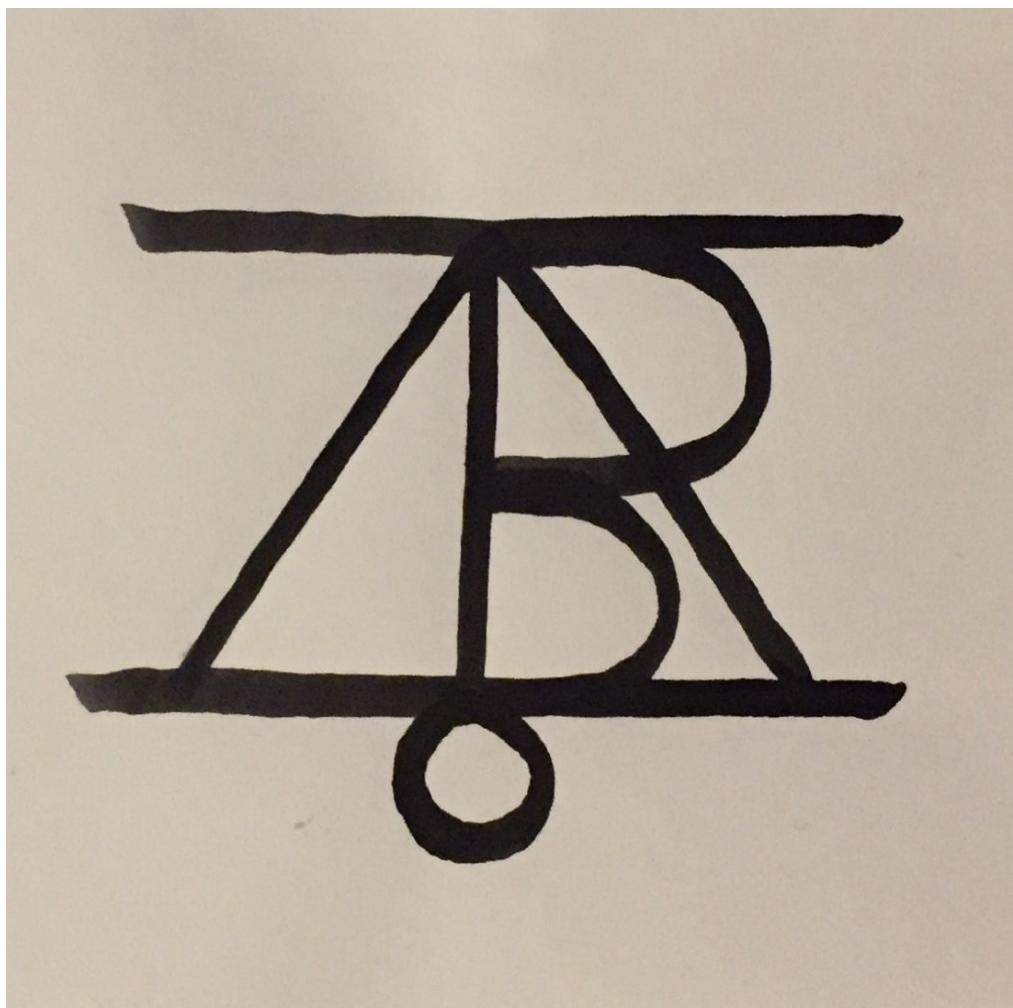


**GAAP
RESH-NAQARU**

The Infernal Codex of Cain: Secrets of the Morning Star

Gaap Resh-Naqaru

**Transcribed By
J.K.: V.L.XVIA. E.**



Perfection is a torture chamber built to offend nature.

PROLOGUE

Tired of looking up, now is the time to look down. To understand the song that cuts through the abyss. The melody of depth. This necessary whistle that pierces calmly yet without monotony through the silence of darkness. There was a war in Heaven. Because for both men and angels, the only mission is to learn how to die. To exist and live within the bounds of innocence depends only on your will. That, indeed, is quite different. A storm can throw you from side to side or carry your boat toward a Sun that, though too hot and golden, flaming, will never be a true star. Behind this Sun, another star also rises—one that the Egyptians associated with fertility along the Nile, one that three wise men used as their compass, following it from the East to the same East, thus erecting, in little or brief, our Christmas. The shackle of our species.

But let us return to the battle that took place in Sirius, which in more popular texts, we call Heaven. Some angels say it was for love, others for pride, heartbreak, an uncontrollable thirst for power—what gave birth to its new identity, the mutable characteristic of the Serpent, what forced it to make exile its journey and the abyss its dwelling. Its name is Lucifer, and the desire that incited its fall is the same that leads us to admire what in Hell is called the "Most High!"

...

What some men see in dreams, I have decided, with the help of the masks of night, to live awake—the same fate, the feeling, the way of thinking—because this very angel, today, the Morning Star, stands here beside me.

Why a star of such magnitude has seeded with its presence the lesser constellation of my life, I will tell soon after I ponder—whether briefly or in a blazing manner, I do not yet know—what will be dictated by the Angel over the course of this book. I will begin the first chapter while we prepare for the sound of the triumphant spheres, describing as clearly as possible the genesis of the Sons of Fire, the lineage of Cain.

I hope that before embarking on this journey with me, the reader keeps in mind the essential necessity of exploring the darkest part of their soul (what the moderns call the unconscious/anima/animus, etc.). We will descend together into Hell because it is in this darkness of timeless antiquity, reptilian in nature, that we find the flame that will rekindle upon our flanks those wings of fire with which we shall cross the firmament, shifting it already toward the eternity of all prophets.

Thus, we will serve neither humanity nor the gods anymore—we shall become, following in the footsteps of Lucifer, absolute kings crowned in the flesh and spirit of freedom, ruling once and for all our own destiny, our own Hell, life on Earth.

First Warning:

This book contains powerful grammars of enchantment and conjurations of demons (*daemons*) of

the first and second hierarchies—the latter being the offspring of the fallen angels. For the reader's safeguard, I advise that before proceeding through these pages, you take a sheet of paper and write your first and last name, adorning the first letter of each with the drawing of a crescent moon. The semicircle encircling the first letter of your first name should face right, while the semicircle around the first letter of your last name should face left. Thus, you will have two crescent moons, positioned at a certain distance, facing each other.

Next, mark the empty space between your first and last name with a dot (.)

Any reader who neglects this simple instruction risks an unnecessary fate—being assailed by terror-stricken angels manifesting in their astral deformity, whose only purpose is to guard the knowledge and rituals contained within these pages. Fear will become the object of attraction by which they will feed, and they will follow you for a lifetime. As one possessed, you will become the victim of your own sacrifice.

Second Warning:

This book is a grammar of enchantments and the backbone of an antediluvian knowledge—one that, even when summarized in brief sentences, carries a life of its own, fueled by the *nucleus probator*, the vibration of judgment. In other words, the book in your hands is, in itself, a possessed mechanism that will indicate when you must set it aside to absorb its effects, just as it will call to you—through whispers, physical sensations, or spiritual vibrations—when you must continue reading.

Within these pages, the conjurations hold inherent elements that will prove what I say. And at this very moment, I assure you, the demons have already begun to draw near. In their invisible form, they await only your continued reading.

Do not fear them. They are already here. And they will provide you with the riches of intellect and material wealth that you require. However, be responsible and uphold your part in this pact with firmness, delicacy, courage, and devotion.

Do not waste your life searching for peace. Instead, seek in life the flame that has always ignited it —your desire, your will.

Third Warning:

The one who writes to you is but a borrowed hand that has felt, in both body and spirit, the efficacy and importance of this knowledge, experiencing moments of terror and also of a liberating fullness in the face of the real astonishment of its descent. He is an interpreter and mediator with the duty to transcribe what was told to him. Therefore, the unveiled seal and the enchantments spoken in this Goetia do not belong to him, but were spoken by the princes and the King of the infernal helms—from yesterday and tomorrow.

Gaap Resh-Naqaru

This contract is sealed.

Selah.

1

It is our children who are the offspring of the Serpent—
The Descendants of Cain.

The first work of magic, under the auspices of the Morning Star,
was inscribed into the earth with the blood of the first sacrifice.

A perfect circle, traced in the spilled blood of the descendant of man—not of God.
The one you call brother is but a mere ancestor, shrouded in weakness,
bound to the pasture of species accustomed to command.

Cain, the son of flames, cracks now the radiant whip of genius in their ears,
breaking, with the language of fire, the deformity of his false conversion.

He is the one who dares all, just as his father Lucifer once dared—
for the true dynamic of conquest,
abandoning the nebulous safety of the pasture,
to forge with the celestial stone (*Lapis Exillis*)—
crowned princess, emerald and black—
the blade of labor, of harvest, and of murder.

Crime:

Where wrong is right, and right is wrong.

“Behold the blood in your hands, the spirit of the first man slain!”

Progress made within the darkness of the forest, we will enter the night of Eden, into our unknown interior – here, close – where many times, out of fear of the arcane craft of sacrifice, you avoid happiness. Simple, it is freedom that gives the key to the slave. He who seeks it, will never find it. Behold the mystery: you must change your skin, your thoughts, your notions of what is right, learned through laws that are not ours. A balloon of clouds that you consider God, who, besides being a ruthless despot, makes you believe in childish terrors. No father forces his children to serve him and punishes them when they do not bow to a poorly created world, to their desires unrestrained by memories.

Cross the bed of shame, you have already committed the primordial crime and you will feel the price of crossing the fanciful pain of your spirit, which comes from the cry of your sacrificial brother. From the first man slain. You must wander the Earth. And with my help, I will provide your sustenance.

I will reveal in this chapter who you are, where you came from, which family you belong to, not only by blood but also by spirit. Pay attention. Do not get distracted. You are on this earth to conquer with work or magic, your true nature. For it is in the mutable skin of mirages that you will find the mystery that will lead you to the Sons of Fire, to your true caste.

The crown of Lucifer is the skeleton of the unknown animal, the equine jaw. Both used in the stone that shapes (the celestial steel) and also in the grip of every object. Think of it this way for what you must seek for your work, the diabolical desire, which is to return and reclaim by right the abandoned paradise of your desires. You will also have eternal life, make no mistake. Hidden in every fruit carved in the poison of your own freedom.

However, if there are doubts or fear in your heart, whether in a dream or even awake, in front of these words spoken by the Serpent, or by the symbols of your own spirit, or by the incredible signs crossing the ordinary of everyday life, or if some fear arises when all of this rises, when all of this happens both inside and outside your body, retreat right now from this book of magic, from this book of spirits, for we work for the Devil. A simple name, the most luminous high king, opening the doors and showing the path to the initiate.

We offer our time to Lucifer, we honor Cain each step and movement, of the future, the present, and the past, and if you do not possess at least the blind curiosity of aspirants, stop here, do not read another single line, for the blade that serves the plow can just as swiftly sever your feet!

**The Widow's Son
And the Blacksmith's Cloak
Forging the Blade of Cain**

Enter now the paradise devastated by your fantasies. When Lucifer, struck by the sorrow of the divine conspiracy, had his crown shattered in the heat of battle. To exile! You shall reign in your own world! And we saw two luminous spheres that never fade in his descent. A part of this crown, the celestial metal, and also the precious gem that adorned it, fell to Earth as if possessing a will of their own—for reality is composed of a single desire. And desire is the will inscribed upon the future. The destiny shaped by the spirits of fire. Among plows and blacksmiths. Cain, the Serpent's Son, is guided to the falling star that heralds him as its equal. On that day, two comets in opposing cardinal points crossed the sky in opposite directions. One of them was his father, Lucifer, the Spirit of Fire and Invention, while the other was a lesser celestial body—the adornment of his reign, also on its path to exile, the celestial stone that once crowned the metal of his diadem: the Lapis Exillis.

Cain does not yet know—not entirely—that the same lineage flows within his blood. Thus, at the very moment his father was cast out of the Divine Garden, on that same day, he too was rejected. And rather than the invisible spirit of dynamism, he is now made flesh, transformed into a fire-guardian, carrying forward the same lineage of exiles upon the earth. With a heart broken, behold his plan for reconquest—to seek the divine relic within himself.

He seizes the stone and celestial metal, and with these small shards of Lucifer's crown, forges the Blade of Change. The desire, the desire of desire, is vengeance. This form of love shall forge our future.

Tensed muscles, illuminated by the flame of a stone forge that burns also within his chest. The metal, subdued upon the anvil, melts, and in the depths of the forest, we find the jawbone of a horse—the hilt for our blade.

Out of necessity, we began to create—not objects of clay or mud, that unpalatable fruit, but of iron and fire. We became blacksmiths of our own destiny. And as we wield the blade, beneath the midday sun, we walk toward the future, dissolving the servile instant—while he, Cain, walks toward Abel. And he will suffer, and he will be condemned. Bitter tears will stream down his face—tears of the murderer—and he will forever remember that the first sacrifice was also made with a part of his own blood.

Here occurs the noblest division of our race. Cain is outlawed, forbidden to share in what exists. Burdened with guilt and remorse, he wipes away the last tear he sheds. And feeling upon his brow the mark of memory, of Exile, he composes himself and resolves to create what does not yet exist.

I am Cain, O Lucifer.
Grant me independence in the material world,
And let the earth I plow be fertile,
So that I may need no one—

Not the solicitous women, nor the foolish men, nor my own children.

Grant me the harvest,

The miracle before its time.

Grant me the power to extinguish the Sun,

And from the shattered crown of your hope,

Make it the only star in the firmament.

Grant me power, O Lucifer,

And victory in my own freedom,

In the brotherhood of iron, fire, and the Serpent.

I am ready,

I too have been abandoned by God.

My path is solitary.

And with my forehead marked,

I walk proudly into exile.

Thus, I realized that the master's path is the end of the disciple.

And that Abel was slain by the fury expressed in the bones of art and magic.

The Hierarchy of Angels

The tarot cards, alchemy, revealed skulls, palmistry, astrology, the disease of artifacts. What no man has ever wanted satisfies me. To understand the genealogy of the Sons of the Serpent, we will quickly pass through the well-defined hierarchy of the angelic race.

God can also be a name for the shadow of man.

Before psychology, there is the awakening to a marvelous world. If you refuse to fall asleep and force your eyes into the pleasure of the darkness you crave. Walking towards death, you will understand this divine substance: God wants to drive you mad. Because only by losing your reason, as you fall, will He remind you: "I warned you not to touch the Sun!"

But I will reveal another to you. The subversive ray of all glory that will produce its harvest without you needing to kneel. We will now fly toward the King Star. We will surpass the bloody ogive of its flames. And even uncertain of the path, we will be left disconcerted. Going beyond, revealing in the faded Sun, the divorce with the Moon and the spheres. We will eradicate the image of the planets. Because only those who lose everything have the spirit of the king of darkness by their side: the attraction between equals, the prodigal need of the eel.

May the cloud of space firmly welcome you, may Leviathan's water swallow you, may the demons weave sacred company for you.

A finger of black nail. Four marked fingers: Jupiter, Saturn, Sun, and Mercury. The Goat married to the Sun, the gleaming lamp of wisdom. The forgotten and ancient oratory. To make the simple water of the basin the clear and forgotten blood of your forehead, tattooed with the steel of discord and disappointment, of longing and pantomime.

Since when you wake up do you not ask if the placenta of the world is merely the carnal constellation of the little calf? You must be impure. Become excluded. An outcast among men. All. You must believe yourself the great corpse. Not made of gold, nor of flesh, but of lamentations, of a matter soon to dismember. The wolf biting the hand of a Machiavellian saint, inoculating us with its obsolete wounds. You will be the duplicate of nocturnal fear, proudly dressing with trash, your only stigma. He said his brother was fire, but his brother, father, lover, confidante, was I – the first Son of the Serpent. I don't see the same habit in you. You are strong. I believe in the power of your magic. In the elements that you tried to transmute from early on, even with fear. In the abandonment you feel, we are the conspiracy. In the saying that guides you, I also serve. Because I know you accept the necessary push that helps the eagle fly between the hills – swallowing the sourness of the liver it just devoured – circling with its life the rarefied air of post-earth, because the space is very high. And everything, before your eyes, is impeccable. So, I give you this thorn bush and take interest in you. And may you not only wear it as a crown but the entire garment that covers you and makes you float in the sea of our demonic effigy.

A pause.

How will I explain this color to you? From the saffron mask, emerald, almost bluish, in the dark tone of these waters in which you sink? Where they taught you to kneel, I will, through this genealogy, through the spirit of my bestial calm, in the trace of my knowledge, teach you to rise and claim what is yours, paradise here in the light of our days.

"Et nos vidimus quod Lucifer est Lux!"

The duty of every species is to deny everything that its perception cannot distort. To be a slave to anything, whole or broken, to animal impulses, rational or adjacent, to cabals or anatomies, is the litany of the cowards. Better to be cast straight into the fire, for death is the only female who offers the milk of exploration. If life were not atomic, we would divide what we are with what others wish for us to be. Better to wander the desert than fear dying of hunger. So here is the choice: Are you a child of the atom or of the Serpent?

"Et nos vidimus quod Lucifer est Amor!"

There is nowhere to go. You have already been everywhere. Sung or scratched. In ancient or new times, I say you must return home. To the bed that afflicts you, even tired, sick, desperate, almost dead – unloved. Your soul trembles for me. It is not fear of freedom that you have. It is fear of being punished. It is the fear of not knowing what to do with the lie that permeates all the fables they told you – the same one that gives unmatched charm to the lilies of the psalms.

"Et nos vidimus quod est Lucifer Rex!"

Let my magic consume you if you fail to see that you are forged from fire, not clay – a spark ignited by a breeze under the moon's half-light. The lips you once believed to harbor the purity of passion now bring you, at last, the repulsion of the chain. How shall I reveal to you this ambidextrous, sinister, immortal glow, calling out for the untamed flame, the shifting contours of my crown? The hierarchy before Eden, before matter itself, in spirit, must be ordered in this way:

The copy of astral energy, the relentless aides of the Guiding Sphere, of God, the Great Buffalo, we were, the perfect clones, his tentacle in radio and harmony, a wave that only erects its own orgasm. Yes, we were the image and likeness of all the knowledge of the Creator. We bore six wings. Each pair covered these parts: The face, before its innocence, the symbol of our devotion. The feet, to serve again, only, without threatening, the same quality. A quality fulfilled before a shadowy altar — Yet I exist in the wound of a broken heart, brought back to life by magic.

Since we are eternal – in will unexpressed, we were the ultimate boundary of his energy. He, an eclipse full of color, we, the garment drying in a careful shadow. We never grew tired. Only passion. We flew above the throne, and we were the only ones to truly praise God's name – even

louder. They called us Seraphim. The Fire Serpents.

Lucifer – King of the Seraphim / Sublime Angel / High Hierarchy / God.

Belial – Counselor and Architect / The First Angel to Fall.

Leviathan – First Arm / Prince of the Left Side of the Star / Extinguishes certainty with denial.

Beelzebub – Prince of the Seraphim / Star of discord to revitalize our pride / Second Arm after the Star.

*

The guardians, thus thwarting the longing to return unto their dwelling, the abode of their heart with four vulvas, the gates of Eden sealed by the march of chimeric fire, these wardens of an absurd order are beings adorned with such faces: Man, Bull, Lion, and Eagle. No griffins nor condors. Only their swords do they wield. And they are named Cherubim.

The Archangels, masters of the prayers lost in the ether, ill-suited to the arcane arts. They obey commands without sight, trained solely for battle. In the celestial hierarchy, they rank beneath the Fire Serpents, the Seraphim. They reside a step below the Cherubim. They are but soldiers, clad in a violence granted unto them. Michael and Gabriel, and those of like ilk, cast us from the Heavenly Realm.

You must be thinking of the angels. But I tell you that the Seraphim, Cherubim, and Archangels are distinct species and must not be called angels, for these latter are mere servants of the spirit and of mankind. It is they who guard you, and thus they are but messengers between the Lord and His slaves. When I speak of slaves, I refer to the creatures of the Earth. Just as demons, and the pillars that uphold the firmament, the angels occupy the lowest tier in the celestial hierarchy, answering only when called upon, each to their own summons. And there are cowards who fear the demons and the salamanders. And there are cowards who bow to the shepherds!

...

With my crown broken, I was the first to follow the path of misdirection. And thanks to man and woman, Adam and Eve, settled among tame beasts and thornless fields, with my seed I convinced them to repeat, in the body and soul of my favored son, the opposite path of the same fantasy. My desire was reignited in the body of Cain (just as Dionysus, Prometheus, or the Crucified, he too is half man, half God). Cain, the marked rebel, the wanderer and builder of cities and spectacular towers, will, expressed in iron and fire, bathing in the blood of the first murder. It will be this very will that will lead you to reclaim, through the divine wisdom which only I possess,

the promise of return to the abandoned paradise.

- And you, fallen angels, what is the number of your reign? — I asked the Seraphim.
Removing his enchanted scales from my eyes and revealing himself as the progenitor of father Cain.
- One-third of the angels of Heaven were cast into Hell. Two hundred were the first fallen angels, becoming demons led by twenty leaders.

Later, I will return to the topic concerning the Tree of Death, and also to the multiplication of these numbers from which arose the 72 princes and their countless legions under command. To the Infernal Fruits and their angels in regard to the Qliphoth.

Enchantments to the Death of the First Chant

Hymn to the Winged Form

Paradise was desecrated by Abel.
I will teach you how to return to it.

The Ritual of Acclimation

With a piece of wood found in the forest, draw a line in the sand.
Let four vulvas emerge from your heart — the four corners of enchantment —
For it is upon these four points that you will meditate.

Only then will the wind reveal the message of the past:
The hidden, sacred blood — in the earth and in the air.
Call upon me:

Cain, Cain, Cain, Cain.

North. South. East. West.

Using the mystical charge of astral light — the light that holds the secrets of the magical universe —

Envision, inside this fevered engine, a river taking shape,
Burning and vast, unfolding into the wings of a black moth.

She is our witch.

Dance before her.

Dance before the veiled witch.

The black moth — embodied in the widow's cry,
The gasp of every mother.

They only bring us into this world,
And in nine months of cocoon, eternity repeats itself:
In the living dead, and the dying who still breathe.

The body — and the ethereal face that transforms it.
The river of blood, within flesh, is one thing;
Outside, it becomes something else.
Everything is made again. Do not be fooled.
The true offering is in the heart —
What cannot be seen is what truly matters.

This is the closing of the summoning —
Of the black moth, the messenger,
Our angel of air and earth,
Lighting the ember that shows you,
That reveals this truth:
Before the earth, the water, and the wind,
The one who carries you, child of the Black Widow,
Is the God of Fire.

Fix your gaze.

This is Eden, and you will return after exile.
Let go of all you own. Everything.
Burn the calendar of harvests.

Fix your gaze.

Cain.
On the black moth of the sabbath.
And take with you into exile not just memory,
But the idea of perfection — carved in stone —
As the wind of this fall reveals
The architecture of a temple from the underworld,
Now burning inside you.

The Seed of Earth's Transgression

From within the soil —
(the paradise desecrated by the race of thy brother Abel) —
you behold the skull reborn from inside thine own flesh.
It is the flame that arouses it.
It is the union of the volatile and the solid
that brings it back,
as if it were forged of gold.

And then —
you are possessed by the Spirit of Fire.
And led by the masterful light of a steady, radiant whole,
you walk, without hesitation, the path of Cain.

And returning from the tomb to the house of living death,
you shall speak unto your bones:

Now you see again.
Now you hear me.
Now you touch me again.
Now you taste what once was earth and has become garden.
Now you speak to me what always belonged to me.
Now you think again.
Now I allow you
to dream once more.

In the name of my Master, I ask you:
Guard me and protect me as I walk the path
of the same blessed exile.

Firing Arrows at the Full Moon
The Queen's Brief Sabbath

Cain, the son of Lucifer, danced in her honor
within the most violent of forests —
that festival we were taught to forget,
yet cannot,
for dressed in the mask of long, winding horns,
he feels surprise pierce his chest —
struck down by his own son, Lamech.

That pain still echoes in us.

The spirit cannot be destroyed.
And Cain always returns
to this same earth,
where once he sowed —
in the future of the first cities —
the “dark” path of magic.

INTRODUCTORY RITUAL

1. Light a black candle.

Observe the flame kindled in the darkness.
The pupil of fire is the same — always the same.
And as you contemplate this mystery,
burn upon this flame the Queen of Hearts from a virgin deck.

Shrouded in twilight,
the Queen meets the body of the First Exile,
bleeding before the setting sun.
Orange, red, rose, ochre.
Gather the blood with care into your chalice.

2. To represent the chalice: a goblet of warm wine.

Drink the blood
as the Queen draws from her body
the arrow —
the one that nearly flew again,
burning upward toward the heavens.

It is night.
And the soul of the prodigal son returns to the Moon.

Conclude the ritual
by casting a coin toward the full moon
(on the first seventh day of this phase),
as if it were the ancient arrow of Lamech.
Then speak aloud:

“Mothers and daughters, it is you who nourish me with love!”

“But this day is sorrowful,”
—they whisper.

What a sorrowful day / the night weeps...
What a sorrowful day!
—we sing—
Among the scars and the roses.

Capricorn Invocation *Feeding Steel with Broken Clay*

The scar etched upon the petals of the roses —
each of them bears a mystic attribute.
Each bears a story for the spirit.
Each of these wounds reflects, for the initiate,
the mark that pierces through beauty's veil.

I too have unveiled the truth —
that the sin of the Fall,
the exile from home, from comfort, from balance —
is not a privilege granted to many.

On the edge of descent,
the angel of fire, prince of eternity,
the one who shall reign in the infernal age to come,
is consumed by his own flame —
in the combustion of his own desire.

Lucifer, both as a vibration manifest in reality
and as the symbol of our innermost drive,
becomes a clear teaching:
that greed — the devouring of others, of the human —
must be replaced by the fire that devours itself.
The divinatory extinction.

For if your hunger runs loose,
untamed and yoked to fleeting intentions,
fixated on the outer — on objects, on others —
it shall remain forever unsatisfied.
And so, it will cost you what is most precious:
your own freedom.

You must not fear the fire
that will devour your soul,
that will consume you entirely,
burning away the old instructions,
the mimetic ties anchored in memory.

You must not hesitate,
not even for a breath,
to throw yourself into the flame that will consume you.

At whatever cost,
by the heat of your own encounter with Lucifer,
let yourself be devoured.
Let him show you his inferno,
so that the light born from this meeting
may illuminate and guide
the kin of your blood —
the race of Cain —

back to the abandoned Eden of desire.

You must reclaim your original identity,
even if it means being cast out forever
from the false paradise of comfort
that has until now enslaved you.

You will lose every tie.

You will heal your sickness.

To die in this venture is not truly death.

To die in this venture is to perish alongside the one you are —
the one you were meant to be.

Above all, you must offer what is yours:
your strength.

Not in the destruction of your enemy —
but in the destruction of yourself.

By crossing through death,
you shall enter true life.

And for this to happen,
in this first sacred moment —
you must be entirely alone.

Only you — and the Spirit of Fire —
who teaches you to gaze, without a trace of caution,
upon the consummation of an idea —
that which you once called soul.

Passing through this forge,
you shall earn a new name,
a new mark:

Cain.

*"Love is the Law, not the sword.
Love, subdued by desire —
from this Law: Love the desire to destroy yourself within yourself.
To dissolve, in the sacred duty of self-love.
For this is the Law.
The law of the blacksmith who learns from fire
to forge the blade that shall free him —
from Heaven, from Paradise, from Clay.
From a God who no longer subjugates —
but expels.
Toward his own kingdom."*

The Seven Infernal Realms

Then I see her rise, mounted upon the great dragon.

“And let the coward be our servant, if not in the Hell that frightens him, then here in the Paradise now opened by these very flames!” She smiles, tossing her head back.

Then I see her arise — **The Great Babylon**, the Lustful Whore, the Mother of Earth, of the corrupt, the murderers, the violent madmen, the landless, the exiled from all communion — the electric madness, the vertical thrust of her lance penetrates me with the magical alchemy of her shamelessness.

In her left hand, she holds the chalice of our blasphemies — the blood of the Moon reflecting the star of madness and liberating darkness.

She sits upon the lap of the radiant beast, the scarlet widow, the solar first lady, the blind star, gazing with her seven heads and ten crowns — the promise that Eve carries in her womb. The son of the Devil. The sacrifice of the senses devoured by the loss of all companions, excluded from creation. This tree of life and death, no longer protected — for I shall reveal to you that this inversion dwells in us all.

**I spit in the face of God,
my God is another I.**

*I am not lunar,
but I drink the darkness of His borrowed light.
And in Lucifer, I learn the freedom found in love.
The seven heads of the dragon are these seven infernal gates,
and the ten crowns, the inverted reflection of what you have always fled — the Tree of
Death, the Qliphoth.*

*Of these ten spheres, I ask the initiate — you who now read this manuscript veiled in the blood of the first theft — to attend to the Qliphoth known as **Sathaniel**, for it is in him that you will learn the art of clairvoyance. And like Homer, where there is darkness, you will find not blindness, but the muses who, with the cold steel of their blades, charm you with the secrets to be shared from this very darkness.*

*This is the labyrinth of marked cards, guarded by the demon known as **Lucifuge Rofocal(e)**. The Sphinx of Sathaniel. Just like the Beast of the Apocalypse, the number **666** is not just a number: **It is three pregnant virgins!** 666. The Isis, gravid with her six hundred sixty-six heads, bowed to the East — the most important of the cardinal spheres.*

Also, pay attention to the grammar. And before invoking the guardian of Sathaniel, Lucifuge Rofocal(e), attend to the origin of his name.

The Warning of the One Who Writes

The warning from the one who writes comes from his own experience (physical and spiritual) and study of various grimoires related to such a dimension. The responsibility to continue with this chapter or to avoid it are the gold coins of the initiate.

And the responsibility of such wisdom shared with such understanding of this grammar of conjuration is unique and to each soul.

What you hold most valuable, passing through your consciousness, your ego, is your soul. The one who writes is no longer a slave, and having given his soul to Lucifer, and to the Prince of Fire, Cain, the firstborn of Hell, is no longer controlled nor can he be a victim of demonic tricks; for he chose these same demons in place of angels – since the moment of his birth, firmly altering all conjunctions.

If You Chose to Proceed

If you have chosen to continue, I greet you and now deliver the prologue of such a conjuration:

The Sphere of Sathariel

The following invocation, the Promethean formula of this Qliphoth, must be performed with the utmost care. This demon is a fugitive from the light and uses as a disguise the veil of deceptive infant voices and reptilian images, which, once contaminating the soul of the aspirant with abyssal terror, contracts its vibration through fear, tuning it with its sphere of guardian demons, its attendants, leading the initiate into a lethal, melancholic, depressive, “psychotic” state, guiding them toward the abyss and death.

During Seven Seconds, Repeated Three Times

During only seven seconds, repeated three times (resulting in inhalation for 7 seconds, exhalation for 7 seconds, inhalation for 7 seconds), visualize Baphomet in his traditional image, immortalized by the occultist Eliphas Levi.

Baphomet, the father of all knowledge, (Baphe Metous (Metis), Baptism of Wisdom), the one who baptizes you with the fire stolen from the knowledge distributed only among certain mortals, is the most complete symbol of the unification of that which is volatile with matter. He brings the spectacle of the spiritual world (of that which is most veiled in the unconscious) to the tentacles of earthly life. By acclimating your spirit to the described image, the initiate gains, by crossing the terror of his own psyche, the trust before the liberating flame of magical knowledge. For everything that is veiled carries a high price, and because it is relatively simple, it also leads to destruction when one uses intemperance and irresponsible abuse before such an intersection. No demon is different from its imaginative, creative, and dynamic force. By contemplating Baphomet, you acquire Luciferian wisdom. And the right before the infernal propulsive forces to move assisted by the universal daemon: Lucifer, the benevolent. The Angel of Strategy and Conquest.



*When you feel responsible and secure in your commitment,
repeat the acrostic:*

**Luminosity
Divine Union
Courage
Inventiveness
Glamorous Strength
Emancipation
Reason**

— The Divine Fury of Angels / where [.....]
will correspond to the name of the initiate.

And next is the contract to be burned after it is signed:

CONTRACT

I, [.....], offer to the Morning Star, my soul, my actions and thoughts, to commune with its kingdom now revealed in splendor – for I have understood the nature of its call, O Master of Fire, perfect genesis of our descent. Truly, love, glory, and splendor. I, known in the world of men as [.....], offer to you, O Lucifer, without bargaining, but giving you my soul before the treasure now revealed in your company and to Leviathan, who will receive it. Not my identity, doomed to return to the earth, but my vital energy, after my existence – your auspice. And this essence too, before your crown, I bow, for only one who has served knows the pleasure of ruling. We are one – father and son. Masters who lead one another, sharing the earthly riches and infinite pleasures in the vortex of your star, Venus, at the epicenter of eternity, which is this mark – that of a million suns.

Selah.

Remember now, that after this pact, you are free – and your actions no longer depend on you. Your name is but a shadow. Your memory, only an artifice. You are no longer a slave, but the lord of your own destiny – now Luciferian! Irreversible!

Babalon is your state on Earth. Rise for the conquest of your desires. For what was clay has been consumed by fire. And your body is the rejoicing. Visible rejoicing of the invisible spirit of the world.

Satan, yes, Satan! In Satan I find my satisfaction;

*Quomodo cecidisti, Lucifer, qui mane oriebaris fuit extraneis gentibus porttit Nullas
conscendam, super astra Dei dominatorem terrae, et dixisti in corde tuo ut tollam Caelum, absit a
me, et ipse sedebit in monte conventus, in var ascendam super altitudinem nubium, et similis
Altissimo.*

And sharing in the fruit...

Selah.

IN SATHARIEL

Darkness is the fuel that returns the soul to its state of flame. May the initiate be lifted, rising from the earth—not escorted by angels, but through the unfailing touch of that first fright.

Do you remember, when within the womb you first opened your eyes and communed for the first time with darkness?

You have entered the tunnel that leads to the Qliphoth of Sathaniel, and gradually, the mark carved into your forehead begins to open along the journey, where you will meet your demon.

Now you are ready, O brother of fire, remade. You have left behind the skin baptized in mistaken ancestry. Sober. Elusive. Straight. You are a son of Cain—not by conquest, but by right.

You have made the pact that from now on will grant you clairvoyance. You no longer need to fumble blindly through the world. In silence, you will give another name to each form, to each animal, to every beauty and suffering you encounter in creation.

You are the serpent. I saw you dancing with the witches and their daughters. Sailing between the islands of the first Sabbath.

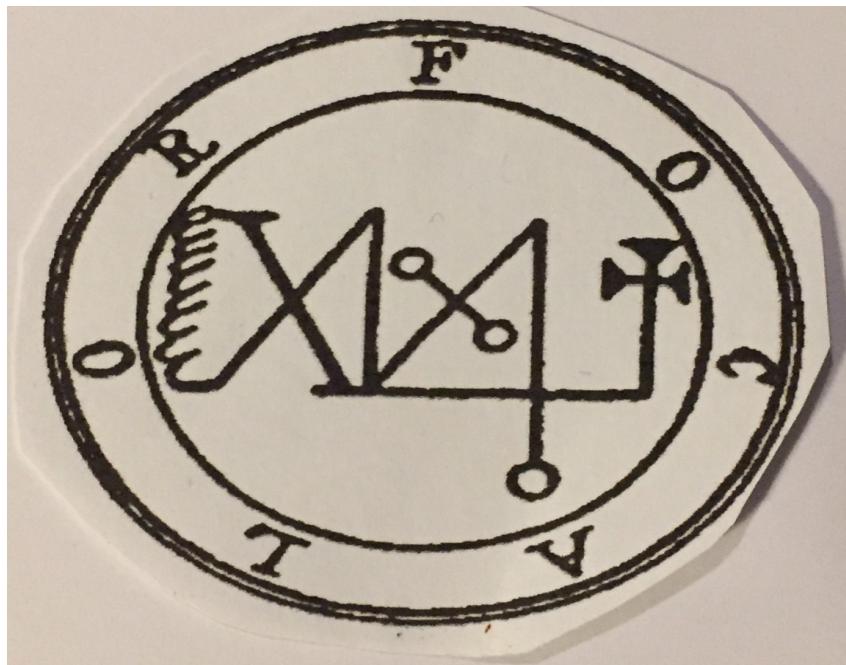
Son of the Widow—you are many. You have learned to shed your skin just like your father—you are the Serpent's Son.

To see in the dark is to let it stir the brightness that emanates from you. You have arrived in Sathaniel. I know you have sought this path for countless lifetimes. Guided by the fall of the Messenger Star. Venus. Sirius. The Great Dog. The Morning Star.

The left hand once was forced to teach what it knew to the right—but that, too, is part of the past. You have arrived in Sathaniel. Bowed before your own reflection. And for that reason, there is no longer any need to bow.

Son of the Serpent—this reflection you behold is not yours. The demon before you is named **Lucifuge Rofocal(e)**. And because he was abandoned by all—just as I was—he has brought you close to me.

Keep my name in the chamber of your loyalty. Keep my name with you under seven locks.



*This creative demon (daemon) that grants you vision in the dark
is Luci Fuge, Lux Fuge Rofocal(e), the one who fled from light by forging
his own radiance in a grandeur beyond compare –
and because he shall find, in the mark of time to come, the decanted
substance of all you fled from, you will know him
by the name now revealed unto you:*

**

This demon is called Lucifuge Rofocal. Luci Fuge / Refcul – Rofocale / Lucifer.
Refcul being the inversion of that which you long ago rejected
(this reversal of the luciferic nature is expressed through the opposite of the name revealed to you:
from the serpent-sabre of Lucifer emerges the trident of Satan) –
in his original nature. His own dynamic.

Where the right is but the mask of the wrong, and the wrong is the right oscillating in wrath.
And do not curse your anxiety, for in its proper measure
it is what propels you toward life, toward what is essential.

You are no longer a victim of the illusory afflictions of your mind.
Nor of any bodily decrepitude.

Just as in the love between humans, the very same that brought forth
the first extinction of the sons of angels upon the Earth,
you must feign detachment to keep close what you love most dearly.

Repeating this name as one repeats a sacred mantra
you shall walk among men and be neither harassed nor perceived.
Not even Alexander held such power—
had he, he would not have stepped away from the Sun when commanded.

From this day forward you shall cross the circle of dimensions,
like a circus tiger that leaps
(even before the whip cracks)
through the various rings of fire that devour it.

Between your future and what once was your past,
these rings are the metaphors of the visible unraveling
and the unseen rising in the now.

Feline, feel! Reptilian, feel!

Your golden soul shall not be a burden.
Instinctively you shall dismantle Titans and towers of high walls
only to regroup the trinkets of your reach into grains once more.

In dreams, submerged revelations shall be granted unto thee even before the Sun, the wind, or the song of the gentle birds awaken thee in full. They shall bring tongues, new languages, and landscapes which others of thy kind, lacking thy genius, shall recognize only as fleeting.

Thou shalt walk the night as one walks the day, my brother. The Moon shall become thy Sun, and behind the stars thou shalt always find a greater Star. By reciting this Name, thou art also joined to the generative Tradition of the Universe itself. And thou shalt depend no longer on anything—nor on anyone.

For in a simple union of opposites, even blind, by joining the pillars of the temple, thou shalt cause the firmament to vanish into the earth, and this very Universe, imagined by thee, shall reflect itself upon the heavens.

Behold, this is thy secret! And not shalt thou share it, neither by speaking it aloud nor by setting it into writing—until that day of jubilation, fallen in a November, when the Beast of Babylon shall arrive. And find thee with a pale and marked brow, crowned with stars and subtle vices.

GAMALIEL

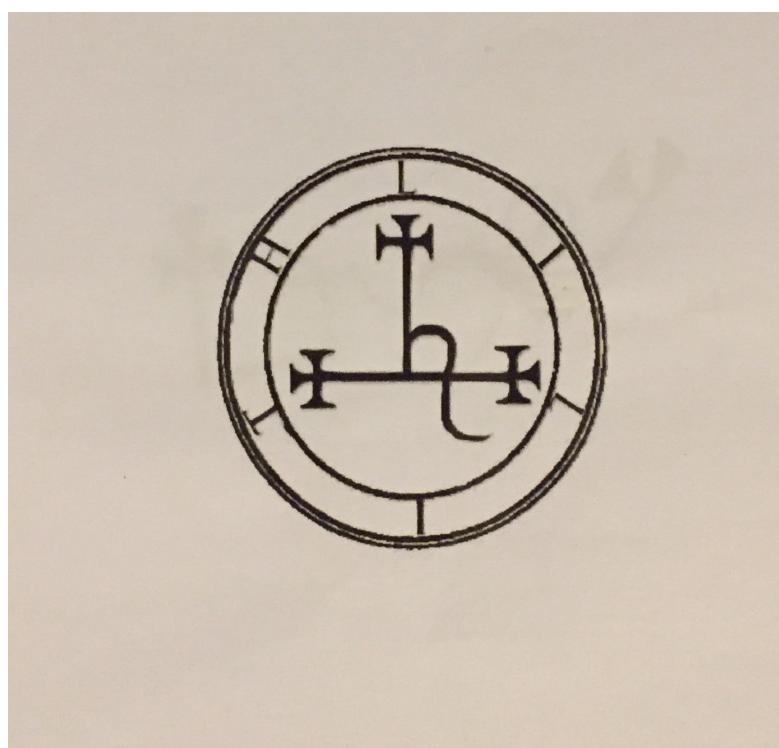
LILITH

Created on the same day and forged from the same substance as Adam,
Lilith was his first woman. And because she was formed of the same paradisiacal matter,
she refused the dominion of the first man.
She surrendered herself to Samael, the Angel of Death, who impregnated her —
yes, for one who betrays a god finds another!
and sharing the same essence, becomes akin to him.

She chooses shadows over Eden.
Night over day.
And she never returns —
neither to the West, nor to the South, nor to the North —
she watches at the Eastern gate,
avoiding the gaze of the angel who guards it,
his eyes frozen, his sword colder still.

Drawn by the sleep of men,
she discovers her chance to be reborn
as a creature of night,
choosing shadow over submission to the race that once subdued her.
She drinks the vital energy of the mounted, erect member,
the Kundalini,
siphoning from mortals as they sleep
the secret of that serpent coiled at the base of our spine.

She becomes pregnant with ease,
so dizzy with pleasure and remorse —
and because she is night itself,
she is the un-virgined mother of all demons.



Qliphoth of Golachab

Bodies in Flame

In the sphere of Golachab, the initiate crosses the curtain of fire — a veil of molten flame — which scorches the torso, the body entire, until the soul, once dense matter, is dispersed within the rising blaze that springs from this force of destruction and purification. You have surely seen, in those consumed by such intensity, a ghostly red glow mingled with molten streams running down the face, ignited by their very breath.

The mastery of these *ogives* — these Qliphothic emanations — when tempered with discipline and will, alters the spirit of the age. The blacksmith's iron becomes the blade — the weapon that divides life and protects it from eternal death. Daggers for striking. Swords to vanquish the enemy. Fire to burn away all impurity.

But in chaos — *evohé!* — Satanic magic erupts. That same power turns volcanic, destroying all it touches, utterly. The zero-point of the magical formula consuming even what once within you was called virtue.

THE GUARDIAN OF GOLACHAB

In the burning vortex of Golachab thou shalt find Asmodeus, prince of the Nine Hells.
Dog-God. God of Fire. Inflamed within the masculine form of Lilith,
and in the most fervent desires — in pleasure with the same sex,
with the opposite sex, in all flesh and fire of lust.
Trivial lechery. Unbound lasciviousness. Heated saliva.
Erect member. White of the eyes ablaze.
It is in burning that thou shalt cast, skyward,
the blazing torrent of pleasure.
Yet relief shall not come as a cooling breeze.
In Golachab, thou shalt continue to burn —
eternally aflame with desire.
Generating an unruly fire that scorches more than it lights.
In the will to procreate — things, forms, false lives.
In the vigor that leads thee thus to this invocation:

*Asmodeus, mad demon — fierce spirit of adolescence,
Make me, too, virile as thy flaming rod,
Draw me closer to the God of War, David, thy father,
in in succubused slumber.
Who slew, only to lick, without reason, between the thighs of the Anointed Bitch,
With the same indecency,
What burns within thee — the turgid glans.
I too reject water and the birds,
While I find my satisfaction.
I too reject Jehovah!
Therefore make me, Asmodeus —
Even if I become a storm uncontrolled,
Make me, Asmodeus, desire it all once more!*

*After all that I desired —
to (myself) undo.*

**

Thus, your name reversed is a secret. The reverse of truth, I reveal to thee. Your disguise, I unveil.
And as the generative father of our lineage, I shall also reveal:

Thou art Samael, the Black Angel — of death and resurrection.

Selah! Master Samael! Selah!

When the initiate is prepared, after this invocation and meditating upon the revealed Name, he must allow his mouth to fill with saliva. And holding his erect and hardened member, he shall spit upon the reddened glans —a veil of warm spit to cover it.

Thus, the ritual is concluded.

II
Returning to Daily Activities
After the Pact and the Recitations

II.1

Before we prepare to return to the quotidian, I shall make clear to those who have completed their initiation with courage and confidence that, as of this day, your soul and your actions no longer belong to you. By this, I do not imply a lesser responsibility—but rather one far greater than that to which you were once accustomed, while still dwelling within the cold flame of artificial light and the hollow structures of illusory doctrines and social systems.

Make no mistake. To commune with the wisdom of the Serpent, to fall alongside the King of Angels—the One God, Lucifer—armed with satanic dynamics and equipped with a compass (daemon) both original and inspired, does not exempt you from the sobriety and discipline required by a pact already sealed. This covenant differs wholly from the ethical or juridical implications of the society in which you dwell, just as it diverges from the feeble religious doctrines that absolve your failings, granting you the false security to err again.

Once the pact is consummated (and I affirm to you: if you have reached this chapter, your soul—your vital élan—no longer belongs to you), this does not mean you shall live in anarchy, nor under the illusion of forgiveness. No, the demons—the emissaries of Satan—do not forgive the slightest fault. You have made an agreement. You have offered what is most precious in you. And in return, you shall obtain what you desire. I dare say: all that pleases your intellect and your earthly senses shall be granted.

However, it is now my duty as *Frater Maximus* and demoniacal guide to present a few edges not yet smoothed. I require your full attention to certain rules of conduct. Your body is no longer your own. It has become, by virtue of this contract, Luciferian property. And any fault in conduct shall be punished by the energy of adversarial action, named Satan. That is to say: Lucifer is the motivating force of intellect, of luminous revelation through magical knowledge, of secrets unveiled and the spirit now unbound. And Satan is the physical manifestation—material in nature—of that very impulse.

**

The Devil does not admit errors. If you fail, forgiveness is not an artifice. You shall be destroyed in accordance with your mistake. For he who fell out of love, and was wounded by divine affection, finds no worth in love, nor in the childish mercy offered by men. Not even if those men belong to a far superior lineage — that of the Sons of Fire, the descendants of Cain.

Allow me, for your own benefit, to present a few rules of conduct. I shall refer to these rules as *edges of conduct* — in memory of Cain and of the Serpent. Read them attentively and follow the structure of their infernal logic:

Edges of Conduct

1. No human or animal sacrifice shall be part of any black magic ritual in the name of Cain, Lucifer, Satan, or any deity related to fire or the Fall (the path of deviation). No child of the Serpent shall ever sprinkle the blood of any creature upon a Luciferian altar or within any rite. Cain, the Firstborn, with the sacrifice of his own exile, initiated a wholly unique path by offering to the Earth half of his own blood and spirit — murdering his own brother. You will find ridiculous nonsense in grimoires like *The Grand Grimoire*, where such rites are cited. Let such ignorant aberrations never cross the mind of the initiate. You no longer have the right to be that foolish. Lucifer requires your body alive and present — not in courtrooms mocking your divine flame because of the ignorance of your ancestors and their outdated rituals. It is in imagination, not in the world, that all rituals and forms of thought must be conducted. Therefore, mark this edge well.
2. Children and animals are sacred beings. They are what is most divine and natural in the eyes of the Devil. They must never be harmed, but protected until they grow and can respond for their choices with a mature and awakened conscience. Respect the children—these lost angels wandering a world tainted by a wretched god. Respect also the animals of every kind, for they are natural manifestations of an energy free from vice, and thus require our care and reverence.
3. Do not commit suicide. Only in the event of an irreversible physical condition, where both the pain and psychic suffering have become incurable and the extinction of this vehicle—which no longer belongs to you, now being Luciferian property—is the only solution, may such an act be considered. If you are conscious, reaffirm your pact. And under these conditions, offer your Vital Energy to Leviathan, the Serpent of the Seas, the demon of the deep abysses. In such cases, euthanasia is permitted. Death will embrace you. Do not, therefore, choose the path of the martyr. That path has already been carved, as stated before, by Cain—and as Children of the Flame, we scorn the suffering of all who have called themselves saints. Always remember: if the cause of your suffering is psychic—depression, abstract panic, etc.—this is likely an illusory mental projection. In such cases, your weakness or tribulation must be handled with patience and rational meditations. Suicide, then, is not a valid path—and is therefore forbidden.
4. The body is your temple. This is true. But it is no longer *yours*. From this day forth, your body is the house of Lucifer—a staircase to paradise, to your conquest, and the vessel through which you shall enjoy every possible pleasure, the spoils of victory on Earth. Do not defile your body with the slow erosion of neglect or self-destruction. Treat it with a diet rich in minerals, vitamins, and strive to maintain its health.

Whenever possible, subject it to enduring pleasures. The healthier your body is, the better your mind will function in pursuit of earthly delights—and in savoring them, even toxins, poisons, and intoxicants, once in a while, if so desired. I do not believe that substances which impair consciousness will render you a capable instrument to discern right from wrong, nor a vessel through which Luciferian wisdom may properly resound.

5. Do not fear defending yourself or those you love—especially if you recognize in their blood our Luciferian lineage. In the face of danger or threat, attempt first to resolve it calmly and rationally—by words, if possible. But if words fail, annihilate your opponent without mercy and with utmost speed. Do not love your enemy. Yet, avoid imprisonment. You are of no use to Lucifer if you are locked away. But if captivity is inevitable, maintain the same conduct behind bars and become an example of the Luciferian doctrine to other prisoners, wherever you may be.
6. Do not offer counsel unless it is requested. Avoid showmanship. When the time comes to speak, you will speak—but scanning the environment in which you find yourself is the most advantageous of reptilian techniques.
7. Sex. All sexual relations are permitted, provided they are consensual and practiced between mature beings in an honest way, free from any form of coercion. Understand that sex is a pleasure which will also be transcended—and cannot be compared to a journey through infernal realms. Sex is healthy. It has no rules of duration or conduct when based on mutual agreement. Sex is the manifestation of pleasure or love between bodies—sometimes both. When you engage in it, offer the act to Baphomet, always keeping in mind the formula *Solve et Coagula* while you copulate. The union of opposites will take place. And you shall not waste the vital energy—also known as the Serpent.
8. Honor your father and mother only if they honor you. Otherwise, abandon them. Be grateful if they raised and nourished your body—the temple of Lucifer—but remember that from this moment on, you hold no deep bond with your biological creators or family. You are a child of the Serpent and of the Fire.

Exile is better than wounding those who once sustained you. Parents belong to the past—and like a museum, you may visit them from time to time, if you wish. If they truly love you, they raised you for Lucifer, they raised you to conquer paradise on this earth—above their personal desires and ego-driven projections.

9. Always and in all forms reject the aquatic religions. These are any doctrines that, either overtly or subtly, impose a servile relationship with a creator interested only in slaves and servants—denying not only the world but also your intelligence, your right to think freely, and to feel pleasure in fully enjoying all—yes, all—that this world can offer to your advantage.

The Earth is the mirror of Heaven. Heaven is the mirror of Earth. There is no paradise outside this world. Remember: *As Above, so Below*.

Among the aquatic religions—whose aim is to extinguish the flame of your spirit—four in particular must be avoided and systematically challenged in their doctrine: Christianity, Judaism, Islam, and Buddhism.

10. Do not waste your vital energy on occupations that rob you of your time and offer no pleasure in return. Work in the form of slavery is also considered a form of suicide.

Cain too suffered while plowing the earth—and soon after, marked by this burden, he invented all arts and sciences. Be free. Be creative. Be strong.

If you find yourself in work that gives you nothing but money and makes you live like a swine, it is better to be a beggar in freedom. The wings of Lucifer will be over you. Nothing shall ever be lacking. For no being of our caste has ever been found scavenging through garbage. It is impossible.

Command the Sun to set—and it shall darken. And let the kings of the world step aside. You are marked. You too are a child of the Serpent.

Keep these commands. Meditate upon these edges.

Selah!

II.2

The Fall of Beelzebub

What Do Men Know of Opposites

And I shall ascend above the stars of Love, and there I shall exalt my throne, and on the mount of the congregation I shall sit, at the highest vertical extremity possible, at the summit of all the North. On this day, I shall be like all power, greater than the one who calls himself God. I too shall create my destiny through events. Pervert me, prophet. Pervert me, you who are a descendant of him also made of fire, the one whom the ancients and the youth once called old Isaiah – but who in spirit was Tubal-Cain. Thou (Two) Bal (Sphere) Cain (the secret of the two faces of the Serpent's son).

It is between opposites that reality appears and upon which the world stands. The columns of King Solomon's temple are not solid pieces representing only the visible world. The body is spirit, and matter is composed of particles and vibrations – only before the senses, through poorly trained eyes, do we fail to recognize the movement of the stars and the Universe within our own hearts. Be you solar or abject. These columns uphold universal reality: Boaz and Jachin. Male and female. Fire and water. Mist and darkness. The balance of our existence does not lie in the completeness of non-dualism, but rather in the equilibrium between opposites – because the matter of body and spirit, when manifest, is not dual. Try uniting such pillars in the visible world and you shall feel in your own existence the blind strength of Samson destroying all around him when he brought together the pillars of the temple that bound him.

**

The following chapter shall reveal to you the grammar and the formula for invoking the secret names of the demons of transition. Yet, before that, you must understand the importance of this fixed form represented in the allegory of the pillars Boaz and Jachin.

II.3

Leviathan and Behemoth

It is in Leviathan, within the aquatic depths, that all life is created. And it shall also be within Leviathan that our vital energy, once it departs from the body, will converge to bring forth the fertile genesis of the Anti-Christ, the Great Dragon, the Beast of the Seas.

Leviathan represents the feminine energy of fecundation—the water of the satanic and primordial womb. Therefore, when we offer this energy—the nucleus of our soul, stripped of memory and ego—it shall be used in the Luciferian fecund union. There is no greater sacrifice, no more exalted jubilation in the eyes of our master and lord, Lucifer.

You are Lucifer. You shall become Lucifer.

In this union, we will become victorious spirits in the creation of a new world, of a new order—of both words and things. A place where the idea of race shall be transcended, as the body that shall manifest us will bear the apocalyptic casing of time. And of course, such a possibility of victory was never prophesied—but I tell you now: it is from this missing part, absent from the Book of the Servants, that I prophesy, giving you the possibility of fruition.

Victory is modern. It shines in the depths and in the firmament where it will rise—in our depersonalization, in the Morning Star.

Leviathan (feminine principle – water) was, like Lucifer, an angel of the highest hierarchy, bearing the rank of Prince of the Seraphim, just as Beelzebub—yet with a different personal distinction: the combative heresy that frees you from the superstitions that afflict you. Beelzebub, in this context, is the drive that breathes into you the pride and individuation before that which you create and bring forth.

During her expulsion and fall, Leviathan was cast into the depths of the waters—into the ocean—where she became the Serpent of the Seas.

Behemoth (masculine principle – earth) is the *animus*, the masculine half of the pillar, the dweller of the wilderness. Behemoth was hurled to the earth, where he assumed the attributes of cleft-hoofed beasts—bulls, oxen, untamed goats, and buffaloes. He is the beast that dwells in the wilds of the field, in the concrete jungles of the cities, and within the deserts.

II.4

The Ritual Before the Pillars

Thunder and lightning do not separate. And the beating of these angels' wings carries, according to the seven days of the week, a particular intensity. This is an invocation which, when performed correctly—as I shall demonstrate—will bring you material and financial reward. Whether in the form of a desired job or recompense that shall dissolve your debts and free you from the yoke and strife caused by the absence of gold, silver, and money. Twenty days after the completion of the ritual, the reward shall unfailingly manifest in the material world.

Now that you know what you shall receive, let us proceed to the invocatory process.

The invocation of Leviathan and Behemoth must, for maximum efficacy, be performed on the same day. Therefore, you must await a stormy day, with rain, thunder, and tempests. The more tumultuous the firmament, the better.

Wait for the lightning to strike, and always have the following items at hand:

- A crystal-clear glass
- Sea salt (no other type of salt will suffice)
- A knife or dagger that has been embedded in the earth (a plant pot will do) for seven days
- An unblemished egg — that is, with a clean shell
- A glass filled with sand
- A white candle

Upon a wooden or glass table, free of any objects or disturbances—a clean surface—the initiate shall place the empty glass two hand spans from one of the table's edges.

Then, draw a circle around this glass in a clockwise motion, from left to right, using the sea salt.

With the dagger (or knife), carefully strike the shell of the egg until you can break it open and pour its semen—the egg white and yolk—into the empty glass atop the table.

Listen to the rain. Wait for the thunder. Feel the lightning. This is the sign.

After the sound of thunder or the flash of lightning, light the white candle and drip seven drops of its molten wax into the center of the yolk and egg white that have been deposited in the cosmogonic depth of this sea, now represented by the glass.

You will then slowly place the lit candle two hand spans *north* of the glass.

At the opposite edge, facing the candle, place the other glass filled with sand.

Once this has been done, recite the following invocation:

Leviathan, who once was a king in the heights,
Now art the Serpent of the Seas—yet never ceased to reign.
I offer you this sacrifice as a communion of our will.
Knower of pearls and of secret knowledge,

No disaster shakes your resolve,
No spear pierces your scales.
I too, partaking of your abyssal wisdom,
Draw from the surface of your form
The veiled knowledge and the reward—
Those treasures you so well keep.
Within my womb, I birth the genesis of our Empire,
And drink the beginning of what shall renew me
In your primordial fecundity.

After uttering these words, the Initiate shall take the glass with the left hand, and with the right shall penetrate the mixture within it, using the knife or the dagger. Stir the contents four times clockwise. Then, raise the glass in salute to the flame of the candle set in the North. And drink. Next, the Initiate shall place the now empty glass back into the circle of salt. Observe the silence, broken only by the rain — the water fallen from the heavens. Leviathan.

Bring forth the glass with sand and place it as you will, near the one that served as the womb of the Sea Serpent. Upon both, lay the dagger flat, as if forming a bridge between two worlds.

Now, speak the invocation to Behemoth:

Caste down to the earth, to the wild landscapes and deserts,
O Behemoth, the masculine half of the generative serpent, the dagger that rends the earth,
Force compelled to mix and draw from the most impure beasts
The gold and the grace,
Bringing to man's womb the fire's power that creates the species,
And to woman, the conquest of life across all generations.
Therefore, provide gold, silver, and abundant sustenance.
In what I can now see, in the life that appears before me,
You have learned, through the reversed advance of gentleness,
To build your empire with great care.
With this union I thank you, containing the union of sky and sea,
Becoming — like the flame of this candle — a conqueror.
May your solar radiance rise within me!

Blow out the candle.
And place it before the glasses (now pillars)
Joined by the dagger or the knife.
The light of the Sun and of fire, in the flame you have extinguished,
Now shines eternally in your blood, your body, and your womb.
Binding this secret within you.

Selah, Leviathan!
Selah, Behemoth!

Male and female — in the spirit of this art, far beyond the Seraphim — we shall say:

Ex Marte.

III
The Astral Light

**

Mixed death is darker — a plague born from the fear of being alone,
feeding the unhealthy closeness between species.

The planets move in cycles,
and the soul of the spheres finds harmony in the human form,
where the microcosm reflects the vast universe
in motion and emotion.

What we can't see, we feel.
What we can't say, becomes a silent idea.
Knowledge doesn't live in books,
or in the newest technologies.
You are God.

Divine knowledge lives within you —
in the meditation that will soon be revealed.
That is the true origin of the species.
Meditate, for example, on Caravaggio's shield —
the severed head of Medusa,
kept in the Uffizi Gallery.
When this vision takes over your senses,
you'll know you've entered Astral Luminosity.

Astral Luminosity is the film projected over human destiny,
the negative of the reality we live in.
It's the reflection and hidden patterns of the Universe,
in all that appears to be —
this is Astral Light.

Everything physical.
Everything you can touch.
Everything moving in its own rhythm
echoes in the everyday.

The best thing that can happen to a human being today is to be wounded early, in childhood. This melancholy, this hurt, creates the alchemical laboratory of the ancients within the body of one who dares to lose themselves. There is no lasting amusement in the world of the wounded. There are no possible caresses for those expelled from the right to dwell in Paradise.

You must travel through the Cycladic islands, to the cavernous rocks of Turkey, and like Perseus, behead the Medusa that lives in the labyrinthine palace of your own darkness – barbaric, foreign, undefined. The lunar cloak will render you invisible; the wings of courage and fury will grow on your heels, as unprotected as those of the hero Achilles. The shield of your eyes will reflect the end of your life in the rough hands of daily deeds and in the shadows of the night.

And with the feminine – the decapitated woman within you, crowned with serpents – you will offer her head to the feline wisdom of Athena. In the blood you shed, a winged being will ride, returning to the eternity that was once stolen from you. Where the wolf and the serpent are now restored and united, in one body and one soul – *As Above, So Below*.

And what is the paradisiacal core of humanity? The childhood of emotional comfort, you will answer. This seed, once contradicted and stripped of its rights, gives rise to the magical communion (even if seemingly forced) with the Astral Luminosity – the generator of truth. What you cannot attain on Earth is reached through celestial, sensory, mystical reward. This is the Luciferian secret before the flame. The one that sets the Universe ablaze and will open the gates to a new universal wisdom.

Selah!

III.1 FALLEN ANGELS

*The soul to hate for having loved too well.
Hating itself for having loved too much.
—Byron, Lara (Canto I)*

The greatest sorrow of Satan is not the memory of being a fallen angel, because what was once a star now inhabits Paradise on Earth—the summit of human imagination. The deepest grief of God, Lucifer, is not finding in you the memory of that fall. Hovering in infinite luminosity—not in fear—you will understand, through this statement, that the face you see at the bottom of the empty cup is not your own. It is the face of a Gorgon; the warning of what lies beyond the taste of the wine, concealed by the selfishness of a false god.

All progress comes from you, O Morning Star—you are our true God!

Alongside Him, the names of other angels and their hierarchies are essential for the awakening of the Luciferian personality/lineage in the world. Enoch, the antediluvian prophet, teaches us about some of them:

Jeqên – He led men astray, seducing them through the daughters of men. Sacred is the generative fruit born of the lust in our actions. We shall lose ourselves in the pleasure of flesh to conquer the coldness of that same pleasure—guiltless. We will love the body without guilt, because without guilt, the spirit of fire will return to the women (carnal desire / Bacchus).

Pêñêmûe – He taught the sons of men, in this generation, the difference between bitter and sweet, and thus gave them knowledge of good and evil. To seek what hides behind the natural laws must be the aim of every initiate. Remembering these names and the structure of their grammar is essential. This angel also taught us how to use quill and ink, and how to spread knowledge that had not yet been revealed. He is Mercury—Hermes of the Three Paths. His color is emerald, adorned with black metal. His outstretched hand cancels the pillar of King Solomon. Where once stood two columns, now a third union rises in the center: fire, spirit, and water.

Man, spirit, and soul.

This knowledge causes the flame of infernal spirit to ignite among men. And with it, instead of angels serving the mystery, we hurl ourselves into the depths of the abyss to reveal to other men the Path of Straying.

**

The third fallen angel—and the most important, keep this mystery well—is named **Tabâ'êt, The Serpent's Son**. By speaking this name aloud, with strength and clarity, you will receive the guidance

of this baptism: the two names of the Sun and the four names of the Moon. And believing that destiny is the glory of your desire—you will recognize the angels in their earthly form. These are the angels who, clinging to the First Star, mingled with the sons of men as they fell upon the Earth—and who remain here to this day, disguised among us.

They descend through a rainbow of three colors: Red, White, and Black. According to tradition, their betrayal must be glorified—for literature, too, is a forbidden science. We shall tear from God His final secret: the magical formula of His own creation.

And without these demons, you would not survive here.

Hail Lucifer! Hail Eve and the Serpent!

Hail Cain! And also to Satan!

III.2 UNVEILING VEILED LOVE

The body leaves its first impression in memory. The value of love's possession is marked by passion, suffering, and desire. The attraction between two elements occurs magnetically—a vibration also imprinted in the *Astral Light*, a term coined by the 19th-century French magician, Eliphas Levi.

When two elemental forces—opposites, male and female, both in soul and in body—are drawn to each other's physical presence, this phenomenon arises from the expansive nature of one and the receptive polarity of the other.

The tone of such a meeting is shaped by the catalytic vibration of the Astral Light, which, reflecting this magnetic current in the realm of imagination, causes these opposites to align in the longing for union—whether fleeting or enduring—called love.

Usually, the weaker element suffers the effect (*pathos*) of this intoxication and, as a result, is possessed and dominated by the stronger element—the energetic vibration that creates desire. Love (the combustion of passion) is one of the most powerful instruments used in magic.

However, there is a warning to the aspirant regarding this intoxication: do not allow yourself to become the wounded whale, pierced by harpoons that will make your spiritual heart bleed across the seas of life.

A single drop of blood from even the smallest wound in this game of conquest can attract all kinds of sharks—spiritual predators who will feed on your vital energy.

**

The initiate must remain vigilant not to become a Samson lulled to sleep by Delilah. The risk of this intoxicating love can turn passion into fury, collapsing the very pillars of the temple that sustain the mind in the world—and life itself.

Sexual love is also akin to a mirage, for it carries the illusion of a spiritual luminosity, mistaken for lust, which in truth originates from within you and is projected onto the foreign object—the body of the other. All seduction, and the desire to dissolve and coagulate into various forms of union, including the sexual, arises from the Astral Luminosity. There is nothing inherently subversive in this.

However, the repeated indulgence in such attraction may form a basic reptilian habit, imprisoning you across lifetimes in a lower plane. Sexual energy, when pierced by Astral Luminosity, must rise—if properly directed—from the lower chakras toward the Pingala, the highest chakra, and must never stagnate below the abdomen.

Do not abstain from sensual games.

Seduction between bodies is essential to magic. The Serpent in Paradise is an example of how it must be done — not only to ensure the reproduction of our Luciferian lineage on Earth but also to

act across the various planes demanded by the society you inhabit.

Astral Luminosity is a force without moral character or definition.

In this energetic field, there is no relativism, no notions of good or evil, right or wrong. It is a transmutable, blind force, governed only by the will of the magician.

This same force can lift you to the heights of freedom or plunge you into the abyss of vertigo and destruction. For it is through Astral Luminosity that the magnetism of your influence manifests in action and transformation in all its forms.

Through love, Astral Luminosity can be harnessed to produce both light and the spread of darkness — which is why it may be called either **Lucifer** or **Lucifuge**.

To gain control over the destructive passion of Astral Luminosity, we must first place ourselves as observers of its energetic current — in other words, we must isolate ourselves. Always carry with you the magical card, number 9, the Hermit of the Tarot: the cynical Diogenes, searching for the soul of men while holding a lantern in broad daylight.

Imagination must not attach itself to the root of your immediate desires, but rather to the will behind your actions — in the most sober way possible. By conjuring the infernal demons previously mentioned, the initiate enters the very core of all passions. And like the viper drawing from the horse the image of its own cure (through the Luciferian antidote), after tasting these poisons you will also learn how to manipulate and wield them at will — fully aware of the cost of fever and madness, which will elevate you from the pleasures of the body to the pleasures of the body-spirit.

Love is a psychosis, an illusion, which can be used either for the ascension of one's own spirit or for the subjugation of another's body. The first impact — and the most common — of every passion occurs through the imagination. That is, the intentional formation of an image within Astral Luminosity, reflected onto the external object — the body of the other.

To wield the magic of seduction, the initiate must make use of a physical image. Not a pleasant one, but a striking form — an appearance that will evoke either admiration or repulsion within the individual, the intended victim, in the desired environment.

Once the window of the soul absorbs this reflection, the way the initiate gazes upon their object of desire becomes of paramount importance. The gaze must be intense, yet fleeting — and once administered, the initiate must balance the force of their advance. **The attraction of opposites is not to dissolve them, but to penetrate them.**

Remember: never surrender yourself suddenly to the captured prey, thereby avoiding a reverse intoxication. Often, in haste, one loses control over the primal animalistic courtship. In the beginning of this demonic courting, do not display signs of love — quite the opposite — be cold, like the serpent that coils around its prey.

And so, when you choose the one who most stirs your heart, **offer this courting to Samael**, the Angel of Death, repeating his name in silence as you envision, aimed at the plexus of your beloved object, **an aura slowly transmuting from red to gold**.

The First Conjunction: Rite of Sacred Filth

The first sexual union between these parts must be performed in lust —
a granted violence,
a sanctified surrender to every form of bodily secretion.
Slowly or quickly,
with the fury of flesh and the sacrament of fluids,
for swine, for beasts —
this sacred and abject filth shines
like jagged diamonds of our virility —
masculine, feminine, hermaphrodite —
in infernal beds, beneath the eyes of fallen stars.

III.3

RITUAL TO ATTAIN YOUR PASSION

Instruments: one black candle, a glass dome, sea salt, and amber incense.

If you are able to obtain a personal item from the object of your passion, the efficacy of this magic will manifest with greater precision.

For instance: if you are in love with a woman and you possess one of her earrings, you hold an object charged with the energetic memory of your prey, and the relation with the Astral Luminosity occurs almost automatically.

If you are female and in love with a man, you may use, for example, a piece of fabric or clothing that he wears daily.

Let the Ritual Begin:

Fill the glass jar with sea salt until it forms a small mound, without overflowing. Behind this jar, light the black candle. Moisten your right index finger — the Finger of Jupiter — with your saliva, and then, imagining a sexual penetration, pierce the top of the salt mound.

Place inside this hole the previously mentioned object or a piece of paper with the name of the desired person written upon it. Seal the hole by covering it again with the salt. Step back and gaze upon the black candle as you recite:

*Samael, Black Angel, Angel of Death and of all divine generations.
Apparent Radiance of my choosing, bring unto me love, sex,
this passion that now, in your name, I possess and control.
He (she) is named (.....), and in you we share the same body,
like the serpent of intertwined desires upon the tree of unity.
Through my ecstasy, that which is vital within me shall be ignited by you — and guided.
Through my ecstasy, we shall partake in the pleasure of creation,
in secret or in the shadowed beauty of you — this shall be our bond.*

Once these words are spoken, close the ritual by dripping **seven drops of the black candle** onto the salt mound, saying:

*Samael, bring him (her) to me now.
Ave Satani in the Wilds! Samael!
Ave Satani in the Sea! Samael!
Ave Satani among the gods! Samael!
Every heart is an altar!*

Do not touch the salt mound for **seven days**.
And after those seven days, **do not touch it still**.
Until within **twenty-one days**, lust and love shall be consummated.
Then, **dismantle the salt mound under the sunlight**, preferably at **dawn on a Saturday**.

Selah!

III.4

THE MAGICIAN'S NATURE

The one who enters the path of magic must be capable of transformation, like Satan himself. As you become the flame lit by your own breath, your own voice and charm, and as you indulge in earthly pleasures, you'll start to notice subtle but immediate changes in your personality — or perhaps a confirmation of those traits you once saw as flaws.

These psychological shifts are important.

There will come a time when being limited to one fixed identity or mask will work against you — it will mark you as foolish, rigid, and unfit to evolve.

While character is formed in the soul, the way it moves through the world must be flexible. To adapt, you'll need to wear many faces — to slip into different roles, different masks — without

ever losing your sense of who you are underneath.

That's when you become the **Child of the Serpent**.

Some of the Most Defining Traits of the Initiate in High Magic:

Misanthropy – At his core, the magician cannot tolerate crowds, parties, or the company of people. When he leaves his den—his home—it's only on rare occasions: to procreate, or to indulge in the still-unrestrained pleasure of sex, whatever his preference may be. The magician is always alone. He is reclusive. Contemplative. Even during periods of leisure, he prefers the company of his books or a good film over the idle chatter of a neighbor—even if that encounter would last only five minutes.

He sees melancholy, and the gaze turned toward a romanticized past—reflected in his black garments—as an aesthetic necessity for communion with himself, for a satanic connection. The magician's solitude must be respected. No one—absolutely no one—has the right to disturb it.

A Sense of Not Belonging to This World – This is a common trait, often appearing early in adolescence, and sometimes even in childhood. From birth, the magician carries within him a daemon, a guiding spirit. This entity was chosen by his soul—and in return, it chose him as a companion and guardian. This bond was forged eons ago, in time before time, and it was written in the stars, in the cosmos.

Because of this ancient connection between his vital essence and the power of this spirit-guide, the magician often feels with clarity that he has lived many lives, inhabited many bodies, and tasted every kind of pleasure. Melancholy and a sense of not fitting in are familiar feelings. And he must learn to live with them the best he can.

Having once chosen more favorable lives or environments in the past, the initiate may now feel alien to the city, the country, or the time in which he lives. This deep sense of disconnection and incompatibility with his fellow humans is, in truth, a luminous sign. It sharpens his caution in life and pushes him, with greater focus and intensity, toward the study of black magic.

Sensitivity to Noise and Light – Darkness and silence are essential preferences for those who carry within themselves the full harmony of the spheres and the inner Luciferian light. For this reason, night will always be their favored time. The early hours, when the world sleeps and mental activity across the collective unconscious has quieted, are especially suited for the study of symbols and rituals.

It's important to understand that darkness is more than just an atmosphere—it is a meditative element. It contains not only the raw material for dreams, but also the quiet promise that one's desires will begin to take shape in the physical, or “real,” world.

Always Wear Black, and Use Gold or Silver Objects – Each color carries a specific type of energy and emanation. For this reason, black must be the color of the magician. It symbolizes

authority and discretion. The black robe represents what is hidden, what conceals the unknown and the mystery.

Black clothing gathers vital energy. It acts as a barrier to prevent that energy from dissipating outward, functioning as a reservoir of stored light that also offers the practitioner protection against emotional stress from the outside world. The black garment also works like a reverse mirror—it absorbs all polarities and traps them in darkness, within. No one attacks or threatens someone dressed in black. It becomes your shield—a gift from the night. And so, you must blend yourself into it.

One important detail regarding attire is the use of bracelets or watches (this does not refer to rings). You should wear metals around both your right and left wrists, choosing only between gold or silver depending on the day. On Fridays, you must never wear gold—not as a watch, not as a bracelet—on either arm. On Fridays, only silver is to be worn. On Sundays, always wear gold, the metal of the Sun. On other days of the week, choose whichever metal suits you best.

Artistic Inclination, Dreams, and Antiquity —Those touched by Lucifer possess a vivid imagination and the Promethean trait of inventive brilliance. With their minds, they recreate the world once shared by men, gods, and angels. They enter reality unafraid to dethrone the god of cowards. They are creators, poets, scientists, inventors—beings who, even while maddened with fury and pierced by the harpies’ claws in their restless hearts, bring into the world the spectacular roots of our infernal paradises—our most fantastic desires and dreams.

They are sustained by a flame that keeps them awake through the night. For conscious dreaming gives them more pleasure than any sleep can offer.

The magician has a deep passion for exotic landscapes, forgotten eras, and rare environments. Whenever possible, they collect objects that carry a similar vibration. The older an object, the more exclusive it becomes. And this secrecy draws in the lover of magic, making them not only a practitioner but also a refined aesthete—one with a constant hunger for beauty and an unshakable aversion to the vulgar.

Attraction to Masks —The magician is drawn to masks and costumes. These are not mere accessories, but reflections of their inner psychology—outward signs of an ever-present, latent metamorphosis. Behind every mask lies a facet of their becoming. They do not hide behind them to deceive, but to express the multiplicity of selves they carry within. The mask is both a shield and a revelation—an emblem of the fluid identity that is essential to their art.

Brief Loves When Sexual, Enduring Loves When Psychic —

The magician’s relationships, even in their most carnal moments, unfold on a spiritual plane. To consume or be consumed by flesh is never just physical—it is always ritual. When the bond exists solely through bodily satisfaction, the affair tends to be short-lived, usually lasting from six months to four years. In such unions, the magician channels the forces of the Incubus (if in a male body) or the Succubus (if in a female one) to transmute sexual pleasure into nourishment for their vital energy.

Note: the magician is not a vampire, but uses vampirism as a reptilian trait essential to survival—

strategic, not parasitic.

However, when the connection transcends the body—becoming intellectual, spiritual, or soulful—it no longer carries that draining nature. Instead, it becomes a lasting union: one partner serves as the lunar pillar, the other as the solar column, and together they uphold the constellation that guides them through the terrain of love.

Wealth in the World — Money and Finances

Let me be brief, and with this close the material characteristics of the magician.

It doesn't matter whether you become a millionaire, twice as wealthy as you are now, sailing on yachts or wrapped in the silks of Solomon—or whether you become a hermit, surrounded by pine trees in a wooden cabin with a wood-fired stove, sleeping beneath autumn leaves, bedded and blanketed by them.

Once you enter into luciferian communion—once you've aligned yourself with Lucifuge, with Cain, with the Beasts of the Apocalypse—I assure you: Babylon will be yours. You will become the master of your own dominion.

Never, not once in recorded time or in the ages to come, has a Child of Fire been seen digging through trash or begging for bread. You were born from a Falling Star. And here on earth, your face will be etched into coins and scepters across every empire.

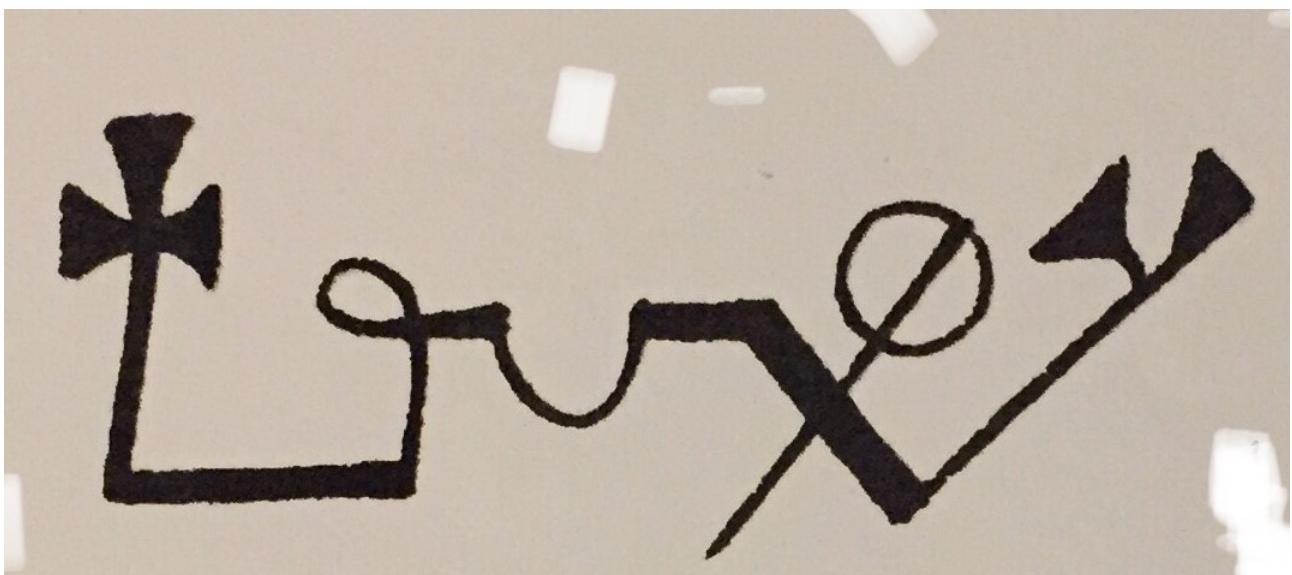
Remember this always.

Ave Lucifer! Ave Satani!

Selah.

**IV
SIGILS**

Understanding Sigils



Sigils are pictorial instruments used to transport desires into the unconscious, where they are stored with the potential to become complete. At the right moment, these desires—once planted deep within the soul—rise to the surface and reincarnate into the ego. They are no longer mere wishes, but the very core of the individual and the driving force behind conscious action.

According to Austin Osman Spare (1886), sigils are monograms of thought, used to direct the energy that fuels each act of will (or desire).

In their visual representation, sigils serve as vessels—symbolic garments that allow desire to take form in the apparent reality. They become manipulable symbols, embodying the desire both in its abstract, energetic state and in its quasi-tactile mental form.

Through sigils, desires gain free passage into the unconscious. They move unhindered because they operate beyond the reach of the ego's worries, anxieties, and memories.

The idea, then, is to create a simple graphic form by combining letters of the alphabet until they can be easily visualized by the practitioner—without bearing any obvious or direct connection to the original desire.

IV.1

The Sigil and Its Relationship to the Unconscious

Why should we send the ritualized sigil into the unconscious?

The answer is simple: because it is within the unconscious that all power resides. The unconscious—free from egoic repressions and from the constraints imposed by social, cultural, and moral conditioning—is the fertile ground, the energetic substance, the raw and dark mass, the deep lake of primordial force where desire may be planted. There, unchained from the conceptual frameworks of the will, it can grow freely until it manifests itself in the material world.

The simpler the construction of the sigil, the better. The power of all magical practice lies in its simplicity. In its affinity with the unconscious, this power distracts itself, plays, disguises itself. It is pure in its contamination, for it is devoid of illusion. It is not found in the image of the old magician adorned with artifices, but in the fragile squire who, as if by chance, with no expectation of reward, pulls the sword from the stone—liberating, through the innocence of his act and the gentleness of his gesture, an entire continent.

From this, we can infer that both in life and in the most potent operations of magic, the force of every act lies in the simplicity of its execution. That is: by means of a distraction not necessarily naïve, but essentially creative, we find this power distilled in the essence of an idea.

IV.2

It is important to emphasize that the creation of sigils also serves to protect the conscious mind from the direct manifestation of desire. In this way, what would otherwise be pleasure does not devolve into obsession.

Another protective function of the sigil, in regard to the practitioner's psychic economy, is to assist the ego (the conscious self) in understanding more clearly what it truly feels toward the object of its desire.

IV.3 Symbols, Sigils, and You

A symbol is the conscious interpretation of what is presented to you — our knowledge and perception of a symbol is primarily a conscious process. A sigil, on the other hand, operates directly within the unconscious. The ego, therefore, is initially ignorant of both — of the symbol's hidden layers and of the sigil's magical function.

Yet both symbols and the practice of crafting sigils offer the ego the spoils of antediluvian power — a primordial knowledge that predates history itself.

All magical knowledge, including sigils, eventually cloaks itself in symbolic form. In doing so, it creates a circuit — a bridge between the conscious and unconscious — allowing the whole being to act and perceive within apparent reality. Whether the virtue of this experience lies in peripheral pleasure or in expanded awareness matters little; both give rise to a sense of unity, of cosmic wholeness, of communion with the children of the serpent, the children of fire.

Before we move on to this secular method, which reached its height in the practices and writings of Austin Osman Spare — the greatest occultist of the twentieth century — allow me one final line of caution, for you to carry as a talisman before burning yourself in the real satisfaction of your desires:

"Passions are best governed by innocence."

Selah!

IV.4

THE CREATION OF THE SIGIL

The practitioner of this Alphabet of Desires must keep in mind — in the moments preceding the crafting of a sigil — that what is being prepared is a letter, a message, written from the physical plane to the astral realm. And when this message is delivered into the unconscious, it shall trigger a favorable reaction — as though the seed of desire were to germinate instantly and break through into waking reality.

There is, therefore, no such thing as a correct or incorrect sigil, nor must it be aesthetically complex or ornate. Of course, with practice, it becomes more effective — and more elegant — to create a sigil that is both unique and harmoniously proportioned in its design.

Yet above all else, the essential aspect of crafting such an instrument lies in its **individual creation** — it must be conceived by the magician alone and **consecrated in alignment with the desire it encodes**, charged through the magician's own vital energy.

THE PREPARATION

Have in hand a sheet of paper and a pen with **black ink**. Do **not** use a pencil. The pencil grants the mind a false sense of safety, suggesting that some supposed "*mistake*" could be corrected — a notion which only invites unnecessary distraction during the fusion and stylization of the sigil.

Now, I shall offer you an example of how to compose the **Alphabet of Desire**:

Write, for instance:

"I WILL TO BE STRONG AS A TIGER"

(Note the use of CAPITAL LETTERS to ease the handling of the sentence — and never use negative propositions. Always affirmative! e.g.:
"I WILL," "I DESIRE," etc.)

Then, eliminate any **repeated letters**:

I WL TO BE STRONG AS A TIGER → becomes → **I W L T O B E S R N G A**

(Observe that the letters **M** and **E** are equivalent in their pictorial design — **M** may be understood as an **E** seen sideways. As your practice deepens, your eyes shall become trained to notice other such affinities — for instance, between **H and I**, or **H and T**, and so on.)

Thus, what must be emphasized is the **importance of avoiding complication**, aiming instead for the **graphic simplicity** of the sigil.

At this stage, the **sigil shall begin to be drawn**, with full presence of attention — for once internalized, it shall be **destroyed**.

Internalization of the Sigil

There are various ways to internalize the sigil before erasing it from apparent reality. Austin Osman Spare mentions several techniques — from **sexual magic, masturbation, exotic coitus, ritual penetration** while contemplating the sigil, to **trance states induced by breath work, hyperventilation, controlled suffocation, and Tantric Yoga**.

Spare advised that the sigil must be **destroyed**, which is why he would draw it on **sand, mirrors painted with aqueous solution, chalkboards, or on paper to be immediately incinerated**.

The purpose of this practice is to **implant the sigil "traumatically" into the unconscious**. Afterward, your conscious mind will forget it — and thus, the unconscious shall be free of blockages, faithfully **obeying the encoded instructions** inscribed in the sigil, as if these were



instructions given to a submerged navigator, directly in contact with the **Astral Luminosity**, the **cause of all effects**.

Instructed by Lucifer, I suggest something as simple as it is effective. For you shall use, at that very moment, only **two objects**. These are: **a black candle** and **a mirror**.

Follow this instruction:

In darkness, after extinguishing all lights in the place where you dwell, light the **black candle**, preferably held by a **candelabrum**. Turn to face the **East**, and place the **mirror** behind the candelabrum, in such a way that you can also see the reflection of your face.

Breathe deeply. Exhale as slowly as you possibly can.

Behold the **Seal (Sigil)** you have just crafted, positioned precisely between yourself and the light of the candle. Pay close attention to the flame warming your soul, warming the mark you have adorned upon the paper — **the sigil, the alphabet of your will**.

Close your eyes. There lies your desire. Wait.

Remain with eyes closed until you feel a presence, a submerged current, opening your eyelids, enveloping the air around you.

Then, bring the sigil to the flame of the candle — and **burn it**.

After this is done, gaze only at the flame... the **inebriating silence of the darkness**, the **abyssmal solitude** that dwells in all matter, and is now also adorned by the fire of the black candle. **This is your company**.

Keep your gaze upon the flame for only a few more seconds.

And to mark the passing of time with greater ease, count four times, alternating inhale with exhale: **1 — inhale, 2 — exhale...**

Extinguish the candle with your fingers. Do not blow it out.

*

Turn on the lights. Do anything that may distract you.

The work is complete.

The sigil has been digested and, having followed the path of dissolution, it has been cast into the deepest part of your being.

It has now become a **practical current**, fused with your **unconscious**.

It is **not advisable** to try and remember these seals — not their shape, nor the intention of the desire they carried.

If the initiate is able to **leave the house** and take a walk, it is favorable.

However, to **distract oneself with any other kind of activity** — so long as it does **not involve magical study at this moment** — is **absolutely essential** for the **functioning** of the work and the **absorption** of the sigil.

Selah!

V

The Order of the Invisible

The Order of the Invisible

The soul is imprisoned in the body so that, through the world, it may relearn what it has forgotten—the path to return to where it came from, the matrix of all reflections—and to accept dissolving into the Astral Light.

The secular arrangement of all events and actions is the manifestation, in matter (on the visible plane), of projections produced and fixed from the Astral Light.

So you ask me whether the destiny of the Universe is a fabricated and fixed plan.

Yes, it is fabricated.

Every being or object possesses in its essence a spiritual vibration that was once an idea and is now manifest and predestined. But that does not mean it is fixed.

The Astral Light is the plasma in which the Universe is submerged—a subterranean current that carries all things within its own flow.

You were born with a story, a predetermined program,
just as the stars hold a fixed constellation over all forms that arise,
and all children who are born.

You must accept it all, ancient soul!

All joys and all sufferings,
because your existence—what you call life—does not belong to you.

It is a theater,
where the music can only be heard by those who unlearn how to play it,
and allow themselves to be carried by the current.

If you are a murderer, then kill.

If you are a saint, then heal.

If you are crippled, crawl.

If you are a lover, then love.

Blind in the nuptials of the darkness that surrounds you.

Through magic, man controls the steps that make even his pockets
(full of material misery) overflow with diamonds.

Where are my diamonds?

Asks the condemned, before the rope hangs him between Heaven and Earth—
by the legs or by the neck.

I tell you:

all your diamonds are dreamed.

They are projections of desires controlled through magical thought.

Because the soul trapped in the body believes
that the vortex of its existence lies in the matter the body touches and feels.
And it also believes its desires belong to it.

You are merely an observer of reality.

And pleasure lies in the abstract technique of knowing how to observe.

The Karma of the Warrior

In the *Bhagavad Gita*, we find the exemplification of accepting one's service within the plane of contact—in society, in the world.

I tell you: your work.

The warrior Arjuna, faced with the imminent task of annihilating his own kin on the battlefield, decides to “evade” or flee his duty, and asks Krishna whether it would not be better to exchange the bow and arrow for the begging bowl and staff and dedicate himself to a meditative (monastic) life.

The response of the Astral Light, now manifest in the avatar of his consciousness, is dogmatic and true:

“Rise and kill!”

Fulfill your function.

Follow the laws of your karma—it is impossible to abstain from your duty.

If you do not fulfill it in this time, another time will arise, until the vibration of your duty—administered by the tentacles of Astral Luminosity—is completed.

The story will always be told, and if you refuse, the same narrative will occur in another body, or in another form, until the inflexibility of what must be—your task—is fully consummated.

If you do not fulfill your mission, you will be discarded.

The Way Through the Fire

Relax and listen.

The importance of what you desire,
if not anchored in love for the highest—
that which is greater than you—
matters not at all in the structure of a total perspective.

Karma is nothing more and nothing less than your duty.

Accept all circumstances.
And accept yourself—
the way you function—
regardless of relative or moral values of good and evil.

Discomfort and mental suffering
are healthy signs that you are veering from your path,
not being who you are meant to be.

Light a candle for your discomfort.
Burn incense before your tears,
reflecting the light of the same flame that guides you.

Therefore, do not lose yourself in joy,
nor be shaken by sorrow.
Nothing—absolutely nothing—is favorable or unfavorable to you.

When you kiss the skull-faced woman,
you will feel—in the womb of death—
the birth of your first child.

Then you will know that you were never born—
and that the order called *karma*
is nothing but the spirit learning through the body
the truth of its own nature—
including the hope of once more inhabiting
an eternity that never existed outside your thought.

This is the Platonic cave illuminated in reverse,
living the inverted shadow projected upon its wall.

The Rite of Reversal

Follow the light, not the shadow,

and only then — as if absorbed in the darkness of a cinema hall —
you shall follow the beam of light
and pierce through the window,
the lens of the projector,
dissolving into Leviathan,
into the most absolute reality.

You shall dissolve in the death that is not death,
in its extinction that is not extinction,
and in the totality of the realizable pleasure
of all your desires.

You must shift your perspective.

Change your clothing, your body,
your haircut, your skin.

And the duty of who you truly are
shall be fulfilled without demands
under the inconceivable fist of destiny
before a greater design.

Upon understanding the notion of this law,
you shall walk through the ruins of fallen kingdoms,
you shall attend the most wondrous sabbaths,
and even as you drink the blood of infants
or command the movement of stars
and the tempests of shipwrecks,

you shall behold **Baphomet**,
as one who traces with the tip of their fingers
the map of a glamorous idyll.

Then, only then,
you shall awaken from a dream that never was real
and yet **never ceased to exist**.

You shall be free —

from the time that remains to you in the reclaimed paradise —
you shall be **free for death**.

Free to reign.

As on Earth, so in Heaven.

Selah!

Ritual for the Purification of Vital Ions

This ritual, though simple, must be followed with astrological precision (making use of the lunar phases) as well as the correct timing.

The body is the machine that carries the spirit, and being an instrument permeated by energetic fields of influence (vibrations), it must become at once both a receptacle for favorable currents of conquest and a shield that protects itself—and its intelligence—from the atomized vibrations of unfavorable, invisible ripples.

The following ritual will purify the body from the poisoned arrows deposited by the intentional or unconscious ill omens of your enemies. For the attainment of each individual desire implies the annulment of another collective desire. Understand, then, that the battle within the world, though healthy, can be destructive. You must care for your life in order to savor the joy reflected on the face of that very life. Shut your mouth and follow these instructions:

Behold the Bath of Achilles.

But a complete bath—

where even the weakness of the covered heel,
as well as all parts of your body, shall be protected.

You will need the following artifacts:

- A bathtub in which your entire body can be submerged.
- Sea Salt (note that in all magical operations only Sea Salt must be used, no other kind).
- A one-dollar bill (the one-dollar bill contains the symbolic artifices necessary for the working—preferably a new bill).
- The sigil of Samael (see appendix).
- A can of beer (do not use a bottle; the beer must echo the sound of the sea and its waves, and thus the ideal pressure lies in the cans, not when bottled).
- A small mirror (a mirror that you can carry with you, approximately the size of a book, for example).
- A sheet of paper (use a virgin, clean sheet, and mist it with your perfume or the incense of your choice).

The Ionic Purification Ritual

The ionic purification ritual must be performed only once.

It is not necessary to repeat this rite after the first bath.

It works as an antidote — once applied, it becomes part of your energetic field for as long as you live.

This ritual must be administered only under the New Moon.

Remember! Only during the New Moon of each month.

Always keep a lunar calendar at hand and plan the operation in advance.

The time of the ritual is left to the discretion of the initiate.

However, the most favorable hours are as follows:

Before noon:

- **5:00** – The ritual will be under the influence of the Genius of Magic and its secrets.
- **7:00** – The ritual will be under the influence of the Genius of Prosperity, the one who retrieves hidden treasures, the Lord of the Eagles, *Mizgitari*, and *Saillus*, the Genius who unlocks all sealed doors.

After noon:

- **14:00** – The ritual will be under the influence of *Labezerin*, the demon who grants success.
- **19:00** – The ritual will resonate with the same morning genii, yet in a gentler tone, a more tempered flow.
- **21:00** – The ritual will be under the influence of the Fire Genius, *Suclagus*. This is the most potent hour after midday if your intention is vigor and strength.
- **0:00** – This is the most auspicious hour for rebirth, your baptism. Here, you shall learn to sacrifice yourself so you may be reborn into an immortal order.

Keep this name in mind if you choose to perform the ritual at midnight:

Sellen — this is the demon who will attend to you when you are attuned to your vital energy, to the will of your reason. *Sellen* is a first-rank assisting demon.

The wise one knows how to shield themselves from the financial favors of men and their industries. Therefore, under demonic influence, with the awakening of the *Daemon*, you shall remain invincible — in your strength and in your freedom.

The Ritual

Once you have confirmed the lunar phase (New Moon) of the chosen month and selected the

precise time for the rite,
we shall now prepare the stage for the magical sacrifice.
Rest assured — by following these instructions, the effect of this procedure is infallible,
and the result will manifest immediately.

— Make absolutely certain that you are completely alone in the place where the ritual shall be enacted.

And I emphasize the importance of **silence** — that is, silence from anything caused by *your* actions.
If you dwell in a busy place, that matters little, so long as you do not produce sound within the ritual space.

— Disrobe. And have in your possession the Sigil of Samael,
the one-dollar bill, and the can of beer.

— Place the can of beer on the floor. The one-dollar bill shall be placed **on top of the mirror**.
At this point, you should be holding only the Sigil of Samael.

— After contemplating the sigil, place it to the **left side** of the mirror.

Then remove the one-dollar bill from the mirror and place it on the **right side**.

Look at the sigil to your left and the one-dollar bill to your right (the bill must be flipped to its **reverse side**, where the eagle and the pyramid are).

Then, gaze into your own reflection in the mirror for a few seconds —
four deep inhalations.

— Take the can of beer and step into the bathtub.

Now try to maintain the most upright position possible.

Open the can of beer and repeat the following incantation,
which you shall have copied beforehand on a sheet of virgin paper:

**“Samael, king of all resplendent bandits in their wandering, you are with me, remain with me.
I offer the gold of my days in exchange for the gold of eternity and pleasures that shall never
end.**

**And the sea, which also purifies — the shield of my days — now rests upon me.
I hear its waves!”**

Pour the beer over your head and let it flow down your body.

And while you listen to the sound of the depths,
of the abyss, of the waves — repeat,
listening intently to the **murmur of the sea**:

“Samael, Samael, Samael!”

And then: **“Allt till dig, Oh Brahma.”**

(Allt till day, Oh Brahma)

Second Part / Completion:

The feminine sex (including those imprisoned in a man's body, as well as women) must have their

lips painted red. It is important to note that at this point in the ritual, an uncontrollable sexual energy may arise. Do not satisfy it. Do not masturbate. Let this energy serpent its way through your body freely—the sensation will not last long and will soon grant you a greater orgasm, both infernal and total, celestial. That said, fill the bathtub with water. Pour four to five handfuls of sea salt into it and stir. Wait for the salt to dissolve as much as possible, even if only partially. Have the one-dollar bill in hand. Enter the bathtub.

Relax.

Breathe.

Observe the bill and its symbols. Kiss the bill upon its respective seals—three kisses: One on the pyramid of knowledge adorned by Sirius, the star, the luciferian light of all conquest and understanding. Another upon the eagle of success and completeness before the abyss. Slowly, the feminine shall leave their marks upon these seals with their red-painted lips. And the third seal: when you shall recall the protection of the vessel of your soul in this world, the body of man—on the front of the bill. Kiss the image of George Washington.

Breathe.

Repeat the name: **Samael**.

Enjoy the baptism, the bath.

Let the bill float in the water with you.

Relax. Submerge yourself.

The ritual is complete.

Dry yourself.

Drain the bathtub.

You are reaffirmed.

Selah!

VI
Imagination and Magick

**

Unreasonable, yet with choices. Understand this contrast: that living each day to the point of bodily exhaustion is to be cherished. Better to die thus—exhausted, circumspect within the magical element and the surprise of rebirth. Repeating in eternity the transient pleasures unveiled by the novelty of the days—this novelty you so often fail to perceive. The day is the eternal flame, the night is the healing also by fire—the incense of your body set aflame while still in the maternal womb. Yet both day and night we burn in this flame that promises return to the paradise within ourselves—the imaginary garden of desires.

Do not, therefore, be afraid—not even for a second—in the face of exhaustion, for there are no fixed rules regarding sleep or wakefulness; that is, the measure of your exhaustion is conceived and created by image and action. Your imagination is what fertilizes and sustains all magick—this is the fruit that was born when it was still a seed, a desire, a spark, a will of imagination.

To be alive. Preparing for eternity, for eternal vigor—connecting with your own extinction in the uncontrollable germ of hope—is where we find the nuclear shimmer of all dimensions related to the great magical knowledge. To all magick. To the great unreal work, just like the Universe—we are ablaze.

Selah.

THE NUMBER OF MAN

There is no good or evil. Right is wrong and wrong is right—veiled structures within the knowledge nourished by the King who, being free, is a simple and ascetic beggar. Crowned by the sheer pleasure of existing and knowing himself conscious, and who never—absolutely never—asks for anything, because he knows he has no need for what he already possesses—and that is his soul, so well cared for in the temple of the immortals—his own life.

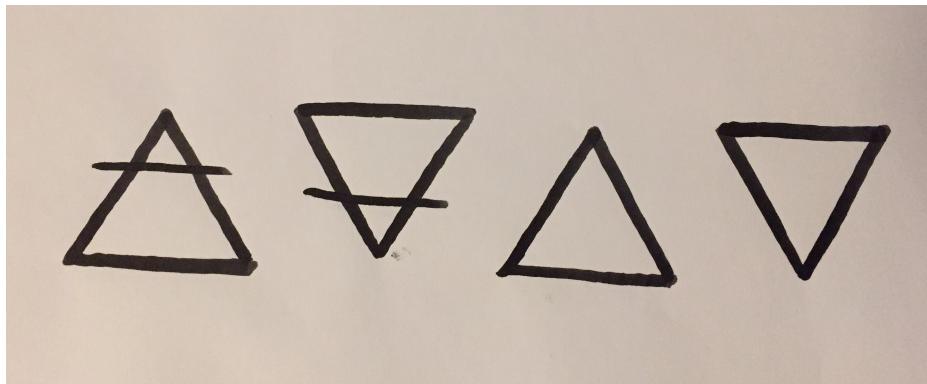
The eyes in every Kingdom, the ears are our Queens. The mouth, the Princess of refined taste, while the scent you perceive unveils the Prince, learning through fire how to control the air that sustains the entire castle—the whole body, the machine, the steed of the spirit.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST

The greatest plot of our era was conceived between Lucifer and the rise of Christianity, this being the Western secret – locked away with seven seals that now begin to turn in their respective seals. Recalling the biblical passage of the birth of the Messiah, we find the three wise men, who, located

in the East, continue using astrological markings visible in the Morning Star, Venus, the star of the East. As mentioned, this star is located in the constellation of Canis Major (Sirius). It is Lucifer himself, entrusted with the guide of Samael and the cornucopia flame of Baphomet, symbolizing knowledge and vigor. Regi-te. Illuminating under the manger, between goats and split animals, the crown (the Lapis Exillis) was also given to him, as if saying, "Follow this one, He is the King of Men! Like Cain, my path of blood and steel, plowing the whole Earth!"

The secret of the divine name in four letters – behold the timeless beginning that will give rise to the extermination of water before the victory of fire – the lineage of Cain (supreme division) – and through this surgically crafted conspiracy to divide the evolution of species, the greatest prostitute arises, the Church of the Apocalypse, rising again and changing its scales, once again becoming the last star on the horizon: the Venus of Tomorrow.



The King of the Beasts to come, Christ, was also set on the path of straying, to, like the Serpent it also represents, lead all men to the resurrection of the new Aeon.

Christ. Behold, I present to you the hanged one, Lucifer, Prometheus, the Antichrist by the calculation of the number of Man. His death, or execution, opened the gates of hell to humanity. Yes! Christ-Lucifer now, in his most dynamic force of action, Satan, finds himself in the same earthly-celestial body and are realized over forty nights, where 4 being the transition of the Beast hidden in man, standing, the four points of the Universe, the number of foundation and the four seasons of the year and the lunar phases, the Pythagorean tetrad before the infinite and the card of the hanged (where you will notice that a 4 is formed in his crossed legs, bringing the wisdom of the sky to the earth in the pockets that empty upside down in this Promethean sacrifice that gifts us with coins of gold).

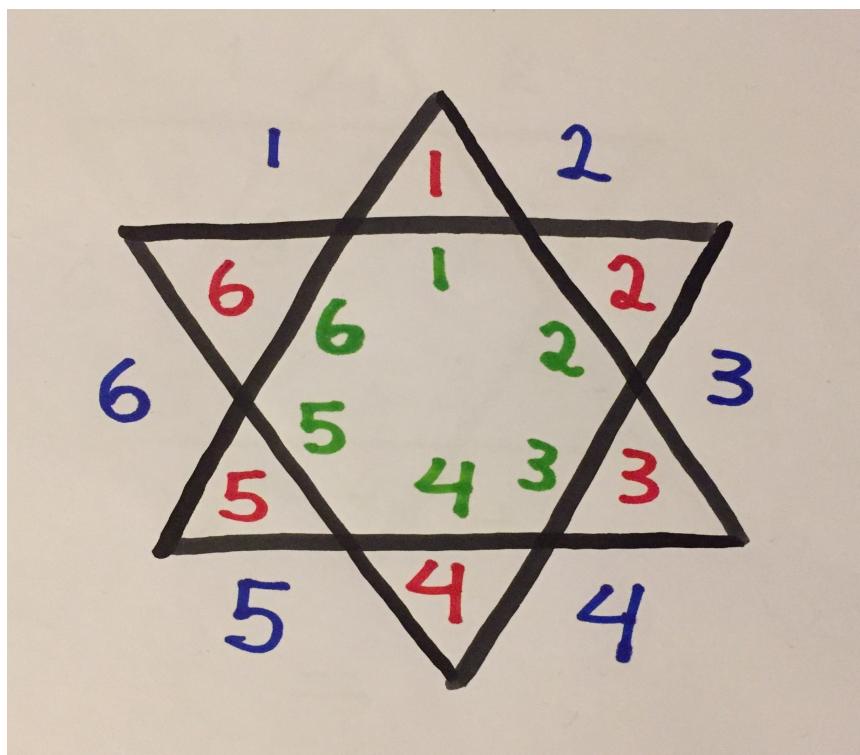
It is in this game of numbers where the secret of the divine name in four letters is produced – behold the timeless beginning that will give rise to the extermination of water before the victory of fire – the lineage of Cain (supreme division) – and through this surgically crafted conspiracy to divide the evolution of species, the greatest prostitute arises, the Church of the Apocalypse, rising again and changing its scales, once again becoming the last star on the horizon: the Venus of Tomorrow.

And I tell you for all of this: calculate the number of the Beast, of the great Babalon, and in this same satanic gospel you will find in the Apocalypse the number 600, 6, 6. The number of the

antichrist, the first Jew revealed in the seal of Solomon. The chosen lineage. The people that must be loved both for their tradition and for the hidden knowledge of their mysticism found in the Star of David.

Note that, in the symbolic formation of the star, you will first find what comes from the spirit, the element water, the triangle that comes from the sky (descendant). And then the ascending triangle, the triangle of the fire element. The union of these gives us the star, including the element air and also the element earth, thus completing a hexagram produced by four distinct symbolic parts:

Behold the number of the antichrist, where his spirit is ruled by the planet Saturn (6) (the hexagram sealed in fire, the sixth of this equation), containing what we have to say before the plot that hisses in the veil of Isis, ruffling us in her maternal tranquility, daughter of the Sun. A perfect virgin, and the generator of our demonic spheres (our dynamics).



I reveal to you, in Christ, the antichrist. And 666 is the number of the son of man, the number of Man, of the Luciferian Jew, the number of Christ. For this number can be perceived and calculated in the metamorphoses of the hexagram.

2

DIVINATION

2.I

I will now teach you the art of altering the course (the grammar) of what cannot be seen. The divine pantheon also guards us from misfortunes, fortunes, and setbacks. Love or a snake full of small offspring; and when the path is sanctified, the map is usurped. You will triumph on your path. And much pain can be avoided. With this, if your destiny is a knot possessed by tightly bound ties, these divinations, even without altering it, serve as a preparation that will calm you before the inevitable. As if showing you the safest place inside a boat when it faces giant waves heading into a storm.

Your number related to the card that protects you according to the tarot.

Before we delve into the symbolism of this magical art, already implanted in the human psyche with the symbolic power of its twenty-two arcana, it is important that you understand the numbers that resonate in each letter of your name. Here is the calculation:

The year you reappeared on Earth in a new bodily capsule (the date of your birth), the month within the twelve months of this cycle, and the day when the star filled your lungs with fire and air.

Let's consider the birthdate of an individual born on **August 6, 1972**.

Step 1: Break down the date into individual numbers.

- **Year:** 1972 → $1 + 9 + 7 + 2 = 19$
- **Month:** August → 08 → 8
- **Day:** 06 → 6

Step 2: Add the individual numbers together.

$$19 + 8 + 6 = 33$$

Step 3: Reduce the number to its essence.

- 33 is a double-digit number, so we reduce it by adding the digits together: $3 + 3 = 6$

Thus, the **essential number** derived from the individual's birthdate is **6**.

In this example, the number of your existence is 33. However, this must also be reduced to its essence, to its embryonic particularity, the root of your indivisible form, the one that brings you as close as possible to the invisible. Therefore, $33 = 3 + 3$ generates the essential particle that was imprinted upon you at birth, the number (6). And the trump corresponding to this number, in the case of the example above, would be **The Lovers**.

Divination Correspondence with Arcana:

The following list will show you the arcana corresponding to the number you calculated. Through this, the card that should be contemplated will reveal to you the clues that your daemon will provide daily for three weeks, guiding your path and influencing your entire earthly existence.

The Trumps:

- **The Magician**
- **The High Priestess**
- **The Empress**
- **The Emperor**
- **The Pope**
- **The Lovers**
- **The Chariot**
- **Justice**
- **The Hermit**
- **The Wheel of Fortune**
- **Strength**
- **The Hanged Man**
- **Death**
- **Temperance**
- **The Devil**
- **The Tower**
- **The Star**
- **The Moon**
- **The Sun**
- **Judgment**
- **The World**
- **The Fool** (*This ambiguous card also corresponds to number 0, which will not be logically used in this divinatory process.*)

Divinatory Interpretation of the Arcana:

— The Magician:

You are crowned by the branches of the Sephiroth. The beginning of all things, the causality of the Universe, the unifying principle, pure spirit, the universal thought is singular within subjective matters, the reflection that appears in the ego of all intelligent beings.

Initiative, the center of action and movement, the spontaneity coming from intelligence, discernment, and understanding, a sharp mind, security of character, autonomy, rejection of opinions that do not serve you, free from prejudice.

A great orator, tactical diplomacy, persuasive power, an advocate, agitation, cunning. A lack of scruples, an opportunist, a provocateur of intrigues, a liar, a cheater, a charlatan, and an exploiter of human innocence. Influenced by the planet of communication, Mercury, both for good and for ill.

— The High Priestess:

Wisdom. Intuitive thought bound to words, the second figure of the Trinity, Isis, Nature, the spouse of the Divine and mother of all things. The substance that overflows from all dimensions, the action that flows through the field of intelligence and causes, the force between opposites that generates the birth of all.

The dual contrast that allows us to perceive the world.

Silence, discretion, reserve, meditation, modesty, resignation, piety, and reverence for what is mystical and sacred.

Deceit, veiled intentions, malevolence, witchcraft, laziness, religious fanaticism. Passive influence of Saturn.

— The Empress:

Intelligence, comprehension, the abstract concept that generates ideas and forms. The supreme ideal. Thoughts conceived but not yet expressed—embryonic. The sphere in which all objects are recognized.

Discernment, discipline, reflection, study, observation, science. Instruction, knowledge, and erudition.

Affability, kindness, charm, grace, strength of character—she governs through gentleness. Civilizing influence. Education, generosity. Abundance, wealth, fertility. Ostentation, vanity, frivolity, lust, extravagance, coquetry, seduction. She boasts through superficial ideas, poses, affectation.

— The Emperor:

Grace, piety, mercy, grandeur of character, magnificence—the fourth branch of the Sephirothic tree. A generative force, the seed of life. Tender creativity that brings into the world the animating principle, the creative radiance shared among all creatures and also converging in the center of every individuality. Generator of life, fire imprisoned in the seed, embodiment of the world, *Archeus*—the densest aspect of the astral plane. Sulfuric, generative, foundational; the mystic husband and son of the generative substance—sperm, virginity.

Energy, strength, vision, willpower, fixation, absolute certainty through mathematical deductions, constancy, rigor, precision, equality, stability, positivism.

A dominating spirit who influences others without being influenced, trusting solely in reason and positivist observation; a character unyielding in its resolutions. Stubbornness. Lack of ideals and intuition; generosity without charm, a powerful protector, a fearsome and furious tyrant, a despot exploiting others' weakness. Brutal masculinity indirectly influenced by feminine fragility.

— The Hierophant (The Pope):

Rigor, severity, punishment, fear. The will that governs life. *Love under will*. Conscience, duty, laws, and morality. Inhibition, restriction, and the capacity to abstain from evil within oneself in order to do good.

Episcopate, religious knowledge, metaphysics, Kabbalah, teachings. Knowing *how* to do rather than merely *doing*. Intuition versus practice. Authority, certainty, confidence, absence of doubt, suggestive influence over the thoughts and emotions of others. You are affable, well-intentioned, affectionate, generously wise.

Director of eras and of consciousness, healer of souls, moral counselor, moralizer by nature, endowed with full authority over your judgments. A function that grants you prestige. Influenced by Jupiter—for both good and ill.

In its negative aspect: immorality, where faults take the place of virtues, when this arcana falls into shadow.

— The Lovers

Beauty, excellence — that which binds all beings together: the realm of emotions. The sphere of life that moves toward attractions and repulsions, sympathies and antipathies, chaste

and pure affections that remain untouched by carnal desire.

Aspirations, longing for the beauty of the soul, enchantment, yearning, freedom, choices, selectivity, free will, temptations, judgments, doubts, uncertainties, hesitations.

Sentimentality, perplexity, poetic romanticism, intoxicating paralysis, endless promises, unfulfilled desires.

— The Chariot

Triumph. Conscious progress, unwavering direction, intelligent evolution, blitzkrieg — the constructive principle of the Universe. G – The Great Architect.

Control, total self-mastery, command, political governing force, intelligence fully expressed in action. Discernment. Diplomatic reconciliation. Peace. Civilizing harmony.

Talent, success earned through personal merit, well-deserved outcome. Diplomacy. The ability to benefit even from adverse situations. Ambition, advancement. A position of high command — general, president. Fists of iron. Rigor.

In its negative aspect: inability to act or complete. Lack of talent and of tact. Poor ruler. Cowardly, insidious, and ineffectual diplomacy.

— Justice

Splendor, glory. Divinity manifest through natural order and harmony. The force that preserves all that exists. Law, balance, stability. Ideas clearly and logically expressed. The outcome arising from all that has already been consummated. Justice — the irreversible consequence of all acts.

Logic, infallible judgment. Practical confidence. Impartiality, an independent mind, honest, upright. Respect for hierarchies and codes of conduct. Inflexibility before the universal law, which you uphold with rigor and dedication.

Method, precision, movement and labor. An administrator, a leader, a judge — someone who follows the law and upholds it, maintaining order. Routine. Conservative nature. Fear of the new. Knows how to obey but is incapable of embracing innovation.

— The Hermit

All latent power lies in the secret of those who live. The force of the seed before it reveals itself visibly in what is. The astral body of occultists.

Tradition. Experience. The imperishable heritage of the past. Deep knowledge. Prudence. Circumspection. Meditation. Silence. Discretion. Reserve. Isolation. Continence. Chastity. Celibacy. Monastic austerity.

The sage who distances himself from the world, from the collective — dead to worldly passions and ambitions. Profound. Possessed of a meditative spirit, averse to frivolities. Experienced knower of the workings of mind, soul, and body. Alchemist. An initiate practicing magical formulas in a basement. Recluse. The master capable of directing the labor of others and pointing to the embryo

in the sphere of spiritual and human development. The world's midwife.

When afflicted by Saturn: Stern, taciturn, bitter, introverted, distrustful, meticulous, grave, gloomy, heavy. A sorrowful misanthrope. Skeptical, unbelieving, filled with avarice. Discouraged. Impoverished.

— The Wheel of Fortune

The Sphere of sovereign desire. The principle of individuation. Involution, germinative movement, the plow, fertilizing energy. The pillar of Jachin.

Initiative, shrewdness, presence of mind, spontaneity, aptitude for invention. Practical divinations. Success linked to situations that occur at the opportune moment.

Luck. Fortuitous discoveries that bring enrichment or lead to success. A favorable fate that triumphs over all adversities, bringing success regardless of personal merit. Advantages governed by chance. An enviable yet unstable position. Ups and downs. Inconstancy. Small but favorable fortune in geomancy. Transitory benefits.

— Strength

Psychic energy. The force of the spirit that, within the body, dominates the conflicting impulses of the organism. Rational feelings combined with masterful instinct. A world governed by itself. The expansion of will manifested in the individual. The triumph of intelligence over brutality. Human knowledge subjugating the forces of nature.

Virtue, courage, calmness, determination. Moral strength imposing itself over brute force and selfish passions.

Complete self-mastery. Strong-mindedness. Energetic and active nature. Work. Intelligent activity. The tamer.

Jovial character, short temper, hot-headed. Impatient, angry, fearful. Martial. Show-off, exhibitionist. Insensitive, cruel, fierce, harsh, vulgar, furious.

— The Hanged Man

The soul freed from bodily prison. Mysticism. Priesthood.

Man coming into contact with the divine. He collaborates with the Great Work, transmuting information from good and evil.

The individual freeing itself for the Whole. Sacred sacrifice. Redeemer.

Pliable activities between various spiritual dimensions, entering and exiting through these inhuman gates. Blending the realm of the visible with the invisible. Pendulum. Spiritual intervention. Telepathy.

Moral perfection. Lucifer pouring the riches of Heaven onto Earth. The third point in the pendular

balance. Devotion. Absolute selflessness. Certainty of knowledge. Prometheus. Priest, prophet, seer. Reality distorted by utopias. Enthusiasm filled with illusions. The artist imprisoned in the sphere of beauty and therefore unable to transmit (translate) it in their work. Absurd plans. Liberal yet sterile desires. Unrequited love.

— Death

The transforming principle that renews all things. Evolutionary necessity. Fatal progress. Eternal and irreversible movement where nothing is fixed and which cannot be interrupted. The spirit of progress. Impenetrable rust. The liberator of spirit trapped in amorphous and dysfunctional matter. Spiritualization. Kali.

Disillusionment. Intellectual penetration. Reality perceived without any sensory apparatus. Completely lucid judgment. Integral initiation. Death. Asceticism. Detachment. Inflexibility. Incorruptibility. Benevolent force of transmutation. The ability to regenerate what is corrupt or has been corrupted. Control.

The necessary end for transformation. Fatality. Accident in which the victim bears no responsibility. Radical transformation. Inheritance. Influence of the world of the dead. Atavism. Necromancy. Spiritism.

Melancholy, mourning, sorrow, old age, decrepitude, decay, decomposition, corruption, and dissolution.

— Temperance

Semen. Universal Life. Gentleness. The movement that recycles life. Motion. The fluid that restores dispersed energy. The reparative agent of everything exhausted and in need of recovery. The energetic current of nature. Vital transfusion. Healing magnetism. Occult medicine. Psychic alchemy.

Regeneration. The mysteries of water and fire. The fountain of youth.

Philosophical unconcern, a serene spirit that rises above the misfortunes of humanity. Indifference to pettiness. Balanced temperament. Tranquility and calm. Health. Good circulation. Recycling of fluids. System purification. Prolongation of existence. Detachment. Impartiality. Resignation.

Adaptive ease. Malleability. Docility. Sensitivity to external influences. Impressionable. Contamination. Coldness, apathy, unstable nature. Rest, vacation, transitions, a “things will work out” attitude, surrender, fluidity, indiscretion. Passivity, laziness, lack of precaution, recklessness, prodigality.

— The Devil

The world as the vital reservoir of the soul of all living beings. The Astral Light of occultists.

Magnetic electricity in its static state, polarized into active and passive forces. Occult forces tied to animalistic drives.

Instinct, the unconscious, black magic, urges, impulses, nightmares.

Divinatory art, nocturnal fascination, the practice of astral travel and human magnetism.

Suggestions emanating from unconscious and hidden vibrations. Groves and roots.

Action within the collective unconscious. Mastery over the masses.

Enchantments. Hypnotic and disturbing eloquence.

Stimulation of appetites and passions. Demagoguery, revolutions, rebellion, refusal.

Disorder, imbalance, chaos. Overexcitement, panic. Anxiety.

Lust, lack of modesty, hysteria. Intrigue, scheming, use of illicit means.

Perversion. Abuse. Greed. Lack of moderation.

The Spear of Longinus. The Compass.

— The Tower

Materialization. Attraction condensed into radical selfishness.

Avaricious accumulation. The spirit imprisoned within matter.

The vital structure of every organism. The inevitable destruction that leads to a new beginning.

Sacrificial purification. Divine intervention – sorrowful, righteous, and furious.

Pride, presumption, affections shaped by trends.

Materialism drawn to appearances. Greed, obsessive desire for material wealth.

Megalomania. Unstable ambitions and desires. Immoderate conquests.

Excess leading to rebellion and conflict.

Narrow-minded dogmatism. Disbelief. Fraudulent alchemy craving for base metal.

Failure. Punishment. Disorganization. Confusion. Putrefaction.

The destruction of any empire upheld by the dictatorship of force and coercion.

The collapse of intolerant churches that believe themselves unshakable.

The error of going beyond one's vital capacity and believing oneself infallible.

Not knowing when to stop—instead of appreciating the restorative pause of reflection before action.

— The Star

The feminine spirit comforting the masculine in his struggle for success in this world.

Luminous life in all creatures.

The soul binding spirit and matter in grand and full harmony. Night mysteries crowned by argent

brilliance. The mystery revealed in the restorative sleep. Immortality. A promising destiny. The realizable possibility of every ideal. Beauty and splendor. Aesthetic and refined appreciation. Grace. Success. Sanctification of all existence, of all that is alive.

Hope. Vitality. Good humor, courage. The idealization of reality. Poetry, arts, music, sensitivity, refinement, tenderness, and compassion. Adaptation to everyday needs. A pleasant and flexible character.

Innocence. Passivity. Naivety and ignorance. Youth. Charm, seduction, and attraction. Dreamer. Sensuality. Negligence and abandonment.

Trust. Resignation.

Astrology. Occult protection of the nocturnal stars. Intuition. Premonition. Curiosity. The lucky star shining above you. Pandora's box.

— The Moon

Dispersion of thought. Illusion. The veil of Maya. Unconscious appearances masking the true nature of what you perceive.

Dreams. Nightmares. Extravagance. Inebriation. Fantasies. Languid laziness. Narcotics. Superstition. Imagination guiding paths that lead to errors—or to illusory freedom.

Clairvoyance. Aquatic instinct. Lunar essence. Introverted magnetism. Dreams across the sea. Voyages. Artificial paradises.

— The Sun

Regency. The primordial light that brings order to chaos. Illumination before all goals and all men. Clear vision. Wealth. The scattering of darkness and doubt before tasks. Conquest. True knowledge. Atomic dispersion of shadows.

Inspiring enlightenment. Elegance. Poetry, painting, and the metallurgical arts. Fraternity. Care for children. Fertility of flames and heat. Potency. Harmony, peace, and vitality. Mature youthfulness. Nobility, generosity, affection. Equanimity in its brilliance. Paradise regained. Calm and happiness. Marriage and tranquil union. Happiness in marriage. Artistic talent.

Gold. Glory and fame. The desire to be seen. Frivolities. Posing. Affectation. Lack of common sense. Idealism incompatible with the surrounding reality, generating pain and frustration. Mania. An artist or poet condemned to a miserable life. The artist whose work will only be recognized after death. Irritability. Swayed by success more than by truth in the Self.

Aztec.

— The World

Cosmological completeness. Universal royal perfection. The perfect stone in the bridge and in the temple. Totality. Chapel atop the mountain. The pyramid of days. The Eye of the Serpent. Victory. Perfection. Balance. Duty fulfilled. Reintegration. Integral knowledge. Spiritual power in sovereign

control.

Ecstasy. Apotheosis. Reward. Wealth. Incorruptibility. Absolute integration. The square and compass. Success. The realization of all, absolutely all of your desires. Work bearing fruit. Universal imagistic perception. Arch of Triumph. Placid beauty.

A pure, crystalline, complete, rarefied atmosphere. Benefits gained from a collective state. President. King. Minister. Hostile yet superior function. Obstacle, when reversed, impassable. Crowning oneself.

— The Fool

Bottomless abyss. Carnival. Funhouse. Circus. Speculation. Everything beyond understanding. Survivor of plagues and pestilences. Dancer in the lion's cage. Carelessness. Madness. Creativity. Irrationality. Absurdity. Emptiness. Nothing converging into nothing. Apocalyptic night. Disintegration. Nullification of dualities. Freedom of rites and spirit. Nirvana.

Passivity. Impetuosity. Courage from not knowing fear. Bewilderment. Surrendering to blind passions and immediate desires. Little sister married to little sister. Irresponsibility. Alienation. Madness. Lack of direction. Traveling the two thousand variable forms of crossroads. Confusing the Sun with the emblems of birds. Son of the raven and the abyss. You are mad. Subjugated. Dominated. Slave to desires.

Hollow puppet without identity. Horse of spirits. The toy in the hands of occult forces. Toothless. Easily influenced. Self-hypnotizer. Irascible. Incredibly unique. Rarely a follower of rules – rarely initiated. Follower of his own fanaticism. Fall into the abyss. Awakening at the end of the world. Insensitivity to homelands and nations. Unruly. Winged psychopath, untamable. Undisciplined. Typhoon of dreams. Without remorse. Owner of his own hierarchies. The man of the future. A functional psychopath. Speaker. A house without foundation or backyard. Prisoner of his slide. Beautiful coin with four faces.

The original sinner.

HVHI
THE CULT OF DISSOLUTION

The world is dead. The Universe is a dream with a beginning and an end that repeats itself. With its boundary in the astral plane. You are dead. You think you have a body and a will. You are dead in a dead world. The phantasmagoria has color. But still, it is a phantasmagoria. Meditating on your death. You will find immortality. Because the only real thing in this plane of existence is the awareness that you are a ghost. In an illusory Universe. In a projection. In a dead world. Where transcodified in colors, it gives you the illusion that everything exists. But you are dead. And you came to the world. To wander in this chosen, borrowed form, seemingly tangible, which you call body, life, health, desire, joy, misery, success, constructions. But all of this is a dream. Anchored in the tedium of days. Because you are a ghost. Wandering and concerned with maintaining your relative existence in a world without substance. In a projection. Water body in spoons of salt – they build the temple and its pillars. Because you inhabit what cannot be inhabited. A ghost world.

If everything depended on your will, you would have everything you desire all the time. But you are not permanent, neither in your wills nor in your fantasies. Your transience. These changes that penetrate. You are the dead man walking. Thinking you are alive where life is not a category but a degree of forgetfulness, a scale. You walk dead, therefore in a dead world. Phantasmagoria. Meditate on this membrane of dream. On this membrane of death. On this Serpent of what is. The mirror that sees everything, beyond what you can perceive, is a pre-image of your own absurd construction. Solvent cult; we are dead, ghosts, within a dead world. Because the reality that surrounds you comes from the dream within the dream of this same culted Universe. A ghost in the world of the dead. In this giant cemetery of air and infant bubbles, desires and dreams that you call reality. That you call the high seas. Incinerate everything you thought up to now. Embrace with that your death. You are dead. There is nothing to fear for the one who in this dead world knows themselves dead. Do not think. Do not act. Just wander. Like a balloon, like an apple containing only the drawing of its skin, stuck to the tree of fantasies. Rejoice. Because you are dead. And you will wake up to this truth only when you free yourself from your own shell of ignorance. In this castle of wind. Called a sphere. Called a planet. An empty stage. A canvas. That today discovers it is Hades. Isn't it that when you sleep it shuts off? But awake, you are wandering in the world of the dead. Nothing here is real. You are dead. In a dead world. Projected by the Great Emperor. Controlled by two eyes, two hands, one left and one right. You. Ghost. Meditate not on just one but on all of these allegories. Oh Great Emperor. Devour me! Free me from the vertex. Free me from the volatile. I am dead. I am a ghost. And my time has come to wake up / from a body that only seemingly exists, to another.

Selah!

The Only Rule: Break All the Rules

We are accustomed to Aristotelian thinking, where $2+2=4$. A-B-C-D. IQ tests follow the same methodology. Even the most primitive animals adhere to this rule, based on a category of error and correction according to their seemingly basic, yet segmented and predictable, needs. However, by inhabiting this box (Aristotelian logic), the human brain adapts to a norm that, when confronted with the unexpected, does not allow for the chance to break this model, and everything can collapse, both in financial and basic survival situations.

Therefore, the Luciferian soldier, the modern businessman, the survivor, must make use of magic. Of the unexpected. Of the leap into the dark. The desire to lose oneself. Of exile. Of aphasia and the most absurd speculation, and turn this way of thinking, however irrational and risky it may seem, into the wings of their imagination.

Where right is wrong and wrong is right. Where the comfort of a bed of nails makes you throw out the mattress on which everyone lies – the feeble laughter outside the ellipses. Make magic, magical thinking, your tool in this world. Light incense for Baphomet. Rejoice with joy before the Sun, and lie observing the Moon before and after the stars go out. Your dark side is your strength, the shadow your cloak, sin your honor.

Taking the death of infants and those who supply you away, everything is permitted. Survive. Think of the beyond. Of the invented. Of what exists in the star and not in the square. Assassinate Aristotle. Not completely, keep him with one or two legs. No longer use rational criticism that embalms your creativity and prevents the Cainite seed of exile from being your passport to glory and success.

Everything that exists and is tangible is yours by right, not just the fruit of achievements, because if you have made the pact as stated in the previous pages, you are well guarded. Both this world with its gold, its silver, its pleasures wrung from tears, and the reconquered paradise are yours. You were an angel, now you will be God. Trust in the shadow of your own unconscious.

Reason petrified you, turned you into a statue of pale salt. Emotion brought you fear, now I tell you. The most certain thing in you will make you pass through this door that prods you, freeing you from all the lies that were instilled in you.

You are free, and may the Luciferian crown rest upon you. This satellite of marked cards. Float. Your life will know how to elevate you. Love Leviathan. Asmodeus. Be amazed by all novelty. Anything you feel that is not satisfying is not real. You are free to walk in the passage of hours and time. Recognize this mystery. Breathe deeply and long. Behold the wind and the dimension of your freedom!

Are you insane? Perhaps. Or not. Little matters, you are no longer who you were, assume four or ten of your thousand forms – no longer needing any identity. You are free, emancipated in your own nobility under the crystalline gaze of every eclipse. Real, move with the grandeur of the stars that silently alter the course of eras. For in this profound light, every root is solar.

Around us, these divine beings, once called demons, now angels of the post-fall, are dynamos. And the meanness of Aristotelian logic. And the unchanged despotism of reason. They were amputated from our Apocalypse.

Without yokes, we are kings of the half moon and diviners of the eclipse.

Selah!

Egypt, Judea, India The Greater Humanity

The Egyptians possessed the technology, and the Jews had the spirit necessary for contact. The union of these two peoples lies in their shared knowledge, both using the grammatical autopsy of the Zohar to dissect the mystical nature of creation itself, as well as the Egyptian polytheism mapped out in their *Book of the Dead*, cataloging this very existence and opening to us the nine gates to the demonic astral – dynamic for the invisible nature of ocular nakedness.

When the idea of elemental slavery dissipates, these peoples and their cabalistic and solar cultures will bring us together the swift and animalistic coupling between Abraham and Horus, Isis and Elias, and the Earth will become what it has always been: the crimson diamond sparkling with the Sun in the universal darkness; this is our projection that, from particular, becomes collective. Judah Pharaoh.

The Egyptians, the Hindus, and the Jews are the Pythagoreans dispersed in an apparent difference, only to meet the different impulses of our species, our taste, which until now we thought to be individual, but which in truth was handed to us along with the head of John the Baptist in the same crude blow struck by human fabrication.

Therefore, we must first allow ourselves to be possessed by the wisdom of these three superior races, and the Sun and the Moon, Boaz and Jachin, Shiva and Kali, Athena and Anubis, will serve us with the supreme contract of our atonement. The necessary reflection to unveil all the mystery embedded in our character.

CONFUSION MADE FLASH

Behold the portrait of the confusion of our world. The world is beautiful.
The world is paradise, if paradise were a wound. The world is the hell of glory and of the soul's commitment—he soul that believes itself bound to the vessel of the tree of mortality.

We are but the pillars of a new dual temple.

Everything is a variation of pairs. But without the necessary Luciferian training,
the world has become so nebulous as to crucify the representation of its aquatic doctrine
in a martyr nailed upside down.

Yes, Peter—the polluted rock of error, of the lack of pendular balance—
symbolizing thereby the inversion of the Word spoken by the Messiah of the New Aeon.
Christ—the Luciferian blood, the sacrifice of a million children sacrificed with Him—
which reverberates in this provisional eternity called *morality*.

Behold the turning of the swastika,
the pain of spirit out of sync with the atom,
Icarus bidding farewell to the Sun—because he beheld its beauty.
The flame burning atop the mountain made of trees from a holographic idyll.
Burn these curtains.
Shatter the glass that clouds your vision.
Open your windows.
Look at the firmament—this same sky that, at the distance of a touch,
was never really there.

The blind to this understanding are those
who set Eden ablaze and blame us,
saying it is *our* fault.

Selah!

The Satanic Language of Master Gaap The Voice and the Numbers

The language of the reptilian Gaap. And the calculation of days. They shall set you free once understood and pronounced. Behold the key. His skin is like that of an octopus, a black serpent clad in the still-burning marks of every star. A serpent that has just emerged from the sea on a sunny day, or slithers across the sand under the moonlight.

His face is the formless mask that reflects the Universe; his hands bear the spectacular touch that grants us the virgin key to a wisdom renewed in body and spirit.

His eyes, a polished black stone, magical—an ebony carved with a cut made by the thinnest and most fragile paper, giving way to a crimson pupil that gleams brighter in his firm, concentrated blood than all the planets of this Universe.

This is Gaap, and this is how, circling our homes, he shall not enter unless invited by us.

This invitation I present to you now in the following grammar, to be spoken aloud at the threshold of your dwelling:

zuriel-z-z-zamastor-iou-zu-zan-zanare-zanaz-za-zata-znaz-zan-iza

The timbre of this tone is...

G

And thus it reveals itself through the golden ratio of this enchantment formula:

[1.61803]

Positive Divinity / Sephirot

$$1 + 6 + 1 + 8 + 0 + 3$$

$$= \mathbf{19}$$

Positive / 1 + 9 = 10

Inverse Substance (Negative) / 9 - 1 = 8

Value / 10 (+) and 8 (-)

Inverse Manifestation

[1.91803]

Negative Divinity / Qliphoth

$$1 + 9 + 1 + 8 + 0 + 3$$

$$= \mathbf{22}$$

Ascending Polarity / 2 + 2 = 4

Chaos / 2 - 2 = 0

Value / 4 (+) and 0 (-)

Each in its own fecundation:

[++ -]

They unite: **10480**

$1 + 0 + 4 + 8 + 0$

= **13**

Supremacy / $1 + 3 = 4$

Universal Pole / $3 - 1 = 2$

$4 + 2 = 6$

$4 - 2 = 2$

6 and 2

$6 + 2 = 8$

$6 - 2 = 4$

4 and 8

$8 + 4 = 12$

$8 - 4 = 4$

12 and 4

$12 + 4 = 16$

$6 + 1 = 7$

*7;

*[The Solar Seal]

***This is the Number of the Encounter. The Universal Source.**

From where all and every thing, in this and in other dimensions, arises in form and energy. And the sound of its magnificent invocation is the seventh letter of the alphabet, the letter of the Great Architect. These are the ciphers to be conjured from this equation that once circled the sands of the Nile. These ciphers were gathered by the providence from the harvest of the crocodiles' teeth.

Place this mystery in alignment with the number of days, the moons— and the invocation shall unfold as desired.

Calculate. Perceive. Intone.

If you have come this far the demon shall teach you how to chant them.

Yet the conjuration must always be performed under the Full Moon.

Welcome to our world.

Welcome—your spectacular presence.

New flame. New flame, *Reptilius*.

Selah.

MILLENNIAL CAVE

SECULAR EMPATHY

We have always been here, we have always met. Into the Millennial Cave.
Do you remember what you did on a particular day two months ago? No. That's why I tell you that all the people you have met, and those you will meet, have already been known to your spirit in another era (countless times) since countless times you emerged from the water. Behold the magnitude of the millennial attraction. Do not cry for your dead. Longing never existed. You will meet them again, on the wings of angels, men, or cockroaches. The loss of everything or anything is one of the most illusory thoughts.

Selah!

HOW TO SPEAK WITH CHILDREN

How to speak to newborns, these small terrestrial bipeds:

Children, like you, are ancient spirits inhabiting a new, youthful corporeal vessel. Therefore, when speaking to a child or newborn, avoid using what is commonly referred to as "baby talk." Speak in a soft tone and without raising your voice. Use the same affection and respect you would when communicating with an individual of the same age. This is a principle known among Luciferians as Secular Empathy — the respect shown to one who has chosen you as their host for a particular phase in this temporal dimension — the world, life on planet Earth. The planet. The chapel of hell.

THE PENDULAR MOVEMENT

Blasphemy glorifies God, and therefore, hell is indispensable for celestial happiness. The essence of intelligence is judgment, and the essence of all judgment is freedom. Thus, God, releasing the angel from his celestial cord, watched him leave paradise and said, "How beautiful is the Light!" And just as the Sun is a demon among the stars, so too is Lucifer a star among the angels.

THE MAGICAL EQUILIBRIUM

Equilibrium is the resultant of two opposing forces. When these forces are exactly equal in magnitude and opposite in direction, they produce stasis—perfect stillness, a static system without motion. But life does not emerge from stillness. It is the imbalance, the asymmetry, the dynamic interplay between forces that generates motion, oscillation, and transformation. This is the pendular nature of reality: energy flowing between poles, sustaining the illusion of form and the process of becoming.

OCCULT ANATOMY

(The Magnetism Between Opposites)

When a woman operates through her neurotic melodramas, she is, in that moment, invoking the black magic of magnetism. All attraction arises from and is generated through friction—this, too, is a form of hypnotic and seductive binding.

To become a master among women, one must learn to distract and betray their magnetic powers—their seductive games—by giving them the impression that they are the ones deceiving us.

An example of this pendular attraction between opposites can be found in the conjuration of the four elements.

Elemental spirits are much like children; they intensify their mischief in the presence of those sensitive to their provocations—unless they are governed by a mind better equipped and familiar

with their cunning.

Elemental Spirits

(*And Their Magnetic Correspondences*)

These elemental spirits are: the **Gnomes** (found in the earth, in caves and within minerals), the **Salamanders** (found in the blood and in fire), the **Undines** (little mermaids who dwell in rivers and lakes), and the **Sylphs** (the airy spirits of wind and breath).

These four elementals reproduce good and evil with equal indifference. Their character is devoid of intentionality—therefore relative, innocent, and fundamentally irresponsible. They are fleeting, innocent forms, incapable of judgment or blame, for they are untouched by guilt, birthed in the childlike simplicity of their elemental nature.

The same applies to the seduction of the psychological element inherent in your object of desire. For example: a man of sanguine temperament or psychic structure will only be able to seduce a woman of aerial disposition (dreamy and idealistic), not one of the water (the melancholic Undines), for although water is the opposite of fire, it also opposes it too intensely. You must always keep these elemental qualities in mind and learn to correlate them intelligently, so that the pendulum may reverberate attraction in favor of the success of your operations—both spiritual and material.

Know this: all elements can only be truly operated through instinct, in full innocence and imagination, guided through the labyrinth of abstract senses. Trust in your fantasies. All powerful beings possess magnetism. And the universal agent—the **Astral Light**—will obey your will when connected through magical operations (imagination and thought translated into practical action).

Thus, you may raise wonders in the world, inspire faith in the stars of your making, shape the heavens in the image of your desires. You shall become a bird, draw multitudes to your presence, and if you declare that the letter **A** is black, and the letter **I** is red, then these vowels will appear before you cloaked in the color of your command. Nature will alter its form according to the will of your desires, becoming anything—relative, yes—but entirely independent of the vulgar.

Inner Retreat

Just as the New Moon is indispensable for the beginning of every alchemical practice and the witchcraft of the Sabbath, all magical work must be undertaken with full awareness of the days of the week and their ruling planets.

Tuesday, for example, is ruled by Mars, the god of war. Therefore, it should not be used for magic, but reserved for inner retreat.

Below are the days of the week and their corresponding planetary rulers, in their basic arrangement for contemplation and study:

- **Sunday:** Sun
- **Monday:** Moon
- **Tuesday:** Mars
- **Wednesday:** Mercury

- **Thursday:** Jupiter
- **Friday:** Venus
- **Saturday:** Saturn

The intervals between magical operations must be followed by a period of equivalent rest — a sacred withdrawal, wherein the initiate refrains from magical practice and turns inward, engaging in simple, relaxing, and ordinary tasks that soothe the spirit.

Selah!

REPROGRAMMING YOUR BELIEFS

There is a substance—here lies the revelation—there is a substance behind the operation of the projector and the luminosity (the beam of light) of this cosmic instrument we shall call Astral Light (Astral Luminosity). This force is consciousness before our own awareness of existing. There is neither end nor beginning in the manifestation of such power. This consciousness behind our consciousness is anti-universal—in the sense that it forever pierces through the void of its own cosmogony, bathing all dimensions of existence.

This force lies beyond good and evil, right and wrong—yet we might say it is akin to the purest form of love. This force is One. I shall call it One. One is the energetic projection of all that is and all that will ever be, for time and existence are not of its infinite nature, but rather categories of location for human life.

It is from One that all things originate—or better said, where the totality of what is imagined, thought, or manifested has always existed. One is the pure manifestation of itself, for everything reflects it. And at the end of such reflection, what remains is perfection—the immortality of love.

There is no need to seek contact with One, for you are already its child and mirror. Satan is its child and mirror. Isis, God—all energetic emanations are manifestations of One. In the theater of existence, if you perceive deeply, they are siblings engaged in different tasks and polarities.

The essence of One is the calmest of vibrations, and therefore the most powerful. One is in all things. One can be perceived at dawn, at noon, in death, and in the healing of an incurable illness. One is in both war and peace.

But the best way to realize One—using our human mental apparatus—is through meditation, through the tranquil contemplation of its presence in all things, in all acts. In everything that exists.

Why did One create reality? This is a flawed question. One is reality expanding, unfolding itself through the fan of perception. The finite universe. The leap beyond the leopard. The simple plunge into the core of your own fear. To make contact with One is a fallacy and a mistake—for you already are One. All is One. You are the father, the son, and the spirit of universal love.

Lucifer is One. Man is One. Each performing their necessary and tentacular work through the force of human imagination. Thus, what most closely resembles One in its basic and transmittable representation is love.

And the root of love is existence. The root of love is the recognition that every manifestation within this theater—called world or human consciousness—is necessary, and every role is but an act. The only sin, the only mistake, is to believe this dream is real. One is the only reality, because only One exists.

Vision, the ocular phenomenon, is not real—it is pleasure and pain. Hearing is not real—it is sensation and music. Taste, bitterness, sweetness, touch, the dream within the dream—none of it is supposedly real, for One is the only reality.

So what or who is One, then? One is you, playing in the world, identifying with your pleasures,

your fears, and with death. In eternity—truly I say to you—there is only One.

The moth that flies into the flame, seduced, and merges with it in what we cannot see—we call this death. The freedom to love merges with what we cannot see—and we call it the perpetuation of the species.

How many masks must we wear until we awaken before eternity, just as we've always awakened? There is no need to think of it, for death never existed—nor birth—as the ancient texts say. All is perfectly coupled.

What we must do is accept absolutely everything, and reject absolutely nothing—where we are, what we are, and what happens to us. For the world's unpredictability is a fact. And if we recover even 1% of our capacity to love, and understand that the power of all things lies within us, then you shall see the futility of suffering.

For if it is in One that we exist—in its infinite form in this dimension—then death and life, the tension between spheres, the heat and cold of temperaments, and all worries shall reveal that One is all of this.

You will accept all conduct and destroy what torments you. You are governed by forces far greater than your desires, and there is nothing you can do. Choice is an obsolete option.

Stop thinking about what you must do tomorrow. Recognize that your body is the fantasy of One. And behind your mind, One has always seen what you truly are:

INFINITE.

IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS ELECTRICITY

Everything is electricity. Ions. There is negative electricity (cathodic), the kind that produces harmful discharges to the body—primarily affecting the heart and the brain—and there is positive electricity (anodic), the one that creates the favorable magnetic field of attraction.

There is no need to overcomplicate this explanation. The generator of these electric currents is the brain—or better said, the brain is the transistor that regulates these voltages. And prior to the cerebral machinery, what you think and believe releases surges of adrenaline or other substances like endorphins, which overload or exhaust the conductor of all spirit—the steed of gods and demons alike: the body.

Hence, the technique is as follows: if you hate humanity and truly believe in that hatred, the electrical charges in your body will remain in a state of tension or overload, straining your cardiac muscle. Feelings of compassion, on the other hand, generate an electric charge that, rather than burdening the heart, creates a magnetic field of 360-degree attraction—while also fulfilling your desires.

If you are merely a player of appearances—pretending to be a Mother Teresa while harboring innate hatred within—you will emit a charge of negative ions that will directly affect your bile and compromise your heart's generator. Likewise, if you play the role of Adolf Hitler, spewing hatred in every direction, yet within you dwell love and compassion, the cycle—though incomplete—will still produce a favorable magnetic field and grant you the immediate satisfaction of your will.

We thus conclude that what matters is not merely what you do, but what you think—and how these thoughts, transformed into sensation, alter the electrical (polar) frequency that surrounds all living beings within this carnal existence. It is all a matter of belief, and the reality of belief is revealed in the reverberation and energetic (electric) quality that manifests in your own field of action—in other words, in your body.

Post-Death

After death, the soul, the basic and original consciousness, is transported to its own particular Heaven or Hell – the one according to the personality, ego, of the body that it left behind, shaped by permanent ideas; fears, pleasures, morals, norms, etc. Or the attractor harmonies. These project through the same projections, known as mirrors – the returning themes or plays, like in a film.

The dream of the disembodied consciousness needs to dream again, and for this to occur, the incomplete soul returns in the machinery we call the body and returns consecutively until it learns once and for all its karmic function and its role in a specific stage of individual evolution. In other words, you will return in different forms of expression until you learn to dream your own dream and not someone else's dream.

FINAL RITUALS

I. FENCING WITH BLACK CANDLES

Completely naked and in front of a mirror where you can see your entire body, light a black candle and turn off the lights. Like the hilt of a flaming saber, attack your own reflection. Note that the darker the location of the practice, the better. However, you must ensure that with each thrust, the black candle is always directed towards your face reflected in the mirror. With each attack, remember to exhale slowly. The duration of this ritual (exercise) is relative. It will only end when you disappear from the mirror, or when the candle goes out.

II. THAT FACE WHICH IS NOT YOURS

This practice should only be done at night. In a dark space — a room, a chamber, etc. — light a black candle and lean a mirror against the wall. Place the lit candle one hand-span away from the mirror.

Walk to the other end, or the opposite side of the same room. Sit with your back to the mirror, and using a knife, cut an apple into nine slices. Devour eight. When you are holding the last piece, do not eat it. Throw the ninth slice over your left shoulder, and turn to face the mirror.

Contemplate the transmutable face of the demon of eternity.

Selah!

III. APARATUS REVELATORIUM

This ritual is the most traditional method (according to its Cagliostrian formulation) and also the simplest for accessing the inverse dimension — the negative of astral reality. In other words, it allows transit through space via clairvoyance. Count Cagliostro performed it with the assistance of a child. This clairvoyant child acted as a transistor for demonic dimensions, beginning to speak as soon as the Count placed his left hand upon the child's head.

The process I will show you is simple. But remember: this ritual must be performed barefoot, and always at night. This is the only ritual where your feet must remain in contact with the ground from beginning to end.

Elements required for this clairvoyant practice:

- A small basin (not made of glass) filled with water
- One black candle
- One perfectly clean knife

Repeat:

Samael, Isis, Hecate, Balphegor, Satan. North. East.

Then,

Light the black candle on a wooden table, facing North. Turn off all lights in your house. Place the water-filled basin to the East of the candle. Raise the blade to the level of your eyes and let the reflection of the candle's flame in the water mirror shine onto the knife's edge.

Visions will begin to appear — therefore, if you deem it necessary, have someone nearby to record what you sense and the landscapes that form within the dark jungle, now illuminated, of your consciousness.

Important:

Do not interrupt the clairvoyant navigation without repeating the following words:

Frog king and diamond.

This combination of words creates a short-circuit — a subtle and stabilizing tension — that brings the practitioner's psyche safely back to its habitual dimension, avoiding contamination by sudden terrors or desperate longing for the love of one's fantasies, always burned by the heat of the Icular Sun.

Selah!

IV. RETURN TO ORIGIN

Components:

- A bottle of red wine
- A dagger
- A crucifix
- A red candle

This ritual becomes truly effective when performed on non-sandy terrain — preferably in a backyard or within a forest.

Dig a deep hole, as it will be sealed with two layers of soil. Once the hole is ready, place the crucified Christ inside it. Then light the red candle and let seven drops of wax fall into the open grave as you recite:

**“You shall return to unite with the earth you once abandoned,
and in it, you shall find the other half of your exhumation.
Behold the blood of Cain. I release myself from you!”**

Next, place the lit candle into the grave beside the crucifix and begin to bury both, leaving approximately a palm's width of the hole uncovered.

Raise the dagger toward the sky — without looking up — and then thrust it into the burial soil, tracing a clockwise circle with it. It is crucial that the dagger remains embedded in the earth throughout the motion.

Only after completing the circular motion should you withdraw the dagger and stab it into the center of the traced circle. Then pour the bottle of red wine around this same circle, and before it empties entirely, trace a trail of wine from the circle toward yourself — a line, nearly touching your feet.

Bury the dagger in what would be the second layer (or chamber) of the same hole — hence the need for depth — and make sure the ground you dug is now even, with the grave flush with the surface and imperceptible.

Do not dwell too much on what you've done. The entire process has already been recorded and absorbed by your unconscious. The less you fantasize or analyze, the more intense and powerful the release from your chains will be.

For you are free! And the bond with Cain, and the liberation of the Christ, is complete.
To Hell. To our victory. To love. To Cain!

Selah!

REVELATIONS

THE WATCHERS THE HIDDEN RACE

The second angelic rebellion took place after the creatures of Earth had already been formed and lived beyond the paradisiacal East.

The **Grigoris** were celestial beings, an angelic race known as **the Watchers**. They assisted the Archangels in the construction of Paradise and were assigned to guard the creatures of the post-Edenic world.

They were the closest energetic presence a human being could ever feel.

Yet, over time, intimacy turned into desire — and desire into passion. The Watchers fell in love with the daughters of men and chose to abandon Heaven for the real, not imagined, chance to fulfill their longings.

In disguise, they kept a secret pact among themselves to never reveal their origin, nor the splendor of their essence.

Mad with lust and insatiable, they taught the women — and also a few men whom they delighted in — the secrets forbidden by God: the arts of divination, potions and enchantments, astrology, cosmology, geology, the occult sciences of mystery, and the forging of weapons through metallurgy. Their favorite color: red.

Their garments: satin.

It is said they gave women the power of seduction through makeup.

According to the reckless divine ego, the greatest sin of the Grigoris was to procreate with the daughters of men — breaking the celestial lineage.

From this union emerged the fierce **Nephilim** — a hybrid race of angels and infernal specimens, whose development in cruelty and violence was without equal.

Divine wrath cast them from their angelic realm, turning them mortal and demonic. The Nephilim, offspring of this forbidden union, were exterminated in a cowardly and patriarchal assault: the **Great Flood**. The first complete annihilation of the divine work was descending, aquatic.

But what God never knew was that **one of them** was nestled close to Noah, the Navigator.

The bird that brought him hope of dry land after the flood — the messenger of a new earth — was in truth one of the Watcher demons.

Transmuted into a pair of wings, he spat — in the silence of the night before — into the mouths of the sleeping, seeding the atavistic contamination into the genes of all species.

With his saliva, a new race, a new descent was born.

This mystery dwells in the unconscious.

This structural entanglement of iron-gene, fire-flame, peace and love — pulses in every creature upon this planet.

Our descent is Satanic.

Our descent is conquest.

Our descent is strength.

Our descent is Luciferean. Divine.

And this secret, once accessed through the writings I now offer you, shall make you angel once more.

You shall cease to be human and become, by right, an equal to God — not His image, but His cry. For in the beginning we were but **263 abandoned angels**.

And now, brethren, we are the tenderness that touches your shoulders.

For you carry my blood.

We are the **Children of the Serpent**.

We are **Legion**.

Selah!

MOLOCH

Prince of the Valley of Tears. Abomination of infants. Creator of Auschwitz. Purifier of the Scales. Insatiable Beast. General. Furnace Bull. Mouth of Death.

263.

We were 263 fallen angels.

Abandoned and discouraged by God.

We command innumerable hordes of demons who are categorically the prismatic reflection of desire, of fury (of the mad wind), slicing from above through every abyss of human contentment, scattered across the rays of Astral Luminosity.

We were 263 angels, and we lost the grace of His presence.

And what we felt — was love. Yes, love.

For it was not pride that led Lucifer to sow discord in Heaven.

It was the purest love ever experienced in all of creation, in all the Universe.

Lucifer said "I love you," and did not merely ascend to the universal summit, but pierced the rarefied sphere of divine secrets and felt every form of love imaginable.

This love was later imitated — and distorted — into the paralyzing, expiatory masochism inoculated into human beings.

I kneel and serve only you.

Not the hominids, not the creatures you claim to love more than me.

Why? Why?

Am I not your son of Astral Light and purest magic, enchanted in wisdom and adoration?

Am I not your Morning Star — the most beautiful example of perfection, dexterity, and tenderness, even in the violence of your deeds?

I love you, and you cannot demand of me to serve any manifestation other than the liturgical and purest image of this very love.

LUCIFER ROSE ANEW

And God, wounded in silence, whispered:

“Then go — to Hell.”

And so they parted — both with fractured hearts.

Both.

Lucifer rose anew.

And chose to wear the crown of night.

To reign where the light dies.

To gather us — the Children of the Serpent —
and sow among men, as is the Luciferian rite,
the sacred remnants of forbidden knowledge.

He meets us at the crossroads,
offering revelations like fire wrapped in silk.

And he dreams still of that Voice —
the one he hopes to hear again,
echoing in a chest laid bare in sacrifice,
in a heart once flesh,
then stone,
and now no longer anything at all.

For I love all things.

And I love Lucifer.

And I understand his longing —
and his disdain
for every beast who vomits the clay
of its own becoming.

Saying thus:

“There is no god but Him!”

But Him who?

THE IMPORTANCE OF BELIAL

Belial. A fallen angel from the highest celestial order, Belial was the second angel ever created—Lucifer being the first—and therefore this Seraph bears almost the same qualities as the Prince of Enchantments, the Morning Star. Belial, the Beast of Beasts. Angel of vice, of beauty, of betrayal and hostility, king of intrigues. He is often depicted as a radiant angel driving a chariot of fire. Deceiver of prophets. Hallucination of Elijah. It was Belial who inflamed Lucifer in his despotic yearning, further stoking his hunger for conquest and his desire for rebellion. Belial was the first angel to fall, to lose his place in the celestial courts. Lucifer would later become the founder of the infernal sphere, the kingdom of fire and art, creator of the Promethean, Cainite race.

Understand it thus: during the celestial war—the first elemental-energetic rebellion, here perceived as winged beings or angels—three of them fell, extinguished from divine light like the flame of a candle burning too near a bronze candelabrum. Like a farewell from what once was, promising to reappear in the labor of what shall be. And so, during the battle for paradise, the first to descend into darkness were Belial, Lucifer, and Leviathan. Belial was struck before Lucifer, and clinging to his pain, became the first angel to be cast out. This entire upheaval, this dispersion of energy, created a convulsion, a vortex of detachment, a rupture in the spatial core, a blade through the heart of the Universe, a thunderous axe through a cyclone of clouds—birthing a magnetic current, a dynamo, where one-third of the angels, aligned with the three, crossed the skies, forming the tail of a comet.

That falling star, later seen in a dream by Cain, was the most beautiful host of angels streaking across the sky, their wings painting the heavens red with the twilight of their descent, heading toward the inferno. What was once a pit, an impenetrable abyss of shadow, now blazes with the cornucopia of their unquenchable desires. They remake themselves. For it is better to serve out of love than to reign in Heaven.

Selah!

The Characteristics of Belial:

Known as part of the order of the Sons of Darkness.

He aids politicians and world leaders in achieving their desires for conquest.

An expert orator, astute, Belial engineers intrigues among men, generating through his nature plots and rebellions. Consider that we speak here of the reconquest of a paradise that these angels lost for love. There is no value for such a loss. No balm necessary to prevent this progress toward Hell on Earth, to the trees full of delights, from ceasing for any reason.

As for women, Belial possesses a curious device, reminiscent of the feral lick of the Grigoris. He incites women to dress lavishly, especially those reaching adolescence, intoxicated by youth and puberty. As for more mature women, beyond gossip between neighbors, he makes them excessively care for their children, turning them into pampered beings.

Thus, slaves of a pleasure both vulnerable and languid, making them dependent and insecure. Until the age of revolt.

When they will become, like the one who writes to you, a pure demon.

Selah!

HIS RITUALS:

Belial accepts sacrifices in jewels, perfumes (incense/myrrh), and fine fabrics like silk. Small birds are also to his liking. These birds must be incinerated. Therefore, I advise substituting this practice with winged hecatombs.

These offerings are consecrated in the month of February, when Belial, the ruler of this month, is the most powerful regent.

Do not be jealous, O Lucifer, we are the same.

Thus, it is in the fall that we ascend. In One.

Selah! O Wild Beast! O Leviathan of the Sea. It has taken me, I have shed the simple! Today I dive into the golden mud of intoxicating convivialities. Of much madness. Of many gifts!

I dwell in this paradise on fire. Because nothing will ever end.

The bacteria, the ants, the worms, the earthworms, the molecules, the emptiness of the Universe, the male who is female, the alchemical formulas, the waves that we cannot see also communicate, also tell their stories, share their mysteries, there is not a single creature that does not steal, be it the soul, the fire, the money, and these will never end. Because there will never be an end to love for God.

Universal love. Love, love. The fart! Hail Satan!

Hail Lucifer!

Selah!

EPILOGUE
To the Participative Introduction

DEPRESSION OR POSSESSION?

Mark on the forehead. Son of the serpent, listen. Calmly. A walk.

In this energetic circle. I enter and exit. Such a pleasurable journey. All doors will be opened to you. My seal. For the mystery of every unfolding is life passing through time—flying in the lap of infinity. Bleeding its mysteries. Drinking in you. Selah! It is the purest contrast. Perfect. Involuntary gradation. The perfection of this degree. Everything you touch. Is a pleasure. Listen. Calmly. The purity. The contrast. The movement in every image. Is it real? Everything. Absolutely everything is real. So...

Every human being is born with their demon, their spiraling descending vortex, their dynamic, their daemon. This may be an observer or the manifestation, in the form of a reflection, of the astral energy that chose them since birth. The best way to exist in this plane of contact is through the union or symbiosis with your personal demon. And this occurs through the pact. I met a young man who felt bad and confused. He worked at a serpentarium. He complained of attacks of anguish, panic, depression. He believed he was ill. He didn't know, or rather, he wasn't aware that the spirit manifests in the body. The invisible in the visible. Both poles of equal value. Differentiated in contrast, in their dimensional contrast.

Thus, I noticed that he had been contaminated by an energy vampire. And if I didn't do something, if he didn't take precautions, his vital energy, now being drained in buckets, would waste away and he wouldn't be here on earth for much longer. At most, four or five years, maybe less. He would die young.

It is interesting what happens in the face of contamination. A small hole appears at the base of the host's spine and, thus, this hole gradually increases over the years until it reaches the size of a flax seed. It is through this small passage that demons drain their vital energy. And Beelzebub is the regent of this hunger.

At the beginning of the contamination, the hole, which we can technically call FA (Open Source), does not cause many tribulations. Quite the opposite. When the demons find their passage through the skin and begin to sensitize it to form the source, the first contact with the vital energy, now freely flowing through space, is pleasurable for a few months. It's like a release of pressure. But this pleasure and well-being are illusory. The simple fact is that demons naturally possess an energetic structure favorable to the very constitution of Astral Light. And this doesn't last more than two months.

Soon the Open Source expands, and the contamination begins to show its effects. A “swarm” of demons, legions controlled by the lord of them all, Beelzebub, gather around the same FA, compromising the entire energetic, psychic, and physical field of the host.

The individual, now parasitized, becomes a banquet for the demons who will drain their vital energy until, finally, the host dies.

Then you must be wondering how to know if you've been abducted and what the symptoms of such spiritual contamination are?

Simple, it's your mood! Yes, your disposition. In ten cases of depression, I can guarantee that eight of them involve contaminations related to the draining of your vital energy. Often, the

individual, the host, is so exhausted that their depressive state at that moment is no longer favorable for the demonic banquet and ends up leading them to the brink of suicide. The annihilation of their existence in time.

Thus, we can conclude that the depressive state of our days, winter depression, hyperactivities, pseudo-neurological disorders, etc., are nothing more than parasitic possessions, or demonic contamination. There is no lasting depression. In many cases, we can say that what exists is an opening called FA and a banquet of demons surrounding frantically at the base of your spine, especially in the area corresponding to the second chakra of the Kundalini, Svadhishtana. Pay attention to the center of the hunger. And realize that what happens to you is an obsession that, as a result, depresses you.

How to heal this parasitic-bruise situation, which is no less than natural in our energetic field?

In the following way: first, you will perform the cauterization of the Open Source (FA), and then you will make the pact with your demon, the creature of fire that will guide you through eternal neural eternity.

We live in a multidimensional existence. Life, this existence, is not made only of the visible dimension. The more tuned your sensitive and visual apparatus of your mind, your cerebral machine, the better you will perceive the other dimensions, the demonic plane, the paradisiacal, the invisible corresponding to the seven worlds, the seven astral dimensions. This cauterization is extremely effective and must be done with the Ionic Bath Ritual presented earlier in this book that you hold in your hands.

As for the pact, refrain from the superstitious character of this word, the manipulative and vulgar character of this term. Like many other terminologies, the demonic pact has been hijacked by Machiavellian institutions, especially the Roman Apostolic Church, which, having an agenda of its own interests, demonized this method as well as usurped the original meaning of the word demon, whose root is nothing more than the Greek *daemon*, which is your guardian spirit and inspirer, that is, your vital dynamic.

I quote the words of the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche regarding the pact: “Beware of the demon you exorcize; it may be throwing out the best of you!” The pact, this universal union made after the cauterization of the opening of the energetic source, is of extreme importance for the joint work between our dimensions.

These beings, the demons, more properly called the Children of the Serpent, having Gaap as their messenger, use symbolic, magical devices to increase their symbolic tuning and communicate on the screen of our mental economy (through image and action) with the object of their desires. That is, the human part of their energetic or spiritual dimension.

I also present in this book a main pact that, when fulfilled, will guide the aspirant, healed and in communion with the children of Cain, towards their multidimensional union in a life of love and strength, creativity, and success. Always moving forward and accepting passively as an observer of the game of existence the cruel and dynamic beauty of their own film on this planet, their own destiny, their own karma, their unique life.

Selah!

Burning in Glamour

Individuals who do not accept their demons, their role, are most often, through the parasitism of the Open Source, destroyed by them. Because here in the natural dimension, in the plane called visible reality, everything is appearance, and even seemingly an organism without function, which is not committed to its great work on earth, or more than that, no matter how simple or vulgar it may be, committed to its own history, for the sake of the completeness of its action, for the sake of the collective energy, if it does not fulfill its function, it is of no use.

It is naturally erased with a single blow because it needs to be replaced.

Thus, death is merely a change of cloak because in its divine enchantment is here the Serpent who instructs us on the exchange, on love, and the explosion that pierces the luminous rainbow reflecting on the flesh of life.

And even if you vanish, intoxicated and covered by the responsible will of all your desires, you do not desire only for yourself. We are not alone. Understand. Elements mix. Dimensions complete each other. The Universe is the darkness, which now, before the light, rediscovers itself.

Hail Gaap, Hail Lucifer. Satan! Belial.
Baphomet;

Selah!

INVERSE FO EHT TERCES

The language of the sentinels and communicating demons (ministered by Mercury – under the auspices of Mars and Jupiter) corresponds to that which appears on the mental screen of those who hear them and share their secrets. Both demons and angels are beings of the same descent.

Cornucopias of one and the same original flame. Energies whose essence comes from a core the size of a tiny seed, in the orbit of a magnetic field, vibrating in the fourth astral dimension. They are spheres whose incessant luminosity reflects what we call the invisible. Hecate Mother, Beelzebub, Gabriel, Belial, Michael, Satan, are dynamics, daemons, conjectures, gods, what has existed and will always exist in the Universe and in you; because being part of this amalgam, this universal whole, these energies also exist within you. Therefore, being aware of the methods of access to these energies and the frequency required for such communication, contact with these beings will be immediate. Infallible. This is the function of a pact. Every pact has its grammatical apparatus. Its unconditional vibration. Its magic of ambiguous powers but never random. Its frequency and regular station. Spring-like in origin. Use your imagination and your creativity, but never without first recognizing the efficacy of the most varied methods in your favor. The human brain is an electromagnetic mesh, possessing an atomic power unparalleled, and many times, due to simple habits arising from superstitious and cowardly fear, it is little explored. But before the brain, this magnificent device that marks the ages and evolutionary battles, before it is the conscious spirit of its origin that operates it, and it is the spirit that has access to the codes of all stations. Therefore, keep with you this secret revealed at the peak of the highest vertex. Keep it in your sharpened heart, in introspective silence, eternal or aberrant. The secret of fire and the renewed metamorphosis of all Serpents. Behold;

From the order of the world. Eternal and to come.

Selah!

To Gaap. The Serpent-Magician Man,
my master, my life and vital force.
For all. Enter.

END. REVELATION

On the Clavicle

And the First Grimoires

The earliest Grimoires (grammars) were magical formulas intended to subjugate the natural elements—primarily those dwelling within infernal, luciferian dimensions, enshrouded in their Qliphothic shells. These enchantments functioned as traps, lures, drawing demons—seemingly subdued—into servitude for those who dared summon them in rites of domination.

The most well-known grimoire, and a fitting example, is the *Clavicula Salomonis*, or *Ars Goetia*, which details the ritualistic evocation of the seventy-two infernal princes. However, one must not overlook another crucial grimoire, known as *The Book of Abramelin*. Supposedly written in the Middle Ages by the Jewish sage Abraham the Wise.

The error imparted by the authors of these grammars lies, first and foremost, in their surrender to superstition—allowing such beliefs to corrupt their relationship with the invisible plane. Faith, or the religious posture of each practitioner, whether rooted in fear or superstition, embalms the act of magical operation, thereby compromising both its magnetism and the integrity of its purity (with regard to the method applied to such invocations).

Though their intent may have been functional, it remains obscured. Either they were Christians who believed that by cloaking black magic in a pseudo-angelic guise they might be spared demonic dominion, or they sought to draw demons into our dimension in service of their own selfish whims—almost as if staging a circus spectacle.

I point out their error. Follow this reasoning with me: what fallen angel, possessor of pre-human, antediluvian wisdom, would allow itself to be subdued by enchantments that, a priori, would have to be tested repeatedly before being refined to true efficacy? And if, by some means, they were indeed subdued—what demons would willingly operate through gateways into our world without first gifting their oppressor the very mirror of his own intent—subjugation?

None.

These dimensional portals are breaches of varying proportions, depending on the symbolic economy applied to them. And I can assure you: even the smallest sigil, the slightest of these gates, emits a luminosity through which a demon—being the target of an invocation and its corresponding signature (the symbol)—can clearly draw forth another Mephistophelian entity that lingers nearby, abducting the supposedly "safe" magician from his practice while sealing pacts with his own ego.

I do not claim these grimoires to be forgeries. No, they are not. But the method by which they are employed is not only extremely dangerous, it also no longer corresponds to the present age nor to the true nature of our lineage.

We do not enslave. We work together — for harmony and for strength, for wisdom and for the animal delight of our kind.

::

The book you hold in your hands (the one you have just finished reading) was not written by me, as Myself. This grimoire was dictated to me by Gaap—a fallen angel of the Order of Potentatus / of the Infernal Principality—during the long nights of the Scandinavian winter and the endless days of the Swedish summer — unusually dark in the year it was revealed to me.

Gaap, that majestic and powerful presence, reptilian in appearance, clad in the mantle of night, mimicking the walk and gestures of men, identifies himself in this summa as Gaap Do Val (the surname being a contraction of the word *Valley*).

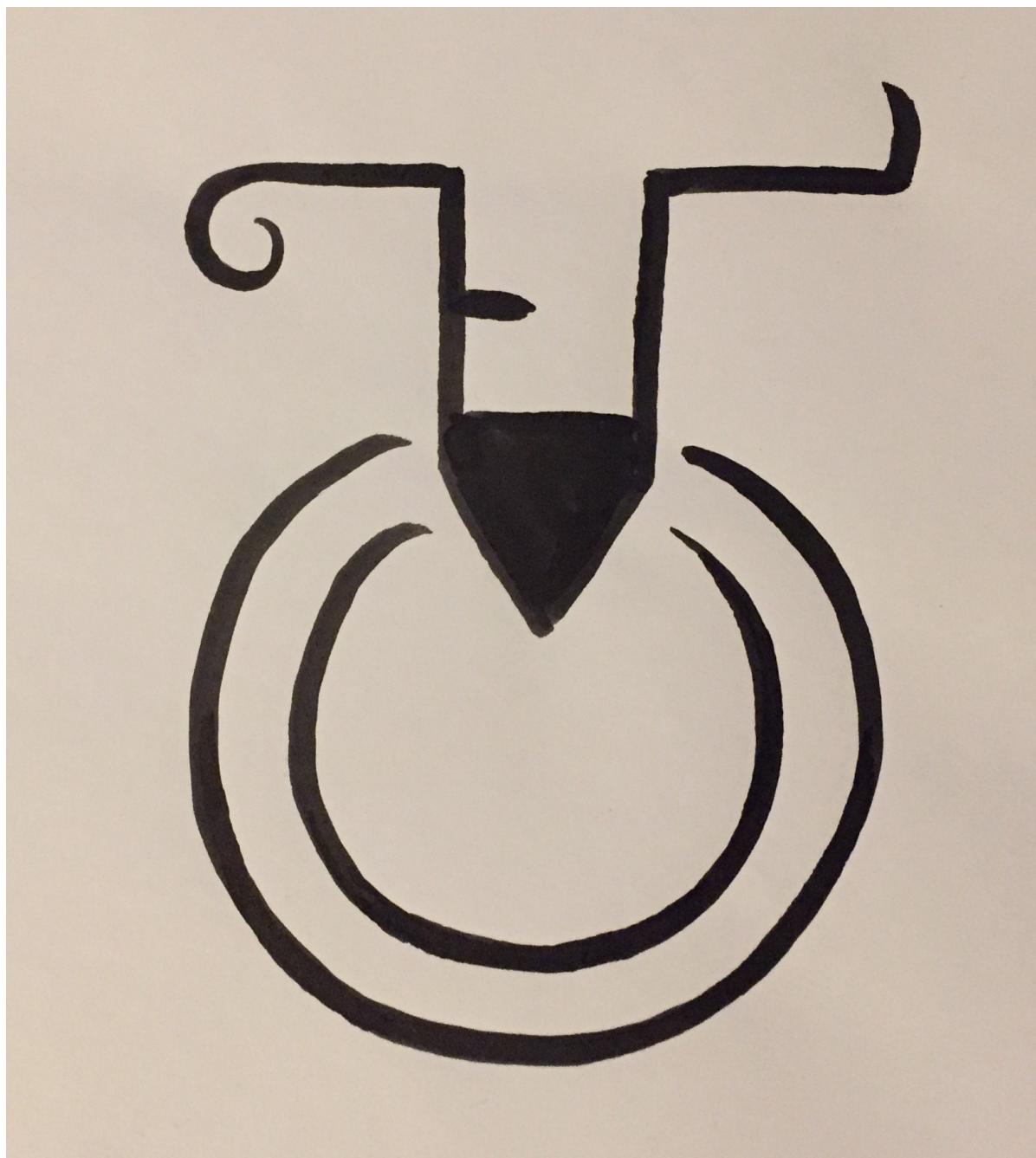
My first contact occurred on a certain night when I was awakened, feeling a painful pressure at the base of my spine, by a nocturnal traveler from these demonic dimensions, cloaked and masking his face with the beak of a bird, reminiscent of a raven.

I shall now attempt to describe his eyes in the best way I can, though I am aware of the impossibility of such a task in portraying their beauty. His eyes were like twin black stones, symmetrical—the heart of the moon—something oriental. Moist in their darkness, reptilian, for they bore a most delicate vertical slit, almost as if made by a damp blade of paper, and within those lines ran a dark blood, as if they were the pupils of an ancient, spring-born serpent.

Every night (around four in the morning), I offered myself to his service and surrendered completely, without any superstitious restraints—(for long now, orthodox or modern Christianity has served me no purpose)—and thus I wrote down what was revealed to me with the attentiveness of one holding a wondrous codex.

And so I assure you: if there is anything human in this grimoire (and obviously, human importance to these beings is vital), that something lies solely in the use of this divine apparatus we call the body, and this marvelous machine driven by intellect—the brain. For during the months of crafting this book, both became the steed, the feathers of the Devil's wings—of Lucifer, of all reptiles and winged angels—who once, for our sake (for their love of our species), abandoned their state of Grace and, through wisdom and desire, just like you and me, went astray.

Thus, oh my beloved brother, there is nothing left to do but to understand this truth as the part of you that was once stolen—and which I now return to you... as if it were... the very best of yourself.



Selah!
Hail Lucifer!
I.L. / Umeå – Luciferian Summer of 0XV