

what the demon told me



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The face in the scry bowl haunted me, the eyes of Volac laughing, looking through the aether to taunt me - to let me know that the watchful eyes of the infernal hordes never sleep. I was worried that Volac could start some sort of trouble for me, big trouble, something that a few banishment spells couldn't deflect.

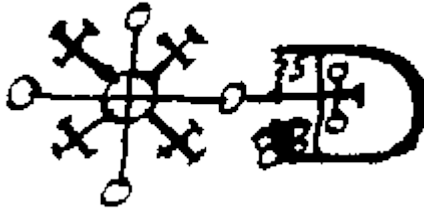
That night, my sleep was frantic, filled with the worries of a man hunted like a beast - a beast who knows they are the quarry and are going to get caught in the trap they so desperately are trying to avoid.

I awoke late for work. My car wouldn't start, the landlord cornered me about the late rent and the toilet overflowed. It was shaping up to be a Volac kind of day.

You can't rush preparations for a good banishment ritual, so I had to endure the assailment by Volac and his minions. Wrong numbers, bar fights, dog attack and various other calamities befell me during the next two days - nothing too serious, nothing that couldn't be explained away as just a spot of bad luck or random chance, but I knew. It was Volac and his bastard horde of demonic lackeys that were trying to make my life as miserable as it could

possibly get. All for a lousy 23 bucks.

By the time Saturday came, I was ready for the banishment ritual. I had fasted for three days and had refrained from sex, alcohol and anything else I might find as a relief from the praeternatural assault. I began my ritual at 7 at night, after the sun had set. The lighting of frankincense and a few candles inside of my circle helped to protect me from Volac and his thugs while I began to prepare a sigil in which to bind Volac to, thus ensuring that he didn't cross the line again. I bound his sigil upon a silver plate that I had purchased and consecrated in water, wine and the blood of a snake.



Volac I beseech thee
Volac I bind thee
Volac I command thee
By the infernal names and the angel voices,
Volac, I command you to show yourself, to make
yourself know to me, and to cause me no injury.
Volac you will respect the bounds of the circle I
stand herein, you will not harm me in any way.
I bind thee, Volac!
I entrap thee, Volac!
Trouble me no more, nor trouble me with your

demonic hordes or dominions, for I now bind thee to this sigil, and make it known that any transgressions against me or my persons will be met with great force, in which this sigil and others like it will be used to commit great offenses in the name of Volac.

I bind thee, Volac!

I entrap thee within!

The ritual lasted the better part of the night until about one in the morning, when exhausted, I closed the ritual with a final banishment, sealed Volac's sigil in a bind rune and cleansed the ritual chamber before heading off to bed.

In the morning the scry bowl was clear and responded well, so apparently my working had bound Volac to the sigil and he no longer would interfere with my livelihood.

I was wrong, of course.



Räum Destroys Cities

I never would consider even THINKING about using Räum's power to destroy a city – but his power to 'tell all things, past, and what

is, and what will be' certainly did tempt me. Information was better than money, although sometimes, when you're hungry, you wouldn't be so quick to agree. I was gambling that certain information about some of the dark sorcery that was being aimed at me would be revealed. I'd know about the bastard astral warrior who was trying to best me on the higher plane.

The 40th spirit is called **Raum**,
he is an Earle, & appeareth at
first in y^e forme of a Crow but
afterwards, at y^e command of
y^e Exorcist he putteth on
humane shape his office is to
steale Treasures out of kings
houses, and to carry it where he
is commanded, & to destroy
Citties, and y^e dignities of men;
& to tell all Things past, & w^t is,

& w^t will be; & to cause Love
between friends & foes; he w^{as}
of y^e order of Thrones, and
governeth over 30 Legions of
spirits his seal is Thus, which
make and weare as a Lamin
before you.

I consulted Crowley's 777, looking for appropriate colors and consciousness impacting information. Crowley's Table of Correspondences in his 777 is filled with very useful information, cross-referencing dozens of magickal systems. Paging through the book, I found Crowley's index on the I Ching. The numeric key scale of Räum is 16, so I looked up the equivalent in the I Ching. 16 = Harmony and Satisfaction.

The number 16 in Column VII corresponds to the zodiacal Taurus, symbolized by the bull - the precious stone is Topaz, of which I have a nice specimen. In Column XIV. 16 also corresponded with the Hierophant of the Tarot. The English representation of the Hebrew name is NAIL.

I began to sketch out the Invocation and the symbolism I would be using.

I could evoke Räum anytime during the day since he was an Earl in the political structure in Hell. The only stipulations were that I did it where there was no noise or people.

Creating Raum's Sigil

I believe that creating a sigil, a representation of the purpose of your will, enables you to boost the effectiveness of your Magick. Sigil magick involving hair or nail clippings or semen or blood have been used to curse and control individuals for ages. This cursing or control works with or without the victim having knowledge that he or she is under psychological attack. I'm sure you've heard of the stories of the VOODOO witches leaving some chicken foot as a warning to a poor victim that they had better keep their mouth shut or it's curse time. Sigils can carry a lot of power -one of the more common sigils in the religious communities is the cross. Sigils that were built from stones, precious metals, or flowers were common in antiquity. They stood to boost one's connection with a particular deity or idea. A sigil is a crude but very effective way to channel

your magick through a material object. Think about it. With a sigil, you're no longer confined to your "inner self"; you can create physical tools that interact with the material universe.

If you're familiar with the Brady Bunch (as I'm sure some of you are!), you'll remember the episode where Peter finds the Bad mojo Tiki idol. Remember that? Greg wore it as a good luck charm while surfing and he wiped out? Then Peter had that big old nasty spider crawling on him? Yeah... Now that's a good example of the power of a sigil. It's not that the object itself has the power, rather, it's the intent and will behind the object itself. The boys on the Brady Bunch were convinced that it was bad luck, and low and behold, it was.

Charging your sigil should take more effort than creating it. It's pretty easy to slap together a few feathers and some sage and call it a shield from evil-doers, but having an effective sigil isn't quite that easy. Over the years it took much effort to create good voodoo, sometimes to the point that a human sacrifice was made to charge the object. I wouldn't suggest that you go that far, obviously, but consider the power in sex magick, or in rage magick, and you have a sweet device to channel just a bit of the magick juice.

Crafting the sigil and charging it are only the first steps in creating an effective tool for your magickal whim.

Now, pay attention: This is the step where most magicians fail.

You have to actually **use** your sigil.

Magickally Fit

The goal of the magician is to be in a state of readiness whenever action is needed. It is difficult to keep your efforts directed toward magick when you have other duties and involvements. Set realistic goals in your preparation and maintenance. Set twenty minutes aside each day or every other day to study and reflect on what magick means to you and how you can augment your life with practical ritual. The training is cumulative and builds a solid foundation for further esoteric studies. Magick training should not be easy; it should be very arduous to the practitioner. The strength of Magick lies in your confidence of skill

and the resolve to put in the hours of study and training.

If you'd like to take the plunge and do what many magicians have done, you can go through a process similar to boot camp. I believe this is a highly effective, yet dangerous passage onto the occult road. It is best to strengthen your mind before dabbling with psychonautica or transcendental phenomena. If you do feel, however, that you're made out of the stuff that can stand up to demons of old (or new), by all means, try it. Immerse yourself in all things magickal; make it your subsistence, your food and drink. Build a foundation with the basics of western magick and then add upon it. You'll find that magickal phenomena appear quickly - you will be astonished in the 'coincidences' that happen and interlink themselves into your life. Take note of those coincidences or signs and they will appear more and more frequently.

Coincidences are a favorite tool of lesser demons to let you know they are participating in your life. Don't miss these key clues to help you harness and control these lesser denizens of your consciousness.



Read the entire book for yourself and
learn the secrets that helped me raise
hell!