

# Book of Abraxes - Nigredo

Because.

Of I.

Know.

That.

You.

I'm talking about trying to describe the unconscious. I actually go back to its classical origins.

Classical roots? And its classical roots are conception. The unconscious actually arises out from Freud in your 19th century, but actually all the way back to several thousand years before Christ. In ancient Egypt, ancient genetic Egypt, they had a conception of the unconscious.

They were very advanced in astronomy, archeology, mathematics, geometry and also biology. I mean, they did a certain kind of surgery, they knew about the functioning of the brain and many other classical pieces of information about medicine that really weren't surpassed until the 18th century in Europe. They also had a very sophisticated understanding of what they called the primeval waters of Nun.

This is the unconscious, and that unconscious included not only our personal

unconscious—which is, of course, the province primarily of Freud and Adler—but also the

collective unconscious, the area that Jung talked about and many others did. Freud did also

refer to it as the racial memory. But the ancient Egyptians also talked about the past great

netherworld, the unconscious of the literal world out of which manifests the physical world.

On some level, they said the whole universe is conscious and part of it emerges out of the

unconscious into manifestation. That is the conscious physical world and also the conscious

psychic world. My mind really goes back to that time, and its closest reflection today is

probably that of Jung—the collective unconscious—and Freud's racial memory that also

includes our individual unconscious, but also our family unconscious.

So all these are different gradations of levels of a vast system that includes all of us. Because

consciousness itself is non-local. It's not trapped inside of our heads, inside of our brains. It's

doing something that's greatly beyond that. That is the true origin. It's the feeling of being

dead inside, disconnected, plugged in like a heroin addict to the drug and my hands never

too far out of reach, constantly locking in my life in a screen I need to unplug.

This is controlling me. I needed to find a way back to myself. I needed a detox.

Human beings seem to have stumbled upon this at least 5000 years before Christ. And what

it is, is still a lady. But the ancient Dravidian Indians referred to this as Kundalini. The ancient

Egyptians referred to it as the Eurasian Serpent.

But other cultures all around the earth, we all have contact with it. It is a biogenetic energy or

force, intensely associated—closely associated—with the unfoldment of the human nervous

system. As you know, the human nervous system is based upon the phenomenon of energy,

but conducted by phenomena known as melanin.

Melanin is a substance that absorbs light, stores quanta, and transforms it to higher and

higher states of manifestation. This is the origin of our nervous system right there in our

mother's womb. In our embryogenesis, we begin to move out of that early stage and we

elongate—that is our nervous system evolving.

Kundalini is the energy underneath and behind that. It is literally the quantum stream of

energy that guides our nervous system. It is embedded in all human beings, regardless of

who you are. It is our inheritance from who knows where, and it is at the root of our spiritual

genius in vulnerable different ways, and also the foundation of our science.

My own study of it and my own practice of it ratifies that, for me. Kundalini is the inherent

energy of consciousness, and it is the evolutionary basis of our consciousness—the

bio-evolutionary basis of our consciousness. And I want to emphasize to your audience that it

is a physical glow. It is not limited to the physical, but it is embedded in a physical

phenomenon—your nervous system.

In the earliest days, the earliest weeks of embryogenesis onward, it is intimately associated

with our consciousness. Human beings, we know we don't all of a sudden get born and

become conscious. We're conscious for a while before we're physically born. We know from

near-death studies—thousands and thousands of cases of near-death studies—that for some

period of time, we're still conscious after we are clinically dead.

So we are conscious prior to our birth, and for some time after our physical death. Where

that ultimately trails off to, we don't really know. That is still part of the great mystery. It is part

of the great mystery. And again, consciousness—like energy itself, like matter and energy—is

trans-temporal and non-localized.

That is the origin of our consciousness. I suppose I used it as a distraction, a way to stop me

from feeling. Every betrayal, every loss. But there's a point where the food doesn't stop it.

The phone doesn't make it go away. Nothing does. At some point, I guess it needs to be

faced. I have to go inside. I've been distracting myself for too long. It's time to open to the

darkness.

We need the unconscious to have certain areas that are forbidden. In our earlier stages as

human beings, when we were immersed in nature, we had to deal with all kinds of things in

our physical universe, and we had to be super alert. If we weren't, we didn't survive. As we

became more "civilized," living in villages, cities, and larger societies, our ability to progress

was dependent on our capacity to deny, suppress, or repress parts of our minds.

In that sense, repression and suppression, coming from the unconscious, were good. You

cannot afford not to repress. Otherwise, you're overwhelmed. Too much data comes in and

you can't organize it. Patients who were catatonic, especially back in the 40s and 50s, were

often overwhelmed with everything flooding their perception. They were terrified, paralyzed

in corners because the repression mechanisms had failed.

And so I looked deeply into my darkness, the way that would go beyond myself. The prayers

of mystics. The rituals of the ancients. Every candle used to open me to something deeper

within—something beyond who I thought I was.

I began to experience what the alchemists called the *nigredo*—the black stage of alchemy.

It's really the beginning of the unfolding of the different stages of the alchemical opus. For

me personally, it was the dark night of the soul, a confrontation with parts of myself I had

never allowed myself to feel.

When I finally did, it shattered me. Everything fell apart. At the time, I was just beginning to

explore the relationship between alchemy, creativity, and the unconscious. But I don't think I

wanted to wake up. I didn't want to be here anymore. I didn't want to feel anymore. It didn't

matter whether my eyes were open or closed—I was in darkness anyway.

It slipped. The blood started to tear further. There were things inside—pain that went far

deeper than what had happened to me. Far deeper than the crash, the betrayals, the broken

relationships. The loss of myself began to feel inevitable as I drowned in that darkness.

That transformation was catalyzed by a DMT trip. It was like a near-death experience—totally

unexpected. I had been feeling stuck, unable to connect with something deeper. I'd been

walking around chanting to myself, "I need to be shattered." And that's exactly what I got.

During the trip, I lost all sense of self. No memory of who I was, no narrative. I entered a

chaotic, cold, indifferent space with no differentiation. No structure. It was pure chaos.

Though the trip was only 5 or 10 minutes long, it changed everything. My nervous system was

different. Practices that had grounded me—yoga, meditation, walking—no longer worked.

They induced panic instead. Because I had come too close to another layer of reality, and

now I could feel how near it always was. Like I could fall back into it at any moment.

It took time to find alternatives. I turned to art. I started painting. I let the darkness speak

through me. The fears and shadows that surfaced became voices in my poetry, my writing,

my music. My dreams began to feed the process too, speaking symbolically in their cryptic

ways.

I started interpreting those dreams, letting the symbols filter into my creative work. Writing

poems, painting visions, scripting songs that emerged from that mystery. Even when they

didn't make sense, they carried messages. With time, I saw how they connected with my life.

The Hermetic axiom "As above, so below" began to make sense in a new way. These

archetypes exist in the cosmos and within us. We meet them through the body, through the

mind, through the patterns in the stars, and through the language of dreams.

And slowly, the darkness became a doorway.

You begin to focus—on breath, on prayer—trying to somehow navigate the vast inner night.

Even though you're isolated, even though you're alone, something in you knows there is an

ocean beyond the self, a vast inner terrain that is familiar, yet disorienting. You lose track of

time, of space. You're no longer sure if you're inside or outside of your own body.

Is this psychosis or the detachment of a mystic? Are my prayers being received? Are they

even being heard? Am I speaking to something—or to myself? Am I just parts talking to other

parts of me, hoping someone is listening?

The withdrawals kick in. The dopamine crashes. It's hard to let go of the hit—of the endless

scroll, of the validation, the constant stimulation. This is the mourning of Isis. This is the

Isis-Apophis-Osiris cycle—the magical formula of death, destruction, and rebirth. The death of

the old self, the mourning for the life once lived, the rebirth of something new: Horus, the

vision to come.

But it's not easy to see that far ahead when you're lost in the dark. There's no desire. You have

to make yourself get up. You have to make yourself *want* to get up.

There's a saying: "The water the shaman swims in is the same water the psychotic drowns in."

That's the truth of these altered states, of these dark nights, of the mysteries. You have to sit

with it. Through the discomfort. Through the terror.

With mirror gazing, for example, people often quit early. An emotional reaction arises. That's

resistance. We're trained to believe seeing spirits, contacting the otherworldly, is imagination,

not reality. That's what school told you, what culture told you—your imaginary friend isn't real.

But what if they were?

I had the benefit of growing up in a psychic family. When the teacher said imaginary friend, I

thought, "She must be talking to the other kids." Because my grandmother saw what I saw.

My sister saw what I saw. It wasn't imagination. It was a gift.

But society teaches doubt. Teaches fear. And when people finally begin to open up—when

they feel a spirit, when they see something—they panic. The stomach knots, the heart races,

the throat tightens. Those are signs. Signals that something *real* is happening. You wouldn't

feel that unless something deep was being touched.

Spirit communication is one of the oldest practices in human history. Across cultures and

time, people have always communicated with the ancestors. It's normal. It's natural.

I've worked as a psychic publicly for over 30 years. And I believe we are in a phase of

psychic evolution. More and more people are waking up, opening to the unseen. But they

don't always know what to do with it. Before we even ask what spirit is saying, we have to

first know: "Is this mine or is this someone else's?"

Empathy is the foundation of all psychic ability. Every medium, every psychic, every seer

starts as an empath—someone who feels what others feel. It's the beginning of the path.

The rest comes later. Clairvoyance, precognition, communication—all of that builds on the

ability to feel.

And as I kept working, it became clear—this wasn't something I could explain away anymore.

It wasn't something I could suppress. It didn't matter what my mother would have thought, or

the church, or society. The mystery was calling, and I had to answer.

A friend once told me about being a Jehovah's Witness child haunted by a man who stood

by her bed at night. She was terrified—thought he was a demon. But later in life, when she

left the church and embraced her own psychic gifts, she realized he had been a spirit guide

all along, standing guard. Our fear turns our guardians into monsters. It's only by facing the

fear that we begin to see clearly.

There's a moment in the path where you can no longer live divided—half in the world of

magic, half in superstition. You have to commit. Let go of the safety nets. Dive all the way in.

Because if you fear the spirits, if you enter ritual with fear, you call that fear to you. I learned

this the hard way. A terrifying scrying mirror experience left me shutting down all spirit

communication from age 18 to 23. But the dreams didn't stop. The dead kept calling. The

images haunted me.

Eventually, I had to face it. Had to seek guidance. Had to rebuild trust with the spirits. And I

did it the only way it can be done—through repeated contact, through practice, through

facing the fear again and again. That's the only way.

You can't avoid the fear. You have to *go in*.

You have to go into your darkness. You have to find the parts of you that are afraid and stand

with them. Face them. Talk to them. Love them. Transform them.

That's the essence of shadow work. That's the essence of true initiation. It's not about

wearing robes or chanting words. It's about going into your own inner hell and coming back

crowned.

I remember sitting in my own fear, feeling everything. Raw, exposed nerves. No more

defense mechanisms. No more distractions. Just me and the spirits. I could hear them. I could

feel them. And I began to wonder—could I control them? Or were they controlling me?

Or was it never about control? Was it about relationship?

If you try to dominate people, to make them your slaves—if you approach this work like a

tyrant—you'll be tested. You'll be left alone. Stripped of power. Left in the pressure chamber

of your own mind. That's when you learn—this isn't about power over. It's about power *with*.

One of the most powerful spirits I've worked with—Belial—once said to me, "You want to be

my equal? Great. I'll take you to the brightest light you can imagine. But first, I'll crush

everything false in you."

That's the journey. Not up or down. Just in deeper and deeper. Doesn't matter if the spirits

are parts of me, parts of God, or something else entirely. What matters is this: they will not

respect you if you do not respect yourself.

So I had to rebuild that. I had to learn to respect myself. To honor the work. To execute on

the vision within me. To become someone I could be proud of again. To prove to myself that

I was worth believing in.

Because nothing external was going to give me that. Not a ritual. Not a spell. Not a deity. I

had to become the proof of my own power.

And the spirits... they mirrored me. When I stood tall, they stood with me. When I wavered,

they tested me. That's the relationship. If I wanted my life to change, I had to change myself.

I had to do the work.

This is where I really began to understand what high magic is. It's not a game. It's not theatre.

It's sacred. It's real. And it involves intelligences far greater than us.

These spirits—these demons—are ancient intelligences. Not figments. Not delusions. They are

real and they are vast. And they can teach. But they will not coddle you.

The old Solomonic model tells us to command by divine names, to bind and control. But

once you truly meet these spirits, you realize how laughable that idea is. You don't control

them. You partner with them. You respect them. You worship, in the original sense of the

word—to show reverence.

And if you're lucky, if you're sincere, and if you endure, you go even further—you become

one of *them*.

That's the black sun initiation. The integration of light and dark. Of god and demon. Of self

and spirit. It's a path beyond polarity. It's the awakening of your own divine nature.

So I wrote this invocation—not to some external god—but to the deepest part of myself. To

the God *within*:

"From my beloved hidden secret god of my own unconscious,Hidden essence of my

being, my transcendent self,You who have been behind every step, every thought,

every word and deed...Oh horrible and holy one, God of darkness and light, of life

and death,Master of the divine and the demonic—You who alone can close the door,

and alone can open it—Reveal to me that which is hidden.Show me the chapter of my

soul I have refused to read.I am ready. I want to see.Burn away the illusion.Tear down the

lies.Invite me into the temple of my own truth.May the spirits obedient to you be

obedient to me.I invoke the guide of truth.Lead me through my own darkness.

Awaken me to my own power.I surrender. I release. I let go.Show me the truth.Show

me the lie.I invoke."

That was the moment I crossed the threshold. No turning back. No more half-measures. I

walked through the fire, not as a victim, not as a beggar—but as a sovereign.

This is the path of the magician. This is the path of the initiated. It's not easy. It's not safe. But it

is real.

And if you walk it—truly walk it—you'll never be the same.

Live deliciously.