

Ignition Sequence on...

This is not a sequel of any kind, but a 'stand-alone' book, in that you don't have to have read my *Kaostar* first, or indeed *at all*. Obviously, I'd like it if you did, for reasons of my income and the sheer, orgasmically-shuddering pleasure that it will be for both of us. If you have already read that book, you will probably like this one a lot anyhow, but in case you haven't read it there are a few required snippets included in here that are taken from the last one.

That will save you from perhaps being stuck and being forced to buy the other one while halfway through reading this one. There is also an Appendix on 'How to create Sigils' that is edited-expanded from a piece in *Kaostar* but which is rather necessary to have here if you don't know how to do that method. Every time the text mentions 'create a sigil' it means using the methods described in that appendix.

Why are Sigils So Powerful?

Paper and Authority

So just why are sigils so powerful? That is a huge question, with a stacked series of possible answers that would be longer than several books of this size. There are many ideas to why it might be, and one brief aspect of the debate that I find quite compelling is that it is the 'being written down' nature that makes sigils so powerful and productive. Or, at least that makes them so powerful *in the eyes of those who find the written word so very authoritative*.

As humans in the modern world we are so addicted to official forms and documents that have great power, such as visas to enter or leave a country, a driver's licence etc. Being unable to write is a huge handicap- in Western society at least- and can lead to the person involved being labelled (and often actually superstitiously feared) as some kind of retard and an un-person.

Words, when written, wield wonderful power, and when that power is wilfully encoded into a symbolic form, the sigil, the power is increased by the language being partly-hidden.

I find it very interesting indeed that the modern innovator of sigils, Austin Osman Spare, was a *visual artist* and magician who was quite probably dyslexic... by our 21st Century standards. He died in the 1950s before dyslexia was really a recognised condition, so we'll never know for sure, which adds to the appeal, as we don't- and won't ever- have a definitive answer...

We are also hugely *visual* creatures, so while verbally-spoken spells are all well and good (and there are some herein) there is still an element of 'it must be true if it is written down' (despite generations of lies from politicians reproduced guiltlessly and endlessly by the media), 'history always being written by the victors' etc., and the tyranny of print remains.

Everything that is on paper potentially has power, or is at least the *symbol* of something that has great power, like currency notes; so sigils fall into that category.

Paper can be made powerful in a variety of creative and useful ways, like making your own calendar, and of course the magical diary. This is from my diary of 2006, about a magick calendar I had used:

In a little over three hours a piece of paper that has been hung on my wall for two and a bit months will have expired... in mid-June, using a marker pen and coloured pencils I drew up an *ad-hoc* magickal calendar with all my various forthcoming events noted and highlighted, from seeing XXX (a major rock band) in London right through comedy nights, festivals, rituals, pujas, a magical retreat, trip to Italy, holiday in Portugal and to the end of this week's camping party, and the (small) recovery gaps between those happenings were filled with sigilised doodles and vital reminders (things like "eat", "wash some clothes", "learn some Portuguese", "phone X to tell them if you are still alive"... that kinda thing) and tomorrow is September, and that little (well, not so little) piece of paper that has been my ritual framework and guide for so long will be defunct.

I will be rather sad to see the paper go- when I drew that thing up i had no idea how hoot-filled those days I was scribbling down were going to be... but I had hopes – all of which (just about) were exceeded by one or other reality, in some cases the excess being by orders of magnitude and there are more adventures to come!

So you can easily make any piece of paper powerful and magickal... Perhaps a joke will help to illustrate the way that a spoken spell might never be as powerful as a visual one, at least in a paradigm which values print's authority so very much:

A well-dressed, calm and seemingly respectable lady walked into a pharmacy, strode purposefully up to the pharmacist, looked straight into his eyes, and said, in a matter-of-fact voice; "I would like some cyanide please."

The pharmacist asked, "why do you need cyanide, madam?"

The lady replied, "to poison my husband."

The pharmacist's eyes widened and he gasped: "ye Gods, no! I can't give you cyanide to kill someone! We'll both to go prison!"

No way! I must phone the police about this now, or I'll lose my licence."

The lady calmly reached into her bag and produced a photograph, obviously taken through a motel window from outside, of a man in bed with a woman, and held it up for the pharmacist to see. From the picture it was obvious that the two were not playing whist or backgammon, but rather fucking like the proverbial rabbit...

"Hey!...*that's my wife!*" exclaimed the pharmacist.

"I know... and *that's my husband!*" said the woman, placing the photograph face up on the counter and sliding it meaningfully across towards the pharmacist.

The pharmacist picked up the photograph and looked again... then replied, with a brief, thin smile "ahhhh.... now that's *different*. You didn't tell me you had a *prescription!*" as he scanned his shelves for a particular bottle...

Twig?

OK, let's get down to business....