



Necronomicon

Simon , Peter Levenda (Introduction)

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Also known in some circles as the Simonicon-so named for the fact that there is no known author and it is introduced by a man known only as "Simon"-the Necronomicon has long been the focus of a great deal of controversy. Though some would contend otherwise, Simon maintains that the book works to identify the entities known as the "Great ones" of Lovecraft Mythos, linking them to gods and demons of ancient Sumeria. It also contains within its pages formulae for spiritual transformation, consistent with some of the most ancient mystical processes in the world, processes that were not public knowledge when the book was first published, and involve communion with the stars. Viewed by so many as a powerful grimoire, the first edition sold out before it was published and the Necronomicon has never been out of print since then. Thirty one years later the original designer of the 1977 edition and the original editor have joined forces to present a new, deluxe hardcover edition of the most feared, most reviled, and most desired occult book on the planet. They join together in the 31st Anniversary edition to provide for you not only the original Necronomicon texts but translations of spells found within it, notes on pronunciation of the languages contained therein, supplementary material to 777 (the work by Aleister Crowley), common words in Sumarian translated to English, and notes upon the effectiveness of banishing as it pertains to the entities mentioned within the Necronomicon. Filled with important notes for Necronomicon enthusiasts, this 218 page hard cover book is a wonderful celebration of the original.

Necronomicon Details

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Author : Simon , Peter Levenda (Introduction)

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From Reader Review Necronomicon for online ebook

Steve Cran says

This is one of those books that is the subject of much discussion. Go to the book reviews of Amazon.com and you will find people that have performed the rituals described in this book and they will claim that they worked. Other people will tell you the book is hoax, a complete work of fiction.

Necronomicon is actually mentioned in several of HP Lovecraft's books with regards to the mythology of Cthulhu. The book is only mentioned and contents are not really spilled out. According to the mythology before man first walked the earth everything was Chaos and the Ancient ones ruled. The Ancient ones were headed by Tiamat, dragon Goddess of Sumeria. Her assistant was Kingu. An epic battle took place in which Enki blessed his son Marduk to go into battle against Tiamat and Kingu. Marduk was successful and he took the blood of Tiamat along with some clay and created the race of man. Who blew into man his breath which gave man life. Tiamat was driven into slumber and the Ancient ones were driven behind the gate ever waiting their return. The Ancient ones hate the race of man. Yet walking on this planet are cults that worship the Ancient ones.

According to the introduction, Abdul Harazed, nicknamed the mad Arab is the person who collected the information and compiled the book. He advises against even reading it, let alone using it. One must be careful when calling on the Elder gods who are now sleeping and in the event of emergency will have to be reminded of their commitment.

The book was published by two other people besides Ed Simon. Supposedly they suffered strange mishaps and one of them was dead yet somehow able to carry on his business. The book is based on Sumerian mythology and from what I have read it is pretty accurate. The introduction is fact filled with information about the American author Lovecraft who went back to living with two aunts. The intro also talks about occultist Aleister Crowley who was not directly exposed to Lovecraft's work but was interested in Sumerian mythology. Some believe that the two minds connected on some Astral level and their connecting point was Sumeria.

Contained in this book are invocations of the Elder gods. There are also the fifty names of Marduk and formulas for passing through the gates of each of the gods. The demons also have formulas to help summon them. If one wants to do the ritual I advise at least reading it twice because the rituals seem rather complicated. Several rituals call for obtaining metals and engraving sigils on them and wrapping them in expensive silk. Like other forms of magick you do have to cast your circle. Your watcher protects you but if the ritual is not done correctly then your watcher can turn on you. This is a great book if you are into Sumerian mythology, ritual magick and/or Lovecraft.

Monkey C says

my book was apparently broken.

Michael says

It was December 1999 and all that doomsday shit was in the air so some nutsac at the bar tells me "dude you

gotta read this man.. it'll change you bro" so I borrow shithead's copy and get about 3/4 through and the long and short of it is that this is a bunch of horse shit. What kind of sniveling dick drip can sit around and read this all bug eyed and fired up? This is for when you're 13 years old and camping with some other dorks and your all sittin around sniffing glue.

Adults! Do not read this! Please let me alleviate any curiosity you may have. It is nonsense.

Go outside, mow the lawn, and then kick back with a cold beer and stare at the wall. You'll enjoy that more than this shit. I promise.

Adam says

what no six star rating?

This book gets funnier every time I read it, and my horns are coming in nicely.

Bailey Fernandez says

I think a lot of people are approaching this book wrong. OF COURSE it's a work of fiction, I don't think any of us would be here if it weren't. It's such an obvious homage to Lovecraft that I'm surprised that it's even a question for anyone, let alone that people would get offended over it not being real.

Now whether you like this is a completely different person. I'm somebody who has a really strong interest in mythologies (fictional or otherwise), alternate realities, and esoteric writing/poetics. Considering that, this book was right up my alley. And the lack of definitive authorship helped immerse me in this bizarre universe of Sumerian gods and forces beyond the comprehension of man quite nicely.

If you like Lovecraft's fiction, you will probably really enjoy this. It really proves to be a nice companion read, and the way the mythology is put together is really artful and creative. If you're looking to get revenge on your high school sweetheart, maybe see a therapist instead.

Delbert says

I wish that I could give this SEVEN STARS. Judging from the reviews, Goodreads is a refuge for mediocre sorcerers who prefer non-creative fiction to creative non-fiction. A lot of times, I've found neophytes have difficulty procuring properly pure metals for the production of astral seals. I've had pretty good results from a couple of online vendors. PM me if you want their URLs.

David says

In my opinion, this is a sad little book. It isn't an attempt at a real occult book and its attempt at realism destroys any sense of parody. Any semi-serious occult scholar won't waste time on it, but probably has a

copy anyway. Barely fun for Lovecraft fans and "magically" walking out of library collections everywhere, this Necronomicon is just plain boring.

Gabriel says

Damn love spell didn't work, fucking piece of shit book.

Nicholas Kaufmann says

This book is baloney. I can't believe I wasted my money on it. I cast every spell in its pages and nothing-- Wait. What's that noise? No! A clawlike hand at the window! AAAAAIIIIIEEEEEEE!

Mr. Derp says

Bursting on to the literary scene centuries ago, the 'Mad Arab' Abdul Alhazred was hailed as one of the most talented young authors in the ancient Middle East.

Alhazred's flowing and elegant prose could be described as the Faulkner or Melville of the Arabic Occult genre. The descriptions of the sparse desert landscapes and hellish other realms is truly a joy to read. The character development is excellent as well. This epic work deserves a place on every bookshelf next to other great works of its kind like the Iliad, Inferno, Moby Dick, and The Old Man and the Sea.

This book is obviously a great achievement of literature, but the Necronomicon also serves as an instruction manual, providing easy, step by step instructions on how to summon fantastic, malignant entities from other realms. Nyarlathotep is one of many cosmic destructors you can bring forth to wreak havoc on civilization.

Alas, The Necronomicon was to be Alhazred's first and last novel, as his career was cut tragically short when he was torn to pieces and consumed by an invisible creature in a crowded village in broad daylight in 730 AD.

Though taken from this plane of existence at a young age, the Magnum Opus he has left behind will continue to shape our world for eons to come. I highly recommend this book to everyone here at the institute.

Scott says

It makes me shudder to think that there are people out there who are convinced that this is real. H.P. Lovecraft admitted he made it up. There is no real Necronomicon, least of all a copy you can buy at your local bookstore. It's (extremely) mildly entertaining fantasy, not a spellbook to reawaken the Ancient Ones.

Chris says

When you enroll in Pagan Worship 101 at the local community college (perhaps the only class I actually attended) this promising-looking volume is thrust upon you and heralded as the True Testament of the gods. It doesn't even take until the conclusion of the Preface or Introduction to immediately recognize that this is not the truth, and you're immediately crushed that "Evil Dead" is no longer the cinematic embodiment of the ruling truths as to the profundities of existence. It might be just as well that this is the case; the invocation of a reality-warping and vengeance-seeking 'ancient one' is probably not the type of s--t that I need going on during my weekend, especially when the alleged banishments of these unfathomable horrors are deemed wholly ineffective.

Well, while facing and sorting the shelves one night while working at Waldenbooks in my teens, lo and behold I stumbled across this tome, the name of which is oft-whispered throughout the realms of geekdom. So taken aback by this stunning discovery, I actually pulled my gaze from the exquisite derriere of an intriguing and relatively hot kinda-goth coworker named Amelia. The fucking Necronomicon! What else could your typical, barely-sociable, angst-fueled teenager come across that could possibly be more alluring than a scrumptious posterior: nothing. This chick's rear was the desirable summit of a conquest I'd never have a chance of completing...at least that was before my grubby little mitts snatched the volume up and went home to learn some Sumerian so I could invoke the unspeakable incantations which would certainly bring this dream to a dizzying reality!! Awesome.

Fast forward about 6 years; the Necronomicon had sat on my bookshelf for about 5 years and 10 months of that time. Sure, the 'seals' of these fake deities were cool to draw on the inner covers of my high school textbooks for a week, dropping mad shit-talk at people involving Nergal siphoning their miserable soul was all the rage, and if left in plain sight was always a conversation starter with the varied miscreants that graced me with their presence. But that was the pitiful extent of its awesomeness. And at that point, one of my pals who was currently sporting a ridiculously huge mullet borrowed the thing, and it was gone for several years, during which time he managed to drop it while taking a bath. What he was doing taking a bath as a grown man is beyond my speculation, what he might have been doing with the book (amongst other things) in the bath isn't even worth considering, why he gave it back is one of the deepest mysterious I've ever been entrenched in. But about 10 years after the initial purchase, the tome had returned. Wonderful.

About the only thing you can garner from this preposterous crap is the ability to immediately recognize the poseur Pagans from the real deal. The poseurs espouse the relevance of the Necronomicon and proudly brandish it everywhere, spouting their meaningless jargon about the exalted Xagarash The Thrice-Damned, dressed completely in black in the midst of summer, reveling in their misunderstood nature, carving their little 'seals' onto their polished cobalt sigils in anticipation of some pointless midnight rite, all before meeting some bisexual Wiccan chick, finally getting some action, and then growing the hell up. The real freaks aren't out there broadcasting their obsessions. They sit silently behind you on the train, harboring a festering hatred of all mankind from growing up shunned due to their lisp and laze eye, they linger around an eerily long time in parking lots, and rent out Public Storage lockers where they ritualistically slay the unsuspecting and weak.

For these reasons, I officially converted to sun worship about a week after I first read the book; getting out of the realm of the whack and back to some sensible religious roots.

nichole says

i learned how to laugh and, more importantly, how to love.

Saskia says

Did not go insane. Severely disappointed.

Forrest says

Well, this was written.

When I was a teenage wannabe Satanist, I shoplifted this and was very disappointed that this was all I got for my petty theft.

Hey, don't judge - it seemed really appropriate at the time!

". . . I was bored before I even began."
